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](http://www.folger.edu/diy-quarto)

DIY Quarto

Guide for Assembly

Make your own copy of Q2 *Hamlet*! Fold, cut, and assemble the thirteen double-sided sheets of printed text that you just downloaded.

Before you do, turn this guide into the format of an early modern printed quarto for practice. Fold this sheet back along the first fold line; cut or slit along that fold line; then, keeping those cut sections together just as they are, fold along the second fold line. Now you have eight pages instead of one sheet. You will also know how to fold the rest of the sheets—and how to create a quarto gathering.
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 do beseech you give him leave to goe.

King. Take thy faire hourres, Lucie, time be thine
And thy belfr graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cozin Hamlet, and my sonne.

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

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

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

Queen. Good Hamlet cast thy weared colour off
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark;
Do not as ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou know'rt it is common all that live must die,
Passeing through nature to eternitie.

Ham. I Madam, it is common,

Queen. It must be

V.Title seats it particular with thee.

Ham. Senses Madam, say it is, I know not senses,

This is not alone my icy cloake coold mother
Nor cumbrous suites of solmbe blacke
Nor winderful purification of ford breath
No, nor the fruitfull rinate in the eye,
Nor the deceased hauor of the vallage
Together with all forms, meade, and shapes of griefes
That canon me truely, then indeedes sense,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I have that within which paffes flowes
Theic but the trappings and the suites of we.

King. To sweate and commendable in your nature Hamlet,

To gue these mourning duties to thy father
But thou must knowe thy father left a father,
That father left, left his, and the furnuer bound
In filliall obligation for some teares
To doe obfessions sorrow, but to performe
In collatnble condoleancs, is a courag
Of impious fhombes, tis vanimny griefe,
It fhows, a will molt incorreft to heaven
A hart extinguished, or mind impatient
An understandingimple and unfeild
For what we know muscb, And is as common
The Tragedy of Hamlet

So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

Hort. So have I heard and doe in part believe it,
But look the more in ruffles mantle clad
Walkes in the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
Breaks we our watch vp and by my aduile
Let vs impart what we have seeme to night
Vnto young Hamle, for uppon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Do you content we shall acquaine him with it
As needfull in our cases, fitting our duty.

The Prince of Denmark.

Hort. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake.
Exit Ghost. Mar. Is gone and will not answere.

Ear. How now Horatio, you tremble and look pale,
Is not this something more than phantasie?
What think you of't?

Hort. Before my God I might not thinke it possible,
Without the fendeble and true answere
Of mine owne estate.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hort. A thousand times too like.

Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated,
Sore wond he once, in an angry parle
He smote the beaded pollax on the ice.

The strange.

Mar. This twice before, and jump at this dead hour
With martialle flapke he gone by our watch.

Hort. In what particular thought to work I know not,
But in the ground and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange erupcion to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this fame flinke and most obseruante watch
So nightly teiles the fullness of the night.
And with such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And farraire marke, for implements of warre,
Why such imporfits of ship-writes, whose fore taske
Does not dede the Sunday from the weke.

What might be toward that this fierce haile
Doth make the night inoyauldure with the day,
Who lift that can informe mee?

Hort. That can I.

At the least the whifper goes fo'; our last King,
Whose image euery but now appeareth to vs,
Was it you knowe by Fiorandaffe.
There it wipp'd on by a most emoliate pride
Dar'd to the combat in which our valiant Hamle,
(For so this side of our knowne world efeem'd him)
Did lay this Fiorandaffe, who by a feald compaete
Well ransad by lance and heraldy.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

First fold / Cut
Prince of Denmark.

As any the most vulgar thing to fence,
Why should we in our penitent opposition
Take it to heart, nay, as a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason mort: absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried
From the first course, till he that died to day.
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This unprevaling woe, and think of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with what noble gifts of tone
That we that do a father bear his sonne,
Do I impart toward you for your intent.
In going back to schooles in Winternberge
It is more regarde to our desire,
And we beseech you bend to remaine
Hence in the chare and comfort of our eyes
Our chiefe courtier, cousin, and our lowne.

Cutt. Let her goe forth with her princes Hamle,
Pray thee say with vs, come not to Wintenberge.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madam,
King. Why is this a young and a faire reply,
Be as our child in Denmarke, Madam come
This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
Sits liking to my hart, in grace whereof
No locund health, that Denmarke drinkes to day.
But the great Cannon to the clouds that is
And the Kings rowing heaven shall brake againe,
Repeaking earthly thunder come away.

Ham. O that this too fasted flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolute it selfe into a dewe.
But that the everlastings had not past
His cannon gainsl fence slaughter, & God, God,
How wary, stile, flat, and vnprofitable
Seem to me all the vies of this world?
Pie on't, ah fie, its an unwanced game
That to beget is in this world, and grove in nature.
Poffle it mereely that it should come thus,

