

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence  
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth a while,  
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes;  
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made  
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyes head  
Of blew *Olympus*.

*Ham.* What is he whose grieffe  
Beares such an emphesis, whose phrase of sorrow  
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand  
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I  
*Hamlet* the Dane.

*Laer.* The deuill take thy soule,

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers  
For though I am not spleenatiue rash, (from my throat,  
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdome feare; hold off thy hand,

*King.* Pluck them a sunder.

*Quee.* *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

*All.* Gentlemen.

*Hora.* Good my Lord be quiet.

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame  
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.

*Quee.* O my sonne, what theame?

*Ham.* I loued *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue  
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.

*King.* O he is mad *Laertes*.

*Quee.* For loue of God forbear him.

*Ham.* S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe:

Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,  
Woo't drinke vp Efill, eate a Crocodile?  
He doo't, doost come heere to whine?  
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,  
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.  
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw  
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground  
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone