The second quarto edition of *Hamlet*, known as Q2 among scholars and editors, was published in 1604 by Nicholas Ling. James Roberts has been identified as the printer. Q2 is believed to be derived from Shakespeare's working papers. Therefore, the Folger edition of *Hamlet*, like many others, uses Q2 as its primary source.

Learn more about the making of Q2 *Hamlet* in the virtual printing house:

www.folger.edu/diy-quarto
Reading a signature statement

You now know that early modern printers marked sheets of paper so that the sheets could be assembled into books. Today, bibliographers take those marks and construct a signature statement from them. A signature statement, also called a collation statement, is a way of describing a book. For Q2 Hamlet, the signature statement is [A]1 B-N4 O2. Having created your own copy of Q2 Hamlet, you are in a better position to crack that code.

[A]1 is the title page. A is in brackets, because bibliographers use brackets to describe a signature that is implied but not actually printed on the page. There is no letter A as a signature mark on the title page. The number 1 indicates that there is only one leaf in gathering A.

B-N4 indicates that in each of the gatherings from B through N, there are four leaves (for eight pages). That is the standard formula for a full quarto gathering.

O2 indicates that there are two leaves in gathering O.

Why did they make books this way?

Now that you have created your own copy of Q2 Hamlet, you might want to learn or review some technical terms (several of which we have already used) and think about how they help us understand what printers did and why they did it that way.

The process of printing in the hand-press period was very different than it is today. The basic reason is that in order to make efficient use of time and labor, printers worked on one side of a sheet of paper at a time. Even then, they were not printing pages in reading order. They would print pages 1, 4, 5, and 8 on one side of a quarto text, and pages 2, 3, 6, and 7 on the other side. To make it even more interesting, several of those pages were printed upside down from the others.

Before printers started to work on a sheet, they had to estimate how much text fit on all of the pages to be printed on that sheet before printing any of the pages. They knew that a readable book would only emerge from folding and assembling in the correct order.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

I doth see you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy faire hour, Lorte, time be thine
And thy bela graces spend it at thy will:
But now my cousin Hamlet, and my son.

Ham. A little more then kin, and let it be kind.

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

Ham. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the same.

Queen. Good Hamlet, call thy nighted soul off.

And let those eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Does not for ever with thy valiant lid
Seek for thy noble Father in the dalls,
Thou knowlt it is common all that hast must die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Madam, it is common,

Que. It be

Vv by fames it is particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam, say it is, I know not fames;

Tis not alone my excot clacke coulde mother

Nor coktary suits of handsome blacke

Nor winte the purification of foul breath

No, nor the tristfull riner in the eye,

Nor the deflected humour of the vangle

Together with all fames, needes, charge of griefe

That can deare me truely, their indeeds seeking

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that which paffes those saw.

Thee but the trappings and the suites of war.

King. To sweete and commendable in thy nature Hamlet;

To guide these mourning duties to your father

But you must know your father left a father,

That father lefull, left his, and the furnis bound

In filial oblication for some tearme

To doe obection forrowe, but to perfung

In oldelese condolemente, is a coure

Of impious thumble, to variously grieve,

It shewes a wil most incorrest to heauen

A hart enighted, or minds impatient

An understanding simple and vile Action

For what we know must be, and is as common


The Tragedie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

First fold / Cut

Second Fold

www.folger.edu/diy-quarto

B4v

B1r

E4r

E4r

B4v

B1r
The Tragedy of Hamlet

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

Hec. So haste I heard and doe in part believe it,

But looke the morn in ruflet mantle clad
Walkes ere the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
Breeke we our watch vp, and by my advice
Let vs import what we have seene to night
Vnto your young Hamle, for vpon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Do you content we shall acquaine him with it
As needfull in our losse, fitting our duty.

Mar. Let us not pray, and this morning knowe
Where we shall find him most convenient. Exeunt.

Floriz. Enter Claudius, King of Denmark, Gertrude be Queen
Consulats, Polonius, and his Sonne Letters.
Hamlet, Con. Alas.

Gaud. Though yet of Hamlet our deare brothers death
The memory be Greene, and that vs befitted
To bear our hart in grieve, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracled in one browe of woe
Yet to fare hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with widdow sorrow, thank our holy God
Together with remembrance of our felowes:
Therefore our sometime Sater, now our Queene
Thimperiall Ionthren to this warlike state
Have we as twere with a deadeat joy
With an auftious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dingele in marriage.

In squallcale weeping, delighte and dol.

Takwen to wife: but had we beire hard
Your better wildomes, which have freely gone
With this affaire alonge (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you knowe young Fortinbras,
Holding a weake suppo of all our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
One flate to be cliym, and oure frame
Colleged with this deadeat of his saugage
He hath not fald to pellour vs wallumslage.

Prince of Denmark.

Hec. Sey, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. Exit Ghost.

Mar. Ti gone and will not answere.

Ear. How now Hamle, you tremble and looke pale?
Is not this fouling more thenphantasie?
What think you on't?

Mar. Before my God I might not this believe,
Without the fensible and true awaack
Of mine owne eyees.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Ear. A thyke so to thy liffe.

Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combate
Sowond he once, when in an angry parle
He smote the headed pollax on the ice.

Mar. That twice before, and lymes at this dead hours
With martiall blanke hath beene gone by our watch.

Hec. In what particulare thought, to worke I know not
But in the frende and scope of mine opinion
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now fir downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this fame thrike and most obseruante watch
So mightily telest the future on the lands.

And with such daly coat of brazen Cannon
And fornace marte, for implements of warre,
Why suchimpreff of ship-writes, whose fore taske
Does not deade the Sunday from the weeks,
What might be toward that this so early halfe
Death make the night inoynt shouer with the day,
Who lift that can informe mee?