Cutt. The better to beguile this is all,
I would not in peace learned from the time forth.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his own;
He may not as vniulever persons doe,
Care for himselfe, for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body.
Whereof he is the head, then if he failes he loseth you,
It may your wildeome so farre to believe
As he is in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed, which is no further.
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes within,
Then way what losest thy honor may sustaine
If with too credeant care you lift his song
Or loose your hart, or your charitie seere open
To his vnmatryd importunity.
Fears it Opilius, fear it my esteem'd father,
And keep you in the care of your affections.
Out of the flout and danger of desire.
"The charisfia maid is prodigall enough
If the vmaske his beauty to the Moonne
"Virtue it selfe sees not calamitous strokes
"The dunker gales the infants of the spring
Too oit before their bottoms be diis'led
And in the morne and liquid dews of youth,
Contagious blisseesse are mort mitten,
Be wary then, bel safety lies in fears.
Youth ro it selfe rebels, though it non els seere.
Opie. I shall the efect of this good lef en keep
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Do not as some vniulever masters doe,
Shewe me the step and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puff, and reckles liberte
Himselfe the proumote path of dulciee tryes,
And recons his owne end. [Enter Polonius]

Lear. O fear me not,
I stay too long, but here my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace.
Occasion liesmont upon a second scene.
Yet here Lear (a bord a bord in flame.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But let ambition purge this act,
That never minde by sin nor let thy foule contribute
Against thy mother ought, she shall be to heaven,
And to the heavens that in her bosom lodge
To pick and fling her, fare thee well a while,
The Glowerowe flowers the matorne be more
And gins to pale his vessellComp marketh.
A dew, adieu, remember me.

Ham. O all you hoist of heaven, o earth, what eft,
And all I cupple hell, o fire, power, hold my hard,
And you my finest, growe not infant old,
But bent me swiftly vp, I remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whose memory holds a feste
In this sufferd globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
He wipe away all triall sound records,
All scars of bookes, all strokes, all preffures paff
That yirch and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall flie,
Within the bookes and volume of my braine
Vnminne with bafer matter, yet by heaven,
O moft pernicious woman.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Horo. My Lord, my Lord.
Mar. Lord hafla.
Horo. Heaven secure him.

Ham. So beit.
Horo. Hallo, ho, ho, by come, and come.

Prince of Denmark.

And for my soule, what can it doe to this
Being a thing immortal as it felle.
I twain me forth again, I follow it.

Ham. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
Or to the deadfull fanner of the chife
That bate his flue into the sea,
And there affumes another horrable frame
Which might deprive your soueraine of reason,
And draw you into madness, thinke it of it,
The very place puts vroyes of desperation
Without more moisture, into every braine
That looks to many damois to the sea
And heeds it rere beneath.

Ham. It wastes me still.

Ham. Go on, I follow thee.

Ham. You shall not goe my Lord.

Ham. Hold of your hands.

Ham. Be ru'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out

Aid makes each pettie artatte in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lynx naturall
Slipe am I cals, whan me Gentlemen
By heaven, I make a ghost of him that lets me.

I say, away, goe on, I follow thee.

Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether with thee Idae I speake.He goes no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My house is almost come.

When I fulfille the tormenting lames
Mutit tender up my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honorable;

Pol. I would fine prose so, but what might you think
When I had seen this hot love for the king,
As I perceived it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you think
Or my deere Mistletoe your Queene ere think,
If I had play'd the Deke, or Table booke,
Or given my hart a working ufe and dume,
Or looked upon your love with idle light,
What might you think? I went round to work,
And my young Niftnis thus I did beleeve.

Lord Flamet is a Prince out of thy flat,
This must not be: and then I prescrib'd gaue her
That she should lose her felicity.
Admit no meletters, recewe no rots,
Which done, the rooke the fruiter of my adulity
And he repd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a fader, then into a fall,
Thence to a war, thence to a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madness where in now he raves,
And all we mourne for.

King. Do you think this?

Ger. It may be very like.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I would fine know that,
That I have positively said, as so?
When it prove d otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

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

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walkes foure houes together,
Here in the Lobby.

First folio / Cut

Prince of Denmark,

And what to poore a man as Flamet is,
May doe e'represse his love and breading to you,
God willing shall not lack, let us ge togetherto,
And tell your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of yonit, o suffred plight
That ever I was borne to set right.
May come, let goe togetherto.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polinimus, with his man or two.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes Reynolds.

Reyn. I will my Lord,

Pol. You shall doe meuresuely wisely good Reynolds,
Before you vist him, to make inquire.
Of his behauior.

Reyn. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. May well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what ex pense, and finding
By this encompassment, and drift of question
That they doe know, my sone, come you more nearer
Then your peculiar demands will such it,
Take you at 1wars some distill knowledges of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, do you mark this Reynolds?

Reyn. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may sate, not well,
But yet he me means, he's very wide,
Added to and fo, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so rank
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But fir, such wanton, wild, and vapal slips,
As are companions need and most known;
To youth and libertin,

Reyn. As gaining my Lord.

Pol. For drinking, feasting, quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe far.

Reyn. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faiaph as you may feaon it in the charge.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pol. Give first admittance to th'amassadors,
My newes shall be the fruithe to that great leaf.
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere Gertrude be hath found
The head and source of all your fonnes diluter.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our halfe marrie.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall fift him, welcome my good friends,
Say Vlcternand, what from our brother Norway?
Pol. Moff faire returne of greetings and defires;
Upon our firft, he went out to superflife
His Nephewes nieues, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainst the Pollock;
But better lookt into, he truly found,
It was against your highnes, whereat green'd
That fo his fickness, age, and impotence.
Was fally borne in hand, fends us arrefte
On Fortunadofe, which he in breefe obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vndle never more.
To give th'affay of Armes againft your Maiellie:
Whereon old Norway one come with joy,
Gives him threfcore thousand crownes in annual fee,
And his commition to imployn thofe foldiers
So leuted (as before) againft the Pollock,
With an entretacie herein further thrive,
That it might pleafe you to give quiet prince
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On fuch regards of safety and allowance
As therein are fet downe.

