Bibliographical DNA in the text of *Hamlet* Q1, 1603

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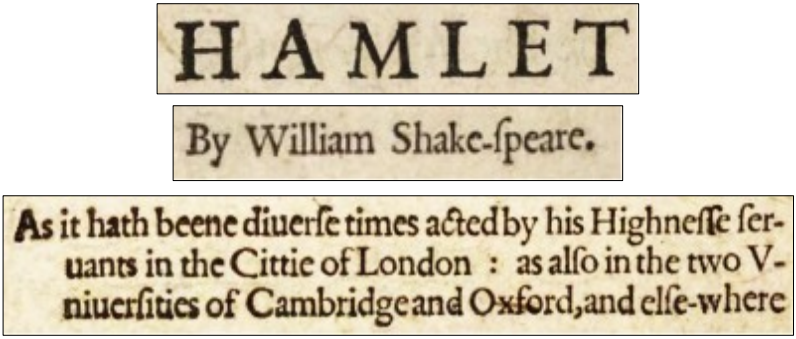
HAMLET

By William Shake-ſpeare.

As it hath beene diuerſe times acted by his Highneſſe ſeruants in the Cittie of London : as alſo in the two Vniuerſities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elſe-where

This paper presents a *Digital Facsimile* of *The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke* as printed in 1603 — Shakespeare's First Quarto (Q1) — ***colour-coded*** to reveal its **bibliographical DNA**. The term is not used loosely. DNA, in the biological sense, is the exact molecular sequence inherited and carried forward through successive generations. The parallel here is precise: every word in Q1 that reappears — spelled in exactly the same way, letter for letter, in Shakespeare's own early modern orthography — in the Second Quarto of 1604–5 is printed in green; every word that reappears with the same exact spelling in the First Folio of 1623 is printed in blue; and every word shared, in that same identical spelling, by both the Second Quarto and the First Folio is printed in gold. Words unique to Q1, with no counterpart in the later texts, remain uncoloured.

The result, visible at a glance, is remarkable. The great majority of Q1's words are coloured — green, blue, or gold — demonstrating that the First Quarto is not some separate composition but shares its very verbal substance with the two authoritative texts that followed it. The gold, in particular — words spelled identically across all three witnesses —

represents the deepest stratum of shared inheritance: vocabulary carried unchanged from one printed text to the next across two decades.

This is not approximation or paraphrase; it is ***exact*** verbal correspondence — the same letters in the same order — and what it demonstrates has profound implications for the textual history of the play. The title page of the Second Quarto tells us that it was printed "according to the true and perfect coppie," and that it had been "enlarged to almost as much againe as it was": that is, Q2 represents a revised and expanded authorial manuscript, from which the Folio text in turn ultimately derives. The bibliographical DNA shared between Q1 and these later texts points unmistakably to a common written origin: Q1 was typeset from an earlier state of the same authorial manuscript — Shakespeare's working papers, or a transcript of them — before revision and enlargement produced the "true and perfect coppie" of Q2. No other hypothesis accounts for the evidence. A reporter reconstructing the play from memory, however gifted, would produce paraphrase, approximation, and synonym; he would not, and could not, reproduce Shakespeare's own idiosyncratic spellings word for word across hundreds of lines. Equally, a stenographer transcribing a performance would capture speech as heard, not manuscript as written — and the orthography of a live actor's delivery leaves no trace on paper. The DNA does not lie: these ***exact*** shared spellings are the fossil record of a manuscript, not an echo of a performance, and they place Q1 firmly within the line of authentic Shakespearean transmission, rather than outside it as a piracy or a reconstruction. These shared words demonstrate that *Hamlet* Q1 is not a “Bad Quarto”. This facsimile is intended to be of genuine use to scholars and readers of Shakespeare. The colour-coding does the analytical work; the reader's eye does the rest.

Bibliographical DNA in the text of *Hamlet*

Gold = *exact* spellings shared by the texts Q1 + Q2 + F1
Green = *exact* spellings shared by the texts of Q1 + Q2
Blue = *exact* spellings shared by the texts of Q1 + F1
Orange = to denote a typesetter's typo in Q1
Un-coloured = text *only* found in Q1

	The Tragicall Historie of
	HAMLET
	Prince of Denmarke.
1	*Enter two Centinels.*
2	*1.* STand: who is that?
3	*2.* Tis I.
4	*1.* O you come most carefully vpon your watch,
5	*2.* And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,
6	The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.
7	*1.* I will: See who goes there.
8	*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*
9	*Hor.* Friends to this ground.
10	*Mar.* And leegemen to the Dane,
11	O farewell honest souldier, who hath releeued you?
12	*1. Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.
13	*Mar.* Holla, *Barnardo.*
14	*2.* Say, is *Horatio* there?
15	*Hor.* A peece of him.
16	*2.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*
17	*Mar.* What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.
18	*2.* I haue seene nothing.
19	*Mar. Horatio* sayes tis but our fantasie,
20	And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,
21	Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,
22	Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs
23	To watch the minutes of this night,
24	That if againe this apparition come,
25	He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

26	*Hor*. Tut, t'will not appeare.
27	*2*. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
28	Assaile your eares that are so fortified,
29	What we haue two nights seene.
30	*Hor*. Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare *Bernardo* speake
31	of this.
32	*2*. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's west-
33	ward from the pole, had made his course to
34	Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
35	The bell then towling one.
36	*Enter Ghost*.
37	*Mar*. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.
38	*2*. In the same figure like the King that's dead,
39	*Mar*. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.
40	*2*. Lookes it not like the king?
41	*Hor*. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.
42	*2*. It would be spoke to.
43	*Mar*. Question it *Horatio*.
44	*Hor*. What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in
45	Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes
46	Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.
47	*Mar*. It is offended. *exit Ghost*.
48	*2*. See, it stalkes away.
49	*Hor*. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee
50	speake.
51	*Mar*. Tis gone and makes no answer.
52	*2*. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
53	Is not this something more than fantasie?
54	What thinke you on't?
55	*Hor*. Afore my God, I might not this beleeue, without
56	the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.
57	*Mar*. Is it not like the King?
58	*Hor*. As thou art to thy selfe,
59	Such was the very armor he had on,
60	When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.
61	So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
62	He smot the sleaded pollax on the yce,
63	Tis strange.
64	*Mar*. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
65	With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.
66	*Hor*. In what particular to worke, I know not,
67	But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
68	This bodes some strange eruption to the state.
69	*Mar*. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
70	Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch,

71	So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
72	And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
73	And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
74	Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske
75	Does not diuide the sunday from the weeke:
76	What might be toward that this sweaty march
77	Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
78	Who is't that can informe me?
79	*Hor*. Mary that can I, at least the whisper goes so,
80	Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
81	Brasse of *Norway*,
82	Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to
83	The combate, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
84	For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
85	Did slay this Fortenbrasse,
86	Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law
87	And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those
88	His lands which he stoode seazed of by the conqueror,
89	Against the which a moity competent,
90	Was gaged by our King:
91	Now sir, yong Fortenbrasse,
92	Of inapproued mettle hot and full,
93	Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there,
94	Sharkt vp a sight of lawlesse Resolutes
95	For food and diet to some enterprise,
96	That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the
97	Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.
98	*Enter the Ghost*.
99	But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
100	Ile crosse it, though it blast me: stay illusion,
101	If there be any good thing to be done,
102	That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
103	Speake to mee.
104	If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
105	Which happly foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,
106	Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
107	Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,
108	For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake
109	to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it *Marcellus*.
110	*2*. Tis heere. *exit Ghost*.
111	*Hor*. Tis heere.
112	*Marc*. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesti-
113	call, to offer it the shew of violence,
114	For it is as the ayre invelmorable,
115	And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.

116	*2.* It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.
117	*Hor.* And then it faded like a guilty thing,
118	Vpon a fearefull summons: I haue heard
119	The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
120	Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,
121	Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
122	Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
123	The strauagant and erring spirite hies
124	To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
125	This present obiect made probation.
126	*Marc.* It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
127	Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
128	Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated,
129	The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
130	And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,
131	The nights are wholesome, then no planet frikes,
132	No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
133	So gratious, and so hallowed is that time.
134	*Hor.* So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleeue it:
135	But see the Sunne in russet mantle clad,
136	Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
137	Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
138	Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night
139	Vnto yong *Hamlet*: for vpon my life
140	This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
141	Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
142	As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?
143	*Marc.* Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
144	Where we shall finde him most conueniently.
145	*Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis,*
146	*and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.*
147	*King* Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse*,
148	Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent
149	And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
150	Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch
151	Yong good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar*
152	For bearers of these greetings to olde
153	*Norway*, giuing to you no further personall power
154	To businesse with the King,
155	Then those related articles do shew:
156	Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.
157	*Gent.* In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.
158	*King.* Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewel:
159	And now *Leartes*, what's the newes with you?
160	You said you had a sute what i'st *Leartes*?

161	*Lea:* My gratious Lord, your fauorable licence,
162	Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
163	I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*,
164	For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,
165	Yet something is there whispers in my hart,
166	Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*.
167	*King*: Haue you your fathers leaue, *Leartes?*
168	*Cor.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,
169	And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leaue.
170	*King* With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.
171	*Lear.* I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.
172	*King*. And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit*.
173	What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?
174	For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,
175	Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,
176	Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.
177	Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,
178	All *Denmarkes* hope our coosin and dearest Sonne.
179	*Ham*. My lord, ti's not the sable sute I weare:
180	No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
181	Nor the distracted hauiour in the visage,
182	Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
183	Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
184	Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,
185	These but the ornaments and sutes of woe.
186	*King* This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,
187	But you must thinke your father lost a father,
188	That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the
189	Generall ending. Therefore cease laments,
190	It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,
191	A fault gainst nature, and in reasons
192	Common course most certaine,
193	None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.
194	*Que*. Let not thy mother loose her praiers *Hamlet*,
195	Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.
196	*Ham*. I shall in all my best obay you madam.
197	*King* Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne,
198	And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,
199	But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell
200	The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince H*amlet*.
201	*Exeunt all but* H*amlet*.
202	*Ham*. O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh
203	Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersall
204	Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
205	O God within two moneths; no not two: maried,

206	Mine vncle: O let me not thinke of it,
207	My fathers brother: but no more like
208	My father, then I to *Hercules*.
209	Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
210	Vnrighteous teares had left their flushing
211	In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
212	Deuoyd of reason would not haue made
213	Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
214	Why she would hang on him, as if increase
215	Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
216	O wicked wicked speede, to make such
217	Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
218	Ere yet the shooes were olde,
219	The which she followed my dead fathers corse
220	Like *Nyobe*, all teares: married, well it is not,
221	Nor it cannot come to good:
222	But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.
223	*Enter* Horatio *and* Marcellus.
224	*Hor*. Health to your Lordship.
225	*Ham*. I am very glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much
226	forget my selfe.
227	*Hor*. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.
228	*Ham*. O my good friend, I change that name with you:
229	but what make you from *Wittenberg* Horatio?
230	*Marcellus*.
231	*Marc*. My good Lord.
232	*Ham*. I am very glad to see you, good euen sirs:
233	But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*?
234	Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.
235	*Hor*. A trowant disposition, my good Lord.
236	*Ham*. Nor shall you make mee truster
237	Of your owne report against your selfe:
238	Sir, I know you are no trowant:
239	But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*?
240	*Hor*. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
241	*Ham*. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow studient,
242	I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.
243	*Hor*. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
244	*Ham*. Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funerall bak't meates
245	Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
246	Would I had met my deerest foe in heauen
247	Ere euer I had seene that day *Horatio*;
248	O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,
249	*Hor*. Where my Lord?
250	*Ham*. Why, in my mindes eye Horatio.

251	*Hor*. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.
252	*Ham*. He was a man, take him for all in all,
253	I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
254	*Hor*. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,
255	*Ham*. Saw, who?
256	*Hor*. My Lord, the King your father.
257	*Ham*. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.
258	*Hor*. Ceasen your admiration for a while
259	With an attentiue eare, till I may deliuer,
260	Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
261	This wonder to you.
262	*Ham*. For Gods loue let me heare it.
263	*Hor*. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
264	*Marcellus* and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
265	In the dead vast and middle of the night.
266	Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,
267	Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea*
268	Appeeres before them thrise, he walkes
269	Before their weake and feare oppressed eies.
270	Within his tronchions length,
271	While they distilled almost to gelly.
272	With the act of feare stands dumbe,
273	And speake not to him: this to mee
274	In dreadfull secresie impart they did.
275	And I with them the third night kept the watch,
276	Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.
277	Each part made true and good,
278	The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
279	These handes are not more like.
280	*Ham*. Tis very strange.
281	*Hor*. As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,
282	And wee did thinke it right done,
283	In our dutie to let you know it.
284	*Ham*. Where was this?
285	*Mar*. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.
286	*Ham*. Did you not speake to it?
287	*Hor*. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
288	Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
289	And lifted vp his head to motion,
290	Like as he would speake, but euen then
291	The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haste,
292	It shruncke in haste away, and vanished
293	Our sight.
294	*Ham*. Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me:
295	Hold you the watch to night?

296	*All* We do my Lord.
297	*Ham*. Armed say ye?
298	*All* Armed my good Lord.
299	*Ham*. From top to toe?
300	*All*. My good Lord, from head to foote.
301	*Ham*. Why then saw you not his face?
302	*Hor*. O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.
303	*Ham*. How look't he, frowningly?
304	*Hor*. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
305	*Ham*. Pale, or red?
306	*Hor*. Nay, verie pal
307	*Ham*. And fixt his eies vpon you.
308	*Hor*. Most constantly.
309	*Ham*. I would I had beene there.
310	*Hor*. It would a much amazed you.
311	*Ham*. Yea very like, very like, staid it long?
312	*Hor*. While one with moderate pace
313	Might tell a hundred.
314	*Mar*. O longer, longer.
315	*Ham*. His beard was grisleld, no.
316	*Hor*. It was as I haue seene it in his life,
317	A sable siluer.
318	*Ham*. I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.
319	*Hor*. I warrant it will.
320	*Ham*. If it assume my noble fathers person,
321	Ile speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape,
322	And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
323	If you haue hither consealed this sight,
324	Let it be tenible in your silence still,
325	And whatsoeuer else shall chance to night,
326	Giue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue,
327	I will requit your loues, so fare you well,
328	Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,
329	Ile visit you.
330	*All*. Our duties to your honor. *excunt*.
331	*Ham*. O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,
332	Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,
333	Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,
334	Would the night were come,
335	Till then, sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise
336	Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit*.
337	*Enter Leartes* and *Ofelia*.
338	*Leart*. My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboord,
339	But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:
340	I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a shew of loue

341	Beware *Ofelia*, do not trust his vowes,
342	Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,
343	Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
344	The Chariest maide is prodigall enough,
345	If she vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
346	Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,
347	Belieu't *Ofelia*, therefore keepe a loofe
348	Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame.
349	*Ofel.* Brother, to this I haue lent attentiue eare,
350	And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,
351	But my deere brother, do not you
352	Like to a cunning Sophister,
353	Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
354	While you forgetting what is said to me,
355	Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine
356	Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,
357	And little recks how that his honour dies.
358	*Lear.* No, feare it not my deere *Ofelia*,
359	Here comes my father, occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.
360	*Enter Corambis.*
361	*Cor.* Yet here *Leartes*? aboord, aboord, for shame,
362	The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
363	And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee
364	And these few precepts in thy memory.
365	"Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare;
366	"Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
367	"Grapple them to thee with a hoope of steele,
368	"But do not dull the palme with entertaine,
369	"Of euery new vnfleg'd courage,
370	"Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
371	"Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,
372	"Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy.
373	"But not exprest in fashion,
374	"For the apparell oft proclaimes the man.
375	And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and station
376	Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:
377	"This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true,
378	And it must follow as the night the day,
379	Thou canst not then be false to any one,
380	Farewel, my blessing with thee.
381	*Lear.* I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*,
382	And remember well what I haue said to you. *exit*.
383	*Ofel.* It is already lock't within my hart,
384	And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.
385	*Cor.* What i'st *Ofelia* he hath saide to you?

386	*Ofel.* Somthing touching the prince *Hamlet.*
387	*Cor.* Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to vnderstand,
388	That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence
389	Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so,
390	As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution
391	I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe
392	So well as befits my honor, and your credite.
393	*Ofel.* My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue
394	to me.
395	*Cor.* Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.
396	*Ofel.* And withall, such earnest vowes.
397	*Cor.* Springes to catch woodcocks,
398	What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
399	How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
400	In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden presence,
401	Or tendring thus you'l tender mee a foole.
402	*Ofel.* I shall obay my lord in all I may.
403	*Cor. Ofelia*, receiue none of his letters,
404	"For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
405	"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
406	To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Desire;
407	Come in *Ofelia*, such men often proue,
408	"Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.
409	*Ofel.* I will my lord. *exeunt.*
410	*Enter* Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.
411	*Ham.* The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and
412	An nipping winde, what houre i'st?
413	*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*
414	*Mar.* No, t'is strucke.
415	*Hor.* Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?
416	*Ham.* O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowse,
417	Keepe wassel, and the swaggering vp-spring reeles,
418	And as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe,
419	The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
420	The triumphes of his pledge.
421	*Hor.* Is it a custome here?
422	*Ham.* I mary i'st and though I am
423	Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
424	It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,
425	Then in the obseruance.
426	*Enter the Ghost.*
427	*Hor.* Looke my Lord, it comes.
428	*Ham.* Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs,
429	Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd,
430	Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blasts from hell:

431	Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
432	Thou commest in such questionable shape,
433	That I will speake to thee,
434	Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,
435	O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance,
436	But say why thy canonizd bones hearsed in death
437	Haue burst their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
438	In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd,
439	Hath burst his ponderous and marble lawes,
440	To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,
441	That thou, dead corse, againe in compleate steele,
442	Reuissets thus the glimses of the Moone,
443	Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
444	So horridely to shake our disposition,
445	With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
446	Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane?
447	*Hor*. It beckons you, as though it had something
448	To impart to you alone.
449	*Mar*. Looke with what courteous action
450	It waues you to a more remoued ground,
451	But do not go with it.
452	*Hor*. No, by no meanes my Lord.
453	*Ham*. It will not speake, then will I follow it.
454	*Hor*. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.
455	That beckles ore his bace, into the sea,
456	And there assume some other horrible shape,
457	Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason,
458	And driue you into madnesse: thinke of it.
459	*Ham*. Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.
460	*Hor*. My Lord, you shall not go.
461	*Ham*. Why what should be the feare?
462	I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,
463	And for my soule, what can it do to that?
464	Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,
465	Go on, ile follow thee.
466	*Mar*. My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.
467	*Ham*. My fate cries out, and makes each pety Artiue
468	As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
469	Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;
470	By heauen ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
471	Away I say, go on, ile follow thee.
472	*Hor*. He waxeth desperate with imagination.
473	*Mar*. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke*.
474	*Hor*. Haue after; to what issue will this sort?
475	*Mar*. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.

476	*exit.*
477	*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*
478	*Ham.* Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me?
479	*Ghost* Marke me.
480	*Ham.* I will.
481	*Ghost* I am thy fathers spirit, doomd for a time
482	To walke the night, and all the day
483	Confinde in flaming fire,
484	Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
485	Arepurged and burnt away.
486	*Ham.* Alas poore Ghost.
487	*Ghost* Nay pitty me not, but to my vnfolding
488	Lend thy listning eare, but that I am forbid
489	To tell the secrets of my prison house
490	I would a tale vnfold, whose lightest word
491	Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,
492	Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
493	Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
494	And each particular haire to stand on end
495	Like quils vpon the fretfull Porpentine,
496	But this same blazon must not be, to eares of flesh and blood
497	Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father loue.
498	*Ham.* O God.
499	*Gho.* Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder:
500	*Ham.* Murder.
501	*Ghost* Yea, murder in the highest degree,
502	As in the least tis bad,
503	But mine most foule, beastly, and vnnaturall.
504	*Ham.* Haste me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as
505	meditation, or the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge.
506	*Ghost* O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be
507	Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in ease
508	On *Lethe* wharffe: briefe let me be.
509	Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,
510	A Serpent stung me; so the whole eare of *Denmarke*
511	Is with a forged Prosses of my death rankely abusde:
512	But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting
513	Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.
514	*Ham.* O my prophetike soule, my vncle! my vncle!
515	*Ghost* Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will
516	O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power (with gifts,
517	So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,
518	But vertne, as it neuer will be moued,
519	Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,
520	So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,

521	Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,
522	And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes
523	I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,
524	Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes
525	In the after noone, vpon my secure houre
526	Thy vncle came, with iuyce of Hebona
527	In a viall, and through the porches of my eares
528	Did powre the leaprous distilment, whose effect
529	Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
530	That swift as quickesilner, it posteth through
531	The naturall gates and allies of the body,
532	And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood
533	Like eager dropings into milke.
534	And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
535	Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
536	Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
537	At once depriued, no reckoning made of,
538	But sent vnto my graue,
539	With all my accompts and sinnes vpon my head,
540	O horrible, most horrible!
541	*Ham*. O God!
542	*ghost* If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not,
543	But howsoeuer, let not thy heart
544	Conspire against thy mother aught,
545	Leaue her to heauen,
546	And to the burthen that her conscience beares.
547	I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin
548	To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectuall fire:
549	Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me. *Exit*
550	*Ham*. O all you hoste of heauen! O earth, what else?
551	And shall I couple hell; remember thee?
552	Yes thou poore Ghost; from the tables
553	Of my memorie, ile wipe away all sawes of Bookes,
554	All triuiall fond conceites
555	That euer youth, or else obseruance noted,
556	And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit.
557	Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernitious villaine,
558	Murderons, bawdy, smiling damned villaine,
559	(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,
560	That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
561	At least I am sure, it may be so in *Denmarke*.
562	So vncle, there you are, there you are.
563	Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
564	Soe t'is enough I haue sworne.
565	*Hor*. My lord, my lord. *Enter*. *Horatio*,

566	*Mar*. Lord Hamlet. *and Marcellus*.
567	*Hor*. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.
568	*Mar*. Ill, lo, lo, so, ho, so, come boy, come.
569	*Hor*. Heauens secure him.
570	*Mar*. How i'st my noble lord?
571	*Hor*. What news my lord?
572	*Ham*. O wonderfull, wonderful.
573	*Hor*. Good my lord tel it.
574	*Ham*. No not I, you'l reueale it.
575	*Hor*. Not I my Lord by heauen.
576	*Mar*. Nor I my Lord.
577	*Ham*. How say you then? would hart of man
578	Once thinke it? but you'l be secret.
579	*Both*. I by heauen, my lord.
580	*Ham*. There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
581	But hee's an arrant knaue.
582	*Hor*. There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell
583	you this.
584	*Ham*. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
585	I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
586	Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines
587	And desiers shall leade you: for looke you,
588	Euery man hath busines, and desires, such
589	As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.
590	*Hor*. These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.
591	*Ham*. I am sory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.
592	*Hor*. Ther's no offence my Lord.
593	*Ham*. Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is *Horatio*,
594	And much offence too, touching this vision,
595	It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you,
596	For your desires to know what is betweene vs,
597	Or'emaister it as you may:
598	And now kind frends, as yon are frends,
599	Schollers and gentlmen,
600	Grant mee one poore request.
601	*Both*. What i'st my Lord?
602	*Ham*. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night
603	*Both*. My lord, we will not.
604	*Ham*. Nay but sweare.
605	*Hor*. In faith my Lord not I.
606	*Mar*. Nor I my Lord in faith.
607	*Ham*. Nay vpon my sword, indeed vpon my sword.
608	*Gho*. Sweare.
609	*The Gost vnder the stage*.
610	*Ham*. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the sellerige,

611	Here consent to sweare.
612	*Hor*. Propose the oth my Lord.
613	*Ham*. Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,
614	Sweare by my sword.
615	*Gost*. Sweare.
616	*Ham*. *Hic & vbique*; nay then weele shift our ground:
617	Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
618	Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake
619	Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword.
620	*Ghost* Sweare.
621	*Ham*. Well said old Mole, can'st worke in the earth?
622	so fast, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.
623	*Hor*. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
624	*Ham*. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
625	There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,
626	Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,
627	But come here, as before you neuer shall
628	How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe,
629	As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
630	To put an Anticke disposition on,
631	That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
632	With Armes, incombred thus, or this head shake,
633	Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrase,
634	As well well, wee know, or wee could and if we would,
635	Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:
636	Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,
637	This not to doe, so grace, and mercie
638	At your most need helpe you, sweare
639	*Ghost*. sweare.
640	*Ham*. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so gentlemen,
641	In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
642	And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* may,
643	To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
644	Nay come lett's go together,
645	But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
646	The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spite,
647	That euer I was borne to set it right,
648	Nay come lett's go together. *Exeunt*.
649	*Enter Corambis, and Montano*.
650	*Cor. Montano*, here, these letters to my sonne,
651	And this same mony with my blessing to him,
652	And bid him ply his learning good *Montano*.
653	*Mon*. I will my lord.
654	*Cor*. You shall do very well *Montano*, to say thus,
655	I knew the gentleman, or know his father,

656	To inquire the manner of his life,
657	As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,
658	You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,
659	At game, or drincking, swearing, or drabbing,
660	You may go so farre.
661	*Mon.* My lord, that will impeach his reputation.
662	*Cor.* I faith not a whit, no not a whit,
663	Now happely hee closeth with you in the consequence,
664	As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.
665	What was I a bout to say,
666	*Mon.* He closeth with him in the consequence.
667	*Cor.* I, you say right, he closeth with him thus,
668	This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,
669	Mary this, I saw him yesterday, or tother day,
670	Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,
671	Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring
672	Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell,
673	Thus sir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
674	By indirections, finde directions forth,
675	And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?
676	*Mon.* I haue my lord.
677	*Cor.* Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.
678	*Mon.* I will my lord.
679	*Cor.* And bid him ply his musicke
680	*Mon.* My lord I wil. *exit*.
681	*Enter*, *Ofelia*.
682	*Cor.* Farewel, how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?
683	*Ofe.* O my deare father, such a change in nature,
684	So great an alteration in a Prince,
685	So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
686	A maidens eye ne're looked on.
687	*Cor.* Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*?
688	*Of.* O yong Prince *Hamlet*, the only floure of *Denmark*,
689	Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
690	The Iewell that ador'nd his feature most
691	Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
692	Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
693	There comes hee to mee, with a distracted looke,
694	His garters lagging downe, his shooes vntide,
695	And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,
696	As if they had vow'd, this is their latest obiect.
697	Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrist,
698	And there he holdes my pulse till with a sigh
699	He doth vnclaspe his holde, and parts away
700	Silent, as is the mid time of the night:

701	And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
702	For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,
703	He seemed to finde the way without his eies:
704	For out of doores he went without their helpe,
705	And so did leaue me.
706	*Cor.* Madde for thy loue,
707	What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late?
708	*Ofelia* I did repell his letters, deny his gifts,
709	As you did charge me.
710	*Cor.* Why that hath made him madde:
711	By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast
712	Beyond our selues, as t'is for the yonger sort
713	To leaue their wantonnesse. Well, I am sory
714	That I was so rash: but what remedy?
715	Lets to the King, this madnesse may prooue,
716	Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exeunt.*
717	*Enter King and Queene, Rossencraft, and Gilderstone.*
718	*King* Right noble friends, that our deere cosin Hamlet
719	Hath lost the very heart of all his sence,
720	It is most right, and we most sory for him:
721	Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender
722	Our care to him, and our great loue to you,
723	That you will labour but to wring from him
724	The cause and ground of his distemperancie.
725	Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* shal be thankefull.
726	*Ros.* My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power
727	Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes
728	Then vse perswasions to your liege men, bound
729	By loue, by duetie, and obedience.
730	*Guil.* What we may doe for both your Maiesties
731	To know the griefe troubles the Prince your sonne,
732	We will indeuour all the best we may,
733	So in all duetie doe we take our leaue.
734	*King* Thankes Guilderstone, and gentle Rossencraft.
735	*Que.* Thankes Rossencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.
736	*Enter Corambis and Ofelia.*
737	*Cor.* My Lord, the Ambassadors are ioyfully
738	Return'd from *Norway.*
739	*King* Thou still hast beene the father of good news.
740	*Cor.* Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace,
741	I holde my duetie as I holde my life,
742	Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King:
743	And I beleeue, or else this braine of mine
744	Hunts not the traine of policie so well
745	As it had wont to doe, but I haue found

746	The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.
747	*Queene* God graunt he hath.
748	*Enter the Ambassadors.*
749	*King* Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway*?
750	*Volt*. Most faire returnes of greetings and desires,
751	Vpon our first he sent forth to suppresse
752	His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
753	To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
754	But better look't into, he truely found
755	It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieued,
756	That so his sickenesse, age, and impotence,
757	Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
758	On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obays,
759	Receiues rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine,
760	Makes vow before his vncle, neuer more
761	To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,
762	Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with ioy,
763	Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
764	And his Commission to employ those souldiers,
765	So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
766	With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
767	That it would please you to giue quiet passe
768	Through your dominions, for that enterprise
769	On such regardes of safety and allowances
770	As therein are set downe.
771	*King* It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure
772	Weele reade and answere these his Articles,
773	Meane time we thanke you for your well
774	Tooke labour: go to your rest, at night weele feast togither:
775	Right welcome home. *exeunt Ambassadors.*
776	*Cor.* This busines is very well dispatched.
777	Now my Lord, touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
778	Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:
779	Now to know the cause of this effect,
780	Or else to say the cause of this defect,
781	For this effect defectiue comes by cause.
782	*Queene* Good my Lord be briefe.
783	*Cor.* Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter,
784	Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
785	Is surest, we often loose: now to the Prince.
786	My Lord, but note this letter,
787	The which my daughter in obedience
788	Deliuer'd to my handes.
789	*King* Reade it my Lord.
790	*Cor.* Marke my Lord.

791	Doubt that in earth is fire,
792	Doubt that the starres doe moue,
793	Doubt trueth to be a liar,
794	But doe not doubt I loue.
795	To the beautifull *Ofelia:*
796	Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince *Hamlet*.
797	My Lord, what doe you thinke of me?
798	I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?
799	*King* As of a true friend and a most louing subiect.
800	*Cor.* I would be glad to prooue so.
801	Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:
802	Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre,
803	And one that is vnequall for your loue:
804	Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,
805	Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe.
806	Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.
807	Now since which time, seeing his loue thus cross'd,
808	Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
809	He straitway grew into a melancholy,
810	From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
811	Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,
812	And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine
813	Into this frensie, which now possesseth him:
814	And if this be not true, take this from this.
815	*King* Thinke you t'is so?
816	*Cor.* How? so my Lord, I would very faine know
817	That thing that I haue saide t'is so, positiuely,
818	And it hath fallen out otherwise.
819	Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
820	Ile finde it out, if it were hid
821	As deepe as the centre of the earth.
822	*King*. how should wee trie this same?
823	*Cor.* Mary my good lord thus,
824	The Princes walke is here in the galery,
825	There let *Ofelia*, walke vntill hee comes:
826	Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,
827	There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,
828	And if it proue any otherwise then loue,
829	Then let my censure faile an other time.
830	*King*. see where hee comes poring vppon a booke.
831	*Enter Hamlet*.
832	*Cor.* Madame, will it please your grace
833	To leaue vs here?
834	*Que*. With all my hart. *exit*.
835	*Cor.* And here *Ofelia*, reade you on this booke,

836	And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnseene.
837	*Ham*. To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
838	To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
839	No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
840	For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
841	And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,
842	From whence no passenger euer retur'nd,
843	The vndiscouered country, at whose sight
844	The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.
845	But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,
846	Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,
847	Scorned by the right rich, the rich curssed of the poore?
848	The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,
849	The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
850	And thousand more calamities besides,
851	To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,
852	When that he may his full *Quietus* make,
853	With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
854	But for a hope of something after death?
855	Which pusles the braine, and doth confound the sence,
856	Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
857	Than flie to others that we know not of.
858	I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,
859	Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembred.
860	*Ofel*. My Lord, I haue sought opportunitie, which now
861	I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remem-
862	brance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.
863	*Ham*. Are you faire?
864	*Ofel*. My Lord.
865	*Ham*. Are you honest?
866	*Ofel*. What meanes my Lord?
867	*Ham*. That if you be faire and honest,
868	Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.
869	*Ofel*. My Lord, can beauty haue better priuiledge than
870	with honesty?
871	*Ham*. Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme
872	Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:
873	Then Honesty can transforwe Beauty:
874	This was sometimes a Paradox,
875	But now the time giues it scope.
876	I neuer gaue you nothing.
877	*Ofel*. My Lord, you know right well you did,
878	And with them such earnest vowes of loue,
879	As would haue moou'd the stoniest breast aliue,
880	But now too true I finde,

881	Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.
882	*Ham*. I neuer loued you.
883	*Ofel*. You made me beleeue you did.
884	*Ham*. O thou shouldst not a beleeued me!
885	Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou
886	Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
887	But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes
888	It had beene better my mother had ne're borne me,
889	O I am very prowde, ambitious, disdainefull,
890	With more sinnes at my becke, then I haue thoughts
891	To put them in, what should such fellowes as I
892	Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
893	To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
894	Beleeue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.
895	*Ofel*. O heauens secure him!
896	*Ham*. Wher's thy father?
897	*Ofel*. At home my lord.
898	*Ham*. For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him,
899	He may play the foole no where but in his
900	Owne house: to a Nunnery goe.
901	*Ofel*. Help him good God.
902	*Ham*. If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee
903	This plague to thy dowry:
904	Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
905	Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.
906	*Ofel*. Alas, what change is this?
907	*Ham*. But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,
908	For wise men know well enough,
909	What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.
910	*Ofel*. Pray God restore him.
911	*Ham*. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
912	God hath giuen you one face,
913	And you make your selues another,
914	You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
915	Making your wantonnesse, your ignorance,
916	A pox, t'is scuruy, Ile no more of it,
917	It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages,
918	All that are married but one, shall liue,
919	The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,
920	To a Nunnery goe. *exit*.
921	*Ofe*. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?
922	The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,
923	All dasht and splinterd thence, O woe is me,
924	To a seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *exit*.
925	*King* Loue? No, no, that's not the cause, *Enter King and Corambis*.

926	Some deeper thing it is that troubles him.
927	*Cor.* Wel, something it is: my Lord, content you a while,
928	I will my selfe goe feele him: let me worke,
929	Ile try him euery way: see where he comes,
930	Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone
931	To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. *exit King*.
932	Now my good Lord, do you know me? *Enter Hamlet*.
933	*Ham*. Yea very well, y'are a fishmonger.
934	*Cor.* Not I my Lord.
935	*Ham*. Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,
936	For to be honest, as this age goes,
937	Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.
938	*Cor.* What doe you reade my Lord?
939	*Ham*. Wordes, wordes.
940	*Cor.* What's the matter my Lord?
941	*Ham*. Betweene who?
942	*Cor.* I meane the matter you reade my Lord.
943	*Ham*. Mary most vile heresie:
944	For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,
945	That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,
946	Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges,
947	All which sir, I most potently beleeue not:
948	For sir, your selfe shalbe olde as I am,
949	If like a Crabbe, you could goe backeward.
950	*Cor.* How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:
951	Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger:
952	All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue,
953	And when I was yong, I was very idle,
954	And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:
955	Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?
956	*Ham*. Into my graue.
957	*Cor.* By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,
958	Very shrewd answers,
959	My lord I will take my leaue of you.
960	*Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.*
961	*Ham*. You can take nothing from me sir,
962	I will more willingly part with all,
963	Olde doating foole.
964	*Cor,* You seeke Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. *exit.*
965	*Gil*. Health to your Lordship.
966	*Ham*. What, Gilderstone, and Rossencraft,
967	Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elsanoure*.
968	*Gil*. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
969	You were as when we were at *Wittenberg*.
970	*Ham*. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of

971	Your selues, or were you not sent for?
972	Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
973	Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
974	Come, I know you were sent for.
975	*Gil*. What say you?
976	*Ham*. Nay then I see how the winde sits,
977	Come, you were sent for.
978	*Ross*. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
979	Know the cause and ground of your discontent.
980	*Ham*. Why I want preferment.
981	*Ross*. I thinke not so my lord.
982	*Ham*. Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
983	No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth, nor sea,
984	No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
985	Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.
986	*Gil*. My lord, we laugh not at that.
987	*Ham*. Why did you laugh then,
988	When I said, Man did not content mee?
989	*Gil*. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not
990	content you.
991	What entertainement the Players shall haue,
992	We boorded them a the way: they are comming to you.
993	*Ham*. Players, what Players be they?
994	*Ross*. My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty,
995	Those that you tooke delight to see so often. (stie?
996	*Ham*. How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow re-
997	*Gil*. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.
998	*Ham*. How then?
999	*Gil*. Y faith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,
1000	For the principall publike audience that
1001	Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,
1002	And to the humour of children.
1003	*Ham*. I doe not greatly wonder of it,
1004	For those that would make mops and moes
1005	At my vncle, when my father liued,
1006	Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds
1007	For his picture: but they shall be welcome,
1008	He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me,
1009	The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target,
1010	The louer shall sigh gratis,
1011	The clowne shall make them laugh
1012	That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt (for't,
1013	And the Lady shall haue leaue to speake her minde freely.
1014	*The Trumpets sound*, *Enter Corambis*.
1015	Do you see yonder great baby?

1016	He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.
1017	*Gil*. That may be, for they say an olde man
1018	Is twice a childe.
1019	*Ham*. Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the (Players,
1020	You say true, a monday last, t'was so indeede.
1021	*Cor*. My lord, I haue news to tell you.
1022	*Ham*. My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:
1023	When *Rossios* was an Actor in *Rome*.
1024	*Cor*. The Actors are come hither, my lord.
1025	*Ham*. Buz, buz.
1026	*Cor*. The best Actors in Christendome,
1027	Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,
1028	Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comicall,
1029	Comicall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:
1030	*Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plato* too light:
1031	For the law hath writ those are the onely men.
1032	*Ha*. O *Iepha* ludge of *Israel*! what a treasure hadst thou?
1033	*Cor*. Why what a treasure had he my lord?
1034	*Ham*. Why one faire daughter, and no more,
1035	The which he loued passing well.
1036	*Cor*. A, stil harping a my daughter! well my Lord,
1037	If you call me *Iepha*, I hane a daughter that
1038	I loue passing well.
1039	*Ham*. Nay that followes not.
1040	*Cor*. What followes then my Lord?
1041	*Ham*. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,
1042	And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet
1043	Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
1044	Welcome maisters, welcome all, *Enter players*.
1045	What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
1046	Since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Denmarke*?
1047	My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were:
1048	Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
1049	Pray God sir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant
1050	Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
1051	Weele euen too't, like French Falconers,
1052	Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
1053	Quallitie, a speech, a passionate speech.
1054	*Players* What speech my good lord?
1055	*Ham*. I heard thee speake a speech once,
1056	But it was neuer acted: or if it were,
1057	Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember,
1058	It pleased not the vulgar, it was cauiary
1059	To the million: but to me
1060	And others, that receiued it in the like kinde,

1061	Cried in the toppe of their iudgements, an excellent play,
1062	Set downe with as great modestie as cunning:
1063	One said there was no sallets in the lines to make thē sauory,
1064	But called it an honest methode, as wholesome as sweete.
1065	Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
1066	Was *AEneas* tale to *Dido*,
1067	And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,
1068	If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,
1069	Let me see.
1070	The rugged *Pyrrus*, like th'arganian beast:
1071	No t'is not so, it begins with *Pirrus:*
1072	O I haue it.
1073	The rugged *Pirrus*, he whose sable armes,
1074	Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
1075	When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
1076	Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered
1077	With Heraldry more dismall, head to foote,
1078	Now is he totall guise, horridely tricked
1079	With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
1080	Back't and imparched in calagulate gore,
1081	Rifted in earth and fire, olde grandsire *Pryam* seekes:
1082	So goe on.
1083	*Cor.* Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good (accent.
1084	*Play*. Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,
1085	His antike sword rebellious to his Arme,
1086	Lies where it falles, vnable to resist.
1087	*Pyrrus* at *Pryam* driues, but all in rage,
1088	Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde
1089	Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father falles.
1090	*Cor.* Enough my friend, t'is too long.
1091	*Ham*. It shall to the Barbers with your beard:
1092	A pox, hee's for a ligge, or a tale of bawdry,
1093	Or else he sleepes, come on to *Hecuba*, come.
1094	*Play*. But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene?
1095	*Cor.* Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.
1096	*Play*. All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,
1097	And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blancket
1098	And a kercher on that head, where late the diademe stoode,
1099	Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech,
1100	Would treason haue pronounced,
1101	For if the gods themselues had seene her then,
1102	When she saw *Pirrus* with malitious strokes,
1103	Mincing her husbandes limbs,
1104	It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
1105	And passion in the gods.

