

**THE FIRST EDITION OF THE
TRAGEDY OF HAMLET
PRINCE OF DENMARKE**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649343201

The first edition of the tragedy of Hamlet prince of Danmarke by William Shakespeare

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

**THE FIRST EDITION OF THE
TRAGEDY OF HAMLET
PRINCE OF DENMARKE**

THE FIRST EDITION
OF THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET,
BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR N. L. (NICHOLAS LING)
AND JOHN TRUNDELL
1603.

REPRINTED AT THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS,
BY WILLIAM NICOL,
FOR PAYNE AND FOSS, PALL-MALL.
1825.

THE present Edition of Hamlet is an accurate reprint from the only known copy of this Tragedy as originally written by Shakespeare, which he afterwards altered and enlarged. It is given to the world under the impression of rendering an acceptable service to literature. Some variations in the plot, as compared with the received Text, will be perceived; but its chief value consists in bringing to light several lines of great beauty subsequently omitted, and in many new readings of passages which have been the subject of much controversy among the critics. The typographical errors and even negligent omissions in the Text are common to all the Editions published during the life time of Shakespeare, who, it is believed, never superintended the publication of any of his works, excepting the Poems of Venus and Adonis, and Tarquin and Lucrece.

The last leaf is wanting; but as the Play is perfect to the death of Hamlet, the loss is of comparatively small importance.

T H E
Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke

By William Shake-speare.

As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse ser-
uants in the Cittie of London : as also in the two V-
niuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where



At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell.
1603.



The Tragicall Historie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter two Centinels.

1. **S**Tand : who is that?

2. **T**is I.

1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,

2. And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.

1. I will : See who goes there.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And leegemen to the Dane,
O farewell honest souldier, who hath releued you?

1. *Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

2. Say, is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.

2. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* sayes tis but our fantasie,

And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,

B

There-

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Therefore I haue intreated him along with vs
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if againe this apparition come,
He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

Hor. Tut, t'will not appeare.

2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Assaile your eares that are so fortified,
What we haue two nights seene.

Hor. Wel, sit we downe, and let ys heare *Bernardo* speake
of this.

2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's west-
ward from the pole, had made his course to
illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
The bell then towling one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.

2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

2. Lookes it not like the king?

Hor. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.

2. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in
Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended. *exit Ghost.*

2. See, it stalkes away.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee
speake.

Mar. Tis gone and makes no answer.

2. Hew now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantasie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Afore my God, I might not this beleeeue, without
the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.

Mar.

Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sleaded pollax on the yce,
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.

Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not,
But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

Mar. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske
Does not diuide the sunday from the weeke:
What might be toward that this sweaty march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. Mary that can I, at least the whisper goes so,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Brasse of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to
The combate, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
Did slay this Fortenbrasse,
Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law
And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those
His lands which he stooode seized of by the conqueror,
Against the which a moiety competent,
Was gaged by our King:
Now sir, yong Fortenbrasse,
Of inaproued mettle hot and full,

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there,
Sharkt vp a sight of lawlesse Resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprise,
That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

Enter the Ghost.

But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
He crosse it, though it blast me: stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.

If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,
Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake
to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it *Marcellus*.

2. 'Tis heere. *exit Ghost.*

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Marc. 'Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesti-
call, to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre inueltorable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

2. It was about to speake when the Cocks crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons: I haue heard
The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning,
Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The strauagant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
This present obiect made probation.

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cocks,
Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated,