THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

As it is now Acted at his Highness the Duke of York's Theatre.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:
Printed by Andr. Clark, for J. Martyn, and H. Herringman, at the Bell in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and at the Blue Anchor in the lower Walk of the New Exchange, 1676.
To the Reader.

This Play being too long to be conveniently Acted, such places as might be least prejudicial to the Plot or Sense, are left out upon the Stage: but that we may no way wrong the incomparable Author, are here inserted according to the Original Copy with this Mark.
The Tragedy of

Hamlet. Prince of Denmark.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of conference,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion?

Groom. To hatch all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy.

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

Groom. Nor do we find him forward to be found,
But with a crafty madness, keeps aloof.

Ros. When we would bring him on to some condition
Of his true estate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most civilly.

Groom. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. He must to question; but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you invite him to any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it's to fell out that certain Players
We o're-looked on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it; they are here about the Court,
And as I think they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. Tis most true,

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

King. With all my heart,

And it doth much content me,

To hear him so inclin'd:

Good Gentlemen, give him a further edge,

And urge him to these delights.

Ros. We shall tell our Lord.

King. Sweet Gertrude leave us.

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,

That he as'wre by accident may meet
Ophelia here; her father and my self,

Will loo below our selves, that seeing and unseen
The Tragedy of

We may of their encounter judge,
And make it by her words, she shall be.
It'll be the affliction of this long time no

Queen. I shall obey you:

And for my part, Opheila do with

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's wildness, so shall I hope your vertues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,

Opheila. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Opheila walk you here, whil'st we

If to your Majesty shall please, retire conceal'd

That there of such an exercise may colour

Your loneliness: we are oft to blame in this,

'Tis too much prov'd, that with desponding visage,

And pious action we do flatter our

The Devil himself.

"King. O 'tis too true:

How smart a laugh that speech doth give my conscience!

The harlots check beautied with pratling art

Is not more odly to the thing that helps it,

Than is my seed to my most painted word

O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming, withdraw my Lord.

Ham. To be or not to be: that is the question.

Whether 'tis nobility in the mind; to suffer

The things and arrows of outrageous fortune;

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them: to disport sleep—

No more; and by a sleep to say we end

The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to. 'tis a consummation,

Devoutly to be wished, to sleep—

To sleep, perchance to dream; 'tis the rub,

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil.

Must give us pause: there's the respect.

That makes calamity of so long life:

For who would bear the whips and flails of time,

Th' oppressors wronged, the proud man scorn'd,

The pangs of despis'd love, or laws of delay,

The insinuate of office, and th' spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes;

When

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

When I myself might his Querum make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To groan and pine under a weary life?

But that the dread of something after death

The mind does discover a Country, from whose birth

No traveller returns. Puzzles the will;

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of,

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

And that the healthful face of revolution

Shines on this Age, yet with the coldest heart

And enterprizes of great pith and moment,

With this regard their currents turn away,

And lose the name of action. Soft you now,

The fair Opheila Nymph, in thy Orizaba

Be all my sins remembered.

Opheila. Good my Lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I, humbly thank you, well.

Opheila. My Lord I have remembrances of yours,

That I have longed to deliver,

I pray you now receive them.

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

Opheila. My honoured Lord, I know right well you did,

And with them works of so sweet breath compos'd

As made these things more rich: their pertaince lost;

Take these again, let to the noble mind

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest?

Opheila. My Lord.

Ham. Are you fair?

Opheila. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admite no discourse to your beauty.

Opheila. Could beauty my Lord have better commerce

Than with honesty?

Ham. Lately: for the power of beauty will in her transform honesty from what it is to a bawd; the force of honesty can translate beauty to baseness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof—did love you once.

Opheila. Indeed my Lord you made me believe for

Ham. You should not have believed me, for virtue cannot to thine own

Our old stock but we shall relish of this: I loved you not.
The Tragedy of
Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

And I doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have in quick determination
Thus set down: He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute.
Haply the seas and countries different,
With variable objects shall expel
This something hated matter in his heart,
Whereon his brain still beating,
Put him thus from faction of himself
What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well:
But yet I do believe the origin and commencement of it
Sprung from neglected love: how now Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all: my Lord do as you please,
But if you hold it after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone entreat him
To shew his grief; "let her be round with him,"
And I'll be plac'd (so please you) in the ear
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him, or coming him where
Your wilderness shall think.

