

T H E
Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke

By William Shake-speare.

**As it hath beene diuerſe times acted by his Highneſſe ſer-
uants in the Cittie of London : as alſo in the two V-
niuerſities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elſe-where**



**At London printed for N.L. and Iohn Trundell.
1603.**

HAMLET – the 1st Quarto

Introduction

There are three major versions of *Hamlet* – the '1st Quarto' (Q1), published in 1603, the '2nd Quarto' (Q2) published in 1604/5, and the '1st Folio' (F1), published in 1623. Further quarto editions are based on Q2, and further folios are revisions of F1.

That the version we call 'Q1' was *published* earlier than 'Q2' we have known for four centuries, but only because of the implication of this sentence on the title page of Q2:

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

Q1's text itself was lost, and only came to light in 1823 when Sir Henry Bunbury discovered a copy in the Manor House of Great Barton in Suffolk. A second copy then turned up over 30 years later in Dublin. They remain the only two copies known.

How long it had been lost we cannot know; but it seems almost certain that the first post-Folio editors – Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Johnson, Capell, Malone and others – did not have access to it. And so in 1823 its peculiar readings, not least its version of the 'To be or not to be' speech, came as a rude shock –

To be, or not to be, ay, there's the point,
To die, to sleep, is that all? Ay, all.
No, to sleep, to dream, ay, marry, there it goes,
For in that dream of death, when we awake,
And borne before an everlasting judge,
From whence no passenger ever returned,
The undiscovered country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursèd damned.
But for this, the joyful hope of this,
Who'd bear the scorns and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich cursed of the poor,
The widow being oppressed, the orphan wronged,
The taste of hunger, or a tyrant's reign,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweat under this weary life,
When that he may his full quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would this endure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which puzzles the brain, and doth confound the sense,
Which makes us rather bear those evils we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Ay, that. Oh, this conscience makes cowards of us all. -
Lady, in thy orisons be all my sins remembered.

- and it led to the text as a whole being derided by many of its new readers. To its fiercest critics it belongs with those lambasted in the preface to the 1st Folio in 1623 as "stol'n and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by frauds and stealths of injurious impostors".

Since 1823 literary critics and editors have argued about Q1's status and provenance. Though there

are many variations within these extremes, the three most vigorously championed theories are these:

'Bad Quarto' theory: this argues that Q1, though the first to be printed, in *composition* postdates the text we know as Q2, and is a garbled version of the play which Shakespeare's company had first performed (we think) in 1600 – a poor 'memorial reconstruction' of the 'official' text, probably by the actor who had performed Marcellus and doubled as Lucianus, since these characters' scenes seem to be accurately remembered, while the others are not. This actor, the argument runs, might have worked freelance for Shakespeare's company, and then sold his inaccurate recollection to the eager publisher.

'Evolution' theory: this involves the notion of an even earlier 'Hamlet', the text of which has never been found. This is the so-called '*Ur-Hamlet*', some suggest authored by Thomas Kyd, others that it was Shakespeare's own first attempt. We know that a play of that name had been performed by Shakespeare's own company, the Chamberlain's Men (possibly in co-production with Henslowe's Admiral's Men), at Newington Butts in 1594, and there are references to it as early as 1589. So this theory has it that Shakespeare evolved his famous play from this earlier one (be it his own, or Kyd's, or some other writer's work) rather than starting afresh in perhaps 1599 and working directly from the source in Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*. This would make Q1 just a stage – perhaps the first major stage - in a relatively long evolution. It was hurried into print, perhaps even at the company's own instigation, but before Shakespeare had completed his transformation. Q2 quickly followed in 1604 in an attempt to erase the memory of that transitional, and unsatisfactory version. F1 followed nearly twenty years later and represents the text, substantially cut for performance, though it also offers some lines unknown to Q2 and many different word and line-readings.

'Alternative Version' theory: this argues that Q1 may be a poorly printed but otherwise fairly accurate record of a version of the play that was edited and modified from the form of the first production of Q2 in order, perhaps, to be toured with a small company (interestingly, while it refers to attendant lords and others it gives no speeches at all to servants, messengers, sailors or soldiers).

* * * *

After nearly two centuries in which the fortunes of these three theories have fluctuated wildly, the 'bad quarto/memorial reconstruction' theory probably has the upper hand at the present time. The programme note for the 2010 National Theatre production baldly states: "The First Quarto ... was a pirate edition, heavily truncated and possibly transcribed (badly) by the actor who played Marcellus at the Globe." And in his fine book, *1599*, James Shapiro goes even further:

"one or more of those involved in the touring production, including the hired actor who played Marcellus (we know it was this actor because in putting the text together he remembered his own lines a lot better than he did anyone else's) cobbled together from memory a 2,200 line version of the road production and sold it to publishers in London."

Such certainty is questionable. Q1 certainly is very poorly printed, and it has many lines that sound unworthy of, or simply unlike, the Shakespeare we know, but it is a much better version of the play than it has often been thought. It is certainly completely produceable, and manages some developments in the play (particularly around Leartes' return from France) in a more economical fashion than the longwinded development of Q2. 'Piracy' also leaves some questions unanswered. Why are Polonius and Reynaldo called 'Corambis' and 'Montano' - was the pirate's memory really that poor? Why do some of the supposedly garbled passages make sense on their own terms? And why is Gertrude's behaviour sometimes closer to Belleforest than to Q2? Zachary Lesser, a Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and author of 'Hamlet After Q1' has gone so far as to argue that Q1's 'To be or not to be', for all its inelegance, has a rather stronger internal logic than the version so many of us have to heart.

In all these theories speculation is heaped upon speculation. Some proponents of 'bad quarto', for

example, explain away 'Corambis' and 'Montano' by noting that the title page refers to a performance in Oxford University, one of whose honoured founders was considered to be Robert Pullen, whose Latin name was 'Polenius'. In Shakespeare's time the President of Corpus Christi College was John Rainolds (or Reynolds), well-known for his fierce enmity to the theatre. Thus the changes of name from 'Polonius' and 'Reynaldo' were conceived specifically for that performance in order to avoid offence. Well, *maybe* ...

Without adding materially to the speculation, it seems clear that there are several elements of difference in the Q1 text that point to some now irrecoverable but distinct validity in its composition, even if it is true that what came to be printed of it is a 'poor, memorial reconstruction'.

This Edition

I have modernised most of the spelling, and included full speech prefixes, but retained many other features of the original printing: the eccentric – perhaps slipshod - punctuation and lineation (the compositor seemed determined to render prose as verse), the italicisation of most of the proper names, and the frequent use of an initial capital letter for words of particular importance. The parsimony in the use of the exclamation mark is typical of the period, and rather welcome; the reluctance to use the full stop (commas and colons abound) rather less so.

One detail of Q1 that has influenced production for nearly two centuries is the stage direction on Page 40, *Enter the Ghost in his night gown*, in place of the mere *Enter the Ghost* of the later editions. This detail has fed into notions, not all of them post-Freudian, that the climactic scene between Hamlet and his mother should be played either in, or very obviously adjacent to, the royal bedchamber. It is interesting to note in this context that Q1 does not use the word 'closet' in reference to this scene, though it is used several times in Q2 and the Folios; critics of the theatrical habit of having Hamlet and Gertrude circling a bed, or even tussling on it, have repeatedly insisted that a 'closet' is NOT a bedroom ...

Another detail concerns Hamlet's age. From the conversation between Hamlet and the Sexton in Q2's version of the graveyard scene, we can determine that Hamlet must be approaching 30 (or older), given that he vividly remembers Yorick carrying him on his back:

Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

The equivalent conversation in Q1 suggests that Hamlet need not have been more than 18 or 20 – if Yorick had died while still in post as Court Jester:

Look you, here's a skull hath been here this dozen year.

My own feeling is that 18 or 20 is a far more credible age for Hamlet than 28 or 30, but why the disparity exists is just one more layer of the Q1 mystery. It may be relevant that Richard Burbage, Shakespeare's first Hamlet, was 33 in 1600. By then he had been a leading actor for a decade; could he also have played Hamlet in the lost play as much as a decade earlier?

Speculation is irresistible!

Andrew Hilton

The Tragical Historie of Hamlet

Prince of Denmarke

Enter Two Sentinels

1st Sentinel Stand! Who is that?

2nd Sentinel Tis I.

1st Sentinel O you come most carefully upon your watch.

2nd Sentinel And if you meet *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.

1st Sentinel I will. See, who goes there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

Horatio Friends to this ground.

Marcellus And liegemen to the Dane.
Oh, farewell, honest soldier, who hath relieved you?

1st Sentinel *Barnardo* hath my place, give you good night.

Marcellus Holla, *Barnardo*.

2nd Sentinel Say, is *Horatio* there?

Horatio A piece of him.

2nd Sentinel Welcome, *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Marcellus What hath this thing appear'd again tonight?

2nd Sentinel I have seen nothing.

Marcellus *Horatio* says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen by 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.

Horatio Tut, 'twill not appear.

2nd Sentinel Sit down I pray, and let us once again
Assail your ears that are so fortified,
What we have two nights seen.

Horatio Well, sit we down, and let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

2nd Sentinel Last night of all, when yonder star that's west-ward from the pole
had made his course to

Illumine that part of heaven. Where now it burns,
The bell then tolling one -

Enter Ghost

Marcellus Break off your talk, see where it comes again!
2nd Sentinel In the same figure like the King that's dead.
Marcellus Thou art a scholar, speak to it *Horatio*.
2nd Sentinel Looks it not like the King?
Horatio Most like, it horrors me with fear and wonder.
2nd Sentinel It would be spoke to.
Marcellus Question it *Horatio*.
Horatio What art thou that thus usurps the state, in
Which the majesty of buried Denmark did sometimes
Walk? By heaven I charge thee speak.
Marcellus It is offended.

Exit Ghost

2nd Sentinel See, it stalks away.
Horatio Stay, speak, speak, by heaven, I charge thee speak.
Marcellus 'Tis gone and makes no answer.
2nd Sentinel How now *Horatio*, you tremble and look pale,
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?
Horatio Afore my God, I might not this believe, without the sensible and
true avouch of my own eyes.
Marcellus Is it not like the King?
Horatio As thou art to thyself,
Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated.
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smote the sledded pollax on the ice,
'Tis strange.
Marcellus Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk he passed through our watch.
Horatio In what particular to work, I know not,
But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to the state.
Marcellus 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 cost of brazen cannon
 And foreign mart, for implements of war,
 Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
 Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
 What might be toward that this sweaty march
 Doth make the night joint labourer with the day,
 Who is't that can inform me?

Horatio Marry that can I, at least the whisper goes so,
 Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
 Brasse of Norway,
 Thereto prick'd on by a most emulous cause, dared to
 The combat, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
 For so this side of our known world esteemed him,
 Did slay this *Fortenbrasse*,
 Who by a seal compact well ratified, by law
 And heraldry, did forfeit with his life all those
 His lands which he stood seized of by the conqueror,
 Against the which a moiety competent,
 Was gaged by our King:
 Now sir, young *Fortenbrasse*,
 Of inapproved mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there,
 Shark'd up a sight of lawless Resolutes
 For food and diet to some enterprise,
 That hath a stomach in't: and this (I take it) is the
 Chief head and ground of this our watch.

Enter the Ghost

But lo, behold, see where it comes again,
 I'll cross it, though it blast me: stay, illusion,
 If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may do ease to thee, and grace to me,
 Speak to me.
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
 Which happily foreknowing may prevent, O speak to me,
 Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
 Or hoarded treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which they say you Spirits oft walk in death, speak to me,
 stay and speak, speak, stop it, *Marcellus*.

2nd Sentinel Tis here.

Exit Ghost

Horatio Tis here.

Marcellus Tis gone, O we do it wrong, being so majestic, to offer it the
 show of violence,
 For it is as the air invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

2nd Sentinel It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Horatio And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons: I have heard
The Cock, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his early and shrill crowing throat,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or air, in sea or fire,
The stragant and erring spirit hies
To his confines, and of the truth hereof
This present object made probation.

Marcellus It faded on the crowing of the Cock,
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say, no spirit dare walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet strikes,
No Fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So gracious, and so hallowed is that time.

Horatio So have I heard, and do in part believe it:
But see the Sun in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high mountain top,
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 love, fitting our duty?

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

*Enter King, Queen, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis,
and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants*

King Lords, we here have writ to *Fortenbrasse*,
Nephew to old Norway who, impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely hears of this his
Nephew's purpose: and we here dispatch
Young good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar*
For bearers of these greetings to old
Norway, giving to you no further personal power
To business with the King,
Than those related articles do show:
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Gent. In this and all things will we show our duty.

King We doubt nothing, heartily farewell:
And now *Leartes*; what's the news with you?
You said you had a suit what is't *Leartes*?

Leartes My gracious lord, your favourable licence,
Now that the funeral rites are all performed,
I may have leave to go again to France,
For though the favour of your grace might stay me,
Yet something is there whispers in my heart,
Which makes my mind and spirits bend all for France.

King Have you your father's leave, *Leartes*?

Leartes He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced grant,
And I beseech you grant your Highness' leave.

King With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.

Leartes I in all love and duty take my leave.

Exit

King And now princely Son *Hamlet*,
What means these sad and melancholy moods?
For your intent going to Wittenberg,
We hold it most unmeet and inconvenient,
Being the joy and half heart of your mother.
Therefore let me entreat you stay in Court,
All Denmark's hope our cousin and dearest Son.

Hamlet My lord, 'tis not the sable suit I wear:
No nor the tears that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted havior in the visage,
Nor all together mixed with outward semblance,
Is equal to the sorrow of my heart,
Him have I lost I must of force forgo,
These but the ornaments and suits of woe.

King This shows a loving care in you, Son *Hamlet*,
But you must think your father lost a father,
That father dead, lost his, and so shall be until the
General ending. Therefore cease laments;
It is a fault 'gainst heaven, fault 'gainst the dead,
A fault 'gainst nature, and in reason's
Common course most certain,
None lives on earth, but he is born to die.

Queen Let not thy mother lose her prayers *Hamlet*,
Stay here with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Hamlet I shall in all my best obey you madam.

King Spoke like a kind and a most loving Son,
And there's no health the King shall drink today
But the great Cannon to the clouds shall tell
The rouse the King shall drink unto Prince *Hamlet*.

Exeunt all but Hamlet

Hamlet Oh, that this too much griev'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the universal
Globe of heaven would turn all to a Chaos!
O God, within two months; no not two: married
Mine uncle: O let me not think of it,
My father's brother: but no more like
My father, than I to Hercules.
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Unrighteous tears had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Devoid of reason would not have made
Such speed: Frailty, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had grown by what it looked on.
Oh wicked wicked speed, to make such
Dexterity to incestuous sheets,
Ere yet the shoes were old,
The which she followed my dead father's corse
Like Niobe, all tears: married, well, it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

Horatio Health to your lordship.

Hamlet I am very glad to see you, (*Horatio*) or I much forget myself.

Horatio The same my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

Hamlet O my good friend, I change that name with you: but what make
you from Wittenberg *Horatio? Marcellus*.

Marcellus My good Lord.

Hamlet I am very glad to see you, good even sirs:
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Horatio A truant disposition, my good Lord.

Hamlet Nor shall you make me truster
Of your own report against yourself:
Sir, I know you are no truant:
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

Horatio My good Lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Hamlet O I prithee do not mock me fellow student,
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Horatio Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Hamlet 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 ever I had seen that day *Horatio*;
O my father, my father, methinks I see my father.

Horatio Where my Lord?

Hamlet Why, in my mind's eye *Horatio*.

Horatio I saw him once, he was a gallant King.

Hamlet He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Horatio My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight,

Hamlet Saw, who?

Horatio My Lord, the King your father.

Hamlet Ha, ha, the King my father ke you. (sic)

Horatio Ceasen your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these Gentlemen
This wonder to you.

Hamlet For God's love let me hear it.

Horatio Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night.
Been thus encountered by a figure like your father,
Armed to point, exactly *Capapea*
Appears before them thrice, he walks
Before their weak and fear oppressed eyes
Within his truncheon's length,
While they distilled almost to jelly.
With the act of fear stands 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,
Where as they had delivered form of the thing.
Each part made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father,
These hands are not more like.

Hamlet Tis very strange.

Horatio As I do live, my honored lord, tis true,
And we did think it right done,
In our duty to let you know it.

Hamlet Where was this?

Marcellus My Lord, upon the platform where we watched.

Hamlet Did you not speak to it?

Horatio My lord we did, but answer made it none,
Yet once me thought it was about to speak,
And lifted up his head to motion,
Like as he would speak, but even then
The morning cock crew loud, and in all haste
It shrunk in haste away, and vanished
Our sight.

Hamlet Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me:
Hold you the watch to night?

All We do, my Lord.

Hamlet Armed say ye?

All Armed my good Lord.

Hamlet From top to toe?

All My good Lord, from head to foot.

Hamlet Why then saw you not his face?

Horatio Oh yes my Lord, he wore his beaver up.

Hamlet How looked he, frowningly?

Horatio A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet Pale, or red?

Horatio Nay, very pale.

Hamlet And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Horatio Most constantly.

Hamlet I would I had been there.

Horatio It would a much amazed you.

Hamlet Yea very like, very like, stay'd it long?

Horatio While one with moderate pace
Might tell a hundred.

Marcellus O longer, longer.

Hamlet His beard was grizzled, no.

Horatio It was as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver.

Hamlet I will watch to night, perchance t'will walk again.

Horatio I warrant it will.

Hamlet If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, if hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you have hither concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall chance to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue,
I will requite your loves, so fare you well,
Upon the platform, twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All Our duties to your honor.

Exeunt

Hamlet O your loves, your loves, as mine to you,
Farewell, my father's spirit in Arms,
Well, all's 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 world o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

Exit

Enter Leartes and Ofelia

Leartes My necessaries are inbarked, I must aboard,
But ere I part, mark what I say to thee:
I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a show of love
Beware *Ofelia*, do not trust his vows,
Perhaps he loves you now, and now his tongue,
Speaks from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Virtue it self scapes not calumnious thoughts,
Believe't *Ofelia*, therefore keep aloof
Lest that he trip thy honour and thy fame.

Ofelia Brother, to this I have lent attentive ear,
And doubt not but to keep my honor firm,
But my dear brother, do not you
Like to a cunning Sophister,
Teach me the path and ready way to heaven,
While you forgetting what is said to me,

Your self, like to a careless libertine
 Doth give his heart, his appetite at full,
 And little recks how that his honour dies.

Leartes No, fear it not my dear *Ofelia*,
 Here comes my father, occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Enter Corambis

Corambis Yet here *Leartes*? aboard, aboard, for shame,
 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee
 And these few precepts in thy memory.
 “Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
 “Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
 “Grapple them to thee with a hoop of steel,
 “But do not dull the palm with entertain,
 “Of every new unfledg’d courage,
 “Beware of entrance into a quarrel; but being in,
 “Bear it that the opposed may beware of thee,
 “Costly thy apparel, as thy purse can buy.
 “But not express’d in fashion,
 “For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 And they of France of the chief rank and station
 Are of a most select and general chief in that:
 “This above all, to thy own self be true,
 And it must follow as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any one,
 Farewell, my blessing with thee.

Leartes I humbly take my leave, farewell *Ofelia*,
 And remember well what I have said to you.

Exit

Ofelia It is already lock’d within my heart,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Corambis What is’t *Ofelia* he hath said to you?

Ofelia Something touching the prince *Hamlet*.

Corambis Marry well thought on, t’is given me to understand,
 That you have been too prodigal of your maiden presence
 Unto Prince *Hamlet*, if it be so,
 As so tis given to me, and that in way of caution
 I must tell you; you do not understand your self
 So well as befits my honour, and your credit.

Ofelia My lord, he hath made many tenders of his love to me.

Corambis Tenders, ay, ay, tenders you may call them.

- Ofelia* And withal, such earnest vows.
- Corambis* Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burn,
How prodigal the tongue lends the heart vows,
In brief, be more scanter of your maiden presence,
Or tend'ring thus you'll tender me a fool.
- Ofelia* I shall obey my lord in all I may.
- Corambis* *Ofelia*, receive none of his letters,
"For lovers' lines are snares to entrap the heart;
"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keys
To unlock chastity unto desire;
Come in *Ofelia*, such men often prove,
"Great in their words, but little in their love.
- Ofelia* I will my lord.
- Exeunt*
- Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus*
- Hamlet* The air bites shrewd; it is an eager and
A nipping wind, what hour is't?
- Horatio* I think it lacks of twelve.
- Sound Trumpets*
- Marcellus* No, tis struck.
- Horatio* Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?
- Hamlet* O the King doth wake to night, & takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels,
And as he dreams, his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle, drum, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphs of his pledge.
- Horatio* Is it a custom here?
- Hamlet* Ay marry is't and though I am
Native here, and to the manner born,
It is a custom. more honour'd in the breach,
Than in the observance.
- Enter the Ghost*
- Horatio* Look my Lord, it comes.
- Hamlet* Angels and Ministers of grace defend us,
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such questionable shape,

- That I will speak to thee,
 I'll call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royal Dane,
 O answer me, let me not burst in ignorance,
 But say why thy canonized bones hearsed in death
 Have burst their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
 In which we saw thee quietly interr'd,
 Hath burst 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 the reaches of our souls?
 Say, speak, wherefore, what may this mean?
- Horatio* It beckons you, as though it had something
 To impart to you alone.
- Marcellus* Look with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground,
 But do not go with it.
- Horatio* No, by no means my Lord.
- Hamlet* It will not speak, then will I follow it.
- Horatio* What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
 That beckles o'er his base, into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible shape,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
 And drive you into madness: think of it.
- Hamlet* Still am I called, go on, I'll follow thee.
- Horatio* My Lord, you shall not go.
- Hamlet* Why what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee,
 And, for my soul, what can it do to that?
 Being a thing immortal, like it self,
 Go on, I'll follow thee.
- Marcellus* My Lord be rul'd, you shall not go.
- Hamlet* My fate cries out, and makes each petty Artiue (sic)
 As hardy as the Nemean Lion's nerve,
 Still am I call'd, unhand me gentlemen;
 By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me,
 Away, I say, go on, I'll follow thee.
- Horatio* He waxeth desperate with imagination.
- Marcellus* Something is rotten in the state of *Denmark*.