Hec. That can I.

Ear. The first whipher goes fo; our last King
Whose image even but now appeareth to vs,
Was as you knowe by Fortinbras of Norway.
There to the combat in which our valiant Hamlet,
(Fo so this side of our knowne world eftelde him)
Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a fals compact
Was ranched by late and heraldy.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

If it be so, as thus put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand our fells so clearly
As it behoves my daughter, and your honor,
What is between you give me vp the truth,
Oph. He hath my Lord of Intermercy's tenders
Of his affection to me,

Pol. Affection, puh, you speak like a green gide
Unshifted in such perilous circumstances,
Do you believe his tenders as you call them?
Oph. I do not know my Lord what I should think.

Pol. Marry I will teach you, think you are a baby.
You have done the tenders for true pay
Which are not thine, tender yours more dearly
Or (not to crack the winds of the poor phante)
Wrong it thus; you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My Lord he hath importuned me with love
In honourable fashion.

Pol. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to,
Oph. And thus given countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. I, springs to each woodcock, I do know.
When the blood burns, now prof, in all the nooks
Lends the tongue vows, these blazed daughter
Giving more light then haste, extinct in both
Even in their prime, as it is a making
You must not take for fire, from this time
Be something to one of your maiden preference
Set your intents at a higher rate
Then a command to parts: for Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young;
And with a larger rider may he wakke:
Then may be given you sin leve Ephelia
Doth not believe his verses, for they are brokens
Nor of that die which their moumemts flissew
But mere imporators of violetye fates
Breathing like fanned fire and pian bonds
The better to budge: this is all,
I would not in place termed from this time

First fold / Cut

Prince of Denmark

As any most vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to hart, fig, its a fault to me, honor,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
Thus reason must abound, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who shall hath cryed
From the first court, till he that died to day
This must be so we pray you throw to earth
This vpraeating woe, and think of vs
As of a father, for the world take note
You are the most instant to our shroude,
And with as much diligence of onse
That which doth off all, bear bet it no note,
Do you impart toward you for your intent
In going back to schools in Witterbrough
It is most unregard to our desire,
And we beseech you, bend you to remame
Herein the chaste and comfort of our eyes,
Our chiefest courtier, counsell, and our image
Qntt. Let us keep this loose her procrus Hamlet,
I pray thee stay with vs, go not to Witterbrough

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

King. Why is a young man a faire reply,
Be an our fell in Denmark Madam come
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits filtering to her heart, in grace whereof
No look or health, that Denmark drakens to day
But the great Cannon to the clouds that way
And the King too whom I cannot thin bring againe,
Repeaking earthly thunder come away Phlego.

Exeunt all.

Ham. O that this too fallied flesh would melt,
Thaw and confolute it selfe into a dew
Or that the everlasting had not fixt
His canon gainst the fleshs daughter, & God God
How wary, fiale, flat, and unprofitable
Seeme to me all the fves of this world
Fie not, alas fie, to an unwedded girl
That gentle of ace and gross in nature
Doffest it moste or that it should come thus

C4v Clr
The Tragedy of Hamlet

His greatness was his, his will is not his own,
He may not as a vassalized person does,
Curse for himself, for on his choice depends
The fat and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Vinto the voice and yellding of that body
Wherefore he is the head, then if he faires he loyes you,
It fairs your willode to farte to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deeds, which is no farther
Then the maine voice of Denmarke goes withall,
Then why what loist your honor may sustaine
If you too credently care you lift his songs
Or lose your heart, or your chaff truere open
To his unamiriced impravity.

Fare it Opilto, fare it my deare fisier,
And keepe you in the tare of your affiction.
Out of the least danger for ever.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If the vnmaske his bate to the moon.

Verue it selfe excepts not calamitous strokes
The cinder gales the infants of the spring.
Too oft before their buttons be disdeld.
And in the moone and liqed dew of youth.
Contagious blamemost are most inimine.
Be waye then, best safety lies in tears.
Youth to it selfe rebels, though no elses near.

Ope. I shall the effect of this good helpekeeps
As watchman to the hart, but good my brother.
Doe not as some vagnrians pasors doe,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven.
Wares a puff, and recklesse liberate
Himselfe the prominon path of silence traped.
And reaken not his owndes,

Lor. O fear me not,
If ay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing is a double grace.
Occasion mimes upon a second scene.

Yet hearc Lorde? (a bord de flame.)

Prince of Denmarke.

Het. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Ham. I pray thee do not mock me fellow subject,

I tyme it was to my mother's reading.

Het. And deare my Lord it followd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrifts, Harlot, the funerall balks my noes.

I did coldly furnish forth, the marriage table.
Would I had met my dearest love in heaven.

Het. Or ever I had feene that day.

Het. My father, me shalke I see my father.

Het. Where my Lord?

Het. In my mindes eye.

Het. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Het. A was a man take him for all in all.
I shall not take him for his like again.

Het. My Lord I think I saw him yesternight.

Het. Saw, who?

Het. My Lord the King your father.

Het. The King my father.

Het. Sessions your admiration for a while.

Het. Two nights together had these gentlemen.

Maccius, and Berenice on their watch.

In the dead wall and middle of the night.

Bene ths incntrind, a figure like your father.

Arm'd at poynes, exactly Cappers.

Appears before them, the with solemn march.

Of crows and flaying by them thare shal be walk'd.

By their oppreft and fear surpised eyes.

Within his tronchons length, what will they say?

Almost to gelly, with the act of fear

I stand dumb and speak to him thus to me.

In deadfull face he impard they said.

I And with them the third night kept the watch.

Whereas they had delivered them so wise.

Formes of the thing, exact and true and good.

The Apparition comes I knew your father.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hem. Vpon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn my Lord already.

Hem. Indeede vpon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Hem. Ha, ha, boy, say’st thou so, art thou there trumpeny? Come on, you hear this fellows in the S. Ferigno,

Content to swear.

First. Propose the oath my Lord.

Hem. Never to speake of this that you have seen

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Hem. He, wi, then weel shift our ground:

Come other Gentlemen

And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,

Swear by my sword

Never to speake of this that you have seen

Ghost. Swear by my sword.

Hem. Well swer’d. So Mo. can’t work it here so fall,

A worthy Pioneer, once more remoued good

Hem. O day and night, but this is woeful strange.

Hem. And therefore as a strainger ginet it welcome,

There are more things at hearten and earth Ferigno.

Then are dreamt of in your philosophie, but come

Here as before, neuer so helpe you my mercy,

(How strange or old to meet I bear my resell,

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,

To put an Anticke disposition

That you at such times seeing me, never shall

With arms in bembred thus, or this head lache,

Or by pronouncing of some doubfull phrase.

As well, we, know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we lift to speake, or there be and if they might,

O such ambiguous giving out, to none

That you know ought of me, this doe I mean

So grace and mercy at your most need helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Hem. Refl. refl. perturbed spirit: if Gentlemen,

Whi I shall my love doe commend to you,

Prince of Denmarke.

Have you to fludder any moment leisure

As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet,

Looke too I charge you, come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey my Lord.

Exit.

Enter Hamlet, Horion and Marcellus.

Hem. The syren ybites frondly, it is very cold.

Hem. It is nipping, and an eager syre.

Hem. What time now?

Hem. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is five.

Hem. Indeed I think I heard it not, it then draweth nearer the season,

Wherein the spirit held his wont to wake.

What does this mean my Lord?

Her. The King doth wake to night and takes his rol.

Keepes waftell and the swaying yp-springe reels:

And as he drains his drafts of Remufl downe,

The kettle drummerd, and trumpery, thus bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

Her. Is it a columes?

Hem. I marry it is.

But to my mind, though I am native here,

And to the manner borne, it is a columes

More honourd in the breake, than the observance.

This heavy headed resoall east and well

Makes vs tradit, and rated of other nations.

They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish clare

Style our addition, and indeedest takes

From our great emblems, though perfumed at height

The pitch and weary of our attribute.

So oft it chanceth in particular men,

That for some viscious mole of nature in them

As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,

(Since nature cannot choose his origin)

By their one-growth of some comlication

Of dislike downe the pales and for of reason,

Or by some habit, that too much one-leasent

The forme of plainest manners, that these men

Carrying I lay the stamp of one defect?
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But how sooner thou pursuest this act?
Tis not thy minde, nor yet thy soule contrite.
Against thy mother's sight, issue her to heaven,
And to these thoughts that in her bosome lodge
To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
The Gloroume of heaven the matrue to be neere
And gis to pale her vnfeachtful fire,
A dew, a dew, a dew, remember me.

[Act I, Scene 1]

Prince of Denmark.

And for my soule, what can it do to that
Being in a three fainting all as itself?
It waues me forth againe. I'll follow it.

Her. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadful famber of the deep
That battles for his bride into the sea.
And there affrighted, shew him the form of
Which might deprive your bounty at this season,
And draw you into madness, thinke of it,
The very place puts yeas of desperation
Without more motions, into every brain
That looks so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it roar beneath.

Her. It waues me still.

Gost. O you shall not goe my Lord.
Her. Hold of your hands.

Gost. Be rud'd, you shall not goe.

Her. My fate cries out

AId makes each petty arraute in this body
As hard as the Nemean Lyon you nerest.
Yet am I cold, wondring me Gentleman.
By heaven, Ile make a ghost of him that lets me.

Harp. Away, away, I'll follow thee.
Exit Gost, and Hamlet.

Her. What! with these words, he speaks I'll go no farther.
Gost. Mark what he.

Her. I will.

Gost. My house is almost come.

When I follow up and homing my sable
Must render vp my sable.

Ham. Alas poor Gost.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

As they fall out by time, by manner, and place,
All given to mine care.

King. But how hast thou receiv'd his love?

Pol. What dost thou think of me?

King. As of a man Faithful and honorable.

Pol. I would faine prove so, but what might you think

When I had seen this noble love on the wing,

As I perceived it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you think,

Or my dear Helena, your Queen here think,

If I had play'd the Duke, or Table beque,
Or given my heart a working muse and dummie,
Or looke upon this love with idle sight,
What might you thinke? I went round to work,
And my young Mithras thus I did beside,

Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy Page,
This must not be: and then I precepts gave her

That the should lock her feet from her feet,
Admit no mellegers, receive no rokets,
Which done, she looke the fruities of my work,
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a father, then into a fall,
Thence to a war, thence into a weaknes,
Thence to lightning, and by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he reioyce,
And all we seven for.

King. Do you think this?

Que. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I have positively said, to do,
When it prove to be otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise,
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid inderede
Within the Center.

Pol. How may we try it further?

Que. You know sometimes he walkes four hours together
Hence to the Lobby,
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors,
My news shall be the fruit of that great leaf.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.

He tells me my deare Gertrude he hath found
The head and source of all our fommes distemper.

Spike. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our halfe marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sit him, welcome my good friends,

Say Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

Pol. Most faire returne of greetings and delires.

Upon our self, he sent out for supplie,

His Nephewes, which to him appear.