King. It shall be so,
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.

Enter Hamlet and some of the Players, meeting.

Ham. Speak the speech I pray you as I pronounced it to you
Smoothly from the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our
Players do, I had as lief the Town-crier spoke my lines: nor do
I saw the air too much with your hands, that, like your gait,
For in the very torrent tempish, and as I may say, with wherewith
Your passion you must acquire and get a temperance that may
give it smoothness. O it offends me to the soul to hear a rabbinical
Puritan, whose tongue is not to vulgar ears, to split the
ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of
nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have
such a fellow whip for doing "Tertium quasi juventutum:-
prius Horae Habit, pray you avoid it.

Pol. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be
your tutor, set the action to the word, the word to the action,
with this special obsereth, that you o'er-look not the modesty
of Nature: for any thing so o'er-done is from the purpose of Play-
ing, whose end both at first, and now was, and is, to hold as 'twere
The Tragedy of

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

And I doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have no quick determination
Thus let down: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute.
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects shall expel
This something hated matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating,
Put him thus from faction of himself.

What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well:

But yet I doubt the origin and commencement of it
Sprung from neglected love: how now Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all: my Lord do as you please.
But if you hold it in, after the Play
Let his Queenmother all alone entreat him
To throw his griefs: "let her be round with him,
And I'll be plac'd (so please you) in the ear
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him, or coming him where
Your wildburn beft shall think.

King. It shall be so,

Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.

[Exit.

Enter Hamlet and the Ghost of the Players, meting.

Ham. Speak the speech I pray you as I pronounced it to you
Smoothly from the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our
Players do, I had as lieve the Town-crier spoke my lines: nor do
I saw the air too much with your hand, but the all gent's
For in the veriest termen; and, as I may say, what wind of
Your pulion you shall acquire and beget a temperatu may
give it smoothness: O it offends me to the soul to hear a rubulious
Passing gaited fellow tear a pulion to very rags, to split the
cars of the ground-lingers, who for the most part are capable of
nothing but inexplicable hump thewes and noises: I would have
Such a fellow hipt for one doing: Termagant is out: Heresie Hurst,
pray you avoid it.

Pla. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be
Your tutors: fite the action to the word, the word to the action,
With this special obedience, that you o're-hip not the modesty
Of Nature: for anything so o're-done is from the purpose of Play-
ing, whose end both at first and now was and is, to hold as 'twere

[Exit.
The Tragedy of

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

"To find what men will do for pleasure, give me that man, That is not passions slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core; in my heart of hearts, As I do thee. Something too much of this: There is a play to night before the King, One Scene of it comes near the circumstance, Which I have told thee of thy father's death, I perceive, when thou felt that Act on foot, Even with the very comment of thy soul, Observe my uncle: if then his hidden guilt Do not itself discover in one speech, It is a damned ghost that we have seen; And my imaginations are but small: "O, Unknighted spirit!" give him heedful note; For I mine eyes will rivet to his face; And after we will both our judgments join, In concert of his feeming.

HOR. "Well my Lord, If he deals tough the while this Play is playing And escape detection, I will pay the debt.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia. [Discover'd]

HOR. They are coming to the Play, I must be idle.

Get you a place.

KING. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HOR. Excellent faith, Of the Camleons dute I eat the air, Promis-craps; you cannot feed Capons so.

KING. I have nothing with this and wot Hamlet, These words are not mine.

HOR. No, nor mine now, my Lord; You play'd once in the Universitie, you say,

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

HOR. What did you crack?

Pol. I did crack. Julius Caesar, I was kill'd i' th' Capitol.

Brutus kill'd me.

HOR. It was a brutish part of him, to kill so capital a man then?

Be the Players ready?

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

Gertr. Come hither my dear Hamlet; sit by me.

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

Pol. O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Ophel. No my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country matters?
Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

"Neptune" fell wash, and Tellus orb'd the ground;
And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed them
About the world have twelve times thirty been
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Unite infolding them in faced hands.