1106	*Cor.* Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,
1107	And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.
1108	*Ham.* T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,
1109	Will you see the Players well bestowed,
1110	I tell you they are the Chronicles
1111	And briefe abstracts of the time,
1112	After your death I can tell you,
1113	You were better haue a bad Epiteeth,
1114	Then their ill report while you liue.
1115	*Cor.* My lord, I will vse them according to their deserts.
1116	*Ham.* O farre better man, vse euery man after his deserts,
1117	Then who should scape whipping?
1118	Vse them after your owne honor and dignitie,
1119	The lesse they deserue, the greater credit's yours.
1120	*Cor.* Welcome my good fellowes. *exit.*
1121	*Ham.* Come hither maisters, can you not play the mur-
1122	der of *Gonsago?*
1123	*players* Yes my Lord.
1124	*Ham.* And could'st not thou for a neede study me
1125	Some dozen or sixteene lines,
1126	Which I would set downe and insert?
1127	*players* Yes very easily my good Lord.
1128	*Ham.* T'is well, I thanke you: follow that lord:
1129	And doe you heare sirs? take heede you mocke him not.
1130	Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
1131	And for a time I would desire you leaue me.
1132	*Gil.* Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.
1133	*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*
1134	*Ham.* Why what a dunghill idiote slaue am I?
1135	Why these Players here draw water from eyes:
1136	For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
1137	What would he do and if he had my losse?
1138	His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,
1139	He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,
1140	Amaze the standers by with his laments,
1141	Strike more then wonder in the iudiciall eares,
1142	Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wise,
1143	Indeede his passion would be generall.
1144	Yet I like to an asse and Iohn a Dreames,
1145	Hauing my father murdred by a villaine,
1146	Stand still, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward:
1147	Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose,
1148	Giue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
1149	Sure I should take it, or else I haue no gall,
1150	Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites

1151	With this slaues offell, this damned villaine,
1152	Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:
1153	Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,
1154	Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe
1155	Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
1156	I haue heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play,
1157	Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confest a murder
1158	Committed long before.
1159	This spirit that I haue seene may be the Diuell,
1160	And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy,
1161	As he is very potent with such men,
1162	Doth seeke to damne me, I will haue sounder proofes,
1163	The play's the thing,
1164	Wherein I'le catch the conscience of the King. *exit*.
1165	*Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.*
1166	*King* Lordes, can you by no meanes finde
1167	The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacie?
1168	You being so neere in loue, euen from his youth,
1169	Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.
1170	*Gil.* My lord, we haue done all the best we could,
1171	To wring from him the cause of all his griefe,
1172	But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes
1173	Would make an answere to that we exposde.
1174	*Ross.* Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth
1175	Before we left him, and I take it,
1176	He hath giuen order for a play to night,
1177	At which he craues your highnesse company.
1178	*King* With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
1179	Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth,
1180	Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,
1181	And we vnto your selues will still be thankefull.
1182	*Both* In all wee can, be sure you shall commaund.
1183	*Queene* Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of
1184	May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want. (*Denmarke*
1185	*Gil.* Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.
1186	*King* Thanks to you both: Gertred you'l see this play.
1187	*Queene* My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the soule
1188	He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth.
1189	*Cor.* Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
1190	And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake,
1191	We cannot yet finde out the very ground
1192	Of his distemperance, therefore
1193	I holde it meete, if so it please you,
1194	Else they shall not meete, and thus it is.
1195	*King* What i'st *Corambis?* (done,

1196	*Cor.* Mary my good lord this, soone when the sports are
1197	Madam, send you in haste to speake with him,
1198	And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras,
1199	There question you the cause of all his griefe,
1200	And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all:
1201	My Lord, how thinke you on't?
1202	*King* It likes vs well, Gerterd, what say you?
1203	*Queene* With all my heart, soone will I send for him.
1204	*Cor.* My selfe will be that happy messenger,
1205	Who hopes his griefe will be reueal'd to her. *exeunt omnes*
1206	*Enter Hamlet and the Players.*
1207	*Ham.* Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue
1208	as I taught thee,
1209	Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
1210	I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,
1211	Then such a fellow speake my lines.
1212	Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,
1213	But giue euery thing his action with temperance. (fellow,
1214	O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a rebustious periwig
1215	To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges,
1216	To split the eares of the ignoraut, who for the (noises,
1217	Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and
1218	I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant
1219	It out, Herodes Herod.
1220	*players* My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that
1221	among vs.
1222	*Ham.* The better, the better, mend it all together:
1223	There be fellowes that I haue seene play,
1224	And heard others commend them, and that highly too,
1225	That hauing neither the gate of Christian, Pagan,
1226	Nor Turke, haue so strutted and bellowed,
1227	That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen
1228	Had made men, and not made them well,
1229	They imitated humanitie, so abhominable:
1230	Take heede, auoyde it.
1231	*players* I warrant you my Lord.
1232	*Ham.* And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
1233	More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you
1234	That will laugh themselues, to set on some
1235	Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,
1236	Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
1237	Then to be obserued: O t'is vile, and shewes
1238	A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.
1239	And then you haue some agen, that keepes one sute
1240	Os ieasts, as a man is knowne by one sute of

1241	Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his ieasts downe
1242	In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
1243	Cannot you stay till I eate my porrige? and, you owe me
1244	A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullison:
1245	And, your beere is sowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
1246	And thus keeping in his cinkapase of ieasts,
1247	When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a iest
1248	Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
1249	Maisters tell him of it.
1250	*players* We will my Lord.
1251	*Ham*. Well, goe make you ready. *exeunt players*.
1252	*Horatio*. Heere my Lord.
1253	*Ham*. *Horatio*, thou art euen as iust a man,
1254	As e're my conuersation cop'd withall.
1255	*Hor*. O my lord!
1256	*Ham*. Nay why should I flatter thee?
1257	Why should the poore be flattered?
1258	What gaine should I receiue by flattering thee,
1259	That nothing hath but thy good minde?
1260	Let flattery sit on those time-pleasing tongs,
1261	To glose with them that loues to heare their praise,
1262	And not with such as thou *Horatio*.
1263	There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue
1264	Comes very neere the murder of my father,
1265	When thou shalt see that Act afoote,
1266	Marke thou the King, doe but obserue his lookes,
1267	For I mine eies will riuet to his face:
1268	And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
1269	It is a damned ghost that we haue seene.
1270	*Horatio*, haue a care, obserue him well.
1271	*Hor*. My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face,
1272	And not the smallest alteration
1273	That shall appeare in him, but I shall note it.
1274	*Ham*. Harke, they come.
1275	*Enter King*, *Queene*, *Corambis*, *and other Lords*. (a play?
1276	*King* How now son *Hamlet*, how fare you, shall we haue
1277	*Ham*. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cramm'd,
1278	feede a the ayre.
1279	I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.
1280	*Cor.* That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.
1281	*Ham*. What did you enact there?
1282	*Cor.* My lord, I did act *Iulius Caesar*, I was killed
1283	in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.
1284	*Ham*. It was a brute parte of him,
1285	To kill so capitall a calfe.

1286	Come, be these Players ready?
1287	*Queene* Hamlet come sit downe by me.
1288	*Ham*. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more at-
1289	Lady will you giue me leaue, and so forth: (tractiue:
1290	To lay my head in your lappe?
1291	*Ofel*. No my Lord. (trary matters?
1292	*Ham*. Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant con-
1293	*Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits*
1294	*downe in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Luci-*
1295	*anus with poyson in a Viall, and powres it in his eares, and*
1296	*goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him*
1297	*dead: and goes away with the other.*
1298	*Ofel*. What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue*.
1299	*Ham*. This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.
1300	*Ofel*. What doth this meane my lord?
1301	*Ham*. you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.
1302	*Ofel*. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?
1303	*Ham*. I, or any shew you'le shew him,
1304	Be not afeard to shew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:
1305	O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'le tell all.
1306	*Prol*. For vs, and for our Tragedie,
1307	Heere stowpiug to your clemencie,
1308	We begge your hearing patiently.
1309	*Ham*. I'st a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?
1310	*Ofel*. T'is short my Lord.
1311	*Ham*. As womens loue.
1312	*Enter the Duke and Dutchesse*.
1313	*Duke* Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone,
1314	Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one:
1315	And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,
1316	Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines
1317	Of musicke, which whilome pleasde mine eare,
1318	Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
1319	And therefore sweete Nature must pay his due,
1320	To heauen must I, and leaue the earth with you.
1321	*Dutchesse* O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,
1322	When death takes you, let life from me depart.
1323	*Duke* Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
1324	Thon maist (perchance) haue a more noble mate,
1325	More wise, more youthfull, and one.
1326	*Dutchesse* O speake no more, for then I am accurst,
1327	None weds the second, but she kils the first:
1328	A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
1329	When second husband kisses me in bed.
1330	*Ham*. O wormewood, wormewood!

1331	*Duke* I doe beleeue you sweete, what now you speake,
1332	But what we doe determine oft we breake,
1333	For our demises stil are ouerthrowne,
1334	Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
1335	So thinke you will no second husband wed,
1336	But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
1337	*Dutchesse* Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,
1338	If once a widdow, euer I be wife.
1339	*Ham*. If she should breake now.
1340	*Duke* T'is deepely sworne, sweete leaue me here a while,
1341	My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedi-
1342	ous time with sleepe.
1343	*Dutchesse* Sleepe rocke thy braine,
1344	And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady*
1345	*Ham*. Madam, how do you like this play?
1346	*Queene* The Lady protests too much.
1347	*Ham*. O but shee'le keepe her word.
1348	*King* Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence
1349	in it?
1350	*Ham*. No offence in the world, poyson in iest, poison in
1351	*King* What do you call the name of the play? (iest.
1352	*Ham*. Mouse-trap: mary how trapically: this play is
1353	The image of a murder done in *guyana*, *Albertus*
1354	Was the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*,
1355	Father, it is a knauish peece a worke: but what
1356	A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
1357	Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one
1358	*Lucianus* nephew to the King.
1359	*Ofel*. Ya're as good as a *Chorus* my lord.
1360	*Ham*. I could interpret the loue you beare, if I sawe the
1361	poopies dallying.
1362	*Ofel*. Y'are very pleasant my lord.
1363	*Ham*. Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde
1364	a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mo-
1365	ther lookes, my father died within these two houres.
1366	*Ofel*. Nay, t'is twice two months, my Lord.
1367	*Ham*. Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke,
1368	For i'le haue a sute of Sables: Iesus, two months dead,
1369	And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some
1370	Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outliue memorie,
1371	But by my faith hee must build churches then,
1372	Or els hee must follow the olde Epitithe,
1373	With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horse is forgot.
1374	*Ofel*. Your iests are keene my Lord.
1375	*Ham*. It would cost you a groning to take them off.

