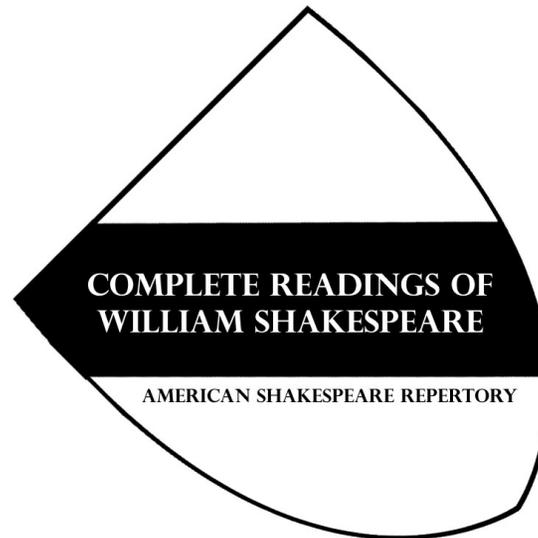


HAMLET

EDITED AND CONFLATED BY JUSTIN ALEXANDER
THE COMPLETE READINGS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
READING 18 – NOVEMBER 22ND, 2010



CAST LIST

HAMLET	JUSTIN ALEXANDER
CLAUDIUS	TIM PERFECT
GERTRUDE	ANN CARROLL
POLONIUS	CRAIG JOHNSON
LAERTES	PHIL D. HENRY
OPHELIA	MARETTA ZILIC
HORATIO	LUCAS GERSTNER
ROSENCRANTZ	ROB SIEG
GUILDENSTERN	ALLEN VOIGT
GHOST & PLAYER KING	PHIL D. HENRY
BARNARDO & PLAYER QUEEN	ANN RICE
FRANCISCO & FORTINBRAS	JANINE HEGARTY
MARCELLUS & PRIEST	ADELIN PHELPS
GRAVEDIGGER & OSRIC	CARA KLUVER
GRAVEDIGGER & OTHERS	BRIGID KELLEY

TEXTUAL NOTES

- [] = emendation
- [/] = emendation adopted from Q1
- < > = Q2 only
- { } = emendation from F
- { / } = F only
- ~~Strike-thru text~~ indicates deleted text.
- All-capitalized names in stage directions indicate the name has been normalized.
- Speech-headings silently normalized.
- Punctuation silently modernized, but with minimal interference to preserve acting instructions/choices in meaning.

ACT I, SCENE 1

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two sentinels.

BARNARDO Who's there?

FRANCISCO Nay answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BARNARDO Long live the King.

FRANCISCO Barnardo.

BARNARDO He.

FRANCISCO You come most carefully upon your hour.

BARNARDO 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed Francisco.

FRANCISCO For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

BARNARDO Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO Not a mouse stirring.

BARNARDO Well, good night:
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

FRANCISCO I think I hear them. Stand ho, who is there?

HORATIO Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO Give you good night.

MARCELLUS O, farewell, honest {soldier},
Who hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO Barnardo hath my place;
Give you good night.

Exit Francisco.

MARCELLUS Holla, Barnardo.

BARNARDO Say, what, is Horatio there?

HORATIO A piece of him.

BARNARDO Welcome, Horatio; welcome good Marcellus.

HORATIO What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?

BARNARDO I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

HORATIO Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BARNARDO Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

Exit Ghost.

HORATIO Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

BARNARDO Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one—

Enter Ghost.

MARCELLUS Peace, break thee off, look, where it comes again!

BARNARDO In the same figure like the King that's dead.

MARCELLUS Thou art a scholar, speak to it Horatio.

BARNARDO Looks it not like the King? Mark it Horatio.

HORATIO Most like, it harrows me with fear and wonder.

BARNARDO It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS Speak to it, Horatio.

HORATIO What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee speak.

MARCELLUS It is offended.

BARNARDO See, it stalks away!

HORATIO Stay, speak, speak, I charge thee speak.

MARCELLUS 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BERNARDO How now Horatio, you tremble and look pale;
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

HORATIO Before my God I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

MARCELLUS Is it not like the king?

HORATIO As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armor he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

MARCELLUS Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HORATIO In what particular thought to work I know not,
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

MARCELLUS Good now sit down, and tell me he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And {why} such daily {cast} of brazen cannon
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day?

Who is't that can inform me?

HORATIO That can I.
At least the whisper goes so; our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was as you know by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a seal'd compact
Well ratified by law and heraldry
Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror.
Against the which a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King, which had {return'd}
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher, as by the same {cov'nant},
And carriage of the article [design'd],
His fell to Hamlet; now, sir, young Fortinbras
Of unimproved mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute
For food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't, which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us by strong hand
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and rummage in the land.

<**BARNARDO** I think it be no other, but e'en so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the King
That was and is the question of these wars.

HORATIO A [mote] it is to trouble the mind's eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood
[Disaster'd] in the sun and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even the like precurse of [fear'd] events
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.>

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes again;
I'll cross it though it blast me:

It spreads his arms.

Stay, illusion,
If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speak to me;
If there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate
Which happily foreknowing may avoid
O speak:
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

The cock crows.

For which they say {you} spirits oft walk in death,

Speak of it, stay and speak, stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS Shall I strike {at} it with my partisan?

HORATIO Do if it will not stand.

BARNARDO 'Tis here.

HORATIO 'Tis here.

MARCELLUS 'Tis gone.

{Exit Ghost.}

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BARNARDO It was about to speak when the cock crew.

HORATIO And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons; I have heard
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

MARCELLUS It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit [dares] stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

HORATIO So have I heard and do in part believe it;
But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill;
Break we our watch up and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen tonight
Unto young Hamlet, for upon my life
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MARCELLUS Let's do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient.

Exeunt.

{ACT I, SCENE 2}

*Flourish. Enter Claudius (King of Denmark), Gertrude the Queen,
Counsel: as Polonius and his son Laertes, (and his sister Ophelia)
Hamlet, {Lords Attendant}, [and the two Ambassadors].*

CLAUDIUS Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him
Together with remembrance of ourselves:
Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife: Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along (for all our thanks).
Now follows that you know young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with {the} dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother; so much for him:

{Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.}

Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the business is; we have here writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who impotent and bed-rid scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, {Voltemand},
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the King more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow:
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

CORNELIUS / VOLTEMAND In that and all things will we show our duty.

CLAUDIUS We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

{Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.}

And now Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice; what would'st thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father;
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

LAERTES My dread lord,
Your leave and favor to return to France,
From whence, though willingly, I came to Denmark
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

CLAUDIUS Have you your father's leave, what says Polonius?

POLONIUS /He/ hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laborsome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent;
I do beseech you give him leave to go.

CLAUDIUS Take thy fair hour, Laertes, time be thine
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my cousin Hamlet, and my son.

HAMLET A little more than kin, and less than kind.

CLAUDIUS How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET Not so ~~much~~ my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

GERTRUDE Good Hamlet cast thy nighted color off
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark;
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET Aye madam, it is common.

GERTRUDE If it be
Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAMLET Seems, madam, nay it is, I know not seems;
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, cold mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief
That can ~~denote~~ me truly; these indeed seem,

For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passes show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

CLAUDIUS 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father;
But you must know your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow; but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd;
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried
From the first corse till he that died today,
"This must be so": We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

GERTRUDE Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet,

I pray thee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

HAMLET I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

CLAUDIUS Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark; madam come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks today,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away.

Flourish.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

HAMLET O that this too too {solid} flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the everlasting had not fix'd
His cannon 'gainst {self}-slaughter; O God, God,
How {weary}, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come thus:
But two months dead (nay not so much, not two)
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a {satyr}; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly; heaven and earth
Must I remember? Why, she {would} hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on, and yet within a month;
Let me not think on't; frailty, thy name is woman;
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body
Like Niobe, all tears. Why she, {even she}

(O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer) married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed; to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

HORATIO Hail to your lordship.

HAMLET I am glad to see you well;
Horatio, or I do forget myself.

HORATIO The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you,
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus.

MARCELLUS My good lord.

HAMLET I am very glad to see you, (good even sir)
But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

HORATIO A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you {to drink deep} ere you depart.

HORATIO My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAMLET I prithee do not mock me, fellow student,
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

HAMLET Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio;
My father, methinks I see my father.

HORATIO Where, my lord?

HAMLET In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO I saw him once, {he} was a goodly King.

HAMLET {He} was a man take him for all in all
I shall not look upon his like again.

HORATIO My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET Saw, who?

HORATIO My lord, the King your father.

HAMLET The King my father?

HORATIO Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear till I may deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen
This marvel to you.

HAMLET For God's love, let me hear.

HORATIO Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes
Within his truncheon's length, whilst they distill'd
Almost to jelly, with the act of fear
Stand dumb and speak not to him; this to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

HAMLET But where was this?

MARCELLUS My lord, upon the platform where we watch.

HAMLET Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO My lord, I did,
But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.

HAMLET 'Tis very strange.

HORATIO As I do live, my honor'd lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.

HAMLET {Indeed}, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

[**BARNARDO**] We do, my lord.

HAMLET Armed say you?

[**MARCELLUS**] Armed, my good lord.

HAMLET From top to toe?

[**HORATIO**] My good lord, from head to foot.

HAMLET Why then saw you not his face?

HORATIO O yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.

HAMLET How look'd he, frowningly?

HORATIO A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET Pale, or red?

HORATIO Nay, very pale.

HAMLET And fix'd his eyes upon you.

HORATIO Most constantly.

HAMLET I would I had been there.

HORATIO It would {have} much amazed you.

HAMLET Very like, stay'd it long?

HORATIO While one with moderate haste might tell a
{hundred}.

BOTH Longer, longer.

HORATIO Not when I saw't.

HAMLET His beard was grizzled, no?

HORATIO It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

HAMLET I will watch tonight,
Perchance 'twill walk again.

HORATIO I warr'nt it will.

HAMLET If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,
Give it an understanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loves, so fare you well:
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

ALL Our duty to your honour.

Exeunt.

HAMLET Your loves, as mine to you, farewell.
My father's spirit (in arms) all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: Would the night were come;
Till then sit still, my soul, {foul} deeds will rise
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.

Exit.

{ACT I, SCENE 3}

Enter Laertes and Ophelia (his sister).

LAERTES My necessaries are embark'd, farewell;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy {is} assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA Do you doubt that?

LAERTES For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more.

OPHELIA No more but so.

LAERTES Think it no more.
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulks, but as this temple waxes
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal; perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will, but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
{For he himself is subject to his birth:}
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it

As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed, which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmas'tred importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire;
"The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes,
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent."
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear,
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart.; but, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven
{Whilst like} a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.
And reaks not his own rede.

Enter Polonius.

LAERTES O fear me not;
I stay too long, but here my father comes;
A double blessing is a double grace,
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POLONIUS Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail

And you are stay'd for; there my blessing with thee,
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character: Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act;
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them {to} thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd {comrade}; beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee;
 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment;
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 {Are} of a most select and generous chief in that:
 Neither a borrower nor a lender {be},
 For {loan} oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing {dulls the} edge of husbandry;
 This above all, to thine ownself be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man:
 Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.

LAERTES Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POLONIUS The time invests you, go, your servants tend.

LAERTES Farewell Ophelia, and remember well
 What I have said to you.

OPHELIA 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAERTES Farewell.

Exit Laertes.

POLONIUS What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

OPHELIA So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

POLONIUS Marry, well bethought;
 'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you, and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous;
 If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly
 As it behooves my daughter and your honor.
 What is between you? Give me up the truth.

OPHELIA He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

POLONIUS Affection, puh, you speak like a green girl
 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance;
 Do you believe his tenders as you call them?

OPHELIA I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

POLONIUS Marry I will teach you; think yourself a baby
 That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay
 Which are not sterling; tender yourself more dearly
 Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 [Wronging] it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

OPHELIA My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
 In honorable fashion.

POLONIUS Aye, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

OPHELIA And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POLONIUS Aye, springes to catch woodcocks; I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows; these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire; from this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley; for Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger {tether} may he walk
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to {beguile}: This is for all;
I would not in plain terms from this time forth
Have you so slander any moment leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet;
Look to't I charge you, come your ways.

OPHELIA I shall obey, my lord.

Exeunt.

[ACT I, SCENE 4]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

HAMLET The air bites {shrewdly}; it is very cold.

HORATIO It is {a} nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET What hour now?

HORATIO I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS No, it is struck.

HORATIO Indeed; I heard it not; it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

A flourish of trumpets and two pieces go off.

What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET The king doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail and the swagg'ring up-spring reels:
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

HORATIO Is it a custom?

HAMLET Aye marry is't,
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
<This heavy headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition, and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute;
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners; that these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect
Being nature's livery or fortune's star,
Their virtues else be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.>

Enter Ghost.

HORATIO Look, my lord, it comes.

HAMLET Angels and ministers of grace defend us:
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane; O answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canonized bones hearsed in death
Have burst their cerements? Why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again? What may this mean

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we do?

{Ghost} beckons {Hamlet}.

HORATIO It beckons you to go away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

MARCELLUS Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground,
But do not go with it.

HORATIO No, by no means.

HAMLET It will not speak, then I will follow it.

HORATIO Do not, my lord.

HAMLET Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee,
And for my soul, what can it do to that
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

HORATIO What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? Think of it,
<The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.>

HAMLET It waves me still;
Go on, I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET Hold off your hands.

HORATIO Be ruled, you shall not go.

HAMLET My fate cries out
And makes each petty [artery] in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve;
Still am I call'd; unhand me, gentlemen;
By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me;
I say away, go on, I'll follow thee.

Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

HORATIO He waxes desperate with {imagination}.

MARCELLUS Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO Have after; to what issue will this come?

MARCELLUS Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HORATIO Heaven will direct it.

MARCELLUS Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt.

[ACT I, Scene 5]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

HAMLET Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no further.

GHOST Mark me.

HAMLET I will.

GHOST My hour is almost come
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

HAMLET Alas poor ghost.

GHOST Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

HAMLET Speak, I am bound to hear.

GHOST So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET What?

GHOST I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, O list:

If thou didst ever thy dear father love.

HAMLET O God.

GHOST Revenge his foul, and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET Murder.

GHOST Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAMLET Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love
May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST I find thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf
Would'st thou not stir in this: Now Hamlet hear,
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: But know thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

HAMLET O my prophetic soul! My uncle?

GHOST Aye that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts
(O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen;
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there
From me whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline

Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine;
But virtue as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So {lust}, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.
But soft, methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be: Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed {hebenon} in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The lep'rous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigor it doth {posset}
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter bark'd about
Most lazar-like with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of Queen at once dispatch'd,
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not,
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursues this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once,
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.

Exit.

HAMLET O all you host of heaven, O earth, what else?
And shall I couple hell? O fie, hold, hold my heart,
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me swiftly up; remember thee;
Aye thou poor ghost, {while} memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter, yes by heaven,
O most pernicious woman.
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain;
My tables; meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.
So, uncle, there you are; now to my word,
It is adieu, adieu, remember me.
I have sworn't.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

HORATIO My lord, my lord.

MARCELLUS Lord Hamlet.

HORATIO Heavens secure him.

HAMLET So be it.

MARCELLUS Illo, ho, ho, my lord.

HAMLET Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

MARCELLUS How is't, my noble lord?

HORATIO What news, my lord?

HAMLET O, wonderful.

HORATIO Good my lord, tell it.

HAMLET No, you will reveal it.

HORATIO Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord.

HAMLET How say you, then, would heart of man once think it;
But you'll be secret?

BOTH Aye, by heaven.

HAMLET There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

HORATIO There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

HAMLET Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire
Such as it is, and for my own poor part
I will go pray.

HORATIO These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

HAMLET I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes 'faith heartily.

HORATIO There's no offence, my lord.

HAMLET Yes by Saint Patrick but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too, touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may; and now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

HORATIO What is't, my lord? We will.

HAMLET Never make known what you have seen to-night.

BOTH My lord, we will not.

HAMLET Nay but swear't.

HORATIO In faith, my lord, not I.

MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMLET Upon my sword.

MARCELLUS We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAMLET Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the stage.

GHOST Swear.

HAMLET Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so? Art thou there truepenny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage,
Consent to swear.

HORATIO Propose the oath, my lord.

HAMLET Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

GHOST Swear.

HAMLET Hic et ubique? Then we'll shift our ground:
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

GHOST Swear by his sword.

HAMLET Well said, old mole, can'st work i'th'earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer. Once more remove, good friends.

HORATIO O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

HAMLET And therefore as a stranger give it welcome;
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy; but come
Here as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd {soe'er} I bear myself,
(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on)
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
With arms encumb'ed thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As "Well, well, we know" or "We could and if we would",
Or "If we list to speak" or "There be, an if they might",

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this {not to do},
So grace and mercy at your most need help you:
{Swear.}

GHOST Swear.

HAMLET Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: So gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you,
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t'express his love and friending to you
God willing shall not lack; let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray;
The time is out of joint, O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right.
Nay come, let's go together.

Exeunt.

{ACT II, SCENE 1}

*Enter old Polonius with his man or two.
{Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.}*

POLONIUS Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

REYNALDO I will, my lord.

POLONIUS You shall do marvelous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behavior.

REYNALDO My lord, I did intend it.

POLONIUS Marry, well said, very well said; look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it;
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
And in part him—" Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

REYNALDO Aye, very well, my lord.

POLONIUS "And in part him," but you may say, "Not well,
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so," and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

REYNALDO As gaming, my lord.

POLONIUS Aye, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing: you may go so far.

REYNALDO My lord, that would dishonour him.

POLONIUS Faith {no}, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

REYNALDO But, my good lord.

POLONIUS Wherefore should you do this?

REYNALDO Aye my lord,
I would know that.

POLONIUS Marry sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit;
You laying these slight sallies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd with working,
Mark you your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence:
"Good sir," (or so) or "friend" or "gentleman",
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

REYNALDO Very good, my lord.

POLONIUS And then, sir, does he this, {he} does... What was I
about to say?

By the mass, I was about to say something;
Where did I leave?

REYNALDO At "closes in the consequence":
{At friend, or so, and gentleman.}

POLONIUS At closes in the consequence, aye marry,
He closes thus, "I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you say,
There was a gaming there, or took in's rouse,
There falling out at tennis," or perchance,
"I saw him enter such a house of sale,"
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth. See you now,
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth,
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son; you have me, have you not?

REYNALDO My lord, I have.

POLONIUS God buy you, fare ye well.

REYNALDO Good my lord.

POLONIUS Observe his inclination in yourself.

REYNALDO I shall, my lord.

POLONIUS And let him ply his music.

REYNALDO Well, my lord.

*Exit Reynaldo.
Enter Ophelia.*

POLONIUS Farewell. How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?

OPHELIA O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted.

POLONIUS With what i'th' name of God?

OPHELIA My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungart' red, and down-gyved to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

POLONIUS Mad for thy love?

OPHELIA My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

POLONIUS What said he?

OPHELIA He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it; long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being; that done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out a' doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

POLONIUS Come, go with me, I will go seek the King;
This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures: I am sorry;
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

OPHELIA No, my good lord, but as you did command
I did repel his fetters and denied
His access to me.

POLONIUS That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not coted him; I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wreck thee, but beshrew my jealousy:
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion; come, go we to the King;
This must be known, which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

Exeunt.

{ACT II, SCENE 2}

Flourish.

Enter King and Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

CLAUDIUS Welcome dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending; something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was; what it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himself
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And sith so neighbor'd to his youth and havior,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

GERTRUDE Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am two men there {are} not living
To whom he more adheres; if it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a King's remembrance.

ROSENCRANTZ Both your Majesties
Might by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command

Than to entreaty.

GUILDENSTERN But we both obey.
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet
To be commanded.

CLAUDIUS Thanks Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

GERTRUDE Thanks Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son; go some of you
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

GUILDENSTERN Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him.

GERTRUDE Aye amen.

*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
Enter Polonius.*

POLONIUS Th'ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

CLAUDIUS Thou still hast been the father of good news.

POLONIUS Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege
I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious King;
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

CLAUDIUS O speak of that, that do I long to hear.

POLONIUS Give first admittance to th'ambassadors,
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

CLAUDIUS Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[Exit Polonius.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

GERTRUDE I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Enter {Polonius}, Ambassadors {Voltemand and Cornelius}.

CLAUDIUS Well, we shall sift him. Welcome, my good friends:
Say Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLTEMAND Most fair return of greetings and desires;
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness; whereat griev'd
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he in brief obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th'assay of arms against your Majesty:
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three-score thousand crowns in annual fee
And his commission to employ those soldiers
So levied (as before) against the Polack,
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise

On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

CLAUDIUS It likes us well,
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business:
Meantime, we thank you for your well-took labor;
Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together;
Most welcome home.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

POLONIUS This business is well ended.
My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, {since} brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

GERTRUDE More matter, with less art.

POLONIUS Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he's mad 'tis true, 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true; a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then, and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus:
Perpend,
I have a daughter, have while she is mine,

Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this; now gather and surmise:

To the Celestial and my soul's Idol, the most beautified Ophelia—

That's an ill-phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall hear:

Thus in her excellent white bosom, these &c.

GERTRUDE Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS Good madam, stay awhile, I will be faithful:

Letter.

*Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.*

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I have not art to reckon my groans, but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him. Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me,
And, more {above}, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

CLAUDIUS But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

POLONIUS What do you think of me?

CLAUDIUS As of a man faithful and honorable.

POLONIUS I would fain prove so, but what might you think

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
As I perceived it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my dear majesty your Queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak,
"Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy star,
This must not be." And then I prescripts gave her
That she should lock herself from {his} resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens;
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a {watch}, thence into a weakness,
Thence to lightness, and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

CLAUDIUS Do you think { 'tis } this?

GERTRUDE It may be very like.

POLONIUS Hath there been such a time, I would fain know that,
That I have positively said, "'Tis so,"
When it proved otherwise?

CLAUDIUS Not that I know.

POLONIUS Take this from this if this be otherwise;
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.

CLAUDIUS How may we try it further?

POLONIUS You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

GERTRUDE So he does indeed.

POLONIUS At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an arras then,
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keep a farm and carters.

CLAUDIUS We will try it.

GERTRUDE But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

POLONIUS Away, I do beseech you both away,

Exit King and Queen.

I'll board him presently, oh give me leave,
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET Well, God-a-mercy.

POLONIUS Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET Excellent well, you are a fishmonger.

POLONIUS Not I, my lord.

HAMLET Then I would you were so honest a man.

POLONIUS Honest, my lord?

HAMLET Aye sir, to be honest as this world goes,

Is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

POLONIUS That's very true, my lord.

HAMLET For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a
god kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

POLONIUS I have, my lord.

HAMLET Let her not walk i'th'sun; conception is a blessing,
but as your daughter may conceive, friend, look to 't.

POLONIUS How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter,
yet he knew me not at first; {he} said I was a fishmonger: {he} is far
gone, far gone, and truly in my youth I suff' red much extremity for
love, very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my
lord?

HAMLET Words, words, words.

POLONIUS What is the matter, my lord?

HAMLET Between who?

POLONIUS I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

HAMLET Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here that old
men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes
purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a
plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams; all which, sir,
though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not
honesty to have it thus set down, for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I
am: If like a crab you could go backward.

POLONIUS Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't;
will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAMLET Into my grave.

POLONIUS Indeed that's out of the air; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, {and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him} and my daughter. My lord, I will take my leave of you.

HAMLET You cannot take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: Except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.

POLONIUS Fare you well, my lord.

HAMLET These tedious old fools.

POLONIUS You go to seek the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

ROSENCRANTZ God save you, sir.

[Exit Polonius.]

GUILDENSTERN My honor'd lord.

ROSENCRANTZ My most dear lord.

HAMLET My {excellent} good friends, how dost thou Guildenstern? Ah Rosencrantz, good lads how do you both?

ROSENCRANTZ As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUILDENSTERN Happy, in that we are not {over}-happy;
On fortune's {cap} we are not the very button.

HAMLET Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ Neither, my lord.

HAMLET Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favors?

GUILDENSTERN 'Faith, her privates we.

HAMLET In the secret parts of fortune? Oh most true, she is a strumpet. {What's the} news?

ROSENCRANTZ None my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

HAMLET Then is doomsday near: But your news is not true.
{Let me question more in particular: What have you,
My good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune
That she sends you to prison hither?

GUILDENSTERN Prison, my lord?

HAMLET Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ Then is the world one.

HAMLET A goodly one,
In which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons,
Denmark being one o'th'worst.

ROSENCRANTZ We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: To me it is a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ Why then your ambition makes it one: 'Tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET O God, I could be bounded in a nut shell and count myself a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

GUILDENSTERN Which dreams indeed are ambition: For the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAMLET A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAMLET Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows: Shall we to th'court? For, by my fay, I cannot reason.

BOTH We'll wait upon you.

HAMLET No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants: For to speak to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended.} But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

ROSENCRANTZ To visit you, my lord, no other occasion.

HAMLET Beggar that I am, I am ever poor in thanks; but I thank you, and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny: Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me, come, come, nay speak.

GUILDENSTERN What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET Anything but to th'purpose: You were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to color; I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

ROSENCRANTZ To what end, my lord?

HAMLET That you must teach me: But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love; and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

ROSENCRANTZ What say you?

HAMLET Nay then I have an eye of you: If you love me hold not off.

GUILDENSTERN My lord, we were sent for.

HAMLET I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moults no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: And indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What {a} piece of work is a man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties; in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a God: The beauty of the world; the paragon of animals; and yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; {no}, nor women neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAMLET Why did you laugh, then, when I said man delights not me?

ROSENCRANTZ To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you; we

coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

HAMLET He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have tribute on me; the adventurous Knight shall use his foil and target; the Lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; {the Clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o'th'sere}; and the Lady shall say her mind freely: Or the {blank} verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

HAMLET How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

ROSENCRANTZ I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

HAMLET Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

ROSENCRANTZ No indeed are they not.

HAMLET How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

ROSENCRANTZ Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace. But there is, sir, an eyrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: These are now the fashion, and so [berattle] the common stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

HAMLET What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is [most like] if their means are

[not] better) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

ROSENCRANTZ 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides: And the nation [holds] it no sin to tarre them to controversy: There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the Poet and the Player went to cuffs in the question.

HAMLET Is't possible?

GUILDENSTERN Oh there has been much throwing about of brains.

HAMLET Do the boys carry it away?

ROSENCRANTZ Aye that they do, my lord, Hercules and his load too.}

HAMLET It is not very strange, for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little; 'sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

A Flourish {for the Players}.

GUILDENSTERN There are the players.

HAMLET Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore; your hands, come then; th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony; let me comply with you in this garb, {lest my} extent to the players (which I tell you must show fairly outwards) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: But my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUILDENSTERN In what, my dear lord?

HAMLET I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS Well be with you, gentlemen.

HAMLET Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

ROSENCRANTZ Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

HAMLET I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it: You say right, sir, a Monday morning, 'twas then indeed.

POLONIUS My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAMLET My lord, I have news to tell you:
When Roscius was an actor in Rome.

POLONIUS The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET Buz, buz.

POLONIUS Upon my honor.

HAMLET Then came each Actor on his Ass.

POLONIUS The best actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral, {Tragical-Historical, Tragical-Comical-Historical-Pastoral}, scene individable, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plaustus too light, for the law of writ and the liberty: These are the only men.

HAMLET O Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a treasure had'st thou?

POLONIUS What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAMLET Why, one fair daughter and no more, the which he loved passing well.

POLONIUS Still on my daughter.

HAMLET Am I not i'th'right, old Jephthah?

POLONIUS If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

HAMLET Nay, that follows not.

POLONIUS What follows then, my lord?

HAMLET Why, "As by Lot, God Wot", and then you know, "It came to pass, as most like it was." The first row of the pious chanson will show you more, for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter {four or five} Players.

You are welcome, masters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends. Oh old friend, why thy face is valenc'd since I saw thee last; come'st thou to bear me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress, by lady your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine; pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring: Masters you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like {French falconers}, fly at anything we see. We'll have a speech straight; come give us a taste of your quality; come a passionate speech.

{1} **PLAYER** What speech, my good lord?

HAMLET I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted (or, if it was, not above once) for the play I remember pleased not the million; 'twas caviar to the general, but it was as I received it (and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of {affectation}, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine: One speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas Aeneas' {*Tale*} to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially when he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see--

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast—

'Tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal head to foot,
Now is he total gules, horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder; roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

So proceed you.

POLONIUS 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

{1} **PLAYER** Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greeks, his antic sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls: {Then senseless Ilium,}
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear; for lo his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverent Priam, seem'd i'th'air to stick,
So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the wrack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus' pause
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work,
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars' armor forg'd for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune; all you gods
In general synod 'take away her power,
Break all the spokes and [fellies] from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends.

POLONIUS This is too long.

HAMLET It shall to the barber's, with your beard; prithee say on, he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps; say on, come to Hecuba.

{1} PLAYER But who, {O who}, had seen the {ennobled} Queen—

HAMLET The {ennobled} Queen.

POLONIUS That's good: {Ennobled Queen is good.}

{1} PLAYER Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With bisson rheum, a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd;
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her {husband's} limbs,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

POLONIUS Look where he has not turn'd his color and has tears
in's eyes; prithee no more.

HAMLET 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this
soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you
hear? Let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief
chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad
epitaph than their ill report while you live.

POLONIUS My lord, I will use them according to their dessert.

HAMLET God's bodkin, man, much better; use every man
after his dessert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after
your own honor and dignity; the less they deserve the more merit is
in your bounty. Take them in.

POLONIUS Come sirs.

HAMLET Follow him, friends, we'll hear a play to-morrow;
dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of Gonzago?

[1] PLAYER Aye, my lord.

HAMLET We'll ha't tomorrow night. You could for a need
study a speech of some dozen lines, or sixteen lines, which I would
set down and insert in't, could you not?

{1} PLAYER Aye my lord.

HAMLET Very well, follow that lord, and look you mock him
not. My good friends, I'll leave you {till} night; you are welcome to
Elsinore.

Exeunt Polonius and Players.

ROSENCRANTZ Good my lord.

Exeunt.

{Manet Hamlet.}

HAMLET Aye, so God bye to you: Now I am alone.
O what a rogue and peasant slave am I.
Is it not monstrous that this player here
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all the visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For Hecuba.
What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and {the cue} for passion

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears; yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a King,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made: Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? Breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? Gives me the lie i'th' throat
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Hah, 'swounds I should take it: For it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should {have} fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal; bloody, bawdy villain;
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
{Oh vengeance!}
Why what an ass am I; this is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear {father} murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must like a whore unpack my heart with words
And fall a-cursing like a very drab;
A {scullion}? Fie upon't, foh. About my brains.
I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ: I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick; if {he but} blench
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

May be {the devil}, and the {devil} hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me; I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play 's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Exit.

[ACT III, SCENE 1]

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Lords.

CLAUDIUS And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROSENCRANTZ He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause {he} will by no means speak.

GUILDENSTERN Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

GERTRUDE Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROSENCRANTZ Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

GERTRUDE Did you assay him to any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are here about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

POLONIUS 'Tis most true,

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

CLAUDIUS With all my heart;
And it doth much content me to hear him
So inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge
And drive his purpose into these delights.

ROSENCRANTZ We shall, my lord.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

CLAUDIUS Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia: Her father and myself
{Will} so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

GERTRUDE I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

OPHELIA Madam, I wish it may.

POLONIUS Ophelia, walk you here, gracious so please you;
We will bestow ourselves; read on this book,
That show of such an exercise may color
Your {loneliness}. We are oft to blame in this;
'Tis too much proved, that with devotion's visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

CLAUDIUS O 'tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience.
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

POLONIUS I hear him coming, {let's} withdraw, my lord.

HAMLET To be, or not to be, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them; to die, to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd; to die, to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to dream; aye there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would {these} fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards {of us all},
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

OPHELIA Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

HAMLET I humbly thank you, well.

OPHELIA My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to redeliver;
I pray you now receive them.

HAMLET No, not I, I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA My honor'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made these things more rich; their perfume lost,
Take these again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind;
There, my lord.

HAMLET Ha, ha, are you honest?

OPHELIA My lord?

HAMLET Are you fair?

OPHELIA What means your lordship?

HAMLET That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPHELIA Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

HAMLET Aye truly, for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof; I did love you once.

OPHELIA Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET You should not have believed me, for virtue cannot so {inoculate} our old stock but we shall relish of it; I loved you not.

OPHELIA I was the more deceived.

HAMLET Get thee {to} a nunnery; why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, believe none of us, go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPHELIA At home, my lord.

HAMLET Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

OPHELIA O help him, you sweet heavens.

HAMLET If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them: To a nunnery go, and quickly too, farewell.

OPHELIA Heavenly powers restore him.

HAMLET I have heard of your paintings well enough; God hath given you one face and you make yourselves another; you jig, {you} amble, and you {lisp}, you nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance; go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriage; those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are: To a nunnery go.

Exit.

OPHELIA O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
Th'expectation and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form;
Th'observed of all observers, quite, quite down;
And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music'd vows,
Now see {that} noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of time and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and stature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O woe is me
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see.

Enter King and Polonius.

CLAUDIUS Love? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness; there's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,

And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute;
Haply the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

POLONIUS It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love: How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all: My lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his Queen-mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him,
And I'll be placed (so please you) in the ear
Of all their conference; if she find him not,
To England send him: Or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

CLAUDIUS It shall be so;
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

[ACT III, SCENE 2]

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.

HAMLET Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as [lief] the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to {tatters}, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbshews and noise: I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant, it out-Herod's Herod, pray you avoid it.

[CARA] I warrant your honour.

HAMLET Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: For any thing so o'erdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O there be players that I have seen play, and heard others {praise}, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having th'accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

[ANN R.] I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

HAMLET O reform it altogether, and let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it: Go make you ready. How now, my lord, will the King hear this piece of work?

{Exit Players.}

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz.

POLONIUS And the Queen too, and that presently.

HAMLET Bid the players make haste.

{Exit Polonius.}

Will you two help to hasten them?

ROSENCRANTZ Aye, my lord.

Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern].

HAMLET What {hoa}, Horatio?

Enter Horatio.

HORATIO Here sweet lord, at your service.

HAMLET Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

HORATIO O my dear lord.

HAMLET Nay, do not think I flatter,

For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning; dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
S'hath seal'd thee for herself, for thou hast been
As one in suff'ring all that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well comedded
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core; aye in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play tonight before the King;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death;
I prithee when thou see'st that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy; give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

HORATIO Well, my lord,
If {he} steal aught the whilst this play is playing
And 'scape {detecting}, I will pay the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia,
{Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant with his Guard
carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.}*

HAMLET They are coming to the play. I must be idle,
Get you a place.

CLAUDIUS How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAMLET Excellent, i' faith,
Of the chameleon's dish, I eat the air,
Promise cramm'd, you cannot feed capons so.

CLAUDIUS I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet,
These words are not mine.

