131. Facsimile copies taken from the edition of tragedy of Hamlet dated in 1605, made for showing that it is the same impression as the date only being altered. 4to. 

*The impression of this work is strictly limited to twenty-six copies*.
Fac-Simile Copies

FROM THE

EDITION OF HAMLET
DATED 1605,

MADE FOR THE PURPOSE OF SHOWING

THAT IT IS THE SAME IMPRESSION AS THAT OF 1604,
THE DATE ONLY BEING ALTERED.

EDITED BY

JAMES O. HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S.

The fac-similes by Messrs. Ashbee and Dangerfield.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

1860.
PREFACE.

EVERY one of the early editions of Hamlet is of singular rarity. Only two copies are known, both being imperfect, of the surreptitious copy of 1603. Of the first complete edition, first issued in 1604, only three copies are known; namely, those in the Devonshire, Howe, and Huth collections. The impression of 1605 is of at least equal, if not greater, rarity than that of 1604. I only know of one perfect copy of it, that which is preserved in the Capell collection. Another copy, wanting the last leaf, is in the British Museum.

It was not until Mr. Collier, in 1859, superintended a fac-simile of the edition of 1604, from the copy in the Devonshire collection, that I was enabled to compare that impression with the one issued in the following year. I now find that it is the same book, printed from the same forms, the date on the title being the only alteration. The typographical variations appear to be of the most trifling description. The only one to be traced in the fac-similes now given is in the signature on the last page, which is marked “G 2” in Mr. Collier’s fac-simile, but is rightly given as “O 2” in the edition of 1605.

The fac-simile of the last page is taken from the copy in the Capell collection. The other fac-similes are from the copy in the British Museum.

March 1860.
THE HAMLET OF
THE
Tragicall History
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark

By William Shakespeare

Newly imprinted and enlarged to a
again as it was, according to the
Coppie.

AT LONDON.
Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to
shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Ch
Fleetstreet. 1605.
The Tragedie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. Wilt there?
Fran. Nay answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.
Bar. Long live the King.
Fran. Barnardo.
Bar. Hee.
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.
Bar. Tis now three o'clock, get thee to bed Francisco,
Fran. For this relief much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Bar. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
   If you doe meete Horatio and Marcellus;
   The rvaults of my watch, bid them make hast.
   Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.
Fran. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Leedemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell honest soldiers, who hath relieved you?
Fran. Barnardo hath my place; give you good night.  Exit Fran.
B.
The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, Hamlet.

Bar. Say, what is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Bar. Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

Hor. What, ha’s this thing appeard against to night?

Bar. I have seene nothing.

Mar. Horatio saies it, but our fantasie,

And will not let believers take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs;
Therefore I have 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. Tush, tush, twill not appearre.

Bar. Sit downe a while,

And let vs once againe affaile your eares;
That are so fortified against our storie,
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we downe,

And let vs heare Barnard speaks of this.

Bar. Last night of all,

When your fame flaire that westward from the pole,
Had made his course thilme that part of heaven
Where now it burnes, Marcellus and my selue
The bell then beating one.

Enter Gertrude.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure like the King those death.

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

Bar. Lookes a not like the King? marke it Horatio.

Hor. Most like, it borrowes me with fear and wonder.

Bar. It would be spake to.

Mar. Speake to it Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that vsurpeth this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maestie of buried Denmarke
Did sometymes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it staues away.
Prince of Denmark

tere a passion to tooters, to very rags, to sple
lings, & who for the most part are capable of
ble durnbe shoues, and noyfe: I would hat
ore-doing. Termagant, it out Herod's H

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let
your tutor, fute the action to the word, the:
this special obseruance, that you ore-steppe-
ture: For any thing so ore-doone, is from
whose end both at the first, and novoie, was
the Mirroure vp to nature, to shew vertue her
Image, and the very age and body of the tim
Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, the
full laugh, cannot but make the judicious
which one, must in your allowance ore-weig
thers. O there be Players that I haue feene
pray'd, and that highly, not to speake it prop-
uing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of
man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I ha-
tures Iornimen had made men, and not mad
ed humanitie so abominiably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indi

Ham. O reforme it altogether, and let that
speake no more then is set downe for them, I
wil themeselfs laugh, to set on some quantit
to laugh to, though in the meane time, for
the play be then to be considered, that's villan
pittifull ambition in the foole that vset it: go
now my Lord, will the King heare this pecece

Enter Polonius, Gaiiendenferne, &c.: 

Pol. And the Queene too, and that presenti

Ham. Bid the Players make hallo. Will you

Rey. I my Lord. Exciuunt the two.

Ham. What howe, Horatio. Enter

Flora. Here be sweet Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thoe art een as just a man

As ere my conversation cop't withall.

Hor. O my deere Lord.
The Tragedie of Ha

Nay, do not think I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from the
That no renew new hath but thy good spirit,
To feed and clothe thee, why should the pce
No, let the candied tongue lick a absurd pome
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knome,
Where thrift may follow fanning; do ooft the
Since my deare foule was mistres of her choic
And could of men distingwine her election,
S'hat feald thee for her selfe, for thou hast b
As one in suffring all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffetts and rewards
Hath tane with equal thanks; and blest are t
Whose blood and judgement are so well cor
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finge
To found what flop the please: give me th
That is not passions flame, and I will ware h
In my harts core, I'm in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstan
Which I have told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou feelest that aet a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy foule
Observe my Vnkle, if his occulted guilt
Doe not it false vnkenmill in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we haue scene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As Uniously thi thy 3 give him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgements ioyn
In cenfure of his seeming.
Hor. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpetts and Kettle Drummes,
Polonius, Ophelia.

Haut. They are comming to the play. I s

(4)
Prince of Denma.

You from the Pollack warres, and you from
Are here arrived, give order that these be
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake, to yet vnknowing wor
How these things came about; so shall yo
Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturlall acts,
Of accidental all judgements, casuall slaugh:
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no c:
And in this vphot, purposeth mislooke,
Faine on th' inuenters heads: all this can I
Truly deliuer.

For. Let vs haft to heare it,
And call the nob left to the audience,
For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortun:
I haue some rights, of memory in this king
Which now to clamp my vantage doth im

Hor. Of that I shall haue also cause to spe
And from his mouth, whole voyce will dra
But let this fame be pretently perforno'd
Euen while mens minde are wilde, leas th m
On plots and erreors happen.

For. Let foure Captaines
Bear Hamlet like a souldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued most royall; and for his p.
The souldiers musick and the right of war
Speake loudly for him:
Take vp the bodiye, such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but here he shoues much;
Goe bid the souldiers shoote.

Exeunt

FINIS.