To be a preparation gainst the Polache,

But better lookke into, he truly found.

It was against his highnesse, whereat green'd

That to his fickle, age, and impotence

Was fully borne in hand, sends out arrate.

On Fortunatus, which he in breve obeyes,

Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine,

Makes vow before his Ynde never more,

To give the assay of Armes against your Maiestie.

Wherein old Norway once come with joy,

Gives him therefor thousand crownes in annaulle fee.

And his commisision to employ those Peacocks,

So leaved (as before) against the Polache,

With an entreate herein further charge,

That it might please you to give quiet peace,

Through your dominions for this enterprise.

On such regards of safety and allowance

As therein are set downe.

King. It likes vs well,

And at our more confidered time, we'll read

Answere, and thinkke upon this busines.

Memaime, we thank thee for your well tooke labour,

Goe to your selfe, at night weleef cate together,

Most welcome home.

Exit Embassadors.

Pol. This busines is well ended.

Prince of Danemark.

Shall we our bonnes, you haue me, haue we not?

Reg. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buye ye, ye are well.

Reg. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obergue his inclination in your fette.

Reg. I shall my Lord.

Pol. And let them ply his musique.


Enter Ophelia.

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

Oph. O my Lord, my Lord, I have beene so afflicted.

Pol. With what Ith name of God?

Oph. My Lord, as I was sawing in my cloister,

Late with his doone at the window,

No hat upon his head, his flaminke founted,

Vagarded, and downe gyued to his ancle,

Pals as his firt, his knees knockings each other,

And with a looke so pitifull in perport

As if he had beene looed out of hell.

To pake of honors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for my lord.

Oph. My lord I do not know,

But truly I do fear.

Pol. What said he?

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

Then goes he to the length of all his arme,

And with his other hand thus orke his brow,

He falls to such paraile of my face,

As if he would draw it, long playd he.

At lat, a little shaking of mine arme,

And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,

He raied a sight so pitifull and profound

As it did seeme to satter all his bulke,

And all his being's that done, he lets me goe,

And with his head over his shoulder turn'd

Like ear that were found in his eyes.

For out shewes he went without ther helpes,

And to the last bend'd their light on me.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

www.folger.edu/digital-quarto

First fold / Cut

Prince of Denmark.

F2v

F1r
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. Anything but to this purpose: you were sent for, and there is
a kind of confession in your lookers, which your modesty has not

craft enough to conclude. I know the good King and Queen have
sent for you.

Ref. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. That you must teach me: but let me ensnare you, by the
rights of our fellowship, by the conscience of our youth, by the
obligation of our ever-prefered love, and what more dearer
better proof can charge you withal, because and direct with me
whether you were not at their grace.

Ref. What say you?

Ham. Nay then. I have an eye of you, if you love me: I am not

good. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your
discovery; and your secrecy to the King and Queen mortify no

touch, I have but, but wherefore I know not, lest all my wrath
forgo all conscience of exercise: and indeed it goes so hourly with
my disposition, that this goodly frame of the earth, derides to see

a florid promotion, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke

you, this baze, orching firmament, this insipid roofed with
golden fire, why it appears nothing to me but a foule

and pestilent congregation of vapours. What piece of work is in

a man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and

morning, how expeditious and admirable in motion, how like an

angel in apprehension, thogh like God in degree of power. All

animals are and yet to me: what is this Quintessence of

dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though your

smilling, you seem to say so.

Ref. My Lord, there was no such flattery in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you call them then, when I say man delights not me?

Ref. To think my Lord, you delight not in man, what Lebanon

entertainment the players shall receive from you, we censured

our way, and whether they are they comming to offer you seruice.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome, his Minstrel shall

have tribute on me, the aduenturous Knight shall wit his foyle

target, the Lour shall not fish gratis, the humorous Man shall end

his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her minde freely on the

black veris shall hault for. What players are they?

Ref. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedies

of the Com.

F3v
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Nay, do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no renownew haft but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee, why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the candid tongue like aspide pommers,
And crooke the pregnant hindes of this thy breast,
Wherein there are no more to be seen, no more to be accounted,
That the boisterous mastiff doth know what thou art,
Since thy deere soule was mistits of her choice,
And could of mens dibbling with her election,
Shall feale thee for her selfe, for thou hast been
As one in suffring all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes bounties and rewards
Hath tame with wantons thanks and bieted in thee,
Whoe blood and judgment are as well commended,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger
To find out what flote the pleases: give me that man
That is not passions flane, and I will ware him
In my harts core: in my hart of hart
As do thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes more the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou feelest that act a foote,
Even with the very comment of thy soule
Observe my Wine, if his occured guilt
Does not it fell enveknelt in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as soule
As Unicorn flue; give him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riect to his face,
And after we will both our judgements lyne
In censure of his seeming.

Hark. Well my lord,
If a fleke ought the whilst this play is playing
And hope detected, I will pay the thief.

Enter Trumpet and Kettle Drummer, King, Queen, Pelican, Ophelia.

Hem. They are comming to the play. I must be hide.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lacketh forme little,
Was not like madness, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy fits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the dichole
Wilt become danger, which for to prevent,
I haste in quick determination
Thus set it downe: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute,
Haply the feast, and countries different,
With variable obiects, shall expell
This something fester matter in his hart,
Whereon his brains full bearing
Put him thus from fasion of himselfe.

What thinke you of't?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I believe the origin and commencement of his griefe,
Sprung from neglected harte: How now Ophelia?

You need not tell vs what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it so, after the play,
Let his Queene-mother alone intreate him
To shew his griefe, let her be round with him,
And be plac'd to (please you) in the eare
Of all their conference, if the find him not,
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wisdome shall full thinke.