HAMLET No, nor mine now, my lord.
You play'd once i'th'university you say.

POLONIUS That did I, my lord, and was accounted
A good actor.

HAMLET What did you enact?

POLONIUS I did enact Julius Caesar;
I was killed i'th'Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

HAMLET It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf
there. Be the players ready?

ROSENCRANTZ Aye, my lord, they stay upon your patience.

GERTRUDE Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

HAMLET No good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

POLONIUS O ho, do you mark that?

HAMLET Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

OPHELIA No, my lord.

{HAMLET} I mean, my head upon your lap?

OPHELIA Aye, my lord.}

HAMLET Do you think I meant country matters?

OPHELIA I think nothing, my lord.

HAMLET That's a fair thought to lie between maids legs.

OPHELIA What is, my lord?

HAMLET Nothing.

OPHELIA You are merry, my lord.

HAMLET Who, I?

OPHELIA Aye, my lord.

HAMLET O God, your only jig-maker; what should a man do
but be merry? For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and
my father died within's two hours.

OPHELIA Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

HAMLET So long? Nay then let the devil wear black, for I'll
have a suit of sables. O heavens, die two months ago and not
forgotten yet; then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive
his life half a year, but by'r lady, {he} must build churches then or
else shall {he} suffer not thinking on with the hobby-horse, whose
epitaph is, "For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

The Trumpets sound. Dumbshow follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, the Queen embracing him and he her. He takes her up and declines his head upon her neck. He lies him down upon a bank of flowers. She, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in another man, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action. The poisoner with some three or four come in again, seem to condole her. The dead body is carried away, the poisoner woos the Queen with gifts, she seems harsh awhile, but in the end accepts love.

{Hautboys play. The dumbshow enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exits. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. Exeunt.}

[Enter in a Dumbshow the King and the Queen. He sits down in an arbor, she leaves him. Then enters Lucianus with poison in a vial and pours it in his ears and goes away. Then the Queen cometh and finds him dead and goes away with the other.]

OPHELIA What means this, my lord?

HAMLET Marry, this {is mitching} malicho, {that} means mischief.

OPHELIA Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter [CARA as] Prologue.

HAMLET We shall know by this fellow; the players cannot keep {counsel}, they'll tell all.

OPHELIA Will [he] tell us what this show meant?

HAMLET Aye, or any show that you will show him; be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

OPHELIA You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

[CARA] For us and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

HAMLET Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

OPHELIA 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET As woman's love.

Enter [two players as] King and Queen.

[PLAYER] KING Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus orb'd the ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

[PLAYER] QUEEN So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done;
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from our former state,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must.
For women fear too much, even as they love,
And women's fear and love hold quantity,

Either none, in neither aught, or in extremity;
Now what my {love} is proof hath made you know,
And as my love is sized, my fear is so;
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

[PLAYER] KING 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honor'd, beloved; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou--

[PLAYER] QUEEN O confound the rest;
Such love must needs be treason in my breast;
In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

HAMLET That's wormwood.

[PLAYER] QUEEN The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

[PLAYER] KING I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break;
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity,
Which now, {like} fruit unripe, sticks on the tree
But [falls] unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own {enactors} with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;

Grief {joys}, joy grieves on slender accident;
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change:
For 'tis a question, left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down you mark his favorite flies,
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies,
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own;
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

[PLAYER] QUEEN Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turn my trust and hope,
And anchor's cheer in prison be my scope;
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well and it destroy;
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife;
If once I be a widow, ever I be wife.

HAMLET If she should break it now.

[PLAYER] KING 'Tis deeply sworn, sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

[PLAYER] QUEEN Sleep rock thy brain,
{Sleeps.}

And never come mischance between us twain.

{Exit.}

HAMLET Madam, how like you this play?

GERTRUDE The lady doth protest too much methinks.

HAMLET O but she'll keep her word.

CLAUDIUS Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

HAMLET No, no, they do but jest; poison in jest; no offence i'th'world.

CLAUDIUS What do you call the play?

HAMLET The Mousetrap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna; Gonzago is the Duke's name, his wife Baptista; you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work, but what of that? Your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King.

Enter [CARA as] Lucianus.

OPHELIA You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

HAMLET I could interpret between you and your love,
If I could see the puppets dallying.

OPHELIA You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAMLET It would cost you a groaning to take off {my} edge.

OPHELIA Still better and worse.

HAMLET So you mistake your husbands. Begin murderer, leave thy damnable faces and begin; come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

LUCIANUS Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Considerate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice invected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurps immediately.

HAMLET {He} poisons him i'th'garden for his estate, his name's Gonzago, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPHELIA The King rises.

{**HAMLET** What, frightened with false fire.}

GERTRUDE How fares my lord?

POLONIUS Give o'er the play.

CLAUDIUS Give me some light, away.

POLONIUS Lights, lights, lights.

Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.

HAMLET Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play,
For some must watch, while some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me) with provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

HORATIO Half a share.

HAMLET A whole one I.
For thou dost know, oh Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself, and now reigns here
A very, very pajock.

HORATIO You might have rhymed.

HAMLET O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a
thousand pound. Did'st perceive?

HORATIO Very well, my lord.

HAMLET Upon the talk of the poisoning.

HORATIO I did very well note him.

HAMLET Ah ha, come, some music; come, the recorders,
For if the King like not the comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some music.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

GUILDENSTERN Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with
you.

HAMLET Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENSTERN The King, sir—

HAMLET Aye sir, what of him?

GUILDENSTERN Is in his retirement marvelous distemp' red.

HAMLET With drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN No, my lord, {rather} with choler.

HAMLET Your wisdom should show itself more richer
To signify this to his doctor,
For for me to put him to his purgation
Would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

GUILDENSTERN Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame
And {start} not so wildly from my affair.

HAMLET I am tame, sir, pronounce.

GUILDENSTERN The Queen your mother, in most great
affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

HAMLET You are welcome.

GUILDENSTERN Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of
the right breed; if it shall please you to make me a wholesome
answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon,
and my return, shall be the end of {my} business.

HAMLET Sir, I cannot.

GUILDENSTERN What, my lord?

HAMLET Make you a wholesome answer, my wit's diseas'd; but,
sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say,
my mother: Therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say—

ROSENCRANTZ Then thus she says, your behavior hath
struck her into amazement and admiration.

HAMLET O wonderful son that can so 'stonish a mother, but is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

ROSENCRANTZ She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

HAMLET We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAMLET Sir, I lack advancement.

ROSENCRANTZ How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

Enter the Players with Recorders.

HAMLET Aye sir, but while the grass grows; the proverb is something musty. O, the recorders, let me see one. To withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUILDENSTERN O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAMLET I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAMLET It is as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and {thumb}, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music, look you, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN But these cannot I command to any utt'rance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAMLET Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to {the top of} my compass – and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you {can} fret me you cannot play upon me. God bless you, sir.

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAMLET Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

POLONIUS By th'mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

HAMLET Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS It is back'd like a weasel.

[ACT III, SCENE 3]

HAMLET Or like a whale.

POLONIUS Very like a whale.

HAMLET Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by. {~~Leave me friends.~~}

{POLONIUS} I will say so.

{Exit.}

HAMLET By and by is easily said. {Leave me friends.}

*[Exeunt.
Manet Hamlet.]*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself {breaths} out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on: Soft, now to my mother;
O heart lose not thy nature, let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak {daggers} to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never my soul consent.

Exit.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

CLAUDIUS I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range; therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you;
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near's as doth hourly grow
Out of his {lunacies}.

GUILDENSTERN We will ourselves provide;
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your Majesty.

ROSENCRANTZ The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armor of the mind
To keep itself from noyance, but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many; the cease of Majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it; or it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose {huge} spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous rain. Never alone
Did the King sigh, but {with} a general groan.

CLAUDIUS Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy {voyage},
For we will fetters put about this fear
Which now goes too free-footed.

ROSENCRANTZ We will haste us.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother
(Since nature makes them partial) should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage; fare you well, my liege,
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed
And tell you what I know.

Exit.

CLAUDIUS Thanks dear my lord.
O my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder; pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound
I stand in pause where I shall first begin
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet Heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or {pardon'd} being down? Then I'll look up.
My fault is past, but oh what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder?
That cannot be since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder;
My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen;
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?

In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may {shove} by justice
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law, but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can, what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state, O bosom black as death,
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged; help, angels, make assay,
Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe;
All may be well.

[He kneels.]

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET Now might I do it, but now {he} is a' praying;
And now I'll do't, and so {he} goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd, that would be scann'd;
A villain kills my father, and, for that,
I his sole son do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is {hire and salary}, not revenge;
{He} took my father grossly full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent;
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,

Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At game a' swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother stays,
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

Exit.

CLAUDIUS My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Exit.

[ACT IV, SCENE 1]

[Act III, Scene 4]

Enter Gertrude and Polonius.

POLONIUS {He} will come straight; look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him; I'll silence me even here;
Pray you, be round {with him}.

{Enter Hamlet.}

{HAMLET (within)} Mother, mother, mother.}

GERTRUDE I'll {warrant} you, fear me not:
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Exit Polonius.]

{Enter Hamlet.}

HAMLET Now mother, what's the matter?

GERTRUDE Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET Mother, you have my father much offended.

GERTRUDE Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET Go, go, you question with a {wicked} tongue.

GERTRUDE Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET What's the matter now?

GERTRUDE Have you forgot me?

HAMLET No by the rood, not so,
 You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
 And, would it were not so, you are my mother.

GERTRUDE Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAMLET Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not budge,
 You go not till I set you up a glass
 Where you may see the {inmost} part of you.

GERTRUDE What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
 Help, {help, hoa}!

POLONIUS What, hoa, help, {help, help}.

HAMLET How now, a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead.

Kills Polonius.

POLONIUS O I am slain.

GERTRUDE O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET Nay, I know not, is it the King?

GERTRUDE O what a rash and bloody deed is this.

HAMLET A bloody deed almost as bad, good mother,
 As kill a King and marry with his brother.

GERTRUDE As kill a king.

HAMLET Aye lady, {'twas} my word.

[Discovers Polonius.]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell;
 I took thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
 Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger,
 Leave wringing of your hands, peace sit you down,
 And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
 If it be made of penetrable stuff,
 If damned custom have not brass'd it so
 That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

GERTRUDE What have I done, that thou dare'st wag thy tongue
 In noise so rude against me?

HAMLET Such an act
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
 Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love
 And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
 As false as dicers' oaths; O such a deed
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words; heaven's face does glow
 O'er this solidity and compound mass
 With heated visage; as against the doom
 Is thought-sick at the act.

GERTRUDE Aye me, what act,
 {That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?}

HAMLET Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;
 See what a grace was seated on this brow,
 Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
 An eye like Mars to threaten and command,
 A station like the herald Mercury
 New-lighted on a {heaven-kissing} hill,
 A combination and a form indeed
 Where every God did seem to set his seal

To give the world assurance of a man;
 This was your husband. Look you now, what follows.
 Here is your husband like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed
 And batten on this moor? Ha, have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love, for at your age
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment, and what judgment
 Would step from this to this? <Sense sure you have
 Else could you not have motion, but sure that sense
 Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
 To serve in such a difference.> What devil was't
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
 <Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all;
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope:> O shame where it thy blush?
 Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
 And melt in her own fire; proclaim no shame
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn
 And reason pardons will.

GERTRUDE O Hamlet speak no more,
 Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soul,
 And there I see such black and griev'd spots
 As will leave there their tinct.

HAMLET Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed
 Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
 Over the nasty sty.

GERTRUDE O speak to me no more,
 These words like daggers enter in my ears;
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

HAMLET A murderer and a villain;
 A slave that is not twentieth part the kith
 Of your precedent lord, a vice of Kings,
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
 And put it in his pocket!

GERTRUDE No more.

Enter Ghost.

HAMLET A king of shreds and patches—
 Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards: What would your gracious figure?

GERTRUDE Alas he's mad.

HAMLET Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 That lapsed in time and passion lets go by
 Th'important acting of your dread command? O say.

GHOST Do not forget; this visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose;
 But look, amazement on thy mother sits;
 O step between her and her fighting soul;
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAMLET How is it with you, lady?

GERTRUDE Alas, how is't with you?
 That you do bend your eye on vacancy

And with th'incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th'alarm,
Your bedded {hairs}, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands [on] end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience; whereon do you look?

HAMLET On him, on him, look you how pale he glares;
His form and cause conjoin'd preaching to stones
Would make them capable; do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true color, tears perchance for blood.

GERTRUDE To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET Do you see nothing there?

GERTRUDE Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

HAMLET Nor did you nothing hear?

GERTRUDE No, nothing but ourselves.

HAMLET Why, look you there, look how it steals away;
My father in his habit as he lived;
Look where he goes, even now out at the portal.

Exit Ghost.

GERTRUDE This the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

HAMLET {Ecstasy?}
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time

And makes as healthful music; it is not madness
That I have utt' red; bring me to the test,
And {I} the matter will reword, which madness
Would gambol from; mother, for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
{Whilst} rank corruption mining all within
Infects unseen; confess yourself to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker; forgive me this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curb and woo for leave to do him good.

GERTRUDE O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET O throw away the worser part of it,
And {live} the purer with the other half;
Good night, but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue if you have it not;
<That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on. Refrain tonight,>
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence, <the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either {curb} the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency:> Once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you, for this same lord
I do repent; but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister;

I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gave him. So again good night;
I must be cruel only to be kind;
This bad begins and worse remains behind.
<One word more, good lady.>

GERTRUDE What shall I do?

HAMLET Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to {ravel} all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

GERTRUDE Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

HAMLET I must to England, you know that.

GERTRUDE Alack I had forgot. 'Tis so concluded on.

HAMLET <There's letters seal'd, and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work,

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard; and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines
And blow them at the moon: O 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.>
This man shall set me packing;
I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.
Mother, good night indeed. This councilor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

Exit.

[Act IV, Scene 1]

Enter King (and Queen) with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

CLAUDIUS There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves;
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them;
Where is your son?

GERTRUDE <Bestow this place on us a little while.>

[*Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!

CLAUDIUS What Gertrude, how does Hamlet?

GERTRUDE Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, "A rat, a rat,"
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

CLAUDIUS O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one;
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man; but so much was our love
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life: Where is he gone?

GERTRUDE To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; {he} weeps for what is done.

CLAUDIUS O Gertrude, come away;
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Majesty and skill
Both countenance and excuse. Ho Guildenstern.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid;
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel; I pray you haste in this.

{Exit Gentlemen.}

Come Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do
And what's untimely done; {so haply slander,}

<Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air;> O come away,
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 2]

Enter Hamlet {Rosencrantz, and others}.

HAMLET Safely stowed.

{R&G WITHIN Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.}

HAMLET <But soft>, what noise, who calls on Hamlet?
O here they come.

{Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.}

ROSENCRANTZ What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body?

HAMLET {Compounded} it with dust whereto 'tis kin.

ROSENCRANTZ Tell us where 'tis that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.

HAMLET Do not believe it.

ROSENCRANTZ Believe what?

HAMLET That I can keep your counsel and not mine own;
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge?
What replication should be made by the son of a king?

ROSENCRANTZ Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAMLET Aye sir, that soaks up the King's countenance, his
rewards, his authorities; but such officers do the King best service in
the end; he keeps them, like an {ape}, in the corner of his jaw; first
mouth'd to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have
gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

ROSENCRANTZ I understand you not, my lord.

HAMLET I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish
ear.

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you must tell us where the body is,
and go with us to the King.

HAMLET The body is with the King, but the King is not with
the body. The King is a thing—

GUILDENSTERN A thing, my lord.

HAMLET Of nothing, bring me to him. *{Hide fox, and all
after.}*

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 3]

Enter King and two or three.

CLAUDIUS I have sent to seek him and to find the body;
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong law on him;
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, th'offender's scourge is weigh'd
But never the offence; to bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause; diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz and all the rest.

How now, what hath befall'n?

ROSENCRANTZ Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

CLAUDIUS But where is he?

ROSENCRANTZ Without, my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

CLAUDIUS Bring him before us.

ROSENCRANTZ Hoa, bring in the lord.

*They enter.
{Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.}*

CLAUDIUS Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET At supper.

CLAUDIUS At supper? Where?

HAMLET Not where he eats, but where {he} is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him; your worm is your only Emperor for diet; we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots; your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

<**CLAUDIUS** Alas, alas.

HAMLET A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King, and cat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.>

CLAUDIUS What dost you mean by this?

HAMLET Nothing but to show you how a King may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

CLAUDIUS Where is Polonius?

HAMLET In heaven; send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i'th'other place yourself. But if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

CLAUDIUS Go seek him there.

HAMLET {He} will stay till ye come.

CLAUDIUS Hamlet, this deed for thine especial safety
(Which we do tender as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done) must send thee hence
{With fiery quickness}: Therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready and the wind at help,
Th'associates tend, and every thing is bent

For England.

Howe'er my haps, my joys {were} ne'er begun.

Exit.

HAMLET For England.

CLAUDIUS Aye Hamlet.

HAMLET Good.

CLAUDIUS So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAMLET I see a cherub that sees them; but come, for England.
Farewell, dear mother.

CLAUDIUS Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET My mother: Father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, {and} so my mother.
Come, for England.

Exit.

CLAUDIUS Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence tonight.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th'affair; pray you make haste.

[Exeunt all but the King.]

And England, if my love thou hold'st at aught
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England,
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; till I know 'tis done,

[ACT IV, SCENE 4]

*Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the stage.
[ADELIN as Norwegian Captain.]*

FORTINBRAS Go captain, from me greet the Danish King;
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

[ADELIN] I will do't, my lord.

FORTINBRAS Go softly on.

