Harvard College Library

SHAKESPEARE COLLECTION

FROM THE GIFT OF

WALTER WEHLE NAUMBURG
(Class of 1889)

OF NEW YORK
THE
TRAGICALL HISTORIE
OF
HAMLET,
PRINCE OF DENMARKE,
BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
EDITED
ACCORDING TO THE FIRST PRINTED COPIES, WITH THE
VARIOUS READINGS, AND CRITICAL NOTES,
BY
F. H. STRATMANN.

LONDON:
N. TRÜBNER AND CO.
1869

KREFELD:
E. GEHRICH AND CO.
TO THE READER.

It is strange, that, among so many editions of Shake-
speare's works, there is not one that gives their origi-
nal form. Every editor thinks himself entitled to alter
the text according to his time and fancy. A genuine
Shakespeare, therefore, is a want which, by the present
edition, I shall endeavour to supply.

Krefeld, October 4th, 1869.

F. H. STRATMANN.
EDITIONS
USED FOR THE PRESENT TEXT.

A
The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke By William Shake-speare. As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniversities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell. 1603. [4to.]
[A careless, perhaps surreptitious, edition of, it seems, an earlier version of this play.]

A
The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1604. [4to.]

B
The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleetstreet. 1605. [4to.]
[A mere reimpresion of A.]

B
The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakes-peare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Copy. At London, Printed for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his shoppe in Saint Dunstons Church yeard in Fleetstreet. Vnder the Dially. 1611. [4to.]
[Such is the title of the copy in the British Museum, which agrees with that in the library of Zürich, but differs from that given in Steevens' Twenty of the Plays of Shakespeare, London 1766.]

C
The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. Newly Imprinted and enlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy lastly Printed. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstans Churchyard in Fleetstreet: Vnder the Dially. [4to.]
[This edition is supposed by Collier to be that entered on the Register of the Stationers' Company in 1607, but internal evidence proves it to be subsequent to B.]
Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies. Published according to the True Original Copies. London Printed by Isaac Iaggard, and Ed. Blount. 1623. [fol.]

[In this volume "The Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke" occupies p. 152—182 (misprinted 280) of the division of Tragedies.]

Mr. William Shakespeares Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Published according to the true Original Copies. The second Impression. London, Printed by Tho. Cotes, for Robert Allot, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Blacke Beare in Pauls Church-yard. 1632. [fol.]

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark. Newly imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy last Printed. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by R. Young for John Smethwicke, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstans Church-yard in Fleet-street, under the Diall. 1637. [4to.]
Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Bernardo, and Francisco, two sentinels.

Ber. Who's there?
Fran. Nay answere me. Stand and unfolde Your selfe.
Ber. Long live the king.
Fran. Bernardo?
Ber. He.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your houre.
Ber. 'Tis now strooke twelue, get thee to bed Francisco.
Fran. For this reliefe much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night:
If you doe meete Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make hast.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand ho, who is there?
Hor. Friends to this gound.
Mar. And leegmen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell honest soldier,
Who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo hath my place;
Give you good night. Exit Fran.

Various readings:

Actus Primus Scena Prima. D. not in ABCF. 1 Whole ABC. answer BCDEF. unfold BCD unfold EF. 2 you solfe B. Barnardo ABCDEF. Hee ABCF. 1—2 printed as prose in ABCDEF. 4 Tis AB strook D struck E, twelue RCD twelve EF. 5 releefe D, thankes DE. 6 hart A. 7 prose in ABCDEF. 9 do D. meet CDEF. 10 riuals AC riavals F. partners (for rivals) A* haste F. 11 them, stand ABC. Stand: who's DE. 12 Leedegen A Leige-men D Liege-men E Liegemen F. 13 farwell A farwel DE. souldier A* souldiers ABCF. 14 releueed A* relieved F. ha's DE.
HAMLET

Mar. Holla, Bernardo.

Ber. Say,

What is Horatio there?

Hor. A pece of him.

Ber. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night?

Ber. I have scene nothing.

Mar. Horatio sayes 'tis but our fantasie,

And will not let beleefe take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight, twice scene of us,

Therefore I have intreated him along

With us, to watch the minutes of this night,

That if againe this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speake to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

Ber. Sit downe a while,

And let us once againe assaile your eares,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we have two nights scene.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,

And let us heare Bernardo speake of this.

Ber. Last night of all,

When yond same starre that's westward from the pole,

Had made his course 'tillume that part of heaven

Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selfe,

The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off: looke where it comes againe.

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

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

Ber. Lookes it not like the king? Marke it Horatio.

Hor. Most like: it harrowes me with feare and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurpst this time of night,

Together with that faire and warlike forme,

In which the majesty of buried Denmarke

Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge the speake.

15 Say what, B. 18 Hor. (for Mar.) ABCF. hath A*. 20 faiers AD. a (for our) BCF. phantasie EF. 21 believe ACF. holde A. 22 by vs, A*.

23 entreated F. 24 minutes AB. 25 apparition A. 26 approoue A.

27 awhile B a-while D. 30 wee B. we two Nights have DE. 33 star

CF. thatis ABC. 34 illumine C illumine A*F. 37 of AD. 39 Scholar F.

40 omitted in BCF. a (for it) A. 41 horrowes ABCF horrors A*.


by ABCF. speake C.
Hamlet

Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See, it stalks away.
Hor. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee, speake.

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone and will not answere.
Ber. How now Horatio, you tremble and looke pale, 50
Is not this something more then fantasie?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleive,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the king?
Hor. As thou art to thy selfe:
Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the steaded pollax on the ice.

'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead houre,
With martiall stalke, hath he gone by our watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to worke, I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toiles the subject of the land,
And why such dayly cast of brazen cannon
And forraine marte for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-wrights, whose sore taske
Does not divide the Sunday fromer the weeke:
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the night joynt labourer with the day,

Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I.

At least the whisper goes so: Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you knowe by Fortinbrasse of Norway,
Thereo prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbrasse, who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by lawe and heraldrie,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moitie competent
Was gaged by our king, which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbrasse,
Had he beene vanquisher, as by the same cov'nant
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet; now sir, young Fortinbrasse,
Of unimproved mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Sharkt up a list of lawlessse resolutes,
For foode and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomache in't, which is no other
(As it doth well appeare unto our state)
But to recover of us by strong hand
And termes compulsory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this, I take it,
Is the maine motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast and romage in the land.

_Ber._ I think it be no other but even so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the king
That was and is the question of these warres.

_Hor._ A mote it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell
The graves stood tennantlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As starres with traines of fire, and dewes of blood
Disasters in the suone; and the moist starre,
Upon whose influence Neptunes empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomesday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen comming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and contrimen.

Enter Ghost againe.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes againe:
Ile crosse it, though it blast me: stay illusion,
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speake to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to me,
Speake to me.
If thou art privy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O speake.
Or if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walke in death,

The cocke crowes.

Speake of it, stay and speake. Stop it Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Doe, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere. Exit Ghost.

We doe it wrong, being so majestickall.
To offer it the showe of violence,
For it is as the aire, invulnerable,
And our vaie blowes malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speake when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing.

Upon a fearfull summons. I have heard,
The cock that is the trumpet to the morne,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throate
Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or aire,
Th’extravagant and erring spirit hies

117 fickle AF. 118 feare A fearse B. 119 harbindgers A. preceeding
AB. 122 countrymen A. 105—122 wanting in A*DE. 123 loe ADE.
124 mee AB. 127 bee B. 128 do D. 130 privie AC privie F. 131
happily F. 135 your ABC. 136 stoppe A*. 137 strike it ABOF. 141
shew A*DEF. 144 cocke DEF crowe A. 146 fearfull ABOF. 147 day
(for morne) DE 148 throat ACF. 151 byes BDEF.
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present object made probation.

_Mar._ It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever gainst that season comes,
Wherein our savours birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit dare stirre abroade,
The nights are wholsome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme:
So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

_Hor._ So have I heard, and doe in part beleeeve it,
But looke, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Breake we our watch up, and by my advise
Let us impart what we have seen to night
Unto yong Hamlet, for upon my life,
This spirit dumb to us, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our loves, fitting our duty?

_Mar._ Let's doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we shall finde him most convenient.

_Exit._

Scena Secunda.

_Enter C laudius, king of Denmarke, Gertrude the queene,
Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his sister Ophelia,
Lords attendand._

_King._ Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memorie bee greene, and that it us besfitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole kingdome
To be contracted in one browe of woe,
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selves:
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queene,

155 fayes. _DE._ 'gainst _DEF._ 157 The (for This) _A*DE._ 158 dares _F._ 'sturre _AB_ walke (for stirre) _A*. can walke _DE._ 160 fairie _A*_. Fairy talkes _DE._ 161 gratious _AB_. the (for that) _DE_. 164 deaw _A*. dewe _A_. Eastward _ABCF_. 166 feen _B_. 167 young _ACF_. yppon _A_ 168 dumbe _DEF_. 170 lone _A*. duety _B_ duntic _C_. 171 Lets _AB_. know _BCDEF_. 172 find _ABC_. conuenicently _A*_.
_Florish._ Enter Candidus, _King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Cousinlu: as Polonius, and his Soone Laertes, Hamlet Cum Alijs. _ABC._ 1 Claud. (for King) _ABCF_. deere _DE_. 2 memory _BCDEF_. be _ACDEP_. 3 harts _A_. griebe _ACEF_. 4 brow _D_. 6 forrow _BD_. 8 sometimes _DE_.


Th' imperiall joyntresse of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife; nor have we heerein barr'd
Your better wisdomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our thankes.
Now followes that you knowe young Fortinbrasse,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disjoint, and out of frame,
Coleagued with this dreame of his advantage
He hath not fayl'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the businesse is. We have heere writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbrasse,
Who impotent and bedrid, scarcely heares
Of this his nephewes purpose, to suppressse
His further gate heerein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject, and we heere dispatch
You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personall power
To businesse with the king, more then the scope
Of these dilated articles allowe:
Farewell, and let your hast commend your duty.

King. In that, and all things, will we shoewe our duty. 40

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now Laertes, what's the newes with you?
You told us of some suite, what is't Laertes?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice; what would'st thou begge Laertes? 45
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth,
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father.
What would'st thou have Laertes?

\textit{Laer.} My dread lord, 50
Your leave and favour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
To showe my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward France, 55
And bowe them to your gracious leave and pardon.

\textit{King.} Have you your fathers leave, what saies Polonius?

\textit{Pol.} He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slowe leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seald my hard consent,
I doe beseech you give him leave to goe.

\textit{King.} Take thy faire houre Laertes, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my cosin Hamlet, and my sonne?

\textit{Ham.} A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde. 65

\textit{King.} How is it that the clowdes still hang on you?

\textit{Ham.} Not so my lord, I am too much in the sonne.

\textit{Queene.} Good Hamlet cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a friend on Denmarke,
Doe not for ever with thy vailed lids,
Seeke for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

\textit{Ham.} I madam, it is common.

\textit{Queene.} If it bee,
Why seemes it so particular with thee. 75

\textit{Ham.} Seemes, madam, nay it is: I know not seemes,
'Tis not alone my inky cloake, good mother,
Nor customary suites of solemne blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with all formes, moods, shapes of griefe,
That can denote me truely. These indeed seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play,
But I have that within which passes shewe,
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweete and commendable in your nature Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father,
But you must knowe, your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the surviver bound
In filiall obligation for some terme
To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornesse, 'tis unmanly grieve,
It showes a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, or minde impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For, what we knowe must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theame
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that died to day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and thinke of us
As of a father; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobility of love,
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

81 haviour CIDEF. 82 mood CIDEF. shapes A shewes (for shapes) DE.
83 denote AB deuonte C. truly CDE. 85 pafteth how DE. shew CF. 91
tearme AI C. 92 forrowes BCF Sorrow DE. 94 stubbornes A stubborn-
nesse CEF. greefe D. 96 hart AB. a (for or) DE. 100 peniif A. 104
cried D. 105 coarte D. Dyed BDE. 109 medium AB. 110 nobilitie
AC. 112 towards DE. 114 retrogard AB retrograd C retrogarde E.
116 cheare ABCF.
Queene. Let not thy mother lose her prayers Hamlet,
I pray thee stay with us, goe not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you madam.

King. Why 'tis a loving and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No jocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great cannon to the cloudes shall tell,
And the kings rowse the heaven shall bruite againe,

Ham. O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve it selfe into a dew,
Or that the everlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst self slaughter. O God, o God,
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seeme to me all the uses of this world?
'Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded garden,
That growes to seede, things ranke and grosse in nature,
Possesse it merely. That it should come thus:
But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a king, that was to this
Hyperion to a satyre, so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteeme the winds of heaven
Visite her face too roughly. Heaven and earth
Must I remember, why she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty, thy name is woman.
A little mouth, or ere those shoeos were old
With which she followed my poore fathers body
Like Niobe, all teares, why she, even she,
(O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine uncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father,
Then I to Hercules, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous teares
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speede, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheetes,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.

Hor. Haile to your lordshippe.

Ham. I am glad to see you well; 160

Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my lord, and your poore servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg Horatio?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good lord.

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

But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not heare your enemy say so,

Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I knowe you are no truant:
But what is your affaire in Elsenour?

Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. I pray thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,

I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeede my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio: the funerall bak't meates

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Ere ever I had seene that day Horatio.

My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Where my lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:

I shall not looke upon his like againe.
Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw, who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent eare, till I may deliver

Upon the witnesse of these gentlemen,

This marvaile to you.

Ham. For Gods love let me heare.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead wast and middle of the night

Beene thus encountred. A figure like your father,

Armed at point, exactly cap a pea,

Appeares before them, and with solemn march,

Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt

By their opprest and feare-surprised eyes,

Within his tronchions length, whilst they distil'd

Almost to gelly with the act of feare,

Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me

In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the watch,

Where as they had deliver'd both in time,

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

The apparition comes: I knew your father,

These hands are not more like.

Ham.

But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platforme where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hor. My lord, I did,

But answere made it none, yet once me thought

It lifted up it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:

But even then the morning cock crew loude,

And at the sound it shrunk in hast away,

And vanish't from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hor. As I doe live my honor'd lord 'tis true

194 attenieue BCF. 195 witness A. 196 maruile A maruell D. 197

Heauens (for Gods) D. 200 vast A*CF waste E. 201 encuentred 1EF.

202 Arm'd DE. to point A*. at all points DE. Pe 1EF. 204 flow

CDEFF. 206 this (for his) BCF. tronchious C truncheons DEF. distilled

A* bettil'd D bettil'd E. 207 Ielly D. 209 secreef A secrecy BE. 211

Whereas ABCEF. delivered ABCF. 213 Apparition AB. knewe A. 215

wee B. 217 antwer BCF. mee B. 218 his (for it) A* its F. 220

loud CF lowd DE. 221 thrancke B thrunke CDEFF. 223 honourd D.
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duety  
To let you knowe of it.  

Ham. In deed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me.  
Hold you the watch to night?  

All. We doe my lord.  

Ham. Arm’d, say you?  

All. Arm’d, my lord.  

Ham. From top to toe?  

All. My lord, from head to foote.  

Ham. Then saw you not his face?  

Hor. O yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.  

Ham. What, look’t he frowningly?  

Hor. A countenance more  

In sorrow then in anger.  

Ham. Pale, or red?  

Hor. Nay very pale.  

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?  

Hor. Most constantly.  

Ham. I would I had beene there.  

Hor. It would have much amaz’d you.  

Ham. Very like,  

Staid it long?  

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

Both. Longer, longer.  

Hor. Not when I saw’t.  

Ham. His beard was grissl’d, no.  

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

A sable silver’d.  

Ham. I will watch to night;  
Perchance ’twill walke againe.  

Hor. I war’n’t it will.  

Ham. If it assume my noble fathers person,  
Ile speake to it, though hell it selfe should gape  
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceald this sight  
Let it bee tenable in your silence still,  
And whatsoever els shall hap to night,  
Give it an understanding but no tongue;  
I will requite your loves, so fare you well:
Upon the platforme twixt eleven and twelue,
Ile visite you.

   All. Our duety to your honor.  

   Ham. Your loves, as mine to you, farewell.  Exeunt.  255

My fathers spirit in armes? all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come;
Till then sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laerets and Ophelia his sister.

   Laer. My necessaries are imbark't, farewell,
   And sister, as the winds give benefit
   And convoy is assistant, doe not sleepe,
   But let me heare from you.

   Oph. Doe you doubt that?

   Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
   Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
   A violet in the youth of primy nature,
   Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
   The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
   No more.

   Oph. No more but so.

   Laer. Thinke it no more:

   For nature cressunt does not growe alone
   In thewes and bulke, but as this temple waxes
   The inward service of the minde and soule
   Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loves you now,
   And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmirch
   The vertue of his will, but you must feare,
   His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne,
   For hee himselfe is subject to his birth:
   He may not, as unvaled persons doe,
   Carve for himselfe, for on his choise depends

   258 a leaun A.B. 254 honour CDE.F. 255 loue D. love E. 258 fonde
   (for foule) A. deeds CDE.F. 259 eies CD.
   I imbarckt A.B. 3 conny, in ABC convoy in F. do R. 4 heere A. 5
   fauours D. 6 bloud CDE. 7 prime F. 8 Froward DE. sweet BCDEF.
   9 perfume and omitted in DE. 11 grow BCDEF. 12 bulkes ABC.
   13 mind BCF. 15 befmerch BCD. 17 wayd A waid BC wai'd F. 18
   not in ABC. 19 vunalled C unvalued D unvalued E. 20 Craue BC
   Crave F. choice CF choyce DE.
The safety and health of the whole state,
And therefore must his chiose be circumscrib'd
Unto the voyce and yeelding of that body,
Whereof he is the head. Then if he saies he loves you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to beleeve it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deede, which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your honor may sustaine,
If with too credent ear e you list his songs
Or loose your heart, or your chast treasure open
To his unmastred importunity.
Feare it Ophelia, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
The chariest maide is prodigall enough,
If she unmaske her beauty to the moone:
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes,
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morne and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els ueare.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe,
As watchman to my heart: but good my brother
Doe not as some ungracious pastors doe,
Showe me the steepe and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst like a puft and reckles libertine,
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And reakes not his owne reed.

