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&amp;
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 Sallie Dickson Memorial Fund/Dallas Shakespeare Club Fund, Mr James Barber, and
 a private individual. The Bodleian Libraries are very grateful for this additional
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 (March
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<lb/>COMEDIES, & HISTORIES, &

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of W. Iaggard, Ed. Blount, I. Smithweeke, and W. Aspley].,

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 79-82, 80-98, [2], 109-156, 257-993 [i.e. 399], [1] p.;
 fol.</p>
 <p>Numbering peculiarities: 1st count: p.50 misnumbered 58;
 p.59
 misnumbered 51; p.86 misnumbered 88; p.153 misnumbered
 151; p.161
 misnumbered] 163; p.164 misnumbered 162; p. 165
 misnumbered 163; p.
 189 misnumbered 187; p. 249 misnumbered 251; p.250
 misnumbered 252; p.
 265 misnumbered 273 -- 2nd count: p.37 misnumbered 39 in
 some copies;
 p.89 misnumbered 91; p. 90 misnumbered 92 -- 3rd count:
 p.165-166
 numbered 167 and 168 respectively; p. 216 numbered 218 --
 5th count:
 p. 279 misnumbered 259; p. 282 misnumbered 280; p.308
 misnumbered 38;
 p. 379 misnumbered 389; p. 399 misnumbered 993.</p>
 </foliation>
 <collation>
 <p>The signatures varies between sources, with the most
 commonly
 cited being Hinman's and West's: 1. Hinman: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1)$
 $[\pi B^2]$, $^2A-2B^6$
 $2C^2 a-g^6 \chi gg^8 h-v^6 x^4 \chi 1.2$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ aa-ff⁶
 $gg^2 Gg^6$
 $hh^6 kk-bbb^6$; 2. West: $\pi A^6 (\pi A1+1, \pi A5+1.2)^2 A-2B^6 2C^2 a-$
 $g^6 ^2g^8 h-v^6 x^4$
 $'gg3.4' (\pm'gg3')$ [para.]-2[para.]⁶ 3[para.]¹ 2a-2f⁶ 2g² 2G⁶ 2h⁶
 $2k-2v^6$
 $x^6 2y-3b^6$.</p>
 <p>Mis-signed leaves: a3 mis-signed Aa3; ³gg1 mis-signed
 Gg; nn1-nn2
 mis-signed Nn and Nn2 and oo1 mis-signed Oo.</p>
 <p>"The life and death of King Iohn" begins new pagination
 on leaf a1
 recto; "The tragedy of Coriolanus" begins new pagination on
 leaf aa1
 recto.</p>
 </collation>
 <condition>Lacks A1, the letterpress frontispiece entitled "To the

reader".

mount

some the

and the

Rare

The title page is trimmed and mounted, with a section of the
towards the foot of the leaf mutilated resulting in the loss of
Droechout imprint at the bottom left hand corner of the portrait
central section of an early MS note. For a full condition report,
including a full survey of damage and repairs, please contact
Books.

Blount, I.

Condell.

signed: "Martin-

earlier

shading,

with the

have the plate

the earlier

was seen".

t.p.

Smithweeke, and W. Aspley. 1623."

Editors' dedication signed: Iohn Heminge. Henry

Predominantly printed in double columns.

Text within simple lined frame.

Colophon reads: "Printed at the charges of W. Iaggard, Ed.

Head- and tail- pieces; initials.

With an engraved title-page portrait of the author

Droeshout: sculpsit· London.". The plate exists in 2 states: 1. The
state has lighter shading generall ; 2. Later state has heavier
especially around the collar, and minor differences particularly
jawline and moustache. The vast majority of surviving copies
in the second state which has led some scholars to conclude that
state was a proof. The portrait in this copy is the second state.

Two MS verses on first endpaper verso: 1. 9 lines of verse by an
unknown author, first line reads "An active swain to make a leap

2. A copy of Ben Jonson's printed "To the Reader"; MS note on
(mutilated) appears to read "Honest [Shakes]peare". Minor

annotations on
 added after
 leaf 2n4 (Macbeth). All in an early English hand, presumably
 leaving the Library.</p>
 </additions>
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 <p>Seventeenth-century (1624) English (Oxford) smooth calf.
 Bound for the
 Bodleian Library by William Wildgoose, with evidence of two
 cloth ties, red
 sprinkled edge. Formerly chained, with evidence of chain staple at
 the head
 of the upper cover. Remains of paper label at the head of the
 spine.
 Enclosed in 20th century book box by Maltby of Oxford. See S.
 Gibson in
 Original Bodleian Copy of First Folio, p. 12-13. One of four items
 sent out
 on 17th February 1624 for binding by Wildgoose containing
 printed waste from
 a copy of Cicero's "De Officiis, et al." [Deventer: Richard
 Pafraet, between
 1480 and 1485] as paste-downs. For more information on this
 work see: Bod.
 Inc. Cat., C-322.</p>
 </bindingDesc>
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 <p>For further details on the printing of this item see Hinman,
 Charleton. The
 printing and proof-reading of the First Folio of Shakespeare:
 Oxford, 1963.
 </p>
 </origin>
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 <p>Acquired by the Bodleian in 1623, presumably in sheets. It
 was sent out to <persName>William Wildgoose</persName> on
 <date when="1624-02-17">17 February 1624</date> for binding (see: Library
 Records e.258, fol. 48r) and upon its return chained in Duke
 Humfrey at
 shelfmark S 2.17 Art. It is listed in the Bodleian's <date
 when="1635">1635</date> catalogue of printed books but was gone by the
 publication
 of the next catalogue in <date when="1674">1674</date>,
 replaced by the
 newer <bibl>
 <title>Third Folio</title> (<date
 when="1664">1664</date>)</bibl>. There is no explicit reference in Library Records
 to the disposal of this copy, but there is a record of a sale of

"superfluous library books" to <persName>Richard Davis</persName>, a bookseller in Oxford, in <date when="1664">1664</date> for the sum of <num value="24">£24</num>.</p>
<p>After leaving the Bodleian this copy entered the collection of <persName>Richard Turbutt</persName> of Ogston Hall, Derbyshire at some point in the early 18th century. It stayed in the family's possession until <date when="1906">1906</date>, when it was reacquired by the Bodleian for the sum of <num value="3000">£3000</num>, raised by public subscription. For a full discussion of the rediscovery and purchase of this copy see: F. Madan, G. M. R. Turbutt and S. Gibson, The Original Bodleian Copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare (the Turbutt Shakespeare) (Oxford, 1905)</p>
<p>For a full discussion of this copy and the digital version see <http://shakespeare.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/> and West and Rasmussen (2011), 31.</p>

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  <persName type="form">Bar.</persName>
  <persName type="form">Barn.</persName>
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  <persName type="standard">Fortinbras, Prince of Norway</persName>
  <persName type="form">For.</persName>
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Hamlet</persName>
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        <lb/>HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.</head>
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        <div type="scene" n="1">
          <head rend="italic center">Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.</head>
          <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 1]</head>
          <cb n="1"/>
          <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Barnardo and
Francisco two Centinels.</stage>
          <p rend="center italic">Barnardo.</p>
          <p>
            <c rend="decoratedCapital">W</c>Ho's there?</p>
            <sp who="#F-ham-fra">
              <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
              <l>Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold
                <lb/>your selfe.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
              <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
              <l>Long liue the King.</l>
            </sp>
            <sp who="#F-ham-fra">
              <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
              <l>
                <hi rend="italic">Barnardo</hi>?</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
                <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
                <l>He.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-ham-fra">
                <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
                <l>You come most carefully vpon your houre.</l>
              </sp>
              <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
                <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>

```

<l>'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed <hi
 rend="italic">Francisco.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <l>For this releese much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,</l>
 <l>And I am sicke at heart.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Barn.</speaker>
 <l>Haue you had quiet Guard?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <l>Not a Mouse stirring.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Barn.</speaker>
 <l>Well, goodnight. If you do meet <hi
 rend="italic">Horatio</hi> and</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Marcellus</hi>, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them
 make hast.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Horatio and
 Marcellus.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <l>I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Friends to this ground.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>And Leige-men to the Dane.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fran.</speaker>
 <l>Giue you good night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-fra">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fra.</speaker>
 <l>

<hi rend="italic">Barnardo</hi> ha's my place: giue you
 goodnight.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Fran.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Holla <hi rend="italic">Barnardo.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
 <l>Say, what is <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi> there?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>A peece of him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
 <l>Welcome <hi rend="italic">Horatio,</hi> welcome good <hi
 rend="italic">Marcellus.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
 <l>I haue seene nothing.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi> saies,'tis but our Fantasie,</l>
 <l>And will not let beleefe take hold of him</l>
 <l>Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs,</l>
 <l>Therefore I haue intreated him along</l>
 <l>With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,</l>
 <l>That if againe this Apparition come,</l>
 <l>He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Tush, tush,'twill not appeare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bar.</speaker>
 <l>Sit downe a-while,</l>
 <l>And let vs once againe assaile your eares,</l>

<l>That are so fortified against our story,</l>
 <l>What we two Nights haue seene.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Well, sit, we downe,</l>
 <l>And let vs heare <hi rend="italic">Barnardo</hi> speake of
 this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Barn.</speaker>
 <l>Last night of all,</l>
 <l>When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole</l>
 <l>Had made his course t'illume that part of Heauen</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Where now it burnes, <hi rend="italic">Marcellus</hi> and
 my selfe,</l>
 <l>The Bell then beating one.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Peace, breake thee of:</l>
 <stage type="entrance" rend="italic rightJustified">Enter the
 Ghost.</stage>
 <l>Looke where it comes againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Barn.</speaker>
 <l>In the same figure, like the King that's dead.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Thou art a Scholler; speake to it <hi
 rend="italic">Horatio</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Barn.</speaker>
 <l>Lookes it not lik<note>A hole in the page partially obscures
 this k.</note>e the King? Marke it <hi rend="italic">Horatio.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hora.</speaker>
 <l>Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Barn.</speaker>
 <l>It would be spoke too.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Question it <hi rend="italic">Horatio.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,</l>
 <l>Together with that Faire and Warlike forme</l>
 <l>In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke</l>
 <l>Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee Speake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>It is offended.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Barn.</speaker>
 <l>See, it stalkes away.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, Speake.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit the
 Ghost.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis gone, and will not answer.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Barn.</speaker>
 <l>How now <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi>? You tremble
 & look pale:</l>
 <l>Is not this something more then Fantasie?</l>
 <l>What thinke you on't<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Before my God, I might not this beleue</l>
 <l>Without the sensible and true auouch</l>
 <l>Of mine owne eyes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Is it not like the King?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>As thou art to thy selfe,</l>

<l>Such was the very Armour he had on,</l>
 <l>When th'Ambitious Norway combatted:</l>
 <l>So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle</l>
 <l>He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice.</l>
 <l>'Tis strange.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,</l>
 <l>With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>In what particular thought to work, I know not:</l>
 <l>But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,</l>
 <l>This boades some strange erruption to our State.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Good now sit down, & tell me he that knowes</l>
 <l>Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,</l>
 <l>So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,</l>
 <l>And why such dayly <choice>
 <orig>Caft</orig>
 <corr>Cast</corr>
 </choice> of Brazon Cannon</l>
 <l>And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:</l>
 <l>Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske</l>
 <l>Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,</l>
 <l>What might be toward, that this sweaty hast</l>
 <l>Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:</l>
 <l>Who is't that can informe me?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>That can I,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">At</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0763-0.jpg" n="153"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,</l>
 <l>Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,</l>
 <l>Was (as you know) by <hi rend="italic">Fortinbras</hi> of
 Norway,</l>
 <l>(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)</l>
 <l>Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>,</l>
 <l>(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)</l>
 <l>Did slay this <hi rend="italic">Fortinbras</hi>: who by a
 Seal'd Compact,</l>

<|>Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,</|>
 <|>Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands</|>
 <|>Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror;</|>
 <|>Against the which, a Moity competent</|>
 <|>Was gaged by our King: which had return'd</|>
 <|>To the Inheritance of <hi rend="italic">Fortinbras</hi>,</|>
 <|>Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant</|>
 <|>And carriage of the Article designe,</|>
 <|>His fell to <hi rend="italic">Hamlet.</hi> Now sir, young <hi
 rend="italic">Fortinbras</hi>,</|>
 <|>Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,</|>
 <|>Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,</|>
 <|>Shark'd vp a List of Landlesse Resolutes,</|>
 <|>For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize</|>
 <|>That hath a stomacke m't: which is no other</|>
 <|>(And it doth well appeare vnto our State<hi
 rend="italic">)</hi>
 </|>
 <|>But to recouer of vs by strong hand</|>
 <|>And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands</|>
 <|>So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)</|>
 <|>Is the maine Motiue os our Preparations,</|>
 <|>The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head</|>
 <|>Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.</|>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ghost
 againe.</stage>
 <|>But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:</|>
 <|>Ile crosse it, though it blast me. stay Illusion:</|>
 <|>If thou hast any sound, or vse of Voyce,</|>
 <|>Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,</|>
 <|>That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speake to me.</|>
 <|>If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate</|>
 <|>(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh speake.</|>
 <|>Or, if thou hast vp-hoorded in thy life</|>
 <|>Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,</|>
 <|>(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)</|>
 <|>Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it <hi
 rend="italic">Marcellus.</hi>
 </|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <|>Shall I strike at <choice>
 <orig>ir</orig>
 <corr>it</corr>
 </choice> with my Partizan?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <|>Do, if it will not stand.</|>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Barn.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis heere.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis heere.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis gone.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Ghost.</stage>
 <l>We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall</l>
 <l>To offer it the shew of Violence,</l>
 <l>For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,</l>
 <l>And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ber">
 <speaker rend="italic">Barn.</speaker>
 <l>It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>And then it started, like a guilty thing</l>
 <l>Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,</l>
 <l>The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,</l>
 <l>Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate</l>
 <l>Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,</l>
 <l>Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,</l>
 <l>Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes</l>
 <l>To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,</l>
 <l>This presnt Obiect made probation.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.</l>
 <l>Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes</l>
 <l>Wherein our Sauours Birth is celebrated,</l>
 <l>The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:</l>
 <l>And then <hi rend="italic">(</hi>they say) no Spirit can
 walke abroad,</l>
 <l>The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,</l>
 <l>No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>So haue I heard, and do in part beleue it.</l>

But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
 Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
 Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
 Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
 Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my
 life,
 This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?
 Mar.
 Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
 Where we shall finde him most conueniently.
 Exeunt
 [Act 1, Scene 2]
 Scena Secunda.
 Enter Claudius King of
 Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene,
 Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister O-
 phelia, Lords Attendant. *There is an ink
 mark at the end of this stage direction.*
 King.
 Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere
 Brothers death
 The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
 To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
 To becontracted in one brow of woe:
 Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
 Together with remembrance of our selues.
 Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
 Th'Imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
 Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
 With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
 With mirth in Fanerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
 In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
 Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
 Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone
 With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
 Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
*There is an ink mark at the end of
 this line.*
 Holding a weake supposall of our worth;

<|>Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,</|>
<|>Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame,</|>
<|>Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;</|>
<|>He hath not fayl'd to pester vs with Message,</|>
<|>Importing the surrender of those Lands</|>
<|>Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law</|>
<|>To our most valiant Brother. <hi rend="italic">S</hi>o much
for him.</|>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Voltemand and
Cornelius.</stage>

<|>Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting</|>
<|>Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ</|>
<|>To Norway, Vncle of young <hi
rend="italic">Fortirbras</hi>,</|>
<|>Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarsely heares</|>
<|>Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppress</|>
<|>His further gate heerein. In that the Leuiies,</|>
<|>The Lists, and full proportions are all made</|>
<|>Out of his subiect: and we heere dispatch</|>
<|>You good <hi rend="italic">Cornelius</hi>, and you <hi
rend="italic">Voltemand</hi>,</|>
<|>For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,</|>
<|>Giuing to you no further personall power</|>
<|>To businesse with the King, more then the scope</|>
<|>Of these dilated Articles allow:</|>
<|>Farewell, and let your hast commend your duty.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-vol">

<speaker rend="italic">Volt.</speaker>

<|>In that, and all things, will we shew our duty.</|>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<|>We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.</|>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Voltemand and
Cornelius.</stage>

<|>And now <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi>, what's the newes
with you?</|>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">You</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0764.jpg" n="154"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<|>You told vs of some suite. What is't <hi
rend="italic">Laertes</hi>?</|>

<|>You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,</|>

<|>And loose your voyce.What would'st thou beg <hi
rend="italic">Laertes,</hi>

</|>

<|>That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?</|>

<|>The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,</|>

<l>The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,</l>
 <l>Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.</l>
 <l>What would'st thou haue <hi rend="italic">Laertes?</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Dread my Lord,</l>
 <l>Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,<note
 resp="#ES">There is an ink mark at the end of this line.</note>
 </l>
 <l>From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke</l>
 <l>To shew my duty in your Coronation,</l>
 <l>Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,</l>
 <l>My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,</l>
 <l>And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Haue you your Fathers leaue?</l>
 <l>What sayes <hi rend="italic">Pollonius</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <l>He hath my Lord<gap extent="1 "
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>:</l>
 <l>I do beseech you giue him leaue to go.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Take thy faire houre, <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi>, time be
 thine,</l>
 <l>And thy best graces spend it at thy will:</l>
 <l>But now my Cosin <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, and my
 Sonne?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>How is it that the Clouds still hang on you<c
 rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">

off,</l>

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
<speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
<l>Good <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> cast thy nightly colour
<l>And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.</l>
<l>Do not for euer with thy veyled lids</l>
<l>Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;</l>
<l>Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,</l>
<l>Passing through Nature, to Eternity.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>I Madam, it is common.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
<speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
<l>If it be;</l>
<l>Why seemes it so particular with thee.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:</l>
<l>'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)</l>
<l>Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,</l>
<l>Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,</l>
<l>No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,</l>
<l>Nor the dejected hauiour of the Visage,</l>
<l>Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,</l>
<l>That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,</l>
<l>For they are actions that a man might play:</l>
<l>But I haue that Within, which passeth show;</l>
<l>These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
<l>'Tis sweet and commendable</l>
<l>In your Nature <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>,</l>
<l>To giue these mourning duties to your Father:</l>
<l>But you must know, your Father lost a Father,</l>
<l>That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound</l>
<l>In filiall Obligation, for some terme</l>
<l>To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer</l>
<l>In obstinate Condolement, is a course</l>
<l>Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,</l>
<l>It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,</l>
<l>A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,</l>
<l>An Vnderstanding simple, and vnschool'd:</l>

<l>For, what we know must be, and is as common</l>
 <l>As any the most vulgar thing to sence,</l>
 <l>Why should we in our peeuish Opposition</l>
 <l>Take it to heart? Fye,'tis a fault to Heauen,</l>
 <l>A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,</l>
 <l>To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame</l>
 <l>Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,</l>
 <l>From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,</l>
 <l>This must be so. We pray you throw to earth</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs</l>
 <l>As of a Father; For let the world take note,</l>
 <l>You arc the most immediate to our Throne,</l>
 <l>And with no lesse Nobility of Loue,</l>
 <l>Then that which deerest Father beares his Sonne,</l>
 <l>Do I impart towards you. For your intent</l>
 <l>In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,</l>
 <l>It is most retrograde to our desire:</l>
 <l>And we beseech you, bend you to remaine</l>
 <l>Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,</l>
 <l>Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet:</hi>
 </l>
 <l>I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I shall in all my <choice>
 <orig>beft</orig>
 <corr>best</corr>
 </choice>
 </l>
 <l>Obey you Madam.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,</l>
 <l>Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,</l>
 <l>This gentle and vnforc'd accord of <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,</l>
 <l>No iocond health that Denmarke drinks to day,</l>
 <l>But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,</l>
 <l>And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens shall brute againe,</l>
 <l>Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away.</l>

</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
<stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Hamlet.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,</l>
<l>Thaw, and resolute it selfe into a Dew:</l>
<l>Or that the Everlasting had not fixt</l>
<l>His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!</l>
<l>How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable</l>
<l>Seemes to me all the vses of this world?</l>
<l>Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden</l>
<l>That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature</l>
<l>Possesse it meere. That it should come to this:</l>
<l>But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,</l>
<l>So excellent a King, that was to this</l>
<l>

<hi rend="italic">Hyperion</hi> to a Satyre: so louing to my
Mother,</l>

<l>That he might not betwene the winde of heauen</l>
<l>Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth</l>
<l>Must I remember: why she would hang on him,</l>
<l>As if increase of Appetite had growne</l>
<l>By what it fed on; and yet within a month?</l>
<l>Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.</l>
<l>A little Month, or ere those shoes were old,</l>
<l>With which she followed my poore Fathers body</l>
<l>Like <hi rend="italic">Niobe</hi>, all teares. Why she, euen

she.</l>

<l>(O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason</l>
<l>Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,</l>
<l>My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,</l>
<l>Then I to <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>. Within a

Moneth?</l>

<l>Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares</l>
<l>Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,</l>
<l>She married. O most wicked speed, to post</l>
<l>With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:</l>
<l>It is not, nor it cannot come to good.</l>
<l>But breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Horatio, Barnard,
and Marcellus.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
<speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
<l>Haile to your Lordship.</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>I am glad to see you well:</l>

</>
 <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi>, or I do forget my selfe.</>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>The same my Lord,</l>
 <l>And your poore Seruant euer.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Sir my good friend,</l>
 <l>Ile change that name with you:</l>
 <l>And what make you from Wittenberg <hi
 rend="italic">Horatio</hi>?</l>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
 place="footRight">Mar-</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0765.jpg" n="155"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Marcellus.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>My good Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.</l>
 <l>But what in faith make you srom <hi
 rend="italic">Wittemberge</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>A truant disposition, good my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I would not haue your Enemy say so;</l>
 <l>Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,</l>
 <l>To make it truster of your owne report</l>
 <l>Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:</l>
 <l>But what is your affaire in <hi
 rend="italic">Elsenour</hi>?</l>
 <l>Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)</l>
 <l>I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Thrift, thrift <hi rend="italic">Horatio:</hi> the Funerall
 Bakt-meats</l>
 <l>Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;</l>
 <l>Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,</l>
 <l>Ere I had euer seene that day <hi
 rend="italic">Horatio</hi>.</l>
 <l>My Father, me thinkes I see my father.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Oh where my Lord?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>In my minds eye (<hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi>)</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>I saw him once; he was a goodly King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>He was a man, take him for all in all:</l>
 <l>I shall not look vpon his like againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Saw? Who?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, the King your Father.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>The King my Father?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Season your admiration for a while</l>
 <l>With an attent eare; till I may deliuer</l>
 <l>Vpon the witsse of these Gentlemen,</l>
 <l>This maruell to you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>For Heauens loue let me heare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Two nights together, had these Gentlemen</l>
 <l>(<hi rend="italic">Marcellus</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Barnardo</hi>) on their Watch</l>
 <l>In the dead wast and middle of the night</l>
 <l>Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,</l>
 <l>Arm'd at all points exactly, <hi rend="italic">Cap a
 Pe</hi>,</l>
 <l>Appeares before them, and with sollemne march</l>
 <l>Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,</l>
 <l>By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,</l>
 <l>Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd</l>
 <l>Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare,</l>
 <l>Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me</l>
 <l>In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,</l>
 <l>And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,</l>
 <l>Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,</l>
 <l>Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,</l>
 <l>The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:</l>
 <l>These hands are not more like.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>But where was this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Did you not speake to it?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, I did;</l>
 <l>But answere made it none: yet once me thought</l>

<l>It lifted vp <choice>
 <orig>it</orig>
 <corr>its</corr>
 </choice> head, and did addresse</l>
 <l>It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:</l>
 <l>But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;</l>
 <l>And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,</l>
 <l>And vanisht from our sight.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Tis very strange.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;</l>
 <l>And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty</l>
 <l>To let you know of it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Hold you the watch to Night<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor #F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
 <l>We doe my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Arm'd, say you?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor #F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
 <l>Arm'd, my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>From top to toe<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor #F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, from head to foote.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Then saw you not his face?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>What, lookt he frowningly?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Pale, or red?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Nay very pale.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>And fixt his eyes vpon you?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Most constantly.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I would I had beene <gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="illegible" agent="partiallyInkedType" resp="#ES"/>here.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>It would haue much amaz'd you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Very like, very like: staid it long?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>While one with moderate hast might tell a hun-
 <lb rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>dred.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-all">
 <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
 <l>Longer, longer.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Not when I saw't.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>His Beard was grisly<c rend="italic">?</c> no.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>It was, as I haue seene it in his life,</l>
 <l>A Sable Siluer'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-
 <lb rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>gaine.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>I warrant you it will.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>If it assume my noble Fathers person,</l>
 <l>Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape</l>
 <l>And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,</l>
 <l>Is you haue hitherto conceald this sight;</l>
 <l>Let it bee treble in your silence still:</l>
 <l>And whatsoeuer els shall hap to night,</l>
 <l>Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue;</l>
 <l>I will requite your loues; so, fare ye well:</l>
 <l>Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,</l>
 <l>Ile visit you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-all">
 <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
 <l>Our duty to your Honour.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.</l>
 <l>My Fathers Spirit in Armes<c rend="italic">?</c> All is not

well:</l>

<l>I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;</l>
<l>Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,</l>
<l>Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="3">

<head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 3]</head>

<head rend="italic center">Scena Tertia.</head>

<stage rend="center italic" type="entrance">Enter Laertes and

Ophelia.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-lae">

<speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>

<l>My necessities are imbar't; Farewell:</l>

<l>And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,</l>

<l>And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,</l>

<l>But let me heare from you.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-oph">

<speaker rend="italic">Ophel.</speaker>

<l>Doe you doubt that?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-lae">

<speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>

<l>For <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, and the trifling of his

fauours,</l>

<l>Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;</l>

<l>A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;</l>

<l>Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting</l>

<l>The suppliance of a minute? No more.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-oph">

<speaker rend="italic">Ophel.</speaker>

<l>No more but so.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-lae">

<speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>

<l>Thinke it no more:</l>

<l>For nature cressant does not grow alone,</l>

<l>In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,</l>

<l>The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule</l>

<l>Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,</l>

<l>And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch</l>

<l>The vertue of his feare: but you must feare</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">His</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0766-0.jpg" n="156"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;</l>

<|>For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:</|>
 <|>Hee may not, as vnuallued persons doe,</|>
 <|>Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends</|>
 <|>The sanctity and health of the weole State.</|>
 <|>And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd</|>
 <|>Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,</|>
 <|>Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,</|>
 <|>It fits your wisdomes so farre to beleue it;</|>
 <|>As he in his peculiar Sect and force</|>
 <|>May giue his saying deed: which is no further,</|>
 <|>Then the maine voyce of <hi rend="italic">Denmarke</hi>
 goes withall.</|>
 <|>Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,</|>
 <|>If with too credent eare you list his Songs;</|>
 <|>Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open</|>
 <|>To his vnmaistred importunity.</|>
 <|>Feare it <hi rend="italic">Ophelia</hi>, feare it my deare
 Sister,</|>
 <|>And keepe within the reare of your Affection;</|>
 <|>Out of the shot and danger of Desire.</|>
 <|>The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,</|>
 <|>If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone;</|>
 <|>Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,</|>
 <|>The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring</|>
 <|>Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd,</|>
 <|>And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,</|>
 <|>Contagious blastments are most imminent.</|>
 <|>Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;</|>
 <|>Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <|>I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,</|>
 <|>As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother</|>
 <|>Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,</|>
 <|>Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen,</|>
 <|>Whilst like a puft and recklesse Libertine</|>
 <|>Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,</|>
 <|>And reaks not his owne reade.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <|>Oh, feare me not.</|>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Polonius.</stage>
 <|>I stay too long; but here my Father comes:</|>
 <|>A double blessing is a double grace;</|>
 <|>Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">

shame,</l>
<speaker rend="italic">Palon.</speaker>
<l>Yet heere <hi rend="italic">Laertes?</hi> Aboord, aboard for

<l>The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,</l>
<l>And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;</l>
<l>And these few Precepts in thy memory,</l>
<l>See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,</l>
<l>Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:</l>
<l>Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:</l>
<l>The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,</l>
<l>Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele;</l>
<l>But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment</l>
<l>Of each vnatch't, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware</l>
<l>Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in</l>
<l>Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.</l>
<l>Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:</l>
<l>Take each mans censure; but reserue thy iudgement:</l>
<l>Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;</l>
<l>But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:</l>
<l>For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.</l>
<l>And they in France of the best ranck and station,</l>
<l>Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.</l>
<l>Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;</l>
<l>For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:</l>
<l>And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.</l>
<l>This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:</l>
<l>And it must follow, as the Night the Day,</l>
<l>Thou canst not then be false to any man.</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-lae">
<speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
<l>Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
<speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
<l>The time inuites you, goe, your seruants send.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-lae">
<speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
<l>Farewell <hi rend="italic">Ophelia,</hi> and remember

well</l>

<l>What I haue said to you.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
<speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
<l>Tis in my memory lockt,</l>
<l>And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.</l>
</sp>

