

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comicall,
Comicall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:
Seneca cannot be too heauy, nor *Plata* too light:
For the law hath writ those are the onely men.

Ha. O *Iepha* Iudge of *Israel!* what a treasure hadst thou?

Cor. Why what a treasure had he my lord?

Ham. Why one faire daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

Cor. A, stil harping a my daughter! well my Lord,
If you call me *Iepha*, I haue a daughter that
I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Cor. What followes then my Lord?

Ham. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,
And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet
Wil tel you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome maisters, welcome all, *Enter players.*
What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Denmarke?*
My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your (you were:
Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Pray God fir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant
Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
Weele euen too't, like French Falconers,
Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Qualitie, a speech, a passionate speech.

Players What speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speake a speech once,
But it was neuer acted: or if it were,
Neuer about twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar, it was cauiary
To the million: but to me
And others, that receiued it in the like kinde,
Cried in the toppe of their iudgements, an excellent play,
Set downe with as great modestie as cunning:
One said there was no fallers in the lines to make the fauory,