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more confidered time, we'le read,
Anfwer, and thinke upon this buifinesse:
Meane time, we thank you for your well touce labour,
Goe to your ref, at night wee feate together,
Most welcome home.

真空 Embassadors.

Pol. This buifinesse is well ended.

Prince of Denmark.

Shall you my fonnes, you hate me, hate you not?

Rey. My Lord, I have.

Pol. God bu ye, ye no well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obfcrue his inclination in your fefte.

Rey. 1 shall my Lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord.

Enter Rey.

Pol. Farewell. How now Ofpho, what is the matter?

Ofph. O my Lord, my Lord, Instant has affrighted,

Pol. With what th' name of God?

Ofph. My Lord, as I was fowing in my clofet,

Lete fow with a fower, and yoke with a yoke,

Hat upon his head, his flodges bound,

Vngarted, and downe gyued to his ancle,

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a looke fo pitifull in purport

As if he had beene looed out of hell

To spake of honors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for by hys fonnes?

Ofph. O my Lord I do not know,

But truly I do feare it.

Pol. What faid he?

Ofph. He tooke me by the wrift, and held me hard,

Then goe he to the length of all his arme,

And with his other hand thus ore his browne,

He falls to fuch parfall of my face.

As a would draw it, long flog'd he, fo,

At laft, a little shaking of mine arme,

And thuce his head thus waung vp and downe,

He raisd a figh so pitifull and profound

As it did feeme to shatter all his bulke,

And end his beinge that done, he let me goe,

And with his head over his shoulder turn'd

As farre forth as you might fee his eyes,

For our adorers he went without theyr helps,

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

Dear me old friend, can you play the murder of Caius &

play. My Lord.

Ham. Weeke hate to morrowe night, you could not need a flue
a speech of some defense lines, or some other lines which I would
done and intire, could you not?

Rey. Good my Lord.

Ham. O God, you know, now I am alone,

O what a rogue and a fool am I.

It is not mortifying that this player here
But in a froward, in a dreame of passion

Could force him, for his owne conceit

That from her working all the village with

Teares in his eyes, diffraction in his aspeck,

A broken voice, an his whole function fusing

With formes to his conceit and all for nothing.

For heaven.

What's Hool to him, or the her,

That he should weep, for her's sake would he doe

Had he the motion, and thar her patron

That I have she would drowne the flage with tears,

And cleane the general care with harder speeces

Make mad the guilty, and appeale the tree,

Confound the ignorn, and amaze indeedes

The very families of eye and ears yet I

A dull and meddly menced rank all peake,

Like John a dream, a reve of my care,

And can say nothing, as not for a King,

You whose property and most dear life,

A damnd deface was made: am I stroward,

Who calls me villain, he asks my face a croose

Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,

Twkes me by the nose, gives me the lie I'd shrace

As deep as to the hogs, who does me this,

Hah, a wounds I should take it: for it cannot be

But I am pigion及的on, and a knave

Page 2

First fold / Cut

The Prince of Denmark.

Quot. So doth indeed.

Pol. At such a time, He looks my daughter to him,

Beyond me and behind an Arras then,

Mark the encounter, if he love her not,

And be not from his realm false the same.

Lashe be no aduentur for a rude

But keeps a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Quot. But looke where sadle the poore wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do deceive you both away. Exit King and Gent.

Her bored him presently, oh give me leaves,

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a mercy.

Pol. Do you know me my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

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

Pol. Honest my Lord.

Ham. I see to be honest as this world goes,

Into be one man pick out of ten thousand.

Pol. That is very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the sun were maggots in a dead dogge.

Being a good heauen to no man. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk in the same, conception is a blessing.

But as your daughter may conceive, friend look to't.

Pol. How say you by that, full harping on my daughter, yet be I

knowe me not at all, a fay was a Fishemonger, it is faire gone,

and truly in my youth, I fulfilled much extremity for one, very

care this. He speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord.

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord.

Ham. Betweene who.

Pol. I mean the matter that you read my Lord.

Ham. Slaughters fury for the fethered rogue's eyes here, that old

men have grey beards, that their faces are wincelded, their eyes

purging thake Amber, & plumme pum & that they have a plentiful

end
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Beast, in so fit, it begins with Parthia, the rugged Parthia, in whose fierce
Arms, Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay touched in his ommorphious horse
Hath now this dread and black completion meted,
With heraldry more dismal head to head,
Now is the total Gates horribly crick
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Each and empanneld with the parishing breeches
That lend a turritus and a damned light
To their Lords mother, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus out-cit with corporal gore,
With eyes like Charmins, the hellish Parthal
Old grandam's Parthia seeks to proceed you.

Pol. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good play. Anon he finds him,

Striking too short at Grecia, his armie sword
Rebellious to his armie, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command, y'enfianal matchet,
Parthia in Priam drawn, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whited winds of his fell sword
Thwartened further falls,

Seeming to feel this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his bafe and with a hiddous craft.
Takes prisoner Parthia once, for his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of great Parthia, seem'd th'ayre to flick
So as a pairied Antiom Parthia blood
Like a newt to all his wall and matter,

Did nothing.

