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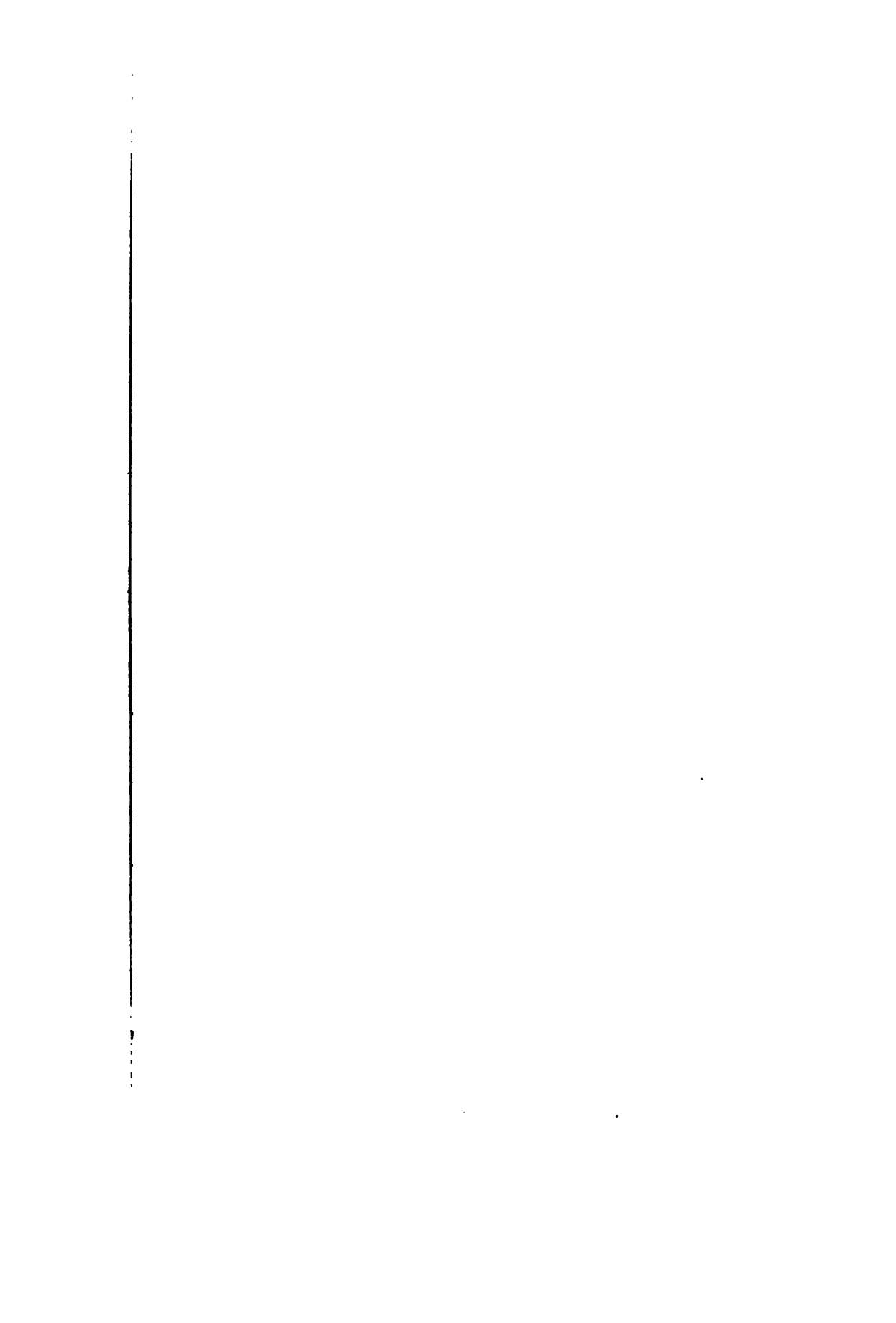
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(HAMNET EDITION.)

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK:

ACCORDING TO THE FIRST FOLIO

(SPELLING MODERNISED).

WITH FURTHER REMARKS ON

THE EMPHASIS-CAPITALS OF SHAKSPERE.

BY

ALLAN PARK PATON.

EDINBURGH: EDMONSTON & COMPANY.

MDCCCLXXVIII.

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THE following is a Table shewing approximately the number of Emphasis-Capitals in each of the Plays of Shakspeare, as found in the First Folio (1623), and the number of lines in each Play. Of all the Works here enumerated, in the order of what the Editors have called the "Catalogue of the several Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume," with the exception of such as we have distinguished by an asterisk, the Folio of 1623 was the First Edition. Troilus and Cressida, omitted in the "Catalogue," we have included between Henry the Eighth and Coriolanus, where it appears in the Volume.

	Lines.	E. Caps.		Lines.	E. Caps.
The Tempest,	2,333	722	The First Part of King Henry		
The Two Gentlemen of Ve-			the Sixth,	2,739	1,613
rona,	2,241	512	The Second Part of King		
The Merry Wives of Windsor,	2,661	750	Henry the Sixth,	3,186	1,727
Measure for Measure,	2,855	589	The Third Part of King Henry		
The Comedy of Errors,	1,849	306	the Sixth,	3,043	1,958
*Much ado about Nothing,	2,626	165	*The Life and Death of		
*Love's Labour Lost,	2,833	750	Richard the Third,	3,696	2,063
*Midsummer Night's Dream,	2,130	453	The Life of King Henry the		
*The Merchant of Venice,	2,655	387	Eighth,	3,239	1,567
As you Like it,	2,780	504	*The Tragedy of Troilus and		
The Taming of the Shrew,	2,644	281	Cressida,	3,524	838
All is well, that Ends well,	2,975	348	The Tragedy of Coriolanus,	3,783	2,142
Twelfth Night, or what you			*Titus Andronicus,	2,583	841
will,	2,468	371	*Romeo and Juliet,	3,068	1,166
The Winters Tale,	3,309	1,834	Timon of Athens,	2,494	1,294
The Life and Death of King			The Life and death of Julius		
John,	2,642	479	Cæsar,	2,381	1,286
*The Life and death of			The Tragedy of Macbeth,	2,385	1,467
Richard the Second,	2,742	1,400	*The Tragedy of Hamlet,	3,334	1,720
*The First Part of King			*King Lear,	3,181	1,138
Henry the Fourth,	3,058	1,984	*Othello, the Moor of Venice,	3,593	1,798
*The Second Part of King			Anthony and Cleopatra,	3,475	1,453
Henry the Fourth,	3,257	2,261	Cymbeline King of Britain,	3,682	2,091
The Life of King Henry the					
Fifth,	3,276	2,128			

This Table, from which we learn that there are above forty thousand Emphasis-Capitals in the First Folio, or, on an average, one to every second or third line, suggests several interesting questions, which we purpose considering in a future Part of this Series :—such questions as, Why should there be in the Comedy *The Merchant of Venice*, of 2,655 lines, only 387 of these Emphasis-Capitals, while in *The Tragedy of Macbeth*, of 2,385 lines, there are 1467,—a thousand more in a shorter play ; or, Why are all the English Histories so richly endowed with these, their possessions ranging from 1,400 to 2,261, while *King John* has only 479 ?

As stated in the Introduction to the Hamnet Edition of *Macbeth*, recently published, these Special Capitals,—not Capitals attached to Proper Names, or at the commencement of lines or sentences,—were, we believe, employed by Shakspeare in his Manuscript, to show his Fellow Players on what words weight was to be laid, so as to bring out his right and full meaning, and in the First Folio they seem to have been religiously preserved by the Editors, Heminge and Condell, his friends and fellow players, in what they call “the office of their pain and care”: that colossal task, possibly delegated to them by Shakspeare himself in his last illness, and whose fulfilment occupied them about seven years.

Of editing Shakspeare’s works, and writing books on them and him, there is no end, and with such a popular subject many have to do whom the Gods have not made Poetical, and who, therefore, do not know what Poetical is. We have laborious contributors in every branch connected with him and his writings, but, of course, the first thing, which has led to all the interest, is his MEANING, that is “the Heart of heart,” and on which depends the accurate reading or reciting of his language, and we claim for these Emphasis-Capitals, that in this, they are the confidential servants or body-guard. Adherents to our opinion increase in number more rapidly than could have been anticipated, for there are so many grave interests bound up with Modern Editions which shew the shorn Text, that any published favourable words of an Edition restoring these abolished Capitals, and upon the ground of their being indispensable, cannot be other than few and far between. With a large number of persons, to admit that there is anything whatever in them, making them worthy of restoration, would be to lift a stone to break their own heads, and, accordingly, there is either silence, or

utterances of the "when I ope my lips, let no dog bark" character, to force the Emphasis-Capitals to be regarded as merely types of a different shape, signifying nothing; emanating from the Printers, and not thoughtfully selected, and carefully set down in his Manuscript, by Shakspeare himself. One of the reviewers has said, "These Capitals were simply inserted by the printers in the fashion of the time when no two printing offices agreed in the matter, or even took the trouble to be consistent with themselves," a statement with which we think no earnest and impartial student of the First Folio, capable of judging, can agree.

So far from their being simply inserted by the printers on their own responsibility, these Emphasis-Capitals must have been to them the cause of immense additional anxiety and labour, and there are numerous instances to shew that, occurring as they did in quite unusual places, they had actually confused the printers, and led to passages being misprinted. We can only here give one or two examples, and shall take them from the present Play so that the reader may the more readily examine them, and satisfy himself that this is the case. On page 53 will be found the lines :

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

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you play'd, &c.

In most of the Modern Editions this last line is printed :

Ham. No, nor mine now. My Lord you play'd, &c.,

and no doubt this was Shakspeare's meaning,—“the words have been spoken,—they are mine no longer,—they are public property,”—and it is confirmed by the Second Quarto (1604), where we find :

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You play'd once, &c.

We believe that in Shakspeare's Manuscript, from which the First Folio was printed, it stood thus :

Ham. No, nor mine Now. My Lord, you play'd, &c.,

and that the oddness of the position of the Emphasis-Capital led to the

printers believing that the "Now" commenced a new sentence, and to their sinking the Capital letter which really commenced the new sentence. Another instance will be found on page 56 :

King. I do believe you. Think what now you speak :
But what we do determine, oft we break :

The Second Quarto has :

King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
and so it is printed in the most of Modern Editions.

In Shakspeare's Manuscript it evidently stood :

King. I do believe you Think what now you speak.

and the Emphasis-Capital, appearing where it did, led the printer to treat the part before it as a separate sentence.

All honour, say we, to the Printers of the First Folio ! They were *not* guilty of the "careless hap-hazard printing" which has been imputed to them. We owe them much, and should never forget it. To blame them for careless printing is of a piece with accusing of careless editing Shakspeare's personal friends, Heminge and Condell, who were gentlemen and scholars, and undertook their great enterprize, "without ambition either of self-profit, or fame." Well did the printers perform their onerous task, but to no printer do these Emphasis-Capitals owe existence. The printer who could have placed these forty thousand special Capital letters where they are, following all the subtilties of the Poet's thought, would himself have been a Shakspeare.

Through the course of the Second, Third and Fourth Folios, these Emphasis-Capitals suffered reduction, but not to any great extent. For instance, the *Tempest*, out of 722, lost 116 ; *Macbeth*, out of 1467, 287 ; and *Coriolanus*, out of 2142, 221 : not a great loss during nearly half a century.

On the other hand, the Folios of 1632, 64, and 85, possess *other* Emphasis-Capitals, the *Tempest* showing 186, *Macbeth* 287, and *Coriolanus* 698—679 of these being contributed by the Fourth Folio, a disproportion which is striking, and must have a good reason, to be yet discovered.

Appended to the Introduction to the Hamnet Macbeth, we gave a List of the lines in it containing new Emphasis-Capitals, and did so, instead of incorporating them in the Text and distinguishing them by figures or footnotes, through desire that the reader should not have his attention disturbed on the way. This arrangement is now again followed, but as in the Hamlet of the First Folio there are no Acts or Scenes beyond the Second Scene of the Second Act, reference in this List is made to the pages in which lines receiving new Emphasis-Capitals are to be found.

We feel assured that an unprejudiced study of these additional Emphasis-Capitals must result in the opinion which we hold, that they were in "the True Original Copies," according to which the First Folio was published, and that, whatever their after-fate, Shakspeare's Manuscripts existed, and were referred to, up to 1685. It will be found that in the most of cases, the word receiving an Emphasis-Capital in the after Folios, is the complement of a word so distinguished in the First Folio, and often, at parts in the First Folio, where we have said to ourselves, "Surely Shakspeare would, with equally good reason, have marked this other word in the same way," we found, on reference to the after Folios, that that other word had been advanced to its proper dignity, and was holding up its head along with its responsible fellows. The following are instances :—

"My Mother : Father and Mother is Man and Wife : Man and Wife is one flesh, and so my Mother."

In the First Folio the last five Emphasis-Capitals are wanting : four of them appear in the Second, and the remaining one in the Third.

"Oh Heavens, is't possible, a young Maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old Mans life."

The Emphasis-Capital in the second line appears only in the Fourth Folio.

How came he dead? I'll not be Juggled with.
To Hell Allegiance : Vows, to the blackest Devil.
Conscience and Grace, to the Profoundest Pit.

The first and last Emphasis-Capitals in the second of these lines appear in the Fourth Folio ; and the second last in the third line, in the Second Folio ; and it is manifest that they supply omissions. Besides cases like these, where words in apposition are similarly marked, there are numerous instances of independent words being so distinguished, to the plain advantage of the Text : as in " Fear not our Person," " The Very same," and such like. Upon the whole, so far as our examination has been carried, we have found the Folios of 1632, 64, and 85, faithful in the matter of the Emphasis-Capitals. Each, in turn, dropped some of these Golden Letters, which, to our eyes, illuminate the page, yet they all had reverence for them all, and each, in turn, caught up for preservation many of those which had been previously dropped. After the Folios' joint reign, however, of eighty-six years, the Emphasis-Capitals began to vanish, and at such a speed, that, for example, in Theobald's Edition of Macbeth, 1733, we find only 261 surviving, twelve hundred belonging to this play alone having been discarded.

Originally intended, no doubt, for the guidance of the Stage (and it will be obvious to any one studying them that all the set and prominent passages, the Speeches, are most richly cared for in this respect), these Emphasis-Capitals should not only be always considered as of vital importance to Members of Shakspeare's Profession, but to us they appear the surest advisers of private or public readers, as to where to place the mental or audible emphasis.

In evidence that no mere chance or antiquated method of printing regulated them, and that they bring the meaning of the Text, as it were, to a focus, we, in introducing the Hamnet Edition of Macbeth, gave about a hundred instances of these in a series of short passages from different Plays, taken almost at random ; such brief extracts as :

You wrong me every way :
 You wrong me Brutus :
 I said, an Elder Soldier, not a Better.
 Did I say Better ?

Or,

Surrey thou Liest *
 I dare meet Surrey in a Wilderness,
 And spit upon him whilst I say he Lies,
 And Lies, and Lies.