Horatio Have after; to what issue will this sort?

Marcellus Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Exit

Enter Ghost and Hamlet

Hamlet I'll go no farther, whither wilt thou lead me?

Ghost Mark me.

Hamlet I will.

Ghost I am thy father's spirit, doom'd for a time
To walk the night, and all the day
Confin'd in flaming fire,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of Nature
Are purged and burnt away.

Hamlet Alas poor Ghost.

Ghost Nay pity me not, but to my unfolding
Lend thy list'ning ear, but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house
I would a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful Porpentine,
But this same blazon must not be, to ears of flesh and blood
Hamlet, if ever thou didst thy dear father love.

Hamlet O God.

Ghost Revenge his foul, and most unnatural murder:

Hamlet Murder.

Ghost Yea, murder in the highest degree,
As in the least tis bad,
But mine most foul, beastly, and unnatural.

Hamlet Haste me to know it, that with wings as swift as meditation, or
the thought of it, may sweep to my revenge.

Ghost O I find thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be
Than the fat weed which roots it self in ease
On *Lethe* wharf: brief let me be.
Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A Serpent stung me; so the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is with a forged Process of my death rankly abus'd:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting

- Thy father's heart, now wears his Crown.
- Hamlet* O my prophetic soul, my uncle! my uncle!
- Ghost* Yea he, that incestuous wretch, won to his will with gifts,
O wicked will, and gifts! that have the power
So to seduce my most seeming virtuous Queen,
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though Lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So Lust, thought to a radiant angel link'd,
Would sate it self from a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinks
I scent the morning's air, brief let me be,
Sleeping within my Orchard, my custom always
In the after noon, upon my secure hour
Thy uncle came, with juice of Hebona
In a vial, and through the porches of my ears
Did pour the lep'rous distillment, whose effect
Hold such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver, it posteth through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And turns the thin and wholesome blood
Like eager droppings into milk.
And all my smooth body, barked, and tetter'd over.
Thus was I sleeping by a brother's hand
Of Crown, of Queen, of life, of dignity
At once deprived, no reckoning made of,
But sent unto my grave,
With all my accompts and sins upon my head,
O horrible, most horrible!
- Hamlet* O God!
- Ghost* If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not,
But howsoever, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother aught,
Leave her to heaven,
And to the burden that her conscience bears.
I must be gone, the Glo-worm shows the Matin
To be near, and gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
Hamlet adieu, adieu, adieu: remember me.
- Exit*
- Hamlet* O all you host of heaven! O earth, what else?
And shall I couple hell; remember thee?
Yes thou poor Ghost; from the tables
Of my memory, I'll wipe away all saws of Books,
All trivial fond conceits
That ever youth, or else observance noted,

And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit.
 Yes, yes, by heaven, a damn'd pernicious villain,
 Murderous, bawdy, smiling, damned villain,
 (My tables) meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I am sure, it may be so in *Denmark*.
 So uncle, there you are, there you are.
 Now to the words; it is adieu, adieu: remember me,
 So tis enough I have sworn.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

Horatio My lord, my lord.
Marcellus Lord Hamlet.
Horatio Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.
Marcellus Ill, lo, lo, so, ho, so, come boy, come.
Horatio Heavens secure him.
Marcellus How is't my noble lord?
Horatio What news my lord?
Hamlet O wonderful, wonderful.
Horatio Good my lord tell it.
Hamlet No not I, you'll reveal it.
Horatio Not I my Lord by heaven.
Marcellus Nor I my Lord.
Hamlet How say you then? would heart of man
 Once think it? but you'll be secret.
Both Ay by heaven, my lord.
Hamlet There's never a villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,
 But he's an arrant knave.
Horatio There need no Ghost come from the grave to tell you this.
Hamlet Right, you are in the right, and therefore
 I hold it meet without more circumstance at all,
 We shake hands and part; you as your business
 And desires shall lead you: for look you,
 Every man hath business, and desires, such
 As it is, and for my own poor part, I'll go pray.
Horatio These are but wild and whirling words, my Lord.
Hamlet I am sorry they offend you; heartily, yes faith heartily.
Horatio There's no offence my Lord.

Hamlet Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
 And much offense too, touching this vision,
 It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you,
 For your desires to know what is between us,
 O’ermaster it as you may:
 And now kind friends, as you are friends,
 Scholars and gentlemen,
 Grant me one poor request.

Both What is’t my Lord?

Hamlet Never make known what you have seen to night

Both My lord, we will not.

Hamlet Nay but swear.

Horatio In faith my Lord not I.

Marcellus Nor I my Lord in faith.

Hamlet Nay upon my sword, indeed upon my sword.

Ghost Swear.

The Ghost under the stage

Hamlet Ha, ha, come you hear, this fellow in the cellerage,
 Here consent to swear.

Horatio Propose the oath my Lord.

Hamlet Never to speak what you have seen to night,
 Swear by my sword.

Ghost Swear.

Hamlet *Hic et ubique*; Nay then, we’ll shift our ground:
 Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your hands
 Again upon this sword, never to speak
 Of that which you have seen, swear by my sword.

Ghost Swear.

Hamlet Well said old Mole, can’st work in the earth?
 So fast, a worthy pioneer, once more remove.

Horatio Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Hamlet And therefore as a stranger give it welcome,
 There are more things in heaven and earth *Horatio*,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy,
 But come here, as before you never shall
 How strange or odd soe’er I bear my self,
 As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,
 To put an Antic disposition on,
 That you at such times seeing me, never shall

With Arms, encumb'ed thus, or this head shake,
 Or by pronouncing some undoubtful phrase,
 As well, well, we know, or we could and if we would,
 Or there be, and if they 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.

Hamlet Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so, gentlemen,
 In all my love I do commend me to you,
 And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* may,
 To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
 Nay come let's go together,
 But still your fingers on your lips I pray,
 The time is out of joint, O cursed spite,
 That ever I was born to set it right,
 Nay come let's go together.

Exeunt

Enter Corambis and Montano

Corambis *Montano*, here, these letters to my son,
 And this same money with my blessing to him,
 And bid him ply his learning good *Montano*.

Montano I will my lord.

Corambis You shall do very well *Montano*, to say thus,
 I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
 To inquire the manner of his life,
 As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,
 You may say, you saw him at such a time, mark you me,
 At game, or drinking, swearing, or drabbing,
 You may go so far.

Montano My lord, that will impeach his reputation.

Corambis I faith not a whit, no not a whit,
 Now happily he closeth with you in the consequence,
 As you may bridle it not disparage him a jot.
 What was I about to say,

Montano He closeth with him in the consequence.

Corambis Ay, you say right, he closeth with him thus,
 This will he say, let me see what he will say,
 Marry this, I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
 Or then, or at such time, a-dicing,
 Or at Tennis, ay or drinking drunk, or ent'ring

Of a house of lightness viz. brothel,
 Thus sir do we that know the world, being men of reach,
 By indirections, find directions forth,
 And so shall you my son; you ha' me, ha' you not?

Montano I have my lord.

Corambis Well, fare you well, commend me to him.

Montano I will my lord.

Corambis And bid him ply his music.

Montano My lord I will.

Exit

Enter Ofelia

Corambis Farewell, how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?

Ofelia O my dear father, such a change in nature,
 So great an alteration in a Prince,
 So pitiful to him, fearful to me,
 A maiden's eye ne'er looked on.

Corambis Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*?

Ofelia O young Prince *Hamlet*, the only flower of *Denmark*,
 He is bereft of all the wealth he had,
 The jewel that adorn'd his feature most
 Is filch'd and stol'n away, his wit's bereft him,
 He found me walking in the gallery all alone,
 There comes he to me, with a distracted look,
 His garters lagging down, his shoes untied,
 And fix'd his eyes so steadfast on my face,
 As if they had vow'd, this is their latest object.
 Small while he stood, but grips me by the wrist,
 And there he holds my pulse till with a sigh
 He doth unclasp his hold, and parts away
 Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
 And as he went, his eye was still on me,
 For thus his head over his shoulder looked,
 He seemed to find the way without his eyes:
 For out of doors he went without their help,
 And so did leave me.

Corambis Mad for thy love,
 What have you given him any cross words of late?

Ofelia I did repel his letters, deny his gifts,
 As you did charge me.

Corambis Why, that hath made him mad:
 By heav'n tis as proper for our age to cast

Beyond our selves, as tis for the younger sort
 To leave their wantonness. Well, I am sorry
 That I was so rash: but what remedy?
 Let's to the King, this madness may prove,
 Though wild awhile, yet more true to thy love.

Exeunt

Enter King and Queen, Rossencraft and Gilderstone

King Right noble friends, that our dear cousin Hamlet
 Hath lost the very heart of all his sense,
 It is most right, and we most sorry for him:
 Therefore we do desire, even as you tender
 Our care to him, and our great love to you,
 That you will labour but to wring from him
 The cause and ground of his distemperancy.
 Do this, the King of *Denmark* shall be thankful.

Rossencraft My Lord, whatsoever lies within our power
 Your majesty may more command in words
 Than use persuasions to your liege men, bound
 By love, by duty, and obedience.

Gilderstone What we may do for both your Majesties
 To know the grief troubles the Prince your son,
 We will endeavor all the best we may,
 So in all duty do we take our leave.

King Thanks Gilderstone, and gentle Rossencraft.

Queen Thanks Rossencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis and Ofelia

Corambis My Lord, the ambassadors are joyfully
 Return'd from *Norway*.

King Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Corambis Have I, my lord? I assure your grace,
 I hold my duty as I hold my life,
 Both to my God, and to my sovereign King:
 And I believe, or else this brain of mine
 Hunts not the train of policy so well
 As it had wont to do, but I have found
 The very depth of *Hamlet's* lunacy.

Queen God grant he hath!

Enter the Ambassadors

King Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway*?