```

    <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
      <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
      <l>
        <hi rend="italic">Farewell.</hi>
      </l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Laer.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
      <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
      <l>What ist <hi rend="italic">Ophelia</hi> he hath said to you<c
rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
      <l>So please you, somthing touching the <choice>
        <abbr>L.</abbr>
        <expan>Lord</expan>
      </choice>
      <hi rend="italic">Hamlet.</hi>
    </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
      <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
      <l>Marry, well bethought:</l>
      <l>Tis told me he hath very oft of late</l>
      <l>Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe</l>
      <l>Haue of your audience beene most free and bounteous.</l>
      <l>If it be so, as so tis put on me;</l>
      <l>And that in way of caution: I must tell you,</l>
      <l>You doe not vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,</l>
      <l>As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.</l>
      <l>What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
      <l>He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders</l>
      <l>Of his affection to me.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
      <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
      <l>Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,</l>
      <l>Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.</l>
      <l>Doe you beleue his tenders, as you call them?</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
      <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
      <l>I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-pol">

```

<speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,</l>
 <l>That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,</l>
 <l>Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly,</l>
 <l>Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,</l>
 <l>Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,</l>
 <l>In honourable fashion.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>And hath giuen countenance to his speech,</l>
 <l>My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know</l>
 <l>When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule</l>
 <l>Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,</l>
 <l>Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,</l>
 <l>Euen in their promise, as it is a making,</l>
 <l>You <choice>
 <orig>muft</orig>
 <corr>must</corr>
 </choice> not take for fire. For this time Daughter,</l>
 <l>Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence,</l>
 <l>Set your entreatments at a higher rate,</l>
 <l>Then a command to parley. For Lord <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>,</l>
 <l>Beleeue so much in him, that he is young,</l>
 <l>And with a larger tether may he walke,</l>
 <l>Then may be giuen you. In few, <hi
 rend="italic">Ophelia,</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,</l>
 <l>Not of the eye, which their Inuestments show:</l>
 <l>But meere implorators of vnholly Sutes,</l>
 <l>Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,</l>
 <l>The better to beguile. This is for all:</l>
 <l>I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,</l>
 <l>Haue you so slander any moment leisure,</l>
 <l>As to giue words or talke with the Lord <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>:</l>

<l>Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>I shall obey my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 4]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hamlet,
 Horatio, Marcellus.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>It is a nipping and an eager ayre.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>What hower now?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>I thinke it lacks of twelue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>No, it is strooke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Indeed I heard it not<hi rend="italic">:</hi> then it drawes
 neere the
 <lb rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>season,</l>
 <l>Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">What</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0767-0.jpg" n="257"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <note resp="#ES">This page is either worn or imperfectly inked,
 so parts of many letters are missing.</note>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>What does this meane my Lord<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<l>The King doth Wake to night, and takes his
 <lb rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>rouse,</l>
 <l>Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,</l>
 <l>And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,</l>
 <l>The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out</l>
 <l>The triumph of his Pledge.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Horat.</speaker>
 <l>Is it a custome?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I marry ist;</l>
 <l>And to my mind, though I am natiue heere,</l>
 <l>And <gap extent="1"
 unit="words"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="inkBlot"
 resp="#ES"/> the manner borne: It is a Custome<note
 resp="#ES">The final "e" here and in the previous line are only partially
 inked.</note>
 </l>
 <l>More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ghost.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Looke my Lord, it comes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:</l>
 <l>Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,</l>
 <l>Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,</l>
 <l>Be thy euent wicked or charitable,</l>
 <l>Thou com'st in such a questionable shape</l>
 <l>That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet,</hi>
 </l>
 <l>King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,</l>
 <l>Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell</l>
 <l>Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,</l>
 <l>Haue burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher</l>
 <l>Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,</l>
 <l>Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,</l>
 <l>To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?</l>
 <l>That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,</l>
 <l>Reuisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,</l>

<l>Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,</l>
 <l>So horridly to shake our disposition,</l>
 <l>With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,</l>
 <l>Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Ghost b<hi
 rend="roman">e</hi>ckens Hamlet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>It beckons you to goe away with it,</l>
 <l>As if it some impartment did desire</l>
 <l>To you alone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Looke with what courteous action</l>
 <l>It wafts you to a more remoued ground:</l>
 <l>But doe not goe with it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>No, by no meanes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>It will not speake: then will I follow it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Doe not my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Why, what should be the feare?</l>
 <l>I doe not set my life at a pins fee;</l>
 <l>And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?</l>
 <l>Being a thing immortall as it selfe:</l>
 <l>It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?</l>
 <l>Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,</l>
 <l>That beetles o're his base into the Sea,</l>
 <l>And there assumes some other horrible forme,</l>
 <l>Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reason,</l>
 <l>And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<l>It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>You shall not goe my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Hold off your hand.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Be rul'd, you shall not goe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>My fate cries out,</l>
 <l>And makes each petty Artire in this body,</l>
 <l>As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:</l>
 <l>Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:</l>
 <l>By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:</l>
 <l>I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Ghost &
 Hamlet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>He waxes desperate with imagination.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Haue after, to what issue will this come?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Heauen will direct it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, let's follow him.</l>
 </sp>


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<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
</div>
<div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 1, Scene 5]</head>
  <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ghost and
Hamlet.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
    <l>Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no fur-
      <lb rend="turnover"/>
  <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>ther.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
    <l>Marke me.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
    <l>I will.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
    <l>My hower is almost come,</l>
    <l>When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames</l>
    <l>Must render vp my selfe.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
    <l>Alas poore Ghost.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
    <l>Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing</l>
    <l>To what I shall vnfold.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
    <l>Speake, I am bound to heare.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
    <l>So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
    <l>What?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
    <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
    <l>I am thy Fathers Spirit,</l>

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<l>Doom'd for a certain terme to walke the night;</l>
 <l>And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,</l>
 <l>Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature</l>
 <l>Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid</l>
 <l>To tell the secrets of my Prison-House;</l>
 <l>I could a Tale vnfold, whose lightest word</l>
 <l>Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,</l>
 <l>Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,</l>
 <l>Thy knotty and combined locks to part,</l>
 <l>And each particular haire to stand an end,</l>
 <l>Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:</l>
 <l>But this eternall blason must not be</l>
 <l>To eares of flesh and blood; list <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet,</hi> oh list,</l>
 <l>If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Oh Heauen!</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
 <l>Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Murther?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ghost.</speaker>
 <l>Murther most foule, as in the best it is;</l>
 <l>But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Hast, hast me to know it,</l>
 <l>That with wings as swift</l>
 <l>As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,</l>
 <l>May sweepe to my Reuenge.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ghost.</speaker>
 <l>I finde thee apt,</l>
 <l>And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede</l>
 <l>That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,</l>
 <l>Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> heare:</l>
 <l>It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,</l>
 <l>A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke,</l>
 <l>Is by a forged processe of my death</l>

<l>Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,</l>
 <l>The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,</l>
 <l>Now weares his Crowne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ghost.</speaker>
 <l>I that incestuous, that adul<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="partiallyInkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>erate Beast</l>
 <l>With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.</l>
 <l>Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power</l>
 <l>So to seduce<c rend="italic">?</c> Won <choice>
 <orig>to to</orig>
 <corr>to</corr>
 </choice> this shamefull Lust</l>
 <l>The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:</l>
 <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, what a falling off was
 there,</l>
 <l>From <hi rend="italic">me</hi>, whose loue was of that
 dignity,</l>
 <l>That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow</l>
 <l>I made to her in Marriage; and to decline</l>
 <l>Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore</l>
 <l>To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,</l>
 <l>Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:</l>
 <l>So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,</l>
 <l>Will sate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on
 Garbage.</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">Oo</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">But</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0768-0.jpg" n="258"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;</l>
 <l>Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,</l>
 <l>My custome alwayes in the afternoone;</l>
 <l>Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole</l>
 <l>With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,</l>
 <l>And in the Porches of mine eares did poure</l>
 <l>The leaperous Distilment; whose effect</l>
 <l>Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,</l>
 <l>That swift as Quick-siluer, it courses through</l>
 <l>The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;</l>
 <l>And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset</l>

<|>And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,</|>
 <|>The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine;</|>
 <|>And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,</|>
 <|>Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,</|>
 <|>All my smooth Body.</|>
 <|>Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,</|>
 <|>Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;</|>
 <|>Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,</|>
 <|>Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,</|>
 <|>No reckoning made, but sent to my account</|>
 <|>With all my imperfections on my head;</|>
 <|>Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible:</|>
 <|>If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;</|>
 <|>Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be</|>
 <|>A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.</|>
 <|>But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,</|>
 <|>Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue</|>
 <|>Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,</|>
 <|>And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,</|>
 <|>To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;</|>
 <|>The Glow-worme shows the Matine to be neere,</|>
 <|>And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:</|>
 <|>Aduie, adue, <hi rend="italic">Hamlet:</hi> remember

me.</|>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<|>Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?</|>

<|>And shall I couple Hell<c rend="italic">?</c> Oh fie: hold

my heart;</|>

<|>And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;</|>
 <|>But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?</|>
 <|>I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate</|>
 <|>In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?</|>
 <|>Yea, from the Table of my Memory,</|>
 <|>Ile wipe a way all triuiall fond Records,</|>
 <|>All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,</|>
 <|>That youth and obseruation coppied there;</|>
 <|>And thy Commandment all alone shall liue</|>
 <|>Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,</|>
 <|>Vnmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:</|>
 <|>Oh most pernicious woman!</|>
 <|>Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!</|>
 <|>My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,</|>
 <|>That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;</|>
 <|>At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;</|>
 <|>So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;</|>
 <|>It is; Aduie, Aduie, Remember me: I haue I sworn't.</|>

</sp>

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    <sp who="#F-ham-hor #F-ham-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hor. & Mar.</speaker>
    <stage type="business" rend="inline italic">within.</stage>
    <l>My Lord, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Horatio and
Marcellus.<note resp="#ES">There is an ink mark at the end of this stage
direction.</note>
</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>.</l>
</sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
    <l>Heauen secure him.</l>
</sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>So be it.</l>
</sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
    <l>Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.</l>
</sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
    <l>Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.</l>
</sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
    <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
    <l>How <choice>
    <orig>ist't</orig>
    <corr>is't</corr>
    </choice> my Noble Lord<c rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
</sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
    <l>What newes, my Lord?</l>
</sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
    <l>Oh wonderfull!</l>
</sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
    <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
    <l>Good my Lord tell it.</l>
</sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-ham">

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<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>No you'l reueale it.</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Nor I, my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>How say you then, would heart of man once
 <lb rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>think it?</l>
 <l>But you'l be secret?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor #F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
 <l>I, by Heau'n, my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke</l>
 <l>But hee's an arrant knaue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the</l>
 <l>Graue, to tell vs this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Why right, you are i'th'right;</l>
 <l>And so, without more circumstance at all,</l>
 <l>I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:</l>
 <l>You, as your busines and desires shall point you:</l>
 <l>For euery man ha's businesse and desire,</l>
 <l>Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,</l>
 <l>Looke you, Ile goe pray.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I'm sorry they offend you heartily:</l>

<l>Yes faith, heartily,</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>There's no offence my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Ycs, by Saint <hi rend="italic">Patricke</hi>, but there is my
 Lord,</l>
 <l>And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:</l>
 <l>It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:</l>
 <l>For your desire to know what is betweene vs,</l>
 <l>O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,</l>
 <l>As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,</l>
 <l>Giue me one poore request.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>What is't my Lord? we will.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor #F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, we will not.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, but swear't.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Infaith my Lord, not I.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mar.</speaker>
 <l>Nor I my Lord: in faith.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Vpon my sword.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Marcell.</speaker>
 <l>We haue sworne my Lord already.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Sweare.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Ghost cries
 vnder the Stage.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Ah ha boy. sayest thou so. Art thou there true-
 <lb/>penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge
 <lb/>Consent to sweare.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Propose the Oath my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene.
 <lb/>Sweare by my sword.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
 <l>Sweare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hic & vbique?</hi> Then wee'l shift for
 grownd,</l>
 <l>Come hither Gentlemen,</l>
 <l>And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,</l>
 <l>Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:</l>
 <l>Sweare by my Sword.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gho.</speaker>
 <l>Sweare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Well said old Mole. can't worke i'th' ground so
 <lb rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>fast?</l>
 <l>A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Oh day and night; but this is wondrous strange.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.</l>
 <l>There are more things in Heauen and Earth, <hi
 rend="italic">Horatio,</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Then are dream't of in our Philosophy<note resp="#ES">Here
 a full-stop has not been inked.</note> But come,</l>
 <l>Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,</l>
 <l>How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;</l>
 <l>(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet</l>
 <l>To put an Anticke disposition on:)</l>
 <l>That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall</l>
 <l>With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;</l>
 <l>Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;</l>
 <l>As well, we know, or we could and if we would,</l>
 <l>Or if we list to speak; or there be and if there might,</l>
 <l>Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">That</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0769.jpg" n="259"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>That you know ought of me; this not to doe:</l>
 <l>So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:</l>
 <l>Sweare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ghost.</speaker>
 <l>Sweare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,</l>
 <l>With all my loue I doe commend me to you;</l>
 <l>And what so poore a man as <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>
 is,</l>
 <l>May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you,</l>
 <l>God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,</l>
 <l>And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,</l>
 <l>The time is out of ioynt: Oh Cursed spight,</l>
 <l>That euer I was borne to set it right,</l>
 <l>Nay, come let's goe together.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>

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</div>
<div type="act" n="2">
  <div type="scene" n="1">
    <head rend="italic center">Actus Secundus.</head>
    <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Polonius, and
Reynoldo.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
      <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
      <l>Giue him his money, and these notes <hi
rend="italic">Reynoldo</hi>.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
      <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
      <l>I will my Lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
      <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
      <l>You shall doe maruels wisely: good <hi
rend="italic">Reynoldo,</hi>
    </l>
    <l>Before you visite him you make inquiry</l>
    <l>Of his behaiour.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
      <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
      <l>My Lord, I did intend it.</l>
      <l>
<hi rend="italic">Polon</hi>. Marry, well said;</l>
      <l>Very well said. Looke.you Sir,</l>
      <l>Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;</l>
      <l>And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:</l>
      <l>What company, at what expence: and finding</l>
      <l>By this encompassment and drift of question,</l>
      <l>That they doe know my sonne: Come you more nearer</l>
      <l>Then your particular demands will touch it,</l>
      <l>Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him.</l>
      <l>And thus I know his father and his friends,</l>
      <l>And in part him. Doe you marke this <hi
rend="italic">Reynoldo?</hi>
    </l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
      <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
      <l>I, very well my Lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
      <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
      <l>And in part him, but you may say not well;</l>
      <l>But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;</l>

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<l>Addicted so and so; and there put on him</l>
 <l>What forgeries you please; marry, none so ranke,</l>
 <l>As may dishonour him; take need of that:</l>
 <l>But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,</l>
 <l>As are Companions noted and most knowne</l>
 <l>To youth and liberty.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
 <l>As gaming my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>I, or drinking, fencing. swearing,</l>
 <l>Quarelling, drabbi<c rend="inverted">n</c>g. You may goe
 so farre.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord that would dishonour him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;</l>
 <l>You must not put another scandall on him,</l>
 <l>That hee is open to Incontinencie;</l>
 <l>That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,</l>
 <l>That they may seeme the taints of liberty;</l>
 <l>The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,</l>
 <l>A sauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
 <l>But my good Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>Wherefore should you doe this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
 <l>I my Lord, I would know that.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>Marry Sir, here's my drift,</l>
 <l>And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:</l>
 <l>You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,</l>
 <l>As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th'working:</l>
 <l>Marke you your party in conuerse; him you would

<lb rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>sound,</l>
 <l>Hauing euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd</l>
 <l>He closes with you in this consequence:</l>
 <l>Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.</l>
 <l>According to the Phrase and the Addition,</l>
 <l>Of man and Country.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
 <l>Very good my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>And then Sir does he this?</l>
 <l>He does: what was I about to say?</l>
 <l>I was about to say something: where did I leaue?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
 <l>At closes in the consequence:</l>
 <l>At friend, or so, and Gentleman.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>At closes in the consequence, I marry,</l>
 <l>He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,</l>
 <l>I saw him yesterday, or tother day;</l>
 <l>Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,</l>
 <l>There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,</l>
 <l>There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,</l>
 <l>I saw him enter such a house of saile;</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Videlicet</hi>, a Brothell, or so forth. See you
 now;</l>
 <l>Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;</l>
 <l>And thus doe we of wisdom and of reach</l>
 <l>With windlasses, and with assaies of Bias,</l>
 <l>By indirections finde directions out:</l>
 <l>So by my former Lecture and aduice</l>
 <l>Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord I haue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>

<l>God buy you; fare you well.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
 <l>Good my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>Obserue his inclination in your selfe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
 <l>I shall my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>And let him plye his Musicke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-rey">
 <speaker rend="italic">Reynol.</speaker>
 <l>Well, my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ophelia.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>Farewell:</l>
 <l>How now <hi rend="italic">Ophelia,</hi> what's the
 matter?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>With what, in the name of Heauen?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,</l>
 <l>Lord <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> with his doublet all
 vnbrac'd,</l>
 <l>No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,</l>
 <l>Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,</l>
 <l>Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,</l>
 <l>And with a looke so pitious in purport,</l>
 <l>As if he had been loosed out of hell,</l>
 <l>To speake of horrors: he comes before me.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>Mad for thy Loue<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>What said he?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;</l>
 <l>Then goes he to the length of all his arme;</l>
 <l>And with his other hand thus o're his brow</l>
 <l>He fals to such perusall of my face,</l>
 <l>As he would draw it. Long staid he so,</l>
 <l>At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:</l>
 <l>And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;</l>
 <l>He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,</l>
 <l>That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,</l>
 <l>And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,</l>
 <l>And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,</l>
 <l>He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,</l>
 <l>For out adores he went without their helpe;</l>
 <l>And to the last, bended their light on me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <l>Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,</l>
 <l>This is the very extasie of Loue,</l>
 <l>Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">And</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0770.jpg" n="260"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,</l>
 <l>As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,</l>
 <l>That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,</l>
 <l>What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>No my good Lord: but as you did command,</l>
 <l>I did repell his Letters, and deny'de</l>
 <l>His accesse to me.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <l>That hath made him mad.</l>
 <l>I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement</l>
 <l>I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,</l>
 <l>And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my iealousie:</l>
 <l>It seemes it is as proper to our Age,</l>
 <l>To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,</l>
 <l>As it is common for the yonger sort</l>
 <l>To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,</l>
 <l>This must be knowne, w<hi rend="superscript">c</hi> being
 kept close might moue</l>
 <l>More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 2, Scene 2]</head>
 <head rend="italic center">Scena Secunda.</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Queene,
 <choice>
 <orig>Rosincrane</orig>
 <corr>Rosincrance</corr>
 </choice>, and Guilden-
 <lb/>sterne Cumalijs.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Welcome deere <hi rend="italic">Rosincrance</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Guildensterne</hi>.</l>
 <l>Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,</l>
 <l>The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke</l>
 <l>Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard</l>
 <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Hamlets</hi> transformation: so I call
 it,</l>
 <l>Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man</l>
 <l>Resembles that it was. What it should bee</l>
 <l>More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him</l>
 <l>So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,</l>
 <l>I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,</l>
 <l>That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:</l>
 <l>And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,</l>
 <l>That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court</l>
 <l>Some little time: so by your Companies</l>
 <l>To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather</l>
 <l>So much as from Occasions you may gleane,</l>
 <l>That open'd lies within our remedie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,</l>

<l>And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,</l>
 <l>To whom he more adheres. If it will please you</l>
 <l>To shew vs so much Gentry, and good will,</l>
 <l>As to expend your time with vs a-while,</l>
 <l>For the supply and profit of our Hope,</l>
 <l>Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks</l>
 <l>As fits a Kings remembrance.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>Both your Maiesties</l>
 <l>Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,</l>
 <l>Put your dread pleasures, more into Command</l>
 <l>Then to Entreatie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guil.</speaker>
 <l>We both obey,</l>
 <l>And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,</l>
 <l>To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,</l>
 <l>To be commanded.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Thanks <hi rend="italic">Rosin</hi>, and gentle <hi
 rend="italic">Guil</hi>sterne</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Thanks <hi rend="italic">Guil</hi>sterne</hi> and gentle <hi
 rend="italic">Rosin</hi>crance</hi>.</l>
 <l>And I beseech you instantly to visit</l>
 <l>My too much changed Sonne.</l>
 <l>Go some of ye,</l>
 <l>And bring the Gentlemen where <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> is.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guil.</speaker>
 <l>Heauens make our presence and our practices</l>
 <l>Pleasant and helpfull to him.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>
 <l>Amen.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Polonius.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <l>Th'Ambassadors from Norway,<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>my good Lord,</l>
 <l>Are ioyfully return'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <l>Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,</l>
 <l>I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,</l>
 <l>Both to my God, one to my gracious King:</l>
 <l>And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine</l>
 <l>Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure</l>
 <l>As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found</l>
 <l>The very cause of <hi rend="italic">Hamlets</hi>

Lunacie.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <l>Giue first admittance to th'Ambassadors,</l>
 <l>My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.</l>
 <l>He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found</l>
 <l>The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>I doubt it is no other, but the maine,</l>
 <l>His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Polonius,
 Uoltumand, and Cornelius.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Frends:</l>
 <l>Say <hi rend="italic">Uoltumand</hi>, what from our

Brother Norway<c rend="italic">?</c>

</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-vol">

<speaker rend="italic">Volt.</speaker>

<l>Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.</l>

<l>Vpon our first, he sent out to suppress</l>

<l>His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd</l>

<l>To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:</l>

<l>But better look'd into, he truly found</l>

<l>It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,</l>

<l>That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence</l>

<l>Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests</l>

<l>On <hi rend="italic">Fortinbras</hi>, which he (in breefe)

obeyes,</l>

<l>Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,</l>

<l>Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more</l>

<l>To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie.</l>

<l>Whereon old Norway, ouercome with ioy,</l>

<l>Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,</l>

<l>And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers</l>

<l>So leui'd as before, against the Poleak:</l>

<l>With an intreaty heerein further shewne,</l>

<l>That it might please you to giue quiet passe</l>

<l>Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,</l>

<l>On such regards of safety and allowance,</l>

<l>As therein are set downe.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>It likes vs well:</l>

<l>And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,</l>

<l>Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.</l>

<l>Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.</l>

<l>Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.</l>

<l>Most welcome home.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit

Ambass.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">

<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>

<l>This businesse is very well ended.</l>

<l>My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate</l>

<l>What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,</l>

<l>Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,</l>

<l>Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.</l>

<l>Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,</l>

<l>And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,</l>

<l>I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:</l>

<l>Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,</l>

<l>What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.</l>
 <l>But let that go.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>More matter, with lesse Art.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <l>Madam<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="absent"
 agent="unInkedType"
 resp="#ES"/> I sweare I vse no Art at all:</l>
 <l>That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,</l>
 <l>And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,</l>
 <l>But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Ma<note
 resp="#ES">The "a" here is only partially inked.</note>d</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0771.jpg" n="261"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Mad let vs grant him then: and now remaines</l>
 <l>That we finde out the cause of this effect,</l>
 <l>Or rather say, the cause of this defect;</l>
 <l>For this effect defectiue, comes by cause,</l>
 <l>Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,</l>
 <l>I haue a daughter: haue, whil'st she is mine,</l>
 <l>Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,</l>
 <l>Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">The Letter.</stage>
 <p rend="italic center">To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll,
 the most beautified O-
 <lb/>phelia.</p>
 <p>That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Prase, beautified is a vilde
 <lb/>Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white
 <lb/>bosome, these.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Came this from <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> to her.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <l>Good Madam stay<note resp="#ES">The "y" here is only
 partially inked.</note> awhile, I will be faithfull.</l>
 <l rend="italic">Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:</l>
 <l rend="italic">Doubt Truth to be a Lier,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Bt never Doubt, I loue.</l>

haue not Art to
 be-
 whilst this

O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I
 reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best
 leeuue it. Adieu.
Thine euermore most deere Lady,
 Machine is to him, *Hamlet.*

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
 And more aboue hath his solliciting,
 As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
 All giuen to mine eare.

King.
 But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?

Pol.
 What do you thinke of me?

King.
 As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol.
 I wold faine proue so. But what might you think?
 When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,
 As I perceiued it, I must tell you that
 Before my Daughter told me, what might you
 Or my

dcere
 deere

Maiestie your Queene heere, think,
 If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
 Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
 Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,
 What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
 And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake
 Lord *Hamlet* is, a Prince out of thy

Starre,

This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
 That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
 Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:
 Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,
 And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,
 Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
 Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,

raues,</l>

<l>Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension</l>
<l>Int<c rend="italic">o</c> the Madnesse whereon now he

<l>And all we waile for.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Do you thinke 'tis this?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ger">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<l>It may be very likely.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">

<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>

<l>Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,</l>

<l>That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,</l>

<l>When it prou'd otherwise?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Not that I know.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">

<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>

<l>Take this from this; if this be otherwise,</l>

<l>If Circumstances leade me, I will finde</l>

<l>Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede</l>

<l>Within the Center.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>How may we try it further?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">

<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>

<l>You know sometimes</l>

<l>He walkes foure houres together, here</l>

<cb n="2"/>

<l>In the Lobby.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ger">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<l>So he ha's indeed.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">

<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>

<l>At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,</l>

<l>Be you and I behinde an Arras then,</l>

<l>Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,</l>

<l>And be not from his reason falne thereon;</l>
 <l>Let me be no Assistant for a State,</l>
 <l>And keepe a Farme and Carters.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>We will try it.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hamlet reading
 on a Booke.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>But looke where sadly the poore wretch</l>
 <l>Comes reading.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <l>Away I do beseech you, both away,</l>
 <l>Ile boord him presently.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit King & Queen.</stage>
 <l>Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet?</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Well, God-a-mercy.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>Do you know me, my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>Not I my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Then I would you were so honest a man.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>Honest, my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
 <lb/>one man pick'd out of two thousand.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>That's very true, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
 <lb/>being a good kissing Carrion ⸺
 <lb/>Haue you a daughter?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>I haue my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Let her not walke i'th'Sunne; Conception is a
 <lb/>blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend
 <lb/>looke too't.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh-
 <lb/>ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-
 <lb/>ger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,
 <lb/>I suffred much extreamity for loue: very neere this. Ile
 <lb/>speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Words, words, words.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>What is the matter, my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Betweene who?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<p>Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slaue saies here,
<lb/>that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrin-
<lb/>kled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree
<lb/>Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit,
<lb/>together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I
<lb/>most powerfully, and potently beleeeue; yet I holde it
<lb/>not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For you your
<lb/>selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
<lb/>go backward.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
<l>Though this be madnesse,</l>
<l>Yet there is Method in't: will you walke</l>
<l>Out of the ayre my Lord?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>Into my Graue?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
<l>Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:</l>
<l>How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?</l>
<l>A happinesse,</l>
<l>That often Madnesse hits on,</l>
<l>Which Reason and Sanitie could not</l>
<l>So prosperously be deliuer'd of.</l>
<l>I will leaue him,</l>
<l>And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting</l>
<l>Betweene him, and my daughter.</l>
<l>My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly</l>
<l>Take my leaue of you.</l>

</sp>

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">oo3</fw>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Ham</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0772.jpg" n="262"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<p>You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I
<lb/>will more willingly part withall, except my life, my
<lb/>life.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
<speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
<p>Fare you well my Lord.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">

there

```
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<p>These tedious old fooles.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
  <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
  <p>You goe to seeke my Lord <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>;