*[Exeunt. Manet Captain.]
<Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, et cetera.*

HAMLET Good sir, whose powers are these?

[ADELIN] They are of Norway, sir.

HAMLET How purposed, sir, I pray you?

[ADELIN] Against some part of Poland.

HAMLET Who commands them, sir?

[ADELIN] The nephews to old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAMLET Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

[ADELIN] Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate should it be sold in fee.

HAMLET Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

[ADELIN] Yes, it is already garrison'd.

HAMLET Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw;
This is th'imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

[ADELIN]s God buy you, sir.

[Exit.]

ROSENCRANTZ Will't please you go, my lord?

HAMLET I'll be with you straight, go a little before.

[Exeunt. Manet Hamlet.]

How all occasions do inform against me
And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more:
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused; now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'event
(A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward) I do not know

Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't; examples gross as earth exhort me;
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake; how stand I then
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O from this time forth
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.>

[ACT V, SCENE 1]

[Act IV, Scene 5]

Enter Horatio, Gertrude, and [ANN R. as] a Gentleman.

GERTRUDE I will not speak with her.

[ANN R.] She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

GERTRUDE What would she have?

[ANN R.] She speaks much of her father, says she hears
There's tricks i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt
That carry but half sense; her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they {aim} at it
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

HORATIO 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

{GERTRUDE} Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

OPHELIA Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

GERTRUDE How now Ophelia?

She sings.

OPHELIA

*How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and staff and his sandal shoon.*

GERTRUDE Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA Say you, nay pray you mark:

*He is dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.*

{Enter King.}

GERTRUDE Nay but Ophelia.

OPHELIA Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

GERTRUDE Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA

*Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the ground did not go
With true-love showers.*

CLAUDIUS How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA Well [God 'ild] you; they say the owl was a baker's daughter; Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

CLAUDIUS Conceit upon her father.

OPHELIA Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

CLAUDIUS Pretty Ophelia.

OPHELIA Indeed without an oath I'll make an end on't:

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame,
Young men will do't if they come to't;
By cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, "Before you tumbled me
You promised me to wed."*

(He answers.)

*So would I a' done, by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.*

CLAUDIUS How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA I hope all will be well; we must be patient, but I cannot choose but weep to think they would lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come my coach, good night ladies, good night. Sweet ladies good night, good night.

{Exit.}

CLAUDIUS Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.

*O this is the poison of deep grief, it springs
All from her father's death, and now behold*

O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies
But in battalions: First her father slain;
Next, your son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddied
Thick and unwholesome in thoughts and whispers
For good Polonius' death: And we have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death,
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear: O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murd'ring-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

*A noise within.
Enter a Messenger.*

{GERTRUDE Alack, what noise is this?}

CLAUDIUS Attend, where {are} my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

GENTLEMAN Save yourself, my lord.
The ocean overpeering of his list
Eats not the flats with more impiteous haste
Than young Laertes in a riotous head
O'erbears your officers: The rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,

They cry, "Choose we, Laertes shall be King";
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be King, Laertes King."

GERTRUDE How cheerfully on the false trail they cry.

A noise within.

O this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

CLAUDIUS The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes with others.

LAERTES Where is this King? Sirs, stand you all without.

ALL No, let's come in.

LAERTES I pray you, give me leave.

ALL We will, we will.

LAERTES I thank you, keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

GERTRUDE Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

CLAUDIUS What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go Gertrude, do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a King
That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will; tell me Laertes
Why thou art thus incensed; let him go Gertrude.
Speak man.

LAERTES Where is my father?

CLAUDIUS Dead.

GERTRUDE But not by him.

CLAUDIUS Let him demand his fill.

LAERTES How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with;
To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest devil,
Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation; to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence;
Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

CLAUDIUS Who shall stay you?

LAERTES My will, not all the worlds:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

CLAUDIUS Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge
That, [swoopstake], you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

LAERTES None but his enemies.

CLAUDIUS Will you know them then?

LAERTES To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

CLAUDIUS Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment peer
As day does to your eye.

A noise within.

[**SOMEONE WITHIN**] Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

{**LAERTES**} How now, what noise is that?
O heat, dry up my brains, tears seven times salt
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye;
By heaven thy madness shall be paid with weight
{Till} our scale turn the beam. O rose of May,
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia;
O heavens, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as a poor man's life?
{Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.}

OPHELIA
*They bore him barefaced on the bier,
{Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:}
And in his grave rain'd many a tear,
Fare you well, my dove.*

LAERTES Had'st thou thy wits and did'st persuade revenge
It could not move thus.

[ACT V, SCENE 2]

[Act IV, Scene 2]

Enter Horatio and [ANN R. as Gentleman].

HORATIO What are they that would speak with me?

[ANN R.] Seafaring men, sir, they say they have letters for you.

HORATIO Let them come in.

[Exit ANN R.]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter [ADELINE as] Sailors.

[ADELIN] God bless you, sir.

HORATIO Let him bless thee too.

[ADELIN] {He} shall, sir, {and't} please him; there's a letter for you, sir, it came from th'Ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HORATIO *Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this give these fellows some means to the King, they have letters for him: Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail we put on a compelled valor and in the grapple I boarded them; on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the {bore} of the matter. These good fellows will bring*

thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

{He} that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters,
And do't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exeunt.

[ACT V, SCENE 3]

[Act IV, Scene 7]

Enter King and Laertes.

CLAUDIUS Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

LAERTES It well appears: But tell me
Why you proceed not against these feats
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else
You mainly were stirr'd up.

CLAUDIUS O for two special reasons
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for myself
(My virtue or my plague, be it either which)
She is so {conjunctive} to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her; the other motive,
(Why, to a public count I might not go)
Is the great love the general gender bear him,
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
{Would}, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces, so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so {loud a wind},
Would have reverted to my bow again,
{And} not where I had aim'd them.

LAERTES And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desp'rate terms,

Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections; but my revenge will come.

CLAUDIUS Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more;
I loved your father, and we love ourself,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter [ANN R. as] a Messenger with Letters.

{How now? What news?}

[ANN R.] {Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

CLAUDIUS From Hamlet? Who brought them?

[ANN R.] Sailors, my lord, they say, I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he received them
Of him that brought them.

CLAUDIUS Laertes, you shall hear them: Leave us.

{Exit ANN R. as Messenger.}

*High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom;
tomorrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when I shall, first asking
you pardon, thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden return.*

Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

LAERTES Know you the hand?

CLAUDIUS 'Tis Hamlets character. Naked;
And in a postscript here he says alone;
Can you {advise} me?

LAERTES I am lost in it, my lord, but let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart
That I {shall} live and tell him to his teeth;
Thus did'st thou.

CLAUDIUS If it be so Laertes
(As how should it be so? How otherwise?)
Will you be ruled by me?

LAERTES Aye my lord,
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

CLAUDIUS To thine own peace; if he be now returned
As {checking} at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

<**LAERTES** My lord, I will be ruled,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

CLAUDIUS It falls right,
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

LAERTES What part is that, my lord?

CLAUDIUS A very [riband] in the cap of youth,
Yet needful, too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds
Importing health and graveness;> two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy.
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback, but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natured
With the brave beast, so far he topp'd my thought
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

LAERTES A Norman was't?

CLAUDIUS A Norman.

LAERTES Upon my life, Lamord.

CLAUDIUS The very same.

LAERTES I know him well; he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

CLAUDIUS He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defense,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you; <the scrimers of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them.> Sir, this report of his

Enter Queen.

Exit.

GERTRUDE One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow; your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

LAERTES Drown'd, O where?

GERTRUDE There is a willow grows ascant the brook,
That shows his {hoar} leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cull-cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
There on the pendent boughs, her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and endued
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

LAERTES Alas, then she is drown'd.

GERTRUDE Drown'd, drown'd.

LAERTES Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds.
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu my lord,
I have a speech {of} fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

CLAUDIUS Let's follow, Gertrude;
How much I had to do to calm his rage,
Now fear I this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

[ACT V, SCENE 4]

[Act V, Scene 1]

Enter two Clowns.

1 CLOWN Is she to be buried in Christian burial when she willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 CLOWN I tell thee she is, therefore make her grave straight; the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 CLOWN How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

2 CLOWN Why, 'tis found so.

1 CLOWN It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else, for here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches: It is to act, to do, to perform; {argal}, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 CLOWN Nay, but hear you, goodman delver—

1 CLOWN Give me leave. Here lies the water, good; here stands the man, good; if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is will he, nill he he goes, mark you that. But if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 CLOWN But is this law?

1 CLOWN Aye marry is't, crowner's quest law.

2 CLOWN [Well], you ha' the truth on't, if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out a' Christian burial.

1 CLOWN Why, there thou say'st, and the more pity that great folk should have count'nance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian: Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentleman but gardeners, ditchers, and gravemakers, they hold up Adam's profession.

2 CLOWN Was he a gentleman?

1 CLOWN He was the first that ever bore arms.

{**2 CLOWN** Why, he had none.

1 CLOWN What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says "Adam digg'd"; could he dig without arms?} I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose confess thyself.

2 CLOWN Go to.

1 CLOWN What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 CLOWN The gallows-maker, for that {frame} outlives a thousand tenants.

1 CLOWN I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows does well, but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the Church, argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 CLOWN Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 CLOWN Aye, tell me that and unyoke.

2 CLOWN Marry, now I can tell.

1 CLOWN To't.

2 CLOWN Mass, I cannot tell.

{Enter Hamlet and Horatio afar off.}

1 CLOWN Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask'd this question next, say a grave-maker, the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee in, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit Second Clown.]

Song.
In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O methought there was nothing a' meet.

[He throws up a shovel.]

HAMLET Has this fellow no feeling of his business? {He} sings at grave-making.

HORATIO Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAMLET 'Tis e'en so, the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 CLOWN *Song.*
But age with his stealing steps
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

HAMLET That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere Cain's jaw-bone

that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

HORATIO It might, my lord.

HAMLET Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good morrow, sweet lord; how dost thou, sweet lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when {he} went to beg it, might it not?

HORATIO Aye my lord.

HAMLET Why e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's, chopless and knock'd about the {mazzard} with a sexton's spade; here's fine revolution and we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't.

1 CLOWN *Song.*
A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet,
O a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

HAMLET There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillies, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: {Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries}, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and double then the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must th'inheritor himself have no more, ha?

HORATIO Not a jot more, my lord.

HAMLET Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

HORATIO Aye my lord, and of calves-skins too.

HAMLET They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that; I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 CLOWN Mine, sir:
*{O} a pit a clay for to be made,
 {For such a guest is meet.}*

HAMLET I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

1 CLOWN You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

HAMLET Thou dost lie in't to be in't and say it is thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest.

1 CLOWN 'Tis a quick lie, sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

HAMLET What man dost thou dig it for?

1 CLOWN For no man, sir.

HAMLET What woman then?

1 CLOWN For none neither.

HAMLET Who is to be buried in't?

1 CLOWN One that was a woman, sir, but rest her soul she's dead.

HAMLET How absolute the knave is; we must speak by the card or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken a note of it, the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 CLOWN Of all the days i'th'year I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

HAMLET How long is that since?

1 CLOWN Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that; it was that very day that young Hamlet was born: He that is mad and sent into England.

HAMLET Aye marry, why was he sent into England?

1 CLOWN Why, because {he} was mad: {He} shall recover his wits there, or if {he} do not, 'tis no great matter there.

HAMLET Why?

1 CLOWN 'Twill, a not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

HAMLET How came he mad?

1 CLOWN Very strangely they say.

HAMLET How strangely?

1 CLOWN Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAMLET Upon what ground?

1 CLOWN Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAMLET How long will a man lie i'th'earth ere he rot?

1 CLOWN 'Faith, if {he} be not rotten before {he} die, as we have many pocky corses {now-a-days} that will scarce hold the laying in, {he} will last you some eight year, or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year.

HAMLET Why he more than another?

1 CLOWN Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that {he} will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now hath lain i'th'earth {three and twenty} years.

HAMLET Whose was it?

1 CLOWN A whoreson mad fellow's it was, whose do you think it was?

HAMLET Nay, I know not.

1 CLOWN A pestilence on him for a mad rogue; a' pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once; this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

HAMLET This?

1 CLOWN E'en that.

HAMLET {Let me see.} Alas, poor Yorick; I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath bore me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? Your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning,

Quite chopfall'n. Now get you to my lady's table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HORATIO What's that, my lord?

HAMLET Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i'th'earth?

HORATIO E'en so.

HAMLET And smelt so? Pah.

HORATIO E'en so, my lord.

HAMLET To what base uses we may return, Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till {he} find it stopping a bung-hole?

HORATIO 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

HAMLET No, faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall t'expell the {winter's} flaw.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and the corse [in] {a coffin, with ANN R. as Lords Attendant}, [with ADELIN as a Priest after the coffin].

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queen, the Courtiers; who is this thy follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desp'rate hand

LAERTES What ceremony else?

HAMLET That is Laertes, a very noble youth, mark.

LAERTES What ceremony else?

[ADELIN] Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: For charitable prayers,
/Shards/, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin {rites},
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

LAERTES Must there no more be done?

[ADELIN] No more be done.
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

LAERTES Lay her i'th'earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring: I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be
When thou liest howling.

HAMLET What, the fair Ophelia.

GERTRUDE Sweets to the sweet, farewell;
I hoped thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

LAERTES O treble woe
Fall ten times {treble} on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of; hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

{Leaps in the grave.}

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

HAMLET What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

[Hamlet leaps in after Laertes.]

LAERTES The devil take thy soul.

HAMLET Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear; hold off thy hand.

CLAUDIUS Pluck them asunder.

GERTRUDE Hamlet, Hamlet.

ALL Gentlemen.

HORATIO Good my lord, be quiet.

HAMLET Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

GERTRUDE O my son, what theme?

HAMLET I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

CLAUDIUS O he is mad, Laertes.

GERTRUDE For love of God, forbear him.

HAMLET 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? Eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountains let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart; nay and thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

GERTRUDE This is mere madness,
And {thus} awhile the fit will work on him,
Anon as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

HAMLET Hear you, sir,
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

CLAUDIUS I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech,
We'll put the matter to the present push:
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument;
An hour of quiet thereby shall we see;
{Till} then in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

[ACT V, SCENE 4]

[Act V, Scene 2]

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

HAMLET So much for this, sir, now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

HORATIO Remember it, my lord?

HAMLET Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep; my thought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilbo, rashly
(And praised be rashness for it). Let us know,
Our indiscretion {sometimes} serves us well,
When our deep plots do fall; and that should learn us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

HORATIO That is most certain.

HAMLET Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them; had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unfold
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho, such bugs and goblins in my life,
That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

HORATIO Is't possible?

HAMLET Here's the commission, read it at more leisure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

HORATIO I beseech you.

HAMLET Being thus be-netted round with villains
({Ere} I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play) I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair;
I once did hold it, as our statist do,
A baseness to write fair, and labor'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service; wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

HORATIO Aye, good my lord.

HAMLET An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should stiff her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like {as'es} of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or less,
He should {the} bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd.

HORATIO How was this seal'd?

HAMLET Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of th'other,
{Subscribed} it, gave't th'impression, placed it safely,

The changeling never known: Now the next day
Was our sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

HORATIO So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

HAMLET {Why, man, they did make love to this employment.}
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow;
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

HORATIO Why, what a King is this!

HAMLET Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whored my mother,
Popp'd in between th'election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
{To quit him with this arm? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

HORATIO It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

HAMLET It will be short; the interim's mine,
And a man's life's no more than to say "one":
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his; I'll court his favors:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring passion.

HORATIO Peace, who comes here?

Enter young Osric.

OSRIC Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAMLET I humbly thank you, sir.
Dost know this water-fly?

HORATIO No, my good lord.

HAMLET Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know
him. He hath much land, and fertile: Let a beast be lord of beasts and
his crib shall stand at the King's mess; 'tis a chough, but as I say,
spacious in the possession of dirt.

OSRIC Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart
a thing to you from his Majesty.

HAMLET I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. {Put}
your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

OSRIC I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

HAMLET No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

OSRIC It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAMLET But yet methinks it is very {sultry} and hot {for} my
complexion.

OSRIC Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere I cannot tell
how: My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that {he} has laid a
great wager on your head; sir, this is the matter

HAMLET I beseech you remember.

OSRIC Nay, good my lord, for my ease in good faith. <Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry: For you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAMLET Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

OSRIC Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAMLET The concernancy, sir, why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSRIC Sir?

HORATIO Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

HAMLET What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSRIC Of Laertes?

HORATIO His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

HAMLET Of him, sir.

OSRIC I know you are not ignorant—

HAMLET I would you did, sir, yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?>

OSRIC You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

<**HAMLET** I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

OSRIC I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.>

HAMLET What's his weapon?

OSRIC Rapier and dagger.

HAMLET That's two of his weapons, but well.

OSRIC The King, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has empawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

HAMLET What call you the carriages?

HORATIO I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

OSRIC The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAMLET The phrase would be more germane to the matter if we could carry cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then. But on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this all [{"empawned"}] as you call it?

OSRIC The King, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine and it would come to immediate trial if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAMLET How if I answer no?

OSRIC I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

HAMLET Sir, I will walk here in the hall, if it please his Majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him and I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

OSRIC Shall I deliver you so?

HAMLET To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

OSRIC I commend my duty to your lordship.

HAMLET {Yours, yours.}

[Exit Osric.]

{He} does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

HORATIO This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

HAMLET He did comply with his dug before {he} suck'd it; thus has he, and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time and {outward} habit of encounter; a kind of histy collection which carries them through and through the most fond and {winnowed} opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

<Enter [ANN R. as] a Lord.

