

What does this meane my Lord?

(rouse,

*Ham.* The King doth wake to night, and takes his  
Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,  
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,  
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his Pledge.

*Horat.* Is it a custome?

*Ham.* I marry ist;  
And to my mind, though I am native heere,  
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome  
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

*Enter Ghost.*

*Hor.* Looke my Lord, it comes.

*Ham.* Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:  
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,  
Be thy euents wicked or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape  
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,  
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,  
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell  
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,  
Haue burst their cerments; why the Sepulcher  
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,  
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,  
To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?  
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat Steele,  
Reuists thus the glimpses of the Moone,  
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,  
So horridly to shake our disposition,  
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,  
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

*Ghost beckens Hamlet.*

*Hor.* It beckons you to goe away with it,  
As if it some impartment did desire  
To you alone.

*Mar.* Looke with what courteous action  
It waits you to a more remoued ground:  
But doe not goe with it.

*Hor.* No, by no meanes.

*Ham.* It will not speake: then will I follow it.

*Hor.* Doe not my Lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the feare?  
I doe not set my life at a pins fee;  
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?  
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:  
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the Flood my Lord?  
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,  
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,  
And there assumes some other horrible forme,  
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reason,  
And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

*Ham.* It waits me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not goe my Lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hand.

*Hor.* Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty Artire in this body,  
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:  
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:  
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:  
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

*Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.*

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hor.* Haue after, to what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

*Hor.* Heauen will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

(ther.

*Ham.* Where wilt thou lead me? speake; Ile go no fur-

*Gho.* Marke me

*Ham.* I will.

*Gho.* My hower is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames  
Must render vp my selfe.

*Ham.* Alas poore Ghost.

*Gho.* Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall vnfold.

*Ham.* Speake, I am bound to heare.

*Gho.* So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

*Ham.* What?

*Gho.* I am thy Fathers Spirit,  
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;  
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,  
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my Prison-Houle;  
I could a Tale vnfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,  
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,  
And each particular haire to stand an end,  
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:  
But this eternall blason must not be  
To eares of flesh and blood; list *Hamlet*, oh list,  
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.

*Ham.* Oh Heauen!

*Gho.* Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.

*Ham.* Murther?

*Gho.* Murther most foule, as in the best it is;  
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.

*Ham.* Ha't, ha't me to know it,  
That with wings as swift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,  
May sweepe to my Reuenge.

*Gho.* I finde thee apt,  
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede  
That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,  
Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:  
It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,  
A Serpent stung me: to the whole eare of Denmarke,  
Is by a forged proceesse of my death  
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,  
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,  
Now weares his Crowne.

*Ham.* O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?

*Gho.* I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast  
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.  
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power  
So to seduce? Won to to this shamefull Lust  
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:  
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,  
From me, whose loue was of that dignity,  
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow  
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline  
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore  
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,  
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:  
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,  
Will fete it selfe in a Celestiallbed, & prey on Garbage.

O o

But