

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Would treason haue pronounced,  
For if the gods themselues had scene her then,  
When she saw *Pirrus* with malicious strokes,  
Mincing her husbandes limbs,  
It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,  
And passion in the gods.

*Cor.* Looke my lord if he hath not change his colour,  
And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

*Ham.* Tis well, tis very well, I pray my lord,  
Will you see the Players well bestowed,  
I tell you they are the Chronicles  
And brieft abstracts of the time,  
After your death I can tell you,  
You were better haue a bad Epiteth,  
Then their ill report while you liue.

*Cor.* My lord, I will vse them according to their deserts.

*Ham.* O farre better man, vse euey man after his deserts,  
Then who should scape whipping?  
Vse them after your owne honor and dignitie,  
The lesse they deserue, the greater credit's yours.

*Cor.* Welcome my good fellowes. *exit.*

*Ham.* Come hither maisters, can you not play the murder of *Gonfago*?

*players* Yes my Lord.

*Ham.* And could'st not thou for a neede study me  
Some dozen or sixteene lines,  
Which I would set downe and insert?

*players* Yes very easily my good Lord.

*Ham.* Tis well, I thanke you: follow that lord.  
And doe you heare sirs? take heede you mocke him not.  
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,  
And for a time I would desire you leaue me.

*Gil.* Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*

*Ham.* Why what a dunghill idiote slaue am I?  
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:

For