"Mock." Queen. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done;
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far different from your former state,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing much.
For women fear too much, even as they love,
And women's fears and love hold in quavering,
Either none, or in another, or in uncertain.
Now what my love has been proof makes you know,
And as my love is great my fear is so:
Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fear,
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

"King." I must leave thee Love, and shortly too,
My working powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou.

"Queen." O confound the rest! Such love must needs be treason in my breast,
In second husband let me be secure,
None wed the second but who kis'd the first:

["Ham." That's wormwood.

The instances that second marriage move
Are bale respects of thrift but none of love:
A second time with my husband dead
When second husband kis's me in bed.

"Mock." King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine off we break,
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth and poor validity;
Which now like fruits unsafe sticks on the tree,
But fall unhaken when the mellow be,
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay our selves what to our selves is debt:
What to our selves in passion we propose,
The passion ending doth the passion lose;
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enu'urities with themselves destroy;
Whereas joy most revives grief doth most lament;

"Mock." King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus Cart gone round.

"Neptune."
The Tragedy of

Grief, joy, joy griefs on slender account.
This world is not for eye, nor is it strange,
That even our fortune should with our fortunes change.
For "tis a question let us yet to prove,
Whether love is apt to fortune, or fortune love.
"The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
The poor advanced make his friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly feasts on his enemy.
But order to end where I begin,
Our wills and fates do fo contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown:
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Think still thou wilt no second husband wed
But thy thoughts dye when thy trait Lord is dead.

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

If I could see the puppets dailying.

"Oph. You are keen my Lord, you are keen.
Ham. It would call you to a groaning to take off mine edge.
Oph. Still worse and worse.
Ham. So you mistake your husbands. I begin murtherer.
"tis thy damned faces, and begin, come, the croaking Raven
doth bellow for revenge.

Len. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing.
Confident secon, and no creature seeing.
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Heart bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thrifty natural magick, and dire property,
On wholesome life surfeits immediately.
Ham. He poisongs him 'tis Garden for his estate, his name is Gonzaga;
the story is extant, and written in every choice Italian; you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of Gonzago's Wife.
Oph. The King rifes.

Queen. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Give o're the play.
King. Give me some lights away.
Pol. Lights, lights, lights. [Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.
Ham. Why let the strucken Deer go weep.
The Hunch ungalled can play; For some must watch whilst some must sleep.

Then runs the world away. If would not this sin, and a forrest of feathres, if the reel of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with provincial Ropes on my raz'd choos, get me a fellowhip in a City of Players?

Hor. Half a shere.
Ham. A whole one I.

For thou meanest know, O Damned deciet.
This Realm diisiplicated was
Of Jesu himself, and now reigns here
A very very Palecock.
Hor. You might have sized
Ham. O good Education, I'll take the Ghosts word for a thousand pounds. Didst receive?

Hor. Very well my Lord.
Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning.
Hor. I did very much in it.
Ham. Ache, come some musician; come the Recorder.

For if the King likes not the Comedy, Why then believe he likes it not perchance. Come, some musician.
The Tragedy of

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

If I could see the puppets dallying.

"Ophel. You are keen my Lord, you are keen.
Ham. It would call you a groaning to take off mine edge.
Ophel. Still worse and worse.
Ham. So you mistake your husbands. 'Tis begun.
Ophel. Leave thy damnable face, and begin, come, the croaking Raven.
Ham. Doth bellow for revenge.

Lum. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing.

Conferde sease, and no creature seeing.

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected.

With Heart bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected.

Thy natural magick, and dire propety.

On wholesome life usurps immediately.

Ham. He poisons him i' th' Garden for his estate, his name's Gunns,

The story is extant, and written in many choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gunns's Wife.

Ophel. The King riffs.

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o're the Play.

King. Give me some lights, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights.

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,
The Heart ungall'd so play;

For some must watch, whilst some must sleep.

Thus runs the world away.

Would not this sin, and a forset of

Teare is, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with pro-

Nacional Roes on my raze'd choos, get me a fellowship in a City of

Players?