We also placed before the reader, in parallel columns, Cramner's Speech in the last scene of King Henry the Eighth, as printed in the First Folio, and the same as it appears in the Text of the Edition of Charles Knight, and likewise Shakspeare's description of Cleopatra on the Cydnus, as it stands in the First Folio, and the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch as printed in the Editions of 1603 and 1612, showing how the unbroken extract from the Biography sends the special words of the Tragedy into strong relief, and how fifteen of the words adopted from North by Shakspeare have had the Emphasis-Capitals bestowed on them.

For the benefit of those who may not have seen the Hamnet Macbeth, we shall now present six passages from different Plays, printing the Text of the First Folio and that of some well-known Modern Edition opposite each other, which will shew, at a glance, wherein they are unlike. In the extracts from the First Folio we shall incorporate any additional Emphasis-Capitals found in the Folios of 1632, 64 and 85, indicating at the foot of the page what they are, and by what Folio or Folios they were contributed. The Passages we have chosen are the following :—

1. The Dagger Scene in Macbeth, against which we place the Text of Hastings Elwin. (Shakespeare Restored. Norwich, 1853.)
2. The Ghost's revelation of the Murder to Hamlet, and against it the Text of Caldecott. (Specimen of an Edition of Shakespeare. London, 1832.)
3. The Death of Cleopatra, and against it the Text of the Cambridge Edition, 1864. (Edited by W. G. Clark and W. A. Wright.)
4. The address of Cassius to Brutus as to the chance of Cæsar's being made King, and against it the Text of Boydell's Edition, Atlas Folio (referred to in the Introduction to the Hamnet Edition of Macbeth).
5. Iachimo's Soliloquy in Imogen's Bed Chamber, and against it the Text of Professor Delius ; (The Leopold Shakspeare. Introduction by Furnivall) : and
6. Othello's Soliloquy before the Murder of Desdemona, against which we print the Text of Theobald, 1753, to show how far the Emphasis-Capitals belonging to it had been renounced by him.

FIRST FOLIO.

Macb. Go bid thy Mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to bed.
 Is this a Dagger, which I see before me,
 The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not fatal Vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed Brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable,
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an Instrument I was to use.
 Mine Eyes as made the fools o'th' other Senses,
 Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;
 And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
 It is the bloody Business, which informs
 Thus to mine Eyes. Now o'er the one half World
 Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abuse
 The Curtain'd sleep: Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Heccats Offerings: and wither'd Murther,
 Alarum'd by his Centinel, the Wolf,
 Whose howls his Watch, thus with his stealthy pace
 With Tarquin's ravishing sides, towards his design
 Moves like a Ghost. Thou sure and firm-set Earth
 Hear not my steps, which they may walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
 I go, and it is done: the Bell invites me.
 Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,
 That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell.

*Exit.**A Bell rings.*

TEXT OF HASTINGS ELWIN.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
 She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit Servant.
 Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee :—
 I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind; a false creation,
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,
 Or else'worthi all the rest: I see thee still;
 And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before.—There's no such thing;
 It is the bloody business which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howls his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives;
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [A bell rings.
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

FIRST FOLIO.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us :
 Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from Heaven, or blasts from Hell,
 Be thy events wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, Father, Royal Dane : Oh, oh, answer me,
 Let me not burst in Ignorance ; but tell
 Why thy Canonis'd bones Hearsed in death,
 Have burst their Cerements, why the Sepulchre
 Wherein we saw thee quietly Inurn'd,
 Hath oped his ponderous and Marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again ? What may this mean ?
 That thou dead Corse again in complete steel,
 Revisits thus the glimpses of the Moon,
 Making Night hideous ?

* * * * *

Gho. I am thy Father's Spirit,
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
 And for the day confin'd to fast in Fires,
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of Nature
 Are burnt and purg'd away ? But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my Prison-House ;
 I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 Make thy two eyes like Stars, start from their Spheres,
 Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand an end,
 Like Quills upon the fretful Porpentine :
 But this eternal blason must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood ; list Hamlet, oh list,
 If thou didst ever thy dear Father love.

Ham. Oh Heaven !

Gho. Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murther.

Ham. Murther.

Gho. Murther most foul, as in the best it is ;
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste, haste me to know it,
 That I with wings as swift
 As Meditation, or the thoughts of Love,
 May sweep to my Revenge.

their Cerements, 1632 and 1664 ; quietly Inurn'd, 1632 and 1664 ; As
 Meditation, 1632.

TEXT OF CALDECOTT.

Ham. Angels and minsters of grace defend us !—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane : O, O, answer me ;
Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ;

* * * * *

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
And, for the day, confin'd to fast in fire,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood : List, Hamlet, O list !—
If thou did'st ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder.

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

Ham. Haste me to know it ; that I, with wings as swift
At meditation, or the thoughts of love,
My sweep to my revenge.

FIRST FOLIO.

Cleo. Give me my Robe, put on my Crown, I have
 Immortal longings in me. Now no more
 The juice of Egypts Grape shall moist this lip.
 Yare, yare, good *Iras* ; quick : Me thinks I hear
Anthony call : I see him rouse himself
 To praise my Noble Act. I hear him mock
 The luck of *Cæsar*, which the Gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come :
 Now to that name, my Courage prove my Title.
 I am Fire, and Air ; my other Elements
 I give to baser life. So, have you done ?
 Come then, and take the last warmth of my Lips.
 Farewell kind *Charmian*, *Iras*, long farewell.
 Have I the Aspic in my Lips ? Dost fall ?
 If thou and Nature can so gently part,
 The strike of death is as a Lovers pinch,
 Which hurts, as is desir'd. Dost thou lie still ?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the World,
 It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve thick Cloud, and Rain, that I may say
 The Gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base :
 If she first meet the Curled *Anthony*,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
 Which is my Heaven to have. Come thou mortal wretch,
 With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate,
 Of life at once untie : Poor venomous Fool,
 Be angry, and despatch. Oh could'st thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great *Cæsar* Ass, unpolicied.

Char. Oh Eastern Star.

Cleo. Peace, peace :
 Dost thou not see my Baby at my breast,
 That sucks the Nurse asleep.

Char. O break ! O break !

Cleo. As sweet as Balm, as soft as Air, as gentle.
O Anthony ! Nay I will take thee too.

What should I stay ———

Dies.

Char. In this wild World ? So fare thee well :
 Now boast thee Death, in thy possession lies
 A Lass unparallel'd. Downy Windows close,
 And golden Phœbus, never be beheld
 Of Eyes again so Royal :

in my Lips, 1632, 64 and 85 ; tell'st the World, 1685 ; thick Cloud, 1632 and 85 ; my Heaven, 1685 ; Of Eyes, 1685.

TEXT OF CAMBRIDGE EDITION (CLARK & WRIGHT).

Re-enter Iras with a robe, crown, &c.

Cleo. Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have
 Immortal longings in me: now no more
 The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:
 Yare, yare, good Iras; quick. Methinks I hear
 Antony call; I see him rouse himself
 To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
 The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
 To excuse their after wrath. Husband, I come:
 Now to that name my courage prove my title!
 I am fire and air; my other elements
 I give to baser life. So; have you done?
 Come then and take the last warmth of my lips.
 Farewell, kind Charmian; Iras, long farewell.

[Kisses them. Iras falls and dies.

Have I the asp in my lips? Dost fall?
 If thou and nature can so gently part,
 The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
 Which hurts, and is desired. Dost thou lie still?
 If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world
 It is not worth leave-taking.

Char. Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say
 The gods themselves do weep!

Cleo. This proves me base:

If she first meet the curled Antony,
 He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss
 Which is my heaven to have. Come, thou mortal wretch,

[To an asp, which she applies to her breast.

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate
 Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
 Be angry, and despatch. O couldst thou speak,
 That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass,
 Unpolicied!

Char. O eastern star!

Cleo. Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
 That sucks the nurse asleep?

Char. O, break! O, break!

Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
 O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:

[Applying another asp to her arm.

What should I stay—

[Dies.

Char. In this vile world? So, fare thee well.
 Now boast thee, death, in thy possession lies
 A lass unparallel'd. Downy windows, close;
 And golden Phoebus never be beheld
 Of eyes again so royal!

FIRST FOLIO.

Cassi. Well, Honor is the subject of my Story:
 I cannot tell, what you and other men
 Think of this life: But for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a Thing, as I myself.
 I was born free as *Cæsar*, so were you,
 We both have fed as well, and we can both
 Endure the Winters cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a Raw and Gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber, chafing with her Shores,
Cæsar said to me, Darst thou *Cassius* now
 Leap in with me into this angry Flood,
 And swim to yonder Point? Upon the word,
 Accountred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
 The Torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty Sinews, throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of Controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the Point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, Help me *Cassius*, or I sink.
 I (as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the Flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
 The old *Anchises* bear) so, from the Waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired *Cæsar*: And this Man,
 Is now become a God, and *Cassius* is
 A wretched Creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a Fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the Fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'Tis true, this God did shake,
 His Coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same Eye, whose bend doth awe the World,
 Did lose his Lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay and that Tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his Speeches, in their Books,
 Alas, it cried, Give me some drink *Tullius*,
 As a sick Girl: Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the Majestic World,
 And bear the Palm alone.

TEXT OF BOYDELL'S ATLAS FOLIO EDITION : revised by STEEVENS.

(Referred to in Introduction to Hamnet Macbeth.)

Cas. Well, honour is the subject of my story. —
 I cannot tell, what you and other men
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou Cassius, now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?—Upon the word,
 Accounted as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow ; so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it,
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as *Æneas*, our great ancestor,
 Did, from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder,
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber
 Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

FIRST FOLIO.

Iach. The Crickets sing, and mans o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest : Our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastity he wounded. *Cytherea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed ; fresh Lily,
And whiter than the Sheets : that I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss. Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't : 'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus : the Flame o'th' Taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids.
To see th' enclosed Lights, now Canopied
Under these windows, White and Azure lac'd
With Blue of Heavens own tinct. But my design.
To note the Chamber, I will write all down,
Such, and such Pictures : There the Window, such
Th'adornment of her Bed ; the Arras, Figures,
Why such, and such : and the Contents o'th' Story.
Ah, but some natural notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
Would testify, t'enrich mine Inventory.
O sleep, thou Ape of Death, lie dull upon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chapel lying. Come off, come off ;
As slippery as the Gordian-Knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience does within :
To'th' madding of her Lord. On her left breast
A mole Cinque-spotted : Like the Crimson drops
I'th' bottom of a Cowalip. Here's a Voucher,
Stronger than ever Law could make ; this Secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her Honour. No more : to what end ?
Why should I write this down, that's riveted,
Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading late,
The Tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf's turn'd down
Where *Philomele* gave up. I have enough,
To'th' Trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you Dragons of the night, that dawning
May bear the Ravens eye : I lodge in fear,
Though this a Heavenly Angel : Hell is here.

TEXT OF DELIUS. (THE LEOPOLD SHAKSPERE.)

Iach. The crickets sing, and mans o'er-labour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest. Our Tarquin thus
 Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily,
 And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
 But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
 How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o' the taper
 Bows toward her, and would under peep her lids,
 To see the enclosed lights, now canopied
 Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design!
 To note the chamber, I will write all down:—
 Such and such pictures;—there the window;—such
 The adornment of her bed; the arras, figures,
 Why, such, and such; and the contents o' the story.—
 Ah! but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables
 Would testify, to enrich mine inventory.
 O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
 As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
 'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within
 To the madding of her lord.—On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I' the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make; this secret
 Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
 Why should I write this down that's riveted,
 Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
 Where Philomel gave up.—I have enough:
 To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
 May bare the raven's eye! I lodge in fear;
 Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.

[Taking off her bracelet.]

FIRST FOLIO.

Enter Othello, and Desdemona in her bed.

Oth. It is the Cause, it is the Cause (my Soul)
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Stars,
It is the Cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers, than Snow,
And smooth as Monumental Alabaster :
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men :
Put out the Light, and then put out the Light :
If I quench thee, thou flaming Minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me. But once put out thy Light
Thou cunning'st Pattern of excelling Nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat
That can thy Light re-Lume.
When I have pluck'd thy Rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither. I'll smell thee on the Tree.
Oh Balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her Sword. One more, one more :
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and that's the last.
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel Tears : This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes, where it doth love. She wakes.

Des. Who's there? *Othello!*

Othel. Ay *Desdemona.*

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord?

Oth. Have you pray'd to night, *Desdemona?*

Des. Ay my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any Crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to Heaven, and Grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by that?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief, I will walk by :
I would not kill thy unprepared Spirit,
No, Heavens for-fend) I would not kill thy Soul.

TEXT OF THEOBALD (1733).

Scene, *A Bed-chamber* : Desdemona is discovered asleep in her bed.

Enter Othello, with a Light and a Sword.

Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul ;—
Let me not name it to you, you chaste Stars !
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her Blood,
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster :
Yet she must die ; else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and, then, put out the light ;
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent : but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
That can thy light re-lumine.
When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again ;
It needs must wither.—I'll smell thee on the tree ;
Oh balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword !—One more ; one more ;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.—one more, that's the last ;
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal ! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears : this Sorrow's heav'nly ;
It strikes, where it doth love.—she wakes—

[*Lays down the sword.*

[*Sets down the taper.*

[*Kissing her.*

Des. Who's there, *Othello* ?

Oth. Ay, *Desdemona*.

Des. Will you come to bed, my Lord ?

Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, *Desdemona* ?

Des. Ay, my Lord.

Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it straight.

Des. Alack, my Lord,

What may you mean by That ?

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief ; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, (heav'ns forbend !) I would not kill thy soul.

The striking position which the Emphasis-Capital holds in the word "re-Lume" in the passage just quoted, suggests the remark, that there are few things more confirmatory of our position than the unflinching certainty with which the Emphasis-Capital adheres to the ruling meaning in such words. The following are a few instances, which will show the reader how magnet-like the meaning attracts the sign of emphasis :—un-Sunned snow, her Sun-expelling, felt-Absence, honey-heavy-Dew, un-Kinglike, self-Bounty, villain-Mountaineers, ill-Starred, demi-Devil, high-sighted-Tyranny, pre-Ordinance, Honey-less, loose-Wifed, Flower-soft, thrice-Nobler, water-Flies, Soul-less, Post-haste, the Spirit-stirring, un-King'd, his Sur-addition, the Ear-piercing, Rose-lipped, three-man-Beetle, dis-Candy, demi-Natured.

