Q1 (1603)

2352 And thus hee dies: and so am I revenged:

2356 No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping, his sins brim full,
2358 And how his soule stoode to the state of heauen
2358 Who knowes, saue the immortall powres,

2360 And shall I kill him now,
2361 When he is purging of his soule?
2362 Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,

2365-63 And not revenge: no, get thee vp agen, (drunke,
2364 When hee’s at game swaring, taking his carouse, drinking
2365 Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
2366-7 Or at some act that hath no relish
2367-8 Of salvation in’t, then trip him
2368 That his heelles may kicke at heauen,
2369-70 And fall as lowe as hell: my mother stayes,

2371 This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. exit Iam. 1486
2372 King My wordes fly vp, my sinnes remaine below.
2372 No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. exit King. 1487

2374 Enter Queene and Corambis.
2375-83 Cor. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comning,

2379 I’le shrowde my selfe behinde the Arras. exit Cor.
2381 Queene Do so my Lord.
2381 Ham. Mother, mother, O are you here?

Q2 (1604/5)

2352 And so am I revenged, that would be scand
2353 A villaine kills my father, and for that,
2354 I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
2355 To heauen.
2355 Why, this is base and silly, not revenged,
2356 A tooke my father grossly full of bread,
2357 Withall his crimes broad blowne, as flush as May,
2358 And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
2359 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
2360 Tis heavy with him: and am I then revenged
2361 To take him in the purging of his soule,
2362 When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
2362 No.
2363 Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
2364 When he is drunk, a sleepe, or in his rage,
2365 Or in th’incestuous pleasure of his bed,
2366 At game a swearing, or about some act
2367 That has no relish of salvation in’t,
2368 Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
2369 And that his soule may be as damned and black
2370 As hell whereeto it goes; my mother staies,
2371 This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies. Exit.
2372 King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
2373 Words without thoughts never to heauen goe. Exit.

2374 Enter Gertrud and Polonius.
2375 Pol. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him,
2376 Tell him his pranks haue beene too broad to beare with,
2377 And that your grace hath scripture and stooed bevvenee
2378 Much heate and him, Ile silence me even heere,
2380 Pray you be round.

2384 Ger. Ile wait you, feare me not,
2385-2406 How i'st with you mother? 1494
2407 Queene How i'st with you? 1495
Ham. I'll tell you, but first weele make all safe. 1496
2386 Queene Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended. 1497
2387 Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended. 1498
2390 Queene How now boy? 1499

2383 With-drawe, I heare him comming.

2385 Ham. Now mother, what's the matter?
2386 Ger. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
2387 Ham. Mother, you haue my father much offended.
2388 Ger. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.
2390 Ham. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.
2391 Ger. Why how now Hamlet?
2392 Ham. What's the matter now?
2393 Ger. Haue you forgot me?
2394 Ham. No by the rood not so,
2395 You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
2396 And would it were not so, you are my mother.
2397 Ger. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
2398 Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
2399 You goe not till I set you vp a glasse
2400 Where you may see the most part of you.
2401 Ger. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
2402 Helpe how.
2403 Pol. What how helpe.
2404 Ham. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.
2405 Pol. O I am slaine.
2406 Ger. O me, what hast thou done?
2407 Ham. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?
2408 Ger. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.
2409 Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad, good mother
2410 As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.
2411 Queene How! kill a king!
2412 Ham. I a King: nay sit you downe, and ere you part,
2413 Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
2414 I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
2415 Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,
2416 Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
F1 (1623)

2383 Withdraw, I heare him comming.
2384 Enter Hamlet.
2385 Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?
2386 Qu. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.
2387 Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.
2388 Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
2389 Ham. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.
2390 Qu. Why how now Hamlet?
2391 Ham. What's the matter now?
2392 Qu. Have you forgot me?
2393 Ham. No by the Rood, not so:
2394 You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
2395 But would you were not so. You are my Mother.
2396 Qu. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
2397 Ham. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
2398 budge:
2399 You go not till I set you vp a glasse,
2400 Where you may see the inmost part of you?
2401 Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
2402 Helpe, helpe, hoa.
2403 Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.
2404 Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.
2405 Pol. Oh I am slaine.  
2406 Qu. Oh me, what hast thou done?
2407 Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
2408 Qu. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?
2409 Ham. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
2410 As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.
2411 Qu. As kill a King?
2412 Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.
2413 Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
2414 I took thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
2415 Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
2416 Leauie wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
Q1 (1603)

2418 If you be made of penitirable stufse,
2417 I’le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
2446 And see how horrid there and blacke it shews. (words?