King. It shall be so.

Madness in great ones must not unmatch goe. 

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I proung'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mist it as many of our Players do, I had as lasse the townesman spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, &c. I am benevolently, for the very torrent tempell, and as I may say, with wind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a reprence, that may gaine it imoghielie, or else affends me to the soule, for to have a robulous petrified fellow

Prince of Denmarke.

We will bellow our vices, rede on this bookes,
That shew of such an exercise may cullour
Your lowliness we are oft too blame in this,
Too much proud, that with devotions vorage
And pious action, we doe August ore
The deuill himselfe.

King. O it is too true,
How heart a laith that speech doth give my conscience,
The hands cheeseste beautified with plating art,
Is more ougly to the thing that helpes,
Then is my deede to my most painted word
O heavy burden.

Enter Hamlet,

Pol. I heare him comming, with draw my Lord,
Ham. To be, or not to be that is the cattel box
Whether it noble in the minde to suffer
The flings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
No more, and by a sleepe, to lay we end
The hart-sake, and the thousand natural shockes
That death is here to, its a conformation
Denourly to be wilft to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreams may come
When we have chuffed off this morall coyle
Mall giue vs pauze, there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorne of time,
The pangs of despiz'd love, the lawes delay,
The influence of office, and the spurrens
That patient merity of th'vnonworthy takes,
When he himselle might his quietes make
With a bare bodi, who would farde beare
To grant and sweet ennder a weane life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouer d country, from whole borne

G3v G2r
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Then I will come to my mother by and by, They look me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,

Leave me friends, I will, say so. By and by it is easily said,

To now the very watching time of night,
When Churchyard yawn, and hell it false breaks out,

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,

And do such base and sordid usurers use,

Would quake to look on: soft, now to my mother,

O hart bose not thy nature, let not ever

The foul of Nero enter this firm before,

Let me be cruel, not unnatural,

I will speak dagger to her, but she none,

My tongue and foule in this be hypocrisy,

How in my words sometymes she are.

To give them feeler never my foule content. Exit.

Enter King, R. Gertrude, and Lady of the court.

King I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

To let his medly range, therefore prepare you,

your commissary will forth with dispatch,

And to England shall along with you,

The terms of our estate may not endure

Hazard for near's a death hourly grow

Out of his brooks.

God. We will our selves provide,

Most holy and religious fear is it

To keepe the most many bodys safe

That live and feede upon your Maiestie

The signe and peculiar life is bound

With all the strength and armes of your life,

To keepe it safe from noise, but much more

That spirit, upon whose weale depends and rests

The lives of many, the ceste of Maiestie

Dies not alone, but like a gulle doth draw

What's secret, with it, or it a manie where

First on the former of the highest mount

To wholehough spoke, tenne thousand leafer things

Are moretell and advisay, which whiltt fall,

First fold / Cut

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The Prophet of Danmark.

Get you a place.

King. How farest our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent yea, if, Of the Camellion's death, I shall the tyrant,

Premonstrated, you cannot feede Capons so,

King. I have nothing with this undeceive Hamlet,

Their words are not wise,

Ham. And, No.

You playd once i' th' Pynestrie, you say.

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

Ham. What did you enote?

Pol. I did enote Julius Caesar, I was lacer'd i' th' Capitol,

Brutus wield mee.

Ham. It was a bare part of him to kill so Calfe there,

beth the Players neede?

Pol. I my Lord, they play upon your patience,

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

Ham. No good mother, heere's matter more attrative.

Pol. O ho, do you marke that,

Ham. Lady shall I be in your lap?

Oph. No my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a play thought to live between may deseg.

Oph. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are my Lord.

Ham. Who is it?

Oph. I am your Lord.

Oph. O God your enely liger-maker, what should a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother foules, and my father died within two howes.

Oph. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.

Ham. So long, say then let the deare were blacke, for there have a sute of fables 6 hours, the two months aget, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a man's memory may out-live his life threes fife years, being a Lady's, and a kind Couple's, but he's a father not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for 6, for 6, the hobby-horse is forgot.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Ah ha, some come some solake, some come the Recorder.
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some solake,

Enter Reuestous and Guedamiron.

Gyyl. Good my Lord, yowstake me a word with you.
Ham. Sir a whoole hilicrie.

Gyyl. The King sir.

Ham. Sir, what of him?

Gyyl. Is in his retirment meurulous distempered.

Ham. With drinke for.

Ham. No my Lord, with cheller.

Ham. Your wisdome should thewe it felt more richer to signifie
this to the Doctor, for to me to put him to his purgation, would
perhaps plunge him into more cheller.

Gyyl. Good my Lord pay your delfects into some frame,
And take not to wildy from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Gyyl. The Queene your mother, in most great affliction of spirit,
hat sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Ham. Nay good my Lord, this counterfeite is not of the right breed,
it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your
mother commendement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall
be the end of busines.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ref. What my Lord.

Ham. Make you a wholesome answering, my wis did you, but sir, the
anwearse as I can make, you shall command, or rather as you say, my
mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ref. Then thus the fayre, your behawis hath strowed her into a
mazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull fayre that can to slame my mother, but that
so sequet at the treates of this mothers admiration, impart.

Ref. She defers to speake with you in her cloister ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were the ten times our mother, haue you an
further trade with us.

Ref. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And doe fall by these pickers and dealers.

Prince of Denmarke.

For women fare too much, such as they love,
And women fear and love hold quantity.

Eyer none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
Now what my Lord is prose hath made you know,
And as my love is clode, my fear is fay.