"Horo. Half a share.

"Ham. A whole one I

For thou dost know, O Danish decent

This Realm dissembled was

Of Jutz himselfe, and now reigns here

A very very Favelock.

Horo. You might have stuck.

Ham. O good Education, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds.

Didst perceive?

Horo. Very well my Lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning.

Horo. I did very well note him.

Ham. Abashed, come some musicke; come the Recorder,

"For if the King likes not the Comedy,
Why then believe he likes it not perchas,

Come some musicke.
The Tragedy of

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

thing musty: oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you. Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a coil?

Gild. O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmanly.

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

Gild. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gild. Believe me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

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

Ham. It is as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and this thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick: look you, there are the stops.

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

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would fain find out how I am us'd; and you would fain know of mine own sweet self, as if it were a secret too dull for an idle三条塞想不到的．

Ham. Nay good my Lord this courtsey is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will do your Mothers commandment, if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of the business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Ref. What my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholsome answer: my wits are work'd up, but Sir, such answer as I can make you shall command; or rather as you say, my mother: therefore do more, but to the matter my mother. you say.

Ref. Then this be says, your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful man! that can thus affright a mother! but is there no sequel at the heels of this mothers admiration? Impart.

Ref. She doth in her Cloke ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were the times our mother; have you any further trade with us?

Ref. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. Gods do fill the air with their picklers and stealers.

Ref. Good my Lord what is the cause of your displeasure? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

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

Enter the Recorders.

Ham. Sir, but while the grass grows, the Proverb is something
The Tragedy of

I will speak daggars to her, but use none,
My tongue and mine in this be hypocrites;
How in my words, they the queen been,
To give them full on, my soul content.

[Exit.

Enter King, Rosencratz, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, but stands he for our natures?
To let his madness range, therefore prepare.
If your commendation with dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you,
The terms of our late state may not endure
Hazard to our see, at least hourly grow
Out of his brows.

Gird. We will our selves provide
Most holy and religious feasts it is
To keep those many blessings live
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Rof. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armament of the mind
To keep it from occasion, but much more
That spirit upon whose weft depends and rests.
The lives of many: the acts of Majesty
Dies not alone, but like a guilt doth draw.
What's near it with it: or it is a maffive wheel,
First on the former of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are more set and adjoin'd, which when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence
Applies the boilous rain, never alone
Did the King floor, but a general groan.

King. Arm you! I pray you to this speedy voyage,
For we will letters put about this fear
Which now goes too near tooted.

Rof. We will make haste.

[Exeunt.]

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

O my offence is rank, it stinks to heaven,
It hath the eldest curfew upon't;
A brothers murder: pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intents:
And like a man to double busiess bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect: what if this curfew hand
Were thicker than it felt with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? wherefore serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be forlorned there? we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? then'll look up:
My fault is past: but oh! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? forgive me my soul mother?
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My Crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen:
May one be pardoned and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offences guided hand may dun by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize it fell
Buyes out the Law: but 'tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults.
To give in evidence: what then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched fate! O born black as death!
O limed soul! that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! help Angels, make away,
Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel.
Be soft as fowls of the new-born babe,
All may be well.

Ham. Where is this murderseye's knaves and prats?
And now I'll do't: and so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd: that would be scann'd:
He kill'd my father: and for that,
I his folie forsend him
To heaven.

Why this is not reward, reward:
Not revenge;
Hamlet Prince of Denmark.


Ham. How now, a Rat! dead for a Duckett, dead.

Pol. O I am thin.

Qu. O me, what hast thou done?

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

Qu. O what a rath and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother, As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Qu. As kill a King.

Ham. I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,
I took thee for thy better, take thy fortune;
Thou find'st it too, too light, is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands; peace, let you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
"If damned soul have not braved it so,"
"That it be proof and bulwark against despair.

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

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rope
From the fair forhead of an innocent love,
And lets a blitter there; makes marriage vows
As fate as Dicer's oath: oh such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet Religion makes
A rapacity of words, "heavens face does glow
"Yeas this solidity and compound mass
With heated visage against the doom,
Is thought-fick at the act.
Ah me that act

Qu. Ay me, what act?