Queen Hamlet, what mean’st thou by these killing

2437 Ham. Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,

It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,

2441 See here a face, to outface Mars himselfe,

2441 An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,

2450 A front wherein all vertues are set downe

For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,

736 Whose heart went hand in hand even with that vow,

737 He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.

2447 Murdred, dammably murdred, this was your husband,

2447-8 Looke you now, here is your husband,

With a face like Vulcan.

A looke fit for a murder and a rape,

2450 A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,

To affright children and amaze the world:

2450 And this same haue you left to change with this.

Q2 (1604/5)

2417 And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
2418 If it be made of penitirable stufse,
2419 If damned custome haue not brad it so,

2420 That it be proowe and bulwark against sence.

2421 Ger. What haue I done, that thou dar’st wagge thy tongue

2422 In noise so rude against me?

2423 Ham. Such an act

2424 That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,

2425 Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Rose

2426 From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,

2427 And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes

2428 As false as dicers othes, o such a deede,

2429 As from the body of contraction plucks

2430 The very soule, and sweet religion makes

2431 A rapsedy of words; heavens face dooes glowe

2432 Ore this solidity and compound masse

2433 With heated visage, as against the doome

2434 Is thought sick at the act

2435 Quee. Ay me, what act?

2435 Ham. That roares so low’d, and thunders in the Index,

2437 Looke here upon this Picture, and on this,

2438 The counterfeitt presentment of two brothers,

2439 See what a grace was seatt on this browe,

2440 Hiperions curles, the front of louse himselfe,

2441 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,

2442 A station like the herald Mercury,

2443 New lighted on a heauie, a kissing hill,

2444 A combination, and a forme indeeude,

2445 Where euery God did seeme to set his scale

2446 To giue the world assurance of a man,

2447 This was your husband, looke you now what followes,

2448 Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,

2449 Blasting his wholesome brother, haue you eyes,

2450 Could you on this faire mountaine leauue to feede,
F1 (1623)

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of pencrable stuffe;
If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,
That it is profe and bulwarke against Sense.
Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noise so rude against me?
Ham. Such an Act
That blures the grace and blushing of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapsidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doome,
Is thought-sicke at the act.
Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.
Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of loue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where euer God did seeme to set his Seale,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
Q1 (1603)

2455-6 What Diuell thus hath cosoned you at hob-man blinde?

2449 A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That slew my father, and your deere husband,
To live in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

2464 Queene O Hamlet, speake no more.

Ham. To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,
For a king of clowts, of very shreads.

2474 Queene Sweete Hamlet cease.

2468-9 Ham. Nay but still to persist and dwell in sinne,
To sweate vnnder the yoke of infamie,
To make increase of shame, to scale damnation.

2481 Queene Hamlet, no more.

2453 Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backward now from whence it came,

2459 Who'l chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?

2459-40 Queene Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine.

2541 Ham. O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the better.

Q2 (1604/5)

2451 And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?

2452 You cannot call it loue, for at your age

2453 The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,

2454 And waits vpon the Judgement, and what judgement

2455 Would step from this to this, sence sure youe haue

2455+1 Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence

2455+2 Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre

2455+3 Nor sence to extacie was nere so thrall'd

2455+4 But it rescrul'd some quantitie of choise

2455+5 To scrue in such a difference, what deuill wast

2456 That thus hath cosound you at hodman blind;

2456+1 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

2456+2 Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sance all,

2456+3 Or but a sickly part of one true sence

2456+4 Could not so mope: ð shame where is thy blush?