- Voltemar* Most fair returns of greetings and desires,
 Upon our first he sent forth to suppress
 His nephew's 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 *Fortenbrasse*, which he in brief obeys,
 Receives rebuke from *Norway* : and in fine,
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more
 To give the 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 shown,
 That it would please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions, for that enterprise
 On such regards of safety and allowances
 As therein are set down.
- King* It likes us well, and at fit time and leisure
 We'll read and answer these his Articles,
 Mean time, we thank you for your well
 Took labour: go to your rest, at night we'll feast together:
 Right welcome home.
- Exeunt Ambassadors*
- Corambis* This business is very well dispatched.
 Now my Lord, touching the young Prince Hamlet,
 Certain it is that he is mad: mad let us grant him then:
 Now to know the cause of this effect,
 Or else to say the cause of this defect,
 For this effect defective comes by cause.
- Queen* Good my Lord be brief.
- Corambis* Madam I will: my Lord, I have a daughter,
 Have while she's mine: for that we think
 Is surest, we often lose: now to the Prince.
 My Lord, but note this letter,
 The which my daughter in obedience
 Deliver'd to my hands.
- King* Read it my Lord.
- Corambis* Mark my Lord.
 Doubt that in earth is fire,

Doubt that the stars do move,
 Doubt truth to be a liar,
 But doe not doubt I love.
 To the beautiful *Ophelia*:
 Thine ever the most unhappy Prince *Hamlet*.
 My Lord, what do you think of me?
 Ay, or what might you think when I saw this?

King As of a true friend and a most loving subject.

Corambis I would be glad to prove so.
 Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:
 Lord *Hamlet* is a prince out of your star,
 And one that is unequal for your love:
 Therefore I did command her refuse his letters,
 Deny his tokens, and to absent her self.
 She as my child obediently obey'd me.
 Now since which time, seeing his love thus cross'd,
 Which I took to be idle, and but sport,
 He straightway grew into a melancholy,
 From that unto a fast, then unto distraction,
 Then into a sadness, from that unto a madness,
 And so by continuance, and weakness of the brain
 Into this frenzy, which now possesseth him:
 And if this be not true, take this from this.

King Think you tis so?

Corambis How? so my Lord, I would very fain know
 That thing that I have said tis so, positively,
 And it hath fallen out otherwise.
 Nay, if circumstances lead me on,
 I'll find it out, if it were hid
 As deep as the centre of the earth.

King How should we try this same?

Corambis Marry my good lord thus,
 The Prince's walk is here in the gallery,
 There let *Ophelia*, walk until he comes:
 Your self and I will stand close in the study,
 There shall you hear the effect of all his heart,
 And if it prove any otherwise than love,
 Then let my censure fail an other time.

King See where he comes poring upon a book.

Enter Hamlet

Corambis Madam, will it please your grace
 To leave us here?

- Queen* With all my heart.
- Exit*
- Corambis* And here *Ofelia*, read you on this book,
And walk aloof, the King shall be unseen.
- Hamlet* To be, or not to be, ay there's the point,
To Die, to sleep, is that all? Ay, all:
No, to sleep, to dream, ay marry there it goes,
For in that dream of death, when we awake,
And borne before an everlasting Judge,
From whence no passenger ever return'd,
The undiscovered country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.
But for this, the joyful hope of this,
Who'd bear the scorns and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich cursed of the poor?
The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tyrant's reign,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweat under this weary life,
When that he may his full *Quietus* make,
With a bare bodkin, who would this endure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which puzzles the brain, and doth confound the sense,
Which makes us rather bear those evils we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Ay that, Oh, this conscience makes cowards of us all,
Lady in thy orisons be all my sins rememb'red.
- Ofelia* My Lord, I have sought opportunity, which now
I have, to redeliver to your worthy hands, a small remem-
brance, such tokens which I have received of you.
- Hamlet* Are you fair?
- Ofelia* My lord?
- Hamlet* Are you honest?
- Ofelia* What means my Lord?
- Hamlet* That if you be fair and honest,
Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.
- Ofelia* My Lord, can beauty have better privilege than with honesty?
- Hamlet* Yea marry may it; for Beauty may transform
Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:
Than Honesty can transform Beauty:
This was sometimes a Paradox,
But now the time gives it scope.

- I never gave you nothing.
- Ofelia* My Lord, you know right will you did,
And with them such earnest vows of love
As would have mov'd the stoniest breast alive,
But now too true I find,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers grow unkind.
- Hamlet* I never loved you.
- Ofelia* You made me believe you did.
- Hamlet* O thou shouldst not a believed me!
Go to a Nunnery go, why shouldst thou
Be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest,
But I could accuse myself of such crimes
It had been better my mother had ne'er born me,
O I am very proud, ambitious, disdainful,
With more sins at my beck, than I have thoughts
To put them in, what should such fellows as I
Do, crawling between heaven and earth?
To a Nunnery, go, we are arrant knaves all,
Believe none of us, to a Nunnery go.
- Ofelia* O heavens secure him!
- Hamlet* Where's thy father?
- Ofelia* At home my lord.
- Hamlet* For God's sake let the doors be shut on him,
He may play the fool no where but in his
Own house: to a Nunnery go.
- Ofelia* Help him good God.
- Hamlet* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee
This plague to thy dowry:
Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery go.
- Ofelia* Alas, what change is this?
- Hamlet* But if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool,
For wise men know well enough,
What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery go.
- Ofelia* Pray God restore him.
- Hamlet* Nay, I have heard of your paintings, too,
God hath given you one face,
And you make your selves another,
You fig, and you amble, and you nickname God's creatures, (*sic*)
Making your wantonness, your ignorance,

A pox, tis scurvy, I'll no more of it,
 It hath made me mad: I'll no more marriages,
 All that are married but one, shall live,
 The rest shall keep as they are, to a Nunnery, go
 To a Nunnery go.

Exit

Ofelia Great God of heaven, what a quick change is this?
 The Courtier, Scholar, Soldier, all in him,
 All dash'd and splinter'd thence, O woe is me,
 To a seen what I have seen, see what I see.

Exit

Enter King and Corambis

King Love? No, no, that's not the cause,
 Some deeper thing it is that troubles him.

Corambis Well, something it is: my Lord, content you awhile,
 I will my self go feel him: let me work,
 I'll try him every way: see where he comes,
 Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone
 To find the depth of this, away, be gone.

Exit King

Enter Hamlet

Now my good Lord, do you know me?

Hamlet Yea very well, y'are a fishmonger.

Corambis Not I my Lord.

Hamlet Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,
 For to be honest, as this age goes,
 Is one man to be pick'd out of ten thousand.

Corambis What doe you read my Lord?

Hamlet Words, words.

Corambis What's the matter my Lord?

Hamlet Between who?

Corambis I mean the matter you read my Lord.

Hamlet Marry most vile heresy:
 For here the satyirical satyre writes,
 That old men have hollow eyes, weak backs,
 Grey beards, pitiful weak hams, gouty legs,
 All which sir, I most potently believe not:
 For sir, yourself shall be old as I am,
 If like a Crab, you could go backward.

- Corambis* How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:
Yet at first he took me for a fishmonger:
All this comes by love, the vehemency of love,
And when I was young, I was very idle,
And suffered much ecstasy in love, very near this:
Will you walk out of the air my Lord?
- Hamlet* Into my grave.
- Corambis* By the mass that's out of the air indeed,
Very shrewd answers,
My lord I will take my leave of you.
- Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft*
- Hamlet* You can take nothing from me sir,
I will more willingly part withal,
Old doating fool.
- Corambis* You seek Prince Hamlet, see, there he is.
- Exit*
- Gilderstone* Health to your lordship.
- Hamlet* What, *Gilderstone*, and *Rossencraft*,
Welcome kind School-fellows, to *Elsanore*.
- Gilderstone* We thank your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at *Wittenberg*.
- Hamlet* I thank you, but is this vilitation free of
Your selves, or were you not sent for?
Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queen
Sent for you, there is a kind of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.
- Gilderstone* What say you?
- Hamlet* Nay, then, I see how the wind sits,
Come, you were sent for.
- Rossencraft* My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.
- Hamlet* Why I want preferment.
- Rossencraft* I think not so my lord.
- Hamlet* Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heavens, nor earth nor sea,
No, nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.
- Gilderstone* My lord, we laugh not at that.
- Hamlet* Why did you laugh then,

- When I said, Man did not content me?
- Gilderstone* My lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not content you.
What entertainment the Players shall have?
We boarded them a the way: they are coming to you.
- Hamlet* Players, what Players be they?
- Rossencraft* My Lord, the Tragedians of the City,
Those that you took delight to see so often.
- Hamlet* How comes it that they travel? Do they grow resty?
- Gilderstone* No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.
- Hamlet* How then?
- Gilderstone* I'faith my Lord, novelty carries it away,
For the principal public audience that
Came to them, are turned to private plays,
And to the humour of children.
- Hamlet* I do not greatly wonder of it,
For those that would make mops and mows
At my uncle, when my father lived,
Now give a hundred, two hundred pounds
For his picture: but they shall be welcome,
He that plays the King shall have tribute of me,
The ventrous Knight shall use his foil and target,
The lover shall sigh gratis,
The clown shall make them laugh
That are tickled in the lungs, or the blank verse shall halt for't,
And the Lady shall have leave to speak her mind freely.
- The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis*
- Do you see yonder great baby?
He is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.
- Gilderstone* That may be, for they say an old man
Is twice a child.
- Hamlet* I'll prophesy to you, he comes to tell me a the Players,
You say true, a Monday last, t'was so indeed.
- Corambis* My lord, I have news to tell you.
- Hamlet* My Lord, I have news to tell you:
When Rossius was an Actor in Rome.
- Corambis* The actors are come hither, my lord.
- Hamlet* Buzz, buzz.
- Corambis* The best actors in Christendom,
Either for Comedy, Tragedy, History, Pastoral,

Pastoral, Historical, Historical, Comical,
Comical historical, Pastoral, Tragedyhistorical:
Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor *Plato* too light:
For the law hath writ those are the only men.

Hamlet O *Jepha*, Judge of *Israel*! what a treasure hadst thou?

Corambis Why what a treasure had he my lord?

Hamlet Why one fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

Corambis Ah, still harping a my daughter! well my Lord,
If you call me *Jepha*, I have a daughter that
I love passing well.

Hamlet Nay that follows not.

Corambis What follows then my Lord?

Hamlet Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to pass,
And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet
Will tell you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:

Enter Players.

Welcome masters, welcome all
What my old friend, thy face is valanced
Since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark*?
My young lady and mistress, by'r Lady but your
Ladyship is grown by the altitude of a chopine higher than you were:
Pray God sir your voice, like a piece of uncurrent
Gold, be not cracked in the ring: come on masters,
We'll even to't, like French Falconers,
Fly at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Quality, a speech, a passionate speech.

Players What speech my good lord?