But as we often see against some forme,
A frencce in the heares, the racks wind fall,
The bold winds speecheles, and the oie belowe
As buff'd is death, anon the deadreth thunder

Doth rend the region, so after Parthia paule,
A rowed vengance lets him new a workes,
And never did the Cyclops hammer fall,
On Maer Armesergd for praise eternally,
With taffe remort then Parthia bleeding sword

Now falls on Priam.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Nay, do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no unwelcome art but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee, why should the poor be flattered?
No, let the caddis tongue hee abroad pomps,
And crooke beggarly fingers in thy rich garments,
Whose blood and judgement are so well commended,
That they not a pypre for Fortunes finger
To find what flope the plebe, give me that man
That is not passions flame, and I will weare him
In my hart's core, I m hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to biforn the King,
One cenee of it comes intre the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my fathers death.
I prethee when thou feelest that art a foote,
Even with the very comment of thy soule
Observe my Vncll, if his occasioned guilt
Doest not it feele vnkenmilk in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seene,
And my imaginactions are as soule
As Uncomely thirsty; give him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will ructe to his face,
And after we will both our judgements joyn
In censure of his seeming.

Hec. Well my lord,
If a fleaste unble the willoth this play is playing
And hope deterred, I will pay the theif.

Enter Trumpets and Katle Drummers, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.

Hec. They are comming to the play. I must be idle.

First fold / Cut
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Enter King and Potenat.

King. Loue, his affections do not that way tend, Nor what he speake, though it lacke forme a little, Was not like madness, there’s something in his soule Were which his melancholy fits on brood, And I doe doubt, the hatch and the diciode, Wull be some dangers which for to prevent, I haste in quicke determination, Thus set it downe: he shal with speed to England, For the demand of our neglected tributes, Happily the fast, and countries different, With variable objects, shall expell This someting feated matter in his hart, Wherein his braines full beating, Put him thus from fashion of himselfe.

What think ye on’t? Hal. It shall doe well.

But yet do I believe the origin and complection of his griefe, Sprung from neglected hart: How now Ophelia?

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet faileth, We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please, But if you hold it fit, after the play, Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him To shew his griefe, let her be round with him, And Ile be plac’d (to please you) in the care Of all their conference, if the find him not, To England lend him: or confine him where Your wisdome belongeth. thinkke.

King. It shall be so.

Madnes in great ones must be matcht goe. Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you, as I promis’d it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as hauie the towne ever spoke my lines, nor doe not sowe the ayre too much with your hand then, but with your body, for in the very tempelt pestem, and as I may say, while wind of your passon, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may guie it smoothhly, or else offendes me to the soule, to heare a robulous, pertinged fellow
The Tragedy of Hamlet

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

Lead me friends, I will, say fo. By and by is eaily said. To now the very watching time of night, When Churchyard yawn, and he will breakes out Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood, And doe such business as the letter doth now. Would quacke to looke on: soft, now to my mother, O hart loufe nor thy nature, let not euer The foule of Norco enter this firmes bofore, Let me be cruel, not unnatural, I will speake dagger to her, but she none, My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites, How in my words forenethe she be there, To giveth them feate nevther my soule content. Exit.

Enter King, R.Courtcaunt, and Gardendall.sene.

King: I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs. To let his madnesse range, therefore prepare you, Your commision will forthwith dispatch, And he to England shall along with you, The terms of our estate may not endure Hæzeed to neere a death hourly grow Out of his broues.

God: We will our selves prouide, Most holy and religious fear is it To kepe thee many many bodies safe That live and feede upon your Majestie, 

Exit. H1r

Prince of Denmark.

Get you a piece.

Ham. How farest our cousin Hamlet?

King: Excellent saith me, Of the Camels deth, I taste the yere, Promiseram yd, you cannot feele Capos fo. King: I have nothing with this unwise Hamlet, Theirs words not mine.

No, no, no, I will now my Lord, You playd once I thinke not unfreindly you, 

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

Ham. What did you eate?

Pol. I did eate, Jul, Cafir, I was lidd yth Captall, 

Brutus did mee.

Ham. It was a base part of him to kill so costly a cailfe there, 

Belie the players以色

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

Gam. Come behere the seer Hamlet, fee by me. 

Ham. No good mother, heere's settle more attractive. 

Pol. O ho, do you marke that.

Ham. Lady shall lie in your lap.

Ophelia. No my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant country matters?

Ophelia. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a fayre thought to lyé between me may desley.

Ophelia. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophelia. You are my Lord.

Ham. Who is it?

Ophelia. I may my Lord.

Ham. O God your only liges maker, what should a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerfully my mother fookes, and my father died within his two howres.

Ophelia. Nay, tis twice two montnes my Lord.