  <lb/>hee is.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter <choice>
<orig>Rosincran</orig>
<corr>Rosincrance</corr>
</choice> and Guildensterne.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
    <p>God saue you Sir.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
    <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
    <p>Mine honour'd Lord?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
    <p>My most deare Lord<c rend="italic">?</c>
</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
    <p>My excellent good friends? How do'st thou
    <lb/>
    <hi rend="italic">Guildensterne</hi>? Oh, <hi rend="italic">
    <choice>
      <orig>Rosincrane</orig>
      <corr>Rosincrance</corr>
    </choice>
    </hi>; good Lads: How doe ye
    <lb/>both?</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
    <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
    <p>As the indifferent Children of the earth.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
    <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
    <p>Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on For-
    <lb/>tunes Cap, we are not the very Button.</p>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
    <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
    <p>Nor the Soales of her Shoo?</p>
```

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>Neither my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Then you liue about her waste, or in the mid-
 <lb/>dle of her fauour?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guil.</speaker>
 <p>Faith, her priuates, we.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true:
 <lb/>she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rsin.</speaker>
 <p>None my Lord; but that the World's growne
 <lb/>honest.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is
 <lb/>not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue
 <lb/>you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune,
 <lb/>that she sends you to Prison hither?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guil.</speaker>
 <p>Prison, my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Denmark's a Prison.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>Then is the World one.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>A goodly one, in which there are many Con-
 <lb/>fines, Wards and Dungeons; <hi
 rend="italic">Denmarke</hi> being one o'th'
 <lb/>worst.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>We thinke not so my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing
 <lb/>either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is
 <lb/>a prison.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis
 <lb/>too narrow for your minde.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and
 <lb/>count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that
 <lb/>I haue bad dreames.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guil.</speaker>
 <p>Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the
 <lb/>very substance of the Ambitious, is meere the shadow
 <lb/>of a Dreame.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and
 <lb/>light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Then are our Beggars bodies; and our Mo-
 <lb/>narchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggars Shadowes:
 <lb/>shall wee to th'Court: for, by my fey I cannot rea-
 <lb/>son?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor #F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
 <p>Wee'l wait vpon you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>No such matter. I will not sort you with the

<lb/>rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest
 <lb/>man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten
 <lb/>way of friendship, What make you at <hi
 rend="italic">Elsonower?</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thanks;
 <lb/>but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks
 <lb/>are too deare a halfepeny; were you not sent for? Is it
 <lb/>your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,
 <cb n="2"/>
 <lb/>deale iustly with me: come, come; nay speake.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-guil">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guil.</speaker>
 <p>What should we say my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were
 <lb/>sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes;
 <lb/>which your modesties haue not craft enough to co-
 <lb/>lor, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for
 you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>To what end my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>That you must teach me: but let mee coniure
 <lb/>you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of
 <lb/>our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preserued loue,
 <lb/>and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge
 <lb/>you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you
 <lb/>were sent for or no.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>What say you?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<p>Nay then I haue an eye of you; if you loue me
 <lb/>hold not off.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guil.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord, we were sent for.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation
 <lb/>preuent your discouery of your secrie to the King and
 <lb/>Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore
 <lb/>I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of ex-
 <lb/>ercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my dispositi-
 <lb/>on; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a ster-
 <lb/>rill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre,
 <lb/>look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe,
 <lb/>fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing
 <lb/>to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of va-
 <lb/>pours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in
 <lb/>Reason? how infinite in faculty? in sorme and mouing
 <lb/>how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an An-
 <lb/>gel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the
 <lb/>world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is
 <lb/>this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no,
 <lb/>nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme
 <lb/>to say so.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my
 <lb/>thoughts.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights
 <lb/>not me?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man,
 <lb/>what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receiue
 <lb/>from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are
 <lb/>they comming to offer you Seruice.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>He that playes the King shall be welcome; his
 <lb/>Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous
 <lb/>Knight shal vse his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall

shall end his part in

not sigh gratis, the humorous man

peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs
are tickled a'th'sere: and the Lady shall say her minde
freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players
are they?

who="#F-ham-ros">

speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>

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

who="#F-ham-ham">

speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

How chances it they trauaile? their resi-
dence both in reputation and profit was better both
wayes.

who="#F-ham-ros">

speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>

I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes
of the late Innouation?

who="#F-ham-ham">

speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

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

who="#F-ham-ros">

speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>

No indeed, they are not.

who="#F-ham-ham">

speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

How comes it? doe they grow

rusty?

who="#F-ham-ros">

speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>

Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted
pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little
Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and
are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the

fw type="catchword" place="footRight">fashi-</fw>

pb facs="FFimg:axc0773.jpg" n="263"/>

fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>

cb n="1"/>

fashion, and so be-rattled the common Stages (so they
call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of

<lb/>Goose-quils, and dare scarce come thither.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>What are they Children? Who maintains 'em?
 <lb/>How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no
 <lb/>longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards
 <lb/>if they should grow themselues to common Players (as
 <lb/>it is like most if their meanes are no<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/> better) their Wri-
 <lb/>ters do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their
 <lb/>owne Succession.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>Faith thre ha's bene much to do on both sides:
 <lb/>and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Con-
 <lb/>trouersie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argu-
 <lb/>ment, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in
 <lb/>the Question.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Is't possible?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <p>Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of
 <lb/>Braines.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Do the Boyes carry it away?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>I that they do my Lord, <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi>
 & his load too.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of
 <lb/>Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him
 <lb/>while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty,, an hundred
 <lb/>Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is some-
 <lb/>thing in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could
 <lb/>finde it out.</p>
 </sp>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Flourish for the
 players.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guil.</speaker>
 <p>There are the Players.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Gentlemen, you are welcom to <hi
 rend="italic">Elsonower</hi>: your
 <lb/>hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion
 <lb/>and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe,
 <lb/>lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew
 <lb/>fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment
 <lb/>then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father,
 <lb/>and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guil.</speaker>
 <p>In what my deere Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I am but mad North, North-West: when the
 <lb/>Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Polonius.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>Well be with you Gentlemen.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Hearke you <hi rend="italic">Guildensterne</hi>, and you
 too: at each
 <lb/>eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet
 <lb/>out of his swathing clouts.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>Happily he's the second time come to them: for
 <lb/>they say, an old man is twice a childe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I will Prophetie. Hee comes to tell me of the
 <lb/>Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday mor-
 <lb/>ning 'twas so indeed.</p>

Rome—
 Pol. *Pol.*
 My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
 Ham. *Ham.*
 My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
 When *Rossius* an Actor in
 Rome—
 Pol. *Pol.*
 The Actors are come hither my Lord.
 Ham. *Ham.*
 Buzze, buzze.
 Pol. *Pol.*
 Vpon mine Honor.
 Ham. *Ham.*
 Then can each Actor on his Asse
 Pol. *Polon.*
 The best Actors in the world, either for Trage-
 die, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastorically-Comically-
 Historically-Pastorall: Tragically-Historically: Tragically-
 Comically-Historically-Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Po-
 em vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be
 too heauy, nor *Plautus*
 too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are
 the onely men.
 Ham. *Ham.*
 O *Iephta* Iudge of Israel, what a
 Treasure had'st
 thou?
 Pol. *Pol.*
 What a Treasure had he, my Lord?
 Ham. *Ham.*

<l>Why one faire Daughter, and no more,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>The which he loued passing well.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>Still on my Daughter.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Am I not i'th'right old <hi rend="italic">Iephta</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <p>If you call me <hi rend="italic">Iephta</hi> my Lord, I haue
 a daugh-
 <lb/>ter that I loue passing well.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Nay that followes not.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <p>What followes then, my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ha.</speaker>
 <p>Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It
 <lb/>came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Pons Chanson</hi> will shew you more. For looke
 where my
 <lb/>Abridgements come.</p>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter foure or fīue
 Players.</stage>
 <p>Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see
 <lb/>thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my old Friend?
 <lb/>Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to
 <lb/>beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mi-
 <lb/>stris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when
 <lb/>I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God
 <lb/>your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd
 <lb/>within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne
 <lb/>to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l
 <lb/>haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast of your qua-
 <lb/>lity: come, a passionate speech.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pla.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Play.</speaker>

<p>What speech, my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was
 <lb/>neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I
 <lb/>remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas <hi
 rend="italic">Cauiarie</hi> to the
 <lb/>Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it and others, whose
 <lb/>iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an
 <lb/>excellent Play; well digested in the Scœnes, set downe
 <lb/>with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said,
 <lb/>there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sa-
 <lb/>uoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the
 <lb/>Author of affection, but cal'd it an honest method. One
 <lb/>cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas <hi
 rend="italic">Æneas</hi> Tale
 <lb/>to <hi rend="italic">Dido</hi>, and thereabout of it
 especially, where he speaks
 <lb/>of <hi rend="italic">Priams</hi> slaughter. If it liue in
 your memory, begin at
 <lb/>this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged <hi
 rend="italic">Pyrrhus</hi> like
 <lb/>th'<hi rend="italic">Hyrcanian</hi> Beast. It is not so: it
 begins with <hi rend="italic">Pyrrhus</hi>
 </p>
 <l>The rugged <hi rend="italic">Pyrrhus</hi>, he whose Sable
 Armes</l>
 <l>Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble</l>
 <l>When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,</l>
 <l>Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd</l>
 <l>With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote</l>
 <l>Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd</l>
 <l>With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,</l>
 <l>Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,</l>
 <l>That lend a tyrannous, and damned light</l>
 <l>To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,</l>
 <l>And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,</l>
 <l>VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish <hi
 rend="italic">Pyrrhus</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Old Grandsire <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi> seekes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good ac-
 <lb/>cent, and good discretion.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pla.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Player.</speaker>

<l>Anon he findes him,</l>
 <l>Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,</l>
 <l>Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles</l>
 <l>Repugnant to command: vnequall match,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Pyrrhus</hi> at <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi>
 driues, in Rage strikes wide:</l>
 <l>But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,</l>
 <l>Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then senseless Illium,</l>
 <l>Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top</l>
 <l>Stoopest to his Bace, and with a hideous crash</l>
 <l>Takes Prisoner <hi rend="italic">Pyrrhus</hi> eare. For loe,
 his Sword</l>
 <l>Which was declining on the Milkie head</l>
 <l>Of Reuerend <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi>, seem'd i'th'Ayre
 to <choice>
 <orig>stieke</orig>
 <corr>sticke</corr>
 </choice>:</l>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">So</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0774.jpg" n="264"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>So as a painted Tyrant <hi rend="italic">Pyrrhus</hi>
 stood,</l>
 <l>And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.</l>
 <l>But as we often see against some storme,</l>
 <l>A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still,</l>
 <l>The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below</l>
 <l>As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder</l>
 <l>Doth rend the Region. So after <hi rend="italic">Pyrrhus</hi>
 pause,</l>
 <l>A ro wsed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,<note
 resp="#ES">An ink mark follows this line.</note>
 </l>
 <l>And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall</l>
 <l>On Mars his Armours, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,</l>
 <l>With lesse remorse then <hi rend="italic">Pyrrhus</hi>
 bleeding sword</l>
 <l>Now falles on <hi rend="italic">Priam</hi>.</l>
 <l>Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,</l>
 <l>In generall Synod take away her power:</l>
 <l>Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,</l>
 <l>And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,</l>
 <l>As low as to the Fiends.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>This is too long.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Pry-
 <lb/>thee say on: He's for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee
 <lb/>sleepes. Say on; come to <hi
 rend="italic">Hecuba</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pla.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Play.</speaker>
 <l>But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>The inobled Queene?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>That's good: Inobled Queene is good.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pla.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">1. Play.</speaker>
 <l>Run bare-foot vp and downe,</l>
 <l>Threatmng the flame</l>
 <l>With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head,</l>
 <l>Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe</l>
 <l>About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,</l>
 <l>A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.</l>
 <l>Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,</l>
 <l>'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?</l>
 <l>But if the Gods themselues did see her then,</l>
 <l>When she saw <hi rend="italic">Pyrrhus</hi> make
 malicious sport</l>
 <l>In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,</l>
 <l>The instant Burst of Clamour that she made</l>
 <l>(Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all)</l>
 <l>Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,</l>
 <l>And passion in the Gods.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
 <lb/>ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest,
 <lb/>soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
 <lb/>stow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are
 <lb/>the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After
 <lb/>your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then

<lb/>their ill report while you liued.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord, I will vse them according to their de-
 <lb/>sart.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euerie man
 <lb/>after his desart, and who should scape whipping: vse
 <lb/>them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they
 <lb/>deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
 <lb/>in.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>Come sirs.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Polon.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to mor-
 <lb/>row. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
 <lb/>murther of <hi rend="italic">Gonzago</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-plk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Play.</speaker>
 <p>I my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a
 <lb/>need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines,
 which
 <lb/>I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-plk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Play.</speaker>
 <p>I my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
 <lb/>mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night
 <lb/>you are welcome to <hi
 rend="italic">Elsonower</hi>?</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">

<speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>Good my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Hamlet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I so, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.</l>
 <l>Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slaue am I?</l>
 <l>Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,</l>
 <l>But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,</l>
 <l>Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,</l>
 <l>That from her working, all his visage warm'd:</l>
 <l>Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,</l>
 <l>A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting</l>
 <l>With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?</l>
 <l>For <hi rend="italic">Hecuba</hi>?</l>
 <l>What's <hi rend="italic">Hecuba</hi> to him, or he to <hi
 rend="italic">Hecuba</hi>,</l>
 <l>That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,</l>
 <l>Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion</l>
 <l>That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,</l>
 <l>And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:</l>
 <l>Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,</l>
 <l>Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,</l>
 <l>The very faculty, of Eyes and Eares, Yet I,<note
 resp="#ES">A mark has been drawn in pencil following the end of this line.</note>
 </l>
 <l>A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake</l>
 <l>Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,</l>
 <l>And can say nothing: No, not for a King,</l>
 <l>Vpon whose property, and most deere life,</l>
 <l>A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?</l>
 <l>Who calles me Villaine<c rend="italic">?</c> breakes my
 pate a-croffe?</l>
 <l>Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face<c
 rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 <l>Tweakes me by'th'Nose<c rend="italic">?</c> giues me the
 Lye i'th'Throate,</l>
 <l>As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?</l>
 <l>Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,</l>
 <l>But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall</l>
 <l>To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,</l>
 <l>I should haue fatted all the Region Kites</l>
 <l>With this Slaues Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine,</l>
 <l>Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!</l>
 <l>Oh Vengeance!</l>
 <l>Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most braue,</l>
 <l>That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,</l>

<l>Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,</l>
 <l>Must (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,</l>
 <l>And fall a Cursing like a very Drab,</l>
 <l>A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.</l>
 <l>I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,<note
 resp="#ES">Marks have been drawn in pencil on either side of this line.</note>
 </l>
 <l>Haue by the very cunning of the Scène,</l>
 <l>Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently</l>
 <l>They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.</l>
 <l>For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will speake</l>
 <l>With most myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players,</l>
 <l>Play something like the murder of my Father,</l>
 <l>Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes,</l>
 <l>Ile rent him to the quicke: If he but blench</l>
 <l>I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seene</l>
 <l>May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power</l>
 <l>T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps</l>
 <l>Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,</l>
 <l>As he is very potent with such Spirits,</l>
 <l>Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds</l>
 <l>More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,</l>
 <l>Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 1]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Queene,
 Polonius, Ophelia, Ro-
 <lb/>sincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>And can you by no drift of circumstance</l>
 <l>Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:</l>
 <l>Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">With</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0775.jpg" n="265"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,</l>
 <l>But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">

<speaker rend="italic">Guil.</speaker>
 <l>Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,</l>
 <l>But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:</l>
 <l>When we would bring him on to some Confession</l>
 <l>Of his true state.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Did he receiue you well?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>Most like a Gentleman.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <l>But with much forcing of his disposition.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>Niggard of question, but of our demands</l>
 <l>Most free in his reply.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Did you assay him to any pastime?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>Madam.it so fell out, that certain Players</l>
 <l>We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,</l>
 <l>And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy</l>
 <l>To heare of it: They are about the Court,</l>
 <l>And (as I thinke) they haue already order</l>
 <l>This night to play before him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis most true:</l>
 <l>And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties</l>
 <l>To heare, and see the matter.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>With all my heart, and it doth much content me</l>
 <l>To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,</l>
 <l>Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on</l>
 <l>To these delights.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">

<speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>We shall my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Sweet <hi rend="italic">Gertrude</hi> leaue vs too,</l>
 <l>For we haue closely sent for <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>
 hither,</l>
 <l>That he, as 'twere by accident, may there</l>
 <l>Affront <hi rend="italic">Ophelia</hi>. Her Father.and my
 selfe (lawful espials)</l>
 <l>Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene</l>
 <l>We may of their encounter frankly iudge,</l>
 <l>And gather by him, as he is behaued,</l>
 <l>If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.</l>
 <l>That thus he suffers for.<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>I shall obey you,</l>
 <l>And for your part <hi rend="italic">Ophelia</hi>, I do
 wish</l>
 <l>That your good Beauties be the happy cause</l>
 <l>Of <hi rend="italic">Hamlets</hi> wildenesse: so shall I hope
 your Vertues</l>
 <l>Will bring him to his wonted way againe,</l>
 <l>To both your Honors.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>Madam, I wish it may.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Ophelia</hi>, walke you heere. Gracious so please
 ye</l>
 <l>We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,</l>
 <l>That shew of such an exercise may colour</l>
 <l>Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this,</l>
 <l>'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,</l>
 <l>And pious Action, we do surge o're</l>
 <l>The diuell himselfe.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Oh'tis true:</l>
 <l>How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?</l>
 <l>The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art</l>
 <l>Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,</l>
 <l>Then is my deede, to my most painted word.</l>
 <l>Oh heauie burthen!</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <l>I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hamlet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>To be, or not to be, that is the Question:</l>
 <l>Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer</l>
 <l>The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,</l>
 <l>Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,</l>
 <l>And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe</l>
 <l>No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end</l>
 <l>The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation</l>
 <l>Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,</l>
 <l>To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,</l>
 <l>For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,</l>
 <l>When we haue shuffle'd off this mortall coile,</l>
 <l>Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect</l>
 <l>That makes Calamity of so long life:</l>
 <l>For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,</l>
 <l>The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,</l>
 <l>The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,</l>
 <l>The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes</l>
 <l>That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,</l>
 <l>When he himselfe might his <hi rend="italic">Quietus</hi>
 make</l>
 <l>With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare</l>
 <l>To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,</l>
 <l>But that the dread of something after death,</l>
 <l>The vndiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne</l>
 <l>No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,</l>
 <l>And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,</l>
 <l>Then flye to others that we know not of.</l>
 <l>Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,</l>
 <l>And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution</l>
 <l>Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,</l>
 <l>And enterprizes of great pith and moment,</l>

Orizons</l>

<l>With this regard their Currants turne away,</l>
<l>And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,</l>
<l>The faire <hi rend="italic">Ophelia</hi>? Nimph, in thy

<l>Be all my sinnes remembred.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
<speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
<l>Good my Lord,</l>
<l>How does your Honor for this many a day?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
<speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
<l>My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,</l>
<l>That I haue longed long to re-deluiuer.</l>
<l>I pray you now, receiue them.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
<speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
<l>My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,</l>
<l>And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,</l>
<l>As made the things more rich, then perfume left:</l>
<l>Take these againe, for to the Noble minde</l>
<l>Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.</l>
<l>There my Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>Ha, ha: Are you honest<gap extent="1" unit="chars" reason="nonstandardCharacter" agent="inkedSpacemaker" resp="#ES"/>?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
<speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
<l>My Lord.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>Are you faire?</l>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>What meanes your Lordship?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
 <lb/>should admit no discourse to your Beautie.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce
 <lb/>then your Honestie?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner
 <lb/>transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
 <lb/>force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.
 <lb/>This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
 <lb/>prooffe. I did loue you once.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeeue so.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>You should not haue beleeeued me. For ver<note
 resp="#ES">This r is partially worn away.</note>tue
 <lb/>cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall r<note
 resp="#ES">This r is partially worn away.</note>ellish
 <lb/>of it. I loued you not.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>I was the more deceiued.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Get thee to a Nonnerie. Why would'st thou
 <lb/>be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
 <lb/>but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were bet-
 <lb/>ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re-
 <lb/>uengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
 <lb/>then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue
 <lb/>them shape, or time to acte them in. What should
 such</p>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Fel-</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0776.jpg" n="266"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <p>Fellows as I do crawling between heaven and Earth.
 <lb/>We are arrant knaues all, beleeeue none of vs. Goe thy
 <lb/>wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>At home, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may
 <lb/>play the Foole no way, but in's owne house.
 Farewell.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>If thou doest Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague
 <lb/>for, thy Dowrie. Be thou as chast as Ice, as pure as Snow,
 <lb/>thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery.
 <lb/>Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool:
 <lb/>for Wise mem know well enough, what monsters you
 <lb/>make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Far-
 <lb/>well.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>O heauenly Powers, restore him.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough.
 <lb/>God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe an-
 <lb/>
 <c rend="italic">o</c>ther: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and
 nickname
 <lb/>Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ig-
 <lb/>norance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad,
 <lb/>I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are
 <lb/>married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep
 <lb/>as they are. To a Nunnery, go.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Hamlet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>

<|>O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?</|>
 <|>The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,</|>
 <|>Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State,</|>
 <|>The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,</|>
 <|>Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.</|>
 <|>Haue I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,</|>
 <|>That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:</|>
 <|>Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,</|>
 <|>Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh,</|>
 <|>That vnmach'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,</|>
 <|>Blasted with extasie. Oh, woe is me,</|>
 <|>T'haue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, and
 Polonius.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <|>Loue? His affections do not that way tend,</|>
 <|>Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,</|>
 <|>Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?</|>
 <|>O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,</|>
 <|>And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose</|>
 <|>Will be some danger, which to preuent</|>
 <|>I haue in quicke determination</|>
 <|>Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England</|>
 <|>For the demand of our neglected Tribute:</|>
 <|>Haply the Seas and Countries different</|>
 <|>With variable Obiects, shall expell</|>
 <|>This something setled matter in his heart:</|>
 <|>Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus</|>
 <|>From fashion of himselfe. What thinke youon't?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <|>It shall do well. But yet do I beleeeue</|>
 <|>The Origin and Commencement of this greefe</|>
 <|>Sprung from neglected loue. How now <hi
 rend="italic">Ophelia?</hi>
 </|>
 <|>You neede not tell vs, what Lord <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> saide,</|>
 <|>We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,</|>
 <|>But if you hold it fit after the Play,</|>
 <|>Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him</|>
 <|>To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,</|>
 <|>And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare</|>
 <|>Of all their conference. If she finde him not,</|>
 <|>To England send him: Or confine him where</|>
 <|>Your wisdoms best shall thinke.</|>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>It shall be so:</l>
 <l>Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hamlet, and two
 or three of the Players.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
 <lb/>it to you trippingly on the Tongue; But if you mouth it,
 <lb/>as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer
 <lb/>had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much
 <lb/>your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Tor-
 <lb/>rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of
 <lb/>Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
 <lb/>may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,
 <lb/>to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passi-
 <lb/>on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the
 <lb/>Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of
 <lb/>nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I
 could
 <lb/>haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it
 auoid it.</p>
 <lb/>out-<hi rend="italic">Herod's Herod</hi>. Pray you
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-plk">
 <speaker rend="italic">Player.</speaker>
 <p>I warrant your Honor.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne
 <lb/>Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word,
 <lb/>the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance:
 <lb/>That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any
 <lb/>thing so ouer-done, is <choice>
 <abbr>frō</abbr>
 <expan>from</expan>
 </choice> the purpose of Playing, whose
 <lb/>end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere
 <lb/>the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne
 <lb/>Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and
 <lb/>Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this
 <lb/>ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskil-

<lb/>full laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The
<lb/>censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-
<lb/>way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players
<lb/>that I haue seene Play, and heard others praise, and that
<lb/>highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing
<lb/>the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan,
<lb/>or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue
<lb/>thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men,
<lb/>and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so ab-
<lb/>hominably.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-plk">

<speaker rend="italic">Play.</speaker>

<p>I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with

<lb/>vs, Sir.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<p>O reforme it altogether. And let those that

<lb/>play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for

<lb/>them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh,

<lb/>to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh

<lb/>too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question

<lb/>of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous,

&

<lb/>shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses

<lb/>it. Go make you readie.</p>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Players.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Polonius,

Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.</stage>

<l>How now my Lord,</l>

<l>Will the King heare this peece of Worke?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">

<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>

<l>And the Queene too, and that presently.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<l>Bid the players make hast.</l>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit

Polonius.</stage>

<l>Will you two helpe to hasten them?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor #F-ham-mar">

<speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>

<l>We will my Lord.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Horatio.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>What hoa, <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hora.</speaker>
 <l>Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi>, thou art eene as just a man</l>
 <l>As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hora.</speaker>
 <l>O my deere Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Nay, do not thinke I flatter:</l>
 <l>For what aduancement may I hope from thee,</l>
 <l>That no Reuennew hast, but thy good spirits</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">To</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0777.jpg" n="267"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be

flatter'd?</l>

<l>No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe,</l>
 <l>And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,</l>
 <l>Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,</l>
 <l>Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,</l>
 <l>And could of men distinguish, her election</l>
 <l>Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene</l>
 <l>As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.</l>
 <l>A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards</l>
 <l>Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,</l>
 <l>Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,</l>
 <l>That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,</l>
 <l>To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man,</l>
 <l>That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him</l>
 <l>In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,</l>
 <l>As I do thee. Something too much of this.</l>
 <l>There is a Play to night before the King.</l>
 <l>One Scène of it comes neere the Circumstance</l>
 <l>Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.</l>
 <l>I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,</l>
 <l>Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule</l>
 <l>Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,</l>

<l>Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,</l>
 <l>It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene:</l>
 <l>And my Imaginations are as foule</l>
 <l>As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,</l>
 <l>For I mine eyes will riuert to his Face:</l>
 <l>And after we will both our iudgements ioine,</l>
 <l>To censure of his seeming.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hora.</speaker>
 <l>Well my Lord.</l>
 <l>If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,</l>
 <l>And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Queene,
 Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance,
 <lb/>Guidensterne, and other Lords attendant with
 <lb/>his Guard carrying Torches. Danish
 <lb/>March. Sound a Flourish.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.</l>
 <l>Get you a place.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>How fares our Cosin <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Excellent I faith, of the Camelions dish: I eate
 <lb/>the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons
 so.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <p>I haue nothing with this answer <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, these
 <lb/>words are not mine.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once
 <lb/>i'th'Vniuersity, you say?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <p>That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good
 <lb/>Actor.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>And what did you enact?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>I did enact <hi rend="italic">Iulius Cæsar</hi>, I was kill'd
 i'th'Capitol:
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Brutus</hi> kill'd me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a
 <lb/>Calfe there. Be the Players ready?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <p>Come hither my good <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, sit by
 me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ha.</speaker>
 <p>No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>Oh ho, do you marke that<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>No my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>I my Lord.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Do you thinke I meant Country matters?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>I thinke nothing, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>What is my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Nothing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>You are merrie, my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Who I?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>I my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what should
 <lb/>a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheereful-
 <lb/>ly my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two
 <lb/>Houres.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>Nay,'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke,
 <lb/>for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two mo-
 <lb/>neths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a
 <lb/>great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare:
 </p>

<lb/>But byrlady he must bulde Churches then: or else shall
 <lb/>he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsse, whose
 <lb/>Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.</p>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="mixed">Hoboyes play. The
 dumbe shew enters.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Enter a King and
 Queene, very louingly; the Queene embra-
 <lb/>cing him. She kneeles and makes shew of Protestation vnto
 <lb/>him. He takes her vp, and <choice>
 <orig>dcclines</orig>
 <corr>declines</corr>
 </choice> his head vpon her neck:
 <lb/>Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him
 <lb/>a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his
 <lb/>Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares,
 and
 <lb/>Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and
 <lb/>makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or
 <lb/>three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her.
 <lb/>The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the
 <lb/>Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and vnwilling awhile,
 <lb/>but in the end, accepts his loue.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>What meanes this, my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Marry this is Miching <hi rend="italic">Malicho</hi>, that
 meanes
 <lb/>Mischeefe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>Belike this shew imports the Argument of the
 <lb/>Play?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players
 <lb/>cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>Will they tell vs what this shew meant?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<p>I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not
 <lb/>you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it
 <lb/>meanes.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the
 <lb/>Play.</p>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter

Prologue.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-plp">
 <l rend="italic">For vs, and for our Tragedie,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Heere stooping to your Clemencie:</l>
 <l rend="italic">We begge your hearing Patientlie.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis briefe my Lord.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>As Womans loue.</p>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King and his

Queene.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,</l>
 <l>Neptunes salt Wash, and <hi rend="italic">Tellus</hi> Orbed

ground:</l>

<l>And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,</l>
 <l>About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,</l>
 <l>Since loue our hearts, and <hi rend="italic">Hymen</hi> did

our hands</l>

<l>Vnite comutuell, in most sacred Bands.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-plq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
 <l>So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone</l>
 <l>Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.</l>
 <l>But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,</l>
 <l>So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,</l>
 <l>That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,</l>
 <l>Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:</l>
 <l>For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">In</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0778.jpg" n="268"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>In neither ought, or in extremity:</l>
 <l>Now what my loue is, prooffe hath made you know,</l>
 <l>And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:</l>
 <l>My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:</l>
 <l>And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,</l>
 <l>Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.</l>
 <l>For Husband shalt thou⸺</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-plq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
 <l>Oh confound the rest:</l>
 <l>Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:</l>
 <l>In second Husband, let me be accurst,</l>
 <l>None wed the second. but who kill'd the first.</l>
 <note resp="#ES">An ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Wormwood, Wormwood.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-plq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bapt.</speaker>
 <l>The instances that second Marriage moue,</l>
 <l>Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.</l>
 <l>A second time, I kill my Husband dead,</l>
 <l>When second Husband kisses me in Bed.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I do beleue you. Think what now you speak:</l>
 <l>But what we do determine, oft we breake:</l>
 <l>Purpose is but the slaue to Memorie,</l>
 <l>Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:</l>
 <l>Which now like Fruite vnripe stickes on the Tree,</l>
 <l>But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.</l>
 <l>Most necessary 'tis, that we forget</l>
 <l>To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt:</l>
 <l>What to our selues in passion we propose,</l>
 <l>The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.</l>
 <l>The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,</l>
 <l>Their owne enactors with themselues destroy:</l>
 <l>Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;</l>

<l>Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident.</l>
 <l>This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange</l>
 <l>That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.</l>
 <l>For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,</l>
 <l>Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.</l>
 <l>The great man downe you marke his fauourites flies,</l>
 <l>The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:</l>
 <l>And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,</l>
 <l>For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Frend:</l>
 <l>And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,</l>
 <l>Directly seasons him his Enemy.</l>
 <l>But orderly to end, where I begun,</l>
 <l>Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,</l>
 <l>That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,</l>
 <l>Our thoughts are ours, their ends, none of our owne.</l>
 <l>So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.</l>
 <l>But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-plq">
 <speaker rend="italic">Bap.</speaker>
 <l>Nor Earth to giue me food, not Heauen light,</l>
 <l>Sport and repose locke from me day and night:</l>
 <l>Each opposite that blankes the face of ioy,</l>
 <l>Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy:</l>
 <l>Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,</l>
 <l>If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>If she should breake it now.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>'Tis deeply sworne:</l>
 <l>Sweet, leaue me heere a while,</l>
 <l>My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile</l>
 <l>The tedious day with sleepe.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Sleepe rocke thy Braine,</l>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Sleepes</stage>
 <l>And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine.</l>

</sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Madam, how like you this Play?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <p>The Lady protests to much me thinkes.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Oh but shee'l keepe her word.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <p>Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-
 <lb/>fence in't?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Of-
 <cb n="2"/>
 <lb/>fence i'th'world.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <p>What do you call the Play?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
 <lb/>This Play is the Image of a murder done in <hi
 rend="italic">Vienna: Gon-
 <lb/>zago</hi> is the Dukes name, his wife <hi
 rend="italic">Baptista</hi>: you shall see
 <lb/>anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o'that?
 <lb/>Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches
 <lb/>vs not: let the gall<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="unInkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>d iade winch: our withers are vnrunng.</p>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Lucianus.</stage>
 <p>This is one <hi rend="italic">Lucianus</hi> nephew to the
 King.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>You are a good Chorus, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I could interpret betweene you and your loue:
 <lb/>if I could see the Puppets dallying.</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>You are keene my Lord, you are keene.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>It would cost you a groaning, to take off my
 <lb/>edge.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>Still better and worse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>So you mistake Husbands.
 <lb/>Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and
 <lb/>begin. Come, the croaking Rauens doth bellow for Re-
 <lb/>uenge.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-luc">
 <speaker rend="italic">Lucian.</speaker>
 <l>Thoughts blacke, hands apt,</l>
 <l>Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:</l>
 <l>Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:</l>
 <l>Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,</l>
 <l>With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,</l>
 <l>Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,</l>
 <l>On wholsome life, vsurpe immediately.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Powres the
 poyson in his eares.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>He poysons him i'th'Garden for's estate: His
 <lb/>name's <hi rend="italic">Gonzago:</hi> the Story is
 extant and writ in choyce
 <lb/>Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the
 <lb/>loue of <hi rend="italic">Gonzago's</hi> wife.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>The King rises.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>What, frighted with false fire.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<p>How fares my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <p>Giue o're the Play.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <p>Giue me some Light. Away.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-all">
 <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
 <p>Lights, Lights, Lights.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Manet Hamlet &
 Horatio.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Why let the stricken Deere go weepe,</l>
 <l>The Hart vngalled play:</l>
 <l>For some must watch, while some must sleepe;</l>
 <l>So runnes the world away.</l>
 <p>Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
 <lb/>my Fortunes <choice>
 <corr>turne</corr>
 <orig>tutne</orig>
 </choice> Turke with me; with two Prouinciall
 <lb/>Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
 <lb/>of Players sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>Halfe a share.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>A whole one I,</l>
 <l>For thou dost know: Oh <hi rend="italic">Damon</hi>
 deere,</l>
 <l>This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,</l>
 <l>And now reignes heere.</l>
 <l>A verie verie Paiocke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hora.</speaker>
 <p>You might haue Rim'd.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

word for

<p>Oh good <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi>, Ile take the Ghosts
<lb/>a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
<speaker rend="italic">Hora.</speaker>
<p>Verie well my Lord.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<p>Vpon the talke of the poysoning?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
<speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
<p>I did verie well note him.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Rosincrance and
Guildensterene.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<p>Oh, ha<c rend="italic">?</c> Come some Musick. Come y
Recorders:</p>
<l>For if the King like not the Comedie,</l>
<l>Why then belike he likes it not perdie.</l>
<p>Come some Musicke.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-gui">
<speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
<p>Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.</p>
</sp>
<fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Ham.</fw>
<pb facs="FFimg:axc0779-0.jpg" n="269"/>
<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
<cb n="1"/>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<p>Sir a whole History.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-gui">
<speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
<p>The King, sir.</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<p>I sir, what of him?</p>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-gui">
<speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
<p>Is in his retyrement, maruellous distemper'd.</p>
</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>With drinke Sir<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <p>No my Lord, rather with choller.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Your wisdoms should shew it selfe more ri-
 <lb/>cher, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him
 <lb/>to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into farre
 <lb/>more Choller.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <p>Good my Lord put your discourse into some
 <lb/>frame, and start not so wildly from my affayre.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I am tame Sir, pronounce.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <p>The Queene your Mother, in most great affli-
 <lb/>ction of spirit, hath sent me to you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>You are welcome.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of
 <lb/>the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol-
 <lb/>some answer, I will doe your Mothers commandment:
 <lb/>if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of
 <lb/>my Businesse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Sir, I cannot.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <p>What, my Lord?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Make you a wholesome answer: my wits dis-
 <lb/>eas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal com-
 <lb/>mand: or rather you say, my Mother: therfore no more
 <lb/>but to the matter. My Mother you say.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>Then thus she sayes: your behavior hath stroke
 <lb/>her into amazement, and admiration.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a
 <lb/>Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mo-
 <lb/>thers admiration?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>She desires to speake with you in her Closset,
 <lb/>ere you go to bed.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother.
 <lb/>Haue you any further Trade with vs?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord, you once did loue me.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>Good my Lord, what is your cause of distem-
 resp="#ES">This m, and other letters on this page, are distorted by a crease running
 diagonally across the paper.</note>
 <lb/>per? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liber-
 <lb/>tie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Sir I lacke Aduancement.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>

Denmarke?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I, but while the grasse growes, the Prouerbe is
 <lb/>something musty.</p>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter one with a
 Recorder.</stage>
 <p>O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why
 <lb/>do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you
 <lb/>would driue me into a toyle?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <p>O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue
 <lb/>is too vnmannerly.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play
 <lb/>vpon this Pipe?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord, I cannot.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I pray you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <p>Beleeue me, I cannot.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I do beseech you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <p>I know no touch of it, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges
 <lb/>with your finger and thumb, giue it breath with your
 <lb/>mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke.
 <lb/>Looke you, these are the stoppes.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <p>But these cannot I command to any vtterance
 <lb/>of hermony, I haue not the skill.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing
 <cb n="2"/>
 <lb/>you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would
 <lb/>seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart
 <lb/>of my Mysterie; you would sound mee from my lowest
 <lb/>Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Mu-
 <lb/>sicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot
 <lb/>you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee
 <lb/>plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will,
 <lb/>though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me, God
 <lb/>blesse you Sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Polonius.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord; the Queene would speak with you,
 <lb/>and presently.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape
 <lb/>like a Camell.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <p>By'th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
 <p>It is back'd like a Weazell.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Or like a Whale<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">

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        <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
        <p>Verie like a Whale.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
        <p>Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
            <lb/>They foole me to the top of my bent.</p>
        <p>I will come by and by.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
        <speaker rend="italic">Polon.</speaker>
        <p>I will say so.</p>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.<note
resp="#PW">Brown ink smudge.</note>
    </stage>
    <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
        <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
        <l>By and by, is easily said. Leaue me Friends:</l>
        <l>'Tis now the verie witching time of night,</l>
        <l>When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out</l>
        <l>Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,</l>
        <l>And do such bitter businesse as the day</l>
        <l>Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:</l>
        <l>Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not euer</l>
        <l>The Soule of <hi rend="italic">Nero</hi>, enter this firme
bosome:</l>

        <l>Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,</l>
        <l>I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:</l>
        <l>My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.</l>
        <l>How in my words someuer she be shent,</l>
        <l>To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.</l>
    </sp>
    </div>
    <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
        <head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 3]</head>
        <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King,
Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
        <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
        <l>I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,</l>
        <l>To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,</l>
        <l>I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,</l>
        <l>And he to England shall along with you:</l>
        <l>The termes of our estate, may not endure</l>
        <l>Hazard so dangerous as doth hourelly grow</l>
        <l>Out of his Lunacies.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
        <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>

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<l>We will our selues prouide:</l>
 <l>Most holie and Religious feare it is</l>
 <l>To keepe those many many bodies safe</l>
 <l>That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>The single</l>
 <l>And peculiar life is bound</l>
 <l>With all the strength and Armour of the minde,</l>
 <l>To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more,</l>
 <l>That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests</l>
 <l>The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie</l>
 <l>Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw</l>
 <l>What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele</l>
 <l>Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount,</l>
 <l>To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things</l>
 <l>Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,</l>
 <l>Each small annexment, pettie consequence</l>
 <l>Attends the boystrous Ruine. Neuer alone</l>
 <l>Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;</l>
 <l>For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">pp</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Which</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0780.jpg" n="270"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Which now goes too free-footed.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor #F-ham-mar">
 <speaker rend="italic">Both.</speaker>
 <l>We will haste vs.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt
 Gent.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 Polonius.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-pol">
 <speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:</l>
 <l>Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe</l>
 <l>To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,</l>
 <l>And as you said, and wisely was it said,</l>
 <l>'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,</l>
 <l>Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare</l>
 <l>The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,</l>

<|>Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,</|>
 <|>And tell you what I know.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <|>Thankes deere my Lord.</|>
 <|>Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen.</|>
 <|>It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,</|>
 <|>A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,</|>
 <|>Though inclination be as sharpe as will:</|>
 <|>My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,</|>
 <|>And like a man to double businesse bound,</|>
 <|>I stand in pause where I shall first begin,</|>
 <|>And both neglect; what if this cursed hand</|>
 <|>Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,</|>
 <|>Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heaue<gap/>s</|>
 <|>To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serues mercy,</|>
 <|>But to confront the visage of Offence?</|>
 <|>And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,</|>
 <|>To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,</|>
 <|>Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,</|>
 <|>My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer</|>
 <|>Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:</|>
 <|>That cannot be, since I am still possest</|>
 <|>Of those effects for which I did the Murther.</|>
 <|>My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:</|>
 <|>May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?</|>
 <|>In the corrupted currants of this world,</|>
 <|>Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,</|>
 <|>And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe</|>
 <|>Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,</|>
 <|>There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes</|>
 <|>In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd</|>
 <|>Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,</|>
 <|>To giue in euidence. What then<c rend="italic">?</c> What
 rests?</|>
 <|>Try what Repentance can. What can it not?</|>
 <|>Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?</|>
 <|>Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!</|>
 <|>Oh limed soule, that strugling to be free,</|>
 <|>Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:</|>
 <|>Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of Steele,</|>
 <|>Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,</|>
 <|>All may be well.</|>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="center italic" type="entrance">Enter Hamlet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <|>Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,</|>
 <|>And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,</|>

<l>And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,</l>
 <l>A Villaine killes my Father, and for that</l>
 <l>I his foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send</l>
 <l>To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.</l>
 <l>He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,</l>
 <l>With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,</l>
 <l>And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen:</l>
 <l>But in our circumstance and course of thought</l>
 <l>'Tis heaueie with him; and am I then reueng'd,</l>
 <l>To take him in the purging of his Soule,</l>
 <l>When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.</l>
 <l>Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,</l>
 <l>Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,</l>
 <l>At gaming, swearing, or about some acte</l>
 <l>That ha's no rellish of Saluation in't,</l>
 <l>Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,</l>
 <l>And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke</l>
 <l>As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,</l>
 <l>This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,</l>

<l>Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>

</div>

<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">

<head type="supplied">[Act 3, Scene 4]</head>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Queene and

Polonius.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-pol">

<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>

<l>He will come straight:</l>

<l>Looke you lay home to him,</l>

<l>Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to beare with,</l>

<l>And that your Grace hath <choice>

<orig>scree'nd</orig>

<corr>screen'd</corr>

</choice>, and stooode betweene</l>

<l>Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:</l>

<l>Pray you be round with him.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<stage rend="italic inline">within.</stage>

<l>Mother, mother, mother.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Ile warrant you, feare me not.</l>
 <l>Withdraw, I heare him comming.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hamlet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Now Mother, what's the matter?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, thou hast thy Father much
 offended.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Mother, you haue my Father much offended.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Why how now <hi rend="italic">Hamlet?</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Whats the matter now?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Haue you forgot me?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>No by the Rood, not so:</l>
 <l>You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,</l>
 <l>But would you were not so. You are my Mother.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<l>Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
<lb/>boudge:</l>
<l>You go not till I set you vp a glasse,</l>
<l>Where you may see the inmost part of you?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>What Wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?</l>
<l>Helpe, helpe, hoa.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
<l>What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-pol">
<speaker rend="italic">Pol.</speaker>
<l>Oh I am slaine.</l>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Killes
Polonius.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>Oh me, what hast thou done?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>Nay I know not, is it he King?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,</l>
<l>As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>As kill a King?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I Lady, 'twas my word.</l>
 <l>Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,</l>
 <l>I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,</l>
 <l>Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.</l>
 <l>Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,</l>
 <l>And let me wring your heart, for so I shall</l>
 <l>If it be made of penetrable stuffe;</l>
 <l>If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,</l>
 <l>That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,</l>
 <l>In noise so rude against me?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Such an Act</l>
 <l>That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,</l>
 <l>Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose</l>
 <l>From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,</l>
 <l>And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes</l>
 <l>As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,</l>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">As</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0781.jpg" n="271"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>As from the body of Contraction pluckes</l>
 <l>The very soule, and sweete Religion makes</l>
 <l>A rapsodie of words. Heauens face doth glow,</l>
 <l>Yea this solidity and compound masse,</l>
 <l>With tristfull visage as against the doome,</l>
 <l>Is thought-sicke at the act.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <p>Aye me; what act; that roares so lowd, & thun-
 <lb/>ders in the Index.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,</l>
 <l>The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:</l>
 <l>See what a grace was seated on his Brow,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hyperions</hi> curls, the front of Ioue
 himselfe,</l>
 <l>An eye like Mars, to threaten or command</l>
 <l>A Station, like the Heraland Mercurie</l>

<l>New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:</l>
<l>A Combination, and a forme indeed,</l>
<l>Where euery God did seeme to set his Seale,</l>
<l>To giue the world assurance of a man.</l>
<l>This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.</l>
<l>Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare</l>
<l>Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?</l>
<l>Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,</l>
<l>And batten on this Moore<c rend="italic">?</c> Ha? Haue
you eyes?</l>

<l>You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,</l>
<l>The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,</l>
<l>And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement</l>
<l>Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,</l>
<l>That thus hath cousend yon at hoodman-blinde?</l>
<l>O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,</l>
<l>If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,</l>
<l>To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,</l>
<l>And melt in her owne fire. Prodaime no shame,</l>
<l>When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,</l>
<l>Since Frost it selfe, as actiuely doth burne,</l>
<l>As Reason panders Will.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>O <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, speake no more.</l>
<l>Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,</l>
<l>And there I see such blacke and grained spots,</l>
<l>As will not leaue their Tinct.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>Nay, but to liue</l>
<l>In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,</l>
<l>Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue</l>
<l>Ouer the nasty Sty. </l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ger">
<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
<l>Oh speake to me no more,</l>
<l>These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.</l>
<l>No more sweet <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>A Murderer, and a Villaine:</l>
<l>A Slaue, that is not twentieth <choice>
<orig>patt</orig>
<corr>part</corr>
</choice> the tythe</l>

<l>Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,</l>
 <l>A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.</l>
 <l>That from a shelve, the precious Diadem stole,</l>
 <l>And put it in his Pocket.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>No more.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ghost.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>A King of shreds and patches.</l>
 <l>Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings</l>
 <l>You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Alas he's mad.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,</l>
 <l>That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by</l>
 <l>Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gho">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ghost.</speaker>
 <l>Do not forget: this Visitation</l>
 <l>Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.</l>
 <l>But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;</l>
 <l>O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,</l>
 <l>Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Speake to her <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>How is it with you Lady?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Alas, how is't with you?</l>
 <l>That you bend your eye on vacancie,</l>
 <l>And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.</l>
 <l>Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,</l>
 <l>And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,</l>
 <l>Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,</l>
 <l>Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,</l>
 <l>Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper</l>

<l>Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>On him, on him: look you how pale he glares.</l>
 <l>His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,</l>
 <l>Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,</l>
 <l>Least with this pitteous action you conuert</l>
 <l>My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,</l>
 <l>Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>To who do you speake this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Do you see nothing there?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Nor did you nothing heare?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>No, nothing but our selues.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Why look you there: looke how it steals away:</l>
 <l>My Father in his habite, as he liued,</l>
 <l>Look where he goes euen now out at the Portall.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>This is the very coynage of your Braine,</l>
 <l>This bodillesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Exctasie<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 <l>My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,</l>
 <l>And makes as healthful Musicke. it is not madnesse</l>
 <l>That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test</l>

<|>And I the matter will re-word . which madnesse</|>
 <|>Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,</|>
 <|>Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,</|>
 <|>That not your trespassse, but my madnesse speakes;</|>
 <|>It will but skin and f<gap extent="2"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="PartiallyInkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>me the Vlcerous place,</|>
 <|>Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,</|>
 <|>Infects vnseene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,</|>
 <|>Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,</|>
 <|>And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,</|>
 <|>To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,</|>
 <|>For in the fatnesse of this pursie times,</|>
 <|>Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,</|>
 <|>Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <|>Oh <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>,</|>
 <|>Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <|>O throw away the worser past of it,</|>
 <|>And liue the purer with the other halfe.</|>
 <|>Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,</|>
 <|>Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,</|>
 <|>And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse</|>
 <|>To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight,</|>
 <|>And when you are desirous o be blest,<note resp="#ES">An
 ink mark follows the end of this line.</note>
 </|>
 <|>Ile blessing begge of you. For this fame Lord,</|>
 <|>I do repent: but heauen hath pleased it so,</|>
 <|>To punish me with this, and this with me,</|>
 <|>That I must be their Scourge and Minister.</|>
 <|>I will bestow him, and will answer well</|>
 <|>The death I gaue him: so againe, good night,</|>
 <|>I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;</|>
 <|>Thus bad begins, and worse remaines behinde.</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <|>What shall I do?</|>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <|>Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:</|>

<l>Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,</l>
 <l>Pinch Wanton on your cheek, call you his Mouse,</l>
 <l>And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">pp2</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Or</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0782.jpg" n="272"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,</l>
 <l>Make you to rauell all this matter out,</l>
 <l>That I essentially am not in madnesse,</l>
 <l>But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,</l>
 <l>For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,</l>
 <l>Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,</l>
 <l>Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,</l>
 <l>No in despite of Sense and Secrecie,</l>
 <l>Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top:</l>
 <l>Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape</l>
 <l>To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe</l>
 <l>And breake your owne necke downe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,</l>
 <l>And breath of life: I haue no life to breath</l>
 <l>What thou hast saide to me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I must to England, you know that?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>This man shall set me packing:</l>
 <l>Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,</l>
 <l>Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor</l>
 <l>Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,</l>
 <l>Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.</l>
 <l>Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.</l>
 <l>Good night Mother.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="mixed">Exit Hamlet
 tugging in Polonius.</stage>
 </div>
 </div>
 <div type="act" n="4" rend="notPresent">

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<div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 1]</head>
<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King.</stage>
  <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>There's matters in these sighes.</l>
    <l>These profound heaues</l>
    <l>You must translate; Tis fit we vnderstand them.</l>
    <l>Where is your Sonne?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>What <hi rend="italic">Gertrude</hi>? How do's <hi
rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend</l>
    <l>Which is the Mightier in his lawless fit</l>
    <l>Behinde the Arras, hearing some thing stirre,</l>
    <l>He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,</l>
    <l>And in his brainish apprehension killes</l>
    <l>The vnseene good old man.</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
    <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
    <l>Oh heauy deed:</l>
    <l>It had bin so with vs had we beene there:</l>
    <l>His Liberty is full of threats to all,</l>
    <l>To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.</l>
    <l>Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered<c
rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
    <l>It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence</l>
    <l>Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,</l>
    <l>This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,</l>
    <l>We would not vnderstand what was most fit,</l>
    <l>But like the Owner of a foule disease,</l>
    <l>To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede</l>
    <l>Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?</l>
  </sp>
  <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
    <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
    <l>To draw apart the body he hath kild,</l>
    <l>O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare</l>
    <l>Among a Minerall of Mettels base</l>

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<l>Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Oh <hi rend="italic">Gertrude</hi>, come away:</l>
 <l>The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,</l>
 <l>But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,</l>
 <l>We must with all our Maiesty and Skill</l>
 <l>Both countenance, and excuse.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter Ros.
 & Guild.</stage>
 <l>Ho <hi rend="italic">Guildenstern</hi>:</l>
 <l>Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> in madnesse hath <hi
 rend="italic">Polonius</hi> slaine,</l>
 <l>And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.</l>
 <l>Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body</l>
 <l>Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit Gent.</stage>
 <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Gertrude,</hi> wee'l call vp our
 wisest friends,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>To let them know both what we meane to do,</l>
 <l>And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,</l>
 <l>My soule is full of discord and dismay.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 2]</head>
 <stage rend="center" type="entrance">Enter Hamlet.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Safely stowed.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gmn">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gentlemen</speaker>
 <stage rend="inline italic" type="mixed">within.</stage>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, Lord <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>What noise? Who cals on <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>?</l>
 <l>Oh heere they come.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="entrance">Enter Ros. and
 Guildensterne.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ro.</speaker>
 <l>What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Resin.</speaker>
 <l>Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,</l>
 <l>And beare it to the Chappell.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Do not beleeeue it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>Beleeue what?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine
 <lb/>owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what re-
 <lb/>plication should be made by the Sonne of a King.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I sir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his
 <lb/>Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King
 <lb/>best seruice in the end. He keepesthem like an Ape in
 <lb/>the corner of his iaw, first mou<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="unInkedType"
 resp="#ES"/>h'd to be last swallowed,
 <lb/>when he needes what you haue glean'd<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#PW"/>, it is but squee-
 <lb/>zing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>

<l>I vnderstand you not my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleeps in a
 <lb/>foolish eare.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <p>My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is,
 <lb/>and go with vs to the King.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>The body is with the King, but the King is not
 <lb/>With the body. The King, is a thing ⸺</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gui">
 <speaker rend="italic">Guild.</speaker>
 <p>A thing my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all
 <lb/>after.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="3" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 3]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
 King.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:</l>
 <l>How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:</l>
 <l>Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:</l>
 <l>Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,</l>
 <l>Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:</l>
 <l>And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd</l>
 <l>But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,</l>
 <l>This sodaine sending him away, must seeme</l>
 <l>Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,</l>
 <l>By desperate appliance are releued,</l>
 <l>Or not at all.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter <choice>
 <orig>Rosincrane</orig>
 <corr>Rosincrance</corr>
 </choice>.</stage>
 <l>How now? What hath befallne?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>Where the dead body is bestow'd my'Lord,</l>
 <l>We cannot get from him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>But where is he?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>Without my Lord, guarded to know your
 <lb/>pleasure.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Bring him before vs.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ros">
 <speaker rend="italic">Rosin.</speaker>
 <l>Hoe, <hi rend="italic">Guildensterne?</hi> Bring in my
 Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hamlet and
 Guildensterne.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Now <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, where's <hi
 rend="italic">Polonius</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>At Supper.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <p>At Supper? Where?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a cer-
 <lb/>taine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm
 <lb/>is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else
 <lb/>to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King,
 <lb/>and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes,
 <lb/>but to one Table that's the end.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<p>What dost thou meane by this?</p>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Ham.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0783.jpg" n="273"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Nothing but to shew you how a King may go
 <lb/>a Progresse through the guts of a Begger.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <p>Where is <hi rend="italic">Polonius</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messen-
 <lb/>ger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your
 <lb/>selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you
 <lb/>shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the
 Lobby.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <p>Go seeke him there.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>He will stay till ye come.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">K.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, this deed of thine, for thine especial
 safety</l>
 <l>Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue</l>
 <l>For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence</l>
 <l>With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,</l>
 <l>The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,</l>
 <l>Th'Associates tend, and euery thing at bent</l>
 <l>For England.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>For England?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <p>I <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>