Hamlet I heard thee speak a speech once,
But it was never acted: or if it were,
Never above twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar, it was caviary
To the million: but to me
And others, that received it in the like kind,
Cried in the top of their judgments, an excellent play,
Set down with as great modesty as cunning:
One said there was no sallets in the lines to make them savory,
But called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet.
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was *Aeneas*' tale to *Dido*,
And then especially where he talks of Princes' slaughter,

If it live in thy memory begin at this line,
 Let me see.
 The rugged *Pyrrus*, like th'arganian beast:
 No 'tis not so, it begins with *Pyrrus*:
 Oh, I have it.
 The rugged *Pyrrus*, he whose sable arms,
 Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
 When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
 Hath now his black and grim complexion smeared
 With Heraldry more dismal, head to foot,
 Now is he total guise, horridly tricked
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
 Baked and imparched in calagulate gore,
 Rifted in earth and fire, old grandsire *Pryam* seeks:
 So, go on.

Corambis Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good accent.

Player Anon he finds him striking too short at Greeks,
 His antique sword rebellious to his Arm,
 Lies where it falls, unable to resist.
Pyrrus at *Pryam* drives, but all in rage,
 Strikes wide, but with the whiff and wind
 Of his fell sword, th'unnervèd father falls.

Corambis Enough my friend, 'tis too long.

Hamlet It shall to the Barber's with your beard.
 A pox, he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry,
 Or else he sleeps, come on to *Hecuba*, come.

Player But who O who had seen the mobled Queen?

Corambis Mobled Queen is good, faith very good.

Player All in the alarum and fear of death rose up,
 And o'er her weak and all o'er-teeming loins, a blanket
 And a kercher on that head, where late the diadem stood,
 Who this had seen with tongue invenomed speech,
 Would treason have pronounced,
 For if the gods themselves had seen her then,
 When she saw *Pyrrus* with malicious strokes,
 Mincing her husband's limbs,
 It would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
 And passion in the gods.

Corambis Look my lord, if he hath not chang'd his color,
 And hath tears in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

Hamlet 'Tis well, 'tis very well, I pray, my lord,
 Will you see the Players will bestowed,

I tell you they are the Chronicles
 And brief abstracts of the time,
 After your death I can tell you,
 You were better have a bad Epitaph,
 Than their ill report while you live.

Corambis My lord, I will use them according to their deserts.

Hamlet O far better man, use every man after his deserts,
 Then who should scape whipping?
 Use them after your own honor and dignity,
 The less they deserve, the greater credit's yours.

Corambis Welcome, my good fellows.

Exit

Hamlet Come hither masters. Can you not play the murder of *Gonzago*?

Players Yes my Lord.

Hamlet And couldst not thou for a need study me
 Some dozen or sixteen lines,
 Which I would set down and insert?

Players Yes very easily my good Lord.

Hamlet 'Tis well, I thank you: follow that lord:
 And, do you hear sirs? take heed you mock him not. Gentlemen,
 for your kindness I thank you,
 And for a time I would desire you leave me.

Gilderstone Our love and duty is at your command.

Exeunt all but Hamlet

Hamlet Why what a dunghill idiot slave am I?
 Why these players here draw water from eyes:
 For Hecuba, why, what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
 What would he do an if he had my loss?
 His father murdered, and a crown bereft him,
 He would turn all his tears to drops of blood,
 Amaze the standers by with his laments,
 Strike more than wonder in the judicial ears,
 Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wise,
 Indeed his passion would be general.
 Yet I like to an ass and John a Dreams,
 Having my father murdered by a villain,
 Stand still, and let it pass, why sure I am a coward:
 Who plucks me by the beard, or twits my nose,
 Gives me the lie i'th' throat down to the lungs,
 Sure I should take it, or else I have no gall,
 Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites

With this slave's offal, this damned villain,
 Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villain:
 Why this is brave, that I the son of my dear father,
 Should like a scallion, like a very drab
 Thus rail in words. About my brain,
 I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play,
 Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confess'd a murder
 Committed long before.
 This spirit that I have seen may be the Devil,
 And out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such men,
 Doth seek to damn me, I will have sounder proofs,
 The play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Exit

Enter the King, Queen, and Lords

- King* Lords, can you by no means find
 The cause of our son *Hamlet's* lunacy?
 You being so near in love, even from his youth,
 Methinks should gain more than a stranger should.
- Gilderstone* My lord, we have done all the best we could,
 To wring from him the cause of all his grief,
 But still he puts us off, and by no means
 Would make an answer to that we expos'd.
- Rossencraft* Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth
 Before we left him, and, I take it,
 He hath given order for a play tonight,
 At which he craves your highness' company.
- King* With all our heart, it likes us very well:
 Gentlemen, seek still to increase his mirth,
 Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,
 And we unto yourselves will still be thankful.
- Both* In all we can, be sure you shall command.
- Queen* Thanks gentlemen, and what the Queen of Denmark
 May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want.
- Gilderstone* We'll once again unto the noble prince.
- King* Thanks to you both: Gertred, you'll see this play.
- Queen* My lord I will, and it joys me at the soul
 He is inclin'd to any kind of mirth.
- Corambis* Madam, I pray be ruled by me:

And, my good Sovereign, give me leave to speak,
 We cannot yet find out the very ground
 Of his distemperance, therefore
 I hold it meet, if so it please you,
 Else they shall not meet, and thus it is.

King What is't, *Corambis*?

Corambis Marry my good lord this, soon, when the sports are done,
 Madam, send you in haste to speak with him,
 And I myself will stand behind the Arras,
 There question you the cause of all his grief,
 And then in love and nature unto you, he'll tell you all:
 My Lord, how think you on't?

King It likes us well, *Gertrud*, what say you?

Queen With all my heart, soon will I send for him.

Corambis Myself will be that happy messenger,
 Who hopes his grief will be revealed to her.

Exeunt Omnes

Enter Hamlet and the Players

Hamlet Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue as I taught thee.
 Marry an 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 every thing his action with temperance.
 O it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig fellow,
 To tear a passion in totters, into very rags,
 To split the ears of the ignorant, who for the
 Most part are capable of nothing but dumb shows and noises,
 I would have such a fellow whipp'd, for o'erdoing, termagant
 It out, Herods Herod.

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

Hamlet The better, the better, mend it altogether:
 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 Nature's journeymen
 Had made men, and not made them well,
 They imitated humanity, so abominable:
 Take heed, avoid it.

Players I warrant you my Lord.

Hamlet 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 shows
 A pitiful ambition in the fool that useth it.
 And then you have some again, that keeps one suit
 Of jests, as a man is known by one suit of
 Apparel, and gentlemen quotes his jests down
 In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
 Cannot you stay till I eat my porridge? and, you owe me
 A quarters wages: and, my coat wants a cullison:
 And your beer is sour: and, blabbering with his lips,
 And thus keeping in his cinquepace of jests,
 When, God knows, the warm Clown cannot make a jest
 Unless by chance, as the blind man catcheth a hare:
 Masters, tell him of it.

Players We will my Lord.

Hamlet Well, go make you ready.

Exeunt Players

Horatio Here, my lord.

Hamlet *Horatio*, thou art even as just a man,
 As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Horatio Oh my lord!

Hamlet Nay why should I flatter thee?
 Why should the poor be flattered?
 What gain should I receive by flattering thee,
 That nothing hath but thy good mind?
 Let flattery sit on those time-pleasing tongues,
 To gloze with them that loves to hear their praise,
 And not with such as thou *Horatio*.
 There is a play tonight, wherein one Scene they have
 Comes very near the murder of my father,
 When thou shalt see that Act afoot,
 Mark thou the King, do but observe his looks,
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face:
 And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
 It is a damnèd ghost that we have seen.
Horatio, have a care, observe him well.

Horatio My lord, mine eyes shall still be on his face,
 And not the smallest alteration
 That shall appear in him, but I shall note it.

- Hamlet* Hark, they come.
Enter King, Queen, Corambis, and other Lords
- King* How now, son *Hamlet*, how fare you, shall we have a play?
- Hamlet* I'faith the chameleon's dish, not capon cramm'd - feed a the air.
Ay father: My lord, you played in the University.
- Corambis* That I did, my L: and I was counted a good actor.
- Hamlet* What did you enact there?
- Corambis* My lord, I did act *Julius Caesar*. I was killed in the Capitol, Brutus killed me.
- Hamlet* It was a brute part of him
To kill so capital a calf.
Come, be these players ready?
- Queen* Hamlet come sit down by me.
- Hamlet* No by my faith mother, here's a metal more attractive.
Lady, will you give me leave, and so forth:
To lay my head in your lap?
- Ofelia* No my lord.
- Hamlet* Upon your lap, what, do you think I meant contrary matters?
Enter, in a Dumb Show, the King and the Queen, he sits down in an Arbor, she leaves him: Then enters Lucianus with poison in a Vial, and pours it in his ears, and goes away: Then the Queen cometh and finds him dead: and goes away with the other.
- Ofelia* What means this my Lord?
Enter the Prologue
- Hamlet* This is miching Mallico, that means mischief.
- Ofelia* What doth this mean my lord?
- Hamlet* you shall hear anon, this fellow will tell you all.
- Ofelia* Will he tell us what this show means?
- Hamlet* Ay, or any show you'll show him,
Be not afeard to show, he'll not be afeard to tell:
O these Players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.
- Prologue* For us, and for our Tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.
- Hamlet* Is't a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?
- Ofelia* 'Tis short my Lord.
- Hamlet* As women's love.

Enter the Duke and Duchess

- Duke* Full forty years are past, their date is gone,
 Since happy time joined both our hearts as one:
 And now the blood that fill'd my youthful veins
 Runs weakly in their pipes, and all the strains
 Of music, which whilom pleas'd mine ear,
 Is now a burden that Age cannot bear:
 And therefore sweet Nature must pay his due,
 To heaven must I, and leave the earth with you.
- Duchess* O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,
 When death takes you, let life from me depart.
- Duke* Content thyself, when ended is my date,
 Thou mayst (perchance) have a more noble mate,
 More wise, more youthful, and one.
- Duchess* O speak no more for then I am accurst,
 None weds the second, but she kills the first:
 A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
 When second husband kisses me in bed.
- Hamlet* O wormwood, wormwood!
- Duke* I do believe you, sweet, what now you speak,
 But what we do determine oft we break,
 For our demises still are overthrown,
 Our thought are ours, their end's none of our own:
 So think you will no second husband wed,
 But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
- Duchess* Both here and there pursue me lasting strife,
 If once a widow, ever I be wife.
- Hamlet* If she should break now.
- Duke* 'Tis deeply sworn, sweet leave me here awhile,
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile the tedious time
 with sleep.
- Duchess* Sleep rock thy brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain.

Exit Lady

- Hamlet* Madam, how do you like this play?
- Queen* The Lady protests too much.
- Hamlet* O but she'll keep her word.
- King* Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in it?
- Hamlet* No offence in the world, poison in jest, poison in jest.