[ANN R.] My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

HAMLET I am constant to my purpose, they follow the King's pleasure, if his fitness speaks, mine is ready: Now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

[ANN R.] The King, and Queen, and all are coming down.

HAMLET In happy time.

[ANN R.] The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

HAMLET She well instructs me.>

[Exit ANN R.]

HORATIO You will lose {this wager}, my lord.

HAMLET I do not think so; since he went into France I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds; {but} thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

HORATIO Nay, good my lord.

HAMLET It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of game-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

HORATIO If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

HAMLET Not a whit, we defy augury, there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow; if it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it {will} come; the readiness is all, since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

A table prepared (and flagons of wine on it). Trumpets, drums, and officers with cushions; King, Queen, and all the state; {other attendants with} foils, daggers, {and gauntlets}; and Laertes.

CLAUDIUS Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

HAMLET Give me your pardon, sir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman;
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With a sore distraction; what I have done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
{Sir, in this audience}
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

LAERTES I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge, but in my terms of honor
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation

Till by some elder masters of known honor
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To {keep} my name ungor'd: But {till} that time
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

HAMLET I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. {Come on.}

LAERTES Come, one for me.

HAMLET I'll be your foil, Laertes, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i'th'darkest night
Stick fiery off indeed.

LAERTES You mock me, sir.

HAMLET No, by this hand.

CLAUDIUS Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

HAMLET Very well, my lord.
Your grace has laid the odds a'th'weaker side.

CLAUDIUS I do not fear it, I have seen you both,
But since he is {better'd}, we have therefore odds.

LAERTES This is too heavy: Let me see another.

HAMLET This likes me well; these foils have all a length?

{Prepare to play.}

OSRIC Aye, my good lord.

CLAUDIUS Set me the stoops of wine upon that table;
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an onyx shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive Kings
In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the King dunks to Hamlet. Come, begin.

Trumpets the while.

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAMLET Come on, sir.

LAERTES Come, my lord.

[Here they play. A hit.]

HAMLET One.

LAERTES No.

HAMLET Judgment.

OSRIC A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES Well, again.

*Drum, trumpets, and shot.
Flourish, a piece goes off.*

CLAUDIUS Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine.

Here's to thy health: Give him the cup.

HAMLET I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

[They play again.]

Come, another hit. What say you?

LAERTES {A touch, a touch,} I do confess.

CLAUDIUS Our son shall win.

GERTRUDE He's fat, and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAMLET Good madam.

CLAUDIUS Gertrude, do not drink.

GERTRUDE I will, my lord, I pray you pardon me.

[She drinks.]

CLAUDIUS It is the poison'd cup, it is too late.

HAMLET I dare not drink yet, madam, by and by.

GERTRUDE Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES My lord, I'll hit him now.

CLAUDIUS I do not think't.

LAERTES And yet it is almost against my conscience.

HAMLET Come for the third, Laertes, you but dally.

I pray you pass with your best violence;
I am sure you make a wanton of me.

LAERTES Say you so? Come on.

OSRIC Nothing, neither way.

LAERTES Have at you now.

{In scuffling they change rapiers.}

[They catch one another's rapiers and both are wounded. Laertes falls down.

The Queen falls down and dies.]

CLAUDIUS Part them, they are incens'd.

HAMLET Nay, come again.

OSRIC Look to the queen there, {hoa}.

HORATIO They bleed on both sides; how is it, my lord?

OSRIC How is't, Laertes?

LAERTES Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAMLET How does the Queen?

CLAUDIUS She [swoons] to see them bleed.

GERTRUDE No, no, the drink, the drink, O my dear Hamlet,
The drink, the drink, I am poison'd.

HAMLET O villainy! How? Let the door be lock'd;
Treachery, seek it out.

LAERTES It is here, Hamlet.

*{Hamlet}, thou art slain;
No med'cine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in {thy} hand,
Unbated and envenom'd; the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me, lo here I lie
Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more; the King, the King's to blame.*

HAMLET The point envenom'd, too; then venom to thy work.

{Hurts the King.}

ALL Treason, treason.

CLAUDIUS O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

HAMLET Here thou incestuous, {murderous} damned Dane,
Drink off this potion; is thy onyx here?
Follow my mother.

King dies.

LAERTES He is justly served;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Dies.

HAMLET Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead, Horatio; wretched Queen, adieu.
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death
Is strict in his arrest, O I could tell you--
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead,

Thou livest, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

HORATIO Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;
Here's yet some liquor left.

HAMLET As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let go, by heaven I'll ha't.
O god, Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown shall {live} behind me?
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story:

A march afar off.

What warlike noise is this?

Enter Osric.

OSRIC Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To th'ambassadors of England gives this warlike volley.

HAMLET O I die Horatio,
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy th'election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th'occurents, more and less,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

{Dies.}

HORATIO Now cracks a noble heart; good night sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras with [BRIGID as] the Ambassadors, {with Drum, Colors, and Attendants}.

FORTINBRAS Where is this sight?

HORATIO What is it you would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

FORTINBRAS This quarry cries on havoc; O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

[BRIGID] The sight is dismal
And our affairs from England come too late;
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead;
Where should we have our thanks?

HORATIO Not from his mouth
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death;
But since so jump upon this bloody question
You from the Polack wars and you from England
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to {the} yet unknowing world
How these things came about; so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and for no cause;
And in this upshot purposes mistook
Fall'n on th'inventors' reads: All this can I
Truly deliver.

FORTINBRAS Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience;
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

HORATIO Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more;
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

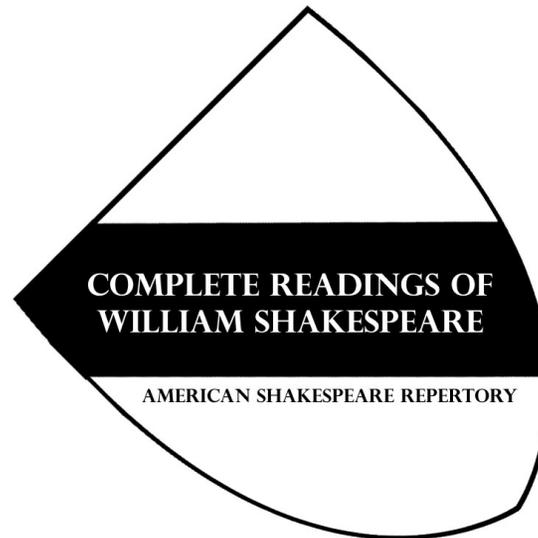
FORTINBRAS Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royal; and for his passage
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him:
Take up the bodies; such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go bid the soldiers shoot.

*{Exeunt Marching.
After the which a peal of ordnance are shot off.}*

FINIS.

HAMLET

EDITED AND CONFLATED BY JUSTIN ALEXANDER
THE COMPLETE READINGS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
READING 18 – NOVEMBER 22ND, 2010



CAST LIST

HAMLET	JUSTIN ALEXANDER
CLAUDIUS	TIM PERFECT
GERTRUDE	ANN CARROLL
POLONIUS	CRAIG JOHNSON
LAERTES	PHIL D. HENRY
OPHELIA	MARETTA ZILIC
HORATIO	LUCAS GERSTNER
ROSENCRANTZ	ROB SIEG
GUILDENSTERN	ALLEN VOIGT
GHOST & PLAYER KING	PHIL D. HENRY
BARNARDO & PLAYER QUEEN	ANN RICE
FRANCISCO & FORTINBRAS	JANINE HEGARTY
MARCELLUS & PRIEST	ADELIN PHELPS
GRAVEDIGGER & OSRIC	CARA KLUVER
GRAVEDIGGER & OTHERS	BRIGID KELLEY

TEXTUAL NOTES

- [] = emendation
- [/] = emendation adopted from Q1
- < > = Q2 only
- { } = emendation from F
- { / } = F only
- ~~Strike-thru text~~ indicates deleted text.
- All-capitalized names in stage directions indicate the name has been normalized.
- Speech-headings silently normalized.
- Punctuation silently modernized, but with minimal interference to preserve acting instructions/choices in meaning.

ACT I, SCENE 1

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two sentinels.

BARNARDO Who's there?

FRANCISCO Nay answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BARNARDO Long live the King.

FRANCISCO Barnardo.

BARNARDO He.

FRANCISCO You come most carefully upon your hour.

BARNARDO 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed Francisco.

FRANCISCO For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

BARNARDO Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO Not a mouse stirring.

BARNARDO Well, good night:
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

FRANCISCO I think I hear them. Stand ho, who is there?

HORATIO Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO Give you good night.

MARCELLUS O, farewell, honest {soldier},
Who hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO Barnardo hath my place;
Give you good night.

Exit Francisco.

MARCELLUS Holla, Barnardo.

BARNARDO Say, what, is Horatio there?

HORATIO A piece of him.

BARNARDO Welcome, Horatio; welcome good Marcellus.

HORATIO What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?

BARNARDO I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us;
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

HORATIO Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BARNARDO Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we have two nights seen.

Exit Ghost.

HORATIO Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

BARNARDO Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one—

Enter Ghost.

MARCELLUS Peace, break thee off, look, where it comes again!

BARNARDO In the same figure like the King that's dead.

MARCELLUS Thou art a scholar, speak to it Horatio.

BARNARDO Looks it not like the King? Mark it Horatio.

HORATIO Most like, it harrows me with fear and wonder.

BARNARDO It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS Speak to it, Horatio.

HORATIO What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee speak.

MARCELLUS It is offended.

BARNARDO See, it stalks away!

HORATIO Stay, speak, speak, I charge thee speak.

MARCELLUS 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BERNARDO How now Horatio, you tremble and look pale;
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

HORATIO Before my God I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

MARCELLUS Is it not like the king?

HORATIO As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armor he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

MARCELLUS Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HORATIO In what particular thought to work I know not,
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

MARCELLUS Good now sit down, and tell me he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And {why} such daily {cast} of brazen cannon
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day?

Who is't that can inform me?

HORATIO That can I.
At least the whisper goes so; our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was as you know by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a seal'd compact
Well ratified by law and heraldry
Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror.
Against the which a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King, which had {return'd}
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher, as by the same {cov'nant},
And carriage of the article [design'd],
His fell to Hamlet; now, sir, young Fortinbras
Of unimproved mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute
For food and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't, which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our state)
But to recover of us by strong hand
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and rummage in the land.

<**BARNARDO** I think it be no other, but e'en so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the King
That was and is the question of these wars.

HORATIO A [mote] it is to trouble the mind's eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood
[Disaster'd] in the sun and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
And even the like precursor of [fear'd] events
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.>

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold, lo where it comes again;
I'll cross it though it blast me:

It spreads his arms.

Stay, illusion,
If thou hast any sound or use of voice,
Speak to me;
If there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate
Which happily foreknowing may avoid
O speak:
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

The cock crows.

For which they say {you} spirits oft walk in death,

Speak of it, stay and speak, stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS Shall I strike {at} it with my partisan?

HORATIO Do if it will not stand.

BARNARDO 'Tis here.

HORATIO 'Tis here.

MARCELLUS 'Tis gone.

{Exit Ghost.}

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BARNARDO It was about to speak when the cock crew.

HORATIO And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons; I have heard
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

MARCELLUS It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
And then they say no spirit [dares] stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.

HORATIO So have I heard and do in part believe it;
But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill;
Break we our watch up and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen tonight
Unto young Hamlet, for upon my life
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MARCELLUS Let's do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most convenient.

Exeunt.

{ACT I, SCENE 2}

*Flourish. Enter Claudius (King of Denmark), Gertrude the Queen,
Counsel: as Polonius and his son Laertes, (and his sister Ophelia)
Hamlet, {Lords Attendant}, [and the two Ambassadors].*

CLAUDIUS Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him
Together with remembrance of ourselves:
Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife: Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along (for all our thanks).
Now follows that you know young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with {the} dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother; so much for him:

{Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.}

Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the business is; we have here writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who impotent and bed-rid scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, {Voltemand},
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the King more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow:
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

CORNELIUS / VOLTEMAND In that and all things will we show our duty.

CLAUDIUS We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

{Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.}

And now Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice; what would'st thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father;
What would'st thou have, Laertes?

LAERTES My dread lord,
Your leave and favor to return to France,
From whence, though willingly, I came to Denmark
To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

CLAUDIUS Have you your father's leave, what says Polonius?

POLONIUS /He/ hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laborsome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent;
I do beseech you give him leave to go.

CLAUDIUS Take thy fair hour, Laertes, time be thine
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my cousin Hamlet, and my son.

HAMLET A little more than kin, and less than kind.

CLAUDIUS How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET Not so ~~much~~ my lord, I am too much i' the sun.

GERTRUDE Good Hamlet cast thy nighted color off
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark;
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET Aye madam, it is common.

GERTRUDE If it be
Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAMLET Seems, madam, nay it is, I know not seems;
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, cold mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief
That can ~~denote~~ me truly; these indeed seem,

For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passes show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

CLAUDIUS 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father;
But you must know your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow; but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd;
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried
From the first corse till he that died today,
"This must be so": We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

GERTRUDE Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet,

I pray thee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

HAMLET I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

CLAUDIUS Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark; madam come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks today,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away.

Flourish.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

HAMLET O that this too too {solid} flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the everlasting had not fix'd
His cannon 'gainst {self}-slaughter; O God, God,
How {weary}, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come thus:
But two months dead (nay not so much, not two)
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a {satyr}; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly; heaven and earth
Must I remember? Why, she {would} hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on, and yet within a month;
Let me not think on't; frailty, thy name is woman;
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body
Like Niobe, all tears. Why she, {even she}

(O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer) married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed; to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

HORATIO Hail to your lordship.

HAMLET I am glad to see you well;
Horatio, or I do forget myself.

HORATIO The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you,
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus.

MARCELLUS My good lord.

HAMLET I am very glad to see you, (good even sir)
But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

HORATIO A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself, I know you are no truant,
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you {to drink deep} ere you depart.

HORATIO My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAMLET I prithee do not mock me, fellow student,
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

HAMLET Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio;
My father, methinks I see my father.

HORATIO Where, my lord?

HAMLET In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO I saw him once, {he} was a goodly King.

HAMLET {He} was a man take him for all in all
I shall not look upon his like again.

HORATIO My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET Saw, who?

HORATIO My lord, the King your father.

HAMLET The King my father?

HORATIO Season your admiration for awhile
With an attent ear till I may deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen
This marvel to you.

HAMLET For God's love, let me hear.

HORATIO Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: A figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes
Within his truncheon's length, whilst they distill'd
Almost to jelly, with the act of fear
Stand dumb and speak not to him; this to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

HAMLET But where was this?

MARCELLUS My lord, upon the platform where we watch.

HAMLET Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO My lord, I did,
But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.

HAMLET 'Tis very strange.

HORATIO As I do live, my honor'd lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.

HAMLET {Indeed}, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

[**BARNARDO**] We do, my lord.

HAMLET Armed say you?

[**MARCELLUS**] Armed, my good lord.

HAMLET From top to toe?

[**HORATIO**] My good lord, from head to foot.

HAMLET Why then saw you not his face?

HORATIO O yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.

HAMLET How look'd he, frowningly?

HORATIO A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET Pale, or red?

HORATIO Nay, very pale.

HAMLET And fix'd his eyes upon you.

HORATIO Most constantly.

HAMLET I would I had been there.

HORATIO It would {have} much amazed you.

HAMLET Very like, stay'd it long?

HORATIO While one with moderate haste might tell a
{hundred}.

BOTH Longer, longer.

HORATIO Not when I saw't.

HAMLET His beard was grizzled, no?

HORATIO It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

HAMLET I will watch tonight,
Perchance 'twill walk again.

HORATIO I warr'nt it will.

HAMLET If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,
Give it an understanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loves, so fare you well:
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

ALL Our duty to your honour.

Exeunt.

HAMLET Your loves, as mine to you, farewell.
My father's spirit (in arms) all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: Would the night were come;
Till then sit still, my soul, {foul} deeds will rise
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.

Exit.

{ACT I, SCENE 3}

Enter Laertes and Ophelia (his sister).

LAERTES My necessaries are embark'd, farewell;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy {is} assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA Do you doubt that?

LAERTES For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more.

OPHELIA No more but so.

LAERTES Think it no more.
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulks, but as this temple waxes
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal; perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will, but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
{For he himself is subject to his birth:}
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it

As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed, which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmas'tred importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire;
"The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes,
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent."
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear,
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart.; but, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven
{Whilst like} a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.
And reaks not his own rede.

Enter Polonius.

LAERTES O fear me not;
I stay too long, but here my father comes;
A double blessing is a double grace,
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POLONIUS Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail

And you are stay'd for; there my blessing with thee,
 And these few precepts in thy memory
 Look thou character: Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act;
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them {to} thy soul with hoops of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd {comrade}; beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
 Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee;
 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment;
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 {Are} of a most select and generous chief in that:
 Neither a borrower nor a lender {be},
 For {loan} oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing {dulls the} edge of husbandry;
 This above all, to thine ownself be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man:
 Farewell, my blessing season this in thee.

LAERTES Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POLONIUS The time invests you, go, your servants tend.

LAERTES Farewell Ophelia, and remember well
 What I have said to you.

OPHELIA 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAERTES Farewell.

Exit Laertes.

POLONIUS What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

OPHELIA So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

POLONIUS Marry, well bethought;
 'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you, and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous;
 If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly
 As it behooves my daughter and your honor.
 What is between you? Give me up the truth.

OPHELIA He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me.

POLONIUS Affection, puh, you speak like a green girl
 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance;
 Do you believe his tenders as you call them?

