

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

Being Natures livery, or Fortunes starre,  
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as man may vndergoe,  
Shall in the generall censure take corruption  
From that particuler fault: the dram of eale  
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
To his owne scandle.

*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 intents 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, ô answer mee,  
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell  
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearded in death  
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepuicher,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd  
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes,  
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane  
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele  
Reuisites thus the glimfes of the Moone,  
Making night hideous, and we sooles of nature  
So horridly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,  
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe?

*Beckins.*

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

*Mar.* Looke with what curteous action  
It waues you to a more remoued ground,  
But doe not goe with it.

*Hor.* No, by no meanes.

*Ham.* It will not speake, then I will followe it.

*Hor.* Doe not my Lord.

*Ham.* Why what should be the feare,  
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,