</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Good.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for
 <lb/>England. Farewell deere Mother.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <p>Thy louing Father <hi rend="italic">Hamlet.</hi>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hamlet.</speaker>
 <p>My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
 <lb/>wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother.

Come,

<lb/>for England.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Follow him at foote,</l>
 <l>Tempt him with speed aboard:</l>
 <l>Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.</l>
 <l>Away, for euey thing is Seal'd and done</l>
 <l>That else leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make hast.</l>
 <l>And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,</l>
 <l>As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,</l>
 <l>Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red</l>
 <l>After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe</l>
 <l>Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set</l>
 <l>Our Soueraigne Processe, which imports at full</l>
 <l>By Letters coniuring to that effect</l>
 <l>The present death of <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>. Do it
 </l>
 <l>For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,</l>
 <l>And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,</l>
 <l>How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit</stage>
 </div>

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<div type="scene" n="4" rend="notPresent">
  <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 4]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter
Fortinbras with an Armie.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ham-for">
      <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
      <l>Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,</l>
      <l>Tell him that by his license, <hi rend="italic">Fortinbras</hi>
    </l>
      <l>Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March</l>
      <l>Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:</l>
      <l>If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,</l>
      <l>We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,</l>
      <l>And let him know so.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-cap">
      <speaker rend="italic">Cap.</speaker>
      <l>I will doo't, my Lord.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-for">
      <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
      <l>Go safely on.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
  </div>
  <div type="scene" n="5" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 5]</head>
      <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Queene and
Horatio.</stage>
      <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>I will not speake with her.</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
        <p>She is importunate, indeed distract her moode
          <lb/>will needs be pittied.</p>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
        <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
        <l>What would she haue?</l>
      </sp>
      <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
        <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
        <l>She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares</l>
        <l>There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,</l>
        <l>Spumes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,</l>
        <l>That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,</l>
        <l>Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue</l>
        <l>The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,</l>

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<l>And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,</l>
 <l>Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,</l>
 <l>Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappy.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>'Twere good she were spoken with,</l>
 <l>For she may strew dangerous coniectures</l>
 <l>In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.</l>
 <l>To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)</l>
 <l>Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,</l>
 <l>So full of Artlesse ieaousie is guilt,</l>
 <l>It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ophelia
 distracted.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>How now <hi rend="italic">Ophelia?</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">How should I your true loue know from another
 one</hi>?</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal
 shoone.</hi>
 <l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>Say you? Nay pray you marke.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,</hi>
 </l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a
 stone.</hi>

</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Nay but <hi rend="italic">Ophelia.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l>Pray you marke.</l>
 <l rend="italic">White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Alas, looke heere my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l rend="italic">Larded with sweet flowers:</l>
 <l rend="italic">> Which bewept to the graue did not go,</l>
 <l rend="italic">With true-loue showres.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>How do ye, pretty Lady?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was
 <lb/>a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
 <lb/>know not what we may be. God be at your Table.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Conceit vpon her Father.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when
 <lb/>they aske you what it meanes, say you this:</p>
 <l rend="italic">To morrow is <choice>
 <abbr>S.</abbr>
 <expan>Saint</expan>
 </choice> Valentines day, all in the morning betime,</l>
 <l rend="italic">And I a Maid at your Window, to be your
 Valentine.</l>
 <l rend="italic">Then vp he rose, & don'd his clothes,
 & dupt the chamber dore,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed

more.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Pretty <hi rend="italic">Ophelia.</hi>
</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.</p>
 <l rend="italic">By gis, and by <choice>
<abbr>S.</abbr>
<expan>Saint</expan>
</choice> Charity,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Alacke, and fie for shame:</l>
 <l rend="italic">Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,</l>
 <l rend="italic">By Cocke they are too blame.</l>
 <l rend="italic">Quoth she before you tumbled me,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Yon promis'd me to Wed:</l>
 <l rend="italic">So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,</l>
 <l rend="italic">And thou hadst not come to my bed.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>How long hath she bin this?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,
 <lb/>but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should
 <lb/>lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it,
 <lb/>and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my
 <lb/>Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies:
 <lb/>Goodnight, goodnight.</p>
</sp>
<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Follow her close,</l>
 <l>Giue her good watch I pray you:</l>
 <l>Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs</l>
 <l>All from her Fathers death. Oh <hi rend="italic">Gertrude,
Gertrude,</hi>
</l>
 <l>When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,</l>
 <l>But in Battaliaes. First, her Father slaine,</l>
 <l>Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author</l>
 <l>Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,</l>
 <l>Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers</l>
 <l>For good <hi rend="italic">Polonius</hi> death; and we haue

done but greenly</l>

<l>In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore <hi
rend="italic">Ophelia</hi>
</l>

<l>Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement,</l>

<fw type="sig" place="footCentre">pp3</fw>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Without</fw>

<pb facs="FFimg:axc0784.jpg" n="274"/>

<fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>

<l>Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.</l>

<l>Last, and as much containing as all these,</l>

<l>Her Brother is in secret come from France,</l>

<l>Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,</l>

<l>And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare</l>

<l>With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,</l>

<l>Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,</l>

<l>Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne</l>

<l>In eare and eare. O my deere <hi rend="italic">Gertrude,</hi>

this,</l>

<l>Like to a murdering Peece in many places,</l>

<l>Giues me superfluous death.</l>

</sp>

<stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A Noise

within.</stage>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a

Messenger.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ger">

<speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>

<l>Alacke, what noyse is this?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Where are my <hi rend="italic">Switzers</hi>?</l>

<l>Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-mes">

<speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>

<l>Saue your selfe, my Lord.</l>

<l>The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)</l>

<l>Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste</l>

<l>Then young <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi>, in a Riotous

head,</l>

<l>Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,</l>

<l>And as the world were now but to begin,</l>

<l>Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,</l>

<l>The Ratifiers and props <c rend="italic">o</c>f euery

word,</l>

<l>They cry choose we? <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi> shall be

King,</l>

<l>Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi> shall be King, <hi
 rend="italic">Laertes</hi> King.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry.</l>
 <l>Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Noise within.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Laertes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>The doores are broke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-all">
 <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
 <l>No, let's come in.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>I pray you giue me leaue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-all">
 <speaker rend="italic">Al.</speaker>
 <l>We will, we will.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>I thanke you: Keepe the doore.</l>
 <l>Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Calmely good <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>That drop of blood, that calmes</l>
 <l>Proclaimes me Bastard:</l>
 <l>Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot</l>
 <l>Euen here between the chaste vnsmirched brow</l>
 <l>Of my true Mother.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>What is the cause <hi rend="italic">Laertes,</hi>
 </l>
 <l>That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?</l>
 <l>Let him go <hi rend="italic">Gertrude:</hi> Do not feare our
 person:</l>
 <l>There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,</l>
 <l>That Treason can but peepe to what it would,</l>
 <l>Acts little of his will. Tell me <hi rend="italic">Laertes,</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go <hi
 rend="italic">Gertrude.</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Speake man.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Where's my Father?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Dead.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>But not by him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Let him demand his fill.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.</l>
 <l>To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.</l>
 <l>Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.</l>
 <l>I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,</l>
 <l>That both the worlds I giue to negligence,</l>
 <l>Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd</l>
 <l>Most throughly for my Father.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Who shall stay you?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>My Will, not all the world,</l>
 <l>And for, my meanes, Ile husband them so well,</l>
 <l>They shall go farre with little.</l>

</sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi>:</l>
 <l>If you desire to know the certaintie</l>
 <l>Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,</l>
 <l>That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,</l>
 <l>Winner and Looser.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>None but his Enemies.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Will you know them then.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">La.</speaker>
 <l>To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>my Armes:</l>
 <l>And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,</l>
 <l>Repast them with my blood.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Why now you speake</l>
 <l>Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.</l>
 <l>That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>
 </l>
 <l>And am most sensible in greefe for it,</l>
 <l>It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce</l>
 <l>As day do's to your eye.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">A noise
 within.</stage>
 <l>Let her come in.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Ophelia.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>How now? what noise is that?</l>
 <l>Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,</l>

<l>Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.</l>
 <l>By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,</l>
 <l>Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,</l>
 <l>Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet <hi
 rend="italic">Ophelia:</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,</l>
 <l>Should be as mortall as an old mans life?</l>
 <l>Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,</l>
 <l>It sends some precious instance of it selfe</l>
 <l>After the thing it loues.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <l rend="italic">They bore him Bare fac'd on the Beer,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Hey non nony, nony, hey nony: </l>
 <l rend="italic">And on his graue raines many a teare,</l>
 <l rend="italic">Fare you well my Doue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <p>Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-
 <lb/>uenge, it could not moue thus.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>You must sing downe a-downe, and you call
 <lb/>him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is
 <lb/>the false steward that stole his masters daughter.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <p>This nothings more then matter.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.
 <lb/>Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for
 <lb/>Thoughts.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <p>A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-
 <lb/>brance fitted.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 <p>There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's
 <lb/>Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
 <lb/>Herbe Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew

with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you
 some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
 ed: They say, he made a good end;</p>
 < i>For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.</i>

< sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 < speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 < l>Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:</l>
 < l>She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.</l>

< sp who="#F-ham-oph">
 < speaker rend="italic">Ophe.</speaker>
 < l rend="italic">And will he not come againe,</l>
 < l rend="italic">And will he not come againe:</l>
 < l rend="italic">No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,</l>
 < l rend="italic">He neuer wil come againe.</l>
 < l rend="italic">His Beard as white as Snow,</l>
 < l rend="italic">All Flaxen was his Pole:</l>
 < l rend="italic">He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away

mone,</l>

< l rend="italic">Gramercy on his Soule.</l>
 < l>And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.</l>
 < l>God buy ye.</l>

< stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt

Ophelia</stage>
 < sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 < speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 < l>Do you see this, you Gods?</l>

< sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 < speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 < l>Laertes, I must common with your greefe,</l>
 < l>Or you deny me right: go but apart,</l>
 < fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Make</fw>
 < pb facs="FFimg:axc0785.jpg" n="275">
 < fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 < cb n="1">
 < l>Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,</l>
 < l>And they shall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;</l>
 < l>If by direct or by Colaterall hand</l>
 < l>They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,</l>
 < l>Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours</l>
 < l>To you in satisfaction. But if not,</l>
 < l>Be you content to lend your patience to vs,</l>
 < l>And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule</l>
 < l>To giue it due content.</l>

< sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 < speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>

<l>Let this be so:</l>
 <l>His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;</l>
 <l>No Trophée, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,</l>
 <l>No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,</l>
 <l>Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,</l>
 <l>That I must call in question.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>So you shall:</l>
 <l>And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.</l>
 <l>I pray you go with me.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="6" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 6]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Horatio,
 with an Attendant.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hora.</speaker>
 <l>What are they that would speake with me?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ser">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ser.</speaker>
 <l>Saylors sir, they say they haue Letters for you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Let them come in,</l>
 <l>I do not know from what part of the world</l>
 <l>I should be greeted, if not from Lord <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Saylor.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-sai">
 <speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>
 <l>God blesse you Sir.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Let him blesse thee too.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-sai">
 <speaker rend="italic">Say.</speaker>
 <p>Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter
 <lb/>for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambassadors that was
 <lb/>bound for England, if your name be <hi
 rend="italic">Horatio,</hi> as I am let
 <lb/>to know it is.</p>

Letter.</stage>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="business">Reads the
 Letter.</stage>
 <p rend="italic">
 <hi rend="roman">
 <c rend="decoratedCapital">H</c>Oratio,</hi>When thou shalt
 haue ouerlook'd this, giue these
 <lb/>Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters
 <lb/>For him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of
 very
 <lb/>Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selues
 too
 <lb/>slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the
 Grapple, I
 <lb/>boorded them: On the instant they got cleare of our
 Shippe, so
 <lb/>I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee,
 like
 <lb/>Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to
 doe
 <lb/>A good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I
 haue
 <lb/>sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou
 wouldest
 <lb/>flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make
 thee
 <lb/>dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the
 Matter.
 <lb/>These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. <hi
 rend="roman">Rosincrance</hi>
 <lb/>and <hi rend="roman">Guildensterne</hi>, hold their
 course for England. Of them
 <lb/>I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.</p>
 <p rend="italic rightJustified">He that thou knowest thine,
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="roman">Hamlet.</hi>
 </p>
 <l>Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,</l>
 <l>And do't the speedier, that you may direct me</l>
 <l>To him from whom you brought them.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="7" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 4, Scene 7]</head>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King and
 Laertes.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,</l>
 <l>And you must put me in your heart for Friend,</l>

<l>Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,</l>
<l>That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,</l>
<l>Pursued my life.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-lae">

<speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>

<l>It well appeares. But tell me,</l>
<l>Why you proceeded not against these feates,</l>
<l>So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,</l>
<l>As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,</l>
<cb n="2"/>

<l>You mainly were stirr'd vp?</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>O for two speciall Reasons,</l>
<l>Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnsinnowed,</l>
<l>And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,</l>
<l>Liues almost by his looks: and for my selfe,</l>
<l>My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,</l>
<l>She's so coniunctiue to my life and soule;</l>
<l>That as the starre moues not but in his Sphere,</l>
<l>I could not but by her. The other Motiue,</l>
<l>Why to a publike count I might not go,</l>
<l>Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,</l>
<l>Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,</l>
<l>Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,</l>
<l>Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes</l>
<l>Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,</l>
<l>Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,</l>
<l>And not where I had arm'd them.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-lae">

<speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>

<l>And so haue I a Noble Father lost,</l>
<l>A Sister driuen into desperate tearmes,</l>
<l>Who was (if praises may go backe againe)</l>
<l>Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age</l>
<l>For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.</l>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">

<speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>

<l>Breake not your sleepes for that,</l>
<l>You must not thinke</l>
<l>That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,</l>
<l>That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,</l>
<l>And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,</l>
<l>I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,</l>
<l>And that I hope will teach you to imagine⸺</l>

<stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter a

Messenger.</stage>
 <l>How now? What Newes?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <p>Letters my Lord from <hi rend="italic">Hamlet.</hi> This to
 your
 <lb/>Maiesty: this to the Queene.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <p>From <hi rend="italic">Hamlet?</hi> Who brought
 them?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-mes">
 <speaker rend="italic">Mes.</speaker>
 <l>Saylor my Lord they say, I saw them not:</l>
 <l>They were giuen me by <hi rend="italic">Claudio</hi>, he
 receiu'd them.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi> you shall heare them:</l>
 <l>Leaue vs.</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit
 Messenger</stage>
 <p rend="italic">High and Mighty, you shall know I am set
 naked on your
 <lb/>Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leaue to see your
 Kingly
 <lb/>Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto)
 re-
 <lb/>count th'Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange
 returne.</p>
 <p rend="rightJustified">Hamlet.</p>
 <l>What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?</l>
 <l>Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Know you the hand?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="nonstandardCharacter"
 agent="inkedSpacemaker"
 resp="#ES"/>

<hi rend="italic">Hamlets</hi> Character, naked and in a Post-
 <lb/>script here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me<c
 rend="italic">?</c>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,</l>
 <l>It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart,</l>
 <l>That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;</l>
 <l>Thus diddest thou.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>If it be so <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi>, as how should it be
 so:</l>
 <l>How other wise will you be rul'd by me?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>If so you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,</l>
 <l>As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes</l>
 <l>No more to vndertake it; I will worke him</l>
 <l>To an exploit now ripe in my Deuice,</l>
 <l>Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;</l>
 <l>And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,</l>
 <l>But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,</l>
 <l>And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence</l>
 <l>Here was a Gentleman of <hi
 rend="italic">Normandy</hi>,</l>
 <l>I'ue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,</l>
 <l>And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Had</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0786.jpg" n="276"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,</l>
 <l>And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,</l>
 <l>As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd</l>
 <l>With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,</l>
 <l>That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,</l>
 <l>Come short of what he did.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>A Norman was't?</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>A Norman.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Vpon my life <hi rend="italic">Lamound</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>The very same.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,</l>
 <l>And Iemme of all our Nation.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Hee mad confession of you,</l>
 <l>And gaue you such a Masterly report,</l>
 <l>For Art and exercise in your defence;</l>
 <l>And for your Rapier most especially,</l>
 <l>That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,</l>
 <l>If one could match you Sir. This report of his</l>
 <l>Did <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> so envenom with his
 Enuy,</l>
 <l>That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,</l>
 <l>Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;</l>
 <l>Now out of this.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Why out of this, my Lord?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi> was your Father deare to you?</l>
 <l>Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,</l>
 <l>A face without a heart?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Why aske you this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,</l>

<l>But that I know Loue is begun by Time:</l>
 <l>And that I see in passages of prooffe,</l>
 <l>Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> comes backe: what would you
 vndertake,</l>
 <l>To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,</l>
 <l>More then in words?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>To cut his throat i'th'Church.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>No place indeed should murder Sancturize;</l>
 <l>Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good <hi
 rend="italic">Laertes</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> return'd, shall know you are come
 home:</l>
 <l>Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,</l>
 <l>And set a double varnish on the fame</l>
 <l>The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,</l>
 <l>And wager on your heads, he being remisse,</l>
 <l>Most generous, and free from all contriuing,</l>
 <l>Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,</l>
 <l>Or with a little shuffling, you may choose</l>
 <l>A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,</l>
 <l>Requit him for your Father.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>I will doo't,</l>
 <l>And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:</l>
 <l>I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke</l>
 <l>So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,</l>
 <l>Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,</l>
 <l>Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue</l>
 <l>Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,</l>
 <l>That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,</l>
 <l>With this contagion that if I gall him slightly,</l>
 <l>It may be death.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Let's further thinke of this,</l>
 <l>Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes</l>

<l>May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;</l>
 <l>And that our drift looke through our bad performance,</l>
 <l>'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Project</l>
 <l>Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,</l>
 <l>If this should blast in prooffe: Soft, let me see</l>
 <l>Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,</l>
 <l>As make your bowts more violent to the end,</l>
 <l>And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him</l>
 <l>A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,</l>
 <l>If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,</l>
 <l>Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Queene.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
 <l>One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,</l>
 <l>So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd <hi
 rend="italic">Laertes</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Drown'd! O where?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
 <l>There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,</l>
 <l>That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:</l>
 <l>There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,</l>
 <l>Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,</l>
 <l>That liberall Shepherds giue a grosser name;</l>
 <l>But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:</l>
 <l>There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds</l>
 <l>Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,</l>
 <l>When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,</l>
 <l>Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,</l>
 <l>And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,</l>
 <l>Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,</l>
 <l>As one incapable of her owne distresse,</l>
 <l>Or like a creature Natiue, and indued</l>
 <l>Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,</l>
 <l>Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,</l>
 <l>Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,</l>
 <l>To muddy death.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Alas then, is she drown'd?</l>
 </sp>