With regard to the six passages before given, it will be observed, that as they stand in the First Folio, they possess about two hundred Emphasis-Capitals, and that, of all these, only *one* survives in the same passages of the modern Editions adduced, this solitary survivor being in Theobald's Text, published nearly a century and a half ago. In the Extract from Othello, there are 27 Emphasis-Capitals, of which Theobald buried 26. This Editor belongs to that great multitude who regard the First Folio, and its three successors, as "faulty copies full of errors which had been propagated for near a century without the assistance of an intelligent editor," and who took it upon him "to reform an infinite number of passages in the *Pointing*, where the Sense was before quite lost." Confining ourselves to this Othello passage, the intelligent editing has led to the substitution of "Should I repent," for "Should I repent me," and to the change of "re-lume" to "re-lumine," ruining the music. It has also led to the omission of that "and," which gives such a great-sigh-like sound to the words, "One more, and that's the last;" and also led to the changing to "Desdemona," of what was evidently a familiar form of the name used by Othello when they were by themselves or whispering confidentially,—as in "Not now, (sweet *Desdemon*) some other time"—and which comes in here with such sad tenderness in the question, "Have you prayed to-night, *Desdemon*?" The reformation in pointing—and the pointing of the First Folio, except where there are errors in the printing, we hold to be Shakspeare's own, arranged after much thought,—has led, among other things, to Desdemona's asking one question when she

wakes, and asking Othello that question, before she knew he was there : “Who’s there, Othello?” while in the First Folio she asks two distinct questions, “Who’s there ?” a general one, in her first alarm, and then, “Othello ?” that is, “Is it Othello ?” or “Is it you, Othello ?”

If, as we believe, one of Shakspeare’s principal objects in employing Emphasis-Capitals was to guide his brother-players in an intelligent delivery of his language, we must naturally conclude that this rule would be especially attended to by him in Hamlet’s Instructions to the Actors, for “we ought to practise what we preach,” and upon reference to this passage in the present Edition, the reader will find that such is undoubtedly the case.

Of Hamlet there were several Quarto Editions previous to the publication of the First Folio, and the text of the Tragedy as found in this and the subsequent Folio Editions, shews that it was based upon other grounds than those of the Quartos ; and, as his friends the Editors assure us, upon “the True Original Copies.”

We here present the Directions to the Players, as they are found :—

- 1st. In the Quarto of 1603, which has about 2,157 lines, and 181 Capitals apart for proper names and commencements of sentences, or 1 in every 12 lines ;
- 2nd. In the Quarto of 1604, of about 3,722 lines, with 321 such Capitals, or 1 in every 12 lines ; and
- 3rd. In the First Folio, 1623, of about 3,334 lines, with 1,720 Emphasis-Capitals, or about 1 in every second line ;

And we believe a comparative view of these will go far, not only to confirm our opinion of the value of these Emphasis-Capitals, but to establish the decision of many eminent Shaksperian Editors and Reviewers, that the Quarto of 1603 was printed from hearsay notes, and that of 1604 from hurried copies of parts, which, after study, had probably to be restored to the Theatre Library of MSS.—that, in short, as Heminge and Condell say, they rest upon “diverse stolne, and surreptitious copies, maimed, and deformed by the frauds and stealthes of injurious impostors, that expos’d them.”

Enter Hamlet and the Players.

Ham. Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue
as I taught thee,
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
I'd rather hear a town bull bellow,
Than such a fellow speak my lines.
Nor do not saw the air thus with your hands,
But give everything his action with temperance.
O it offends me to the soul, to hear a rebustious periwig fellow,
To tear a passion in totters, into very rags,
To split the ears of the ignoraut, who for the
Most part are capable of nothing but dumb shews and noises,
I would have such a fellow whipt, for o'er-doing, tarmagant
It out, Herods Herod.

players. My Lord, we have indifferently reformed that among us.

Ham. The better, the better, mend it all together :
There be fellows that I have seen play,
And heard others commend them, and that highly too,
That having neither the gate of Christian, Pagan,
Nor Turk, have so strutted and bellowed,
That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen
Had made men, and not made them well,
They imitated humanity, so abominable :
Take heed, avoid it.

players. I warrant you my Lord.

Ham. And do you hear ? let not your Clown speak
More than is set down, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themselves, to set on some
Quantity of barren spectators to laugh with them,
Albeit there is some necessary point in the play
Then to be observed : O 'tis vile, and shews
A pitiful ambition in the fool that useth it.

QUARTO, 1604.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as lief the town crier spoke my lines, nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness, o it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise: I would have such a fellow whipt for o'er-doing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor, suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature: For anything so o'erdone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold as twere the Mirror up to nature, to shew virtue her feature; scorn her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure: Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it makes the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure of which one, must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole Theatre of others. O there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others prais'd, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having th'accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Jornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Player. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. O reform it altogether, and let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villainous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak 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 lief the Town-Crier had spoke my Lines : Nor do not saw the Air too much your hand thus, but use all gently ; for in the very Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirl-wind of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothness. O it offends me to the Soul, to see a robustious Peri-wig-Pated Fellow, tear a Passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the Groundlings : who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise : I could have such a Fellow whipt for o'er-doing Termagant : it out-*Herods Herod*. Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither : but let your own Discretion be your Tutor. Suit the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this special observance : That you o'er-stop not the modesty 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 hold as twere the Mirror up to Nature ; to shew Virtue her own Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieve ; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance oerweigh a whole Theatre of Others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak it profanely) that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

It has become almost a fashion to impute gross carelessness to Shakspeare's "pious fellows," Heminge and Condell, which to us seems the grossest ingratitude. There are people who forget the light and look for the moles, and hundreds appear to take pleasure in insisting upon the misprints and confusions of punctuation in the First Folio, which become small indeed to such as are intimate with the astonishing care and particularity which prevails in the Volume. One of the Reviewers of the Hamnet Edition of Macbeth, commencing with the remark, "the Editor of a Reprint of the Tragedy of Macbeth according to the First Folio with prefatory remarks and notes claims to have made a discovery which we should have no hesitation in saying exceeds in value all the emendations of our two Shakspeare Societies put together, if we could only feel assured that he is under no delusion;" (and who, whatever number of old books he may have "handled," has yet to study the First Folio,) went on to say "the evidences that the Folio was really printed in a careless, hap-hazard fashion, are so numerous as absolutely to count by thousands," a statement which proves him to have undertaken a duty for which he was unadapted. "The First Folio," says Horne Tooke, "in my opinion is the only edition of Shakspeare worth regarding. And it is much to be wished that an edition of Shakspeare was given *literatim* according to the First Folio; which is now become so scarce and dear that few persons can obtain it. For by the presumptuous license of the dwarfish commentators who are for ever cutting him down to their own size, we risque the loss of Shakspeare's genuine text which that Folio assuredly contains, notwithstanding some few slight errors of the press, which might be noted without altering." In this opinion we not only concur, but we are inclined to endorse the opinion of Charles Knight, that "perhaps, all things considered, there never was a book so correctly printed as the First Folio of Shakspeare."

To counteract the quotation we have made from The Diversions of Purley, as to "the First Folio having become so scarce and dear that few persons can obtain it,"—and this was said in 1805, when we think it was to be had for about £20!—we believe we will be doing good service to lovers and students of Shakspeare, by repeating here a few sentences from the Introduction to the Hamnet Edition of Macbeth:—

"Fortunately, the First Folio being out of the reach of the general

public, there do exist Fac-Similes through which many may have access to that Treasure House. Mr Booth's Reprint, published in 1864, was a true boon to all lovers of the Poet, but the Photographic Fac-Simile published last year by Messrs Chatto & Windus, with an Introduction by Mr Halliwell-Phillipps is the best piece of fortune which has yet befallen the Shakesperian Student, and we cannot conceive a better laid out half guinea, than that through which he can obtain possession of this marvellous reproduction, which, as Mr Halliwell-Phillipps remarks, will, 'for all usual practical objects of study, place its owner on a level with the envied possessors of the far-famed original,' including Lady Burdett-Coutts, who, to her honour be it repeated, paid for her copy of it, £714."

To us the interest of Hamlet has been much increased by attention to its Emphasis-Capitals. Of these there are about 1,720. In the Second Folio they were reduced by 339, in the Third by 117, and in the Fourth by 84:—losing in sixty-two years 540. On the other hand, this Tragedy gained from the Second Folio 39, from the Third 45, and from the Fourth 134: in all 218.

The present edition of Hamlet adheres closely to the First Folio, but with the spelling modernised except in a few doubtful cases, and it retains its typographical errors and confusions of punctuation. Misprints, such as "life rendering politician," "weole state," &c., are self obvious, and require no explanation; in the most of cases, as in "with thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our souls," the mind has little difficulty in ordering aright, even, as it glides on, the slurred pointing, and, on the whole, we prefer presenting a copy of the original with its comparatively few imperfections, leaving each reader to work out his own understanding of it.

GREENOCK LIBRARY :
WATT MONUMENT.

Lines in Hamlet containing Words with Emphasis-Capitals found in the Second, Third and Fourth Folios, in addition to those in the First Folio. The page referred to, applies to the present Edition.

Tis now struck twelve, get thee to Bed Francisco	Page	1
Give you good Night	„	1
Barnardo has my place : give you good Night	„	1
He may approve our Eyes	„	2
And let us once again assail your Ears	„	2
usurp'st this time of Night	„	2
Of mine own Eyes	„	3
in Russet Mantle clad	„	5
Walks o'er the Dew	„	5
The Memory be green	„	6
the cheer and comfort of our Eye	„	9
No jocund Health	„	9
all the uses of this World	„	9
But two Months dead	„	10
and yet within a Month	„	10
my poor Fathers Body	„	10
A Beast that wants discourse	„	10
A Truant disposition	„	11
dearest Foe in Heaven	„	11
me thinks I see my Father	„	11
With an attent Ear	„	11
with solemn March	„	11
fear-surprised Eyes	„	12
Hold you the Watch to Night?	„	12
And fixt his Eyes upon you	„	13

sit still my Soul	Page 13
Though all the Earth	„ 13
too credent Ear	„ 14
before the Buttons be disclos'd	„ 15
As Watchmen to my heart,	„ 15
For Loan oft loses	„ 16
shall keep the Key of it	„ 16
The Kettle Drum and Trumpet	„ 18
burst their Cerments	„ 18
saw thee quietly Inurn'd	„ 18
my life at a Pins fee	„ 19
the Nemian Lion's Nerve	„ 19
Upon a Wretch	„ 21
Upon my Sword	„ 24
this fellow in the Cellarage	„ 24
Swear by my Sword	„ 24
in the Name of Heaven	„ 28
No Hat upon his head	„ 28
loosed out of Hell	„ 28
the length of all his Arm	„ 28
This in Obedience hath my Daughter	„ 33
breed Maggots in a dead Dog	„ 34
Have you a Daughter	„ 34
not as your Daughter may conceive	„ 34
harping on my Daughter	„ 34
Between him, and my Daughter	„ 35
But your News is not true	„ 36
I could be bounded in a Nutshell	„ 36
an Ayrie of Children	„ 38
an old man is twice a Child	„ 39
I have a Daughter	„ 40
Pyrrhus bleeding Sword	„ 42
It shall to th' Barbers, with your Beard	„ 42

A Blanket in th' Alarum of fear	Page 43
and has tears in's Eyes	„ 43
we'll hear a Play tomorrow	„ 43
force his Soul so to his whole conceit	„ 44
Read on this Book	„ 46
The Devil himself	„ 47
nickname God's Creatures	„ 49
Eye, tongue, Sword	„ 49
Theres something in his Soul	„ 50
no Revenue hast, but thy good Spirits	„ 52
between Maid's Legs	„ 54
I'll have a Suit of Sables	„ 54
The dead Body is carried away	„ 54
Since Love our hearts	„ 55
So many Journies	„ 55
My Spirits grow dull	„ 57
upon whose Spirit depends and rests	„ 62
Oh liméd Soul	„ 64
You go not till I set you up a Glass	„ 65
intruding Fool farewell	„ 66
From the fair Forehead	„ 66
Oh such a Deed	„ 66
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THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Sentinels.

Barnardo. Who's there?

Fran. Nay answer me: Stand and unfold your self.

Bar. Long live the King.

Fran. *Barnardo?*

Bar. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

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

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

Barn. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Liege-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good-night.

Mar. O farewell honest Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?

Fra. *Barnardo* has my place: give you goodnight.

Exit Fran.

Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A piece of him.

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

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night.

Bar. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but our Fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us,
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if again this Apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

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

Hor. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear *Barnardo* speak of this.

Barn. Last night of all,
When yond same Star that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illuminate that part of Heaven
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, break thee off: *Enter the Ghost.*
Look where it comes again.

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

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

Barn. Looks it not like the King? Mark it *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like: It harrows me with fear and wonder.

Barn. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Fair and Warlike form
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march: By Heaven I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it stalks away.

Hor. Stay : speak ; speak : I Charge thee, speak.

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barn. How now *Horatio* ? You tremble and look pale :
Is not this something more than Fantasy ?
What think you on't ?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King ?

Hor. As thou art to thy self,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th' Ambitious Norway combated :
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smote the sledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With Martial stalk, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not :
But in the gross and scope of my Opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me he that knows
Why this same strict and most observant Watch,
So nightly toils the subject of the Land,
And why such daily Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Foreign Mart for Implements of war :
Why such impress of Ship-wrights, whose sore Task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week,
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the Night joint-Labourer with the day :
Who is't that can inform 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 know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(There to prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combat. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
 Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
 Well ratified by Law, and Heraldry,
 Did forfeit (with his life) all those his Lands
 Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
 Against the which, a Moiety competent
 Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
 To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
 Had he been Vanquisher, as by the same Cov'nant
 And carriage of the Article designe,
 His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*,
 Of unimproved Mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
 Shark'd up a List of Landless Resolutes,
 For Food and Diet, to some Enterprise
 That hath a stomach in't: which is no other
 (And it doth well appear unto our State)
 But to recover of us by strong hand
 And terms Compulsative, those foresaid Lands
 So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
 Is the main Motive of our Preparations,
 The Source of this our Watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghost again.

But soft, behold: Lo, where it comes again:
 I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:
 If thou hast any sound, or use of Voice,
 Speak to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speak to me.
 If thou art privy to thy Country's Fate
 (Which happily foreknowing may avoid) Oh speak.
 Or, if thou hast up-hoarded in thy life
 Extorted Treasure in the womb of Earth,
 (For which, they say, you Spirits oft walk in death)
 Speak of it. Stay, and speak. Stop it *Marcellus*.
Mar. Shall I strike at it with my Partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Barn. 'Tis here.

Hor. 'Tis here.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so Majestical
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to speak, when the Cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throat
Awake the God of Day : and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Air,
Th' extravagant, and erring Spirit, hies
To his Confine. And of the truth herein,
This present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some says, that ever 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Saviours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long :
And then (they say) no Spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy talks, nor Witch hath power to Charm :
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the Morn in Russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high Eastern Hill,
Break we our Watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For upon my life,
This Spirit dumb to us, will speak to him :
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our Loves, fitting our Duty ?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia, Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brothers death
 The memory be green : and that it us befitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe :
 Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of our selves.
 Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
 Th' Imperial Jointress of this warlike State,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
 With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
 With mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
 In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole
 Taken to Wife ; nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better Wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along, for all our Thanks.
 Now follows, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth ;
 Or thinking by our late dear Brothers death,
 Our State to be disjoint, and out of Frame,
 Colleagued with the dream of his Advantage ;
 He hath not failed to pester us with Message,
 Importing the surrender of those Lands
 Lost by his Father : with all Bonds of Law
 To our most valiant Brother. So much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our self, and for this time of meeting
 Thus much the business is. We have here writ
 To Norway, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely hears
 Of this his Nephews purpose, to suppress

His further gait herein. In that the Levies,
 The Lists, and full proportions are all made
 Out of his subject : and we here despatch
 You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
 For bearing of this greeting to old Norway.
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the King, more than the scope
 Of these dilated Articles allow :
 Farewell and let your haste commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the news with you ?
 You told us of some suit. What is't *Laertes* ?
 You cannot speak of Reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
 That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking ?
 The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
 The Hand more Instrumental to the Mouth,
 Than is the Throne of Denmark to thy Father.
 What would'st thou have *Laertes* ?