Laer. O feare me not.

Enter Polonius.
I stay too long, but heere my father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace,
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet heere Laertes? a borth, a borth for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are stayed for, there my blessing with you,
And these fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no meane vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soule with hoopes of steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht, unflig'd courage. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine eare, but fewe thy voyce:
Take each mans censure, but reserve thy judgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gaudy,
For the apparell oft proclaims the man:
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous, chiefe in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be,
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend,
And borrowing dulleth the edge of husbandry:
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true,
And it must followe, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.

Lær. Most humbly doe I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time invests you, goe, your servants tend.
Lær. Farewell Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.

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

Lær. Farewell.

Pol. What ist Ophelia he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.
Given private time to you, and you your selfe
Have of your audience beene most free and bounteous,
If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not understand your selfe so cleereley,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honor.
What is betwenee you, give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath my lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girls,
Unsifted in such perillous circumstance.
Doe you beleeve his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I doe not knowe, my lord, what I should thinke.

Pol. Marry I will teach you; thinke your selfe a babie,
That you have tane these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterleng: tender your selfe more dearly,
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase,
Wrong it thus) you'll tender me a foole.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honorable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, goe to, goe to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
My lord, with almost all the vows of heaven.

Pol. I, springes to catch wood-cocks. I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes: these blazeis, daughter,
Giving more light then heate, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making,
You must not take for fire: from this time daughter,
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence,
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a command to parle; for lord Hamlet,
Belieue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke
Then may be given you: in fewe, Ophelia,
Doe not beleeve his vowes, for they are brokers,
Not of that die which their investments shewe,
But meere implorators of unholy suites,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not, in plaine termes, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moments leasure,
As to give words or talke with the lord Hamlet:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayses.

_Oph._ I shall obey my lord.

**Exeunt.**

**Scena Quarta.**

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*

_Ham._ The ayre bites shrewdly, it is very cold.
_Hor._ It is a nipping, and an eager ayre.
_Ham._ What hour now?  
_Hor._ I thinke it lackes of twelfe.
_Mar._ No, it is strooke.
_Hor._ Indeede I heard it not: it then drawes neere the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke.  

_A flourish of trumpets, and two peeces goes off._

What does this meane my lord?

_Ham._ The king doth wakke to night and takes his rouse,
Keepes wassell and the swaggring upspring reeles,
And as he drains his draughts of Renish downe,
The kettle drumme and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

_Hor._ Is it a custome?

_Ham._ I mary is't,
But to my minde, though I am native heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the observance.
This heavy-headed revelle east and west
Makes us traduc'd and taxted of other nations,
They clip us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes

From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marow of our attribute,  
So oft it chances in particular men,  
That for some vicious mole of nature in them  
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,  
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)  
By their ore-grow’th of some complexion  
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,  
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leavens  
The forme of plausible manners, that these men  
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect  
Being natures livery, or fortunes starre,  
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as man may undergoe,  
Shall in the generall censure take corruption  
From that particular fault: the dram of eale  
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
To his owne scandle.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Looke my lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
Be thou a spirit of health, or gothin damn’d,  
Bring with thee ayres from heaven, or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou com’st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speake to thee, Ile call the Hamlet,  
King, father, royall Dane, o answere me,  
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell  
Why thy canoniz’d bones hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements, why the sepulcher,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr’d,  
Hath op’t his ponderous and marble jawes,  
To cast thee up againe? What may this meane  
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele,  
Revisitst thus the glimses of the moone,  
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,  
So horridly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughtes beyond the reaches of our soules,  
Say why is this, wherfore, what should we doe?

Ghost beckens.
Hor. It beckens you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground,
But doe not goe with it.
Hor. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not speake, then will I followe it.
Hor. Doe not my lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waves me forth againe; Ile followe it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my lord,
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cliffe
That beetles ora his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible forme
Which might deprive your soveraignty of reason,
And drawe you into madnessse, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motive, into every braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it tore beneath.
Ham. It waves me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.
Mar. You shall not goe my lord.
Ham. Hold of your hands.
Hor. Be rul’d, you shall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artire in this body
As hardy as the Nemian lions nerve;
Still am I cal’d, unhand me gentlemen:
By heaven, Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee.  

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let’s followe, ’tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after, to what issue will this come?

58 beckins A beckons BC. 60 curteous AB. 61 wafts DE. remooued
ABC. 63 I will ABCF. 65 pins DE. 67 like (for as) F. 69 towards
BC. flourd CDE. 70 Sonnet DE. cleese ABCF. 71 bettles A bettels BCF
beckles A*. 72 assumes DE. 75—78 not in A*DE. 78 wafts DE. 80
off CDEF. hand DE. 82 arture A artyre B attire C artery F. 83 Ne-
mean A Nemian D. 84 cald AB. 86 one B. Exeunt DE.
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke. 90
Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Scena Quinta.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me? speake; Ile goe no further.
Ghost. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My houre is almos come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up my selfe.
Ham. Alas poore ghost.
Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing 5
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt heare.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doom’d for a certaine terme to walke the night, 10
And for the day confin’d to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of nature
Are burnt and purgd away: but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word 15
Would harrow up thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like starres start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quils upon the fearefull perpentine: 20
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood; list, list, o list,
If thou didst ever thy deare father love.
Ham. O God.
Ghost. Revenge his foule, and most unnaturall murther. 25
Ham. Murther?
Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this foule, strange and unnaturall.

Scena Quinta, not in any edition. 1 Where DE. 3 sulphrus A sulphrous
BCF. 11 fiers DE. 12 daies BC. 17 stars ABF. 18 knotty DE. 19
on A*. 20 Quilles D quills EF. fretfull (for fearefull) A*DE. 21 blazon
D. 22 lift Hamlet, oh DE. 24 Oh Heauen! DE. 25 murder A*. 
Ham. Hast me to know't, that I with wings as swift,
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweepe to my revenge.

Ghost. I finde thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on Lethe wharfe,
Would'st thou not stirre in this; now Hamlet heare,
'Tis given out, that sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me: so the whole care of Denmarke
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rankly abus'd: but knowe thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy fathers life,
Now weares his crowne.

Ham. O my prophetike soule,
Mine uncle!

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and giftes that have the power
So to seduce) won to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous queene;
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine;
But vertue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heaven:
So lust, though to a radiant angell link'd,
Will sate it selfe in a celestiall bed
And prey on garbage.
But soft, me thinks I scent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone,
Upon my secure houre, thy uncle stole
With juype of cursed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of mine eares did poure

29 Haste A*CE Haft, haft D.E. know it D.E. 31 find A.B. 32 shouldest
A*AF shouldes BC. 33 roots CF rots D.E. wharfe ABC. 34 sturre AB.
A*BBCF. 41 my A.BCF. 43 hath Traitorous guifts. D. 45 wonne ABC.
shamfull B. 47 a omitted in ABC. 48 dignitie AC. 49 vowe
A. 53 wil D. mouued ABC mov'd F. 55 So but though A.BCF. Angle
linckt A.BCF. 56 fate A* fort (for sate) A.BCF. 57 pray AB. 58 rent
AD. mornings A*DE. 59 & 63 my A.BCF. 60 of (for in) A.BCF. 61
hower D howre E. 62 Hebenon D.E. Violl D.E.
The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
And curde, like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barkt about,
Most lazerlike, with vile and lothsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brothers hand,
Of life, of crowne, of queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off even in the blossomes of my sinne,
Unhuzed, disappointed, unananeld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
O horrible, o horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy minde. nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy mother ought; leave her to heaven,
And to those thornes ought that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her: fare thee well at once,
The glow-worme shewes the matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his uneffectuall fire:
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what els?
And shall I couple hell? O fie! hold, hold my heart,
And you my sinewes, growe not instant old,
But bearre me stiffely up; remember thee?
I, thou poore ghost, whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe; remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all trivell fond records,
All sawes of bookes, all formes, all pressures past,
That youth and observation coppyed there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the booke and volume of my braine,
Unmixt with baser matter; yes by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine!
My tables; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine;
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So uncle, there you are: now to my word;
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I have sworn't.

_Enter Horatio, and Marcellus._

*Hor.* My lord, my lord.
*Mar.* Lord Hamlet.
*Hor.* Heavens secure him.
*Mar.* So be it.
*Hor.* Illo, ho, ho, my lord.
*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.
*Mar.* How is't my noble lord?
*Hor.* What newes, my lord?
*Ham.* O, wonderfull!
*Hor.* Good my lord tell it.
*Ham.* No, you will reveale it.
*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by heaven.
*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.
*Ham.* How say you then, would heart of man once thinke it?
But you'll be secret.
*Both.* I, by heaven, my lord.
*Ham.* There's never a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke But hee's an arrant knave.
*Hor.* There needes no ghost my lord, come from the grave To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why right, you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse and desire shall point you,
For every man hath businesse and desire,
Such as it is, and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, I will goe pray.

Hor. These are but wilde and whirling words, my lord. 135
Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There’s no offence my lord.
Ham. Yes, by saint Patrick, but there is Horatio,
And much offence too, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you: 140
For your desire to knowe what is betwene us,
O’remasterr’t as you may. And now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers and soldiers,
Give me one poore request.

Hor. What is’t my lord? we will. 145
Ham. Never make knowne what you have seene to night.
Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear’t.
Hor. In faith

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my lord in faith.
Ham. Upon my sword.
Mar. We have sworne my lord already.
Ham. Indeede, upon my sword, indeed. 150

Ghost cries under the stage. Swear.
Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say’st thou so, art thou there true-penny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the sallerige,
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath my lord.
Ham. Never to speake of this that you have seene, 155
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Hic & ubique, then weelee shift our ground:
Come hither gentlemen, and lay your hands
Againe upon my sword, swear by my sword 160
Never to speake of this that you have heard.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Well said olde mole, canst worke i’ th’ earth so fast?
A worthy pioner, once more remove good friends.
Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange. 165

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome,
There are more thinges in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Then are dream’t of in your philosophie:
But come.
Heere as before, never so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an antike disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, never shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As, well we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake, or there be, and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you knowe ought of me; this not to doe,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you,
Sware.

Ghost. Sware.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed spirit: so gentlemen
With all my love I doe commend me to you,
And what so poore a man as Hamlet is,
May doe t’express his love and friending to you,
God willing shall not lacke: let us goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of joynt: o cursed spight,
That ever I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, let’s goe together.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Pol. Give him this mony, and these notes Reynoldo.

Reyn. I will my lord.

Pol. You shall doe marvelous wisely good Reynoldo,
Before you visite him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Reyn. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Mary, well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keepe,
What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this en compass ement and drift of question,
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this Reynoldo?

Reyn. I, very well my lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well;
But if't be he I meane, he's very wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and usuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.

Reyn. As gaming my lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Reyn. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty,
The flash and out-breake of a fiery mind,
A savagenesse in unreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.

Reyn. But my good lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reyn. I my lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I beleve it is a fetch of warrant:

4 you (for to) D. inquire ABCF. 10 company BCDEF. 11 en compass ement
ABC en compass ement F. 13 demaunds AB. tuch ABC. 15 And (for As)
DE. 20 Adicted A. 21 ranck AB. 22 heed BCDEF. 25 libertie ABC.
28 farre BCDEF. 30 no omitted in ABCF. 31 scandell A. 33 quently
ABC. 36 fanagenes ABCD. 39 Wherfor B. 42 wit (for warrant) ABC.
You laying these slight sullies on my sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' th' working,
Marke you,
Your partie is converse; him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good sir, or so, or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and country.

Reyn. Very good my lord.
Pol. And then sir does he this, he does:
What was I about to say? By the masse I was
About to say something: where did I leave?
Reyn. At closes in the consequence.
Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's rouse,
There falling out at tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a brothell, or so forth.

See you now,
Your bait of falshood takes this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdomes and of reach,
With windlesses, and with assaies of bias,
By indirections finde directions out,
So by my former lecture and advise
Shall you my sonne; you have me, have you not?

Reyn. My lord, I have.
Pol. God buy you; fare you well.
Reyn. Good my lord.
Pol. Observe his inclination in your selfe.
Reyn. I shall my lord.
Pol. And let him plye his musick.
Reyn. Well my lord.

Exit.

43 fallies A fulleys D. 44 foyl with working ABC. 46 party BD. 51
and (for or) D. 54 does a ABC. 55 By the masse omitted in D. 56
somthing D. 57 consequence: At friend, or fo, and Gentleman. D. 59
closes with you B. 60 say B. tother A*D. 61 and fuch; D. 62 a (for he)
ABC. there, or tooke ABC. rowe ABC. 64 fuch or fuch BC. falle; D.
67 take ABC. Cape D. 68 wifecombe AD. 70 indirects BC. find ABC.
71 advice D. 74 buy ye, far ye ABC. 78 ply ABC. muckle AB Mus-
ticke D.
Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. How now Ophelia, what's the matter?  

Oph. Alas my lord, I have beene so affrighted.  

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?  

Oph. My lord, as I was sowing in my chamber,  

Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbrac'd,  

No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,  

Ungartered, and downe gived to his ankle,  

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,  

And with a looke so pitiuous in purport,  

As if he had been loosed out of hell,  

To speake of horrors, he comes before me.  

Pol. Mad for thy love?  

Oph. My lord, I doe not know,  

But truly I doe feare it.  

Pol. What said he?  

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

Then goes he to the length of all his arme,  

And with his other hand thus ore his brow,  

He falls to such perusall of my face,  

As he would draw it; long staid he so,  

At last, a little shaking of mine arme,  

And thrice his head thus waving up and downe,  

He rais'd a sigh, so pitiuous and profound,  

As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,  

And end his being; that done, he lets me goe,  

And with his head over his shoulders turn'd  

He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,  

For out a doores he went without their helpe,  

And to the last bended their light on me.  

Pol. Come, goo with me, I will goo seeke the king,  

This is the very extasie of love,  

Whose violent property fordoos it selfe,  

And leades the will to desperate undertakings,  

As oft as any passion under heaven,  

That does afflict our natures: I am sorry,  

What, have you given him any hard words of late?  

Oph. No my good lord, but as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His acces to me.

_Pol._ That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heede and judgement
I had not quoted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wracke the: but beshrew my jelousie:
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lacke discretion; come, goe we to the king,
This must be knowne, which being kept close, might move
More griefe to hide, then hate to utter love. _Exeunt._

Scena Secunda.

_Enter King and Queene, Rosencrans and Guildensterne._

_King._ Welcome deere Rosencrans and Guildensterne,
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlets transformation: so I call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himselfe,
I cannot dreame of: I entreat you both,
That beeing of so young dayes brought up with him,
And sith so neighbored to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to us unknowne afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

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

Ros.    Both your majesties
Might by the soveraigne power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Then to intreaty.

Gui.    But we both obey,
And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King.    Thankes Rosencrans, and gentle Guildensterne.
Queen.    Thankes Guildensterne, and gentle Rosencrans.

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

Gui.    Heavens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him.    Exeunt Ros. and Guild.

Queen.    I amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol.    Th’embassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return’d.

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

Pol.    Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of policie so sure
As it hath us’d to doe, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlets lunacie.

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

Pol.    Give first admittance to th’embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.

King.    Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere Gertrud he hath found
The head and source of all you sonnes distemper.  
Queen. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His fathers death, and our o're-hasty marriage.

Enter ambassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome my good friends:
Say Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?
Volt. Most faire returne of greetings and desires;
Upon our first, he sent out to suppressse
His nephews levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation against the Pollacke,
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highnesse, whereas greev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortenbrasse, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th'assay of armes against your majesty:
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Pollacke,
With an entreaty herein further shewne,
That it might please you to give quiet passe
Through your dominions, for his enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe.

King. It likes us well,
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer, and thinke upon this businesse:
Meane time we thank you for your well tooke labour.
Goe to your rest, at night we'll feast together,
Most welcome home. 

Execut ambassadors.

Pol. This businesse is well ended.

My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duety is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soule of wit,
And tediousnesse the limmes and outward florishes,
I will be briefe. Your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing els but mad?
But let that goe.

Queene. More matter with lesse art.

Pol. Madam, I sweare I use no art at all:
That he is mad 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pitty,
And pitty tis, tis true: a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then, and now remaines
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus.
Perpend,
I have a daughter, have, while she is mine,
Who in her ducty and obedience, marke,
Hath given me this: now gather and surmise.

To the celestiall, and my soules idol, the most beautified
Ophelia,
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase,
but you shall heare: thus
in her excellent white bosome, these.

Queene. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt that the starres are fire,
Doubt that the sunne doth move,
Doubt truth to be a lier,
But never doubt I love.

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers: I have
not art to reckon my grones; but that I love thee best, o
most best beleeve it. Adieu. Thine evermore most deere
lady, whilst this machine is to him.

Hamlet.
This in obedience hath my daughter shew'd me,
And more above hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All given to mine eare.