OPHELIA I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

POLONIUS Marry I will teach you; think yourself a baby
 That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay
 Which are not sterling; tender yourself more dearly
 Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 [Wronging] it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

OPHELIA My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
 In honorable fashion.

POLONIUS Aye, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.

OPHELIA And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POLONIUS Aye, springes to catch woodcocks; I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows; these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire; from this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley; for Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger {tether} may he walk
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds
The better to {beguile}: This is for all;
I would not in plain terms from this time forth
Have you so slander any moment leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet;
Look to't I charge you, come your ways.

OPHELIA I shall obey, my lord.

Exeunt.

[ACT I, SCENE 4]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

HAMLET The air bites {shrewdly}; it is very cold.

HORATIO It is {a} nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET What hour now?

HORATIO I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS No, it is struck.

HORATIO Indeed; I heard it not; it then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

A flourish of trumpets and two pieces go off.

What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET The king doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail and the swagg'ring up-spring reels:
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

HORATIO Is it a custom?

HAMLET Aye marry is't,
But to my mind, though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
<This heavy headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition, and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute;
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners; that these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect
Being nature's livery or fortune's star,
Their virtues else be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.>

Enter Ghost.

HORATIO Look, my lord, it comes.

HAMLET Angels and ministers of grace defend us:
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane; O answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canonized bones hearsed in death
Have burst their cerements? Why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again? What may this mean

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we do?

{Ghost} beckons {Hamlet}.

HORATIO It beckons you to go away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

MARCELLUS Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground,
But do not go with it.

HORATIO No, by no means.

HAMLET It will not speak, then I will follow it.

HORATIO Do not, my lord.

HAMLET Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee,
And for my soul, what can it do to that
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

HORATIO What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? Think of it,
<The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.>

HAMLET It waves me still;
Go on, I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET Hold off your hands.

HORATIO Be ruled, you shall not go.

HAMLET My fate cries out
And makes each petty [artery] in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve;
Still am I call'd; unhand me, gentlemen;
By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me;
I say away, go on, I'll follow thee.

Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

HORATIO He waxes desperate with {imagination}.

MARCELLUS Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO Have after; to what issue will this come?

MARCELLUS Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HORATIO Heaven will direct it.

MARCELLUS Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt.

[ACT I, Scene 5]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

HAMLET Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no further.

GHOST Mark me.

HAMLET I will.

GHOST My hour is almost come
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

HAMLET Alas poor ghost.

GHOST Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

HAMLET Speak, I am bound to hear.

GHOST So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET What?

GHOST I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood; list, list, O list:

If thou didst ever thy dear father love.

HAMLET O God.

GHOST Revenge his foul, and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET Murder.

GHOST Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAMLET Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love
May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST I find thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf
Would'st thou not stir in this: Now Hamlet hear,
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused: But know thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

HAMLET O my prophetic soul! My uncle?

GHOST Aye that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts
(O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen;
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there
From me whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline

Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine;
But virtue as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So {lust}, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.
But soft, methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be: Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed {hebenon} in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The lep'rous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigor it doth {posset}
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter bark'd about
Most lazar-like with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of Queen at once dispatch'd,
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not,
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursues this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once,
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;
Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.

Exit.

HAMLET O all you host of heaven, O earth, what else?
And shall I couple hell? O fie, hold, hold my heart,
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me swiftly up; remember thee;
Aye thou poor ghost, {while} memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter, yes by heaven,
O most pernicious woman.
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain;
My tables; meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.
So, uncle, there you are; now to my word,
It is adieu, adieu, remember me.
I have sworn't.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

HORATIO My lord, my lord.

MARCELLUS Lord Hamlet.

HORATIO Heavens secure him.

HAMLET So be it.

MARCELLUS Illo, ho, ho, my lord.

HAMLET Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

MARCELLUS How is't, my noble lord?

HORATIO What news, my lord?

HAMLET O, wonderful.

HORATIO Good my lord, tell it.

HAMLET No, you will reveal it.

HORATIO Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord.

HAMLET How say you, then, would heart of man once think it;
But you'll be secret?

BOTH Aye, by heaven.

HAMLET There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

HORATIO There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

HAMLET Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire
Such as it is, and for my own poor part
I will go pray.

HORATIO These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

HAMLET I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes 'faith heartily.

HORATIO There's no offence, my lord.

HAMLET Yes by Saint Patrick but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too, touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may; and now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

HORATIO What is't, my lord? We will.

HAMLET Never make known what you have seen to-night.

BOTH My lord, we will not.

HAMLET Nay but swear't.

HORATIO In faith, my lord, not I.

MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMLET Upon my sword.

MARCELLUS We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAMLET Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the stage.

GHOST Swear.

HAMLET Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so? Art thou there truepenny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage,
Consent to swear.

HORATIO Propose the oath, my lord.

HAMLET Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

GHOST Swear.

HAMLET Hic et ubique? Then we'll shift our ground:
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Swear by my sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

GHOST Swear by his sword.

HAMLET Well said, old mole, can'st work i'th'earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer. Once more remove, good friends.

HORATIO O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

HAMLET And therefore as a stranger give it welcome;
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy; but come
Here as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd {soe'er} I bear myself,
(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on)
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
With arms encumb'ed thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As "Well, well, we know" or "We could and if we would",
Or "If we list to speak" or "There be, an if they might",

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this {not to do},
So grace and mercy at your most need help you:
{Swear.}

GHOST Swear.

HAMLET Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: So gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you,
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t'express his love and friending to you
God willing shall not lack; let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray;
The time is out of joint, O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right.
Nay come, let's go together.

Exeunt.

{ACT II, SCENE 1}

*Enter old Polonius with his man or two.
{Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.}*

POLONIUS Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

REYNALDO I will, my lord.

POLONIUS You shall do marvelous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behavior.

REYNALDO My lord, I did intend it.

POLONIUS Marry, well said, very well said; look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it;
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
And in part him—" Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

REYNALDO Aye, very well, my lord.

POLONIUS "And in part him," but you may say, "Not well,
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so," and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

REYNALDO As gaming, my lord.

POLONIUS Aye, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing: you may go so far.

REYNALDO My lord, that would dishonour him.

POLONIUS Faith {no}, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

REYNALDO But, my good lord.

POLONIUS Wherefore should you do this?

REYNALDO Aye my lord,
I would know that.

POLONIUS Marry sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of wit;
You laying these slight sallies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd with working,
Mark you your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence:
"Good sir," (or so) or "friend" or "gentleman",
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

REYNALDO Very good, my lord.

POLONIUS And then, sir, does he this, {he} does... What was I
about to say?

By the mass, I was about to say something;
Where did I leave?

REYNALDO At "closes in the consequence":
{At friend, or so, and gentleman.}

POLONIUS At closes in the consequence, aye marry,
He closes thus, "I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you say,
There was a gaming there, or took in's rouse,
There falling out at tennis," or perchance,
"I saw him enter such a house of sale,"
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth. See you now,
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth,
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son; you have me, have you not?

REYNALDO My lord, I have.

POLONIUS God buy you, fare ye well.

REYNALDO Good my lord.

POLONIUS Observe his inclination in yourself.

REYNALDO I shall, my lord.

POLONIUS And let him ply his music.

REYNALDO Well, my lord.

*Exit Reynaldo.
Enter Ophelia.*

POLONIUS Farewell. How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?

OPHELIA O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted.

POLONIUS With what i'th' name of God?

OPHELIA My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungart' red, and down-gyved to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

POLONIUS Mad for thy love?

OPHELIA My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

POLONIUS What said he?

OPHELIA He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it; long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being; that done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out a' doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

POLONIUS Come, go with me, I will go seek the King;
This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures: I am sorry;
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

OPHELIA No, my good lord, but as you did command
I did repel his fetters and denied
His access to me.

POLONIUS That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not coted him; I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wreck thee, but beshrew my jealousy:
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion; come, go we to the King;
This must be known, which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

Exeunt.

{ACT II, SCENE 2}

Flourish.

Enter King and Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

CLAUDIUS Welcome dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,
Moreover, that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending; something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was; what it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'understanding of himself
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And sith so neighbor'd to his youth and havior,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

GERTRUDE Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am two men there {are} not living
To whom he more adheres; if it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a King's remembrance.

ROSENCRANTZ Both your Majesties
Might by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command

Than to entreaty.

GUILDENSTERN But we both obey.
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet
To be commanded.

CLAUDIUS Thanks Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

GERTRUDE Thanks Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son; go some of you
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

GUILDENSTERN Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him.

GERTRUDE Aye amen.

*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
Enter Polonius.*

POLONIUS Th'ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

CLAUDIUS Thou still hast been the father of good news.

POLONIUS Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege
I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious King;
And I do think, or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

CLAUDIUS O speak of that, that do I long to hear.

POLONIUS Give first admittance to th'ambassadors,
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

CLAUDIUS Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[Exit Polonius.]

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

GERTRUDE I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

Enter {Polonius}, Ambassadors {Voltemand and Cornelius}.

CLAUDIUS Well, we shall sift him. Welcome, my good friends:
Say Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLTEMAND Most fair return of greetings and desires;
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness; whereat griev'd
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he in brief obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th'assay of arms against your Majesty:
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three-score thousand crowns in annual fee
And his commission to employ those soldiers
So levied (as before) against the Polack,
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise

On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

CLAUDIUS It likes us well,
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business:
Meantime, we thank you for your well-took labor;
Go to your rest, at night we'll feast together;
Most welcome home.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

POLONIUS This business is well ended.
My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, {since} brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

GERTRUDE More matter, with less art.

POLONIUS Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he's mad 'tis true, 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true; a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then, and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus:
Perpend,
I have a daughter, have while she is mine,

Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this; now gather and surmise:

To the Celestial and my soul's Idol, the most beautified Ophelia—

That's an ill-phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall hear:

Thus in her excellent white bosom, these &c.

GERTRUDE Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS Good madam, stay awhile, I will be faithful:

Letter.

*Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.*

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I have not art to reckon my groans, but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him. Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter shown me,
And, more {above}, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

CLAUDIUS But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

POLONIUS What do you think of me?

CLAUDIUS As of a man faithful and honorable.

POLONIUS I would fain prove so, but what might you think

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
As I perceived it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my dear majesty your Queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak,
"Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy star,
This must not be." And then I prescripts gave her
That she should lock herself from {his} resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens;
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:
And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a {watch}, thence into a weakness,
Thence to lightness, and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

CLAUDIUS Do you think {'tis} this?

GERTRUDE It may be very like.

POLONIUS Hath there been such a time, I would fain know that,
That I have positively said, "'Tis so,"
When it proved otherwise?

CLAUDIUS Not that I know.

POLONIUS Take this from this if this be otherwise;
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.

CLAUDIUS How may we try it further?

POLONIUS You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

GERTRUDE So he does indeed.

POLONIUS At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an arras then,
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keep a farm and carters.

CLAUDIUS We will try it.

GERTRUDE But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

POLONIUS Away, I do beseech you both away,

Exit King and Queen.

I'll board him presently, oh give me leave,
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET Well, God-a-mercy.

POLONIUS Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET Excellent well, you are a fishmonger.

POLONIUS Not I, my lord.

HAMLET Then I would you were so honest a man.

POLONIUS Honest, my lord?

HAMLET Aye sir, to be honest as this world goes,

Is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

POLONIUS That's very true, my lord.

HAMLET For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a
god kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?

POLONIUS I have, my lord.

HAMLET Let her not walk i'th'sun; conception is a blessing,
but as your daughter may conceive, friend, look to 't.

POLONIUS How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter,
yet he knew me not at first; {he} said I was a fishmonger: {he} is far
gone, far gone, and truly in my youth I suff' red much extremity for
love, very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my
lord?

HAMLET Words, words, words.

POLONIUS What is the matter, my lord?

HAMLET Between who?

POLONIUS I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

HAMLET Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here that old
men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes
purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a
plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams; all which, sir,
though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not
honesty to have it thus set down, for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I
am: If like a crab you could go backward.

POLONIUS Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't;
will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAMLET Into my grave.

POLONIUS Indeed that's out of the air; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, {and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him} and my daughter. My lord, I will take my leave of you.

HAMLET You cannot take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: Except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.

POLONIUS Fare you well, my lord.

HAMLET These tedious old fools.

POLONIUS You go to seek the Lord Hamlet, there he is.

ROSENCRANTZ God save you, sir.

[Exit Polonius.]

GUILDENSTERN My honor'd lord.

ROSENCRANTZ My most dear lord.

HAMLET My {excellent} good friends, how dost thou Guildenstern? Ah Rosencrantz, good lads how do you both?

ROSENCRANTZ As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUILDENSTERN Happy, in that we are not {over}-happy;
On fortune's {cap} we are not the very button.

HAMLET Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ Neither, my lord.

HAMLET Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favors?

GUILDENSTERN 'Faith, her privates we.

HAMLET In the secret parts of fortune? Oh most true, she is a strumpet. {What's the} news?

ROSENCRANTZ None my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

HAMLET Then is doomsday near: But your news is not true.
{Let me question more in particular: What have you,
My good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune
That she sends you to prison hither?

GUILDENSTERN Prison, my lord?

HAMLET Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ Then is the world one.

HAMLET A goodly one,
In which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons,
Denmark being one o'th'worst.

ROSENCRANTZ We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing, either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: To me it is a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ Why then your ambition makes it one: 'Tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET O God, I could be bounded in a nut shell and count myself a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

GUILDENSTERN Which dreams indeed are ambition: For the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAMLET A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAMLET Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows: Shall we to th'court? For, by my fay, I cannot reason.

BOTH We'll wait upon you.

HAMLET No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants: For to speak to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended.} But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

ROSENCRANTZ To visit you, my lord, no other occasion.

HAMLET Beggar that I am, I am ever poor in thanks; but I thank you, and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny: Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me, come, come, nay speak.

GUILDENSTERN What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET Anything but to th'purpose: You were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to color; I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

ROSENCRANTZ To what end, my lord?

HAMLET That you must teach me: But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love; and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.

ROSENCRANTZ What say you?

HAMLET Nay then I have an eye of you: If you love me hold not off.

GUILDENSTERN My lord, we were sent for.

HAMLET I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moults no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: And indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What {a} piece of work is a man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties; in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a God: The beauty of the world; the paragon of animals; and yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; {no}, nor women neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAMLET Why did you laugh, then, when I said man delights not me?

ROSENCRANTZ To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you; we

coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

HAMLET He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have tribute on me; the adventurous Knight shall use his foil and target; the Lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; {the Clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o'th'sere}; and the Lady shall say her mind freely: Or the {blank} verse shall halt for't. What players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

HAMLET How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

ROSENCRANTZ I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

HAMLET Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

ROSENCRANTZ No indeed are they not.

HAMLET How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

ROSENCRANTZ Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted pace. But there is, sir, an eyrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: These are now the fashion, and so [berattle] the common stages (so they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

HAMLET What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players (as it is [most like] if their means are

[not] better) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

ROSENCRANTZ 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides: And the nation [holds] it no sin to tarre them to controversy: There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the Poet and the Player went to cuffs in the question.

HAMLET Is't possible?

GUILDENSTERN Oh there has been much throwing about of brains.

HAMLET Do the boys carry it away?

ROSENCRANTZ Aye that they do, my lord, Hercules and his load too.}

HAMLET It is not very strange, for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little; 'sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

A Flourish {for the Players}.

GUILDENSTERN There are the players.

HAMLET Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore; your hands, come then; th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony; let me comply with you in this garb, {lest my} extent to the players (which I tell you must show fairly outwards) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: But my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUILDENSTERN In what, my dear lord?

HAMLET I am but mad north-north-west; when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS Well be with you, gentlemen.

HAMLET Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

ROSENCRANTZ Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

HAMLET I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it: You say right, sir, a Monday morning, 'twas then indeed.

POLONIUS My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAMLET My lord, I have news to tell you:
When Roscius was an actor in Rome.

POLONIUS The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET Buz, buz.

POLONIUS Upon my honor.

HAMLET Then came each Actor on his Ass.

POLONIUS The best actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral, {Tragical-Historical, Tragical-Comical-Historical-Pastoral}, scene individable, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy nor Plaustus too light, for the law of writ and the liberty: These are the only men.

HAMLET O Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a treasure had'st thou?

POLONIUS What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAMLET Why, one fair daughter and no more, the which he loved passing well.

POLONIUS Still on my daughter.

HAMLET Am I not i'th'right, old Jephthah?

POLONIUS If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

HAMLET Nay, that follows not.

POLONIUS What follows then, my lord?

HAMLET Why, "As by Lot, God Wot", and then you know, "It came to pass, as most like it was." The first row of the pious chanson will show you more, for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter {four or five} Players.

You are welcome, masters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends. Oh old friend, why thy face is valenc'd since I saw thee last; come'st thou to bear me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress, by lady your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine; pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring: Masters you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like {French falconers}, fly at anything we see. We'll have a speech straight; come give us a taste of your quality; come a passionate speech.

{1} **PLAYER** What speech, my good lord?

HAMLET I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted (or, if it was, not above once) for the play I remember pleased not the million; 'twas caviar to the general, but it was as I received it (and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of {affectation}, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine: One speech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas Aeneas' {*Tale*} to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially when he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see--

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast—

'Tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in th'ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal head to foot,
Now is he total gules, horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder; roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.

So proceed you.

POLONIUS 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

{1} **PLAYER** Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greeks, his antic sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls: {Then senseless Ilium,}
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear; for lo his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverent Priam, seem'd i'th'air to stick,
So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the wrack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, so after Pyrrhus' pause
A roused vengeance sets him new a-work,
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars' armor forg'd for proof eterne
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune; all you gods
In general synod 'take away her power,
Break all the spokes and [fellies] from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends.