Ham. Solom., may then let the deare weare blachte, for loe he have a fute of fables 6 heastes, the two montnes agoe, and not forgotten yet, then there's a hole a mans memory may outlast his life flyes, and but 6 this hat, hee, and he, the deere weare of (the sattles) not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, 5mne Ephanius is, for 6, 6, the hobby-horse is forgot.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Ah ha, come some mique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedy,
Why then be like he likes it not perdy.
Come, some mique,
.Enter Foresoreous and GuglottenMom.
Gyrl. Good my Lord, yowtaste me word with you.
Ham. Sir a whole hilorie.
Gyrl. The King fir.
Ham. 1 fir, what of him?
Gyrl. Is in his retirement merivilous distempred.
Ham. With drinke fir?
Gyrl. No my Lord, with choller,
Ham. Your wisdom should sweth it felle more richeter to signific
this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would
perhaps plague him into more choller.
Gyrl. Good my Lord pay your difcous into some frame,
And tare not to wylde from my affaire.
Ham. I am tame fir, pronounce.
Gyrl. The Queene your mother in most grelat affition of spirit,
haft sent me to you.
Ham. You are welcome.
Gyrl. Nay good my Lord, this cartelle is not of the right breed, if
It shall please you to make me a whole some answer, I will doe you
mothers commandement, 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 whole some answer, my wis disseased, but fir, the
answer 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 behaviour hath stroke her into a
mazement and admiration.
Ham. O wonderful fayre that can tolemish a mother, but is the
no sequell at the heele of this mothers admiration, import.
Ref. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.
Ham. We shall obey, were the ten times our mother, have you an
further trade with us?
Ref. My Lord, you once did love me.
Ham. And doe fell by these pickers and fellers.

Prince of Danemarke.

For women fare too much, euen as they dye,
And women fare and love holl quantitie,
Eather none, in neither ought, or in extremite,
Now what my Lord is prove hath made you know,
And as my love is cleare, my fare is so,
Where love is great, the lisfet doubts are fare,
Where little fayres grow great, great fayre growes there.
King. Faith 1 must have thee love, and shortly to,
My affaires of their functions leaze to do,
And thou shalt bene in this faire world behinde,
Honor, beloued, and happy ones as kind,
For husband shall thou.

Queen. O confound the rel,
Such love must needs be trosen in my bref,
Ye soond husband let me be accusit,
None were the second, but who held the first,
The inferences that second marriage mones
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kills me in bed.

King. I doe believe you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, off we break,
Purposes is but the flau to memerie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now of the fruite quivit flecks on the tree,
But fall vnhaken when they shallow bee.
Most necessaryt is that we forgett,
To pay our felizes what to our felizes is debt,
What to our felizes in passion we proposte,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lese,
The inferences of grieve, erie, or say,
Their owne enuies with themseles defrey,
Where icy moost reful, grieve doth moost lamen,
Grieve icy, icy grieve, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor is it strange,
That etsen our loves should with our fortunes change.
For on a quession left we yet to prove,
Whether love of the fortune, or the fortune love.
The great man downe, you marke his favourite five,

H3v  H2r
The Tragedie of Hamlet

To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their foure and milend,
I will beshew him and will answeare well
The death I owe him: Go againe good night
I must be cruel only to be kind,
This bad begins, and worse remaynes 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 be struck, but strike the man:
Punch wound on your cheek, call all your Mouse,
And let him for a pair of reechie kiles,
Or padling in your necke with his damnéd fingers.

Make you to rovell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queenes sire, fater, wife,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concerns hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispight of fince and feccrty,

Vpe the basket on the houes top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creeps,
And break your owne necke downe.

Gr. Be thou affright, it words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breath
What thou hast saied to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that.

Gr. Alack I had forgot.

Tis so concluded on.

Ham. Th'etters seald, and my two Schoolefellows,
Whom I will craft as I will Adders fanged,
They bear the mandrake, they must sweepe the way
And marshall me to knarry betwixt it toke,
For is the port to have the engine
Hooft with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard below their mines,
And blowe at them as the Moonie: It is most sweepe
When in one line two crafts directly meete,
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cutpurse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Ger. No more.

Ham. A king of thieves and patchers,
Save me and bring me thither with your wings
You heavenly guards: what would your gracious figure?

Ger. Alas his mad.

Ham. Do not you come your tardy form to chide,
That sat in time and patience lost to see
Th'importuning sights of your dread command, o'fay.

Oph. Do not forget, this vision
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looks, a marble on thy mother's face,
O, leap between her, and her fighting soule,
Conceit in weak bodied strong works,

Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you Lady?

Ger. Alas how ill withyoun.

That you doe bend your eye on vacancy,
And with that incorporeal eye doe hold discourse.
Fourth at your eyes you spirits wildly peep,
And as the steeping shoulders in the arms,
Your bedded hair like life in excentrics
Start vp and stand an end, o gentle formes.
Vpean the heat and flame of thy dulmer.

Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. Where doe you look?

Ger. On him, on him, look you how pale he glaires.

Ham. His forme and countenance, preaching pure noes
Would make them capable, doe not look upon me.

Leaff with this passion then you convert
My fearefull effects, then what I have to doe
Will want true colour, tears presence for blood.

Ger. To whom do you speake this?

Ham. Nothing at all; yet all that I see,

Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?

Ger. Nothing but our seales.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

King. Coniect upon her Father.

Opb. Pray, let some words of this, but when they ask thee what it means, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valenties day,

Opb. All in the morning betime,

King. And I may say at your window

To be your Valentine.

Then iv he rofe, and dond his clofe, and dapt the chamber doore,

Let in the maid, that out a maid, never depart out more.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Opb. Indeed without an oath I doe make an end on't,

By gendry by Saint Charlie,

Young men will doe if they come too,

Qoth she, Before he tumbled me, you promis'd me wed,

(He answers.) So would I be done by yonder funne

And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hast the beene thus?