Where love is great, the killest doubts are hear.
Where lytle fear grow great, great lytle grower grows there.

King. Faith I must leave thee love, and homely to,
My opinion of their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt be in this faire world behide,
Honor, belon, and hably one as kind,
For husband shall thou.

Laru. O confound the rell,
Such love must needs be treasun in my bref,
In stond husband let me be accust,
None wed the second, but who kilde the first.

Ham. That's the
Influence that second marrie more
wormwood
Are base refarels of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband killleth me in bed.

King. I doe believe you think what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, off we break,
Purpos is but the flage to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poor validity.

Which now the fruit of treacle flits on the tree,
But fall vnwhen when they shallow bee.

Most necessary is that we forget.
To pay our felues what to our felues is debt,
What to our felues in passion we propofe,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The species of griefe, glorie, or say,
Their owne encreaunte with themselves defory,
Whose joy both reuols, griefe doth most lament.
Greffe, joy, griefe, on tender accedent,
This world is not for age, nor it is strang.
That even our louses should with our fortunes change.
For in a quesion let us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or fortune love.
The great man donge, you make his favourite, fay.

H2r
The Tragedie of Hamlet

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their foure and myndful
I will bellow him; to a good night
I must be cruel only to be kind,
This bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Lady.
Gr. What shall I do?
Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do,
Let the blow King tremp you againe to bed,
Punch waiter on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a pairre of reechye kifles,
Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to roull all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madneffe,
But mad in craft, I were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, house, wife,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a giba,
Such deare concerning hide, who would doe so,
No, in dis Paul of ferce and sectery,
Vapp the basket on the housetop,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creeps,
And breaks your owne necke downe.
Gr. Be thou affraid, it words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast sayd to me.
Ham. I must to England, you know that.
Gr. Alack I had forgot.

This concluded.
Ham. Thir letters sent, and my two Scholastelence,
Whom I will rustle as I will Adlens fangel,
They bear the marder, they must sweeper my way
And marshall me to knawery yet it worke,
For is the port to have the engine
Houl with his owne petar, an' shall goe hard
But I will delay one yard before their mines,
And blowe them at the Monse: is this all sweeter
When in one line two crafts directly meece,
Prince of Denmark.

Then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven;
And that his foul thick may be damn'd and black.
As hell where it goes my mother flutes,
This pha'sick but prolongs thy sickly days.
Exit.
King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine below.
Words without thoughtes neuer to heaven goe.
Exit,

Enter Gertrude and Polonius.

Pol. A will come fast, looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his praesakes have beene too broad to brede with,
And that your grace hath seene and founde betweene
Much heat and him, Ile silence men each here,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Ger. Ille wait you, fear me not,
Wash-drawe, I here him comming.
Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?

Ger. Hamlet, thou haft thy father much offended. 
Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended. 
Ger. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue. 
Ham. Go, goe, you question with a wicked tongue. 
Ger. Why love you not me, my good son Hamlet? 
Ham. What's the matter now? 
Ger. Have you forgotten me? 
Ham. No, by the rood not so. 

You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife. 
And would it were not so, you are my mother. 
Ger. Nay, then Ile tell thee to such that can speake. 
Ham. Come, come, and sit, sit, dreame, you shal not budge. 
Ger. I do not tell thee, thou wilt no not me goe to a glass.
Where you may see the most part of you. 
Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not nor me see, 
Help me how.

Pol. What how helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Ducket, dead.
Pol. O I am flame.
Ger. Ome what haft thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Ger. Ille
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Prince of Denmark.

First fold / Cut

This part shall not continue.

Second fold

www.folger.edu/diy-quarto
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Andpaw my dull revenge. What is a man
This chief good and market of his time
But to sleepe and seeke, a beaft, as more:
Sure he that made ws with fuch large discourse
Looking before and after, gauze or not
That capabilitie and god-like reason
To fault in vs vivid, now whether if be
Baffall oblation, or some eftrem forme
Of thinking too precisely on that
A thought which quarter hath but one part wisdom,
And enter three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to doe,
Sure I have caufe, and will, and strength, and means
To doo's examples groffe as earth eftore me,
Witant this Army of such make and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition pufh,
Makes mouthes at the invisible enemie,
Exposing what is mortall, and vnforme,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an Egge-ckel, Rightly to be great,
Is not to blame without great argument,
But greedy to find quarrell in a law,
When honor's at the flake, how fhall I then
That have a father blood, a mother flundard,
Excitements of my felfe, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I fee
The iminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantaie and ftickie of fame
Gone to their graves like bole, fide by fide plot,
Whereon the merry men cannot try the caufe,
Which is not too much enough and continent
To hide the flame, 6 from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

If one could match you, the Sciumates of their nation.
He that did not have a motion, view, nor eye,
If you had but motion, view, or eye, not these.
Did Hamlet to his enemys not these.
That he could not see, nor, with his legs.
Your sadae comming to play with you.
Now out of this.

Lear. What is this, my Lord?
King. Lear. Was your father, dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow?
A face without a heart.
Lear. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know, love is begun by time,
And that I see in passagies of people,
Time qualifiers the face and face of love.
There lies within the eye a flame of love,
A kind of weeks or fruit that will abate it.
And nothing is as like goodness first,
For goodness growing to a plentiful.

Died in his own too much, that we should do
We should do when we should; for this would charges,
And hath abatements and delays as many.
As there are tongues, there are hands, are accidents.
And then this should is like a sound his fash,
That harts by asking, but to the quick of the voice,
Hamlet comes back, whate would you undertake.
To show your selfe indeede you fathers sonne
More than in words?