2457 Rebellious hell,

2458 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,

2459 To flaming youth let vertue be as wax

2460 And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame

2461 When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,

2462 Since frost it selfe as actuely doth burne,

2463 And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,

2465 Thou turnst my very eyes into my souele,

2466 And there I see such blacke and greueed spots

2467 As will leaue there their tin'ct.

2468 Ham. Nay but to live

2469 In the ranck sweat of an inseemed bed

2470 Stewed in corruption, honyng, and making loue

2471 Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,

2472 These words like daggers enter in my eares,

2474 No more sweete Hamlet.

2475 Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

2482 Saue me, saue me, you gratious
2482 Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,
2484 With your celestiall wings.
2487 Doe you not come your tardie sonne to chide,
2488 That I thus long haue let revenge slippe by?
2508-9 O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!
2509-10 Lest that my heart of stone yeeld to compassion,
2510-1 And evry part that should assist revenge,
2509-10 Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pitty.
2490 Ghost Hamlet, I once againe appear to thee,
2491 To put thee in remembrance of my death:
2492 Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.
2492 But I perceiue by thy distracted lookes,
2492 Thy mother’s fearefull, and she stands amazde:
2494-5 Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
2496 Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.
2496 Ham. How i’st with you Lady?
2497 Queene Nay, how i’st with you
2498 That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,
2499 And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

Q2 (1604/5)

2476 A slae that is not twentith part the kyth
137 Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
2478 A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
2479 That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole
2480 And put it in his pocket.
2481 Ger. No more.
2482 Enter Ghost.
2483 Ham. A King of shreds and patches,
2484 Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
2485 You heauenly gardes: what would your gracious figure?
2486 Ger. Alas bee’s mad.
2487 Ham. Doe you not come your tardie sonne to chide,
2488 That lap’st in time and passion lets goe by
2489 Th’important acting of your dread command, ô say.
2490 Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation
2491 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
2492 But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
2493 O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
2494 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
2495 Speake to her Hamlet.
2496 Ham. How is it with you Lady?
2497 Ger. Alas how i’st with you?
2498 That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
2499 And with th’incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
2500 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
2501 And as the sleeping souliers in th’alarme,
2502 Your bedded haire like life in excrements
2503 Start vp and stand an end, ô gentle sonne
2504 Vpon the heat and flame of thy distemper
2505 Sprinkle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?
2506 Ham. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
2507 His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
2508 Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
2509 Least with this pittious action you convert
Q1 (1603)

2515  *Ham.* Why doe you nothing heare?  1572
2516  *Queene.* Not I.  1573
2513  *Ham.* Nor doe you nothing see?  1574
2514  *Queene.* No neither.  (habit)  1575
2517  *Ham.* No, why see the king my father, my father, in the  1576
2506-18  As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,  1577
2519  See how he steales away out of the Portall,  1578
2519  Looke, there he goes.  *exit ghost.*  1579
2520  *Queene.* Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,  1580
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:  1581
But as I haue a soule, I sweare by heauen,  1582
I never knew of this most horrid murder:  1583
2521  But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,  1584
And for my loue forget these idle fits.  1585
2522-3  *Ham.* Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours,  1586
2524  It is not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet.  1587
708  O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,  1588

Q2 (1604/5)

2510  My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe  1572
2511  Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood.  1573
2512  *Ger.* To whom doe you speake this?  1574
2513  *Ham.* Doe you see nothing there?  1575
2514  *Ger.* Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.  1576
2515  *Ham.* Nor did you nothing heare?  1577
2516  *Ger.* No nothing but our selues.  1578
2517  *Ham.* Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,  1579
2518  My father in his habit as he liued,  1580
2519  Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall.  *Exit Ghost.*  1581
2520  *Ger.* This is the very coynage of your braine,  1582
This bodilesse creation exacte is very cunning in.
2523  *Ham.* My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,  1583
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse  1584
That I haue vittred, bring me to the test,  1585
And the matter will reward, which madnesse  1586
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,  1587
2528  Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule  1588
That not your trespass but my madnesse speaks,  1589
It will but skin and filme the vicerous place  1590
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within  1591
Infests vnseen, confesses your selfe to heauen,  1592
2533  Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,  1593
And doe not spread the compost on the weeds  1594
To make them rancker, forgie me this my vertue,  1595
2535  For in the fatnesse of these pursie times  1596
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg.  1597
2538  Yea curbe and woor for leaue to doe him good.  1598
*Ger.* O *Hamlet* thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.
2539  *Ham.* O throwe away the worser part of it,  1599
2542  And leaue the purer with the other halfe,  1600
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
And win your selfe by little as you may,
In time it may be you will lothe him quite:
And mother, but assist mee in revenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.

