

The Tragedie of Hamlet

beast, tis not so, it begins with *Pirrhbus*, the rugged *Pirrhbus*, he whose  
fable Armes,

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,  
When he lay couched in th'omynous horse,  
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeard,  
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,  
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,  
Bak'd and empast with the parching streetes  
That lend a tirranus and a damned light  
To their Lords murder, rosted in wrath and fire,  
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like Carbunkles, the helshish *Pbirrhbus*  
Old grandsire *Priam* seekes; so proccede you.

*Pol.* Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good  
*Play.* Anon he finds him, (discretion.

Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword  
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals,  
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall match,  
*Pirrhbus* at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,  
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,  
Th'vnnerved father fals:

Seeming to feele this blowe. with flaming top  
Stoope to his base; and with a hiddious crash  
Takes prisoner *Pirrhbus* care, for loe his sword  
Which was declining on the milkie head  
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i' th ayre to stick,  
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhbus* stood  
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,  
Did nothing:

But as we often see against some storme,  
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,  
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe  
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder  
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhbus* pause,  
A rowfed vengeance sets him new a worke,  
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,  
On *Mases* Armor forg'd for prooffe eterne,  
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhbus* bleeding sword  
Now falls on *Priam*.