King. But how hath she Receiuid his love?

Pol. What doe you thinke of me?

King. As of a man faithfull and honorable.

Pol. I would faine prove so, but what might you thinke When I had seene this hote love on the wing,
As I perceiuid it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere majesty your queene heere, thinke,
If I had playd the deske or table-booke,
Or given my heart a winking mute and dumbe,
Or lookd upon this love with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my yong mistresse thus I did bespeake,
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy starre,
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
That she should locke her selfe from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my advise,
And he repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnesse, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weaknesse,
Thence to a lightnesse, and by this declension,
Into the madnesse wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Doe you thinke 'tis this?

Queene. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I have positively said, 'tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together

129 honourable CD. 130 wold D. 131 hot BCD. 132 perceiued D. 136 working (for winking) ABC. 139 Mistris AD. Mistriffe B. this (for thus) BC. 140 star A. 141 precepts (for precepts) ABC. 142 her (for his) A. 144 Aduice D. 145 repell'd A repell'd. BC. 146 sadnes AB. 147 weakenes A weakeneffe B. 148 a not in ABC. lightnes AB. 149 where-on D. 150 walle (for mourne) D. 'tis not in ABC. 151 likely DF. 152 beene BC. bene D. I'de fain D. 158 Centre D. trie C. forther B.
I Here in the lobby.

*Queene.* So he does indeede.

*Pol.* At such a time Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an arras then,
Marke the encounter: if he love her not.
And be not from his reason falne thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keepe a farme and carters.

*King.* We will trye it.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Queene.* But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

*Pol.* Away, I doe beseech you, both away.

*Exit King and Queene.*

Ile bord him presently. Oh give me leave,
How does my good lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, God a mercy.

*Pol.* Doe you knowe me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well, you are a fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I my lord.

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

*Pol.* Honest, my lord?

*Ham.* I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to be one
man pick'd out of tenne thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord.

*Ham.* For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion — Have you a daughter?

*Pol.* I have my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walke i'th' sunne: conception is a blessing,
but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend looke to't.

*Pol.* How say you by that? Still harping on my 185
daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fish-
monger: he is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I suffred
much extremity for love, very neere this. Ile speake to him
again. What doe you reade my lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord?

*Ham.* Betweene who?

*Pol.* I meane the matter that you reade my lord.
Ham. Slanders sir; for the satyrical rogue says here, that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, 195 their eyes purging thicke amber, or plum-tree gumme, and that they have a plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hammes, all which sir, though I most powerfully and potently beleeve, yet I holde it not honesty to have it thus set downe, for your selffe sir shall growe old as I am, if like a crab 200 you could goe backward.

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

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indede that's out of the ayre: how pregnant 205 sometimes his replies are, a happinesse that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanittie could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and sodainely contrive the meanes of meeting betweene him, and my daughter. My lord, I will take my leave of you. 210

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

Enter Guildensterne and Rosencrans.

Pol. Fare you well my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to seeke the lord Hamlet; there he is. 215

Ros. God save you sir.

Guil. My honor'd lord.

Ros. My most deere lord.

Ham. My excellent good friends, how dost thou Guildensterne?

Ah Rosencrans, good lads how doe ye both? 220

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoo.

Ros. Neither my lord. 225

Ham. Then you live about her wast, or in the middle of her favour?

194 Slaunders A. satyrical ABC. flaune (for rogue) D. saies BCD. 195 wrinkled AB. 196 thick ABC & AB and O (for or). gum ABC. 197 locke D. most not in D. 198 hams ABC. 199 honettie CD. 200 you your selfe D. should be old D. 201 backward BC. 202 wil BC. 204 graue. ABC. 205 that is D. o'th D. 206 happines ABC. 207 sanctity AB sanctity C. 208 deliver'd D. and sodainely — betweene him not in ABC. 209 My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly D. 211 cannot Sir D. not omitted in D. 212 except my life, except my life (for my life) ABC. Enter Robincran and Guildensterne. after I. 215 in D. 215 my Lord D. 217 Mine honour'd D. 219 dooet A. 220 A ABC Oh DE. you ABCF. 222 euer (for over) ABC. 223 lap (for cap) ABC. 224 Soales D. shooe ABC. 226 waste D. 227 favours. ABC.
Guil. Faith, her privates, we.

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

Ros. None my lord, but that the world's growne honest.

Ham. Then is doomes day neere: but your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord?

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmarke being one o' th' worst. 240

Ros. We thinke not so my lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too 245 narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are ambition: for the 250 very substance of the ambitious, is meerely the shadow of a dreame.

Ham. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

Ros. Truely, and I hold ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggers bodies; and our monarachs and out-stretcht heroes the beggers shadowes: shall wee to th' court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. Wee'el wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not sort you with the 260 rest of my servants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsonoure?

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

Ham. Begger that I am, I am even poore in thankes; 265 but I thanke you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfepeny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, deale justly with me: come, come, nay speake.

230 What's the D. 231 that not in ABC. 233—262 Let — attended; not in ABC. 263 friendship. B. 265 euer (for even) ABC. 967 halfpeny ABC. 268 come, come, ABC.
Guil. What should we say my lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpose: you were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to color, I know the good king and queene have sent for you.

Ros. To what end my lord?

Ham. That you must teache me: but let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowshippe, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever preserved love, and by what more deare a better proposer could charge you withall, bee even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

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

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secretie to the king and queene moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises, and indeede it goes so heavily with my disposition, that 290 this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a sterill promontorie, this most excellent canopy the ayre, looke you, this brave orehanging firmament, this majesticall rooфе, fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapoure. What a piece of 295 worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moving, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an angell, in apprehension, how like a god: the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals; and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

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

Ros. To thinke, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainement the players shall receive from you: we

271 Why not in ABC, th ABC. 272 of omitted in D. 273 cullour ABC. 276 teach BCD. 277 fellowship ACD. confonancie AC. 279 can (for could) ABC. 284 of A. 287 of your ficricie D. 289 forgone D. exercise; D. 290 heauenly (for heavly) D. 293 ore-hanged BC. firmament not in D. 294 appeareth BC. appears no other thing D. then (for but) D. 295 What peece ABC. 296 is man F. infinite D. faculty? D. 299 Animales ABC. 301 no, nor D. women A. 304 you laugh, when D. 307 Lenton ABCDE. entertainment ACD. rechease A.
coted them on the way, and hether are they coming to offer you service.

_Ham._ He that playes the king shall be welcome; his 310 majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foyle and target, the lover shall not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace, the clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th' sere, and the lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke 315 verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

_Ros._ Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

_Ham._ How chances it they travaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes. 320

_Ros._ I thinke their inhibition comes by the meanes of the late innovation.

_Ham._ Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed?

_Ros._ No indeede, they are not. 325

_Ham._ How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

_Ros._ Nay, their endeav'our keepes in the wonted pace; but there is sir an ayrie of children, little yases, that crye out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashion, and so beratle the common 330 stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers, are affraide of goose-quijs, and dare scarce come thither.

_Ham._ What are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they 335 should grow themselves to common players (as it is like most if their meanes are no better) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne succession.

_Ros._ Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to controversie. 340 There was for a while no mony bid for argument, unlesse the poet and the player went to cusses in the question.

_Ham._ Is't possible?

_Guil._ Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of braines.

_Ham._ Do the boyes carry it away?

_Ros._ I that they do my lord, Hercules & his load too.

308 coated _DF_. hither _D_. the (for they) _BC_. comming _AD_. 310 shal _AB_. 311 on (for of) _ABC_. aduenturous _ABC_. 312 shal _BD_. sing (for sigh) _BC_. 313 humors _A_. the clowne — sere _not in ABCF_. 315 black _A_. 316 haunt _ABC_. 317 such _not in D_. 318 City _AB_ Citie C. 319 the (for they) _BC_. 322 innsaflion _A_. 324 follow'ed _D_. 325 are they _ABC_. 330 be-railed _D_. 326—346 _not in A*ABC_.

_B.C._
Ham. It is not very strange: for mine uncle is king of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducates a piece, for his picture in little: 's blood there is 350 something in this more then naturall, if philosophie could finde it out. A flourish.

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsonoure: your hands, come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and 355 ceremonie. Let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which I tell you must showe fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainement then yours. You are welcome: but my uncle father, and aunt mother are deceiv'd. 360

Guil. In what my deere lord?

Ham. I am but mad north north west; when the wind is southerly, I knowe a hauke from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you gentlemen.

Ham. Harke you Guildensterne, and you to, at each 365 eare a hearer: that great baby you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

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

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the 370 players; marke it, you say right sir, a Monday morning, 'twas so indeede.

Pol. My lord, I have newes to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have newes to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome — 375

Pol. The actors are come hither my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Uppon my honor.

Ham. Then came each actor on his asse.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedie, 380
comedie, historie, pastorall, pastorall-comicall, historicall-pastorall, tragicall-historicall, tragicall-comicall-historicall-pastorall: scene indivisible, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light, for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the onely men.

_Ham._ O Jephta judge of Israel, what a treasure had'st thou?
_Pol._ What a treasure had he, my lord?
_Ham._ Why

One faire daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

_Pol._ Still on my daughter.
_Ham._ Am I not i'th'right old Jephta?
_Pol._ If you call me Jephta my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.
_Ham._ Nay that followes not.
_Pol._ What followes then, my lord?
_Ham._ Why,

As by lot, God wot,

and then you knowe,

It came to passe, as most like it was;

the first rowe of the pious chanson will showe you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

_Enter the Players._

_Ham._ You are welcome maisters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: welcome good friends. O my olde friend, why thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last: comm'st thou to bearded me in Denmarke? What, my young lady and mistris, byr lady your ladishippe is neerer to heaven, then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring. Maisters you are all welcome, wee'll e'ne to't like French faulconers, fie at any thing we see: wee'll have a speech straite, come give us a tast of your quality, come, a passionate speech.

_Player._ What speech, my good lord?

_Ham._ I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the play I

remember pleas'd not the million, 'twas caviary to the generall,
but it was (as I received it and others, whose judgement in
such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well
digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning.
I remember one said there were no sallets in the
lines, to make the matter savory, nor no matter in the
phrase that might indite the author of affectionate, but cal'd
it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, and by very
much more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefly
loved, 'twas Aeneas tale to Dido, and there about of it espe-
cially where he spokes of Priams slaughter. If it live in
your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see,
The rugged Pyrrhus like th' Hyrcanian beast,
It is not so, it beginnes with Pyrrhus,

The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable armes,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismall head to foote,
Now is he totall gules, horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streetes,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandisire Priam seekes;
So proceede you.

Pol. Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and
good discretion.

Player. Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword,
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it failest,
Repugnant to command; unequall matcht,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,

417 Cauiarie D. 418 receiu'd D. judgements AC judgments B. 421 sayd AB. was (for were) A*D. 422 sauoury D. 423 affection ABC. 424—425 as — fine omitted in D. 425 One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely D. 426 lou'd BCD. talke (for tale) ABC. thereabout D. 427 when (for where) ABC. 429 ircanian ABC. 430 tis ABC. begins BCD. 432 Blacke BCD. 433 the D. 434 this (for his) ABCDE. complocation ABC 436 to take Guilles D. guite, horridely trickt A* trickt ABC. 438 empaft A embaited BC. streets CD. 439 tirranus A tirranous BC. and damned D. 440 their vilde Murthers, roastet D. 441 ore-cited ABC. 444 not in D. 446 Afore A*. 446 finde D. 449 fals AB falls C. 450 match D. 452 wind BC.
Th’unnerved father falls: then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus eare, for lo, his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reverend Priam, seem’d i’th’ ayre to sticke:
So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood,
And like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heavens, the racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, alone the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus pause,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Marse’s armor, forg’d for proffo eterne,
With lesse remorse then Pyrrhus bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet fortune! all you gods,
In generall synod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes and fellowes from her wheele,
And boule the round nave downe the hill of heaven,
As lowe as to the fiends.
Pol. This is too long.
Ham. It shall to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he’s for a jigge, or a tale of bawdry; or he slee-
es. Say on, come to Hecuba.
Player. But who, O who had seene the mobled queene.
Ham. The mobled queene?
Pol. That’s good.
Player. Runne barefoot up and downe, threatning the flames
With bison rheume, a clout about that head,
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanke and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blanket in the alarme of feare caught up.
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept,

453 falses A* fals AD. then — Illium, omitted in ABC. 454 his (for this)
D. blow BCD. 455 Bace D. hiddious ABC. 458 stick ABC. 459 tirant
Pyrrhus AB. 460 And omitted in ABC. 464 bould BC. winds ABC. 465
anon ACD. 467 a-worke D. 469 Mars his Armoirs J Mars his armour
F. 471 falses D. 474 follies A folles B Fallies D felloes F. of (for from)
A. 478 thal B. th Barbars D. Prythee D. 479 lig BC. Baudry D. 481
a woe (for O who) ABC. inobled (for mobled) D. 483 good: Inobled
Queene is good. D. 484 flame D. 485 Bifion D. rheume BC. vppon A
vpon BC (for about). 487 lanck ABC. loines D. 488 th’Alarum D.
Gainst fortunes state would treason have pronounc'd; 490
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbands limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Unlesse things mortall move them not at all, 495
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven
And passion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his colour, and has
teares in’s eyes. Prethe no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile have thee speake out the rest of 500
this soone. Good my lord, will you see the players well-
stowed; doe you heare, let them be well used, for they are
the abstract and brieve chronicles of the time. After your
death you were better have a bad epitaph, then their ill-re-
port while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man, much better. Use every man after
his desert, and who shall scape whipping: use them after
your owne honor and dignity, the lesse they deserve, the
more merit is in your bounty. Take them in. 510

Pol. Come sirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, weehe heare a play to morrowe.
Dost thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of
Gonzago?

Player. I my lord.

Ham. Weele hav’t to morrowe night. You could for a
neede study a speech of some dozen or sixteene lines, which
I would set downe and insert in’t: could you not?

Player. I my lord.

Ham. Very well, followe that lord, and looke you 520
mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leave you till night, you
are welcome to Elsonoure.

Ros. Good my lord.  Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God bu’ye: now I am alone
O what a rogue and pesant slave am I! 525

493 husband A. limbes D. 494 Clamour D. 496 milche D. 498 ha’s D.
turn’d D. collour A collour BC. 499 Pray you D. 500 of this not in D. 501 wel
bownt D. 502 Do ye D. v’zd: D. 503 Abstracts D. 505
liued D. 506 defart D. 507 bodykins D. much not in D. 508 should
(for shall) D. 509 honour BC. 510 meririt ABC. bountie D. 511 Exit
Polon. D. 512 here BC. morrow BCD. 516 hate A ha’t D. a not in
ABC. 517 donef lines, or A B C. 518 ye D. 521 mock AD. tell A til
D. 522 Exeunt Pol. and Players. ABC. 524 bu’ye D I. buy to you
ABCF.
Is it not monstrous that this player heere
But in a fiction, in a dreame of passion,
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit,
That from her working, all his visage wand,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With formes to his conceit? and all for nothing,
For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should wepe for her? what would he doe
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? he would drowne the stage with tears,
And cleave the generall ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculty of eyes and eares;
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metted rascal, peake,
Like John a-dreames, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a coward?
Who calles me villain, breaks my pate a crosse,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, gives me the lie i'th'throat,
As deepe as to the lunges? Who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lacke gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slaves offall, bloody, baudy villain.
Remorselesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindles villain.
Oh vengeance!
Why what an asse am I? this is most brave,
That I, the sonne of a deere father murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must like a whore unpacke my heart with words,  
And fall a cursing like a very drabbe,  
A scullion?  

Fie upon't, foh. About my braine; hum, I have heard,  
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,  
Have by the very cunning of the scene,  
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:  
For murther, though it have no tongue, will speake  
With most miraculous organ. Ile have these players  
Play something like the murther of my father  
Before mine uncle, Ile observe his lookes,  
Ile tent him to the quicke: if he doe blench  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the divell, and the divell hath power  
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps.  
Out of my weakesse and my melancholy,  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses me to damme me; Ile have grounds  
More relative then this: the play's the thing  
Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the king.  

[Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.]

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrans,  
Guildensterne and lords.

King. And can you by no drift of conference  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,  
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?  
   Ros. He does confesse he feeleth himselfe distracted,  
But from what cause he will by no meane speaks.  
   Guil. Nor doe we finde him forward to be sounded,  
But with a crafty madnesse keepes aloofe  
When we would bring him on to some confession

563 vnpack BC. 564 Drab D. 565 stallion, ABC scallion, A#. 566 Fye D. braines ABC braues B#. hum, not in D. 564—566 And — foh. one line in ABC. A scullion — play, two lines, the first ending at braine, in D. 573 fromthing BC. murder D. 574 Vnkle. D. 575 a (for he) ABC. but (for doe) D. 577 a (for the) ABC. deale (for divell) A.  
Actus Tertius. Scena Prima. not in any edit. 1 circumstance (for conference) D. 4 Lunacy D. 6 a (for he) ABC. I find ABC.
Of his true state.

*Queene.* Did he receive you well?

*Ros.* Most like a gentleman.

*Guil.* But with much forcing of his disposition.

*Ros.* Niggard of question, but of our demands

Most free in his reply.

*Queene.* Did you assay him

To any pastime?

*Ros.* Madam, it so fell out, that certaine players
We ore-raught on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of joy
To heare of it: they are about the court,
And as I thinke, they have already order
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreate your majesties
To heare and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ros.* We shall my lord. 