1376	*Ofel.* Still better and worse.
1377	*Ham.* So you must take your husband, begin. Murdred
1378	Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin,
1379	Come, the croking rauen doth bellow for reuenge.
1380	*Murd.* Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time
1381	Confederate season, else no creature seeing: (agreeing.
1382	Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected,
1383	With *Hecates* bane thrise blasted, thrise infected,
1384	Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,
1385	One wholesome life vsurps immediately. *exit.*
1386	*Ham.* He poysons him for his estate.
1387	*King* Lights, I will to bed.
1388	*Cor.* The king rises, lights hoe.
1389	*Exeunt King and Lordes.*
1390	*Ham.* What, frighted with false fires?
1391	Then let the stricken deere goe weepe,
1392	The Hart vngalled play,
1393	For some must laugh, while some must weepe,
1394	Thus runnes the world away.
1395	*Hor.* The king is mooued my lord.
1396	*Hor.* I *Horatio*, i'le take the Ghosts word
1397	For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke.*
1398	*Enter Rossencraft and Gilderstone.*
1399	*Ross.* Now my lord, how i'st with you?
1400	*Ham.* And if the king like not the tragedy,
1401	Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
1402	*Ross.* We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,
1403	My good lord, let vs againe intreate (ture
1404	To know of you the ground and cause of your distempera-
1405	*Gil.* My lord, your mother craues to speake with you.
1406	*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
1407	*Ross.* But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?
1408	*Ham.* I pray will you play vpon this pipe?
1409	*Ross.* Alas my lord I cannot.
1410	*Ham.* Pray will you.
1411	*Gil.* I haue no skill my Lord.
1412	*Ham.* why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
1413	T'is but stopping of these holes,
1414	And with a little breath from your lips,
1415	It will giue most delicate musick.
1416	*Gil.* But this cannot wee do my Lord.
1417	*Ham.* Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you.
1418	*Ros.* My lord wee cannot. (me?
1419	*Ham.* Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of
1420	You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon mee,

1421	You would search the very inward part of my hart,
1422	And diue into the secreet of my soule.
1423	Zownds do you thinke I am easier to be pla'yd
1424	On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument
1425	You will, though you can frett mee, yet you can not
1426	Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a spunge.
1427	*Ros.* How a spunge my Lord?
1428	*Ham.* I sir, a spunge, that sokes vp the kings
1429	Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes
1430	His liberalitie your store house: but such as you,
1431	Do the king, in the end, best seruise;
1432	For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
1433	In the corner of his law, first mouthes you,
1434	Then swallowes you: so when hee hath need
1435	Of you, t'is but squeesing of you,
1436	And spunge, you shall be dry againe, you shall.
1437	*Ros.* Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.
1438	*Ham* Farewell, farewell, God blesse you.
1439	*Exit Rossencraft and Gilderstone.*
1440	*Enter Corambis*
1441	*Cor.* My lord, the Queene would speake with you.
1442	*Ham.* Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?
1443	*Cor.* T'is like a camell in deed.
1444	*Ham.* Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
1445	*Cor.* T'is back't like a weasell.
1446	*Ham.* Or like a whale.
1447	*Cor.* Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*
1448	*Ham.* Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by.
1449	Good night Horatio.
1450	*Hor.* Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.*
1451	*Ham.* My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
1452	O God, let ne're the heart of *Nero* enter
1453	This soft bosome.
1454	Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall.
1455	I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,
1456	To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent. *exit.*
1457	*Enter the King.*
1458	*King* O that this wet that falles vpon my face
1459	Would wash the crime cleere from my conscience!
1460	When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespasse,
1461	The earth doth still crie out vpon my fact,
1462	Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
1463	And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
1464	O these are sinnes that are vnpardonable:
1465	Why say thy sinnes were blacker then is ieat,

1466	Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:
1467	I but still to perseuer in a sinne,
1468	It is an act gainst the vniuersall power,
1469	Most wretched man, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer,
1470	Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.
1471	*hee kneeles. enters Hamlet*
1472	*Ham.* I so, come forth and worke thy last,
1473	And thus hee dies: and so am I reuenged:
1474	No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping, his sins brim full,
1475	And how his soule stoode to the state of heauen
1476	Who knowes, saue the immortall powres,
1477	And shall I kill him now,
1478	When he is purging of his soule?
1479	Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,
1480	And not reuenge: no, get thee vp agen,
1481	When hee's at game swaring, taking his carowse, drinking (drunke,
1482	Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
1483	Or at some act that hath no relish
1484	Of saluation in't, then trip him
1485	That his heeles may kicke at heauen,
1486	And fall as lowe as hel: my mother stayes,
1487	This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. *exit Ham.*
1488	*King* My wordes fly vp, my sinnes remaine below.
1489	No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. *exit King.*
1490	*Enter Queene and Corambis.*
1491	*Cor.* Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,
1492	I'le shrowde my selfe behinde the Arras. *exit Cor.*
1493	*Queene* Do so my Lord.
1494	*Ham.* Mother, mother, O are you here?
1495	How i'st with you mother?
1496	*Queene* How i'st with you?
1497	*Ham*, I'le tell you, but first weele make all safe.
1498	*Queene* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
1499	*Ham.* Mother, you haue my father much offended.
1500	*Queene* How now boy?
1501	*Ham.* How now mother! come here, sit downe, for you
1502	shall heare me speake.
1503	*Queene* What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me:
1504	Helpe hoe.
1505	*Cor.* Helpe for the Queene.
1506	*Ham.* I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.
1507	Rash intruding foole, farewell,
1508	I tooke thee for thy better.
1509	*Queene* Hamlet, what hast thou done?
1510	*Ham.* Not so much harme, good mother,

1511	As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.
1512	*Queene* How! kill a king!
1513	*Ham*. I a King: nay sit you downe, and ere you part,
1514	If you be made of penitrable stuffe,
1515	I'le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
1516	And see how horride there and blacke it shews. (words?
1517	*Queene* Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing
1518	*Ham*. Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,
1519	It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,
1520	See here a face, to outface *Mars* himselfe,
1521	An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,
1522	A front wherin all vertues are set downe
1523	For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,
1524	Whose heart went hand in hand euen with that vow,
1525	He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
1526	Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,
1527	Looke you now, here is your husband,
1528	With a face like *Vulcan*.
1529	A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
1530	A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
1531	To affright children and amaze the world:
1532	And this same haue you left to change with this.
1533	What Diuell thus hath cosoned you at hob-man blinde?
1534	A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
1535	That slew my father, and your deere husband,
1536	To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?
1537	*Queene* O Hamlet, speake no more.
1538	*Ham*. To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,
1539	For a king of clowts, of very shreads.
1540	*Queene* Sweete Hamlet cease.
1541	*Ham*. Nay but still to persist and dwell in sinne,
1542	To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
1543	To make increase of shame, to seale damnation.
1544	*Queene* Hamlet, no more.
1545	*Ham*. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
1546	Your blood runnes backeward now from whence it came,
1547	Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
1548	When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?
1549	*Queene* Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine.
1550	*Ham*. O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the
1551	better.
1552	*Enter the ghost in his night gowne.*
1553	Saue me, saue me, you gratious
1554	Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,
1555	With your celestiall wings.

1556	Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
1557	That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?
1558	O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!
1559	Lest that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,
1560	And euery part that should assist reuenge,
1561	Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pitty.
1562	*Ghost* Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,
1563	To put thee in remembrance of my death:
1564	Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.
1565	But I perceiue by thy distracted lookes,
1566	Thy mother's fearefull, and she stands amazde:
1567	Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
1568	Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.
1569	*Ham*. How i'st with you Lady?
1570	*Queene* Nay, how i'st with you
1571	That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
1572	And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?
1573	*Ham*. Why doe you nothing heare?
1574	*Queene* Not I.
1575	*Ham*. Nor doe you nothing see?
1576	*Queene* No neither. (habite
1577	*Ham*. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the
1578	As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
1579	See how he steales away out of the Portall,
1580	Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost*.
1581	*Queene* Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,
1582	Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:
1583	But as I haue a soule, I sweare by heauen,
1584	I neuer knew of this most horride murder:
1585	But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
1586	And for my loue forget these idle fits.
1587	*Ham*. Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours,
1588	It is not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet.
1589	O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,
1590	Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,
1591	And win your selfe by little as you may,
1592	In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:
1593	And mother, but assist mee in reuenge,
1594	And in his death your infamy shall die.
1595	*Queene Hamlet*, I vow by that maiesty,
1596	That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
1597	I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,
1598	What stratagem soe're thou shalt deuise.
1599	*Ham*. It is enough, mother good night:
1600	Come sir, I'le prouide for you a graue,

1601	Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.
1602	*Exit Hamlet with the dead body.*
1603	*Enter the King and Lordes.*
1604	*King* Now Gertred, what sayes our sonne, how doe you
1605	finde him?
1606	*Queene* Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
1607	Whenas he came, I first bespake him faire,
1608	But then he throwes and tosses me about,
1609	As one forgetting that I was his mother:
1610	At last I call'd for help: and as I cried, *Corambis*
1611	Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
1612	Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
1613	The good olde man he killes.
1614	*King* Why this his madnesse will vndoe our state.
1615	Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.
1616	*Gil.* We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lordes.*
1617	*King* Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,
1618	His shipping is already furnished,
1619	And we haue sent by *Rossencrafi* and *Gilderstone*,
1620	Our letters to our deare brother of England,
1621	For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
1622	Happly the aire and climate of the Country
1623	May please him better than his natiue home:
1624	See where he comes.
1625	*Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.*
1626	*Gil.* My lord, we can by no meanes
1627	Know of him where the body is.
1628	*King* Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?
1629	*Ham.* At supper, not where he is eating, but
1630	Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes
1631	are euen now at him.
1632	Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar
1633	Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one messe:
1634	Looke you, a man may fish with that worme
1635	That hath eaten of a King,
1636	And a Beggar eate that fish,
1637	Which that worme hath caught.
1638	*King* What of this?
1639	*Ham.* Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King
1640	May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.
1641	*King* But sonne *Hamlet*, where is this body?
1642	*Ham.* In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there,
1643	Father, you had best looke in the other partes below
1644	For him, aud if you cannot finde him there,
1645	You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.

1646	*King* Make haste and finde him out.
1647	*Ham*. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haste,
1648	I'le warrant you hee'le stay till you come.
1649	*King* Well sonne *Hamlet*, we in care of you: but specially
1650	in tender preseruation of your health,
1651	The which we price euen as our proper selfe,
1652	It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*,
1653	The winde sits faire, you shall aboorde to night,
1654	Lord *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone* shall goe along with you.
1655	*Ham*. O with all my heart: farewel mother.
1656	*King* Your louing father, *Hamlet*.
1657	*Ham*. My mother I say: you married my mother,
1658	My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,
1659	And so (my mother) farewel: for England hoe.
1660	*exeunt all but the king*.
1661	*king* Gertred, leaue me,
1662	And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,
1663	To England is he gone, ne're to returne:
1664	Our Letters are vnto the King of England,
1665	That on the sight of them, on his allegeance,
1666	He presently without demaunding why,
1667	That *Hamlet* loose his head, for he must die,
1668	There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:
1669	He once being dead, why then our state is free. *exit*.
1670	*Enter Fortenbrasse, Drumme and Souldiers.*
1671	*Fort*. Captaine, from vs goe greete
1672	The king of Denmarke:
1673	Tell him that *Fortenbrasse* nephew to old *Norway*,
1674	Craues a free passe and conduct ouer his land,
1675	According to the Articles agreed on:
1676	You know our Randevous, goe march away. *exeunt all.*
1677	*enter King and Queene*.
1678	*King Hamlet* is ship't for England, fare him well,
1679	I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
1680	If euery thing fall out to our content,
1681	As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.
1682	*Queene* God grant it may, heau'ns keep my *Hamlet* safe:
1683	But this mischance of olde *Corambis* death,
1684	Hath piersed so the yong *Ofeliaes* heart,
1685	That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.
1686	*King* Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
1687	We vnderstand her brother's come from *France*,
1688	And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
1689	And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
1690	Vnlesse by some meanes he be pacified.