Assume a vertue if you haue it not,
That monster custome, who all sence doth cate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a flock or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleas’d it so
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestowe him and will answere well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruel only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remains behind.
One word more good Lady.
Ger. What shall I doe?
Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp’t you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of recechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn’d fingers.
Make you to rouell 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 Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispight of sence and secrecy,
2573  Queene Hamlet, I vow by that majesty,  
That knowes our thoughts, and lookeas into our hearts,  
2574-5  I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,  
What stratagem soe're thou shalt deuise.

2584  Ham. It is enough, mother good night:
2581-3  Come sir, I'le prouide for you a graue,
2582  Who was in life a foolish prating knaue.
2585  Exit Hamlet with the dead body.
2586  Enter the King and Lordes.
Q1 (1603)

2799  By cocke they are too blame.
2800  Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
2801  You promised me to wed.
2802  So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
2803  If thou hast not come to my bed.
2809-2950  So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
2950  God bwy you Loue.  exit Ofelia.
3033  Lear.  Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
3034  My sister thus distracted:
       Curs'd be his soule that wrought this wicked act.
2960  king.  Content you good Learstes for a time,
       Although I know your grieve is as a floud,
       Brimme full of sorrow, but forbear a while,
       And thynke already the revenge is done
       On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.
2963  Lear.  You have preual'd my Lord, a while I'le striue,
       To bury grieue within a tombe of wrath,
       Which once vnhearsd, then the world shall heare
       Learstes had a father he held deere.

Q2 (1604/5)

2952  King.  Laertes, I must commune with your grieve,
2953  Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
2955  (L2*)  Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
2956  And they shall heare and judge twixt you and me,
2957  If by direct, or by colturator hand
2958  They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome glue,
2959  Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
2960  To you in satisfaction; but if not,
2961  Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
2962  And we shall ioynly labour with your soule
2963  To gieue it due content.
2964  Laer.  Let this be so.
2965  His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
2966  No trope sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
2967  No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
2968  Cry to be heard as twere from heaven to earth,
2969  That I must call't in question.
2970  King.  So you shall,
2971  And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
2971  I pray you goo with me.  Exeunt.
Q1 (1603)

Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger, 1811
And subtle treason that the king had plotted, 1812
Being crossed by the contention of the windes, 1813
He found the Packet sent to the king of England, 1814
Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death, 1815
As at his next convension with your grace, 1816
He will relate the circumstance at full. 1817

Queene Then I perceive there's treason in his lookes 1818
That seem'd to sugar o're his villanic:
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous mindes are always jealous,
But know not you Horatio where he is? 1822

Hor. Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me 1823
To meete him on the east side of the Cittie 1824
To morrow morning.

Queene O faile not, good Horatio, and withall, com-
A mothers care to him, bid him a while (mend me
Be wary of his presence, lest that he
Faile in that he goes about.

Hor. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I think this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'd, observe the king, and you shall
Quickely finde, Hamlet being here,
Things fell not to his minde.

Queen But what became of Gilderstone and Rossencraft? 1835
Hor. He being set ashore, they went for England, 1836
And in the Packet there writ down that doome 1837
To be perform'd on them poyned for him; 1838
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale, 1839
So all was done without discoverie.

 Queen Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince,
Horatio once againe I take my leave, 1841
With thowsand mothers blessings to my sonne. 1843

Horat. Madam adue.