Opb. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chie but weep to thinke they would lay him! the cold ground, my broth shall know of it, and so I thank thee for your good counsial, Con my Coach, God night, Ladies, god night.

Sweet Ladies god night, god night.

King. Follow her clofe, give her good watch I pray you.

O this is the pocon of depe griefe, it fithe all from her Father's death, and now behold, 0 Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrowes come, they come not tingle freyes, but in battalians; first her Father's shaine,

Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author; Of his owne infallible, the people made him, and

Thick and unwholome in thoughts, and whispers

For good Paleman death: and we have done but grunly

In hugger mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia

Denieth from herselfe, and her faire judgment,

V V: Whilome the which we are pictures, or mere beasts,

Lah, and as much contesning as all thefe,

Her brother is in secret come from France,

Feeds on this wonder, keeps his selfe in closowes,

First fold / Cut

Prince of Denmark.

This man shall set me packing,

I'll bugge the guts into the neighbours rooms

Mother good night indeed, this Counsialer

Is now mofft mild, mofft secret, and mofft grave,

Who was in life mofft foolish prating knave.

Come sir, to draw toward an end with you,

Good night mother,

Enter King, and Queen, with Refrenerous

and Gentlemen.

King. There's matter in these figi8es, these profound heames,

You must tranlate, as we twere land them,

Where is your home?

Ger. Below this place on vs a little while.

Ah me my owne Lord, what hast I seene, seene it night?

King. What Gertrude, how does Hamlet?

Ger. Mad at the sea and wind when both contend

Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,

Behind the Arras hearing some thing there,

Whips out his Rapier, cries a Rat, a Rat,

And in this brainisse apprehension kills

The unfeine good old man.

King. O beauty deede!

It had beene so with vs had wee beene there,

His libertie is full of threats to all,

To you your selfe, to you, to every one,

Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?

It will be laid to vs, whose prudence

Should have kept them, refin'd, and out of haunt

This mad young man, but Cranach was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit,

But like the owner of a foule disea

To keipe it from divulging, let it be seene

Even on the pith of life; where is he gone?

Ger. To draw apart the body he hath kild,

Ore whom, his very madness like some ore

Among a minrall of metals balde,

Shows it tile pure, a weep of what is done.

King. O Gertrude, come away,
The Tragedie of Hamlet

And four my dull revenge. What is a man
This chief and good martic of his time
Be to sleepe and feeke, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourses
Looking before and after, gane vs not
That capabillt and god-like reason.
To fall in vs vivid, now whether it be
Befall oblusion, or some cranes come from
Of thinking too preciely on th'event,
A thought which quarded hath but one past wisdom,
And euer three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I liue to say thys thing's to doe,
Sith I haue caufe, and will, and strength, and means
To doo's examples groffe at earth eddors me,
Wile this Army of such men and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff
Makes mountes at the invisible eten,
Exposing what is mortal and vnufe,
To al that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-chek. Rightly to be great,
Is not to lure without great argument,
But greaterly to find quarrell in a lawe.
When honours at the flake, how stand I then
That have a father kild, a mother flound,
Exetements of my reason, and my blood,
And let al sleepe, while to my shame I fee
The immene death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantaze and tricke of fame
Gone to their gyues as bold, fight for the plot
Whereon the matters cannot trie the cause,
Which is not tome but enough and continent.
To hide the flame, & from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Enter Horatio, Gertrude, and a Gentleman.

Quo. I wy not speake with her;
Cont. She is imperfectly.
Indeede distraught, her moode will needes be pined.
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

If one could match you, the Siucures of their nation.
He meant had no motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppress them, sir report of his
Did Hamlet so enemion with his enmity;
That he could nothing do but with and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now owt of this.

Lear. What art thou, this my lord?

King. Lear. Why askst thou this?

Lear. Not that I think you much of your father,
But that I know, love is begotten by time,
And that it is in passagers of people,
That we do in faire play, and fire of seven.
There, where in our flambe of love
A kind of weeks, or frieze, or fruite abate it,
And nothing is a like goodnesse,
For goodnesse growing to a plentie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe.
We should doe when we would: for this would change;
And hath abstemions and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents.
And then this shall be like a transport
That hurts by eating; but to the quick of it, sir, 
Hamlet comes back, what would you underrate.
To show your selfe indecely your fathers sonne.

More then in words.

Lear. To cut his throat 3d Church.

King. No place indecely should mother and father
Reconday should have no bounds: let good and bad
Will you doe this, keep close within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,
Weede put on those shall praise your excellence,
And get a double varnish on the fame.
The Rench man gave you, bring you in five together
And weare on your heads; being at twice.

www.folger.edu/dby-quarto

First fold / Cut

Prince of Danemarke.

And wants not buzzers to infect his ear.
With peffliant speeches of his fathers death,
Wherin necessity of matter beggers,
With nothing thick our prouision to arrange
In care and care: my deare Gertrude, this
Like to a morning speach in many places
Gives me superfluous death.
A milde within.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swiffler, let them gud the doore.
What is the matter?

Mess. Save you the Lorde, my Lord,
The Ocean over-piercing of his lift
Fates not the fates with more impetuous haste
Then young Learers in a riotous head
Ore bares your Officins: the rabble call him Lord,
And at the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, culltume not knowne,
The ranciers and props of every word
The crye choosse we, Larers shall be King,
Caps, hands, and coming uphol'd do to the clouds,
Learers shall be King, Learers King.