POLONIUS This is too long.

HAMLET It shall to the barber's, with your beard; prithee say on, he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps; say on, come to Hecuba.

{1} PLAYER But who, {O who}, had seen the {ennobled} Queen—

HAMLET The {ennobled} Queen.

POLONIUS That's good: {Ennobled Queen is good.}

{1} PLAYER Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With bisson rheum, a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd;
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her {husband's} limbs,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Unless things mortal move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

POLONIUS Look where he has not turn'd his color and has tears
in's eyes; prithee no more.

HAMLET 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this
soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you
hear? Let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief
chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad
epitaph than their ill report while you live.

POLONIUS My lord, I will use them according to their dessert.

HAMLET God's bodkin, man, much better; use every man
after his dessert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after
your own honor and dignity; the less they deserve the more merit is
in your bounty. Take them in.

POLONIUS Come sirs.

HAMLET Follow him, friends, we'll hear a play to-morrow;
dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of Gonzago?

[1] PLAYER Aye, my lord.

HAMLET We'll ha't tomorrow night. You could for a need
study a speech of some dozen lines, or sixteen lines, which I would
set down and insert in't, could you not?

{1} PLAYER Aye my lord.

HAMLET Very well, follow that lord, and look you mock him
not. My good friends, I'll leave you {till} night; you are welcome to
Elsinore.

Exeunt Polonius and Players.

ROSENCRANTZ Good my lord.

Exeunt.

{Manet Hamlet.}

HAMLET Aye, so God bye to you: Now I am alone.
O what a rogue and peasant slave am I.
Is it not monstrous that this player here
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all the visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For Hecuba.
What's Hecuba to him, or he to her,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and {the cue} for passion

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears; yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a King,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made: Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? Breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? Gives me the lie i'th' throat
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Hah, 'swounds I should take it: For it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should {have} fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal; bloody, bawdy villain;
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
{Oh vengeance!}
Why what an ass am I; this is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear {father} murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must like a whore unpack my heart with words
And fall a-cursing like a very drab;
A {scullion}? Fie upon't, foh. About my brains.
I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ: I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick; if {he but} blench
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

May be {the devil}, and the {devil} hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me; I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play 's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Exit.

[ACT III, SCENE 1]

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Lords.

CLAUDIUS And can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROSENCRANTZ He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause {he} will by no means speak.

GUILDENSTERN Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty madness keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

GERTRUDE Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROSENCRANTZ Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

GERTRUDE Did you assay him to any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are here about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

POLONIUS 'Tis most true,

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

CLAUDIUS With all my heart;
And it doth much content me to hear him
So inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge
And drive his purpose into these delights.

ROSENCRANTZ We shall, my lord.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

CLAUDIUS Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia: Her father and myself
{Will} so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

GERTRUDE I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

OPHELIA Madam, I wish it may.

POLONIUS Ophelia, walk you here, gracious so please you;
We will bestow ourselves; read on this book,
That show of such an exercise may color
Your {loneliness}. We are oft to blame in this;
'Tis too much proved, that with devotion's visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

CLAUDIUS O 'tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience.
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

POLONIUS I hear him coming, {let's} withdraw, my lord.

HAMLET To be, or not to be, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them; to die, to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd; to die, to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to dream; aye there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th'oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would {these} fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards {of us all},
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

OPHELIA Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

HAMLET I humbly thank you, well.

OPHELIA My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to redeliver;
I pray you now receive them.

HAMLET No, not I, I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA My honor'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composed
As made these things more rich; their perfume lost,
Take these again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind;
There, my lord.

HAMLET Ha, ha, are you honest?

OPHELIA My lord?

HAMLET Are you fair?

OPHELIA What means your lordship?

HAMLET That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPHELIA Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

HAMLET Aye truly, for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof; I did love you once.

OPHELIA Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET You should not have believed me, for virtue cannot so {inoculate} our old stock but we shall relish of it; I loved you not.

OPHELIA I was the more deceived.

HAMLET Get thee {to} a nunnery; why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, believe none of us, go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPHELIA At home, my lord.

HAMLET Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

OPHELIA O help him, you sweet heavens.

HAMLET If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them: To a nunnery go, and quickly too, farewell.

OPHELIA Heavenly powers restore him.

HAMLET I have heard of your paintings well enough; God hath given you one face and you make yourselves another; you jig, {you} amble, and you {lisp}, you nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance; go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriage; those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are: To a nunnery go.

Exit.

OPHELIA O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
Th'expectation and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form;
Th'observed of all observers, quite, quite down;
And I of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music'd vows,
Now see {that} noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled out of time and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and stature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O woe is me
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see.

Enter King and Polonius.

CLAUDIUS Love? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness; there's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,

And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: He shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute;
Haply the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

POLONIUS It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love: How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all: My lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his Queen-mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief; let her be round with him,
And I'll be placed (so please you) in the ear
Of all their conference; if she find him not,
To England send him: Or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

CLAUDIUS It shall be so;
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

[ACT III, SCENE 2]

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.

HAMLET Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as [lief] the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently, for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to {tatters}, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbshews and noise: I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant, it out-Herod's Herod, pray you avoid it.

[CARA] I warrant your honour.

HAMLET Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: For any thing so o'erdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O there be players that I have seen play, and heard others {praise}, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having th'accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

[ANN R.] I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

HAMLET O reform it altogether, and let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it: Go make you ready. How now, my lord, will the King hear this piece of work?

{Exit Players.}

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz.

POLONIUS And the Queen too, and that presently.

HAMLET Bid the players make haste.

{Exit Polonius.}

Will you two help to hasten them?

ROSENCRANTZ Aye, my lord.

Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern].

HAMLET What {hoa}, Horatio?

Enter Horatio.

HORATIO Here sweet lord, at your service.

HAMLET Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

HORATIO O my dear lord.

HAMLET Nay, do not think I flatter,

For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning; dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
S'hath seal'd thee for herself, for thou hast been
As one in suff'ring all that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well comeddled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core; aye in my heart of heart
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play tonight before the King;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death;
I prithee when thou see'st that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy; give him heedful note,
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

HORATIO Well, my lord,
If {he} steal aught the whilst this play is playing
And 'scape {detecting}, I will pay the theft.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia,
{Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant with his Guard
carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.}*

HAMLET They are coming to the play. I must be idle,
Get you a place.

CLAUDIUS How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAMLET Excellent, i' faith,
Of the chameleon's dish, I eat the air,
Promise cramm'd, you cannot feed capons so.

CLAUDIUS I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet,
These words are not mine.

HAMLET No, nor mine now, my lord.
You play'd once i'th'university you say.

POLONIUS That did I, my lord, and was accounted
A good actor.

HAMLET What did you enact?

POLONIUS I did enact Julius Caesar;
I was killed i'th'Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

HAMLET It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf
there. Be the players ready?

ROSENCRANTZ Aye, my lord, they stay upon your patience.

GERTRUDE Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

HAMLET No good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

POLONIUS O ho, do you mark that?

HAMLET Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

OPHELIA No, my lord.

{HAMLET} I mean, my head upon your lap?

OPHELIA Aye, my lord.}

HAMLET Do you think I meant country matters?

OPHELIA I think nothing, my lord.

HAMLET That's a fair thought to lie between maids legs.

OPHELIA What is, my lord?

HAMLET Nothing.

OPHELIA You are merry, my lord.

HAMLET Who, I?

OPHELIA Aye, my lord.

HAMLET O God, your only jig-maker; what should a man do
but be merry? For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and
my father died within's two hours.

OPHELIA Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

HAMLET So long? Nay then let the devil wear black, for I'll
have a suit of sables. O heavens, die two months ago and not
forgotten yet; then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive
his life half a year, but by'r lady, {he} must build churches then or
else shall {he} suffer not thinking on with the hobby-horse, whose
epitaph is, "For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot."

The Trumpets sound. Dumbshow follows.

Enter a King and a Queen, the Queen embracing him and he her. He takes her up and declines his head upon her neck. He lies him down upon a bank of flowers. She, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in another man, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action. The poisoner with some three or four come in again, seem to condole her. The dead body is carried away, the poisoner woos the Queen with gifts, she seems harsh awhile, but in the end accepts love.

{Hautboys play. The dumbshow enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him. She kneels and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up and declines his head upon her neck. Lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exits. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. Exeunt.}

[Enter in a Dumbshow the King and the Queen. He sits down in an arbor, she leaves him. Then enters Lucianus with poison in a vial and pours it in his ears and goes away. Then the Queen cometh and finds him dead and goes away with the other.]

OPHELIA What means this, my lord?

HAMLET Marry, this {is mitching} malicho, {that} means mischief.

OPHELIA Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter [CARA as] Prologue.

HAMLET We shall know by this fellow; the players cannot keep {counsel}, they'll tell all.

OPHELIA Will [he] tell us what this show meant?

HAMLET Aye, or any show that you will show him; be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

OPHELIA You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

[CARA] For us and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

HAMLET Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

OPHELIA 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET As woman's love.

Enter [two players as] King and Queen.

[PLAYER] KING Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus orb'd the ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

[PLAYER] QUEEN So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done;
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from our former state,
That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must.
For women fear too much, even as they love,
And women's fear and love hold quantity,

Either none, in neither aught, or in extremity;
Now what my {love} is proof hath made you know,
And as my love is sized, my fear is so;
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

[PLAYER] KING 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honor'd, beloved; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou--

[PLAYER] QUEEN O confound the rest;
Such love must needs be treason in my breast;
In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

HAMLET That's wormwood.

[PLAYER] QUEEN The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

[PLAYER] KING I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break;
Purpose is but the slave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity,
Which now, {like} fruit unripe, sticks on the tree
But [falls] unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own {enactors} with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;

Grief {joys}, joy grieves on slender accident;
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change:
For 'tis a question, left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down you mark his favorite flies,
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies,
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own;
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

[PLAYER] QUEEN Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turn my trust and hope,
And anchor's cheer in prison be my scope;
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well and it destroy;
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife;
If once I be a widow, ever I be wife.

HAMLET If she should break it now.

[PLAYER] KING 'Tis deeply sworn, sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

[PLAYER] QUEEN Sleep rock thy brain,
{Sleeps.}

And never come mischance between us twain.

{Exit.}

HAMLET Madam, how like you this play?

GERTRUDE The lady doth protest too much methinks.

HAMLET O but she'll keep her word.

CLAUDIUS Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

HAMLET No, no, they do but jest; poison in jest; no offence i'th'world.

CLAUDIUS What do you call the play?

HAMLET The Mousetrap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna; Gonzago is the Duke's name, his wife Baptista; you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work, but what of that? Your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King.

Enter [CARA as] Lucianus.

OPHELIA You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

HAMLET I could interpret between you and your love,
If I could see the puppets dallying.

OPHELIA You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAMLET It would cost you a groaning to take off {my} edge.

OPHELIA Still better and worse.

HAMLET So you mistake your husbands. Begin murderer, leave thy damnable faces and begin; come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

LUCIANUS Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Considerate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice invected,
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurps immediately.

HAMLET {He} poisons him i'th'garden for his estate, his name's Gonzago, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPHELIA The King rises.

{**HAMLET** What, frightened with false fire.}

GERTRUDE How fares my lord?

POLONIUS Give o'er the play.

CLAUDIUS Give me some light, away.

POLONIUS Lights, lights, lights.

Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.

HAMLET Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play,
For some must watch, while some must sleep,
Thus runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me) with provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?

HORATIO Half a share.

HAMLET A whole one I.
For thou dost know, oh Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself, and now reigns here
A very, very pajock.

HORATIO You might have rhymed.

HAMLET O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a
thousand pound. Did'st perceive?

HORATIO Very well, my lord.

HAMLET Upon the talk of the poisoning.

HORATIO I did very well note him.

HAMLET Ah ha, come, some music; come, the recorders,
For if the King like not the comedy,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some music.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

GUILDENSTERN Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with
you.

HAMLET Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENSTERN The King, sir—

HAMLET Aye sir, what of him?

GUILDENSTERN Is in his retirement marvelous distemp' red.

HAMLET With drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN No, my lord, {rather} with choler.

HAMLET Your wisdom should show itself more richer
To signify this to his doctor,
For for me to put him to his purgation
Would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

GUILDENSTERN Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame
And {start} not so wildly from my affair.

HAMLET I am tame, sir, pronounce.

GUILDENSTERN The Queen your mother, in most great
affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

HAMLET You are welcome.

GUILDENSTERN Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of
the right breed; if it shall please you to make me a wholesome
answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon,
and my return, shall be the end of {my} business.

HAMLET Sir, I cannot.

GUILDENSTERN What, my lord?

HAMLET Make you a wholesome answer, my wit's diseas'd; but,
sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say,
my mother: Therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say—

ROSENCRANTZ Then thus she says, your behavior hath
struck her into amazement and admiration.

HAMLET O wonderful son that can so 'stonish a mother, but is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

ROSENCRANTZ She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

HAMLET We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAMLET Sir, I lack advancement.

ROSENCRANTZ How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

Enter the Players with Recorders.

HAMLET Aye sir, but while the grass grows; the proverb is something musty. O, the recorders, let me see one. To withdraw with you, why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUILDENSTERN O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

HAMLET I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAMLET It is as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and {thumb}, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music, look you, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN But these cannot I command to any utt'rance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAMLET Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to {the top of} my compass – and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you {can} fret me you cannot play upon me. God bless you, sir.

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAMLET Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

POLONIUS By th'mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

HAMLET Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS It is back'd like a weasel.

[ACT III, SCENE 3]

HAMLET Or like a whale.

POLONIUS Very like a whale.

HAMLET Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by. {~~Leave me friends.~~}

{**POLONIUS**} I will say so.

{Exit.}

HAMLET By and by is easily said. {Leave me friends.}

{*Exeunt.*
Manet Hamlet.}

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself {breaths} out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day
Would quake to look on: Soft, now to my mother;
O heart lose not thy nature, let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak {daggers} to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never my soul consent.

Exit.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

CLAUDIUS I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range; therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you;
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near's as doth hourly grow
Out of his {lunacies}.

GUILDENSTERN We will ourselves provide;
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your Majesty.

ROSENCRANTZ The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armor of the mind
To keep itself from noyance, but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many; the cease of Majesty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it; or it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose {huge} spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous rain. Never alone
Did the King sigh, but {with} a general groan.

CLAUDIUS Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy {voyage},
For we will fetters put about this fear
Which now goes too free-footed.

ROSENCRANTZ We will haste us.

Exeunt Gentlemen.

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother
(Since nature makes them partial) should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage; fare you well, my liege,
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed
And tell you what I know.

Exit.

CLAUDIUS Thanks dear my lord.
O my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder; pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound
I stand in pause where I shall first begin
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the sweet Heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or {pardon'd} being down? Then I'll look up.
My fault is past, but oh what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder?
That cannot be since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder;
My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen;
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?

In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may {shove} by justice
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law, but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can, what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state, O bosom black as death,
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged; help, angels, make assay,
Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe;
All may be well.

[He kneels.]

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET Now might I do it, but now {he} is a' praying;
And now I'll do't, and so {he} goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd, that would be scann'd;
A villain kills my father, and, for that,
I his sole son do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is {hire and salary}, not revenge;
{He} took my father grossly full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent;
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,

Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At game a' swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother stays,
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

Exit.

CLAUDIUS My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Exit.

[ACT IV, SCENE 1]

[Act III, Scene 4]

Enter Gertrude and Polonius.

POLONIUS {He} will come straight; look you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him; I'll silence me even here;
Pray you, be round {with him}.

{Enter Hamlet.}

{HAMLET (within)} Mother, mother, mother.}

GERTRUDE I'll {warrant} you, fear me not:
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Exit Polonius.]

{Enter Hamlet.}

HAMLET Now mother, what's the matter?

GERTRUDE Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET Mother, you have my father much offended.

GERTRUDE Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET Go, go, you question with a {wicked} tongue.

GERTRUDE Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET What's the matter now?

GERTRUDE Have you forgot me?

HAMLET No by the rood, not so,
 You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
 And, would it were not so, you are my mother.

GERTRUDE Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAMLET Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not budge,
 You go not till I set you up a glass
 Where you may see the {inmost} part of you.

GERTRUDE What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
 Help, {help, hoa}!

POLONIUS What, hoa, help, {help, help}.

HAMLET How now, a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead.

Kills Polonius.

POLONIUS O I am slain.

GERTRUDE O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET Nay, I know not, is it the King?

GERTRUDE O what a rash and bloody deed is this.

HAMLET A bloody deed almost as bad, good mother,
 As kill a King and marry with his brother.

GERTRUDE As kill a king.

HAMLET Aye lady, {'twas} my word.

[Discovers Polonius.]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell;
 I took thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
 Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger,
 Leave wringing of your hands, peace sit you down,
 And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
 If it be made of penetrable stuff,
 If damned custom have not brass'd it so
 That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

GERTRUDE What have I done, that thou dare'st wag thy tongue
 In noise so rude against me?

HAMLET Such an act
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
 Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love
 And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows
 As false as dicers' oaths; O such a deed
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words; heaven's face does glow
 O'er this solidity and compound mass
 With heated visage; as against the doom
 Is thought-sick at the act.