1691	*Qu*. O see where the yong *Ofelia* is!
1692	*Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire*
1693	*downe singing*.
1694	*Ofelia* How should I your true loue know
1695	From another man?
1696	By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
1697	And his sandall shoone.
1698	White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,
1699	Larded with sweete flowers,
1700	That bewept to the graue did not goe
1701	With true louers showers:
1702	He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
1703	At his head a grasse greene turffe,
1704	At his heeles a stone.
1705	*king* How i'st with you sweete *Ofelia*?
1706	*Ofelia* Well God yeeld you,
1707	It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
1708	I could not chuse but weepe:
1709	And will he not come againe?
1710	And will he not come againe?
1711	No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone,
1712	And he neuer will come againe.
1713	His beard as white as snowe:
1714	All flaxen was his pole,
1715	He is dead, he is gone,
1716	And we cast away moane:
1717	God a mercy on his soule.
1718	And of all christen soules I pray God.
1719	God be with you Ladies, God be with you. *exit Ofelia*.
1720	*king* A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:
1721	O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
1722	Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,
1723	To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.
1724	How now, what noyse is that?
1725	*A noyse within. enter Leartes.*
1726	*Lear.* Stay there vntill I come,
1727	O thou vilde king, giue me my father:
1728	Speake, say, where's my father?
1729	*king* Dead.
1730	*Lear.* Who hath murdred him? speake, i'le not
1731	Be juggled with, for he is murdred.
1732	*Queene* True, but not by him.
1733	*Lear.* By whome, by heau'n I'le be resolued.
1734	*king* Let him goe *Gertred*, away, I feare him not,
1735	There's such diuinitie doth wall a king,

1736	That treason dares not looke on.
1737	Let him goe *Gertred*, that your father is murdred,
1738	T'is true, and we most sory for it,
1739	Being the chiefest piller of our state:
1740	Therefore will you like a most desperate gamster,
1741	Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?
1742	*Lear.* To his good friends thus wide I'le ope mine arms,
1743	And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,
1744	I will no reconcilement but by bloud.
1745	*king* Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:
1746	And that in soule we sorrow for for his death,
1747	Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,
1748	Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.
1749	*Enter Ofelia as before.*
1750	*Lear.* Who's this, *Ofelia*? O my deere sister!
1751	I'st possible a yong maides life,
1752	Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe?
1753	O heau'ns themselues! how now *Ofelia*?
1754	*Ofel.* Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
1755	Here, here is rew for you,
1756	You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
1757	Heere's some for me too: you must weare your rew
1758	With a difference, there's a dazie.
1759	Here Loue, there's rosemary for you
1760	For remembrance: I pray Loue remember,
1761	And there's pansey for thoughts.
1762	*Lear.* A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:
1763	O God, O God!
1764	*Ofelia* There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you
1765	Some violets, but they all withered, when
1766	My father died: alas, they say the owle was
1767	A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,
1768	But can not tell what we shall be.
1769	For bonny sweete Robin is all my ioy.
1770	*Lear.* Thoughts & afflictions, torments worse than hell.
1771	*Ofel.* Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
1772	I pray now, you shall sing a downe,
1773	And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter
1774	And the false steward, and if any body
1775	Aske you of any thing, say you this.
1776	To morrow is saint Valentines day,
1777	All in the morning betime,
1778	And a maide at your window,
1779	To be your Valentine:
1780	The yong man rose, and dan'd his clothes,

1781	And dupt the chamber doore,
1782	Let in the maide, that out a maide
1783	Neuer departed more.
1784	Nay I pray marke now,
1785	By gisse, and by saint Charitie,
1786	Away, and fie for shame:
1787	Yong men will doo't when they come too't:
1788	By cocke they are too blame.
1789	Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
1790	You promised me to wed.
1791	So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
1792	If thou hadst not come to my bed.
1793	So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
1794	God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*
1795	*Lear.* Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
1796	My sister thus distracted:
1797	Cursed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.
1798	*king* Content you good Leartes for a time,
1799	Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
1800	Brimme full of sorrow, but forbeare a while,
1801	And thinke already the reuenge is done
1802	On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.
1803	*Lear.* You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le striue,
1804	To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,
1805	Which once vnhearsed, then the world shall heare
1806	Leartes had a father he held deere.
1807	*king* No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
1808	You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon. *exeunt om.*
1809	*Enter Horatio and the Queene.*
1810	*Hor.* Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in *Denmarke*,
1811	This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,
1812	Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
1813	And subtle treason that the king had plotted,
1814	Being crossed by the contention of the windes,
1815	He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*,
1816	Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,
1817	As at his next conuersion with your grace,
1818	He will relate the circumstance at full.
1819	*Queene* Then I perceiue there's treason in his lookes
1820	That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie:
1821	But I will soothe and please him for a time,
1822	For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,
1823	But know not you *Horatio* where he is?
1824	*Hor.* Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me
1825	To meete him on the east side of the Cittie

1826	To morrow morning.
1827	*Queene* O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, com-
1828	A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me
1829	Be wary of his presence, lest that he
1830	Faile in that he goes about.
1831	*Hor.* Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
1832	I thinke by this the news be come to court:
1833	He is arriv'de, obserue the king, and you shall
1834	Quickely finde, *Hamlet* being here,
1835	Things fell not to his minde.
1836	*Queene* But what became of *Gilderstone* and *Rossencraft*?
1837	*Hor.* He being set ashore, they went for *England*,
1838	And in the Packet there writ down that doome
1839	To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
1840	And by great chance he had his fathers Seale,
1841	So all was done without discouerie.
1842	*Queene* Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince,
1843	*Horatio* once againe I take my leaue,
1844	With thowsand mothers blessings to my sonne.
1845	*Horat.* Madam adue.
1846	*Enter King and Leartes.*
1847	*King*. Hamlet from *England*! is it possible?
1848	What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.
1849	*Lear.* O he is welcome, by my soule he is:
1850	At it my iocund heart doth leape for ioy,
1851	That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies.
1852	*king* Leartes, content your selfe, be rulde by me,
1853	And you shall haue no let for your reuenge.
1854	*Lear.* My will, not all the world.
1855	*King* Nay but Leartes, marke the plot I haue layde,
1856	I haue heard him often with a greedy wish,
1857	Vpon some praise that he hath heard of you
1858	Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
1859	He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.
1860	*Lea.* And how for this?
1861	*King* Mary Leartes thus: I'le lay a wager,
1862	Shalbe on *Hamlets* side, and you shall giue the oddes,
1863	The which will draw him with a more desire,
1864	To try the maistry, that in twelue venies
1865	You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
1866	When you are hot in midst of all your play,
1867	Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,
1868	Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyson,
1869	That if it drawes but the least dramme of blood,
1870	In any part of him, he cannot liue:

1871	This being done will free you from suspition,
1872	And not the deerest friend that *Hamlet* lov'de
1873	Will euer haue Leartes in suspect.
1874	*Lear.* My lord, I like it well:
1875	But say lord *Hamlet* should refuse this match.
1876	*King* I'le warrant you, wee'le put on you
1877	Such a report of singularitie,
1878	Will bring him on, although against his will.
1879	And lest that all should misse,
1880	I'le haue a potion that shall ready stand,
1881	In all his heate when that he calles for drinke,
1882	Shall be his period and our happinesse.
1883	*Lear.* T'is excellent, O would the time were come!
1884	Here comes the Queene. *enter the Queene.*
1885	*king* How now Gertred, why looke you heauily?
1886	*Queene* O my Lord, the yong *Ofelia*
1887	Hauing made a garland of sundry sortes of floures,
1888	Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke,
1889	The enuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,
1890	And for a while her clothes spread wide abroade,
1891	Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she sate smiling,
1892	Euen Mermaide-like, twixt heauen and earth,
1893	Chaunting olde sundry tunes vncapable
1894	As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,
1895	Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,
1896	Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.
1897	*Lear.* So, she is drownde:
1898	Too much of water hast thou *Ofelia*,
1899	Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
1900	Reuenge it is must yeeld this heart releefe,
1901	For woe begets woe, and griefe hangs on griefe. *exeunt.*
1902	*enter Clowne and an other.*
1903	*Clowne* I say no, she ought not to be buried
1904	In christian buriall.
1905	*2.* Why sir?
1906	*Clowne* Mary because shee's drownd.
1907	*2.* But she did not drowne her selfe.
1908	*Clowne* No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.
1909	*2.* Yea but it was against her will.
1910	*Clowne* No, I deny that, for looke you sir, I stand here,
1911	If the water come to me, I drowne not my selfe:
1912	But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,
1913	*Ergo* I am guiltie of my owne death:
1914	Y'are gone, goe y'are gone sir.
1915	*2.* I but see, she hath christian buriall,

1916	Because she is a great woman.
1917	*Clowne* Mary more's the pitty, that great folke
1918	Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne
1919	Themselues, more than other people:
1920	Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou
1921	Goest, tell me one thing, who buildes strongest,
1922	Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?
1923	*2.* Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone,
1924	And will indure long.
1925	*Clowne* That's prety, too't agen, too't agen.
1926	*2.* Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes,
1927	And that brings many a one to his long home.
1928	*Clowne* Prety agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe
1929	dooes it well? the gallowes dooes well to them that doe ill,
1930	goe get thee gone:
1931	And if any one aske thee hereafter, say,
1932	A Graue-maker, for the houses he buildes
1933	Last till Doomes-day. Fetch me a stope of beere, goe.
1934	*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*
1935	*Clowne* A picke-axe and a spade,
1936	A spade for and a winding sheete,
1937	Most fit it is, for t'will be made, *he throwes vp a shouel.*
1938	For such a ghest most meete.
1939	*Ham.* Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe,
1940	That is thus merry in making of a graue?
1941	See how the slaue joles their heads against the earth.
1942	*Hor.* My lord, Custome hath made it in him seeme no-
1943	*Clowne* A pick-axe and a spade, a spade, (thing.
1944	For and a winding sheete,
1945	Most fit it is for to be made,
1946	For such a ghest most meet.
1947	*Ham.* Looke you, there's another *Horatio.*
1948	Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer?
1949	Me thinkes he should indite that fellow
1950	Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
1951	Him about the pate with's shouel: now where is your
1952	Quirkes and quillets now, your vouchers and
1953	Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,
1954	And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarse
1955	Holde the conueiance of his land, and must
1956	The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!
1957	I prethee tell me *Horatio,*
1958	Is parchwent made of sheep-skinnes?
1959	*Hor.* I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.
1960	*Ham.* Ifaith they prooue themselues sheepe and calues