Laer. Dread my Lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France,
 From whence, though willingly I came to Denmark
 To shew my duty in your Coronation,
 Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
 My thoughts and wishes bend again towards France,
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your Fathers leave ?

What says *Pollonius* ?

Pol. He hath my Lord :

I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour *Laertes*, time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will :
 But now my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my Son ?

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

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

Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye look like a Friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy Noble Father in the dust ;
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must die,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. Ay Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be ;

Why seems it so particular with thee.

Ham. Seems Madam ? Nay, it is : I know not Seems :
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloak (good Mother)
Nor Customary suits of solemn Black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the Visage,
Together with all Forms, Moods, shews of Grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seem,
For they are actions that a man might play :
But I have that Within, which passeth show ;
These, but the Trappings, and the Suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable

In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To give these mourning duties to your Father :
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound
In filial Obligation, for some term
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate Condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief,
It shews a will most incorrect to Heaven,
A Heart unfortified, a Mind impatient,
An Understanding simple, and unschool'd :
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish Opposition
Take it to heart ? Fie, 'tis a fault to Heaven,

A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
 To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme
 Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first Corse, till he that died to day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 As of a Father; For let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our Throne,
 And with no less Nobility of Love,
 Than that which dearest Father bears his Son,
 Do I impart towards you. For your intent
 In going back to School in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire:
 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest Courtier Cousin, and our Son.

Qu. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
 I prythee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

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

King. Why 'tis a loving, and a fair Reply,
 Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam come,
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to day,
 But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
 And the Kings Rounce, the Heavens shall bruit again,
 Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away.

Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve it self into a Dew:
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His Cannon 'gainst Self-slaughter. O God, O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seems to me all the uses of this world?
 Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden

That grows to Seed : Things rank, and gross in Nature
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this :
 But two months dead : Nay, not so much ; not two,
 So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyr : so loving to my Mother,
 That he might not beteene the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth
 Must I remember : why she would hang on him,
 As if increase of Appetite had grown
 By what it fed on ; and yet within a month ?
 Let me not think on't : Frailty, thy name is woman.
 A little Month, or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she followed my poor Fathers body
 Like *Niobe*, all tears. Why she, even she.
 (O Heaven ! 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,
 Than I to *Hercules*. Within a Month ?
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous Tears
 Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,
 She married. O most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets :
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

Ham. I am glad to see you well :

Horatio, or I do forget my self.

Hor. The same my Lord,
 And your poor Servant ever.

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

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you : good even Sir.

But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge*?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so ;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against your self. I know you are no Truant :
But what is your affair in *Elsenour*?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funeral.

Ham. I pray thee do not mock me (fellow Student)
I think it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatio* : the Funeral Bak'd-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables ;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Ere I had ever seen that day *Horatio*.
My father, me thinks I see my father.

Hor. Oh where my Lord ?

Ham. In my minds 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 look upon his like again.

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 ear ; till I may deliver
Upon the witness of these Gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For Heavens love let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch.
In the dead waste and middle of the night
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately : By them thrice he walk'd,
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
 Within his Truncheons length ; whilst they bestil'd
 Almost to Jelly with the Act of fear,
 Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
 And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
 Whereas they had deliver'd both in time,
 Form of the thing ; each word made true and good,
 The Apparition comes. I knew your Father :
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My Lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My Lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once me thought
 It lifted up it head, and did address
 It self to motion, like as it would speak :
 But even then, the Morning Cock crew loud ;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live my honour'd Lord 'tis true ;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs ; but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to Night ?

Both. We do my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Both. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

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

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like : staid it long ?

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

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisly ? no.

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

A Sable Silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to Night ; perchance 'twill wake again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

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

All. Our duty to your Honour.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your love, as mine to you : farewell.

My Fathers Spirit in Arms ? All is not well :
I doubt some foul play : would the Night were come ;
Till then sit still my soul ; foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to mens eyes.

Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My necessaries are imbark'd ; Farewell :
And Sister, as the Winds give Benefit,
And Convoy is assistant ; do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

Ophel. Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Blood ;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature ;
Froward, not permanent ; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute ? No more.

Ophel. No more but so.

Laer. Think it no more :

For nature crescent does not grow alone,
In thews and Bulk : but as his Temple waxes,
The inward service of the Mind and Soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his fear : but you must fear
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own ;
For he himself is subject to his Birth :
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself ; for, on his choice depends
The sanctity and health of the weole State,
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it ;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May give his saying deed : which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your Honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his Songs ;
Or lose your Heart ; or your chaste Treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it *Ophelia*, fear it my dear Sister,
And keep within the rear of your Affection ;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The chariest Maid is Prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the Moon :
Virtue it self scapes not calumnious strokes,

The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
 Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the Morn and liquid dew of Youth,
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 Be wary then, best safety lies in fear ;
 Youth to it self rebels, though none else near.

Ophe. I shall th' effect of this good Lesson keep,
 As watchmen to my heart : but good my Brother
 Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,
 Shew me the steep and thorny way to Heaven ;
 Whilst like a puff'd and reckless Libertine
 Himself, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And reaks not his own reade.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long ; but here my Father comes :
 A double blessing is a double grace ;
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Polon. Yet hére *Laertes* ? Aboard, aboard for shame,
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are staid for there : my blessing with you ;
 And these few Precepts in thy memory,
 See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his Act :
 Be thou familiar ; but by no means vulgar :
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy Soul, with hoops of Steel :
 But do not dull thy palm, with entertainment
 Of each unhatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel : but being in
 Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear ; but few thy voice :
 Take each mans censure ; but reserve thy judgment :
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy ;
 But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :
 For the Apparel oft proclaims the man.

And they in France of the best rank and station,
 Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
 For loan oft loses both it self and friend :
 And borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
 This above all ; to thine own self be true :
 And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell : my Blessing season this in thee.

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

Polon. The time invites you, go, your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well

What I have said to you.

Ophe. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,

And you your self shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laer.

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

Ophe. So please you, something touching the *L. Hamlet*.

Polon. Marry, well bethought :

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you ; and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so, as so 'tis put on me ;

And that in way of caution : I must tell you,

You do not understand your self so clearly,

As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.

What is between you, give me up the truth ?

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

Polon. Affection, puh. You speak like a green Girl,
 Unsifted in such perilous Circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them ?

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

Polon. Marry I'll teach you ; think your self a Baby,
 That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling. Tender your self more dearly ;
 Or not to crack the wind of the poor Phrase,

Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

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

Polon. Ay, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

Ophe. And hath given countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vows of Heaven.

Polon. Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I do know
When the Blood burns, how Prodigal the Soul
Gives the tongue vows: these blazes, Daughter,
Giving more light than heat; extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be somewhat scanted of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows; for they are Brokers,
Not of the eye, which their Investments show:
But mere implorators of unholy Suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Air bites shrewdly: is it very cold?

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it draws near the season,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.

What does this mean my Lord ?

Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassels and the swaggering upspring reels,
And as he dreins his draughts of Rhenish down
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.

Horat. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay marry is't ;
And to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born : It is a Custom
More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us :
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from Heaven, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy events wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal Dane : Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance ; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements, why the Sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd.
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ? What may this mean ?
That thou dead Corse again in complete steel,
Revisits thus the glimpses of the Moon,
Making Night hideous ? And we fools of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee ; reaches of our Souls,
Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

Ghost beckens Hamlet.

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

Mar. Look with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removed ground :
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

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

Hor. Do not my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pins fee ;
And for my Soul, what can it do to that ?
Being a thing immortal as it self :
It waves me forth again ; I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Flood my Lord ?
Or to the dreadful Sonnet of the Cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,
And draw you into madness think of it ?

Ham. It wafts me still : go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hand.

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

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerve :
Still am I call'd ? Unhand me Gentlemen :
By Heav'n, I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me :
I say away, go on, I'll follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

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

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

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me ? speak ; I'll go no further.

Gho. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Gho. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my self.

Ham. Alas poor Ghost.

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

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Gho. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night ;
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away ? But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my Prison-House ;
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Stars, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end,
Like Quills upon the fretful Porpentine :
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood ; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
If thou didst ever thy dear Father love.

Ham. Oh Heaven !

Gho. Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murther.

Ham. Murther ?

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

Ham. Haste, haste me to know it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Love,
May sweep to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed

That rots it self in ease, on Lethe Wharf,
 Would'st thou not stir in this. Now *Hamlet* hear :
 It's given out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
 A Serpent stung me : so the whole ear of Denmark,
 Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abus'd : But know thou Noble youth,
 The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
 Now wears his Crown.

Ham. O my Prophetic soul : mine Uncle ?

Ghost. Ay that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
 With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous gifts.
 Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce ? Won to this shameful Lust
 The will of my most seeming virtuous Queen :
 Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand, even with the Vow
 I made to her in Marriage ; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose Natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine. But Virtue, as it never will be moved,
 Though Lewdness court it in a shape of Heaven :
 So Lust, though to a radiant Angel link'd,
 Will sate it self in a Celestial bed, and prey on Garbage.
 But soft, me thinks I sent the Mornings Air ;
 Brief let me be : Sleeping within mine Orchard,
 My custom always in the afternoon ;
 Upon my secure hour thy Uncle stole
 With juice of cursed Hebenon in a Vial,
 And in the Porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous Distilment ; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of Man,
 That swift as Quick-silver, it courses through
 The natural Gates and Allies of the Body ;
 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
 And curd, like Aigre droppings into Milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood : so did it mine ;
 And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,

Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth Body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
 Of Life, of Crown, and Queen at once despatch'd ;
 Cut off even in the Blossoms of my Sin,
 Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneal'd,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head ;
 Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible :
 If thou hast nature in thee bear it not ;
 Let not the Royal Bed of Denmark be
 A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
 But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
 Taint not thy mind ; nor let thy Soul contrive
 Against thy Mother ought ; leave her to heaven,
 And to those Thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once ;
 The Glow-worm shews the Matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire :
 Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet* : remember me.

Exit.

Ham. Oh all you host of Heaven ! Oh Earth ; what else ?
 And shall I couple Hell ? Oh fie : hold my heart ;
 And you my sinews, grow not instant Old ;
 But bear me stiffly up : Remember thee ?
 Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted Globe : Remember thee ?
 Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
 All saws of Books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there ;
 And thy Commandment all alone shall live
 Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter ; yes, yes, by Heaven :
 Oh most pernicious woman !
 Oh Villain, Villain, smiling damned Villain !
 My Tables, my Tables ; meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile and be a Villain ;

At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark ;
 So Uncle there you are : now to my word ;
 It is ; Adieu, Adieu, Remember me : I have sworn't.

Hor. and Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hor. Heaven 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 news, my Lord ?

Ham. Oh wonderful !

Hor. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord.

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

Both. Ay, by Heav'n, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
 But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
 Grave, to tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right ;
 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part :
 You, as your business and desires shall point you :
 For every man has business and desire,
 Such as it is : and for mine own poor part,
 Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you heartily :
 Yes faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patrick*, but there is my Lord,

And much offence too, touching this Vision here :
 It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you :
 For your desire to know what is between us,
 O'ermaster't as you may. And now good friends,
 As you are Friends, Scholars and Soldiers,
 Give me one poor request.

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

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

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord : in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Marcell. We have sworn my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, Indeed.

Gho. Swear.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ham. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there truepenny ?

Come one you here this fellow in the cellarage
 Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the Oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen.

Swear by my sword.

Gho. Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique ?* Then we'll shift for ground,

Come hither Gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword,

Never to speak of this that you have heard :

Swear by my Sword.

Gho. Swear.

Ham. Well said old Mole, can'st work i'th' ground so fast ?

A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends.

Hor. Oh day and night : but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in Heaven and Earth, *Horatio,*

Than are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,

Here as before, never so help you mercy,

How strange or odd so e'er I bear my self ;

(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
 To put an Antic disposition on :)
 That you at such time seeing me, never shall
 With Arms encumber'd thus, or thus, head shake ;
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase ;
 As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
 Or if we list to speak ; or there be and if there might,
 Or such ambiguous giving out to note,
 That you know aught of me ; this not to do :
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you :
 Swear.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit : so Gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend me to you ;
 And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is,
 May do t' express his love and friending to you,
 God willing shall not lack : let us go in together
 And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
 The time is out of joint : Oh cursed spite,
 That ever I was born to set it right.
 Nay, come let's go together.

Exeunt.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius and Reynoldo.

Polon. Give him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo*.

Reynol. I will my Lord.

Polon. You shall do marvels wisely : good *Reynoldo*,
 Before you visit him you make inquiry
 Of his behaviour.

Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.

Polon. Marry, well said ;

Very well said. Look you Sir,
 Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris ;
 And how, and who ; what means ; and where they keep :
 What company, at what expense : and finding
 By this encompassment and drift of question,
 That they do know my son : Come you more nearer
 Than your particular demands will touch it,
 Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
 And thus I know his father and his friends,
 And in part him. Do you mark this *Reynoldo* ?

Reynol. Ay, very well my Lord.

Polon. And in part him, but you may say not well ;
 But if't be he I mean, he's very wild ;
 Addicted so and so ; and there put on him
 What forgeries you please : marry, none so rank,
 As may dishonour him ; take heed of that :
 But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
 As are Companions noted and most known
 To youth and liberty.

Reynol. As gaming my Lord.

Polon. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
 Quarrelling, drabbiug. You may go so far.

Reynol. My Lord that would dishonour him.

Polon. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge ;
 You must not put another scandal on him,
 That he is open to Incontinency ;
 That's not my meaning : but breathe his faults so quaintly,
 That they may seem the taints of liberty ;
 The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,
 A savageness in unreclaim'd blood of general assault.

Reynol. But my good Lord.

Polon. Wherefore should you do this ?

Reynol. Ay my Lord, I would know that.

Polon. Marry Sir, here's my drift,
 And I believe it is a fetch of warrant :
 You laying these slight sullies on my Son,
 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working :

Mark you your party in converse ; him you would sound,
 Having ever seen. In the prenominate crimes,
 The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
 He closes with you in this consequence :
 Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
 According to the Phrase and the Addition,
 Of man and Country.

Reynol. Very good my Lord.

Polon. And then Sir does he this ?

He does : what was I about to say ?
 I was about to say something : where did I leave ?