Bane. How close and boldly on the falle trait they cry. A milde within.
Of this is counter you falle Daniel dogs.

Enter Learers with others.

King. The doores are broke.
Lear. Where is this King? I find you all without.
All. No less come in.
Lear. I pray you give me leave.
All. VV that you we will.
Lear. I thank you, keepe the doore, 3 thou vile King,
Give me my father.

Bane. Calmly good Learers.

Lear. That drop of blood that calm proclaims me Baflard,
Cuts me off to my father, brands the Harlot.
Even here between the shaft unfinch'd browe
Of thy true mother.

King. VV that is the cause Learers
That thy rebellion looks so great like.
The Tragedie of Hamlet. Sonne day, 20 June 1623.

Lear. Oh, howe they do enjoy themselves.

Ham. What returns you do welcome.

Lear. This is a sight to see.

Ham. And it is a sight to hear.

Lear. I beseech you, do your duty.

Ham. Your duty? Your duty! You know not what you are.

Lear. I thank you, sir.

Ham. You are a fool.

Lear. A fool? A fool? A fool?

Ham. Yes, a fool.

Lear. A fool? A fool? A fool?

Ham. Yes, a fool.

Lear. I am a fool.

Ham. Yes, you are a fool.

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Ham. Yes, a fool.

Lear. I am a fool.

Ham. Yes, you are a fool.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Who's wicked deed thy most ingenious fence
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine armes;
Now pile your dust upon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made.
To vertop old Pelion, or the slyest head.

Of hell Olympian.

Ham. What is he whose griefes
Bear such an emphaticke, whose phrase of sorrow
Conures the wondring flares, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded heares: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.

Lear. The deuil take thy soule.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well, I preache take thy fingers
For though I am not solemne as I should (from my throat,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which letteth wisdoms fear; hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them a sunder.

Ques. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Ford. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme;
Till my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

Ques. O my soule, what theme?

Ham. I loued Ophelia, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantitie of love
Make vp my soule. What wilt thou doe for her.

King. O he is mad Learer.

Ques. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. S'wounds shew me what th'out doth:
Woe's woece, woe's woece, woe's not tear thy selfe,
Woe's drink vp Eil! eil! eil! Crocodile.

He's not, doost come hacke to whine?
She formerly mad in her grace,
She bled upon her, and do I well.
And if you prett in mountaine, let them throw
Millions of Arches o'er till our ground
Conquering our fate against the burning Zone.

M4v M1r

First fold / Cut

Prince of Denmack.

Will not penes the foyles, so that what cates,
Or with a little stuffing, you may choose:
A sword jetblack, and in a pace of proue;
Require him for your Father.

Lear. I will do't.

And for purpose, Ie annoymy my sword,
I bought an anoint of a Mountebank.
So mortal, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Catephaline so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue.

Under the Moone, can face the thing from death.
That is but scratcht withall, Ie tutch my point.

With this contagion, that if I gull him flyghtly, it may be death.

King. Let further thinke of this.

Wey what commision both of time and meanes
May fit vs to call what should foyle,
And that our drift looks thorough our bad performance,
Were better not affayd, therefore this proiect,
Should have a back or foert that might hold
If this did blatt in prooves, let me fee.
We're made a solemnne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are most dry,
As make your court most evident to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ie haue preard him.

A Challice for the nonce, whereon but fippinge,
If he by chance escape your venomous drinke.
Our purpose may hold there, but stye, what noyse?

Enter Queens.

Ques. One woe doth stand upon another's head,
So fall they follow your Sisters downe Learer.

Lear. Downed! where?

Ques. There is a Willow groves against the Brooke
That shoers his hony leaves in the glasey streame,
Therewith fantallie garland did the make
Of Cwrowflowers, Nettles, Daifes, and long Purple.

That libell Shepherdes give a grouter name,
But our cull-told maydes doe dead there fingers call them.
There on the pendant bough with her stony weede
(St.)
The Tragedy of Hamlet

Dramatist: How long will a man live in this world?

Clown: Methinks it is a better question to ask, Why is it that any of us are alive at all, and not die before we are born?

Hamlet: Why is this so often said?

Clown: Why, because it is a question that most men ask themselves, and few can answer.

Hamlet: Why is it a question that most men ask themselves?

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The Tragedie of Hamlet

Now the King drinks to Hamlet, come begine. Trumpets
And you the Judge bear a wary eye. the while.

Ham. Come on sir.

Lett. Come my Lord.

Ham. One.

Lett. No.

Ham. Judgement.

Oliv. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Drums, trumpets and flutes

Lett. Well wine, my Lord.

Ham. Stay, give me drinke, Hamlet this pearle is thine. Here's to thy health, I gave him the cup.

Ham. I lepe this bout first, set it by a while. Come, another hit. What say you?

Lett. I do confess.

Ham. Our fame shall winne.

Que. He's fat and full of breath.

Here Hamlet taketh a pumpkin rub his brows,
The Queene carowes to thy fortune Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam.

Que. Grinnaid doth not drink.

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

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

Que. I dare not drink ye Hamlet, by and by,

Que. Come, let mee wipe thy face.

Lett. My Lord, Ie hit him now.