1961	That deale with them, or put their trust in them.
1962	There's another, why may not that be such a ones
1963	Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,
1964	When he meant to beg him? *Horatio*, I prethee
1965	Lets question yonder fellow.
1966	Now my friend, whose graue is this?
1967	*Clowne* Mine sir.
1968	*Ham*. But who must lie in it? (sir.
1969	*Clowne* If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat
1970	*Ham*. What man must be buried here?
1971	*Clowne* No man sir.
1972	*Ham*. What woman?
1973	*Clowne*. No woman neither sir, but indeede
1974	One that was a woman.
1975	*Ham*. An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio*,
1976	This seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pesant,
1977	Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,
1978	That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
1979	How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?
1980	*Clowne* I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before
1981	He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corses,
1982	He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner
1983	Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.
1984	*Ham*. And why a tanner?
1985	*Clowne* Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,
1986	That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
1987	Deuourer of your dead body, a great soaker.
1988	Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
1989	Let me see, I euer since our last king *Hamlet*
1990	Slew *Fortenbrasse* in combat, yong *Hamlets* father,
1991	Hee that's mad.
1992	*Ham*. I mary, how came he madde?
1993	*Clowne* Ifaith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.
1994	*Ham*. Vpon what ground?
1995	*Clowne* A this ground, in *Denmarke*.
1996	*Ham*. Where is he now?
1997	*Clowne* Why now they sent him to *England*.
1998	*Ham*. To *England*! wherefore?
1999	*Clowne* Why they say he shall haue his wittes there,
2000	Or if he haue not, t'is no great matter there,
2001	It will not be seene there.
2002	*Ham*. Why not there?
2003	*Clowne* Why there they say the men are as mad as he.
2004	*Ham*. Whose scull was this?
2005	*Clowne* This, a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,

2006	He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
2007	Why do not you know him? this was one *Yorickes* scull.
2008	*Ham*. Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore *Yoricke*
2009	I knew him *Horatio*,
2010	A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times
2011	vpon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a
2012	hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me: Wheres
2013	your iests now *Yoricke?* your flashes of meriment: now go
2014	to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch
2015	thicke, to this she must come *Yoricke. Horatio*, I prethee
2016	tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that *Alexander* looked
2017	thus?
2018	*Hor*. Euen so my Lord.
2019	*Ham*. And smelt thus?
2020	*Hor*. I my lord, no otherwise.
2021	*Ham*. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of
2022	*Alexander*, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander*
2023	became earth, of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being
2024	but clay, why might not time bring to passe, that he might
2025	stoppe the boung hole of a beere barrell?
2026	Imperious *Caesar* dead and turnd to clay,
2027	Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.
2028	*Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes,*
2029	*with a Priest after the coffin.*
2030	*Ham*. What funerall's this that all the Court laments?
2031	It shews to be some noble parentage:
2032	Stand by a while.
2033	*Lear*. What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else?
2034	*Priest* My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
2035	And more than well the church can tolerate,
2036	She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:
2037	And but for fauour of the king, and you,
2038	She had beene buried in the open fieldes,
2039	Where now she is allowed christian buriall.
2040	*Lear*. So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell
2041	shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.
2042	*Ham*. The faire *Ofelia* dead!
2043	*Queene* Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:
2044	I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,
2045	And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.
2046	*Lear*. Forbeare the earth a while: sister farewell:
2047	*Leartes leapes into the graue.*
2048	Now powre your earth on, *Olympus* hie,
2049	And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon: Hamlet leapes*
2050	Whats he that coniures so? *in after Leartes*

2051	*Ham*. Beholde tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.
2052	*Lear*. The diuell take thy soule.
2053	*Ham*. O thou praiest not well,
2054	I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,
2055	For there is something in me dangerous,
2056	Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:
2057	I lou'de *Ofelia* as deere as twenty brothers could:
2058	Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:
2059	Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,
2060	Wilt drinke vp vessels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:
2061	Com'st thou here to whine?
2062	And where thou talk'st of burying thee a liue,
2063	Here let vs stand: and let them them throw on vs,
2064	Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
2065	Make Oosell as a Wart.
2066	*King*. Forbeare *Leartes*, now is hee mad, as is the sea,
2067	Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
2068	Therfore a while giue his wilde humour scope.
2069	*Ham*. What is the reason sir that you wrong mee thus?
2070	I neuer gaue you cause: but stand away,
2071	A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.
2072	*Exit Hamlet and Horatio*.
2073	*Queene*. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
2074	And not his heart, *Leartes*.
2075	*King*. My lord, t'is so: but wee'le no longer trifle,
2076	This very day shall *Hamlet* drinke his last,
2077	For presently we meane to send to him,
2078	Therfore *Leartes* be in readynes.
2079	*Lear*. My lord, till then my soule will not bee quiet.
2080	*King*. Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our sonne,
2081	Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
2082	Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.
2083	*Queene* God grant they may. *exeunt omnes*.
2084	*Enter Hamlet and Horatio*
2085	*Ham*. beleeue mee, it greeues mee much *Horatio*,
2086	That to *Leartes* I forgot my selfe:
2087	For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his griefe,
2088	Though there's a difference in each others wrong.
2089	*Enter a Bragart Gentleman*.
2090	*Horatio*, but you marke yon water-flie,
2091	The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court.
2092	*Gent*. Now God saue thee, sweete prince *Hamlet*.
2093	*Ham*. And you sir: foh, how the muske-cod smels!
2094	*Gen*. I come with an embassage from his maiesty to you
2095	*Ham*. I shall sir giue you attention:

2096	By my troth me thinkes t'is very colde.
2097	*Gent*. It is indeede very rawish colde.
2098	*Ham*. T'is hot me thinkes.
2099	*Gent*. Very swoltery hote:
2100	The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,
2101	Six Barbary horse, against six french rapiers,
2102	With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:
2103	In good faith they are very curiously wrought.
2104	*Ham*. The cariages sir, I do not know what you meane.
2105	*Gent*. The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.
2106	*Ham*. The worde had beene more cosin german to the
2107	phrase, if he could haue carried the canon by his side,
2108	And howe's the wager? I vnderstand you now.
2109	*Gent*. Mary sir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies
2110	At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you,
2111	And on your side the King hath laide,
2112	And desires you to be in readinesse.
2113	*Ham*. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
2114	I dare venture my skull: when must this be?
2115	*Gent*. My Lord, presently, the king, and her maiesty,
2116	With the rest of the best iudgement in the Court,
2117	Are comming downe into the outward pallace.
2118	*Ham*. Goe tell his maiestie, I wil attend him.
2119	*Gent*. I shall deliuer your most sweet answer. *exit*.
2120	*Ham*. You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced,
2121	Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole.
2122	*Hor*. He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.
2123	*Ham*. Beleeue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the sodaine
2124	Very sore, all here about.
2125	*Hor*. My lord, forbeare the challenge then.
2126	*Ham*. No *Horatio*, not I, if danger be now,
2127	Why then it is not to come, theres a piedestiuate prouidence
2128	in the fall of a sparrow: heere comes the King.
2129	*Enter King*, *Queene*, *Leartes*, *Lordes*.
2130	*King* Now sonne *Hamlet*, we hane laid vpon your head,
2131	And make no question but to haue the best.
2132	*Ham*. Your maiestie hath laide a the weaker side.
2133	*King* We doubt it not, deliuer them the foiles.
2134	*Ham*. First Leartes, heere's my hand and loue,
2135	Protesting that I neuer wrongd *Leartes*.
2136	If *Hamlet* in his madnesse did amisse,
2137	That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it,
2138	And all the wrong I e're did to *Leartes*,
2139	I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,
2140	And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house,

2141	And hurt my brother.
2142	*Lear.* Sir I am satisfied in nature,
2143	But in termes of honor I'le stand aloofe,
2144	And will no reconcilement,
2145	Till by some elder maisters of our time
2146	I may be satisfied.
2147	*King* Giue them the foyles.
2148	*Ham.* I'le be your foyle *Leartes*, these foyles,
2149	Haue all a laught, come on sir: *a bit*.
2150	*Lear.* No none. *Heere they play*:
2151	*Ham.* Iudgement.
2152	*Gent.* A hit, a most palpable hit.
2153	*Lear.* Well, come againe. *They play againe.*
2154	*Ham.* Another. Iudgement.
2155	*Lear.* I, I grant, a tuch, a tuch.
2156	*King* Here *Hamlet*, the king doth drinke a health to thee
2157	*Queene* Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy face.
2158	*King* Giue him the wine.
2159	*Ham.* Set it by, I'le haue another bowt first,
2160	I'le drinke anone.
2161	*Queene* Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinkes to thee.
2162	*Shee drinkes.*
2163	*King* Do not drinke *Gertred:* O t'is the poysned cup!
2164	*Ham. Leartes* come, you dally with me,
2165	I pray you passe with your most cunningst play.
2166	*Lear.* I! say you so? haue at you,
2167	Ile hit you now my Lord:
2168	And yet it goes almost against my conscience.
2169	*Ham.* Come on sir.
2170	*They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,*
2171	*Leartes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.*
2172	*King* Looke to the Queene.
2173	*Queene* O the drinke, the drinke, *Hamlet*, the drinke.
2174	*Ham.* Treason, ho, keepe the gates.
2175	*Lords* How ist my Lord *Leartes*?
2176	*Lear.* Euen as a coxcombe should,
2177	Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:
2178	*Hamlet*, thou hast not in thee halfe an houre of life,
2179	The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.
2180	Vnbated and invenomed: thy mother's poysned
2181	That drinke was made for thee.
2182	*Ham.* The poysned Instrument within my hand?
2183	Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
2184	Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. *The king dies.*
2185	*Lear.* O he is iustly serued:

2186	*Hamlet*, before I die, here take my hand,
2187	And withall, my loue: I doe forgiue thee. *Leartes dies.*
2188	*Ham.* And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.
2189	*Hor.* No, I am more an antike Roman,
2190	Then a Dane, here is some poison left.
2191	*Ham.* Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
2192	O fie *Horatio*, and if thou shouldst die,
2193	What a scandale wouldst thou leaue behinde?
2194	What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
2195	If not from thee? O my heart sinckes *Horatio*,
2196	Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse:
2197	Farewel *Horatio*, heauen receiue my soule. *Ham. dies.*
2198	*Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.*
2199	*enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.*
2200	*Fort.* Where is this bloudy sight?
2201	*Hor.* If aught of woe or wonder you'ld behold,
2202	Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle.
2203	*Fort.* O imperious death! how many Princes
2204	Hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death? (*land*,
2205	*Ambass.* Our ambassie that we haue brought from *Eng-*
2206	Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
2207	O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.
2208	*Hor.* Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground,
2209	The first beginning of this Tragedy:
2210	Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
2211	And let the State of the world be there:
2212	Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
2213	That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.
2214	*Fort.* I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,
2215	Which now to claime my leisure doth inuite mee:
2216	Let foure of our chiefest Captaines
2217	Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to his graue:
2218	For he was likely, had he liued,
2219	To a prou'd most royall.
2220	Take vp the bodie, such a sight as this
2221	Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.
2222	*Finis*