Lear. To cut his throat ith Church.
King. No place indeede should matter fanonfable,
Reuenge should have no bounds, but good.
Lear. Will you do this, keep your close within your chamber,
Wole put on those thirll praise your excellence,
And a double varnish on the same.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Stood challenger on mount of all the age,
For bete and nature, but the severest time will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not think
That we are made of sluffs do flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And think it wellbeing, you shou’d shall hear no more,
I loved your father, and we luse our selle,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messier. Thee to your Maiestie, this to the Queen;

King. From Hamlet, who brought them?

Mess. Sayles my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were given me by Chamber, he received them.

Of him that brought them, service?

King. Letter you shall hear them: leste us,
High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom,
To know that I begge leave to see your kingely eyes, when I shall set
Asking you pardon, thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden returne,

King. What should this mean, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some sluffs, and no such thing?

Lear. Know you the hand?—

King. Tis Hamlet’s catter. Naked,
And in a postscript here; he says alone,
Can you desire me?

Lear. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,

It warmeth the very cickets in my hart
That I have and tell him to his teeth.
Thus shall you,

King. If I be so Lear,
At how should it be to, how otherwise,
Will you be sub’d by me?

Lear. I am your Lord, you will not one rule me to a peace,

King. Tostine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage; and that he means
more to undertake it, I will work him
As effecting, now ripe in my deafe,

Litches he shall not choose but fall:

Prince of Denmarke.

O hear the voice of many, hearest many times fell
Burden the fence and verset of mine eye
By heares thy madness shall be paid with weight
Tell our scale turne the beams, O Rate of May
Dear lord may, kind fitter, sweet Ophelia,
O dear to see, if possile a young maid’s wit
Should be as mortal as a poor mans life.

Oph. They bere him here to die on the Beare.

And in his grave man’d many a tear,
And you well my Douce,

Lear. Hadth thou thy wits, and didst perforce restore
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing a downe a downe,

And you call him a downe a. O how the whale becomes it,

It is the stedward that feele his Maiesties daughter.

King. Think nothing heere then matter

Oph. There is Rosamund, that for remembrance, pray you lose re-
remainder, and there is Panciess, that for thoughts.

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

Oph. There is Fennell for you, and Coimelins, there’s thewes for you;& here’s some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sundrie, you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there’s a Daisie, I would give you some Violets, but they withall all when my Father dyed, they are made a good end.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Lear. Thought and affections, passion, but it falls
She turns to favoure and in pretences,

Oph. And wilt a not come againe,

And wilt a not come again.

No no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He never will come again.

His heerd was as white as snow,

Flaxen was his hair,

He is gone, he is gone, and we call away mone,

God a mercy on his soules, and of all Christians soules,

God buy you.

Lear. Does this 8 God.

King. Learer, I must commune with your grieves,

Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Ham. How long will a man lie 'neath earth ere he rise?

Cleon. Faith it is a be not rotten before a die, as we have many pooces cofes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a well last you from eigh yere, or nine yere. A Tanner will last you nine yere.

Ham. Why he more then another?

Cleon. Why sir, his hide is so hard in his trade, that a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a fine decypher of your own father and boddie, here's a soul now bath lain you 17 years since.

Ham. Whose was it?

Cleon. A whorfen mad fellows it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Cleon. A peffinance on him for a madde rogue, a pound a fiaso of the Kinges money on my head once; this name skullers, was fit for skullers, the Kings teller.

Ham. This?

Cleon. Ten that.

Ham. Was poor Terick, I knew him Heres, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he bath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorgn rite at it. Here he hung those lyppes that I have know not how ever yore glosess now your gamboll, your fongs, your fleshes of ornament, that were wont to set the table on a reare, not only now to make your own grinning, make chaplets of, not give you to my Ladies table, and tell her, her paint an inch thicker, to this fashion the must come, make her laugh at that.

Prether Heres tell me one thing.

Hera. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dooth thou thinke Alexander look a fashion th' eath

Hera. Ten so.

Ham. And feths to pah.

Hera. Ten to my Lord.

Ham. To what base vefers we may returne Heres? Why may no imagination trace the noble duff of Alexander till he find it filling a bunghole?

Her. Tere to consider to curiously to consider to.

Ham. No faith, not a nor to follow him therewith modestly, and like bode to leade it. Alexander died, Alexander was

Cleon. For I remember to do, the duff is worth, of each we

Ham. & why of that long where he was concert, migh

Prince of Denmark

O good, if the man go to this water & drownen himselfe, it will he not be, he goys, mark you that, but if the water come to him, & drownen him, he drownen not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

Cleon. But is this law?

Ham. I marry it, Crowners quare law.

Cleon. Will you he the truth an? if this had not beene a gentlemann, he hath not beene beat out of a christian burrial.

Ham. Why there thou sayst, and the more pitty that great folk should hate countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more then theyaves Chilled: Come my spoade, there is no santic gentemen but Gardners, Datchers, and Grauenmakers, they hold vp Adams profition.

Cleon. Was he a gentleman?

Hera. A sain that he was out assaret.

He put another question to thee, if thou answerest me Authentically.

Cleon. Ogo to.

Ham. What is he that builds stronger then either the Maceon, the Shyppwright, or the Carpenter.

Cleon. The gallowes maker, for that out-liners their thosand tenents.

Hera. I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows does well, but how does it well? he doth not well to note that doth, now thou dost ill to fay the gallows is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallows may doe well to thee. Too 1 againe, come.

Cleon. The hoby builds stronger then a Maceon, a Shyppwright, or a Carpenter.

Cleon. I. tell me that and vynoke.

Cleon. Man what is it?