Reynol. At closes in the consequence :
 At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polon. At closes in the consequence, ay marry,
 He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
 I saw him yesterday, or t'other day ;
 Or then or then, with such and such ; and as you say,
 There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's Rouse,
 There falling out at Tennis ; or perchance,
 I saw him enter such a house of sale ;
Videlicet, a Brothel, or so forth. See you now :
 Your bait of falsehood, takes this Cape of truth ;
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach
 With windlasses, and with assays of Bias,
 By indirections find directions out :
 So by my former Lecture and advice
 Shall you my Son ; you have me, have you not ?

Reynol. My Lord I have.

Polon. God buy you ; fare you well.

Reynol. Good my Lord.

Polon. Observe his inclination in your self.

Reynol. I shall my Lord.

Polon. And let him ply his Music.

Reynol. Well, my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Ophelia.

Polon. Farewell :

How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter ?

Ophe. Alas my Lord, I have been so affrighted.

Polon. With what, in the name of Heaven ?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sewing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd and down gyved to his Ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors : he comes before me.

Polon. Mad for thy Love ?

Ophe. My Lord, I do not know : but truly I do fear it.

Polon. What said he ?

Ophe. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He fals to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arm :
And thrice his head thus waving up and down ;
He rais'd a sigh, so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out a' doors he went without their help ;
And to the last, bended their light on me.

Polon. Go with me, I will go seek the King,
This is the very ecstasy of Love,
Whose violent property fordoes it self,
And leads the will to desperate Undertakings,
As oft as any passion under Heaven,
That does afflict our Natures. I am sorry,
What have you given him any hard words of late ?

Ophe. No my good Lord : but as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and denied

His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry that with better speed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee : but beshrew my jealousy :
It seems it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selves in our Opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King,
This must be known, which being kept close might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queen, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne Cumaliis.

King. Welcome dear *Rosincrance* 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,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself,
I cannot deem of. I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him :
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
Some little time : so by your Companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from Occasions you may glean,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd 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.

Rosin. Both your Majesties
 Might by the Sovereign power you have of us,
 Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
 Than to Entreaty.

Guil. We both obey,
 And here give up our selves, in the full bent,
 To lay our Services freely at your feet,
 To be commanded.

King. Thanks *Rosin*crance, and gentle *Guildensterne*.

Qu. Thanks *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosin*crance.
 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changed Son.
 Go some of ye,

And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
 Pleasant and helpful to him.

Exit.

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
 Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the Father of good News.

Pol. Have I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,
 I hold my duty, as I hold my Soul,
 Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
 And I do think, or else this brain of mine
 Hunts not the trail of Policy, so sure
 As I have us'd to do: that I have found
 The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacy.

King. Oh speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' Ambassadors,
 My News shall be the News to that great Feast.

King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.

He tells me my sweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your Sons distemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the main,
His Fathers death, and our o'er-hasty Marriage,

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Friends :
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norway ?

Volt. Most fair return of Greetings, and Desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His Nephews Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack :
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness, whereat grieved,
That so his Sickness, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in brief) obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway : and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more
To give th' assay of Arms against your Majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand Crowns in Annual Fee,
And his Commission to employ those Soldiers
So levied as before, against the Polack :
With an entreaty herein further shewn,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well :
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this Business.
Mean time we thank you, for your well-took Labour.
Go to your rest, at night we'll Feast together.
Most welcome home.

Exit Ambass.

Pol. This business is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate

What Majesty should be, what Duty is,
 Why day is day ; night, night ; and time is time.
 Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time,
 Therefore, since Brevity is the Soul of Wit,
 And tediousness, the limbs and outward flourishes,
 I will be brief. Your Noble Son is mad :
 Mad call I it ; for to define true Madness,
 What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
 But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with less Art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no Art at all :
 That he is mad, 'tis true : 'Tis true 'tis pity,
 And pity it is true : A foolish figure,
 But farewell it : for I will use no Art.
 Mad let us grant him then : and now remains
 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect ;
 For this effect defective, comes by cause,
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
 I have a daughter : have, whilst she is mine,
 Who in her Duty and Obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this : now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

To the Celestial, and my Souls Idol, the most beautified Ophelia.
 That's an ill Phrase, a vile Phrase, beautified is a vile Phrase :
 but you shall hear these in her excellent white bosom, these.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithful.

*Doubt thou, the Stars are fire,
 Doubt, that the Sun doth move :
 Doubt Truth to be a Liar,
 But never Doubt, I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I have not Art to reckon
 my groans; but that I love thee best, oh most Best believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore most dear Lady, whilst this
 Machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me :
 And more above hath his soliciting,
 As they fell out by Time, by Means, and Place,
 All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King. As of a man, faithful and Honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think ?
 When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
 As I perceived it, I must tell you that
 Before my Daughter told me, what might you
 Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think,
 If I had played the Desk or Table-book,
 Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
 Or look'd upon this Love, with idle sight,
 What might you think ? No, I went round to work,
 And (my young Mistress) thus I did bespeak
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Star,
 This must not be : and then, I Precepts gave her,
 That she should lock her self from his Resort,
 Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens :
 Which done, she took the Fruits of my Advice,
 And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
 Fell into a Sadness, then into a Fast,
 Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakness,
 Thence to a Lightness, and by this declension
 Into the Madness whereon now he raves,
 And all we wait for.

King. Do you think 'tis this ?

Qu. It may be very likely.

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

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this ; if this be otherwise,
 If Circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the Centre.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know sometimes
He walks four hours together, here
In the Lobby.

Qu. So he has indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Mark the encounter : If he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon ;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keep a Farm and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Book:

Qu. But look where sadly the poor wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beseech you, both away,
I'll board him presently. *Exit King and Queen.*
Oh give me leave. How does my good Lord *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord ?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well : y'are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

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

Pol. Honest, my Lord ?

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

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead dog, being
a good kissing Carrion——
Have you a daughter ?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' Sun : Conception is a blessing,
but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend look to't.

Pol. How say you by that ? Still harping on my daughter :
vet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a Fishmonger : he

is far gone, far gone : and truly in my youth, I suffered much extremity for love : very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read my Lord ?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord ?

Ham. Between who ?

Pol. I mean the matter you mean, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir: for the Satirical slave says here, that old men have gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled: their eyes purging thick Amber, or Plum-Tree Gum: and that they have a plentiful lock of Wit, together with weak Hams. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently believe; yet I hold it not Honesty to have it thus set down: For you your self Sir should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness,

Yet there is Method in't: will you walk
Out of the air my Lord ?

Ham. Into my Grave ?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' Air :

How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are ?

A happiness,

That often Madness hits on,

Which Reason and Sanity could not

So prosperously be deliver'd of.

I will leave him,

And suddenly contrive the means of meeting

Between him, and my daughter.

My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly

Take my leave of you.

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

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools.

Polon. You go to seek my Lord *Hamlet*; there he is.

Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne:

Rosin. God save you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord ?

Rosin. My most dear Lord ?

Ham. My excellent good friends ? How do'st thou *Guilden-sterne* ? Oh, *Rosincrane* ; good Lads : How do ye both ?

Rosin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not over-happy : on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soles of her Shoo ?

Rosin. Neither my Lord.

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

Guil. Faith, her privates, we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune ? Oh most true : she is a Strumpet. What's the news ?

Rosin. None my Lord ; but that the World's grown honest.

Ham. Then is Doomsday near : But your news 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.

Rosin. Then is the World one ?

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons ; *Denmark* being one o' th' worst.

Rosin. We think 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.

Rosin. Why then your Ambition makes it one : 'tis too narrow for your mind.

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

Guil. Which dreams indeed are Ambition : for the very substance of the Ambitious, is merely the shadow of a Dream.

Ham. A dream it self is but a shadow.

Rosin. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so airy and light a quality, that is but a shadows shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars bodies ; and our Monarchs and out-stretch'd Heroes the Beggars Shadows : shall we to th' Court : for, by my fay I cannot reason ?

Both. We'll wait upon you.

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

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

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks ; but I thank you : and sure dear friends my thanks are too dear a halfpenny ; were you not sent for ? Is it your own inclining ? Is it a free visitation ? Come, deal justly with me : come, come ; nay speak.

Guil. What should we say my Lord ?

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

Rosin. To what end my Lord ?

Ham. That you must teach me : but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear, a better proposer could charge you withal ; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Rosin. 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 of your secricy to the King and Queen : moult no feather, I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercise ; and indeed, it goes so heavenly with my disposition ; that this goodly frame the Earth, seems to me a sterile Promontory ; this most excellent Canopy the Air, look you, this brave o'erhanging, this Majestical Roof, fretted with golden fire : why, it appears no other thing

to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in form and moving how express and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seem to say so.

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

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

Rosin. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: we coated them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have Tribute of me: the adventurous Knight shall use his Foil and Target: the Lover shall not sigh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a' th' sere: and the Lady shall say her mind freely; or the blank Verse shall halt for't: what Players are they?

Rosin. Even those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

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

Rosin. I think their Inhibition comes by the means of the late Innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Rosin. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an aiery of Children, little Yases, that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap'd for't: these are now the fashion, and so be-rattled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid of Goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow them selves to common Players (as it is like most if their means are no better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own Succession.

Rosin. Faith there has been much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sin, to tarre them to Controversy. There was for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the Poet and the Player went to Cuffs in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. Oh there has been much throwing about of Brains.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Rosin. Ay that they do my Lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father lived; give twenty, forty, an hundred Ducats a piece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more than Natural, if Philosophy could find it out. *Flourish for the Players.*

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garb, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my Uncle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawk from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guildensterne*, and you too: at each ear a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

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

Ham. I will Prophesy. He comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

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

Ham. My Lord, I have News to tell you.
When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome—

Pol. Th& Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine Honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass——

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral: Pastoral-Comical-Historical-Pastoral: Tragical-Historical: Tragical-Comical-Historical-Pastoral: Scene indivisible, or Poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the only men.

Ham. O *Jephtha* Judge of Israel, what a Treasure hadst thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair Daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' th' right old *Jephtha*?

Polon. If you call me *Jephtha* my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that follows not.

Polon. What follows then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to pass, as most like it was: The first row of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For look where my Abridgments come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my old Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young Lady and Mistress? Byrlady your Ladship is nearer Heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a piece

of uncurrent Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome : we'll e'en to't like French Falconers, fly at any thing we see : we'll have a Speech straight. Come give us a taste of your quality : come, a passionate speech.

1. *Play.* What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never Acted : or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Caviare* to the General : but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whose judgment in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play ; well digested in the Scenes, set down with as much modesty, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter savoury ; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but call'd it an honest method. One chief Speech in it, I chiefly lov'd, 'twas *Aeneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see : The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th' *Hyr-canian* Beast. It is not so : it begins with *Pyrrhus*
 The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Arms
 Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
 When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
 Hath now this dread and black Complexion smear'd
 With Heraldry more dismal : Head to foot
 Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
 With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,
 Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
 That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
 To their vile Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
 And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
 Old Grandsire *Priam* seeks.

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

1. *Player.* Anon he finds him,
 Striking too short at Greeks. His anticke Sword,
 Rebellious to his Arm, lies where it falls

Repugnant to command : unequal match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in Rage strikes wide :
 But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
 Th' unnerved Father falls. Then senseless Illium,
 Seeming to feel his blow, with flaming top
 Stoops to his Base, and with a hideous crash
 Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* ear. For lo, his Sword
 Which was declining on the Milky head
 Of Reverend *Priam*, seem'd i' th' Air to stiek :
 So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
 And like a Neutral to his will and matter, did nothing.
 But as we often see against some storm,
 A silence in the Heavens, the Rack stand still,
 The bold winds speechless, and the Orb below
 As hush as death : Anon the dreadful Thunder
 Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
 A roused Vengeance sets him new a-work,
 And never did the Cyclops hammers fall
 On Mars his Armour, forg'd for proof Eterne,
 With less remorse than *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
 Now falls on *Priam*.
 Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
 In general Synod take away her power :
 Break all the Spokes and Fellies from her wheel,
 And bowl the round Nave down the hill of Heaven,
 As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to th' Barbers, with your beard. Prythee
 say on : He's for a Jig, or a tale of Bawdry, or he sleeps. Say
 on ; come to *Hecuba*.

1. *Play.* But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queen ?

Pol. That's good : Inobled Queen is good.

1. *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down,
 Threat'ning the flame
 With Bisson Rheum : A clout about that head,
 Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe

About her lank and all o'er-teemed Loins,
 A blanket in th' Alarum of fear caught up.
 Who this had seen, with tongue in Venom steep'd,
 'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason have pronounc'd?
 But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
 When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
 In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbs,
 The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
 (Unless things mortal move them not at all)
 Would have made milch the Burning eyes of Heaven,
 And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look where he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears
 in 's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest, soon.
 Good my Lord, will you see the Players well bestow'd. Do
 ye hear, let them be well us'd: for they are the Abstracts
 and brief Chronicles of the time. After your death, you
 were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you
 lived.

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

Ham. Gods bodikins man, better. Use every man after his
 desert, and who should 'scape whipping: use them after your
 own Honor and Dignity. The less they deserve, the more
 merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come sirs.

Exit Polon.

Ham. Follow him Friends: we'll hear a play to morrow.
 Dost thou hear me old Friend, can you play the murder of
Gonzago?

Play. Ay my Lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow night. You could for a need
 study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would
 set down, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play. Ay my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and look you mock
 him not. My good Friends, I'll leave you till night you are
 welcome to *Elsonower*?

Rosin. Good my Lord.

Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay so, God buy'ye : Now I am alone.
 Oh what a Rogue and Peasant slave am I ?
 Is it not monstrous that this Player here,
 But in a Fixion, in a dream of Passion,
 Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
 That from her working, all his visage warm'd ;
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's Aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole Function suiting
 With Forms, to his Conceit ? And all for nothing ?
 For *Hecuba* ?
 What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
 That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
 Had he the Motive and the Cue for passion
 That I have ? He would drown the Stage with tears,
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech :
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
 The very faculty of Eyes and Ears. Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-mettled Rascal, peak
 Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing : No, not for a King,
 Upon whose property, and most dear life,
 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a Coward ?
 Who calls me Villain ? breaks my pate a-cross ?
 Plucks off my Beard, and blows it in my face ?
 Tweaks me by th' Nose ? gives me the Lie i' th' Throat,
 As deep as to the Lungs ? Who does me this ?
 Ha ? Why I should take it : for it cannot be,
 But I am Pigeon-Liver'd and lack Gall
 To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
 I should have fatted all the Region Kites
 With this Slaves Offal, bloody ; a Bawdy villain,
 Remorseless, Treacherous, Lecherous, kindles villain !
 Oh Vengeance !
 Who ? What an Ass am I ? Ay sure, this is most brave,
 That I, the Son of the Dear murdered,

Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven, and Hell,
 Must (like a Whore) unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a Cursing like a very Drab,
 A Scullion? Fie upon't: Foh. About my Brain.
 I have heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
 Have by the very cunning of the Scène,
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.
 For Murther, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous Organ. I'll have these Players
 Play something like the murder of my Father,
 Before mine Uncle. I'll observe his looks,
 I'll tent him to the quick: If he but blench
 I know my course. The Spirit that I have seen
 May be the Devil, and the Devil hath power
 T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
 Out of my Weakness, and my Melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such Spirits,
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More Relative than this: The Play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King.