- King* What do you call the name of the play?
- Hamlet* Mouse-trap: marry, how trapically: this play is
The image of a murder done in Guyana,
Albertus was the Duke's name, his wife Baptista
Father, it is a knavish piece o'work: but what
A that, it toucheth not us, you and I that have free
Souls, let the gall'd jade wince, this is one
Lucianus nephew to the King.
- Ofelia* Y'are as good as a chorus my lord.
- Hamlet* I could interpret the love you bear, if I saw the poopies dallying.
- Ofelia* Y'are very pleasant my lord.
- Hamlet* Who I, your only jig-maker, why, what should a man do but be
merry? for look how cheerfully my mother looks, my father died
within these two hours.
- Ofelia* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
- Hamlet* Two months, nay then let the devil wear black,
For I'll have a suit of Sables: Jesus, two months dead,
And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some
Likelihood, a gentlemans death may outlive memory,
But by my faith he must build churches then,
Or else he must follow the old Epitithe,
With hoh, with ho, the hobbyhorse is forgot.
- Ofelia* Your jests are keen my Lord.
- Hamlet* It would cost you a groaning to take them off.
- Ofelia* Still better and worse.
- Hamlet* So you must take your husband, begin. Murdred
Begin, a pox, leave thy damnable faces and begin.
Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.
- Murderer* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Confederate season, else no creature seeing:
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecates* bane thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dire property
One wholesome life usurps immediately.
- Exit*
- Hamlet* He poisons him for his estate.
- King* Lights, I will to bed.
- Corambis* The king rises, lights, ho.

Exeunt King and Lords

Hamlet What, frightened with false fires?
Then let the stricken deer go weep,
The heart ungalled play,
For some must laugh, while some must weep,
Thus runs the world away.

Horatio The king is moved my lord.

Horatio Ay *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghost's word
For more then all the coin in *Denmark*.

Enter Rossecraft and Gilderstone

Rossecraft Now my lord, how is't with you?

Hamlet And if the King like not the tragedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

Rossecraft We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,
My good lord, let us again entreat
To know of you the ground and cause of your distemperature.

Gilderstone My lord, your mother craves to speak with you.

Hamlet We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.

Rossecraft But my good Lord, shall I entreat thus much?

Hamlet I pray will you play upon this pipe?

Rossecraft Alas my lord I cannot.

Hamlet Pray will you?

Gilderstone I have no skill my Lord.

Hamlet why look, it is a thing of nothing.
'Tis but stopping of these holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will give most delicate music.

Gilderstone But this cannot we do my Lord.

Hamlet Pray now, pray heartily, I beseech you.

Rossecraft My lord we cannot.

Hamlet Why how unworthy a thing would you make of me?
You would seem to know my stops, you would play upon me,
You would search the very inward part of my heart
And dive into the secret of my soul.
Zounds do you think I am easier to be play'd
On, than a pipe? call me what Instrument
You will, though you can fret me, yet you can not
Play upon me, besides, to be demanded by a sponge.

Rossecraft How, a sponge my Lord?

Hamlet Ay sir, a sponge, that soaks up the kings
 Countenance, favours, and rewards, that makes
 His liberality your storehouse: but such as you,
 Do the king, in the end, best service;
 For he doth keep you as an ape doth nuts,
 In the corner of his jaw, first mouths you,
 Then swallows you: so when he hath need
 Of you, 'tis but squeezing of you,
 And sponge, you shall be dry again, you shall.

Rossencraft Well my Lord we'll take our leave.

Hamlet Farewell, farewell, God bless you.

Exit Rossencraft and Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis

Corambis My lord, the Queen would speak with you.

Hamlet Do you see yonder cloud in the shape of a camel?

Corambis 'Tis like a camel indeed.

Hamlet Now me thinks it's like a weasel.

Corambis 'Tis backed like a weasel.

Hamlet Or like a whale.

Corambis Very like a whale.

Exit Corambis.

Hamlet Why then tell my mother I'll come by and by.
 Good night *Horatio*.

Horatio Good night unto your Lordship.

Exit Horatio.

Hamlet My mother she hath sent to speak with me:
 O God, let ne'er the heart of *Nero* enter
 This soft bosom.
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
 I will speak daggers. those sharp words being spent,
 To do her wrong my soul shall ne'er consent.

Exit.

Enter the King.

King O that this wet that falls upon my face
 Would wash the crime clear from my conscience!
 When I look up to heaven, I see my trespass,
 The earth doth still cry out upon my fact,
 Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,

And the adulterous fault I have committed:
 O these are sins that are unpardonable:
 Why say thy sins were blacker than is jet,
 Yet may contrition make them as white as snow:
 Ay but still to persever in a sin,
 It is an act gainst the universal power.
 Most wretched man, stoop, bend thee to thy prayer,
 Ask grace of heaven to keep thee from despair.

He kneels. Enters Hamlet

Hamlet Ay so, come forth and work thy last,
 And thus he dies; and so am I revenged:
 No, not so: he took my father sleeping, his sins brim full,
 And how his soul stood to the state of heaven
 Who knows, save the immortal powers,
 And shall I kill him now,
 When he is purging of his soul?
 Making his way for heaven, this is a benefit,
 And not revenge: no, get thee up again,
 When he's at game swearing, taking his carouse, drinking drunk,
 Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
 Or at some act that hath no relish
 Of salvation in't, then trip him
 That his heels may kick at heaven,
 And fall as low as hell: my mother stays,
 This physic but prolongs thy weary days.

Exit Hamlet.

King My words fly up, my sins remain below,
 No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe.

Exit King.

Enter Queen and Corambis.

Corambis Madam, I hear young Hamlet coming,
 I'll shrowd myself behind the Arras.

Exit Corambis.

Queen Do so my Lord.

Hamlet Mother, mother, O are you here?
 How is't with you mother?

Queen How is't with you?

Hamlet I'll tell you, but first we'll make all safe.

Queen Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Hamlet Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen How now boy?

Hamlet How now, mother! come here, sit down, for you shall hear me speak.

Queen What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me:
Help ho!

Corambis Help for the Queen.

Hamlet Ay a rat, dead for a Ducat!
Rash intruding fool, farewell,
I took thee for thy better.

Queen Hamlet, what hast thou done?

Hamlet Not so much harm, good mother,
As to kill a king and marry with his brother.

Queen How! kill a king!

Hamlet Ay a king: nay sit you down, and, ere you part,
If you be made of penetrable stuff,
I'll make your eyes look down into your heart,
And see how horrid there and black it shows.

Queen Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing words?

Hamlet Why this I mean, see here, behold this picture,
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,
See here a face, to outface *Mars* himself,
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,
A front wherein all virtues are set down
For to adorn a king, and guild his crown,
Whose heart went hand in hand even with that vow
He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murd'red, damnably murd'red, this was your husband,
Look you now, here is your husband,
With a face like *Vulcan*.
A look fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging look, and a hell-bred eye,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this same have you left to change with this.
What Devil thus hath cozened you at hob-man blind?
Ah! have you eyes and can you look on him
That slew my father, and your dear husband,
To live in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

Queen O Hamlet, speak no more.

Hamlet To leave him that bare a Monarch's mind
For a king of clouts, of very shreds?

Queen Sweet Hamlet cease.

- Hamlet* Nay but still to persist and dwell in sin,
To sweat under the yoke of infamy,
To make increase of shame, to seal damnation.
- Queen* Hamlet, no more.
- Hamlet* Why appetite with you is in the wane,
Your blood runs backward now from whence it came,
Who'll chide hot blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?
- Queen* Hamlet, thou cleaves my heart in twain.
- Hamlet* O throw away the worser part of it, and keep the better.
- Enter the ghost in his night gown.*
- Save me, save me, you gracious
Powers above, and hover over me,
With your celestial wings.
Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That I thus long have let revenge slip by?
O do not glare with looks so pitiful!
Lest that my heart of stone yield to compassion,
And every part that should assist revenge,
Forgo their proper powers, and fall to pity!
- Ghost* Hamlet, I once again appear to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Do not neglect, nor long time put it off.
But I perceive by thy distracted looks,
Thy mother's fearful, and she stands amaz'd:
Speak to her Hamlet, for her sex is weak,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, think on me.
- Hamlet* How is't with you Lady?
- Queen* Nay, how is't with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancy,
And hold discourse with nothing but with air?
- Hamlet* Why do you nothing hear?
- Queen* Not I.
- Hamlet* Nor do you nothing see?
- Queen* No neither.
- Hamlet* No, why see the king my father, my father, in the habit
As he lived, look you how pale he looks,
See how he steals away out of the Portal,
Look, there he goes.

Exit ghost.

- Queen* Alas, it is the weakness of thy brain,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy heart's grief:
But as I have a soul, I swear by heaven,
I never knew of this most horrid murder:
But Hamlet, this is only fantasy,
And for my love forget these idle fits.
- Hamlet* Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beat like yours,
It is not madness that possesseth Hamlet.
O mother, if ever you did my dear father love,
Forbear the adulterous bed tonight,
And win yourself by little as you may,
In time it may be you will loathe him quite:
And mother, but assist me in revenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.
- Queen* *Hamlet*, I vow, by that Majesty
That knows our thoughts, and looks into our hearts,
I will conceal, consent, and do my best,
What stratagem so'er thou shalt devise.
- Hamlet* It is enough, mother good night:
Come sir, I'll provide for you a grave,
Who was in life a foolish, prating knave.
- Exit Hamlet with the dead body.*
- Enter the King and Lords.*
- King* Now Gertred, what says our son, how do you find him?
- Queen* Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whenas he came, I first bespake him fair,
But then he throws and tosses me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I called for help: and as I cried, *Corambis*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.
- King* Why this his madness will undo our state.
Lords go to him, inquire the body out.
- Gilderstone* We will, my lord.
- Exeunt Lords.*
- King* Gertred, your son shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we have sent by *Rossen Craft* and *Gilderstone*,
Our letters to our dear brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happiness:
Haply the air and climate of the Country

May please him better than his native home:
See where he comes.

Enter Hamlet and the Lords.

Gilderstone

My lord, we can by no means
Know of him where the body is.

King

Now son Hamlet, where is this dead body?

Hamlet

At supper, not where he is eating, but
Where he is eaten, a certain company of politic worms are even
now at him.

Father, your fat King, and your lean Beggar
Are but variable services, two dishes to one mess:
Look you, a man may fish with that worm
That hath eaten of a King,
And a beggar eat that fish,
Which that worm hath caught.

King

What of this?

Hamlet

Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King
May go a progress through the guts of a Beggar.

King

But son *Hamlet*, where is this body?

Hamlet

In heav'n, if you chance to miss him there,
Father, you had best look in the other parts below
For him, and if you cannot find him there,
You may chance to nose him as you go up the lobby.

King

Make haste and find him out.

Hamlet

Nay do you hear? do not make too much haste,
I'll warrant you he'll stay till you come.

King

Well son *Hamlet*, we, in care of you: but specially
in tender preservation of your health,
The which we prize even as our proper self,
It is our mind you forthwith go for *England*,
The wind sits fair, you shall aboard tonight,
Lord *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone* shall go along with you.