```

    <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
      <speaker rend="italic">Queen.</speaker>
      <l>Drown'd, drown'd.</l>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
      <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
      <l>Too much of water hast thou poore <hi
rend="italic">Ophelia</hi>,</l>
      <l>And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet</l>
      <l>It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,</l>
      <l>Let shame say what it will; when these are gone</l>
      <l>The woman will be out: Aduer my Lord.</l>
      <l>I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,</l>
      <l>But that this folly doubts it.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
      <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
      <l>Let's follow, <hi rend="italic">Gertrude:</hi>
    </l>
      <l>How much I had to doe to calme his rage<c
rend="italic">?</c>
    </l>
      <l>Now feare I this will giue it start againe;</l>
      <l>Therefore let's follow.</l>
    </sp>
    <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
  </div>
</div>
<div type="act" n="5">
  <div type="scene" n="1" rend="notPresent">
    <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 1]</head>
    <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter two
Clownes.</stage>
    <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clown.</speaker>
      <p>Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that
        <lb/>wilfully seeks her owne saluation?</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
      <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
      <p>I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue
        <lb/>straight. the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Chri-
        <lb/>stian buriall.</p>
    </sp>
    <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
      <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
      <p>How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in
        <lb/>her owne defence<c rend="italic">?</c>
    </p>
  </div>

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bee else: for

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
 <l>Why 'tis found so.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>It must be <hi rend="italic">Se offendendo,</hi> it cannot
 <lb/>heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it ar-
 <lb/>gues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an
 <lb/>Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe
 <lb/>wittingly.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
 <p>Nay but heere you Goodman Deluer.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clown.</speaker>
 <p>Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good:
 <lb/>heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this wa-
 <lb/>ter and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes;
 <lb/>marke you that? But if the water come to him &
 <lb/>him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not
 <lb/>guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
 <p>But is this law?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.</p>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
 place="footRight">Other.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0787.jpg" n="277"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
 <p>Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not
 <lb/>beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried
 <lb/>out of Christian Buriall.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie tha<gap extent="1"

unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="hole"
 resp="#ES"/>

<lb/>great folke should haue countenance in this world to
 <lb/>drowne or hang themselves, more then their euen Christi-
 <lb/>an. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen,
 <lb/>but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp
 <lb/>

<hi rend="italic">Adams</hi> Profession.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
 <p>Was he a Gentleman?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>He was the first that euer bore Armes.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
 <p>Why he had none.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou vnder-
 <lb/>stand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes <hi
 rend="italic">Adam</hi> dig'd;
 <lb/>could hee digge without Armes<c rend="italic">?</c> Ile
 put another que-
 <lb/>stion to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose,
 con-
 <lb/>fesse thy selfe⸺</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
 <p>Go too.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>What is he that builds stronger then either the
 <lb/>Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter<c
 rend="italic">?</c>

</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
 <p>The Gallows maker; for that Frame outliues a
 <lb/>thousand Tenants.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallows
 <lb/>does well; but how does it well? it does well to those
 <lb/>that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallows is
 <lb/>built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallows
 <lb/>may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
 <p>Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship-
 <lb/>wright, or a Carpenter?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>I, tell me that, and vnyoake.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
 <p>Marry, now I can tell.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Too't.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.2">
 <speaker rend="italic">Other.</speaker>
 <p>Masse, I cannot tell.</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Hamlet and
 Horatio a farre off.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your
 <lb/>dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when
 <lb/>you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the
 <lb/>Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee
 <lb/>to <hi rend="italic">Taughan</hi>, fetch me a stoupe of
 Liquor.</p>
 <stage type="business" rend="italic center">Sings.</stage>
 <l rend="italic">In youth when I did loue, did loue,</l>
 <l rend="italic">me thought it was very sweete:</l>
 <l rend="italic">To contract O the time for a my behoue,</l>
 <l rend="italic">O me thought there was nothing meete.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that
 <lb/>he sings at Graue-making?</p>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>Custome hath made it in him a property of ea-
 <lb/>sinesse.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath
 <lb/>the daintier sense.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic center">Clowne</speaker>
 <stage type="business" rend="italic inline">sings.</stage>
 <l rend="italic">But Age with his stealing steps</l>
 <l rend="italic">hath caught me in his clutch:</l>
 <l rend="italic">And hath shipped me intill the Land,</l>
 <l rend="italic">as if I had neuer beene such.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing
 <lb/>once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it
 <lb/>were <hi rend="italic">Caines</hi> Iaw-bone, that did
 the first murther: It
 <lb/>might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Asse o're Of-
 <lb/>fices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>It might, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Mor-
 <lb/>row sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this
 <lb/>might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such
 <lb/>a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it
 not?</p>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>I, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes,
 <lb/>Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons
 <lb/>Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to
 <lb/>fee't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but

<lb/>to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke
 <lb/>on't.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic center">Clowne</speaker>
 <stage type="business" rend="italic inline">sings.</stage>
 <l rend="italic">A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade.</l>
 <l rend="italic">for and a shrowding-Sheete:</l>
 <l rend="italic">O a Pit of Clay for to be made,</l>
 <l rend="italic">for such a Guest is meete.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>There's another: why might not that bee the
 <lb/>Scul of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his
 <lb/>Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why
 <lb/>doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about
 <lb/>the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of
 <lb/>his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's
 <lb/>time a great buyer of Land, with his statutes, his Recog-
 <lb/>nizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries:
 <lb/>Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Reco-
 <lb/>ueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his
 <lb/>Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and dou-
 <lb/>ble ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of
 <lb/>Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will
 <lb/>hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe
 <lb/>haue no more? ha?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>Not a iota more, my Lord.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assu-
 <lb/>rance in that. I will speake to this fellow; whose Graue's
 <lb/>this Sir?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Mine Sir:</p>

<l rend="italic">O a Pit of Clay for to be made,</l>
 <l rend="italic">for such a Guest is meete.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours:
 <lb/>for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine:
 <lb/>'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou
 <lb/>lyest.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me
 <lb/>to you.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>What man dost thou digge it for<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>For no man Sir.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>What woman then?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>For none neither.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Who is to be buried in't?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule,
 <lb/>shee's dead.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>How absolute the knave is? we must speake
 <lb/>by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the
 <lb/>Lord <hi rend="italic">Horatio,</hi> these three yeares I
 haue taken note of it,
 <lb/>the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant
 <lb/>comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his
 <lb/>Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Of all the dayes i'th yeare, I came too't that day
 <lb/>that our last King <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>
 o'recame <hi rend="italic">Fortinbras</hi>.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>How long is that since?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that:
 <lb/>It was the very day, that young <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> was borne, hee
 <lb/>that was mad, and sent into England.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I marry, why was he sent into England?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his
 <lb/>wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.</p>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic" place="footRight">Ham.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0788.jpg" n="278"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Why?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>'Twill not beseene in him, there the men are
 <lb/>as mad as he.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin sixeteene
 heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

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

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

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that
 he will keepe out water a great while. And your water,
 is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull
 now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty
 years.

Ham. Whose was it?

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>A whorson mad Fellowes it was;</p>
 <p>Whose doe you think it was?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, I know not.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a <choice>
 <orig>pou'rd</orig>
 <corr>pour'd</corr>
 </choice> a
 <lb/>Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull
 <lb/>Sir, this same Scull sir, was <hi
 rend="italic">Yoricks</hi> Scull, the Kings Iester.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>This?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-clo.1">
 <speaker rend="italic">Clo.</speaker>
 <p>E'ene that.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Let me see. Alas poore <hi rend="italic">Yorick</hi>, I
 knew him <hi rend="italic">Ho-
 <lb/>ratio,</hi> a fellow of infinite Iest; of most excellent
 fancy, he
 <lb/>hath borne me on his backe a thousand times.
 <lb/>And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at
 it. Heere
 <lb/>hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft.
 <lb/>VVhere be your Iibes now? Your Gambals<c
 rend="italic">?</c> Your
 <lb/>Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to
 <lb/>set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own
 <lb/>Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies
 <lb/>Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this
 <lb/>fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry-
 <lb/>thee <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi> tell me one
 thing.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>

<p>What's that my Lord?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Dost thou thinke <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi> lookt
 o'this fa-
 <lb/>shion i'th'earth?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>E'ene so.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>And smelt so? Puh.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>E'ene so, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>To what base vses we may returne <hi
 rend="italic">Horatio.</hi>
 <lb/>Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of <hi
 rend="italic">A-
 <lb/>lexander</hi>, till he find it stopping a bunghole.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether
 <lb/>with modestie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as
 thus.
 <lb/>
 <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi> died: <hi
 rend="italic">Alexander</hi> was buried: <hi rend="italic">Alexander</hi> re-
 <lb/>turneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make
 <lb/>Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuer-
 <lb/>ted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?</p>
 <l>Imperiall <hi rend="italic">Cæsar</hi>, dead and turn'd to
 clay,</l>
 <l>Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.</l>
 <l>Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,</l>
 <l>Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.</l>
 <l>But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.</l>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Queen,

Laertes, and a Coffin,

<lb/>with Lords attendant.</stage>
<l>The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,</l>
<cb n="2"/>
<l>And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,</l>
<l>The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand,</l>
<l>Fore do it owne life; 'twas fome Estate.</l>
<l>Couch we a while, and mark.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-lae">
<speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
<l>What Cerimony else?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
<l>That is <hi rend="italic">Laertes,</hi> a very Noble youth:

Marke.</l>

</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-lae">
<speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
<l>What Cerimony else?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Priest.</speaker>
<l>Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.</l>
<l>As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,</l>
<l>And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,</l>
<l>She should in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,</l>
<l>Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier,</l>
<l>Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, I should be throwne on her:</l>
<l>Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,</l>
<l>Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home</l>
<l>Of Bell and Buriall.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-lae">
<speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
<l>Must there no more be done?</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-pri">
<speaker rend="italic">Priest.</speaker>
<l>No more be done:</l>
<l>We should prophane the seruice of the dead,</l>
<l>To sing sage <hi rend="italic">Requiem,</hi> and such rest to

her</l>

<l>As to peace-parted Soules.</l>
</sp>
<sp who="#F-ham-lae">
<speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
<l>Lay her i'th'earth,</l>
<l>And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,</l>