Exit.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildenstern,
 and Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
 Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
 Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guild. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
 But with a crafty Madness keeps aloof:
 When we would bring him on to some Confession
 Of his true state.

Qu. Did he receive you well?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Qu. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certain Players
We o'er-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Give him a further edge, and drive his purpose on
To these delights.

Rosin. We shall my Lord.

Exeunt.

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my self (lawful espials)
Will so bestow our selves, that seeing unseen
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Qu. I shall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildness: so shall I hope your Virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honors.

Ophe. Madam I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selves: Read on this book,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,

'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o'er
The devil himself.

King. Oh 'tis true :

How smart a lash that speech doth give my Conscience ?
The Harlots Cheek beautied with plast'ring Art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed, to my most painted word.
Oh heavy burthen !

Pol. I hear him coming, let's withdraw my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question :
Whether 'tis Nobler in the mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them : to die, to sleep
No more ; and by a sleep, to say we end
The Heart-ache, and the thousand Natural shocks
That Flesh is heir to ? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to Dream ; Ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuff'd off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poor mans Contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd Love, the Laws delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin ? Who would these Fardels bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered Country, from whose Borne
No Traveller returns, Puzels the will,

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of.
 Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all,
 And thus the Native hue of Resolution
 Is sicklied o'er, with the pale cast of Thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their Currents turn away,
 And lose the name of Action. Soft you now,
 The fair *Ophelia*? Nymph, in thy Orizons
 Be all my sins remembered.

Ophe. Good my Lord,

How does your Honor for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Ophe. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you now, receive them.

Ham. No, no, I never gave you ought.

Ophe. My honour'd Lord, I know right well you did,
 And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
 As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
 Take these again, for to the Noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
 There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Ophe. My Lord.

Ham. Are you fair?

Ophe. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your Honesty should
 admit no discourse to your Beauty.

Ophe. Could Beauty my Lord, have better Commerce than
 your Honesty?

Ham. Ay truly: for the power of Beauty, will sooner trans-
 form Honesty from what it is, to a Bawd, than the force of
 Honesty can translate Beauty into his likeness. This was
 sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did
 love you once.

Ophe. 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.

Ophe. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, Ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in imagination, to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such Fellows as I do, crawling between Heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the Fool no way, but in 's own house. Farewell.

Ophe. O help him, you sweet Heavens.

Ham. If thou dost Marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy Dowry. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Ophe. O heavenly Powers, restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your prattlings too well enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your self another: you gidge, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonness, your Ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go.

Exit Hamlet.

Ophe. Oh what a Noble mind is here o'er-thrown?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholars: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectancy and Rose of the fair State,
The glass of Fashion, and the mould of Form,
Th' observ'd of all Observers, quite, quite down.

Have I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the Honey of his Music Vows:
 Now see that Noble, and most Sovereign Reason,
 Like sweet Bels jangled out of tune, and harsh,
 That unmatch'd Form and Feature of blown youth,
 Blasted with ecstasy. Oh woe is me,
 T'have seen what I have seen : see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Love? His affections do not that way tend,
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Form a little,
 Was not like Madness. There's something in his soul?
 O'er which his Melancholy sits on brood,
 And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
 Will be some danger, which to prevent
 I have in quick determination
 Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England
 For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
 Haply the Seas and Countries different
 With variable Objects, shall expel
 This something settled matter in his heart:
 Whereon his Brains still beating, puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe
 The Origin and Commencement of this grief
 Sprung from neglected love. How now *Ophelia*?
 You need not tell us, what Lord *Hamlet* said,
 We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
 But if you hold it fit after the Play,
 Let his Queen Mother all alone entreat him
 To shew his Griefs: let her be round with him,
 And I'll be plac'd so, please you in the ear
 Of all their Conference. If she find him not,
 To England send him: Or confine him where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
 Madness in great Ones, must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak 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 lief the Town-Crier had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Air too much your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirl-wind of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothness. O it offends me to the Soul, to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, tear a Passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I could have such a Fellow whipt for o'er-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you avoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither: but let your own Discretion be your Tutor. Suit the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this special observance: That you o'er-stop not the modesty 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 hold as 'twere the Mirror up to Nature; to shew Virtue her own Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time, his form and pressure. Now, this over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the Judicious grieve; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole Theatre of Others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speak it profanely) that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Natures Journey-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, Sir.

Ham. O reform it altogether. And let those that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity

of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered : that's Villainous, and shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go make you ready. *Exit Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King hear this piece of Work ?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. *Exit Polonius.*

Will you two help to hasten them ?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio* ?

Hora. Here sweet Lord, at your Service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my Conversation coped withal.

Hora. O my dear Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter :

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no Revenue hast, but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee. Why should the poor be flatter'd ?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant Hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining ? Dost thou hear,
Since my dear Soul was Mistress of my choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her self. For thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath ta'en with equal Thanks. And bless'd are those,
Whose Blood and Judgment are so well co-mingled,
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 wear him
In my hearts Core : Ay, in my Heart of heart,

As I do thee. Something too much of this.
 There is a Play to night before the King,
 One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance
 Which I have told thee, of my Fathers death.
 I prythee, when thou seest that Act a-foot,
 Even with the very Comment of my Soul
 Observe mine Uncle : If his occulted guilt,
 Do not it self unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned Ghost that we have seen :
 And my Imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcans Stithy. Give him needful note,
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his Face :
 And after we will both our judgments join,
 To censure of his seeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.

If he steal ought the whilst this Play is Playing,
 And 'scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosinrance, Guilden-
 sterne, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying
 Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.*

Ham. They are coming to the Play : I must be idle.
 Get you a place.

King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Excellent I'faith, of the Camelions dish : I eat the
 Air promise-cranim'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

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

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you played once i' th'
 University, you say ?

Polon. That I did 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 Capital a Calf
 there. Be the Players ready ?

Rosin. Ay my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your Lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?

Ophe. Ay my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country matters?

Ophe. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between Maids legs.

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merry, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. Ay my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your only Jig-maker: what should a man do, but be merry. For look you how cheerfully my Mother looks, and my Father died within 's two Hours.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of Sables. Oh Heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memory, may out-live his life half-a-year: But by'r lady he must build Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Hautboys play. The dumb shew enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels, and makes shew of Protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him down upon a Bank of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the Kings ears, and Exits. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The

Poisoner Wooes the Queen with Gifts, she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his love. Exeunt.

Ophe. What means this, my Lord ?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that means Mischief.

Ophe. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play ?

Ham. We shall know by these Fellows : the Players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell us what this shew meant ?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him. Be not you asham'd to shew, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Enter Prologue.

*For us, and for our Tragedy,
Here stooping to your Clemency :
We beg your hearing Patiently.*

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesy of a Ring ?

Ophe. 'Tis brief my Lord.

Ham. As Womans love.

Enter King and his Queen.

King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus Cart gone round,
Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground :
And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed sheen,
About the World have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite comutual, in most sacred Bands.

Qap. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your forme state,
That I distrust you : yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must :
For womens Fear and Love, holds quantity,
In neither ought, or in extremity :
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my Love is siz'd, my Fear is so.

King. Faith I must leave thee Love, and shortly too :
 My operant Powers my Functions leave to do :
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
 Honour'd, belov'd, and haply, one as kind.
 For Husband shalt thou——

Bap. Oh confound the rest :
 Such Love, must needs be Treason in my breast :
 In second Husband, let me be accur'd,
 None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Bapt. The instances that second Marriage move,
 Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Love.
 A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
 When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do believe you. Think what now you speak :
 But what we do determine, oft we break :
 Purpose is but the slave to Memory,
 Of violent Birth, but poor validity :
 Which now like Fruit unripe sticks on the Tree,
 But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
 To pay our selves, what to our selves is debt :
 What to our selves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
 The violence of other Grief or Joy,
 Their own enactors with themselves destroy :
 Where Joy most Revels, Grief doth most lament ;
 Grief joys, Joy grieves on slender accident,
 This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
 That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change.
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
 The great man down, you mark his favourites flies,
 The poor advanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies :
 And hitherto doth Love on Fortune tend,
 For who not needs, shall never lack a Friend :
 And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his Enemy.
 But orderly to end, where I begun,
 Our Wills and Fates do so contrary run,
 That our Devices still are overthrown,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
 So think thou wilt no second Husband wed.
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Bap. Nor Earth to give me food, nor Heaven light,
 Sport and repose lock from me day and night :
 Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy :
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
 If once a Widow, ever I be Wife.

Ham. If she should break it now.

King. 'Tis deeply sworn :
 Sweet, leave me here a while,
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep.

Qu. Sleep rock thy Brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain.

Sleeps.

Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play ?

Qu. The Lady protests too much me thinks.

Ham. Oh but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the Argument, is there no Offence
 in't ?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no Offence
 i' th' world.

King. What do you call the Play ?

Ham. The Mouse-trap : Marry how ? Tropically : This Play
 is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna* : *Gonzago* is the
 Dukes name, his wife *Baptista* : you shall see anon : 'tis a
 knavish piece of work : But what o' that ? Your Majesty, and
 we that have free souls, it touches us not : let the gall'd jade
 winch : our withers are unrun.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love :
if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ophe. You are keen my Lord, you are keen.

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

Ophe. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake Husbands.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin.
Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge.

Lucian. Thoughts black, hands apt,
Drugs fit, and Time agreeing :
Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing :
Thou mixture rank, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural Magic, and dire property,
On wholesome life, usurp immediately.

Pours the poison in his ears.

Ham. He poisons him i'th' Garden for 's estate : His name's
Gonzago : the Story is extant and writ in choice Italian. You
shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago's*
wife.

Ophe. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire.

Qu. How fares my Lord ?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights.

Exeunt.

Manet Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungalled play :
For some must watch, while some must sleep ;
So runs the world away.

Would not this Sir, and a Forest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes turn Turk with me ; with two Provincial Roses
on my rac'd Shoes, get me a Fellowship in a cry of Players sir.

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one I,
For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* dear,
This Realm dismantled was of Jove himself,
And now reigns here.

A very very *Paiocke*.

Hora. You might have Rhym'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceive?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hora. I did very well note him.

Enter Rosinrance and Guildensterne.

Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Music. Come the Recorders;
For if the King like not the Comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come some Music.

Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guild. The King, sir.

Ham. Ay sir, what of him?

Guild. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With drink Sir?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self more richer, to signify this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into far more Choler.

Guild. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queen your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my return shall be the end of my Business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guild. What, my Lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer : my wits diseas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command : or rather you say, my Mother : therefore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

Rosin. Then thus she says : your behaviour hath struck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful Son, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequel at the heels of this Mothers admiration ?

Rosin. She desires to speak 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 ?

Rosin. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Rosin. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper ? You do freely bar the door of your own Liberty, if you deny your griefs to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lack Advancement.

Rosin. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself, for your Succession in Denmark ?

Ham. Ay, but while the grass grows, the Proverb is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil ?

Guild. O my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

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

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these Ventiges with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Music. Look you, these are the stops.

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

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me: you would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mystery; you would sound me from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compass: and there is much Music, excellent Voice, in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it. Why do you think, that I am easier to be played on, than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. God bless you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see that Cloud? that's almost in shape like a Camel.

Polon. By th' Misse, and its like a Camel indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is like a Weasel.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weasel.

Ham. Or like a Whale?

Polon. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Polon. I will say so.

Exit.

Ham. By and by, is easily said. Leave me Friends: 'Tis now the very witching time of night, When Churchyards yawn, and Hell it self breathes out Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood, And do such bitter business as the day Would quake to look on. Soft now, to my Mother:

Oh Heart, lose not thy Nature ; let not ever
 The Soul of *Nero*, enter this firm bosom :
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural,
 I will speak Daggers to her, but use none :
 My Tongue and Soul in this be Hypocrites.
 How in my words somever she be shent,
 To give them Seals, never my Soul consent.

Enter King, Rosinrance, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us,
 To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you,
 I your Commission will forthwith despatch,
 And he to England shall along with you :
 The terms of our estate, may not endure
 Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
 Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our selves provide :
 Most holy and Religious fear it is
 To keep those many many bodies safe
 That live and feed upon your Majesty.

Rosin. The single
 And peculiar life is bound
 With all the strength and Armour of the mind,
 To keep it self from 'noyance : but much more,
 That Spirit, upon whose spirit depends and rests
 The lives of many, the cease of Majesty
 Dies not alone ; but like a Gulf doth draw
 What's near it, with it. It is a massy wheel
 Fix'd on the Somnet of the highest Mount,
 To whose huge Spokes, ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd : which when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence
 Attends the boisterous Ruin. Never alone
 Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you to this speedy Voyage ;
 For we will Fetters put upon this fear,

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'll convey my self
To hear the Process. I'll warrant she'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks dear my Lord.
Oh my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will :
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect ; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker than it self with Brothers blood,
Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heavens
To wash it white as Snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence ?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up,
My fault is past. But oh, what form of Prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul Murther :
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen :
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence ?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shove by Justice,

And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it self
 Buys out the Law ; but 'tis not so above,
 There is no shuffling, there the Action lies
 In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then ? What rests ?
 Try what Repentance can. What can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 Oh wretched state ! Oh bosom, black as death !
 Oh limed soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd : Help Angels, make assay :
 Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of Steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born Babe,
 All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 And now I'll do't, and so he goes to Heaven,
 And so am I reveng'd : that would be scann'd,
 A Villain kills my Father, and for that
 I his foule Son, do this same Villain send
 To heaven. Oh this is hire and Salary, not Revenge.
 He took my Father grossly, full of bread,
 With all his Crimes broad blown, as fresh as May,
 And how his Audit stands, who knows, save Heaven :
 But in our circumstance and course of thought
 'Tis heavy with him : and am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his Soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage ? No.
 Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
 When he is drunk asleep : 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 heels may kick at Heaven
 And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black
 As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stays,

This Physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

Exit.

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

Exit.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight :

Look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stood between
Much heat, and him. I'll silence me e'en here :
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. I'll warrant you, fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter ?

Qu. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Whats the matter now ?

Qu. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No by the Rood, not so :

You are the Queen, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not budge :

You go not till I set you up a glass,
Where you may see the inmost part of you ?

Qu. What wilt thou do ? thou wilt not murder me ?

Help, help, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, help, help, help.

Ham. How now, a Rat ? dead for a Ducat, dead.

Pol. Oh I am slain.

Kills Polonius.

Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done ?

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

Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this ?

Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King ?

Ham. Ay Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool farewell,
I took thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busy, is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff ;
If damned Custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against Sense.

Qu. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noise so rude against me ?