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may heere

Affront Ophelia;

Her father and my selfe (lawful espials).
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseene,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be th'affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

*Queene.* I shall obey you.
And for your part Ophelia, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlets wilndesse: so shall I hope your vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your honours.

*Oph.* Madam, I wish it may.

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

17 ore-wrought D. 18 kinde D. 19 are heere ABC. 22 beteecth ABC.
intreat ABC. 27 into (for on to) ABC. 28 two (for too) ABC. 30
there (for heere) D.. 32 (lawful espials) not in ABC. 33 Wee'le (for
Will) ABC. 34 franckely A franckely B. 35 behaued D. 36 Ift ABC.
38 my (for your) BCF. 40 wildnes AB wildeneef D. 43 please ye D.
We will bestow our selves; reade on this booke,
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinesse. We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar o're
The devill himselfe.

King. O 'tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

Pol. I heare him comming: let's withdraw my lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
Or to take armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to die, to sleepe,
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end
The heart-ake, and the thousand naturall shockes
That flesh is heire to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortall coile,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of despi(z)'d love, the lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose borne,
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Then die to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hew of resolution
Is sickled o're with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia? nimph, in thy orizons
Be all my sinner remembred.

Oph. Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thanke you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I,

I never gave you ought.

Oph. My honor'd lord, you now right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble minde,
Rich gifts waxe poore when givers prove unkinde.
There my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest?

Oph. My lord.

Ham. Are you faire?

Oph. What meanes your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and faire, your honesty should
admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty my lord, have better comerce then
with honesty?

Ham. I truly: for the power of beauty will sooner trans-
forme honesty from what it is to a bawde, then the force
of honesty can translate beauty into his likenesse, this was
sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it prooue. I did
love you once.

79 undiscovered D. countrie C Countray D. 80 traualiuer A trauailier B. Puzzels D. 81 illes D. 82 of us all omitted in ABC. 83 hiew ABC. 85 tickled DEF. 86 pith (for pitch) D. 87 Currants D. away (for awry) D. 92 well, well, well. D. 95 no (for not l) D. 97 I know D. 99 these (for the) ABC. then (for their) D. left: (for lost,) D. 107 you (for your honesty) ABC. 109 commez A. 110 your (for with) D. 112 baude B Baud C Bawd D. 113 in C to F (for into).
Oph. Indeed my lord, you made me believe so.

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

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnerie: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proude, revengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I have 125 thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling betwene earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all, believe none of us. Go thy wayes to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, that he may play the foole no where but in's owne house. Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him, you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou doest marry, Ile give thee this plague 135 for thy dowrie, be thou as chast as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a fool, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them: to a nunnery goe, and quickly too, farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powres, restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make your selfe another: you gig, you amble, and you lispe, you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnesse your ignorance. Go 145 to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages, those that are married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are: to a nunnery, go.

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere o'rethrowne! 150

The courtiers, soldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectansie and rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite downe,
And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the huny of his musicke vowes;
Now see that noble and most soveraigne reason,
Like sweete bells jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatch'd forme and feature of blowne youth
Blasted with extasie. O wo is me,
Th'have seene what I have seene, see what I see.

Enter King and Polonius.

   King. Love? his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd forme a little,
Was not like madnesse; there's something in his soule,
O're which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quicke determination
Thus set it downe: he shall with speede to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expell
This something settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

   Pol. It shall doe well. But yet doe I beleeve
The origin and commencement of his greefe
Sprung from neglected love. How now Ophelia?
You neede not tell us what lord Hamlet saide,
We heard it all. My lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queene mother all alone intreate him
To show his greife: let her be round with him,
And I be plac'd (so please you) in the care
Of all their conference. If she finde him not,
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

   King. It shall be so,
Madnesse in great ones must not unwatch'd goe. Execut.
[Scena Secunda.]

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lieve the town-cryer spoke my lines: nor doe not saw the aire too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, 5 and as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothnesse. O it offends me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe tere a passion to tatters, to very raggges, to split the eares of the groundlings, who, for the most part are ca- 10 pable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe showes, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant, it out-Herods Herod, pray you avoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall observance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: for any thing so over-done, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to holde as twere the mirrour up to na- 20 ture, to shew vertue her owne feature, scorne her owne image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious greeve; the censure of which one, must in your allowance, ore-weigh 25 a whole theater of others. O, there bee players that I have seene play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speake it prophaneely, that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of na- 30 tures journemen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Player. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, sir.
Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clowns speake no more then is set downe for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barraine spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that uses it. Go make you ready. 40

Exit Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrans, and Guildensterne.

How now my lord, will the king heare this peece of worke?
Pol. And the queene too, and that presently.
Ham. Bid the players make hast.

Exit Polonius.

Will you two helpe to hasten them?
Both. We will my lord.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, Horatio?
Hor. Heere sweet lord, at your service.
Ham. Horatio, thou art een as just a man
As ere my conversation copt withall.
Hor. O my deere lord.

Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenew hast but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee. Why should the poore be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faunung; doost thou heare?
Since my deare soule was mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
Sh'ath seal'd thee for her selfe, for thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortunes buffets and rewards
Hath tane with equall thankes; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement are so well co-medled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortunes finger
To sound what stop she please: give me that man
That is not passions slave, and I will weare him

In my hearts core, I, in my heart of heart, 
As I doe thee. Something too much of this. 
There is a play to night before the king, 
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance 
Which I have told thee of my fathers death, 
I prethee, when thou seest that act a foote, 
Even with the very comment of thy soule 
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt 
Doe not it selfe unkennell in one speech, 
It is a damned ghost that we have seene, 
And my imaginations are as foule 
As Vulcans stithy; give him heedfull note, 
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, 
And after we will both our judgements joyne 
In censure of his seeming. 

Hor. 
Well my lord, 
If he steale ought the whil'st this play is playing, 
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft. 

Enter trumpets and kettle drummes, King, Queene, 
Polonius, Ophelia. 

Ham. They are comming to the play. I must be idle, 
Get you a place. 

King. How fares our cosin Hamlet? 

Ham. Excellent ifaith, of the camelions dish: I eate the 
ayre, promise-cram'd, you cannot feede capons so. 

King. I have nothing with this answer Hamlet, these words 
are not mine. 

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my lord, you playd once i' th' 
university, you say? 

Pol. That did I my lord, and was accounted a good actor. 

Ham. And what did you enact? 

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol, 

Brutus kill'd me. 

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calf 
there. Be the players ready? 

Ros. I my lord, they stay upon your patience. 

Queene. Come hither my deere Hamlet, sit by me. 

71 thee, D. 72 foot CD. 73 my (for thy) D. 74 my ABC. 75 vnken-nill A BC. 78 Stythe. D. needfull D. 81 To (for In) D. 82 a (for he) 
ABC. 83 detected ABC detection F. Enter, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, 
Rofinancer, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard 
carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish. 1: 88 feed CD. 89 sun-fwer AB. 91 mine now AB. 93 I did D. 94 And not in ABC. 95 kild 
AB. Capitoll A* Capitall AB. 100 Ger. (for Queene) ABC. deare BGF 
good D.
Ham. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No my lord.

Ham. I meane, my head upon your lap?

Oph. I my lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Oph. I thinke nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

Oph. What is my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. I my lord.

Ham. O God, your onely jigge-maker: what should a man doe but be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two horas.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? nay then let the divell weare blacke, for Ile have a suite of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-live his life halfe a yeere: but byr lady he must builde churches then, or els shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, For o, for o, the hobby-horse is forgot.

The trumpets sound. Dumbe show followes.

Enter a king and a queene very lovingly; the queene embra-cing him, and he her. She kneeses, and makes shew of pro-testation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke. He layes him downe upon a banke of flowers. She seeing him a sleepe, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crowne, kisses it, and pours poysone in the kings eares, and exits. The queene returns, finds the king dead, and makes passionate action. The poysoner, with some two or three mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poysoner wooes the queene

101 metall F. 102 O, oh BC Oh ho D. 105 & 106 not in ABC. Vpon your lap, what do you A*. 107 contrary A*. 109 ly between Maids D. 112 merrie CD. 117 howres ABC. 118 moneths CD. 120 dye D. 122 memory B. her (for byr) ABCEF. a (for he) ABC. 123 build ABC. 124 Hobyl-horde D. founds A. Hoboyes play. The dumbe floew enters D. very lovingly; not in ABC. and he her, not in D. She kneees — him. not in ABC. He (before layes) not in D. lies A lies BC (for layes). an other man (for a fellow) ABC. and not in ABC. sleeapers (for kings) ABC. leaves him (for exits) ABC. and not in ABC. three or fours ABC. mutes omitted in ABC. seems to condole ABC.
with gifts, she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching Mallico, it means mischief.

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

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow, the players cannot keepe counsell, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. I, or any show that you will show him. Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

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

Prol. For us, and for our tragedie,

Heere stooping to your clemencie,

We begge your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis breefe my lord.

Ham. As womans love.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath Phebus cart gon round

Neptunes salt wash, and Tellus orbed ground,

And thirty dozen moonses with borrowed sheene

About the world have times twelve thirties beene,

Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands

Unite comutuall in most sacred bands.

Queene. So many journeyes may the sunne and moone

Make us againe count o're ere love be done,

But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,

So farre from cheere, and from your former state,

That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,

Discomfort you my lord it nothing must:

For women feare too much, even as they love,

And womans feare and love hold quantity,

In neither ought, or in extremity:

harsh (for loath and unwilling) ABC. his not in ABC. 127 is omitted in A tis B it is C. myching A* munching ABC. Malico D. that (for it) D. Mischeefe D. Enter Prologue. after l. 128 in ABC, after l. 135 in D.

129 thefe Fellows: D. 130 counsell omitted in ABC. they're ABC. 131 a ABC they D (for he). 132 you'l D. 133 heele ABC. 137 floowping A*. 138 Patientlie D. 139 Poefie D. 140 briefe D. Enter King and his Queene. D. Enter the Duke and Dutcheffe. A*. 142 gone ABC. 143 orb'd the ABC. 144 dofen ABC. 145 Quee. ABC Rapi. D. journies D. 149 doone ABC. 151 our (for your) A. forme D. 154 women — And not in D. 155 holds quantitie D. 156 Either none, in neither ABC.
Now what my love is, proofe hath made you know, 157
And as my love is siz'd, my feare is so,
Where love is great, the litlest doubts are feare, 160
Where little feares grow great, great love growes there.

_King._ Faith I must leave thee love, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this faire world behind,
Honor'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou —

_Queene._ O confound the rest: 165
Such love must needes be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

_Ham._ That's wormwood.

_Queene._ The instances that second marriage move 170
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

_King._ I doe beleue you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determinie, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slave to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now like fruite unripe sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget 180
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt:
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either griefe, or joy,
Their owne ennactures with themselves destroy:
Where joy most revels, griefe doth most lament,
Griefe joyes, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange 185
That even our loves should with our fortunes change:
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or els fortune love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourite flies,
The poore advanc'd makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto dotli love on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall never lacke a friend, 190

157 Lord (for love) _A B C_. 158 cis'd _A_. 159 & 160 not in _D_. 161 too:
162 my (for their) _D_. 166 brefit _BD_. 169 wormwood, wormwood, _D_. 174 you. Think _D_. 178 the (for like) _A B C_. 184 other Greefe _D_. 185 ennactures _D_. 187 Greefe _A B D_. ioy (for joyes) _A B C_. accedent, _A B C_. 192 fauourites _D_. 193 advanced _B C_. 195 Frend: _D_.

III 2  HAMLET  57
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates doe so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first lord is dead.

*Queene.* Nor earth to me give foode, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blankes the face of joy,
Meete what I would have well, and it destroy:
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If once a widdow, ever I be wife.

*Ham.* If she should breake it now.

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

*Sleepes.*

*Queene.* Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And never come mischance betweene us twaine.

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queene.* The lady doth protest too much me thinkes.

*Ham.* O but shee'le keepe her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poysin in jest, no offence i'th'world.

*King.* What doe you call the play?

*Ham.* The Mouse-trap: Mary how tropically: this play is the image of a murther done in Vienna: Gonzago is the dukes name, his wife Baptista: you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish peece of worke, but what of that? your majesty, and wee that have free soules, it touches us not: let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

*Enter Lucianus.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus, my lord.
Ham. I could interpret betwenee you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallyng.

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

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

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, 

pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come, the croaking 

raven doth bellow for revenge.

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

Considerate season, els no creature seeing, 

Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weedes collected, 

With Hecats ban thrice blasted, thrice infected, 

Thy naturall magick, and dire property, 

On wholesome life usurpe immediately.

Poviis the poysen in his eares.

Ham. He poysons him i'th' garden for his estate: his name's 

Gonzago: the story is extant, and written in very choice 

Italian. You shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love 

of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Queene. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o're the play.

King. Give me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights.

Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the strucken deere goe wepe,

The hart ungalled play,

For some must watch, while some must sleepe;

Thus runnes the world away.

Would not this sir, and a forrest of feathers, if the rest of 

my fortunes turne Turke with me, with two Provinciall roses 

on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a crie of players 

sir?

Hor. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.

For thou dost know oh Damon deere,
This realme dismantled was
Of Jove himselfe, and now reignes heere
A very very pajock.

Hor. You might have rim’d.

Ham. O good Horatio, I’le take the ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did’st perceive?

Hor. Very well my lord.

Ham. Upon the talke of the poysoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha, come some musick, come the recorders:
For if the king like not the comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come, some musick.

Enter Rosencrans and Guildensterne.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole historie.

Guil. The king, sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Guil. No my lord, with choller.

Ham. Your wisdom shou’d shewe it selfe more richer to signifie this to the doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guil. Good my lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tyme sir, pronounce.

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

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will doe your mothers command’ment: if not, your pardon and my returne shall be the end of my businesse.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wit’s diseas’d, but sir, such answere as I can make, you shall command, or ra-
ther as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she sayes: your behaviour hath stroke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne, that can so astonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

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

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

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And doe still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely barre the doore upon your owne liberty, if you deny your giefes to your friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voyce of the king himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Ham. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the proverbe is something musty.

Enter the players with recorders.

O the recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you, why do you goe about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toyle?

Guil. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Beleeve me, I cannot.

Ham. I doe beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying: governe these ventages with your finger and thumbe, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes.

305 as not in D. therfore D. 307 strooke ABC. 309 stonish ABC. 311 impart not in D. 317 So I do D. 319 freely (for surely) D. of (for upon) D. 324 sir not in D. 325 Enter one with a Recorder. D. Enter the players &c. after l. 323 in ABC. 326 oh BC. Recorder. D. one not in D. 330 unmanerly D. 336 doe not in BCF. 338 'Tis D Ventiges D. 339 fingers, & the vmbre A. the thumb BC. 340 excellent (for eloquent) D.
Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmonie, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon me, you would seeme 345 to know my stops, you would plucke out the heart of my mysterie, you would sound mee from my lowest note to the top of my compasse, and there is much musicke, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speake. 'Sblood, do you thinke I am easier to be plaid on then 350 a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the queene would speake with you and pre-355

sently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camell?
Pol. By th' masse, and 'tis like a camell, indeede.
Ham. Me thinkes it is like a wezell.
Pol. It is back'd like a wezell.
Ham. Or like a whale?
Pol. Very like a whale.
Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by: they foole me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.
Pol. I will say so. 360

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me friends. 365
'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft, now to my mother:
O heart, loose not thy nature; let not ever
The soule of Nero enter this firme bosome:
Let me be cruell, not unnaturall,
I will speake daggers to her, but use none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words somever she be shent,
To give them seales, never my soule consent. 375

Exit.

347 the top of not in ABC. 349 Organe D. speake omitted in D. 350 Why (for 'Sblood) D. that I am D. 351 wil AB. you fret me not ABC. 355 that (for yonder) D. 356 like (for of) D. 357 Miffe (for masse) D. 358 it's D. Weazell D. 359 backt A black B. 362 I will AB. 364 Pol. not in ABC. Exit. not in ABC. 365 Leave me friends in ABC after l. 363. 367 breaks AB breaks C breaths DE. 369 buines (buineffe) as the bitter day ABC. 374 dagger ABC. 376 soever F. 377 Exit. omitted in CDEFG.
[Scena Tertia.]

**Enter King, Rosencrans, and Guildensterne.**

**King.** I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazard so neare us as doth hourly grow
Out of his browes.

**Guil.** We will our selves provide:
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That live and feede upon your majesty.

**Ros.** The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more
That spirit, upon whose weale depends and rests
The lives of many, the cesse of majesty
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele
Fixt on the sommet of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adjoyn'd: which when it falles,
Each small annexment, pety consequence
Attends the boystrous ruine. Never alone
Did the king sighe, but with a generall grone.

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

**Both.** We will haste us.

**Exeunt Gent.**

**Enter Polonius.**

**Pol.** My lord, he's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the arras I'lle convey my selfe
To heare the processe, I'lle warrant shee'le tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,

---

Scena Tertia. not in any edition. 6 Hazard AB, neer's ABC dangerous
D. 7 Lunacies (for browes) D. 11 peculer ABC, 14 spirit (for weale)
D. 15 ceafe D. 17 or it is ABC. 19 hough A hugh B. Spoakes D.
20 morteit AB, falls ABC. 21 petty A pettie C pettie D. 22 raine, (for
ruine.) ABC. 23 figh ABC, with omitted in ABC, growne BC. 24 viage,
A volage, BC. 25 about (for upon) ABC. 26 Ref. (for Both.) ABC. 28
connay ABC. 29 here R. profiffe BC, warnit F.
'Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my liege,
I'lle call upon you ere you goo to bed,
And tell you what I knoe. Exit.