Hamlet

O with all my heart: farewell mother.

King

Your loving father, *Hamlet*.

Hamlet

My mother I say: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,
And so (my mother) farewell: for England ho.

exeunt all but the king.

King

Gertred, leave me,

And take your leave of *Hamlet*,
 To England is he gone, ne'er to return:
 Our Letters are unto the King of England,
 That on the sight of them, on his allegiance,
 He presently without demanding why,
 That *Hamlet* lose his head, for he must die,
 There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:
 He once being dead, why then our state is free.

exit.

Enter Fortenbrasse, Drum and Soldiers.

Fortenbrasse Captain, from us go greet
 The King of Denmark:
 Tell him that *Fortenbrasse*, nephew to old *Norway*,
 Craves a free pass and conduct over his land,
 According to the Articles agreed on:
 You know our Rendezvous, go march away.

exeunt all.

enter King and Queen.

King *Hamlet* is shipp'd for England, fare him well,
 I hope to hear good news from thence ere long,
 If everything fall out to our content,
 As I do make no doubt but so it shall.

Queen God grant it may, heav'ns keep my *Hamlet* safe:
 But this mischance of old *Corambis* death,
 Hath pierced so the young *Ofelias* heart,
 That she, poor maid, is quite bereft her wits.

King Alas dear heart! And on the other side,
 We understand her brother's come from *France*,
 And he hath half the heart of all our Land,
 And hardly he'll forget his father's death,
 Unless by some means he be pacified.

Queen O see where the young *Ofelia* is!

Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her hair down singing.

Ofelia How should I your true love know
 From another man?
 By his cockle hat, and his staff,
 And his sandal shoon.
 White his shroud as mountain snow,
 Larded with sweet flowers,
 That bewept to the grave did not go
 With true lovers showers:

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grass green turf,
At his heels a stone.

King How is't with you sweet *Ofelia*?

Ofelia Well God yield you,
It grieves me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not choose but weep:
And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he's gone, and we cast away moan,
And he never will come again.
His beard as white as snow:
All flaxen was his poll,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God a mercy on his soul.
And of all christen souls I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you.

exit Ofelia.

King A pretty wretch! this is a change indeed:
O Time, how swiftly runs our joys away?
Content on earth was never certain bred,
Today we laugh and live, tomorrow dead.
How now, what noise is that?

A noise within. enter Leartes.

Leartes Stay there until I come,
O thou vile king, give me my father:
Speak, say, where's my father?

King Dead.

Leartes Who hath murdered him? Speak, I'll not
Be juggled with, for he is murdered.

Queen True, but not by him.

Leartes By whom, by heav'n I'll be resolved.

King Let him go *Gertred*, away, I fear him not,
There's such divinity doth wall a king
That treason dares not look on.
Let him go *Gertred*, that your father is murdered,
'Tis true, and we most sorry for it,
Being the chiefest pillar of our state:
Therefore will you like a most desperate gamester,
Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

Leartes To his good friends thus wide I'll ope mine arms
And lock them in my heart, but to his foes,
I will no reconcilment but by blood.

King Why, now you speak like a most loving son:
And that in soul we sorrow for for his death,
Yourself ere long shall be a witness,
Meanwhile be patient, and content yourself.

Enter Ofelia as before.

Leartes Who's this, *Ofelia*? O my dear sister!
Is't possible a young maids life,
Should be as mortal as an old man's saw?
O heav'ns themselves! how now *Ofelia*?

Ofelia Well God a mercy, I a bin gathering of flowers:
Here, here is rue for you,
You may call it herb a grace a Sundays,
Here's some for me, too: you must wear your rue
With a difference, there's a daisy.
Here Love, there's rosemary for you
For remembrance: I pray Love remember,
And there's pansy for thoughts.

Leartes A document in madness, thoughts, remembrance:
O God, O God!

Ofelia There is fennel for you, I would a giv'n you
Some violets, but they all withered,
When my father died: alas, they say the owl was
A Baker's daughter, we see what we are,
But cannot tell what we shall be.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Leartes Thoughts and afflictions, torments worse than hell.

Ofelia Nay Love, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you shall sing a down,
And you a down a, 'tis a the King's daughter
And the false steward, and if anybody
Ask you of anything, say you this.
Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And a maid at your window
To be your Valentine:
The young man rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.
Nay I pray mark now,

By Gis, and by saint Charity
 Away, and fie for shame:
 Young men will do't when they come to't:
 By Cock, they are too blame.
 Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
 You promised me to wed.
 So would I a done, By yonder Sun,
 If thou hadst not come to my bed.
 So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
 God bwy you Love.

exit Ofelia.

Leartes Grief upon grief, my father murdered,
 My sister thus distracted:
 Cursed be his soul that wrought this wicked act.

King Content you good Leartes for a time,
 Although I know your grief is as a flood,
 Brim full of sorrow, but forbear a while,
 And think already the revenge is done
 On him that makes you such a hapless son.

Leartes You have prevail'd, my Lord, a while I'll strive,
 To bury grief within a tomb of wrath,
 Which once unheard, then the world shall hear
 Leartes had a father he held dear.

King No more of that, ere many days be done,
 You shall hear that you do not dream upon.

exeunt omnes.

Enter Horatio and the Queen.

Horatio Madam, your son is safe arrived in *Denmark*,
 This letter I even now receiv'd of him,
 Whereas he writes how he escap'd the danger,
 And subtle treason that the king had plotted,
 Being crossed by the contention of the winds,
 He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*,
 Wherein he saw himself betray'd to death,
 As at his next conversion with your grace,
 He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queen Then I perceive there's treason in his looks
 That seem'd to sugar o'er his villany:
 But I will soothe and please him for a time,
 For murderous minds are always jealous,
 But know not you *Horatio* where he is?

- Horatio* Yes Madam, and he hath appointed me
To meet him on the east side of the City
Tomorrow morning.
- Queen* O fail not, good *Horatio*, and withal, commend me
A mothers care to him, bid him awhile
Be wary of his presence, lest that he
Fail in that he goes about.
- Horatio* Madam, never make doubt of that:
I think by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'd, observe the king, and you shall
Quickly find, *Hamlet* being here,
Things fell not to his mind.
- Queen* But what become of *Gilderstone* and *Rossencraft*?
- Horatio* He being set ashore, they went for *England*,
And in the Packet there writ down that doom
To be perform'd on them pointed for him:
And by great chance he had his father's Seal,
So all was done without discovery.
- Queen* Thanks be to heaven for blessing of the prince,
Horatio once again I take my leave,
With thousand mothers blessings to my son.
- Horatio* Madam, adieu.
- Enter King and Leartes.*
- King* Hamlet from *England*! is it possible?
What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.
- Learthes* O he is welcome, by my soul he is:
At it my jocund heart doth leap for joy,
That I shall live to tell him, thus he dies.
- King* Learthes, content yourself, be rul'd by me,
And you shall have no let for your revenge.
- Learthes* My will, not all the world.
- King* Nay but Learthes, mark the plot I have laid,
I have heard him often with a greedy wish,
Upon some praise that he hath heard of you
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.
- Learthes* And how for this?
- King* Marry Learthes thus: I'll lay a wager,
Shall be on *Hamlets* side, and you shall give the odds,
The which will draw him with a more desire,

To try the maistry, that in twelve venies
 You gain not three of him: now, this being granted,
 When you are hot in midst of all your play,
 Among the foils shall a keen rapier lie,
 Steeped in a mixture of deadly poison,
 That if it draws but the least dram of blood,
 In any part of him, he cannot live:
 This being done will free you from suspicion,
 And not the dearest friend that *Hamlet* lov'd
 Will ever have Leartes in suspect.

Learthes My lord, I like it well:
 But say Lord *Hamlet* should refuse this match.

King I'll warrant you, we'll put on you
 Such a report of singularity,
 Will bring him on, although against his will.
 And lest that all should miss,
 I'll have a potion that shall ready stand,
 In all his heat when that he calls for drink,
 Shall be his period and our happiness.

Learthes 'Tis excellent, O would the time were come!
 Here comes the Queen.

enter the Queen.

King How now Gertred, why look you heavily?

Queen O my lord, the young *Ofelia*
 Having made a garland of sundry sorts of flowers,
 Sitting upon a willow by a brook,
 The envious sprig broke, into the brook she fell,
 And for a while her clothes spread wide abroad,
 Bore the young Lady up: and there she sat smiling,
 Even Mermaid-like, twixt heaven and earth,
 Chanting old sundry tunes uncapable
 As it were of her distress, but long it could not be,
 Till that her clothes, being heavy with their drink,
 Dragged the sweet wretch to death.

Learthes So, she is drown'd:
 Too much of water hast thou *Ofelia*,
 Therefore I will not drown thee in my tears,
 Revenge it is must yield this heart relief,
 For woe begets woe, and grief hangs on grief.

exeunt.

enter Clown and an other.

Clown I say no, she ought not to be buried

- In Christian burial.
- 2nd Clown* Why sir?
- Clown* Marry because she's drown'd.
- 2nd Clown* But she did not drown her self.
- Clown* No, that's certain, the water drown'd her.
- 2nd Clown* Yea but it was against her will.
- Clown* No, I deny that, for look you, sir, I stand here,
If the water come to me, I drown not my self:
But if I go to the water, and am there drown'd,
Ergo I am guilty of my own death:
Y'are gone, go y'are gone sir.
- 2nd Clown* Ay but see, she hath Christian burial,
Because she is a great woman.
- Clown* Marry more's the pity that great folk
Should have more authority to hang or drown
Themselves, more than other people:
Go fetch me a stoup of drink, but before thou
Goest, tell me one thing, who builds strongest,
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?
- 2nd Clown* Why a Mason, for he builds all of stone,
And will endure long.
- Clown* That's pretty, to't again, to't again.
- 2nd Clown* Why then a Carpenter, for he builds the gallows,
And that brings many a one to his long home.
- Clown* Pretty again, the gallows doth well, marry, how does it well? the
gallows does well to them that do ill, go get thee gone: And if
anyone ask thee hereafter, say,
A Grave-maker, for the houses he builds
Last till Dooms-day. Fetch me a stoup of beer, go.
- Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*
- Clown* A pick-axe and a spade,
A spade, for and a winding sheet,
Most fit it is, for t'will be made, *He throws up a shovel.*
For such a guest most meet.
- Hamlet* Hath this fellow any feeling of himself,
That is thus merry in making of a grave?
See how the slave jowls their heads against the earth.
- Horatio* My lord, Custom hath made it in him seem nothing.
- Clown* A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,

- For and a winding sheet,
Most fit it is for to be made
For such a guest most meet.
- Hamlet* Look you, there's another, *Horatio*.
Why may't not be the scull of some Lawyer?
Me thinks he should indict that fellow
Of an action of Battery, for knocking
Him about the pate with's shovel: now where is your
Quirks and quilllets now, your vouchers and
Double vouchers, your leases and free-hold
And tenements? why, that same box there will scarce
Hold the conveyance of his land, and must
The honour lie there? O pitiful transformance!
I prithee tell me *Horatio*,
Is parchment made of sheepskins?
- Horatio* Ay my Lord, and of calves-skins too.
- Hamlet* I'faith they prove themselves sheep and calves
That deal with them, or put their trust in them.
There's another, why may not that be such a ones
Skull, that praised my Lord such a one's horse,
When he meant to beg him? *Horatio*, I prithee
Let's question yonder fellow.
Now my friend, whose grave is this?
- Clown* Mine, sir.
- Hamlet* But who must lie in it?
- Clown* If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat sir.
- Hamlet* What man must be buried here?
- Clown* No man sir.
- Hamlet* What woman?
- Clown* No woman neither sir, but indeed
One that was a woman.
- Hamlet* An excellent fellow, by the Lord, *Horatio*,
This seven years have I noted it: the toe of the peasant
Comes so near the heel of the courtier,
That he galls his kibe, I prithee tell me one thing,
How long will a man lie in the ground before he rots?
- Clown* I'faith sir, if he be not rotten before
He be laid in, as we have many pocky corses,
He will last you, eight years, a tanner
Will last you eight years full out, or nine.
- Hamlet* And why a tanner?