Ham. Such an Act
That blurs the grace and blush of Modesty,
Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vows
As false as Dicers Oaths. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of Contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet Religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Qu. Ah me ; what act, that roars so loud, and thunders in
the Index.

Ham. Look here upon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two Brothers :
See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven kissing hill :
A Combination, and a form indeed,

Where every God did seem to set his Seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This was your Husband. Look you now what follows.
 Here is your Husband, like a Mildew'd ear
 Blasting his wholesome breath. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this Moor? Ha? Have you eyes?
 You cannot call it Love: For at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the Judgment: and what Judgment
 Would step from this, to this? What devil was't,
 That thus hath cozend you at hoodman-blind?
 O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
 To flaming youth, let Virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive Ardure gives the charge,
 Since Frost it self, as actively doth burn,
 As Reason panders Will.

Qu. O *Hamlet*, speak no more.
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
 And there I see such black and grained spots,
 As will not leave their Tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
 Stew'd in Corruption; honeying and making love
 Over the nasty Sty.

Qu. Oh speak to me, no more,
 These words like Daggers enter in mine ears.
 No more sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villain:
 A Slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
 A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
 That from a shelf, the precious Diadem stole,
 And put it in his Pocket.

Qu. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A King of shreds and patches.

Save me ; and hover o'er me with your wings
Yon heavenly Guards. What would you gracious figure ?

Qu. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide,
That laps'd in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command ? Oh say.

Ghost. Do not forget : this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, Amazement on thy Mother sits ;
O step between her, and her fighting Soul,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest works.
Speak to her *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you Lady ?

Qu. Alas, how is't with you ?

That you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with their corporal air do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping Soldiers in th' Alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Start up, and stand an end. Oh gentle Son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look ?

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

Qu. To who do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ?

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

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Qu. No, nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there : look how it steals away :
My Father in his habit, as he lived,

Look where he goes even now out at the Portal.

Exit.

Qu. This is the very coinage of your Brain,
This bodiless Creation ecstasy is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy?

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful Music. It is not madness
That I have uttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word: which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and firm the Ulcerous place,
Whil'st rank Corruption mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess your self to Heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the Compost or the Weeds,
To make them rank. Forgive me this my Virtue,
For in the fatness of this pursy times,
Virtue it self, of Vice must pardon beg,
Yea coub, and woo, for leave to do him good.

Qu. Oh *Hamlet*,

Thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night, but go not to mine Uncles bed,
Assume a Virtue, if you have it not, refrain to night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same Lord,
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him: so again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

Qu. What shall I do ?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do :
 Let the blunt King tempt you again to bed,
 Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mouse,
 And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd Fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
 For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
 Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gib,
 Such dear concernings hide. Who would do so,
 No in despite of Sense and Secrecy,
 Unpeg the Basket on the houses top :
 Let the Birds fly, and like the famous Ape
 To try Conclusions in the Basket, creep
 And break your own neck down.

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

Ham. I must to England, you know that ?

Qu. Alack I had forgot : 'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. This man shall set me packing :
 I'll lug the Guts into the Neighbour room,
 Mother goodnight. Indeed this Counsellor
 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 Hamlet tugging in Polonius.*

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighs.
 These profound heaves
 You must translate ; 'Tis fit we understand them.
 Where is your Son ?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what have I seen to night ?

King. What *Gertrude* ? How does *Hamlet* ?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawless fit
Behind the Arras, hearing something stir,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed :
It had been so with us had we been there :
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your self, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered ?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have 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 foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let's it feed,
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness like some Ore
Among a Mineral of Metals base
Shews it self pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away :
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed,
We must with all our Majesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros. and Guild.*

Ho *Guildenstern* :

Friends both go join you with some further aid :

Hamlet in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his Mother Closets hath he dragg'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the Chapel. I pray you haste in this. *Exit Gent.*

Come *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest friends,
To let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My soul is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.*

Ham. What noise? Who calls on *Hamlet*?

Oh here they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.*

Ro. What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kin.

Rosin. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Rosin. Believe what?

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

Rosin. Take you me for a Spunge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay sir, that soaks up the Kings Countenance, his
Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King best
service in the end. He keeps them like an Ape in the corner
of his jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed, when he needs
what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and Spunge
you shall be dry again.

Rosin. I understand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish
ear.

Rosin. My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go
with us to the King.

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

Guild. A thing my Lord?

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

Exeunt.

Enter King.

King. I have sent to seek 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:
He's loved of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes :
 And where 'tis so, th' Offenders scourge is weigh'd
 But nearer the offence : to bear all smooth, and even,
 This sudden sending him away, must seem
 Deliberate pause, diseases desperate grown,
 By desperate appliance are relieved,
 Or not at all.

Enter Rosincrane.

How now ? What hath befall'n ?

Rosin. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
 We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Rosin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Rosin. Hoa, *Guildesterne* ? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildesterne.

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

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper ? Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain
 convocation of worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your
 only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and
 we fat our self for Maggots. Your fat King, and your lean
 Beggar is but variable service to dishes, but to one Table that's
 the end.

King. What dost thou mean by this ?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a
 Progress through the guts of a Beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heaven, send thither to see. If your Messenger
 find him not there, seek him i'th' other place your self : but
 indeed, if you find him not this month, you shall nose him
 as you go up the stairs into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety
 Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve

For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
 With fiery Quickness. Therefore prepare thy self,
 The Bark is ready, and the wind at help,
 Th' Associates tend, and every thing at bent
 For England.

Ham. For England ?

King. Ay *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

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

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees him: but come, for England.
 Farewell dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife:
 man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come, for
 England. *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot,
 Tempt him with speed aboard:
 Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night.
 Away, for every thing is Seal'd and done
 That else leans on th'Affair, pray you make haste.
 And England, if my love thou holdst at ought,
 As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
 Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red
 After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
 Pays homage to us; thou mayst not coldly set
 Our Sovereign Process, which imports at full
 By Letters conjuring to that effect
 The present death of *Hamlet.* Do it England,
 For like the Hectic in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
 How e'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbras with an Army.

For. Go Captain, from me greet the Danish King,
 Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March
 Over his Kingdom. You know the Rendezvous:

If that his Majesty would ought with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't my Lord.

For. Go safely on.

Exit.

Enter Queen and Horatio.

Qu. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed distract, her mood will needs be pitied.

Qu. What would she have ?

Hor. She speaks much of her Father ; says she hears
There's tricks i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at Straws, speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense : Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to Collection ; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous conjectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sick soul (as sins true Nature is)
Each toy seems Prologue, to some great amiss,
So full of Artless jealousy is guilt,
It spill's it self, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark.

Qu. How now, *Ophelia* ?

Ophe. *How should I your true love know from another one ?
By his Cockle hat and staff, and his Sandal shoon.*

Qu. Alas sweet Lady : what imports this Song ?

Ophe. Say you ? Nay pray you mark.

*He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green Turf, at his heels a stone.*

Enter King.

Qu. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Ophe. Pray you mark.

White his Shroud as the Mountain Snow.

Qu. Alas, look here my Lord.

Ophe. *Larded with sweet flowers :*

Which bewept to the grave did not go,

With true-love showers.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady ?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owl 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.

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

To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,

And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.

*Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes, and dupt the chamber door,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.*

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Ophe. Indeed la ? without an oath I'll make an end ont.

By gis, and by S. Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame :

Young men will do't, if they come to't,

By Cock they are to blame,

Quoth she before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to Wed :

So would I ha' done by yonder Sun.

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been this ?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i'th' cold ground : My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my Coach : Goodnight Ladies : Goodnight sweet Ladies : Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close,

Give her good watch I pray you :

Oh this is the poison of deep grief, it springs
 All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*
 When sorrows comes, they come not single spies,
 But in Battaliaes. First, her Father slain,
 Next your Son gone, and he most violent Author
 Of his own just remove : the people muddied,
 Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts, and whispers
 For good *Polonius* death ; and we have done but greenly
 In higger muggers to inter him. Poor *Ophelia*
 Divided from her self, and her fair Judgment,
 Without the which we are Pictures, or mere Beasts.
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her Brother is in secret come from France,
 Keeps on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not Buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
 Where in necessity of matter Beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our persons to Arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude,* this,
 Like to a murdering Piece in many places,
 Gives me superfluous death.

A Noise within.

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alack, what noise is this ?

King. Where are my *Switzers* ?

Let them guard the door. What is the matter ?

Mes. Save your self, my Lord.

The Ocean (over-peering of his List)
 Eats not the Flats with more impitious haste
 Than young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
 O'er-bears your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
 And as the world were now but to begin,
 Antiquity forgot, Custom not known,
 The Ratifiers and props of every word,
 They cry choose we ? *Laertes* shall be King,
 Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Qu. How cheerfully on the false Trail they cry,
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogs.

Noise within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

Al. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you: Keep the door.

Oh thou vile King, give me my Father.

Qu. Calmly good *Laertes*.

Laer. That drop of blood, that calms
Proclaims me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the cause *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not fear our person:
There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incens'd? Let him go *Gertrude*.
Speak man.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Qu. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be Juggl'd with.
To hell Allegiance: Vows, to the blackest devil.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes: only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good *Laertes* :

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear Fathers death, if writ in your revenge,
That Sweep-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Loser.

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then.

La. To his good Friends, thus wide I'll ope my Arms :
And like the kind Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why now you speak
Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your Judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. *A noise within. Let her come in.*

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now ? what noise is that ?
Oh heat dry up my Brains, tears seven times salt,
Burn out the Sense and Virtue of mine eye.
By Heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our Scale turns the beam. Oh Rose of May,
Dear Maid, kind Sister, sweet *Ophelia* :
Oh Heavens, is't possible, a young Maids wits,
Should be as mortal as an old mans life ?
Nature is fine in Love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it self
After the thing it loves.

Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Bier,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony :
And on his grave rains many a tear,
Fare you well my Dove.

Laer. Hads't thou thy wits, and did'st persuade Revenge, it could not move thus.

Ophe. You must sing down a-down, and you call him a-down-a. Oh, how the wheel becomes it? It is the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.

Laer. This nothings more than matter.

Ophe. There's Rosemary, thats for Remembrance. Pray love remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for Thoughts.

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

Ophe. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines: there's Rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it Herb-Grace a Sundays: Oh you must wear your Rue with a difference. There's a Daisy, I would give you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father died: They say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it self: She turns to Favour, and to prettiness.

Ophe. *And will he not come again,
And will he not come again:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never will come again.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan.
Gramercy on his Soul.*

And of all Christian Souls, I pray God.

God buy ye.

Exeunt Ophelia.

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I must common with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call Ours

To you in satisfaction. But if not,
 Be you content to lend your patience to us,
 And we shall jointly labour with your soul
 To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so :

His means of death, his obscure burial ;
 No Trophy, Sword, nor Hatchment o'er his bones,
 No Noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heaven to Earth,
 That I must call in question.

King. So you shall :

And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
 I pray you go with me.

Exeunt.

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would speak with me ?

Ser. Sailors sir, they say they have Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,

I do not know from what part of the world
 I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Sailor.

Sai. God bless you Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sai. He shall Sir, and 't please him. There's a Letter for you Sir : It comes from th' Ambassadors that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio, When thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these Fellows some means to the King : They have Letters for him. Ere we were two days old at Sea, a Pirate of very Warlike appointment gave us Chase. Finding our selves too slow of Sail, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boarded them : On the instant they got clear of our Ship, so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with me, like Thieves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to do a good turn for them.

Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in your ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosinrance and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.

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

Exit.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your Noble Father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful, and so Capital in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O for two special Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seem much unsinewed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Lives almost by his looks: and for my self,
My Virtue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul;
That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces. So that my Arrows

Too slightly timber'd for so loud a Wind,
 Would have reverted to my Bow again,
 And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And so have I a Noble Father lost,
 A Sister driven into desperate terms,
 Who was (if praises may go back again)
 Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
 For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that,
 You must not think
 That we are made of stuff, so flat, and dull,
 That we can let our Beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more,
 I lov'd your Father, and we love our Self,
 And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What News?

Mes. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your Majesty:
 this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mes. Sailors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
 They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes* you shall hear them:

Leave us.

Exit Messenger.

*High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
 Kingdom. To morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly Eyes.
 When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'
 Occasions of my sudden, and more strange return.*

Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Postscript here
 he says alone: Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come.
 It warms the very sickness in my heart,

That I shall live and tell him to his teeth ;
Thus diddest thou.

Kin. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so :
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me ?

Laer. If so you'll not o'errule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine own peace : if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it ; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my Device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall ;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breath,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident : Some two Months hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I've seen my self, and serv'd against the French,
And they ran well on Horseback ; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't ; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he been encorps'd and demi-Natur'd
With the brave Beast, so far he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't ?

Kin. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life *Lamound*.

Kin. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Gem of all our Nation.

Kin. 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 cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg,
Y' coming o'er to play with him ;

Now out of this.

Laer. Why out of this, my Lord ?

Kin. *Laertes* was your Father dear to you ?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

Kin. Not that I think you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time :
And that I see in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it :
Hamlet comes back : what would you undertake,
To show your self your Fathers son indeed,
More than in words ?

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

Kin. No place indeed should murder Sanctu'rise ;
Revenge should have no bounds : but good *Laertes*
Will you do this, keep close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home :
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foils ? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword unbaited, and in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will do't,
And for that purpose I'll anoint my Sword :
I bought an Uction of a Mountebank
So mortal, I but dipp'd a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withal : I'll touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this,
 Weigh what convenience both of time and means
 May fit us to our shape, if this should fail ;
 And that our drift look through our bad performance,
 'Twere better not assay'd ; therefore this Project
 Should have a back or second, that might hold,
 If this should blast in proof : Soft, let me see
 We'll make a solemn wager on your comings,
 I ha't : when in your motion you are hot and dry,
 As make your bouts more violent to the end,
 And that he calls for drink ; I'll have prepar'd him
 A Chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
 Our purpose may hold there ; how sweet Queen.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon anothers heel,
 So fast they'll follow : your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd ! O where ?

Queen. There is a Willow grows aslant a Brook,
 That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream :
 There with fantastic Garlands did she come,
 Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
 That liberal Shepherds give a grosser name ;
 But our cold Maids do Dead Mens Fingers call them :
 There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet weeds
 Clambring to hang ; an envious sliver broke,
 When down the weedy Trophies, and her self,
 Fell in the weeping Brook, her clothes spread wide,
 And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature Native, and indued
 Unto that Element : but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with her drink,
 Pul'd the poor wretch from her melodious buy,
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, is she drown'd ?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears : but yet
It is our trick, Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will ; when these are gone
The woman will be out : Adieu my Lord,
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it.

Exit.

Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude* :

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

Exeunt.

Enter two Clowns.

Clown. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation ?

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Grave straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian burial.

Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned her self in her own defence ?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clo. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot be else : for here lies the point ; If I drown my self wittingly, it argues an Act : and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to do and to perform ; argall she drown'd herself wittingly.

Other. Nay but hear you Goodman Delver.