Ham. I do not think't.

Lett. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

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

I praye you paffe with your best violence
In sure you make a wanton of me.

Lett. Say you fo, come on.

Ham. Nothing neither way.

Lett. They are incend.

Ham Nay come again.

Que. I look to the Queen there howe.

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

Que. How Sir. Lucian.

Lett. Why do you wince, my Lord? Oliv. and

Prince of Denmarke.

Make Offs like a war, may and thou le morte,
As rant as well as thou.

Que. This is mere madneffe,

And this a while the fit will work on him,

Anon as patient as the female Doe.

When that her golden cuplets are disclos'd

His silence will fit drooping.

Ham. Hare ye sir,

What is the reason that you vse methus?

Que. I do'd ye ever, but it is no matter.

Que. Here Hamlet take a pumpkin rub thy brows,
The Queen carowes to thy fortune Hamlet.

Que. My Lord, I e hit them now.

Ham. I do not think't.

Lett. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Comme for the third Luyter, you do but daily,

I praye you paffe with your best violence
In sure you make a wanton of me.

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Que. How Sir. Lucian.

Lett. Why do you wince, my Lord?
The Tragedie of Hamlet.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene defers you to vse some gentle entertainment to Lear, before you fall to play.

Ham. She will instruct us.

Bird. You will know my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I have bene in continuall prouf, I shall minne at the othes; thou wouldst not thinke how ill it lay about my hart, but it is no matter.

Ham. Nay good my Lord.

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

Ham. If your mude disliketh any thing, obtayn it. I will forfait their repaire, and cry you are not fitt.

Ham. Not a whit, we defe auyry is special prescience in the fall of a Sparrow, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readiness is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what if it leaues betimes, let be.

A table prepared. Trumpets, Drum, and officers with Cymbals.

King, Queene, and all the Princes, Pudges, ditches, and Learners.

Ham. 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 præst knows, and you must needs have heard, how I am punished.

With a fore distraction, what I have done.

That might your nature, honor, and exception.

Roughly iusts, I am prostrate, as unjustly,

With Hamlet wronged Laure?s, neuer Hamlet.

If happie from himselfe be tyme away,

And with him selfe, dost wrong, does wrong Laurets,

Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it,

Who shows it then? his madman shee, ille, be so,

Hamlet and of my selfe, it is not me, my selfe, is knowne to yowr selfe.

Let mee drie-swast from a purpos’d fall,

Free me from my lorde, from my molt generous thoughts,

There have I said it, how cowse the house.

Prince of Denmarke.

The changling neuer knowne, now the next day

Was our Sea right, and what to this so sequent?

Thou knowest already.

Bird. So Cordiall and Ayre are too.

Ham. They are not meere my confidence, their defeat

Does by their owne infinitation growe,

In dangerous when the lesser nature comes

Betweene the plaine and fell incencement

Of might approacht.

Bird. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not thinke thee flanc me now yppon?

He that hath kilde my King, and whom do my mother,

Pop? in betweene th?election and my hopes,

Throw me out his angle for my proper content?

And with such aungage, I will not perfect content?

Enter a Coward.

Caw. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.

Eion. I humble thank you sir.

Doth know this water fly?

Bird. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy hate is more gracie, for to a wise to know him,

He hath much land and tertill: let a beast be Lord of heede, and his enbthall that is the Kings motte, is a cloth, but as I lay, spacious in the possession of dur.

Caw. Sweete Lord, if your Lordship were at leasure, I should imprine a thing to you of his Maiestie.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit, your bonnet to his right wis, tis for the head.

Caw. I thank your Lordship, it is very likely,

Hast thou seen me, tis noon, the wind is Northere.

Caw. It is indifferen cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet me thinke it is very fully and hot, or my complection.

Caw. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very foartly, I know not how my Lord his Maiestie liked me, but I laid a great wager on your head, FIr this is the planet.

Caw. Nay good my Lord for my case is good.

Eion. Here is newely cam to Court Laurets, believe me an able Corant.

N3v N2r
Prince of Denmark.

I am fully kild with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the Queene?

King. Shee founnd to feem them bleed.

Que. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, o my deere Hamlet,
The drinke the drinke, I am poufned.

Ham. O villanian, how let the doore be lockttes,

Treachery, feck it out.

Law. It is here Hamlet, thou art flaine,

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not halfe an hours life,

The treacherous instrument is in my hand

Vibated and emmenom’d, she fouls prafible

Hath turn’d it selfe on me, loe here I lie

Never to rise againe, thy mother’s poufned,

I can no more, the King, the Kings vse blame.

Ham. The point inuenom’d to, then venome to thy worke.

All. Treason, treason.

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

Ham. Hear thou inceflious damned Dane,

Drinke of this potion, is the Oute here?

Follow my mother.

Law. He is inuited, it is a poyson tempor’d by himselfe,

Exchange forgienesse with me noble Hamlet,

Mine and my fathers death come nor I 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 mutes, or audience to this afay.

Had I but time, as this fell desperate Death

Is striflf in his areel, o I could tell you,

But let it be ; Hamlet I am dead,

Thou liest, repri me and my cause a right

To the vnfratific.

Ham. Neuer believe it.

I am more an strcke Romain then a Dane,

Here’s yet some liquor left.

Ham. At that a man

Give me the cup, let goe, by heaven Ile have...