King. Thankes deere my lord. 35
O my offence is ranke, it smels to heaven,
It hath the primall eldest curse upon't,
A brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete heavens
To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being dowe? Then I'lle looke up,
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of prayer
Can serve my turne? Forgive me my foule murther;
That cannot be, since I am still possesst
Of those effects for which I did the murther;
My crowne, mine owne ambition, and my queene;
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis scene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the lawe; but 'tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can, what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosome blace as death!
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingag'd! Helpe angels, make assay:
Bowe stubborne knees, and heart with strings of steele, 70
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne babe,  
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it pat, now he is praying,  
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to heaven,  
And so am I reveng'd: that would be scann'd,  
A villaine kills my father, and for that,  
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send  
To heaven.  
Oh this is hyre and sallery, not revenge.  
He tooke my father grossely, full of bread,  
With all his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,  
And how his audit stands, who knowes, save heaven:  
But in our circumstance and course of thought,  
'Tis heavy with him: and am I then reveng'd,  
To take him in the purging of his soule,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?  
No.  
Up sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,  
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage;  
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,  
At gaming, swearing, or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in't,  
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at heaven,  
And that his soule may be as damn'd and black  
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stayes,  
This physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes.  

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

[Scena Quarta.]

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight: looke you lay home to him,  
Tell him his pranckes have beene too broad to beare with,

71 finnewes ABC. 73 it, but now a is a praying ABC. 74 a (for he) ABC. 75 reuendge, AB reuenged, C. teand AB. 76 kills AB kils C. 77 foule (for sole) . 79 Why, this is bafe and filly, not reuendge, ABC. 80 A (for He) ABC. groly AC groily, B. 81 braod A. freu (for flush) D. 84 reuenged ABC. 90 inceitious ABC. 91 game, a ABC. 92 tate D. 93 heele A heele BC. 95 tates AB. 96 phifick A phifick B phifick C diates AB. 97 fye D. 98 thy thoughts A.  
Scena Quarta, not in any edition. Gertrard (for Queene) ABC. 1 A (for He) ABC. strait, ABC. 2 prancks AB prancks C. braod A.
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood betwixt
Much heate and him. I'le silence me even heere:
Pray you be round with him.

_Ham. within._ Mother, mother, mother.

_Queene._ Ile warrant you,
Feare me not. Withdrawe, I heare him comming.

_Enter Hamlet._

_Ham._ Now mother, what's the matter?

_Queene._ Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

_Ham._ Mother, you have my father much offended.

_Queene._ Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.

_Ham._ Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

_Queene._ Why how now Hamlet?

_Ham._ What's the matter now?

_Queene._ Have you forgot me?

_Ham._ No by the rood, not so:
You are the queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

_Queene._ Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

_Ham._ Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not budge,
You goe not till I set you up a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

_Queene._ What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murther me?

_Helpe._ helpe, helpe, hoa.

_Pol._ What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

_Ham._ How now, a rat? dead for a ducate, dead.

_Killes Poloniue._

_Pol._ O I am slaine.

_Queene._ O me, what hast thou done?

_Ham._ Nay I knowe not,
Is it the king?

_Queene._ O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

_Ham._ A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

_Queene._ As kill a king?

_Ham._ I lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger.

3 screened _A._ 4 e'ene _D._ 5 with him _not in ABC._ 6 _not in ABC._
7 waite _A_ waite _BC_ (for warrant). 8 _Enter Hamlet._ after _l._ _5 in ABC._
13 an idle (for a wicked) _D._ 18 But would you _D._ 20 budge _F._ 22 mott (for inmost) _ABC._ 24 Helpe how _A_ Helpe hoe _BC._ 25 What how (hoe) helpe._ _ABC._ 26 Duckat _AB._ _Killes Poloniue._ _not in ABC._ 32 marrie _CD._
33 it was _ABC._ 35 Better _D._
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe,
If damned custome have not braz'd it so,
That it be prowe and bulwark against sense.

Queene. What have I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurses the grace and blush of modestie,
Calls vertue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oaths. O such a deede,
As from the body of contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete religion makes
A rapsody of words; heaven's face doth glowe
Ore this solidity and compound masse,
With heated visage, as against the doome,
Is thought sick at the act.

Queene. Ay me, what act,
That roares so lowde, and thunders in the index.

Ham. Looke heere upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers:
See what a grace was seated on this browe,
Hyperions curles, the front of Jove himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station, like the herald Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:
A combination and a forme indeede,
Where every god did seeme to set his seale,
To give the world assurance of a man,
This was your husband. Looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband, like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this faire mountaine leave to feede,
And batten on this moore? ha, have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites upon the judgement, and what judgement
Would step from this to this? sence sure you have
Els could you not have motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madness would not erre,
Nor sence to extasie was nere so thral'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of chiose
To serve in such a difference. What devill was't,
That thus hath cousend you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope. O shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax,
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actively doth burne.
And reason pardons will.

Queene. O Hamlet, speake no more,
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honyng and making love
Over the nasty stie.

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

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slave that is not twentith part the kyth
Of your precedent lord, a vice of kings,
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelve the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket.

Queene. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king of shreds and patches.
Save me and hover o’re me with your wings
You heavenly guards: what would your gracious figure?

Queene. Alas he’s mad.

Ham. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That laps’t in time and passion, lets goe by
Th’important acting of your dread command?
O say.

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

Ham. How is it with you lady?

Queene. Alas, how is’t with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th’incorporall aire doe hold discourse,
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly pееpe,
And as the sleeping souldiers in th’alarne,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand an end: o gentle sonne,
Upon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon doe you looke?

Ham. On him, on him: looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conjoynd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Doe not looke upon me,
Least with this pitteous action you convert
My sterne effects: then what I have to doe
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

Queene. To whom doe you speake this?

Ham. Doe you see nothing there?

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

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Queene. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away:
My father in his habit as he lived,

Queene. This is the very coynage of your braine,

Exit Ghost.
This bodiless creation extasie
Is very cunning in.

_Ham._ Extasie? 145

My pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull musicke. It is not madnesse
That I have uttred; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soule,
That not your trespass, but my madnesse speakes:
It will but skin and filme the ulcerous place,
Whiles ranke corruption mining all within,
Infects unseene: confesse your selfe to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon begge,
Yea curbe and woe for leave to doe him good.

_Queene._ O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

_Ham._ O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leave the purer with the other halfe.

Good night, but goe not to mine uncles bed,
Assume a vertue, if you have it not,
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits devill, is angell yet in this
That to the use of actions faire and good,
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on: refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kind of easinesse
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the devill, or throws him out
With wonderous potency. Once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing begge of you. For this same lord
I doe repent; but heaven hath pleas'd it so,

145 Extasie? not in _ABC_. 146 temperatly _ABC_. 148 vttered _D_. 149
I omitted in _ABC_. re-word: _D_. 150 gamboll _D_. 151 a (for that) _D_.
154 Whilft _D_. 157 spred _D_. or (for on) _D_. 158 rancker, _AB_ ranke.
_D_. 159 this _D_. 160 beg _ABC_. 161 courb, _D_. wooo _ABC_. 163 throw
_A*BCD_. 164 liue _D_. 165 my _ABC_. 170 frocke _B_. Luerie _C_. 171 on
to refraine night, _ABC_. 167—171 That monster — put on wanting in _D_.
175 maister _B_ matter _C_ (for either). 173—176 the next — potency not
in _D_.

...
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestowe him, and will answere well
The death I gave him: so againe good night.
I must be cruell, only to be kinde;
Thus bad beginnes, and worse remaines behinde.
One word more good lady.

Queene. What shall I doe?

Ham. Not this by no meanses that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt king tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his mouse,
And let him for a pare of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn’d fingers,
Make you to ravell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, ’twere good you let him knowe.
For who that’s but a queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddocke, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in despight of sense and secrecy,
Unpegge the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

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

Ham. I must to England, you knowe that.

Queene. Alack,
I had forgot: ’tis so concluded on.

Ham. Ther’s letters seald, and my two school-fellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang’d,
They bear the mandat, they must sweepe my way,
And marshall me to knavery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an’t shall goe hard
But I will delve one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the moone: O tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete.
This man shall set me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;

184 onely BCD. 185 This (for Thus) ABC. begins CD. 186 not in D.
188 blunt (for blowt) D. 192 rouell ABC. 194 made D. 196 paddack
ABC gib ABC. 198 difpight A H. 199 Vnpeg ABC. 200 fife C fife D.
204 breathe F. 205 said C faide D. 210 sweep A. 208—216 not in D.
Mother good night. Indeede, this counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. Exit.

[Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.]

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencrans and Guildensterne.

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

Queene. Bestow this place on us a little while.

Ah mine owne lord, what have I seene to night?

King. What Gertrude? How dooes Hamlet?

Queene. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
Behinde the arras hearing some thing stirre,
Whips out his rapier, cryes a rat, a rat,
And in this brainish apprehension killes
The unseene good old man.

King. O heavy deede!
It had beene so with us had we beene there:
His liberty is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to us, to every one.

Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man; but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queene. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madness like some ore

221 in's F. a most foolish ABC. 223 Exit Hamlet with the dead body.
Enter the King and Lords. A*. Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius. Enter
King. D.

Bestow &c. ABC, omitted in D. 5 my good Lord D. 7 Ger. (for Queene)
ABC. Seas, D. 10' He whips his Rapier out, and cries D. 11 his (for
this) D. 14 threates CD. 16 anwered DEF. 17 laide D. 22 let's D.
25 Oare D.
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it selfe pure, he weepes for what is done.
   King. O Gertrude, come away:
The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will shippe him hence, and this vile deede
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
   Enter Ros. & Guild.
Both countenance and excuse. Ho Guildensterne,
Friends both, goe joyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath Polonius slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he drag'd him.
Goe seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the chappell; I pray you hast in this.
Come Gertrude, wee'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe,
And what's untimely done,
Whose whisper ore the worlds diameter,
As levell as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poysned shot, may misse our name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, O come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay.  
Exeunt.

[Scena Secunda.]

   Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.
Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.
Ham. But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O heere they come.

   Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.

Ros. What have you done my lord with the dead body? 5
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the chappell.
Ham. Doe not beleve it.
Ros. Beleeve what?

26 Mettels D. 27 a (for he) ABC. 28 O omitted in BC. 29 fun C
Sun D. 30 ship ACD. vide D. 35 Mother Cloffets D. dreg'd A. 37
Exit Gent. D. 39 To (for And) D. 42 blanck AB. 43 poysned C.
41—44 Whose — ayre, omitted in D.
Scena Secunda. not in any edition. Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.
ABC. 1 rowd, but soft, what noyfe, A. softly BC. 2 not in ABC. 3
But soft, not in D. Enter &c. not in ABC. 6 Compound A. it is BC. Kinne D.
Ham. That I can keepe your counsaile, and not mine owne. Besides, to be demanded of a spunge, what replication should be made by the sonne of a king.

Ros. Take you me for a spunge, my lord?

Ham. I sir, that soke up the kings countenance, his 15 rewards, his authorities, but such officers doe the king best service in the end, he keepes them like an ape in the corne-ner of his jaw, first mouth’d to be last swallowed, when he needes what you have glean’d, it is but squeeing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

Ros. I understand you not my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleepeas in a foolish eare.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and goe with us to the king.

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

Grat. A thing my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide fox, and all after.

Exit.

[Scena Tertia.]

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seeke him, and to find the body:
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
Hee’s lov’d of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes,
And where ’tis so, th’offenders scourge is weigh’d
But never the offence: to beare all smooth and even,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are reliev’d,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrans.

Ros. How now, what hath befalne?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow’d my lord
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

12 Spundge D. 17 apple (for ape) ABC. 29 hide fox &c. not in ABC.
Scena Tertia. not in any edition. Enter King, and two or three. ABC.
4 loued D. 6 wayed ABC. 7 neerer (for never) D. 8 sodaine D. 10 releued D. 11 Enter Bofencrans and all the rest. ABC.
Ros. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Hoa, Guildensterne? bring in the lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ham. Not where he eates, but where he is eaten, a certayne convocation of politicke wormes are een at him: your worm is your only emperour for diet. We fat all creatures els to fat us, and we fat our selves for maggots, your fat king and your leane begger is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table, that's the end.

King. Alas, alas.

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

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a king may goe a progresse through the guts of a begger.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven, send thether to see. If your messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th'other place your selfe: but if indeed you finde him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe up the staires into the lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet, this deede for thine especiall safety Which we doe tender, as we deereely grieve For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence With fierie quicknesse: therefore prepare thy selfe, The barke is ready, and the wind at helpe, Th'associates tend, and every thing is bent For England.

Ham. For England?

King. I Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

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

16 How A Hoe BC Ho F. Guildensterne? not in ABC. my (for the) D. They enter. (for Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.) ABC. 20 a is ABC. 21 conuacation A. politick C, not in D. e'ne D. 22 worme ABC, onely AD. Emperor D. 23 selfe D. Magots. D. 24 to (for two) D. 27 eat C. 28 & omitted in BC. fed C. 26—28 not in DEF. 31 guttes C. 33 thither D. 35 but indeed, if DEF. within not in D. 36 vpe B. 38 A (for He) ABC, ye D. 39 deed of thine, for D. 40 deereely C. 42 With fierie quicknesse: not in ABC. 43 Barck A. 44 at (for is) D.
Ham. I see a cherub that sees them: but come, for England. Farewell deere mother.

King. Thy loving father Hamlet.

Ham. My mother, father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come, for England. Exit. 55

King. Follow him at foote, tempt him with speede abord, Delay it not, Ile have him hence to night. Away, for every thing is seal'd and done That els leanes on th'affaire, pray you make hast. And England, if my love thou hold'st at ought, As my great power thereof may give thee sense, Since yet thy cicatrice lookes raw and red After the Danish sword, and thy free awe Payes homage to us, thou mayst not coldly set Our soveraigne processe, which imports at full By letters congruing to that effect The present death of Hamlet. Doe it England, For like the hectique in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me; till I knowe 'tis done, How ere my happes, my joyes were ne're begun. Exit.

[Scena Quarta.]

Enter Fortinbras with an armie.

Fort. Goe capitaine, from me greet the Danish king, Tell him, that by his license, Fortinbrasse Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march Over his kingdome. You know the rendezvous: If that his majesty would outh with us, We shall expresse our dutie in his eye, And let him know so.

Cap. I will doo't, my lord. Exit.

Fort. Goe softly on.

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrans, &c.

Ham. Good sir whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway sir.

50 him (for them) D. 54 and not in ABC. 66 conjuring D. 68 Hectorick C Hectick D. 70 haps ABC. will nere begin AC beginne B. Scena Quarta. not in any edition. Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army over the stage. ABC. 3 Claines (for Craves) D. 4 randenous, A Rendenuous: D. 8 lately (for softly) D. Exit. not in ABC. Enter Hamlet — worth. Exit. not in A*D. 10 The B.
Ham. How purposed sir I pray you?
Cap. Against some part of Poland.
Ham. Who commands them sir?
Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbrasse.
Ham. Goes it against the maine of Poland sir,
Or for some frontire?
Cap. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay five duckets, five I would not farme it;
Nor will it yeeld to Norway or the Pole
A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Ham. Why then the Pollacke never will defend it.
Cap. Yes, it is already garisond.
Ham. Two thousand soules, and twenty thousand duckets
Will not debate the question of this straw,
This is th'impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and showes no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.
Cap. God buy you sir.
Ros. Will't please you goe my lord?
Ham. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions doe informe against me,
And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unusd, now whether it be
Bestiall oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'event,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisdome,
And ever three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witness this army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouthes at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortall, and unsure,
HAMLET

To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then
That have a father kild, a mother staind,
Ecstymes of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The immiment death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not to mome enough and continent
To hide the slaine. O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

[Scena Quinta.]

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Queene. I will not speake with her.
Hor. She is importunat, indeede distract,
Her moode will needes be pittied.
Queene. What would she have?
Hor. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enviously at strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words up fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeleth them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
Queene. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill breeding mindes.
Let her come in.
To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature\textsuperscript{is},

60 imminent ABC.
Scena Quinta. not in any edition. Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman. ABC. 2 & 4 Gent. (for Hor.) ABC. importunate D. 3 needs CD.
5 trickes D beats BCD. 9 yawn (for ayms) ABC. 11 as omitted in B. wincks A winkes B winks C. 12 would (for might) D. 14 Hora. (for Queene) ABC. 17 Enter Ophelia. Quee. To ABC.
IV 5  HAMLET

Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
So full of artlesse jealousie is guilt,
It spills it selfe in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmarke?
Queene. How now Ophelia?
Oph. How should I your true love know
   From another one?
   By his cockle hat and staffe,
   And his sandal shoone.
Queene. Alas sweet lady, what imports this song?
   He is dead and gone lady,
   He is dead and gone,
   At his head a gras-greene turfe,
   At his heeles a stone.

O ho.

Queene. Nay but Ophelia.
Oph. Pray you marke.
   White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.
   Enter King.
Queene. Alas, looke heere my lord.
Oph. Larded with sweet flowers,
   Which beweeped to the grave did not go
   With true love showers.
King. How doe you, pretty lady?
Oph. Well, God did you. They say the owle was a bakers daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.
King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray let’s have no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this:
   To morrow is S. Valentines day,
   All in the morning betime,
   And I a maide at your window,
   To be your Valentine.
   Then up he rose, and don’d his clothes,
   And dupt the chamber dore,
   Let in the maide, that out a maide,
   Never departed more.
King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeeed la? without an oath Ile make an end on't,
       By gis and by Saint Charity,
       Alack, and fie for shame,
       Young men will doo't, if they come too't,
       By Cock they are to blame.
       Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
       You promis'd me to wed:
       So would I ha done by yonder sunne
       And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I
cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th'
cold ground: my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke
you for your good counsaille. Come, my coach: good night
70 ladies, good night sweet ladies: good night, good night. Exit.