Clown. Give me leave ; here lies the water ; good : here stands the man ; good : If the man go to this water and drown himself ; it is will he nill he, he goes ; mark you that ? But if the water come to him and drown him ; he drowns not himself. Argall, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

Other. But is this law ?

Clo. Ay marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't : if this had not been a

Gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian Burial.

Clo. Why there thou say'st. And the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardeners, Ditchers and Grave-makers; they hold up *Adams* Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the first that ever bore Arms.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture says *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without Arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thy self——

Other. Go to.

Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallows maker; for that Frame outlives a thousand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallows does well: but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than the Church: Argall, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. To't.

Other. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a far off.

Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull Ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this question next, say a Grave-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomsday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoup of Liquor.

Sings.

*In youth when I did love, did love,
me thought it was very sweet :
To contract O the time for a my behove,
O me thought there was nothing meet.*

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at Grave-making?

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

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little Employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

*But Age with his stealing steps
Hath caught me in his clutch :
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had never been such.*

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once : how the knave jowls it to th' ground, as if it were *Cains* Jaw-bone, that did the first murther : It might be the Pate of a Politician which this Ass o'er Offices : one that could circum-vent God, might it not ?

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 prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to beg it ; might it not ?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so : and now my Lady Worms, Chapless, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade ; here's fins Revolution, if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em ? mine ache to think on't.

Clown sings.

*A Pickaxe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a shrouding-Sheet :
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another: why might not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: 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 double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? the very Conveyances of his Lands will hardly lie in this Box; and must the Inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay my Lord, and of Calve-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow: whose Grave's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. I think it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Clo. You lie out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't; and yet it is mine,

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest.

Clo. 'Tis a quick lie Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is? we must speak by the Card, or equivocation will undo us: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three years I have taken note of it, the Age is grown so picked,

that the toe of the Peasant comes so near the heels of our Courtier, he galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker ?

Clo. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since ?

Clo. Cannot you tell that ? every fool can tell that : It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and sent into England.

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

Clo. Why, because he was mad ; he shall recover his wits there ; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why ?

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

Ham. How came he mad ?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely ?

Clo. Faith e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground ?

Clo. Why here in Denmark : I have been sixteene here, man and Boy thirty years.

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

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky Corses now adays, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year. A Tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he, more than another ?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tann'd with his Trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water, is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Here's a Scull now : this Scul, has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it ?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellows it was ;
Whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pour'd a Flaggon

of Rhenish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Jester.

Ham. This ?

Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. Alas poor *Yorick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Jest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your Jibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Roar? No one now to mock your own Jeering? Quite chopfall'n? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* look'd o'this fashion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? Puh.

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bunghole.

Hor. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Loam, and why of that Loam (whereto he was converted,) might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
Oh, 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, Queen, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queen, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Corse they follow, did with desperate hand,
Fore do it own life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd,
As we have warrantis, her death was doubtful,
And but that great Command, o'er-sways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable prayer,
Shards, Flints, and Pebbles, should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)
A Ministring Angel shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia*?

Queen. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.

I hop'd thou should'st have been my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deck'd (sweet Maid)
And not t'have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times treble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

Leaps in the grave.

Now pile your dust, upon the quick, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountain you have made,
To o'er top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose griefs
Bears such an Emphasis ? whose phrase of Sorrow
Conjure the wandring Stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The devil take thy soul.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat ;
Sir though I am not Splenative, and rash.
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Qu. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this Theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Son, what Theme ?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia* ; forty thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantity of Love)
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her ?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. Come show me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weep ? Woo't fight ? Woo't tear thy self ?
Woo't drink up *Esile*, eat a Crocodile ?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine ;
To outface me with leaping in her Grave ?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountains ; let them throw
Millions of Acres on us ; till our ground
Singeing his pate against the burning Zone,

Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth.
I'll rant as well as thou.

Kin. This is mere Madness :
And thus awhile the fit will work on him :
Anon as patient as the female Dove,
When that her golden Couplet are disclos'd ;
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you Sir :
What is the reason that you use me thus ?
I lov'd you ever ; but it is no matter :
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dog will have his day.

Exit.

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait upon him,
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
We'll put the matter to the present push :
Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your Son,
This Grave shall have a living Monument :
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see ;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir ; now let me see the other,
You do 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 sleep ; me thought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashness for it) let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our dear plots do pall, and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabin
My sea-gown scarf'd about me in the dark,
Grop'd I to find out them ; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew

To mine own room again, making so bold,
 (My fears forgetting manners) to unseal
 Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
 Oh royal knavery : An exact command,
 Larded with many several sorts of reason ;
 Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
 With hoo, such Bugs and Goblins in my life,
 That on the supervize no leisure bated,
 No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
 My head should be struck off.

Hor. Ist possible ?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure :
 But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed ?

Hor. Ay beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villains,
 Ere I could make a Prologue to my Brains,
 They had begun the Play. I sat me down,
 Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair,
 I once did hold it as our Statists do,
 A baseness to write fair ; and laboured much
 How to forget that learning : but Sir now,
 It did me Yeomans service : wilt thou know
 The effects of what I wrote ?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjunction from the King,
 As England was his faithful Tributary,
 As love between them, as the Palm should flourish,
 As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
 And stand a Comma 'tween their amities,
 And many such like Assis of great charge,
 That on the view and know of these Contents,
 Without debatement further, more or less,
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not shriving time allowed.

Hor. How was this seal'd ?

Ham. Why, even in that was Heaven ordinate ;
 I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,

Which was the Model of that Danish Seal :
 Folded the Writ up in form of the other,
 Subscrib'd it, gav't th' impression, plac'd it safely,
 The changeling never known : Now, the next day
 Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
 Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guildensterne* and *Rosincrance*, go to't.

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this employment
 They are not near my Conscience ; their debate
 Doth by their own insinuation grow :
 'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
 Between the pass, 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 kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
 Popp'd in between th'election and my hopes,
 Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,
 And with such cozenage ; is't not perfect conscience,
 To quit him with this arm ? And is't not to be damn'd
 To let this Canker of our nature come
 In further evil.

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

Ham. It will be short,
 The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
 Than to say one : but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
 That to *Laertes* I forgot my self ;
 For by the image of my Cause, I see
 The Portraiture of his ; I'll count his favours :
 But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
 Into a Towing passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here ?

Enter young Osricke.

Osr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterfly ?

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 be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings Mess; 'tis a Chough; but as I saw spacious in the possession of dirt.

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

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

Osr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

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

Osr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Me thinks it is very sultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majesty bad me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

Osr. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

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

Osr. The sir King has wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, six French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assigns, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages infaith are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Osr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be 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 Assigns, and three liberal conceited

Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish ; why is this impon'd as you call it ?

Osr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits ; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer no ?

Osr. I mean my Lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall ; if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me ; let the Foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose ; I will win for him if I can : if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so ?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours ; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Comply with his Dug before he suck'd it : thus had he and mine more of the same Bevy that I 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 foud and winnowed opinions ; and do but blow them to their trials : the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into France, I have been in continual practice ; I shall win at the odds : but thou wouldest not think how all here about my heart : but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

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

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

Ham. Not a whit, we defy Augury ; there's a special Provi-

dence in the fall of a sparrow. 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 readiness is all, since no man has ought of what he leaves. What is't to leave betimes ?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foils, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. 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 knows,
And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd
With sore distraction ? What I have done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness :
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes* ? Never *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away :
And when he's not himself, does wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it :
Who does it then ? His Madness ? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madness is poor *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine Arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my Revenge. But in my terms of Honor
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder Masters of known Honor,
I have a voice, and precedent of peace
To keep my name ungorg'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,

And will this Brothers wager frankly play.
Give us the Foils: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Star i'th' darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Give them the Foils young *Osricke*,
Cousin *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laid the odds a'th' weaker side.

King. I do not fear it,
I have seen you both:
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy,
Let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well,
These Foils have all a length.

Prepare to play.

Osricke. Ay my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stoups of wine upon that Table:
If *Hamlet* give the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King shall drink to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an union shall he throw
Richer than that, which four successive Kings
In Denmarks Crown have worn.

Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speak,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heavens, the Heaven to Earth,
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come on sir.

They play.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well : again.

King. Stay, give me drink.

Hamlet, this Pearl is thine,

Here's to thy health. Give him the Cup.

Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set by a-while.

Come : Another hit ; what say you ?

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

King. Our Son shall win.

Qu. He's fat, and scaut of breath.

Here's a Napkin, rub thy brows,

The Queen Carouses to thy fortune, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good Madam.

King. *Gertrude,* do not drink.

Qu. I will my Lord ;

I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd Cup, it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet Madam,

By and by.

Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

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

Ham. Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you pass with your best violence,

I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? Come on.

Play.

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now. *In scuffling they change Rapiers.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come, again.

Osr. Look to the Queen there hoa

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord ?

Osr. How is't *Laertes* ?

Laer. Why as a Woodcock
To mine Springe, *Osricke*,
I am justly kill'd with mine own Treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen ?

King. She sounds to see them bleed.

Qu. No, no, the drink, the drink.

Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,
I am poison'd.

Ham. Oh Villainy ! How ? Let the door be lock'd.
Treachery, seek it out.

Laer. It is here *Hamlet*.

Hamlet, thou art slain,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not half an hour of life ;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd : the foul practise
Hath turn'd it self on me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again : Thy Mothers poison'd :
I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venom to thy work.

Hurts the King.

All. Treason, Treason.

King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous, murderous,
Damned Dane,
Drink off this Potion : Is thy Union here ?
Follow my Mother.

King Dies.

Laer. He is justly serv'd.
It is a poison temp'ed by himself :
Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble *Hamlet* ;
Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen adieu,
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this act :

Had I but time, (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strict in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
But let it be : *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'st, report me and my causes right
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I am more an Antike Roman than a Dane :
Here's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man, give me the Cup.
Let go, by Heaven I'll have't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus unknown) shall live behind me.
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my Story. *March afar off, and shout within.*
What warlike noise is this ?

Enter Osricke.

Osr. Young *Fortinbras*, with conquest come from Poland
To th'Ambassadors of England gives this warlike volley.

Ham. O I die *Horatio* :

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit,
I cannot live to hear the News from England,
But I do prophesy th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying voice,
So tell him with the occurrents more and less,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. *Dies*

Hor. Now crack a Noble heart :

Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,
Why does the Drum come hither ?

*Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drum, Colours,
and Attendants.*

Fortin. Where is this sight ?

Hor. What is it ye would see ;

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

For. His quarry cries on havoc. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal Cell.
That thou so many Princes, at a shoot,
So bloodily hast struck.

Amb. The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late,
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosincrance* and *Guiltensterne* are dead :
Where should we have our thanks ?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thank you :
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But since so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polake wars, and you from England
Are here arrived. Give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th'yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on the Inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

For. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I have some Rites of memory in this Kingdom,
Which are no claim, my vantage doth
Invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have always cause to speak,
And from his mouth
Whose voice will draw on more :
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even whiles mens minds are wild,

Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

For. Let four Captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on
To have prov'd most royally :
And for his passage,
The Soldiers Music, and the rites of War
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the body ; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amis.
Go, bid the Soldiers shoot. *Exeunt Marching: after the which, a
Peal of Ordinance are shot off.*

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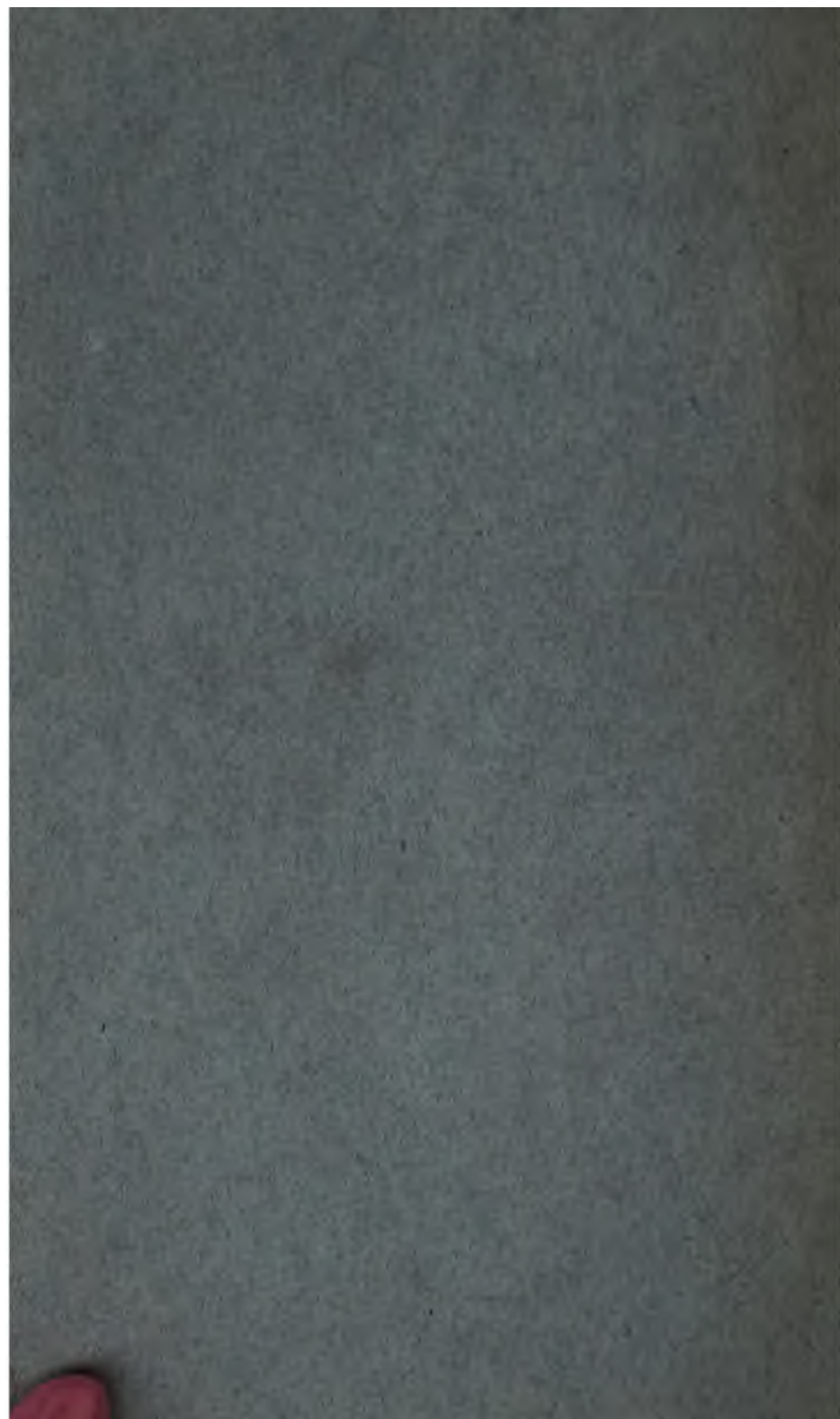
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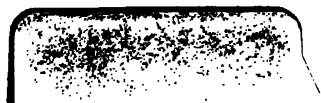
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