- Clown* Why his hide is so tanned with his trade
That it will hold out water, that's a parlous
Devourer of your dead body, a great soaker.
Look you, heres a skull hath been here this dozen year
Let me see, ay ever since our last king *Hamlet*
Slew *Fortenbrasse* in combat, young *Hamlets* father,
He that's mad.
- Hamlet* Ay marry, how came he mad?
- Clown* I'faith very strangely, by losing of his wits.
- Hamlet* Upon what ground?
- Clown* A this ground, in *Denmark*.
- Hamlet* Where is he now?
- Clown* Why now they sent him to *England*.
- Hamlet* To *England!* wherefore?
- Clown* Why they say he shall have his wits there.
Or if he have not, t'is no great matter there,
It will not be seen there.
- Hamlet* Why not there?
- Clown* Why there they say the men are as mad as he.
- Hamlet* Whose skull was this?
- Clown* This, a plague on him, a mad rogues it was,
He poured once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why, do not you know him? this was one *Yoricks* skull.
- Hamlet* Was this? I prithee let me see it, alas, poor *Yorick*:
I knew him *Horatio*,
A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath carried me twenty times upon
his back, here hung those lips that I have Kissed a hundred times,
and to see, now they abhor me: Wheres your jests now *Yorick*?
your flashes of merriment: now go to my Lady's chamber, and
bid her paint her self an inch thick, to this she must come *Yorick*.
Horatio, I prithee tell me one thing, Dost thou think that
Alexander looked thus?
- Horatio* Even so my Lord.
- Hamlet* And smelt thus?
- Horatio* Ay my lord, no otherwise.
- Hamlet* No, why might not imagination work, as thus of *Alexander*,
Alexander died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* became earth,
of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being but clay, why might
not time bring to pass, that he might stop the bong hole of a beer-

barrell?
Imperious *Caesar* dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away.

Enter King and Queen, Leartes, and other Lords, with a Priest after the coffin

- Hamlet* What funeral's this that all the Court laments?
It shows to be some noble parentage:
Stand by awhile.
- Learthes* What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else?
- Priest* My Lord, we have done all that lies in us,
And more than well the church can tolerate,
She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soul:
And, but for favor of the king, and you,
She had been buried in the open fields,
Where now she is allowed Christian burial.
- Learthes* So, I tell thee, churlish Priest, a ministring Angel
Shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.
- Hamlet* The fair *Ofelia* dead!
- Queen* Sweets to the sweet, farewell:
I had thought to adorn thy bridal bed, fair maid,
And not to follow thee unto thy grave.
- Learthes* Forbear the earth awhile: sister, farewell:
Learthes leaps into the grave.
Now pour your earth on, Olympus high,
And make a hill to o'ertop old Pellon:
Hamlet leaps in after Learthes
Whats he that conjures so?
- Hamlet* Behold, 'tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.
- Learthes* The devil take thy soul.
- Hamlet* O thou prayest not well,
I prithee take thy hand from off my throat,
For there is something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear, hold off thy hand:
I lov'd *Ofelia* as dear as twenty brothers could:
Show me what thou wilt do for her:
Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,
Wilt drink up vessels, eat a crocodile? I'll do't:
Com'st thou here to whine?
And where thou talk'st of burying thee alive,
Here let us stand: and them throw on us,
Whole hills of earth, till with the height thereof

Make Oosell as a wart.

King Forbear *Leartes*, now is he mad, as is the sea,
Anon as mild and gentle as a Dove:
Therefore a while give his wild humor scope.

Hamlet What is the reason sir that you wrong me thus?
I never gave you cause: but stand away,
A Cat will mew, a Dog will have a day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

Queen Alas, it is his madness makes him thus,
And not his heart, *Leartes*.

King My lord, 'tis so: but we'll no longer trifle,
This very day shall *Hamlet* drink his last,
For presently we mean to send to him,
Therefore *Leartes* be in readiness.

Leartes My lord, till then my soul will not be quiet.

King Come Gertred, we'll have *Leartes*, and our son,
Made friends and Lovers, as befits them both,
Even as they tender us, and love their country.

Queen God grant they may.

exeunt omnes.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Hamlet believe me, it grieves me much *Horatio*,
That to *Leartes* I forgot my self:
For by my self me thinks I feel his grief,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

Enter a Braggart Gentleman.

Horatio, but mark yon water-fly.
The Court knows him, but he knows not the Court.

Gentleman Now God save thee, sweet prince *Hamlet*.

Hamlet And you sir: foh, how the musk-cod smells!

Gentleman I come with an embassage from his majesty to you

Hamlet I shall, sir, give you attention:
By my troth me thinks 'tis very cold.

Gentleman It is indeed very rawish cold.

Hamlet 'Tis hot me thinks.

Gentleman Very swoltery hot.:
The King, sweet Prince, hath laid a wager on your side,
Six Barbary horse, against six french rapiers,

With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.

Hamlet The carriages sir, I do not know what you mean.

Gentleman The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.

Hamlet The word had been more cousin german to the phrase, if he
could have carried the cannon by his side,
And how's the wager? I understand you now.

Gentleman Marry sir, that young Leartes in twelve venies
At Rapier and Dagger do not get three odds of you,
And on your side the King hath laid,
And desires you to be in readiness.

Hamlet Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
I dare venture my skull: when must this be?

Gentleman My Lord, presently, the king, and her majesty,
With the rest of the best judgment in the Court,
Are coming down into the outward palace.

Hamlet Go tell his majesty, I will attend him.

Gentleman I shall deliver your most sweet answer.

exit.

Hamlet You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced,
Else he had a bad nose could not smell a fool.

Horatio He will disclose himself without inquiry.

Hamlet Believe me *Horatio*, my heart is on the sudden
Very sore, all hereabout.

Horatio My lord, forbear the challenge then.

Hamlet No *Horatio*, not I, if danger be now,
why then it is not to come, there's a predestinate providence in
the fall of a sparrow: here comes the King.

Enter King, Queen, Leartes, Lords.

King Now son *Hamlet*, we have laid upon your head,
And make no question but to have the best.

Hamlet Your majesty hath laid a the weaker side.

King We doubt it not, deliver them the foils.

Hamlet First *Leartes*, here's my hand and love,
Protesting that I never wronged *Leartes*.
If *Hamlet* in his madness did amiss,
That was not *Hamlet*, but his madness did it,
And all the wrong I e'er did to *Leartes*,

I here proclaim was madness, therefore let's be at peace,
And think I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Leartes Sir I am satisfied in nature,
But in terms of honour I'll stand aloof,
And will no reconciliation,
Till by some elder masters of our time
I may be satisfied.

King Give them the foils.

Hamlet I'll be your foil, *Leartes*, these foils
Have all a length, come on, sir. A hit.

Leartes No, none.

Here they play:

Hamlet Judgment.

Gentleman A hit, a most palpable hit.

Leartes Well, come again.

They play again.

Hamlet Another. Judgment.

Leartes Ay, I grant, a touch, a touch.

King Here *Hamlet*, the King doth drink a health to thee.

Queen Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy face.

King Give him the wine.

Hamlet Set it by, I'll have another bout first,
I'll drink anon.

Queen Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinks to thee.

She drinks.

King Do not drink Gertred. O 'tis the poisoned cup!

Hamlet *Leartes* come, you dally with me,
I pray you pass with your most cunning'st play.

Leartes Ay! Say you so? have at you,
I'll hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.

Hamlet Come on sir.

*They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Leartes falls down, the Queen falls down and dies.*

King Look to the Queen.

Queen O the drink, the drink, *Hamlet*, the drink.

- Hamlet* Treason, ho, keep the gates.
- Lords* How is't my Lord *Leartes*?
- Leartes* Even as a coxcomb should,
Foolishly slain with my own weapon:
Hamlet, thou hast not in thee half an hour of life,
The fatal Instrument is in thy hand.
Unbated and envenomed: thy mother's pois'ned
That drink was made for thee.
- Hamlet* The poisoned Instrument within my hand?
Then venom to thy venom, die damn'd villain:
Come drink, here lies thy union here.
- The king dies.*
- Leartes* O he is justly served:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withal, my love: I do forgive thee.
- Leartes dies.*
- Hamlet* And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.
- Horatio* No, I am more an antique Roman,
Than a Dane, here is some poison left.
- Hamlet* Upon my love I charge thee let it go,
O fie *Horatio*, and if thou shouldst die,
What a scandal wouldst thou leave behind?
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart sinks *Horatio*,
Mine eyes have lost their sight, my tongue his use:
Farewell *Horatio*, heaven receive my soul.
- Hamlet dies.*
- Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.*
enter Fortenbrasse with his train.
- Fortenbrasse* Where is this bloody sight?
- Horatio* If aught of woe or wonder you'ld behold,
Then look upon this tragic spectacle.
- Fortenbrasse* O imperious death! how many Princes
Hast thou at one draft bloodily shot to death?
- Ambassador* Our embassy that we have brought from *England*,
Where be these Princes that should hear us speak?
O most most unlooked for time! unhappy country.
- Horatio* Content your selves, I'll show to all, the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy:

Let there a scaffold be rear'd up in the market place,
And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall hear such a sad story told,
That never mortal man could more unfold.

Fortenbrasse I have some rights of memory to this kingdom,
Which now to claim my leisure doth invite me:
Let four of our chiefest Captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a soldier to his grave:
For he was likely, had he lived,
To a prov'd most royal.
Take up the body, such a sight as this
Becomes the fields, but here doth much amiss.

Finis