

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,  
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contriue  
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,  
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge  
To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,  
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere  
And gines to pale his vneffectuall fire,  
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

*Ham.* O all you host of heauen, & earth, what els,  
And shall I coupple hell, & fie, hold, hold my hart,  
And you my sinnowes, growe not instant old,  
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,  
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate  
In this distracted globe, remember thee,  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,  
All sawes of bookes, all formes, all pressures past  
That youth and obseruation coppied there,  
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,  
Within the booke and volume of my braine  
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen,  
O most pernicious woman.  
O villaines, villaine, smiling damned villaine,  
My tables, meet it is I set it downe  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,  
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.  
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word,  
It is adew, adew, remember me.  
I haue sworn't.

*Enter Horatia, and Marcellus.*

*Hor.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Mar.* Lord Hamlet.

*Hor.* Heauens secure him.

*Ham.* So be it.

*Mar.* Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy.come, and come.