Ham. That roars to loud, and thunders in the Index.

Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit pretension of two brothers;
See what a grasse was seated on this brow;
Hiperous curls, the front of faye himself;
An eye, like Miro, to threaten and command;
A faction like the Herald Mervury
"New lighted on a heaven-killing hill,
A combination, and form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

To give the world a fair appearance of a man
This was your husband—look you now what follows;
Here is your husband, like a milky d’ar
Blowing his wholesome brother: have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And banner on this morn? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, nor at your age,
The heyday or the blood is tame, it’s humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would flit from this to this? since you have,
You could not have motion, but sure that sense
Is a sequel: for madness would not err;
Nor tend to ecstasy was never so thrall’d,
But it required some quantity of choice.

To leave in such a difference what Devil was,
That thus hath danced you at hodum blind?
Eyes without seeing, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands, or eyes, smelling fans all,
Or but a flicker part of one true sense.

Could not so more. "Oh frame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
It thou canst merit in a matron’s bones,
To flaming youth, yet virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire, proclaim no flame,
When the compellative ardent gives the charge;
Since bred it, as actively doth burn,
And reason proceeds will.

Qu. O Hamlet speak no more,
Thou turn my very eyes into my soul,
"And these I feel, fresh bluest and grieved spots
"As will leave these threnody.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an afflicted bed,
Sneak’d in corruption, "honeying and making love
"O scarce the mighty bar.

Qu. O speak to me no more.
There works like daggers enter in mine eyes,
No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer and a villain,
A slave that’s not to the twentieth part the tyke
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings;
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious Diadem flores
And put it in his pocket.

Hamlet Prince of Denmark.

Ham. A King of threescore years.
Save me and hower o’er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! what would your gracious
form?

Qu. Alas he’s mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That flit it in time, and I should let go by,
The important act of your dead command? O lay!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to what thy almost blunted purpose,
But look, amazement on thy mother’s tis,
O step between her and her fighting soul!
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her Hamlet:

Ham. How is it with you, Lady?

Qu. Alas how is it with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th’ incorporeal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the stinging Souldiers in th’ alarm,
Your hair
Starts up and stands an end: O gentle fon!
Upon the heat and flame of thy disension
Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him look you how pale he grows.
His form and countenance, preaching to th’ frame,
Would make them capable of not look upon me,
Left with this pitious action you convert
My ill effects, then what I have to do.
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Qu. To whom do you speake this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that’s here I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Qu. No nothing but our selves.

Ham. Why look you there, look how it flies away,
My father in his habit as he liv’d.

Hamlet. Look where he goes, even now out at the portal.

Qu. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This nobility extant in so common a

Ham. My pulse as yours doth temporarily keep time,
And makes as healfull mutchick: if is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the tent,
And I the matter will re-ward, which madness
Cannot do. Mother, in love of grace.

Exit Ghost.

Ham. A.
Hamlet: Prince of Denmark.

But mad in craft, 
*twre good you let him know
For who that's a but Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a Bar, a Gib,
Such dear concerning hide? who would do so?
No, in despitof tilts and sallentile
Unpeg the basterd on the benefit top,
Let the birds hit, and like the famous Ape,
To try conditions in the basket sleep,
And break your own neck down.

Qu. Be thou affur'd if words be made of breath,
And breath of life. I have no life to breath
What thou hast said to me,
Ham. I mull to England, you know that.
Qu. Alack I had forgot,
Tis to concluded on.

*Hem. There's letters read, and from two School-fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders gang'd,
They bear the mandates they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to bravery, let it work,
For 'tis the sport to have the Engineer
Holit with his own petar, and 'tis not hard go,
But I will delive one yard below their Mines,
And blow them at the Moon. O 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.

This man will please packing,
I'll tug the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave;
Who was in his life a most foolish prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother.

Act IV. Scene I.

Enter King and Queen with Rosencraces and Guildernsts.

King. Here's matter in these sights; these profound heaves,
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.

Where is your son?
Qu. Bellow this place on us a little while.

Ah mine own Lord, what have I feen to night?

King. What Gertrude; how does Hamlet?