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

O this is the poysone of deepe grieues, it springs
All from her fathers death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first, her father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent author
Of his owne just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
For good Polonius death; and we have done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him: poore Ophelia
Divided from her selfe, and her faire judgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing sticke our person to arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere Gertrude, this,
Like a murdring peece in many places,
Gives me superfluious death. A noise within.

57 la? not in ABC. 64 (He answeres.) So ABC. should BC. a (for ha) ABC. 65 If (for And) A*. 66 bin this D. 68 chuse ABC. would (for should) ABC. 70 counself D. God (for good) ABC. 71 Exit. not in ABC. 74 death, and now behold, o ABC. 75 comes D. 76 Battalaeas. D [battalions Quarto 1676.] 79 Thicke D. their omitted in ABC. 81 inter ABC. 86 Keepes on his wonder D. 89 Where in D. Beggard D. 90 perfons D. 92 murdering D.
Enter a messenger.

Queene. Alacke, what noyse is this?

King. Attend,

Where are my Switzers? let them guard the doore. 95

Whas is the matter?

Mes. Save your selfe, my lord.

The ocean over-peering of his list,
Eates not the flats with more impetuous hast
Then young Laertes, in a riotous head,
Ore-beares your officers: the rabble call him lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry choose we, Laertes shall be king,
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king.

Queene. How cheerfully on the false traile they cry.

O this is counter, you false Danish dogges. A noise within.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.

Laer. Where is the king? sirs stand you all without. 110

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thanke you: keepe the doore. O thou vile king,

Give me my father.

Queene. Calmely good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calme proclames me bastard,

Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot

Even heere betweene the chast unsmirched browe

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause Laertes,

That thy rebellion lookes so giant-like?

Let him goe Gertrude, doe not feare our person:

There's such divinity doth henge a king,

That treason can but peepe to what it would,

Acts little of his will. Tell me Laertes,

Why thou art thus incenst, let him goe Gertrude,

Speake man.

93 Queene. Alacke &c. not in ABC. 94 Attend, not in D. 95 is (for are) A. 96 Swifflers ABC. 98 impitious A impituous D. haste D. 101 begin CD. 104 The ABC. 108 A not in D. with others. not in D. 110 this (for the) ABC. King, fir's D. 113 vilde A*D. 115 thats AB. that calmes D. proclames BCD. 117 chaffe D. vntinerched BC. 122 cannot peepe BC.
Laer. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queen. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell allegiance, vows, to the blackest devill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit.
I dare damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes, I'll be husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little.
King. Good Laeetes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere father, is't writ in your revenge,
That soopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll be ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death,
And am most sencibly in griefe for it,
It shall as levell to your judgement pierce
As day dooes to your eye.
A noise within.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now, what noise is that?
O heate, drie up my braines, teares seven times salt,
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye.
By heaven, thy madnesse shall be payed by weight,
Till our scale turne the beame. O rose of May,
Deere maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia,

126 Where's D. 128 Juggel'd D. 129 Allegance: D. 135 world, D.
137 The B. 139 Fathers death, if wrt D. 141 looter ABCDE. 144 Po-
linician (for pelican) D. 148 fencible B fensible CD. 149 peare (for pierce) ABC. 150 A noise within. Enter Ophelia. Laer. Let her ABC.
152 drye ABC. feauen AB. 154 payd with ABC. weight D. 155 Tell A.
turnes D.
IV 5  HAMLET  83

O heavens, is't possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loves.

_Oph_. They bore him bare-fac'd on the beere,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And in his grave rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well, my dove.

_Laer_. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade revenge,
It could not move thus.

_Oph_. You must sing a downe a downe, and you call him
a downe a. O, how the wheele becomes it? It is the false
steward that stole his maisters daughter.

_Laer_. This nothing's more then matter.

_Oph_. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you
love remember: and there is pancies, that's for thoughts.

_Laer_. A document in madnesse, thoughts and remembrance
fitted.

_Oph_. There's fennill for you, and columbines: there's rewe
for you, and heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of
grace a Sundayes: Oh you must weare your rewe with a differ-
ence. There's a daysie, I would give you some violets, but
they wither'd all when my father dyed: they say he 180
made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

_Laer_. Thought and affliction, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to favour and to prettiness.

_Oph_. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe,
No, no, he is dead,
Goe to thy death-bed,
He never will come againe.

His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone,

158 a poore (for an old) ABC. 159—161 not in ABC. 162 Song. ABC.
bare-faft A. Bær D. 163 omitted in ABC. 164 on (for in) D. raines
D. 166 Hadit ABC. 168 ting downe a-downe D. 172 you omitted in D.
173 Paconcies D. 176 Fennell A*D. Colembines, ABC. Rew CD. 177
hearb a grace A Herbe-Grace D. 178 Sondaies, AB. Oh not in ABC. may
(for must) ABC. 179 Dalie ABC. 180 a (for he) ABC. 183 Thoughts
A*F. afflictions A*ABC. 185 Song. ABC. wil A. a ABC. 189 wil D.
190 beard was as ABC. 191 All omitted in ABC.
And we cast away mone,
    God a mercy on his soule.
And of all Christian soules, I pray God. God buy you. 195

Laer. Doe you see this, O God.

King. Laertes, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right: goe but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and judge 'twixt you and me; 200
If by direct or by collaterall hand
They finde us touch'd, we will our kingdome give,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall joyntly labour with your soule
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall,
No trophhee, sword, nor hatchment o're his bones,
No noble rite, nor formall ostentation, 210
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

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

[Scena Sexta.]

Enter Horatio with an attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speake with me?
Serv. Saylers sir, they say they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet. 5

Enter Saylers.

Sayl. God blesse you sir.
Hor. Let him blesse thee to.

194 Gramercy D. 195 of not in BC. chrisfen A* Christians ABC. I pray
God. not in ABC. buy ye D. Exeunt Ophelia D. 196 see omitted in ABC.
you Gods? D. 197 common D. 198 deney B. 201 colaturlall AB cola-
turall C Colaterall D. 202 find vs toucht ABC. 208 funerall (for buriall)
ABC. 209 trophue A trophue BC trophy F. 210 right (for rite) ABC.
212 't not in D.
Scena Sexta. not in any edition. Enter Horatio and others. ABC. 2 Gent.
See-faring men dr ABC. 6 Enter Saylor. D. 7 too D.
Sayl. Hee shall sir, and’t please him. There’s a letter for you sir: it comes from th’embassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is. Hor. Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook’d this, 11 give these fellows some meanes to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at sea, a pyrat of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of saile, we put on a compelled valour, and in 15 the grapple I boorded them: on the instant they got cleare of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like theeves of mercy, but they knew what they did, I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent, and repaire thou to me with as much 20 hast as thou wouldest fliie death. I have wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosencrans and Guildensterne hold their course for England, of them I have much to tell thee, 25 farewell. He that thou knowest thine,

Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters,
And do’t the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. 

Exeunt.

[Scena Septima.]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquaintance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So criminally and so capittall in nature,
As by your safety, wisdome, all things els,
You mainly were stirr’d up.

King. O for two speciall reasons,
Which may to you perhaps seeme much unsinnow’d,
But yet to me they are strong. The queene his mother
Lives almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She’s so conjunctive to my life and soule,
That as the starre moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great love the generall gender bear him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gives to graces, so that my arrowes,
Too slightly tymbered for so loved armes,
Would have reverted to my bowe againe,
And not where I had aim’d them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate termes,
Whose worth, if praises may goe backe againe,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my revenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepe for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stufte so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lov’d your father, and we love our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine —

Enter a Messenger.

How now? what newes?

Mess. Letters my lord from Hamlet.
This to your majesty, this to the queene.

King. From Hamlet? who brought them?

Mess. Sailers my lord they say, I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv’d them

8 safetie (safety), greatnes (greatness), wldome ABC. 9 mainly A. 10 vnsinnow’d D. 11 And (for But) D. tha’r ABC. 14 She is ABC, con-
clue (for conjunctive) ABC. 17 publike ABC. 20 Worke (for Would)
ABC. 21 Gyues D. 23 tymbered B timbered C timbered D. louned Arm’d
A lound a Winde D. 23 bow BCD. 24 But (for And) ABC. hane ABC.
aym’d AB arm’d D. 25 I hawe C. 26 desfrat A desperat B. 27 Who
was (for Whose worth) D. 30 sleeps C. 32 herd B. 34 louned A. 35
Meseenger with Letters. ABC. 36 not in ABC. 37 These (for This) ABC.
39 Saylers AB Saylors D. 40 receiv’d ABC.
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes you shall heare them:
Leave us. Exit Messenger.

High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
kingdom. To morrow shall I begge leave to see your kingly
eyes, when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount
the occasion of my suddaine, and more strange re-
turne. Hamlet.

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

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlets character. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he says alone:
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didst thou.

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

Laer. I my lord,
So you will not o'rerule me to a peace.

King. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it, I will worke him
To an expoyt, now ripe in my devise,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practise,
And call it accident.

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

King. It falls right,
You have beene talkt of since your travaile much,
And that in Hamlets hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts

Of — brought them. omitted in D. 42 Exit Messenger. not in ABC.
45 shall first A shall (first D. pardon, there-vnto ABC. thereunto) D. 46 th' Occations D. sudden C. sodaine D. and more strange not in ABC. 47 Hamlet omitted in ABC. 49 Or (for and) D. 51 character AB. 52 says A. 53 demis A. 54 I am ABC. 56 shall omitted in ABC. 57 dideit D. 59 I my lord, not in D. 60 If so you'll D. 61 returned ABC. 62 the King (for checking) A. liking not his BC. 64 Denice D. 66 winde BD. breath D. 67 practice D. 68 accedent A. 72 qualities A.
Did not together plucke such envie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siege.

_Laer._ What part is that my lord?

_King._ A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull too, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelessse livery that it weares
Then setled age, his sables, and his weedes
Importing health and gravenesse; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of Normandie,
I've seene my selfe, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seate,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorps't and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast, so farre he topt my thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did.

_Laer._ A Norman was't?

_King._ A Norman.

_Laer._ Upon my life Lamord.

_King._ The very same.

_Laer._ I know him well, he is the brooch indeed,
And gemme of all the nation.

_King._ He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cryed out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you; the scrimers of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them; sir this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envie,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him.

Now out of this.

_Laer._ What out of this my lord?

74 enuy B. 76 sledge AB. 77 riband A. 78 to A. 80 setted BC. weeds
C. 81 grauenes AB. 68—81 My lord — gravenesse not in D. 81 mon-
thes B moneths C. Some two Monthes hence D. 82 Normandy AB.D. #38
I have ABC. 84 ran (for can) D. 85 into D. Seat D. 86 doosing AB.
87 encomps't D. 88 paft (for topt) D. me (for my) ABC. 89 forgery
BD. tricks ABC. 92 Lamound D. 94 Iem AB Iemme D. our (for the)
D. 95 mad D. 96 maisterly B. 98 especiall ABC. 99 cride A cryd B
crit'd C. 100 Scrimures A. 100—102 the scrimers — them not in D. 103
enuy ABD. 104 beg ABC. 105 you (for him) ABC. 106 Why (for
What) D.
King. Laertes was your father deere to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,  
A face without a heart?  

Laer. Why aske you this?  

King. Not that I thinke you did not love your father,  
But that I knowe love is begunne by time,  
And that I see in passages of profe,  
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:  
There lives within the very flame of love  
A kind of weeke or snuffe that will abate it,  
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,  
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,  
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe  
We should doe when we would: for this would changes,  
And hath abatements and delays as many,  
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,  
And then this should is like a spend-thrifts sigh,  
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th’ulcer,  
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake,  
To shewe your selfe your fathers sonne indeed,  
More then in words?  

Laer. To cut his throat i’tch’church.  

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarise;  
Revenge should have no bounds: but good Laertes,  
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,  
Hamlet return’d, shall knowe you are come home:  
Wee’ll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,  
And wager on your heads; he being remisse,  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse the foiles, so that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A sword unbated, and in a passe of practise,  
Requite him for your father.  

Laer. I will doo’t,  
And for that purpose Ile annoint my sword.  
I bought an uction of a mountebanke,  
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have vertue
Under the moone, can save the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gull him slightly,
It may be death.

King.   Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and meanes
May fit us to our shape, if this should faile,
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assayd; therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in profe: soft, let me see,
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hav't:

When in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calles for drinke, Ile have prepar'd him
A challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Queene. One woe doth tread upon another's heele,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queene. There is a willow growses aslant a brooke,
That showes his hore leaves in the glassy stremme,
There with fantastick garlandes did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daysies, and long purples
That liberall shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes her coronet weedes
Clambring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,

146 tutch AB. 149 Wey AB. 154 did (for should) ABC. 155 commings
D. 156 hate, A ha't: D. 157 hot CD. drie C. 156 & 157 one line in
ABCDEF. 158 bowts D. the (for that) D. 159 calls B cals CD. pref-
ferd A preferd F. 160 the once BC. 161 tucke B tucke F. 162
how sweet Queene. (for but stay, what noyse) D. 164 they'll D. 166
acaunt the ABC. 167 horry A hoary B hoarie C. glasse D. 168 There-
with A fantastique AB. make (for come) ABC. 169 Dailes A dailes BC.
170 Shepheardes ABD. 171 cull-cold AB culeold CF. 172 cronet A. weeds
BCD. 173 fluer BC. 174 the (for her) D. trophes BC trophyes F.
176 Marmade A mermaide- BC.
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then is she drown'd?
Queene. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water hast thou poore Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my lord,
I have a speech of fire that faine would blase,
But that this folly doubts it.

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will give it start againe;
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

[Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.]

Enter two Clownes.

Clow. Is she to be buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne salvation?

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

Clow. How can that be, unlesse she drowned her selfe 5 in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clow. It must be se offendendo, it cannot be els: for heere lies the point; if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, 10 to performe; argall she drownd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man delver.

Clow. Give me leave; heere lies the water, good: heere

177 laudes AB lauds C (for tunes). 179 indewed ABC. 181 her (for their) D. 182 wench (for wretch) BCF. buy, (for lay) D. 188 she is A. 190 a (for of) ABCF. blaze D. 191 drownes (for doubts) ABCEF. Actus &c. not in any edition. 1 when she (for that) ABC. 3 and therefore D. 5 drown'd ABC. 8 to offended ABC. 10 an Act (for to act,) D. 11 and to performe D. or all; (for argall) ABC. 13 here ABC.
stands the man, good; if the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe, it is will he, null he, he goes, marke 15 you that, but if the water come to him & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clow. I marry is't, crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

Clow. Why there thou say'st, and the more pitty that great folke should have countenance in this world to drowne 25 or hang themselves, more then their even Christen. Come, my spade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clow. He was the first that ever bore armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clow. What, art a heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes Adam dig'd; could hee digge without armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy 35 selfe.

Other. Goe to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger then either the ma- son, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Other. The gallowes maker; for that frame outlives a 40 thousand tenants.

Clow. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallowes does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that doe ill: now thou dost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the church: argall, the gallowes may doe well to 45 thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

Clow. I, tell me that, and unyoke.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clow. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clow. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull
as he will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are
askt this question next, say a grave-maker: the houses 55
he makes lasts till doomesday. Goe, get thee in, and fetch
me a stoupe of liquor.

_Sings._

In youth, when I did love, did love,
   Me thought it was very sweete:
To contract o the time for a my behove, 60
   O me thought there was nothing a meete.

_Ham._ Has this fellowe no feeling of his business, that he
sings in grave-making?

_Hor._ Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

_Ham._ Tis e'en so; the hand of little implant hath 65
the daintier sense.

_Clow._ sings. But age with his stealing steppes
   Hath caught me in his clutches,
   And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such. 70

_Ham._ That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once:
how the knave jovles it to the ground, as if it were Caines
jawbone, that did the first murther: this might be the pate
of a politician, which this asse now ore-reaches; one that
would circumvent God, might it not? 75

_Hor._ It might, my lord.

_Ham._ Or of a courtier, which could say good morrow sweet
lord, how dost thou good lord? This might be my lord such
a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse, when he
meant to begge it, might it not? 80

_Hor._ I, my lord.

_Ham._ Why e'en so: and now my Lady Wormes, chapless,
and knockt about the mazer with a sextons spade; heere's
fine revolution, and we had the tricke to see't. Did these
bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits 85
with them? mine ake to thinke on't.

_Clow._ sings. A pickax and a spade, a spade,

56 that he D. laft B. tell B tel C. get thee to Vaughan, fetch D.
57 foope ABC foape E. liquor ABC. Song. ABC. 61 there was nothing
meete D. Enter Hamlet and Horatio. ABC. 62 bufnes? a ABC. 63 at
(for in) D. 67 Song. ABC. 68 clawed (for caught) ABC. 69 intill D.
71 Soull D. 72 joles A*. th' ground D. twere ABC. 73 murder ABC.
It (for this) D. 74 Politian D. now omitted in D. o're Offices: D. 75
could (for would) D. 77 my (for sweet) BC. 78 sweet (for good) ABC.
79 prais'd D. a (for he) ABC. 80 went A ment B. 82 Choples ABC.
83 maffene A Mazard D. Sextens ABC. 84 if (for and) D. trick B. 85
loggits ABC. 86 with 'em D. 87 Song. ABC. Pickhaxe D.
HAMLET

V I

For and a shrowding-sheeete:
O a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meete.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of
a lawyer? where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases,
his tenures, and his trickes? why dooes he suffer this rude
knave now to knocke him about the sconce with a dirtie shovell,
and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum, 95
this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of land, with
his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers,
his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery
of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will
his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and 100
double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of
indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye
in this boxe; and must the inheritor himselfe have no more?
ha.

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchement made of sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my lord, and of calve-skinnes too.

Ham. They are sheepe and calves which seeke out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow. Whose grave's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir:
O a pit of clay for to be made,
For such a guest is meete.

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

Clow. You lie out on't sir, and therefore it is not 115
yours; for my part, I doe not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

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

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

Ham. What man dost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?
Clow. One that was a woman sir; but rest her soule, shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is? we must speake by the card, or equivocation will undoe us. By the Lord Horatio, these three yeares I have taken note of it, the age is 130 growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant comes so neere the heele of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clow. Of all the dayes i'th'yeare, I came too't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbrasse. 135

Ham. How long is that since?

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

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

Clow. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or if he doe not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. 'Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad as he. 145

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in Denmarke: I have been sexten heere, man and boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th'earth ere he rot?

Clow. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pockie corses now adaies, that will scarce hold 155 the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. A tanner will last you nine yeare.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is 160 a sore decayer of your horson dead body. Heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth three & twenty yeares.
Ham. Whose was it?
Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was; whose doe you thinke it was?
Ham. Nay, I know not.
Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, a pourd a flagon of Renish on my head once. This same skull sir, was Yoricks skull, the kings jester.
Ham. This?
Clow. E’ene that.
Ham. Let me see. Alas poore Yorick, I knew him Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancie, he hath borne me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is, my gorges rises at it. Heere hung those lippes that I have kist I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gamboles? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a rore? not one now to mocke your owne grinning? quite chopefalne? Now get you to my ladies chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this favour she must come, make her laugh at that. Prethie Horatio tell me one thing.
Hor. What’s that my lord?
Ham. Dost thou thinke Alexander lookt o’this fashion i’th’ earth?
Hor. E’ene so.
Ham. And smelt so? pah.
Hor. E’ene so, my lord.
Ham. To what base uses we may returne Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bunghole?
Hor. ’Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.
Ham. No faith, not a jot, but to follow him thether with modestie enough, and likelihood to leade it; as thus. Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make lome; and why of that lome whereto he was converted, might they not stoppe a beere-barrell?
Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn’d to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O, that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the winters flaw.
But soft, but soft, aside; here comes the king,

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and the corse.

The queene, the courtiers. Who is this they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desparate hand,
Foredoo it owne life; 'twas of some estate.
Couch we a while, and marke.

Laer. What ceremonie els?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth, marke.

Laer. What ceremonie els?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as farre inlarg'd
As we have warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great command o're-swayne the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Shardes, flints, and peebles, should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewnements, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:
We should prophane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th'earth,

And from her faire and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring. I tell thee churlish priest,
A ministring angell shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the faire Ophelia?

Queene. Sweets to the sweet, farewell.

I hop'd thou should'ist have been my Hamlets wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deckt sweet maide,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe

208 waters (for winters) ABC. 204 a while, (for aside) ABC. Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant. D. 205 that (for this) D. thay A. 207 desparat AB diperate D. 208 its F. of omitted in D. 213 & 222 Doct. (for Priest) ABC. 214 warranty BC warrantis D. 216 been A beene B bin CF (for have). 217 praler D. 218 Shardes, omitted in ABC. pebbles F. 219 allowed D. Rites (for crants) DEE. 224 fage (for a) D. 231 hop't ABC. 233 t'haue D. trebble BC terrible woe, D.
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes;

Leaps in the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you have made,
To'retop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blew Olympus.

Ham. What is he, whose grieve
Beaeres such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devill take thy soule.

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

King. Plucke them a sunder.

Queene. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Hor. Good my lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Untill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Queene. O my sonne, what theame?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

King. O he is mad Laertes.

Queene. For love of God forbeare him.

Ham. 'Swounds show me what thou'lt doe:
Woo't weepe? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke up esill, eate a crocodile?

Ile doon't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

234 tenne AB. double (for trebble) ABCF. 236 Depruied ABC. 237 Leaps &c. not in ABC. 240 To o're top D. 'keyenf ABC. 241 griefes D. 243 Coniure D. 244 tis BCF. Hamlet leapes in after Laertes A*. 248 Sir (for For) D. spleenative BCD. and omitted in ABC. 249 something in me D. 250 wieffenelle D. Away (for hold off) D. 253 not in D. 254 Gen. (for Hor.) D. 256 theame ABC. 258 loued A. 263 Come (for 'Swounds) D. th'out A th'out BC thou't F. 264 Wilt A*, woo't fast? omitted in D. 265 Efts D veliefs A*. Croadile ABC. 266 thou omitted in ABC.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw 270
Millions of acres on us, till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere madnesse,
And thus a while the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden cuplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Heare you sir:
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter:
Let Hercules himselfe doe what he may,
The cat will mew, and dogge will have his day.

*King.* I pray you good *Horatio* waite upon him,
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weel put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your sonne,
This grave shall have a living monument:
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

*Exeunt.*

[Scena Secunda.]

*Enter* *Hamlet* and *Horatio*.

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

*Hor.* Remember it my lord?

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilboes, rashly,
And praysd be rashnesse for it: let us knowe,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deepe plots doe fall, and that should learne us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

1 Hor. That is most certaine.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gowne scarf about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold
(My feares forgetting manners) to unseale
Their grand commission, where I found Horatio,
Oh royall knavery, an exact command,
Larded with many severall sorts of reasons,
Importing Danmarkes health, and Englands to,
With hoo, such bugges and goblins in my life,
That on the supervise no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

15 Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leasure:
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Ere I could make a prologue to my braines,
They had begunne the play. I sat me downe,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yeomans service: wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithfull tributary,
As love betweene them like the palme might florish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare,
And stand a comma 'tweene their amities,
And many such like assis of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debateement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriving time alow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my fathers signet in my purse,
Which was the modell of that Danish seale:
Folded the writ up in the forme of th'other,
Subscrib'd it, gav't th'impression, plac'd it safely,
The changeling never knowne: now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildensterne and Rosencrans goe too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this employment
They are not neere my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their owne insinuation growe:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now upon,
He that hath kil'd my king, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his angle for my proper life,
And with such costenage, is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? and is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evill.

Hor. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.

Ham. It will be short, the interim's mine,
And a mans life's no more then to say one:
But I am very sorry good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot my selve;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his; Ile count his favours:
But sure the bravery of his griefe did put me
Into a towring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Osricke.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmarke.
Ham. I humbly thanke you sir. Dost know this waterfle? Hor. No my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile; let a beast 85 be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the kings messe; 'tis a couth, but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweete lord, if your lordshippe were at pleasure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty:

Ham. I will receive it sir with all diligence of spirit; 90 put your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thanke your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, beleive me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold my lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very soultry, and hot 95 for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my lord, his majesty bad me signifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Osr. Nay, good my lord for mine ease in good faith: sir, here is newly come to court Laertes, beleive me an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft so- ciety, and great showing: indeede to speake feelingly of 105 him, he is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his defniment suffers no perdition in you, though I know to divide him inventorially, would dizziness thearithme- tick of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of 110 his quick saile, but in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixon of him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who els would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

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

Osr. Sir.

---

82 humble A. water-fly AB. 84 gratious B. 85 fertill: ABC. 87 law (for- say,) D. 88 friendship (for lordshippe) D. 90 sir not in D. dilligence ABC. 91 put omitted in ABC. 92 'lis DEF. 95 But yet not in D. fully A. hot, or ABC. 96 completion A. 97 souldery A (souldery A* 98 but not in ABC. 99 a (for he) ABC. layed ABC. 102 in good faith, (for good my lord) D. my ABC. 104 ful A. 105 sellingly (for feelingly) A. 109 deuide ABC. doile A. 110 raw (for yaw) BCF.
Hor. Ist not possible to understand in another tongue, you will doo't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes.

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

Ham. Of him sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant.

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

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

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

Osr. I meane sir for his weapon, but in the imputation layd on him by them in his meed, hee's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

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

Osr. The king sir hath wag'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has impaund as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so: three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would bee more german to the matter if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then; but on, six Barbary horses against six French swords their assignes, and three liberall conceived carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish; why is this all impon'd as you call it?

Osr. The king sir, hath laid sir, that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceede you

121 too't (for doo't) A. 103 — 129 wanting in D.E. 130 not omitted in BC. is at his weapon. D. 132 wel A. 134 this (for his) ABC. 135 laide A. 131—135 not in D.E. 139 The sir King ha's D. wagerd ABC. 140 he impon'd D. fixe D. 141 Poynards ABC. 142 Hangers or fo D. carriages B. 146—147 not in D. 148 carriage ABC. 149 Ierman A Germaine D Germane E. 150 a cannon AB. might omitted in A. it be might B*. 153 but (for bet) D. 154 all not in D. impon'd as omitted in ABC. 155 fir, (after laid) not in D. 156 your felle (for you) ABC.
three hits; he hath layd on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.

_Ham._ How if I answere no? 160

_Osr._ I meane my lord, the opposition of your person in triall. _Ham._ Sir, I will walke heere in the hall; if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foiles be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can: if not, I will 165 gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

_Osr._ Shall I deliver you so? _Ham._ To this effect sir, after what flourish your nature will.

_Osr._ I commend my duty to your lordshippe. 170

_Ham._ Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

_Hor._ This lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

_Ham._ He did complie with his dugge before hee suck't it: thus has he and many more of the same breede that I 175 know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

_Enter a Lord._

_Lord._ My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Ostricke, who brings backe to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

_Ham._ I am constant to my purposes, they followe the 185 kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

_Lord._ The king, and queene, and all are comming downe.

_Ham._ In happy time.

_Lord._ The queene desires you to use some gentle enter- 190 tainment to Laertes, before you fall to play.

_Ham._ Shee well instructs me.

157 layd omitted in D. one (for on) D. mine (for nine) D. that (for it) D. 163 'tis D. 165 if (for and) D. Ile D. 167 redeliuer D. ee'n fo D. 171 Yours doo's ABC. 172 for his (for tongue (for turne) D. 174 A did fir with A A did so fir with BCF. a (for bee) ABF. 175 had J E. mine D nine E (for many). Beavy D Beavy E (for breede). 177 out of an (for outward) ABC. encounter ABC. hity A mity B mittle C. 178 prophane AB profane CP (for fond). 179 trennowed A trennowned BCF (for winnowed). tryalls: D. 191 goe (for fall) BC. 181—192 not in D.
Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not thinke so, since he went into France, I have bene in continuall practise; I shall winne at the 195 odde; but thou would'st not thinke how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde dislike any thing, obey it. I will fore-stall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie augurie; there is a speciall providence in the fall of a sparowe. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man of ought he leaves, knowes what is't to leave betimes? let be.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other
   Attendants with foyles, and gauntlets, a table
   and flagons of wine on it.

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

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I've done you wrong, But pardon't as you are a gentleman.

This presence knowes,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish't
With sore distraction: what I have done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:

Wast Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never Hamlet.

If Hamlet from himselfe be tane away,
And when he's not himselfe, dooes wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it:
Who does it then? his madnesse. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore Hamlets enemy.
Sire, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,

193 this wager, not in ABC. 196 ods; A B. but omitted in ABC. wouldest
D. all (for ill all's) D. 199 gamgiuing A game-giuing BCF. 201 it not
in D. shall (for will) C. fortal A. 203 augury ABD. there's D a omitted
in ABC. 204 now omitted in ABC. 206 well A. man ha's ought of what
he D. 207 leaues. What D. betimes, ABC. let be. not in D. A table pre-
pard (prepared), Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushions, King, Queene,
and all the state, Poiles, daggers, and Laertes. ABC. 209 I haue ABC.
210 & 211 one line in A BCF. 213 With a sore ABC. 215 heare A.
proclaime BCD. 216 & 221 wronged ABC. 218 doo's B doe's C do's D.
225 not in ABC.
HAMLET

That I have shot mine arrowe o're the house,
And hurt my brother.

_Laer._ I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stirre me most
To my revenge, but in my termes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder maisters of knowne honor
I have a voyce and president of peace
To keepe my name nugor'd: but all that time
I doe receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

_Ham._ I embrace it freely,
And will this brothers wager frankly play.
Give us the foiles: come on.

_Laer._ Come, one for me.

_Ham._ Ile be your foile Laertes, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i' th' darkest night,
Sticke fiery of indeede.

_Laer._ You mocke me sir.

_Ham._ No by this hand.

_King._ Give them the foiles young Osricke, cosin Hamlet,
You knowe the wager.

_Ham._ Very well my lord,
Your grace hath laid the oddes a' th' weaker side.

_King._ I doe not feare it, I have seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore oddes.

_Laer._ This is to heavy, let me see another.

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

_Prepare to play._

_Osr._ I my good lord.

_King._ Set me the stoopes of wine upon that table:
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire,
The king shall drinke to Hamlets better breath,
And in the cup an union shall he throwe,
Richer then that, which foure successive kings
In Denmarke's crowne have wore. Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,

226 my _ABC._ 227 Mother (for brother) _D._ 233 keepe _omitted in ABC._
vngorg'd _D._ till (for all) _D._ 235 I do embrace _D._ 236 franckly _AB_
frankly _D._ 237 come on _not in ABC._ 240 off _D._ 242 Ostricke _ABC._
244 has _ABC._ 246 better _ABC._ 247 too _DEF._ 248 Prepare to play.
_not in ABC._ 250 foops _CF_ Stopes _DE._ the (for that) _BCF._ 258 Ordin-
nance _D._ 255 Voice _A_ Onixe _B_ Onix _C_ Onyx _F._ 258 Trumpets _D._
The trumpet to the canvoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the king drinkes to Hamlet. Come, beginne,
And you the judges beare a wary eye. Trumpets the while.

Ham. Come on sir.
Laer. Come my lord.

Ham. One.
Laer. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well, againe.

King. Stay, give me drinke. Hamlet, this pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Ham. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while.
Come, another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I doe confess.

King. Our sonne shall winne.

Queene. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Heere Hamlet take my napkin rub thy browes,
The queene carowes to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam.

King. Gertrude, doe not drinke.

Queene. I will my lord; I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poyson'd cup, it is too late.

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

Queene. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My lord, Ile hit him now.

King. I doe not think't.

Laer. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third Laertes, you but daily,
I pray you passe with your best violence,
I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on.

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

In scuffling they change rapiers.

Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come, againe.
Osr. Looke to the queene there ho.
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it my lord?
Osr. How is't Laertes?
Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine owne springe, Osricke,
I am justly kill'd with mine owne treachery.
Ham. How does the queene?
King. She sounds to see them bleede.
Queene. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, o my deere Hamlet,
The drinke, the drinke, I am poysone.
Ham. O villanie! ho let the doore be lock'd,
Treacherie, seeke it out.
Laer. It is heere Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No medicine in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houre of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foule practise
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe, heere I lie,
Never to rise againe: thy mother's poysone:
I can no more, the king, the king's too blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too, then venom to thy worke.

_Hurts the King._

All. Treason, treason.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou incestuous, murdrous, damned Dane,
Drinke off this potion: is thy union heere?
Follow my mother.
Laer. He is justly serv'd,
It is a poysone temperd by himselfe:
Exchange forgivennesse with me, noble Hamlet;
Mine and my fathers death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.

King dyes.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead Horatio, wretched queene adiew.
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant death
Is strict in his arrest, o I could tell you,

286 howe A hoe BC hoa DE. 287 ist D. 289 owne omitted in D. sprinde
ABD. 291 fwoones F. 294 villaine, AC Villany! D. how A hoe BC How?
DE. 296 Hamlet. omitted in ABC. 297 medcin AB me decine C. 298
hours life, ABC. 299 my (for thy) ABC. 303 am (for can) CF. 304
invenom'd A. to (for too) ABC. _Hurts the King._ not in ABC. 307 mur-
orous, omitted in ABC. 308 of ABC. the Onixe ABC. 309 King dyes.
not in ABC. serued ABC. 310 temp'red D. 313 Dyes. not in ABC.
But let it be; Horatio, I am dead,
Thou liv’st, report me and my cause a right
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Heere’s yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th’art a man,
Give me the cup, let goe, by heaven Ile have’t.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknowne, shall I leave behind me.
If thou did’st ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine,
To tell my storie. March a farre off, and shout within.

What warlike noise is this?

Enter Osricke.

Osr. Young Fortinbraesse, with conquest come from Poland,
To th’embassadors of England gives
This warlike volly.

Ham. O I die Horatio:
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot live to heare the newes from England,
But I doe prophesie th’election lights
On Fortinbraesse, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th’occurrents more and lesse,
Which have solicited, the rest is silence.

Dyes. Now cracks a noble heart: good night sweete prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why dooes the drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with drumme,
 colours, and attendants.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?

If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havock. O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodyly hast strooke?