Cleon. Too.

Cleon. Man I cannot tell.

Cleon. Cadgell thy branes no more about it, for your duff all will not mend his pace with breading, and when thee is ask question next, say a ganoemaker, the houes hee makes falls till Doomeyday.

Cleon. Oo goe the in, and fetch mee a rope of that.

Ham. In youth when I done did lose, & why of that long where he was concert, migh

M3v M2r
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Now the King drinks to Hamlet, come begine. 

Trumpets.

And you the Judge beare a wary eye. 

Nay, come on sir.

Lear. Come my Lord.

Ham. Come on sir.

Lear. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Lear. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Oliphant. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Lear. Well, that's mine.

Ham. Stay, give me drink, Hamlet this pearle is thine.

Here's to thy health, I give him the cup.

Ham. He play this bout first, set it by a while

Come another hit. What say you?

Lear. I doe confess.

Ham. Our fame shall winne.

Que. He's fat and feare of breath.

Here Hamlet take my ambrose rub thy brows.

The Queene carowes to thy fortune rub thy brows.

Ham. Good Madam.

Que. Grinid do not drink.

Que. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

Ham. It is the poynded cup, it is too late.

Que. I dare not drink yet Madam, by and by.

Que. Come, let me wepe thy face.

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

Que. I doe not think.

Lear. And yet it is almost against my confinte.

Ham. Come for the third Learer, you doe but daily,

I pray you passe with your best violence

If you make a wanton of mine.

Say you do, come on.

Lear. Nothing neither way.

Ham. Nothing neither way.

Lear. None.

Ham. Nay come againe.

Que. I look a Queen there howse.

Que. They bleed on both sides, how is my Lord?

Que. How sir. Lear.

Lear. Why any cock to mine ownne sprindge Oliphant.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are coming downe;

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene defers you to vis some gentle entertainment to Lear's, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Bird. You will loose your Lord.

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into France, I have bene in continuall profite, I shall winne at the odds, then would I not think how ill all here about my hart, but it is no matter.

Hay. Nay good my Lord.

Hay. It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of gaming, as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hay. Oh, your mude dislake anything, obey it. I will forlal their repaire hither, and fry you are not fit.

Hay. Not a whit, we defe augury, there is special prudence in the fall of a Sparrow, if it be, be not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readiness is all, since no man of ought he leaves, knows what if to leave betimes, let be.

A table prepared, trumpets, drums, and officers, with Cymbals.

King, Queene, and all the states, Pages, docters, and Lavers.

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

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I have done you wrong.

But pardon as you are a gentleman, this peace you knowes, and you must needs have heard, how I am punifh'd.

With a faire distraction, what I have done.

That mity in your nature, honor, and exception.

Oufrly wright, I have proclaim'd myselfe,

With Hamlet wronged Lear's, and truth Hamlet.

If taken from him, let be none away.

And though he's not himselfe, doth wrong Lear's,

Then loose it not, Hamlet denies it.

And though it be not, madman he.

Let be, and Hamlet is borne Hamlet's.

Louring, as one from a purpose's, chiding,

You most generous thoughts, who have, to the house.

Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neere knowes, now the next day Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent.

Ham. That knowest already.

Bird. So Ophelia and Laertes see too.

Ham. They are not need of my confidence, their defeat.

Does by their owne intimation grow.

In dangerous as the other nature comes.

Between the tiff and well incensed points.

Of our great, excellent.

Bird. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not think thee flanders now vpon it?

He that hath kild my King, and whord my mother.

Pop'en between the election and my hope,

Throwne out his Angle for my proper life.

And with such cutage, 'tis not perfect confidence.

Cow. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmark.

Ham. I humble thank you sir.

Does know this water fly?

Bird. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracius, for to a vice to know him.

He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of hearts, and his orb shall be as the Denise, or as the land.

Cow. Sweete Lord, if your Lordship were at pleasure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majestie.

Ham. I receive it sir with all the diligence of spirit, your bonnet to his right wise, sir for the head.

Cow. I thank your Lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, I believe me, the weather, the wind is Northerly.

Cow. It is indiferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinkes it is very fully and hot, or my complexion.

Cow. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very fouleter, a winter I cannot tell how our Lord his Majestie bad me figure you here by a hand layed a great wager on your head, for this the planet.

Ham. I see thee very much.

Cow. Nay good my Lord for my selfe is good to Court Lear's, believe me another gentleman, full of most excellent.
Prince of Denmark.

I am fully told with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She scorns to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my dearest Hamlet.

The drink, the drink, I am poison'd.

Ham. O villainie, how let the doore be lock't,

Treachery, seek it out.

Lear. It is here Hamlet, thou art slain,

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour's life,

The treacherous instrument is in my hand

Vib'rated and exanim'd, she fouls the table.

Hath turn'd it athirst on me, here where I lie

Never to rise again, thy mother's poison'd,

I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

Ham. The point inenom'd to, then venome to thy works.

All. Treason, treason.

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

Ham. Hearst thou mee? fierce damned Dane,

Drinke of this potion, is the once here?

Follow my mother.

Lear. He is infull injur'd, it is a poision temper'd by himselfe,

Exchange for griefe with me noble Hamlet,

Mine and my fathers death come not vpon thee,

Nor thine on me.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee;

I am dead Hamlet, wretched Queene adiew.

You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but mares, or audience to this afo,

Had I but time, as this fell pervert Death

Is strict in his arrest. O I could tell you,

But let it be; Harlot, I am dead,

Thou liest, report me and my cause a right

To the unsatisfied.

Ham. Never believe it.

I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man

Give me the cup, let goe, by heaven I'll have...