

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. I my lord, no otherwise.

Ham. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of
Alexander, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander
became earth, of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being
but clay, why might not time bring to passe, that he might
stoppe the bounge hole of a beere barrell?

Imperious *Caspar* dead and turnd to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

*Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes,
with a Priest after the coffin.*

Ham. What funerall's this that all the Court laments?
It shews to be some noble parentage:
Stand by a while.

Lear. What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else?

Priest My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
And more than well the church can tolerate,
She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:
And but for fauour of the king, and you,
She had beene buried in the open fieldes,
Where now she is allowed christian buriall.

Lear. So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell
shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.

Ham. The faire *Ofelia* dead!

Queene Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:
I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,
And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.

Lear. Forbeare the earth a while: sister farewell:

*Lear*tes leapes into the graue.

Now powre your earth on *Olympus* hie,
And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*:
Whats he that coniures so?

*Hamlet leapes
in after Leartes*

Ham. Beholde tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.

Lear. The diuell take thy soule.

Ham. O thou praieest not well,

I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,
For there is something in me dangerous,