321 liueft ABC. aright BC. cau’es right D. 323 anticke A antique F.
324 liuer A. 325 hate, ABC hav’t, F. 326 god A God BC. 327 shal
liue D. 381 A march ABC. and shout within not in ABC. Ofrick ABC.
336 ore-growes BC. 339 the D. occurrants AC occurrants B. 340 silence.
O, o, o, o. D. Dyes not in ABC. 341 cracke D. 342 finge BC. 343 Enter
Fortenbrafe (Fortinbraface), with the Embassadors. ABC. 344 you ABC. 346
His (for This) D. haunccke D. 347 infernall F. 348 shoote, D.
Amb. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should give us hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrans and Guildensterne are dead:
Where should we have our thankes?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you:
He never gave command'ment for their death;
But since so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Pollack warres, and you from England
Are heere arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about; so shall you heare
Of carnall, bloody, and unnaturall acts,
Of accidentall judgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on th'inventors heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us hast to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while mens minde are wilde, least more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captaines
Beare Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To have prov'd most royall; and for his passage,
The soldiours musick and the rites of warre
Speake loudly for him.
Take up the bodies; such a sight as this

352 commandement BC: fulfilled A. 356 commandement ABC. 357 3umpe D. 358 Pollock BC Polake D. 361 th' D. omitted in A. 363 cruell (for carnall) BCF. 365 for no (for forc'd) ABC. 367 the BCD. inuenters ABC. 371 Rites (for rights) D. to (for in) A. 372 are (for now) D. claime BI cleime C. 373 alwas (for also) D. 374 no (for on) ABC. 376 whiles D. Left D. 380 proued ABC. royally: D. 381 right (for rites) ABC. 388 body D.
Becomes the field, but here shows much amisse.
Goe, bid the soldiers shoote.

385

Exeunt marching: after the which, a peale of ordinance are shot off.

FINIS.

384 amis D. 385 marching &c. not in ABC.
NOTES.

Act. I. Sc. 1. L. 23. If it had not been my purpose to follow the original copies in every particular, I would have printed "him, along".

L. 60. "sleaded (sledded)" may be a mistake, but "pollax" is certainly not.

L. 90. That "comart" is a misprint I make no doubt; perhaps the quarto of 1676 has hit right in reading "compact".

L. 114. A line is probably lost here.

L. 124. _ABC_ have the stage-direction "It spreads his armes".

L. 158. "dare" is the genuine pret. pres. form, still usual in Shakespeare's time; "dares" the product of a later time ignorant of its nature.

L. 164. Warburton observes, The old quarto has it better "eastward"; to which Steevens replies, The superiority of the latter of these readings is not, to me at least, very apparent. I find the former used in _Lingua &c._ 1607:

— — and overclimbs
Yonder gilt eastern hills.

Again, in Browne's Britannia's Pastorals, book IV, sat. IV, p. 75, edit 1616:

And ere the sunne had clymb'd the eastern hills.

Again, in Chapman's version of the thirteenth book of Homer's Odyssey:

— — — — Ulysses still
An eye directed to the eastern hill.

Sc. 2. L. 38. The poet should have written allows. Many writers fall into this error, when a plural noun immediately precedes the verb. Malone. Surely, all such defects in our author were merely the errors of illiterate transcribers or printers. Steevens. If these critics had known the grammar of the 16th century, they would have been aware, that Shakespeare was perfectly right in using the subjunctive here.


L. 67. "sonne" is certainly a misprint for "sunne". Farmer questions whether a quibble between sun and son be not intended.

L. 72. "lives", the true old form of the 3d pers. plur., is arbitrarily changed by the modern editors to "live".

L 110. B. Tschischwitz (Shakespeare's Hamlet, Halle 1869) boldly substitutes for "with", "wis", which he pretends to be = iwis.

L. 132. Of course, _canon_ (κανών) is meant.
L. 175. All the editors adopt the reading of D; still I think “deeps” was put in by the printer of D, in order to avoid “for to”. The agreement of A* may be accidental. See note on III. 1. 167.


L. 218. “it” is not a mistake for “its” (as the modern editors seem to think), but the older form. In Shakespeare’s time use had not yet decided for its. See V. 1. 208.


L. 31. I think loose (soleatis), not lose (perdatis) is intended.

L. 36, 38 & 39 are marked with inverted commas in ABC.

L. 65. I confess “courage” is unintelligible to me; still, as ABCF agree with A*, I cannot prevail upon myself to displace it for “comrade” of DE, which seems to be a mere conjectural reading.

L. 73. Probably the author had originally written:

And they in France of the best rank and station

Are most select and generous in that:

and then given between the lines or in the margin “of”, “chief”, meaning these as alternative readings for “in” and “best” in the first line. The transcriber by mistake inserted them in the second line. Clark and Wright, the works of W. Shakespeare, London and Cambridge 1866, vol. VIII, pref. p. VIII.

L. 109. “Wrong” is evidently a mistake, as well as “Roaming”; Pope conjectures “Wronging”, Theobald “Wringing”, and Collier “Running”.

Sc. 4. according to Capell.

L. 32. Instead of “His” Theobald, Singer, Collier and Dyce print “Their”.


Sc. 5. according to Capell.

L. 33. The superiority of the reading of the folio is to me apparent: to be in a crescent state (i.e. to root itself) affords an idea of activity; to rot better suits with the dullness and inaction to which the ghost refers. Steevens. I have preferred the reading of the original copy, because to root itself is a natural and easy phrase, but to rot itself, not English. Malone. “rots” probably a misprint. Collier.

L. 43. Malone prints “wit”, observing, The old copies have “wite”. The subsequent line shows that it was a misprint. Singer and Collier adopt Malone’s emendation, without even noticing the original reading.

L. 56. That “sate” is the true reading is proved by “sate” in A*, which cannot be but a mistake for “sate”.
L. 80. It was ingeniously hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this line seems to belong to Hamlet, in whose mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation. Johnson.

L. 89. Elze (Shakespeare's Hamlet, Leipzig 1857) suspects “matine” to be a misprint for “matines”.

L. 93. “O fie”. These words (which hurt the measure, and from that circumstance, and their almost ludicrous turn, may be suspected as an interpolation) are found in the two earliest quartos. Steevens.

L. 177. The modern editors tacitly change “and” to “an”, probably supposing a correction what a true critic cannot but call a falsification. [Koch, hist. Gram. der engl. Sprache 2, 410, thinks this an (for and) = A.-Sax. ono, Goth. an, and Tschischwitz implicitly takes it for granted: See however Diction. of the O. Engl. language in voce and.]

L. 179. Instead of “to note” Theobald proposes to read “denote”.

Act. II. Sc. 1. L. 85. Theobald, who is followed by Hanmer, Warburton, and Johnson, reads “loose” for “foul’d”, on the authority, as he says, of the elder quartos. It is not the reading of any of the first six, but of those of 1676, 1683, 1695 and 1703. Had Capell been aware of this, he would scarcely have designated Theobald’s mistake as a downright falsehood. Theobald, at the time of writing his Shakespeare Restored, knew of no quarto earlier than that of 1637, and it is just possible that some copy of this edition, from which that of 1676 was printed, may have had the reading “loose”. Clark and Wright.

Sc. 2. L. 52. In the erroneous repetition of “newes” in D Tschischwitz will discover the true reading, viz. “nuttes”, which he does not scruple to take into his text.


L. 336. Pope, Singer, Collier, and Dyce print “most like”, instead of “like most”.

L. 384. The reading of the quarto of 1676 “wit” (for “writ”) is perhaps the right one; it has been adopted by Rowe, Theobald, Warburton etc. See S. Walker’s Crit. Exam. vol. III, p. 265.

L. 467. Collier and Dyce print “Aroused”.

L. 529. The folio reads “warm’d”, which reading Steevens contended for: he was probably moved by a spirit of opposition; for surely no one can doubt, who considers the context, that “wann’d” is the poet’s word. Singer.

L. 566. According to Clark and Wright, the copy of B* in Capell’s collection reads “braines”. The copy which I have collated is that of the British Museum.


L. 39. Walker (Crit. Exam. 1, 252) supposes that Shakespeare wrote “beautie”.

L. 87. “awry (away)”. The same printer’s error occurs in the old
copy of Antony and Cleopatra, where we find "Your crown's away", instead of "Your crown's awry". Steevens.

L. 167. The printer of D left out for, probably because he thought "for to" vulgar.

Sc. 2. according to Capell.

L. 31. I have no doubt that our author wrote "had made them".

Malone.

L. 56. "faining" in D is not a misprint, as Collier thinks, but another form of "fauning", just as good, if not better. See Diction. of the O. Engl. language in voce fainen.

L. 154. A line rhyming to "love" seems to be lost here; that "Either none" was part of it, as Malone supposes, is not likely to me.

L. 169. in the margin in A, to mark it as spoken aside.

L. 207. Theobald changes "And" to "An"; a correction approved by all the subsequent editors.

L. 212. in the margin in A.

L. 242. I have admitted the reading of ABC, "considerate", because it seems to suit the context best; still the reading of A*D, "confederate", may be the true one; it is adopted by most editors.

L. 262. "Provinciall" is by several editors changed to "Provencial".

Douce (Illustrations of Shakespeare p. 467) shows that the Provincial roses took their name from Provins, not from Provence.

L. 266. I agree with Malone, that not the pronoun, but the adverb, now spelt a y, is meant here.

L. 270. "pajock" is traced by Tschischwitz to Pol. pajok (footman). The quarto of 1676 has "paiock", that of 1695 "pecock". Pope, Malone, Singer, and Collier print "peacock", Theobald, and Elze "paddock".

Sc. 3. L. 7. "browes" in ABC seems to be a mistake clumsily corrected by D to "lunacies". Theobald thinks "lunes" to be the true reading.

L. 14. Instead of "depends and rests" the modern editors, of course, print "depend and rest". See note on L. 2. 72.

Sc. 4. according to Capell; Sc. 2. according to Rowe.

L. 4. Hamner, Dyce, Clark and Wright will read "sconce" for "silence".

L. 18. I think with Collier and Dyce, that "idle" in D is repeated by the transcriber or compositor from the preceding line.

L. 49. Tschischwitz judiciously conjectures "contractation" = Ital. contrattazioni, contract, which meaning was already supposed by Warburton. Cmp. affection = affectation, II. 2. 423.

L. 100. "kyth", evidently the true reading, is not even noticed by the editors.

L. 107. I am of Dyce's opinion, that "your" is the right reading, and that here (as V. 1. 289) is left out in D. Caldecott, Collier and Knight print "What would you, gracious figure?"
L. 132. Singer’s correction “affects” is very plausible.
L. 164. “leave” seems to be the true reading, overlooked by the editors.
L. 168. Steevens proposes “Or”, and Staunton “Oft”, for “Of”. Theobald, at the suggestion of Thirlby, alters “devil” to “evil”.
L. 175. A verb seems to be left out after “either”. Malone supplies “curb”, Singer “quell”. Collier adopts the reading of E “master” (a clumsy correction, if not a mistake for “either”) which suits neither the metre, nor the context. Dyce combines the readings of ABC and DE, printing “And either master the devil”.

Act. IV. Sc. 1. indicated in the quarto of 1676.
L. 40. There is evidently a gap, which is filled up with “for haply slander”, by Theobald, “so, haply, slander”, by Capell, “so viperous slander”, by Malone, “by this, suspicion”, by Tschirschwitz. I think the last reading is the most suitable, but it might perhaps be improved by substituting “so that”, for “by this”.
Sc. 2. according to Pope.
L. 17. “apple” in ABC is a mistake, or pretended correction.
Sc. 3. L. 70. Tschirschwitz proposes to read “will ne’re be gun”.
Sc. 4. Pope; Sc. 2. Rowe.
L. 17. In order to improve the metre, some editors add “sir”, after “speake”.
L. 30. The quarto of 1676 reads “b’w ye”. The modern editors print “be wi’ you”, without any authority.
Sc. 5. L. 17—20 are marked with inverted commas in ABC, not for the purpose, observes Collier, of showing that the passage was a quotation, but to enforce it as an axiom.
L. 23. In D the song of Ophelia is printed in Italics.
L. 39. Pope, Theobald, Warburton, Singer, Dyce, Clark and Wright print “did go”, in opposition to all the old editions, and without knowing the original ballad from which the line is taken.
L. 57. The sign ? is often used in D to mark an exclamation.
L. 65. The modern editors, of course, print “An”. See note on L. 5. 177.
L. 74. I suppose the poet first wrote “and now behold”, for which he then substituted “O Gertrude, Gertrude”.
L. 86. Johnson thinks “Feeds on his wonder” the true reading, which is adopted by all the subsequent editors.
L. 117. The quarto edition of 1676 reads “browne”.
L. 140. Johnson, Singer, and Collier tacitly print “sweepstake”, Dyce “swoopstake”.
L. 149. “peare” is a misprint for “pearce”, as I. 1. 118 “feare” for “fearce”.
L. 150. “noise”, I rather suspect, is a misprint for “noize” (voice). The modern editors print “Danes”.
L. 165. is printed in Italics, as the song, in D.

Sc. 6. according to Capell.

L. 12. The letter is printed in Italics in D.

Sc. 7. L. 21. Else, in the Athenæum, 1869, I, 284, judiciously proposes to read “graves” for “graces”.

L. 22. All the modern editors adopt the reading of D, which however is very negligently printed here.

L. 62. “checking at” is obviously the true reading, supported by the mistake “the king at” of A; “liking not” in BC, a conjectural emendation of the senseless reading of A.

L. 122. Singer prints “a spendthrift’s sigh”, and observes, The reading of the old copies, which I have restored, had been altered in the modern editions to “a spendthrift sigh”, without reason. Dyce adopts “a spendthrift sigh”, with the observation, This passage is only in the quartos, all which, except that of 1637, have “a spend-thrifts sigh”, — quite wrongly, I conceive, though Capell, Collier and Knight think otherwise.

L. 159. Collier thinks “prefer’d” to be the true reading.

L. 191. If “douts” is = douts, it will suit the context better than “drownes”. Nares (Glossary 254) produces “it douts the light” from Sylvester, and “dout a candle” is still used in Dorsetshire, Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, Herefordshire, Shropshire and Yorkshire.

Act. V. Sc. 1. in the quarto edition of 1676.

L. 60. Collier observes, The “o” and the “a” in this line are only the interjections of the Clown in his double exertion of singing and digging.

L. 179. The folio, “jeering”; but the scull did not jeer, though it grinned. Collier. Instead of “chopfale” all the editors arbitrarily print “chap-fallen.”

L. 218. The modern editors, of course, adopt the reading of F, “pebbles”.

L. 257. There can be little doubt that “thirtie” is a misprint for “thereby”; most of the editors, however, adopt the conjectural emendation of D, “shortly”.

Sc. 2. according to Rowe.


L. 29. Capell and Singer print “villainies”.

L. 44. As “know” cannot be, nor has ever been, used substantively it must be a misprint in D; however it is adopted by Collier. For the use of “knowing” as a monosyllable, see Shakespeare’s Versification etc. by S. Walker, p. 119.

L. 63. S. Walker (Shakespeare’s Versification p. 281) shows that
Shakespeare's time "thinks't thee" occurs in the sense of μον δοξεί. Singer and Collier adopt the reading of C.

L. 78. Instead of "count", Rowe, Theobald, and Dyce print "court".

L. 110. Dyce prints "it", instead of "yet". Singer and Collier prefer "raw" to "yaw".

L. 175. Singer and Dyce adopt the reading of D, of course modernized to "bevy".

L. 178. "fond" is possibly, as Warburton supposes, a misprint for "fand" (fanned). Tschischwitz amends "prophane" to "profound".

L. 206. If "ha's" in D is a mistake for "knowes", the passage may originally have run, as Johnson prints it, "since no man knowes ought of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?" The quarto of 1676 has "tis" for "is't".

L. 237. "on" seems to be a mistake for "one": the foils are taken l. 247, and the summons "come on" is made l. 263.

L. 291. The editors correct "swoons" (Delius and Tschischwitz "swoonds"). See Beiträge zu einem wörterb. der engl. sprache p. 501.

L. 327. It can hardly be denied, that the reading of ABC is more natural than that of D, which however is preferred by all the editors. See note on III. 4. 164.

L. 374. "will drawe on more", scil. voices; referring to the declaration of Hamlet, "he has my dying voice". Collier.
CORRECTIONS.

Page 4, line 43, read BC for C
  5,  43, add 139 Exit Ghost. not in ABC.
  11,  43, read thee for the
  14,  36, inbarckt ABC.
  16,  22, above
  38,  Thoie
  18,  9, [Scena Quarta.]
  19,  25, thee for the
  21,  4, [Scena Quinta.]
  38, almost
  38, add after 1 Whither A*F.
  41,  27 least (for best) A*.
  22,  39, read shouuldeft
  40,  Rankely and Ranckely
  46,  add 100 fawe B. saw OF.
  29,  29, read [Scena Prima.]
  36,  hah't
  44, add after ABCD. vnreclaimed AB vnreclalm'd D. and read wit,
  38, add after BD. he (for him) F.
  41, read you D.
  30,  6, thee for the
  45,  41 en ABC e'en F e'en A* friendly
  44,  10, Prethee
  48,  44, add after 75 he omitted in BC.
  53,  21, read Ham. Nay,
  61,  16,  griefes for giefes
  39,  stonifh
  69,  42, Starts
  72,  38, Bestow
  73,  40, soft
  74,  42, reft
  75,  42, add B after guttes
  82,  44, read dry
  85,  37, wouldn't
  40, add C after AB
  86,  39, dele C after publique
  87,  42, read says
  89,  42, Reuendge
  90,  3,  145
  39, add A before B
This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.
A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.
Please return promptly.