<l>May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)</l>
 <l>A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,</l>
 <l>When thou liest howling<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>What, the faire <hi rend="italic">Ophelia</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Queene.</speaker>
 <l>Sweets, to the sweet farewell.</l>
 <l>I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlets</hi> wife:</l>
 <l>I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)</l>
 <l>And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Oh terrible woer,</l>
 <l>Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head</l>
 <l>Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence</l>
 <l>Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,</l>
 <l>Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:</l>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Leaps in the
 graue.</stage>
 <l>Now pile your dust, vpon the quick, and dead,</l>
 <l>Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,</l>
 <l>To o're top old <hi rend="italic">Pelion</hi>, or the skyish
 head</l>
 <l>Of blew <hi rend="italic">Olympus</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>What is he, whose griefes</l>
 <l>Beares such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow</l>
 <l>Coniure the wandrining Starres, and makes them stand</l>
 <l>Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> the Dane.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>The deuill take thy soule.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Thou prai'st not well,</l>
 <l>I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;</l>
 <l>Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,</l>

<l>Yet haue I fomething in me dangerous,</l>
 <l>Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Pluck them asunder.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hamlet, Hamlet.</hi>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-gen">
 <speaker rend="italic">Gen.</speaker>
 <l>Good my Lord be quiet.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme,</l>
 <l>Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Oh my Sonne, what Theame?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I lou'd <hi rend="italic">Ophelia;</hi> fortie thousand
 Brothers</l>
 <l>Could not (with all there quanitie of Loue)</l>
 <l>Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Oh he is mad Laertes,</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>For loue of God forbear him.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Come show me what thou'lt doe.</l>
 <l>Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?</l>
 <l>Woo't drinke vp <hi rend="italic">Esile</hi>, eate a
 Crocodile?</l>

<fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Ile</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0789.jpg" n="259"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>

<cb n="1"/>
 <l>Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;</l>
 <l>To outface me with leaping in her Graue<c
 rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 <l>Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.</l>
 <l>And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw</l>
 <l>Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground</l>
 <l>Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,</l>
 <l>Make <hi rend="italic">Ossa</hi> like a wart. Nay, and
 thoul't mouth,</l>
 <l>Ile rant as well as thou.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>This is meere Madnesse;</l>
 <l>And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:</l>
 <l>Anon as patient as the female Doue,</l>
 <l>When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;</l>
 <l>His silence will sit drooping.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Heare you Sir:</l>
 <l>What is the reason that you vse me thus?</l>
 <l>I <choice>
 <orig>loud'</orig>
 <corr>lou'd</corr>
 </choice> you euer; but it is no matter:</l>
 <l>Let <hi rend="italic">Hercules</hi> himselfe doe what he
 may,</l>
 <l>The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exit.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>I pray you good <hi rend="italic">Horatio</hi> wait vpon
 him,</l>
 <l>Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,</l>
 <l>Wee'l put the matter to the present push:</l>
 <l>Good <hi rend="italic">Gertrude</hi> set some watch ouer
 your Sonne,</l>
 <l>This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:</l>
 <l>An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;</l>
 <l>Till then, in patience our proceeding be.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt.</stage>
 </div>
 <div type="scene" n="2" rend="notPresent">
 <head type="supplied">[Act 5, Scene 2]</head>

<stage rend="center italic" type="entrance">Enter Hamlet and
 Horatio.</stage>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,</l>
 <l>You doe remember all the Circumstance.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Remember it my Lord?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,</l>
 <l>That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay</l>
 <l>Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,</l>
 <l>(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,</l>
 <l>Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,</l>
 <l>When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,</l>
 <l>There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends,</l>
 <l>Rough-hew them how we will.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>That is most certaine.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Vp from my Cabin</l>
 <l>My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,</l>
 <l>Grop'd I to finde out them; had my desire,</l>
 <l>finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew</l>
 <l>To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,</l>
 <l>(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale</l>
 <l>Their grand Commission, where I found <hi

rend="italic">Horatio</hi>,</l>
 <l>Oh royall knauery: An exact command,</l>
 <l>Larded with many seuerall sorts of reason;</l>
 <l>Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,</l>
 <l>With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,</l>
 <l>that on the superuize no leasure bated,</l>
 <l>No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,</l>
 <l>My head should be struck off.</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Ist possible?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<l>Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:</l>
 <l>But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>I beseech you.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hem.</speaker>
 <l>Being thus benetted round with Villaines,</l>
 <l>Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,</l>
 <l>They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,</l>
 <l>Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,</l>
 <l>I once did hold it as our Statists doe,</l>
 <l>A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much</l>
 <l>How to forget that learning: but Sir now,</l>
 <l>It did me Yeomans seruice: wilt thou know</l>
 <l>The effects of what I wrote?</l>
 </sp>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>I, good my Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>An earnest Coniuration from the King,</l>
 <l>As England was his faithfull Tributary,</l>
 <l>As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,</l>
 <l>As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,</l>
 <l>And stand a Comma 'twene their amities,</l>
 <l>And many such like Assis of great charge,</l>
 <l>That on the view and know of these Contents,</l>
 <l>Without debatement further, more or lesse,</l>
 <l>He should the bearers put to sodaine death,</l>
 <l>Not shruing time allow<gap extent="1"
 unit="chars"
 reason="illegible"
 agent="hole"
 resp="#ES"/>d.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>How was this seal'd?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;</l>
 <l>I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,</l>
 <l>Which was the Model of that Danish Seale:</l>

<l>Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,</l>
 <l>Subscrib'd it, gau't th'impression, plac't it safely,</l>
 <l>The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day</l>
 <l>Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sement,</l>
 <l>Thou know'st already.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>So Guildensterne and <hi rend="italic">Rosincrance,</hi> go
 too't.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Why man, they did make loue to this imployment</l>
 <l>They are not neere my Conscience; their debate</l>
 <l>Doth by their owne insinuation grow:</l>
 <l>'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes</l>
 <l>Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points</l>
 <l>Of mighty opposites.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Why, what a King is this?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon</l>
 <l>He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,</l>
 <l>Pop t in betweene th'election and my hopes,</l>
 <l>Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,</l>
 <l>And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,</l>
 <l>To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd</l>
 <l>To let this Canker of our nature come</l>
 <l>In further euill.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>It must be shortly knowne to him from England</l>
 <l>What is the issue of the businesse there.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>It will be short,</l>
 <l>The <hi rend="italic">interim's</hi> mine, and a mans life's
 no more</l>
 <l>Then to say one: but I am very sorry good <hi
 rend="italic">Horatio,</hi>
 </l>
 <l>That to <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi> I forgot my selfe;</l>
 <l>For by the image of my Cause, I see</l>

<l>The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:</l>
 <l>But sure the brauery of his grieve did put me</l>
 <l>Into a Towing passion.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Peace, who comes heere?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter young
 Osricke.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <l>Your Lordship is right welcome back to Den-
 <lb rend="turnover"/>
 <pc rend="turnover">(</pc>marke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>No my good Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Thy state is the more gracious; for'tis a vice to
 <lb/>know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast
 <lb/>be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings
 <lb/>Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the pos-
 <lb/>session of dirt.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <p>Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure,
 <lb/>I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I will receiue it with all diligence of spirit; put
 <lb/>your Bonet to his right vse,'tis for the head.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <p>I thanke your Lordship,'tis very hot.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is
 <lb/>Northerly.</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <p>It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Mee thinks it is very soultry, and hot for my
 <lb/>Complexion.</p>
 </sp>
 <fw type="catchword" rend="italic"
 place="footRight">Osricke.</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0790.jpg" n="280"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <p>Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soutry, as 'twere
 <lb/>I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me sig-
 <lb/>nifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head:
 <lb/>Sir, this is the matter.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I beseech you remember.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith:
 <lb/>Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence <hi
 rend="italic">Laerles</hi> is at
 <lb/>his weapon.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>What's his weapon?</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <p>Rapier and dagger.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>That's two of his weapons; but well.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <p>The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Hor-
 <lb/>ses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French
 <lb/>Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignes, as Girdle,

<lb/>Hangers or so; three of the Carriages in faith are very
<lb/>deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilt, most delicate
<lb/>carriages, and of very liberall conceit.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<p>What call you the Carriages?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-osr">

<speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>

<p>The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<p>The phrase would be more Germaine to the

<lb/>matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would

<lb/>it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Hor-

<lb/>ses against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three

<lb/>liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but a-

<lb/>gainst the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-osr">

<speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>

<p>The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes be-

<lb/>twene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits;

<lb/>He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to

<lb/>immediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the

Answer.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<p>How if I answer no?</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-osr">

<speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>

<p>I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person

<lb/>in tryall.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-ham">

<speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<p>Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please

<lb/>his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let

<lb/>the Foyles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the

<lb/>King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if

<lb/>not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde

hits.</p>

</sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-osr">

<speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>

<p>Shall I redeliuer you ee'n so?</p>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>To this effect Sir, after what flourish your na-
 <lb/>ture will.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <p>I commend my duty to your Lordship.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it
 <lb/>himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his
 <lb/>head.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>He did Comlie with his Dugge before hee
 <lb/>suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauty
 <lb/>that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of
 <lb/>the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of
 <lb/>yesty collection, which carries them through &
 <lb/>the most fond and winnowed opinions;and doe but blow
 <lb/>them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>You will lose this wager, my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>I doe not thinke so, since he went into France,
 <lb/>I haue beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the
 <lb/>oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere a-
 <lb/>bout my heart: but it is no matter.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>Nay, good my Lord.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of
 <lb/>gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.</p>

through

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <p>If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will fore-
 <lb/>stall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.</p>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <p>Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall
 <lb/>Prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not
 <lb/>to come: if it bee not come, it will bee now: if it
 <cb n="2"/>
 <lb/>be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no
 <lb/>man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be-
 <lb/>times?</p>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter King, Queene,
 Laertes and Lords, with other Atten-
 <lb/>dants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and
 <lb/>Flagons of Wine on it.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">Kin.</speaker>
 <l>Come <hi rend="italic">Hamlet,</hi> come, and take this
 hand from me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Giue me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong,</l>
 <l>But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.</l>
 <l>This presence knowes,</l>
 <l>And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht</l>
 <l>With sore distraction? What I haue done</l>
 <l>That might your nature honour, and exception</l>
 <l>Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:</l>
 <l>Was't <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> wrong'd <hi
 rend="italic">Laertes</hi>? Neuer <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>.</l>
 <l>If <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> from himselfe be tane
 away:</l>
 <l>And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong <hi
 rend="italic">Laertes</hi>,</l>
 <l>Then <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> does it not, <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> denies it:</l>
 <l>Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> is of the Faction that is wrong'd,</l>
 <l>His madnesse is poore <hi rend="italic">Hamlets</hi>
 Enemy.</l>
 <l>Sir, in this Audience,</l>
 <l>Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,</l>
 <l>Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,</l>

<l>That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,</l>
 <l>And hurt my Mother.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Iam satisfied in Nature,</l>
 <l>Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most</l>
 <l>To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor</l>
 <l>I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilment,</l>
 <l>Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,</l>
 <l>I haue a voyce, and president of peace</l>
 <l>To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,</l>
 <l>I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,</l>
 <l>And wil not wrong it.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I do embrace it freely,</l>
 <l>And will this Brothers wager frankly play.</l>
 <l>Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Come one for me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Ile be your foile <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi>, in mine
 ignorance,</l>
 <l>Your Skill shall like a starre i'th'darkest night,</l>
 <l>Sticke fiery off indeede.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>You mocke me Sir.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>No by this hand.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Giue them the Foyles yong <hi rend="italic">Osricke,</hi>
 </l>
 <l>Cousen <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, you know the
 wager.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Verie well my Lord,</l>

<l>Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I do not feare it,</l>
 <l>I haue seene you both:</l>
 <l>But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>This is too heauy,</l>
 <l>Let me see another.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>This likes me well,</l>
 <l>These Foyles haue all a length.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Prepare to
 play.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osricke.</speaker>
 <l>I my good Lord.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:</l>
 <l>If <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> giue the first, or second
 hit,</l>
 <l>Or quit in answer of the third exchange,</l>
 <l>Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,</l>
 <l>The King shal drinke to <hi rend="italic">Hamlets</hi> better
 breath,</l>
 <l>And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw</l>
 <l>Richer then that, which foure successiue Kings</l>
 <l>In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.</l>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">Giue</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0791.jpg" n="281"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>Giue me the Cups,</l>
 <l>And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,</l>
 <l>The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,</l>
 <l>The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,</l>
 <l>Now the King drinke to <hi rend="italic">Hamlet.</hi>
 Come, begin,</l>
 <l>And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>

<l>Come on sir.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Come on sir.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">They
 play.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>One.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>No.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Iudgement.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <l>A hit, a very palpable hit.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Well: againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Stay, giue me drinke.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, this Pearle is thine,</l>
 <l>Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Trumpets sound,
 and shot goes off.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.</l>
 <l>Come: Another hit; what say you<c rend="italic">?</c>
 </l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>A touch, a touch, I do confesse.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Our Sonne shall win.</l>

</sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>He's fat, and scant of breath.</l>
 <l>Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,</l>
 <l>The Queene Carowes to thy fortune, <hi
 rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Good Madam.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Gertrude</hi>, do not drinke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>I will my Lord;</l>
 <l>I pray you pardon me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>I dare not drinke yet Madam,</l>
 <l>By and by.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>Come, let me wipe thy face.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>My Lord, Ile hit him now.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>I do not thinke't.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Come, for the third.</l>

</p>
 <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi>, you but dally,</l>
 <l>I pray you passe with your best violence,</l>
 <l>I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Say you so? Come on.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Play.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <l>Nothing neither way.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Haue at you now.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">In scuffling they
 change Rapiers.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>Part them, they are incens'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Nay come, againe.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <l>Looke to the Queene there hoa.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-osr">
 <speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <l>How is't <hi rend="italic">Laertes</hi>?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>Why as a Woodcocke</l>
 <l>To mine Sprindge, <hi rend="italic">Osricke</hi>,</l>
 <l>I am iustly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>How does the Queene?</l>
 </sp>

<sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>She sounds to see them bleede.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ger">
 <speaker rend="italic">Qu.</speaker>
 <l>No, no, the drinke, the drinke.</l>
 <l>Oh my deere <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, the drinke, the
 drinke,</l>
 <l>I am poyson'd.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.</l>
 <l>Treacherie, seeke it out.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-lae">
 <speaker rend="italic">Laer.</speaker>
 <l>it is heere <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>.</l>
 <l>
 <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi>, thou art slaine,</l>
 <l>No Medicine in the world can do thee good.</l>
 <l>In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;</l>
 <l>The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,</l>
 <l>Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practise</l>
 <l>Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,</l>
 <l>Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>The point envenom'd too,</l>
 <l>Then venome to thy worke.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="business">Hurts the
 King.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-all">
 <speaker rend="italic">All.</speaker>
 <l>Treason, Treason.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-cla">
 <speaker rend="italic">King.</speaker>
 <l>O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,
 <lb/>Damned Dane,</l>
 <l>Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?</l>

Follow my Mother.
 Dyes.
 King
 Laer.
 He is iustly seru'd.
 It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:
 Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble Hamlet;
 Mine and ray Fathers death come not vpon thee,
 Nor thine on me.
 Dyes.
 Ham.
 Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
 I am dead Horatio, wretched Queene
 adiew,
 You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
 That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
 Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
 Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
 But let it be: Horatio, I am dead,
 Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right
 To the vnsatisfied.
 Hor.
 Neuer beleuee it.
 I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
 Heere's yet some Liquor left.
 Ham.
 As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
 Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
 Oh good Horatio, what a wounded
 name,
 (Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.
 If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,
 Absent thee from felicitie a while,
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
 To tell my Storie.
 March afarre
 off, and shout within.
 What warlike noyse is this?
 Enter Osricke.
 Osr.

<speaker rend="italic">Osr.</speaker>
 <l>Yong <hi rend="italic">Fortinbras</hi>, with conquest come
 </choice>
 <abbr>frō</abbr>
 <expan>from</expan>
 </choice> Poland</l>
 <l>To th'Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-ham">
 <speaker rend="italic">Ham.</speaker>
 <l>O I dye <hi rend="italic">Horatio:</hi>
 </l>
 <l>The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,</l>
 <l>I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,</l>
 <l>But I do prophesie th'election lights</l>
 <l>On <hi rend="italic">Fortinbras</hi>, he ha's my dying
 voyce,</l>
 <l>So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,</l>
 <l>Which haue solicited. The rest is silence, O, o, o, o.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic inline" type="business">Dyes</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hora.</speaker>
 <l>Now cracke a Noble heart:</l>
 <l>Goodnight sweet Prince,</l>
 <l>And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,</l>
 <l>Why do's the Drumme come hither?</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic center" type="entrance">Enter Fortinbras and
 English Ambassador, with Drumme,
 <lb/>Colours, and Attendants.</stage>
 <sp who="#F-ham-for">
 <speaker rend="italic">Fortin.</speaker>
 <l>Where is this sight?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>What is it ye would see;</l>
 <l>If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-for">
 <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
 <l>His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,</l>
 <l>What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.</l>
 <l>That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,</l>
 <l>So bloodily hast strooke.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-amb">
 <speaker rend="italic">Amb.</speaker>
 <l>The sight is dismall,</l>

<l>And our affaires from England come too late,</l>
 <l>The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,</l>
 <l>To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,</l>
 <fw type="sig" place="footCentre">qq</fw>
 <fw type="catchword" place="footRight">That</fw>
 <pb facs="FFimg:axc0792.jpg" n="280"/>
 <fw type="rh">The Tragedie of Hamlet.</fw>
 <cb n="1"/>
 <l>That <hi rend="italic">Rosinrance</hi> and <hi
 rend="italic">Guildesterne</hi> are dead:</l>
 <l>Where should we haue our thankses?</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Not from his mouth,</l>
 <l>Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:</l>
 <l>He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.</l>
 <l>But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,</l>
 <l>You from the Polake warres, and you from England</l>
 <l>Are heere arriued. Giue order that these bodies</l>
 <l>High on a stage be placed to the view,</l>
 <l>And let me speake to th'yet vnknowing world,</l>
 <l>How these things came about. So shall you heare</l>
 <l>Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,</l>
 <l>Of accidentall iudgements, casuall slaughters</l>
 <l>Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,</l>
 <l>And in this vp shot, purposes mistooke,</l>
 <l>Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I</l>
 <l>Truly deliuer.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-for">
 <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
 <l>Let vs hast to heare it,</l>
 <l>And call the Noblest to the Audience.</l>
 <l>For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,</l>
 <l>I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,</l>
 <cb n="2"/>
 <l>Which are <choice>
 <orig>ro</orig>
 <corr>to</corr>
 </choice> claime, my vantage doth</l>
 <l>Inuite me,</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-hor">
 <speaker rend="italic">Hor.</speaker>
 <l>Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,</l>
 <l>And from his mouth</l>
 <l>Whose voyce will draw on more:</l>
 <l>But let this same be presently perform'd,</l>
 <l>Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,</l>

<l>Lest more mischance</l>
 <l>On plots, and errors happen.</l>
 </sp>
 <sp who="#F-ham-for">
 <speaker rend="italic">For.</speaker>
 <l>Let foure Captaines</l>
 <l>Beare <hi rend="italic">Hamlet</hi> like a Soldier to the
 stage,</l>
 <l>For he was likely, had he beene put on</l>
 <l>To haue prou'd most royally:</l>
 <l>And for his passage,</l>
 <l>The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre</l>
 <l>Speake lowdly for him.</l>
 <l>Take vp the body; Such a fight as this</l>
 <l>Becomes the field, but heere shewes much amis.</l>
 <l>Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.</l>
 </sp>
 <stage rend="italic rightJustified" type="exit">Exeunt Marching:
 after the which, a Peale of
 <lb/>Ordenance are shot off.</stage>
 </div>
 <trailer>FINIS.</trailer>
 </div>
 </div>
 </body>
 </text>
 </TEI>