GERTRUDE Aye me, what act,
 {That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?}

HAMLET Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;
 See what a grace was seated on this brow,
 Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
 An eye like Mars to threaten and command,
 A station like the herald Mercury
 New-lighted on a {heaven-kissing} hill,
 A combination and a form indeed
 Where every God did seem to set his seal

To give the world assurance of a man;
 This was your husband. Look you now, what follows.
 Here is your husband like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed
 And batten on this moor? Ha, have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love, for at your age
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment, and what judgment
 Would step from this to this? <Sense sure you have
 Else could you not have motion, but sure that sense
 Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
 To serve in such a difference.> What devil was't
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
 <Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all;
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope:> O shame where it thy blush?
 Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
 And melt in her own fire; proclaim no shame
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn
 And reason pardons will.

GERTRUDE O Hamlet speak no more,
 Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soul,
 And there I see such black and griev'd spots
 As will leave there their tinct.

HAMLET Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed
 Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
 Over the nasty sty.

GERTRUDE O speak to me no more,
 These words like daggers enter in my ears;
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

HAMLET A murderer and a villain;
 A slave that is not twentieth part the kith
 Of your precedent lord, a vice of Kings,
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
 And put it in his pocket!

GERTRUDE No more.

Enter Ghost.

HAMLET A king of shreds and patches—
 Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards: What would your gracious figure?

GERTRUDE Alas he's mad.

HAMLET Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 That lapsed in time and passion lets go by
 Th'important acting of your dread command? O say.

GHOST Do not forget; this visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose;
 But look, amazement on thy mother sits;
 O step between her and her fighting soul;
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works;
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAMLET How is it with you, lady?

GERTRUDE Alas, how is't with you?
 That you do bend your eye on vacancy

And with th'incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th'alarm,
Your bedded {hairs}, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands [on] end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience; whereon do you look?

HAMLET On him, on him, look you how pale he glares;
His form and cause conjoin'd preaching to stones
Would make them capable; do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true color, tears perchance for blood.

GERTRUDE To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET Do you see nothing there?

GERTRUDE Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

HAMLET Nor did you nothing hear?

GERTRUDE No, nothing but ourselves.

HAMLET Why, look you there, look how it steals away;
My father in his habit as he lived;
Look where he goes, even now out at the portal.

Exit Ghost.

GERTRUDE This the very coinage of your brain;
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

HAMLET {Ecstasy?}
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time

And makes as healthful music; it is not madness
That I have utt' red; bring me to the test,
And {I} the matter will reword, which madness
Would gambol from; mother, for love of grace
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
{Whilst} rank corruption mining all within
Infects unseen; confess yourself to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker; forgive me this my virtue,
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curb and woo for leave to do him good.

GERTRUDE O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET O throw away the worser part of it,
And {live} the purer with the other half;
Good night, but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue if you have it not;
<That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on. Refrain tonight,>
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence, <the next more easy:
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either {curb} the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency:> Once more good night,
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you, for this same lord
I do repent; but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister;

I will bestow him and will answer well
The death I gave him. So again good night;
I must be cruel only to be kind;
This bad begins and worse remains behind.
<One word more, good lady.>

GERTRUDE What shall I do?

HAMLET Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to {ravel} all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

GERTRUDE Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

HAMLET I must to England, you know that.

GERTRUDE Alack I had forgot. 'Tis so concluded on.

HAMLET <There's letters seal'd, and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: Let it work,

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard; and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines
And blow them at the moon: O 'tis most sweet
When in one line two crafts directly meet.>
This man shall set me packing;
I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.
Mother, good night indeed. This councilor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

Exit.

[Act IV, Scene 1]

Enter King (and Queen) with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

CLAUDIUS There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves;
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them;
Where is your son?

GERTRUDE <Bestow this place on us a little while.>

[*Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!

CLAUDIUS What Gertrude, how does Hamlet?

GERTRUDE Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, "A rat, a rat,"
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

CLAUDIUS O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one;
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man; but so much was our love
We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life: Where is he gone?

GERTRUDE To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; {he} weeps for what is done.

CLAUDIUS O Gertrude, come away;
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our Majesty and skill
Both countenance and excuse. Ho Guildenstern.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid;
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel; I pray you haste in this.

{Exit Gentlemen.}

Come Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do
And what's untimely done; {so haply slander,}

<Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air;> O come away,
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 2]

Enter Hamlet {Rosencrantz, and others}.

HAMLET Safely stowed.

{R&G WITHIN Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.}

HAMLET <But soft>, what noise, who calls on Hamlet?
O here they come.

{Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.}

ROSENCRANTZ What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body?

HAMLET {Compounded} it with dust whereto 'tis kin.

ROSENCRANTZ Tell us where 'tis that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.

HAMLET Do not believe it.

ROSENCRANTZ Believe what?

HAMLET That I can keep your counsel and not mine own;
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge?
What replication should be made by the son of a king?

ROSENCRANTZ Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAMLET Aye sir, that soaks up the King's countenance, his
rewards, his authorities; but such officers do the King best service in
the end; he keeps them, like an {ape}, in the corner of his jaw; first
mouth'd to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have
gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

ROSENCRANTZ I understand you not, my lord.

HAMLET I am glad of it; a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish
ear.

ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you must tell us where the body is,
and go with us to the King.

HAMLET The body is with the King, but the King is not with
the body. The King is a thing—

GUILDENSTERN A thing, my lord.

HAMLET Of nothing, bring me to him. *{Hide fox, and all
after.}*

Exeunt.

[ACT IV, SCENE 3]

Enter King and two or three.

CLAUDIUS I have sent to seek him and to find the body;
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong law on him;
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, th'offender's scourge is weigh'd
But never the offence; to bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause; diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are reliev'd
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz and all the rest.

How now, what hath befall'n?

ROSENCRANTZ Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

CLAUDIUS But where is he?

ROSENCRANTZ Without, my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

CLAUDIUS Bring him before us.

ROSENCRANTZ Hoa, bring in the lord.

*They enter.
{Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.}*

CLAUDIUS Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET At supper.

CLAUDIUS At supper? Where?

HAMLET Not where he eats, but where {he} is eaten; a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him; your worm is your only Emperor for diet; we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots; your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

<**CLAUDIUS** Alas, alas.

HAMLET A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King, and cat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.>

CLAUDIUS What dost you mean by this?

HAMLET Nothing but to show you how a King may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

CLAUDIUS Where is Polonius?

HAMLET In heaven; send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i'th'other place yourself. But if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

CLAUDIUS Go seek him there.

HAMLET {He} will stay till ye come.

CLAUDIUS Hamlet, this deed for thine especial safety
(Which we do tender as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done) must send thee hence
{With fiery quickness}: Therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready and the wind at help,
Th'associates tend, and every thing is bent

For England.

Howe'er my haps, my joys {were} ne'er begun.

Exit.

HAMLET For England.

CLAUDIUS Aye Hamlet.

HAMLET Good.

CLAUDIUS So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAMLET I see a cherub that sees them; but come, for England.
Farewell, dear mother.

CLAUDIUS Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET My mother: Father and mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, {and} so my mother.
Come, for England.

Exit.

CLAUDIUS Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence tonight.
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th'affair; pray you make haste.

[Exeunt all but the King.]

And England, if my love thou hold'st at aught
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England,
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; till I know 'tis done,

[ACT IV, SCENE 4]

*Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the stage.
[ADELIN as Norwegian Captain.]*

FORTINBRAS Go captain, from me greet the Danish King;
Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

[ADELIN] I will do't, my lord.

FORTINBRAS Go softly on.

*[Exeunt. Manet Captain.]
<Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, et cetera.*

HAMLET Good sir, whose powers are these?

[ADELIN] They are of Norway, sir.

HAMLET How purposed, sir, I pray you?

[ADELIN] Against some part of Poland.

HAMLET Who commands them, sir?

[ADELIN] The nephews to old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAMLET Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

[ADELIN] Truly to speak, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate should it be sold in fee.

HAMLET Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

[ADELIN] Yes, it is already garrison'd.

HAMLET Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw;
This is th'imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

[ADELIN]s God buy you, sir.

[Exit.]

ROSENCRANTZ Will't please you go, my lord?

HAMLET I'll be with you straight, go a little before.

[Exeunt. Manet Hamlet.]

How all occasions do inform against me
And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more:
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unused; now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'event
(A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward) I do not know

Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't; examples gross as earth exhort me;
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake; how stand I then
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That for a fantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O from this time forth
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.>

[ACT V, SCENE 1]

[Act IV, Scene 5]

Enter Horatio, Gertrude, and [ANN R. as] a Gentleman.

GERTRUDE I will not speak with her.

[ANN R.] She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

GERTRUDE What would she have?

[ANN R.] She speaks much of her father, says she hears
There's tricks i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt
That carry but half sense; her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they {aim} at it
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

HORATIO 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

{GERTRUDE} Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

OPHELIA Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

GERTRUDE How now Ophelia?

She sings.

OPHELIA

*How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and staff and his sandal shoon.*

GERTRUDE Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA Say you, nay pray you mark:

*He is dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.*

{Enter King.}

GERTRUDE Nay but Ophelia.

OPHELIA Pray you, mark.

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

GERTRUDE Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA

*Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the ground did not go
With true-love showers.*

CLAUDIUS How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA Well [God 'ild] you; they say the owl was a baker's daughter; Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

CLAUDIUS Conceit upon her father.

OPHELIA Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

CLAUDIUS Pretty Ophelia.

OPHELIA Indeed without an oath I'll make an end on't:

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame,
Young men will do't if they come to't;
By cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, "Before you tumbled me
You promised me to wed."*

(He answers.)

*So would I a' done, by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.*

CLAUDIUS How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA I hope all will be well; we must be patient, but I cannot choose but weep to think they would lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come my coach, good night ladies, good night. Sweet ladies good night, good night.

{Exit.}

CLAUDIUS Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.

*O this is the poison of deep grief, it springs
All from her father's death, and now behold*

O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies
But in battalions: First her father slain;
Next, your son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddied
Thick and unwholesome in thoughts and whispers
For good Polonius' death: And we have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him: Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death,
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear: O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murd'ring-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

*A noise within.
Enter a Messenger.*

{GERTRUDE Alack, what noise is this?}

CLAUDIUS Attend, where {are} my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

GENTLEMAN Save yourself, my lord.
The ocean overpeering of his list
Eats not the flats with more impiteous haste
Than young Laertes in a riotous head
O'erbears your officers: The rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,

They cry, "Choose we, Laertes shall be King";
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be King, Laertes King."

GERTRUDE How cheerfully on the false trail they cry.

A noise within.

O this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

CLAUDIUS The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes with others.

LAERTES Where is this King? Sirs, stand you all without.

ALL No, let's come in.

LAERTES I pray you, give me leave.

ALL We will, we will.

LAERTES I thank you, keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

GERTRUDE Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

CLAUDIUS What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go Gertrude, do not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth hedge a King
That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will; tell me Laertes
Why thou art thus incensed; let him go Gertrude.
Speak man.

LAERTES Where is my father?

CLAUDIUS Dead.

GERTRUDE But not by him.

CLAUDIUS Let him demand his fill.

LAERTES How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with;
To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest devil,
Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation; to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence;
Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

CLAUDIUS Who shall stay you?

LAERTES My will, not all the worlds:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

CLAUDIUS Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge
That, [swoopstake], you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

LAERTES None but his enemies.

CLAUDIUS Will you know them then?

LAERTES To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

CLAUDIUS Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment peer
As day does to your eye.

A noise within.

[SOMEONE WITHIN] Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

{LAERTES} How now, what noise is that?
O heat, dry up my brains, tears seven times salt
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye;
By heaven thy madness shall be paid with weight
{Till} our scale turn the beam. O rose of May,
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia;
O heavens, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as a poor man's life?
{Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.}

OPHELIA
*They bore him barefaced on the bier,
{Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny:}
And in his grave rain'd many a tear,
Fare you well, my dove.*

LAERTES Had'st thou thy wits and did'st persuade revenge
It could not move thus.

[ACT V, SCENE 2]

[Act IV, Scene 2]

Enter Horatio and [ANN R. as Gentleman].

HORATIO What are they that would speak with me?

[ANN R.] Seafaring men, sir, they say they have letters for you.

HORATIO Let them come in.

[Exit ANN R.]

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter [ADELINE as] Sailors.

[ADELIN] God bless you, sir.

HORATIO Let him bless thee too.

[ADELIN] {He} shall, sir, {and't} please him; there's a letter for you, sir, it came from th'Ambassador that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HORATIO *Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd this give these fellows some means to the King, they have letters for him: Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail we put on a compelled valor and in the grapple I boarded them; on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent and repair thou to me with as much speed as thou would'st fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the {bore} of the matter. These good fellows will bring*

thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

{He} that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for these your letters,
And do't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exeunt.

[ACT V, SCENE 3]

[Act IV, Scene 7]

Enter King and Laertes.

CLAUDIUS Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

LAERTES It well appears: But tell me
Why you proceed not against these feats
So criminal and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else
You mainly were stirr'd up.

CLAUDIUS O for two special reasons
Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for myself
(My virtue or my plague, be it either which)
She is so {conjunctive} to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her; the other motive,
(Why, to a public count I might not go)
Is the great love the general gender bear him,
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
{Would}, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces, so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so {loud a wind},
Would have reverted to my bow again,
{And} not where I had aim'd them.

LAERTES And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desp'rate terms,

Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections; but my revenge will come.

CLAUDIUS Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more;
I loved your father, and we love ourself,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter [ANN R. as] a Messenger with Letters.

{How now? What news?}

[ANN R.] {Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

CLAUDIUS From Hamlet? Who brought them?

[ANN R.] Sailors, my lord, they say, I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he received them
Of him that brought them.

CLAUDIUS Laertes, you shall hear them: Leave us.

{Exit ANN R. as Messenger.}

*High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom;
tomorrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when I shall, first asking
you pardon, thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden return.*

Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

LAERTES Know you the hand?

CLAUDIUS 'Tis Hamlets character. Naked;
And in a postscript here he says alone;
Can you {advise} me?

LAERTES I am lost in it, my lord, but let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart
That I {shall} live and tell him to his teeth;
Thus did'st thou.

CLAUDIUS If it be so Laertes
(As how should it be so? How otherwise?)
Will you be ruled by me?

LAERTES Aye my lord,
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

CLAUDIUS To thine own peace; if he be now returned
As {checking} at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

<**LAERTES** My lord, I will be ruled,
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

CLAUDIUS It falls right,
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

LAERTES What part is that, my lord?

CLAUDIUS A very [riband] in the cap of youth,
Yet needful, too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds
Importing health and graveness;> two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy.
I've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback, but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natured
With the brave beast, so far he topp'd my thought
That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

LAERTES A Norman was't?

CLAUDIUS A Norman.

LAERTES Upon my life, Lamord.

CLAUDIUS The very same.

LAERTES I know him well; he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

CLAUDIUS He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defense,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you; <the scrimers of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them.> Sir, this report of his

Enter Queen.

Exit.

GERTRUDE One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow; your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

LAERTES Drown'd, O where?

GERTRUDE There is a willow grows ascant the brook,
That shows his {hoar} leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cull-cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
There on the pendent boughs, her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and endued
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

LAERTES Alas, then she is drown'd.

GERTRUDE Drown'd, drown'd.

LAERTES Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds.
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu my lord,
I have a speech {of} fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.

CLAUDIUS Let's follow, Gertrude;
How much I had to do to calm his rage,
Now fear I this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt.

[ACT V, SCENE 4]

[Act V, Scene 1]

Enter two Clowns.

1 CLOWN Is she to be buried in Christian burial when she willfully seeks her own salvation?

2 CLOWN I tell thee she is, therefore make her grave straight; the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 CLOWN How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defense?

2 CLOWN Why, 'tis found so.

1 CLOWN It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else, for here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches: It is to act, to do, to perform; {argal}, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 CLOWN Nay, but hear you, goodman delver—

1 CLOWN Give me leave. Here lies the water, good; here stands the man, good; if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is will he, nill he he goes, mark you that. But if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 CLOWN But is this law?

1 CLOWN Aye marry is't, crowner's quest law.

2 CLOWN [Well], you ha' the truth on't, if this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out a' Christian burial.

1 CLOWN Why, there thou say'st, and the more pity that great folk should have count'nance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian: Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentleman but gardeners, ditchers, and gravemakers, they hold up Adam's profession.

2 CLOWN Was he a gentleman?

1 CLOWN He was the first that ever bore arms.

{**2 CLOWN** Why, he had none.

1 CLOWN What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says "Adam digg'd"; could he dig without arms?} I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose confess thyself.

2 CLOWN Go to.

1 CLOWN What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 CLOWN The gallows-maker, for that {frame} outlives a thousand tenants.

1 CLOWN I like thy wit well in good faith, the gallows does well, but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the Church, argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 CLOWN Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 CLOWN Aye, tell me that and unyoke.

2 CLOWN Marry, now I can tell.

1 CLOWN To't.

2 CLOWN Mass, I cannot tell.

{Enter Hamlet and Horatio afar off.}

1 CLOWN Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask'd this question next, say a grave-maker, the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee in, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit Second Clown.]

Song.
In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,
O methought there was nothing a' meet.

[He throws up a shovel.]

HAMLET Has this fellow no feeling of his business? {He} sings at grave-making.

HORATIO Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

HAMLET 'Tis e'en so, the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 CLOWN *Song.*
But age with his stealing steps
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

HAMLET That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere Cain's jaw-bone

that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

HORATIO It might, my lord.

HAMLET Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good morrow, sweet lord; how dost thou, sweet lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when {he} went to beg it, might it not?

HORATIO Aye my lord.

HAMLET Why e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's, chopless and knock'd about the {mazzard} with a sexton's spade; here's fine revolution and we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with them? Mine ache to think on't.

1 CLOWN *Song.*
A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet,
O a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

HAMLET There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillies, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum, this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: {Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries}, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and double then the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must th'inheritor himself have no more, ha?

HORATIO Not a jot more, my lord.

HAMLET Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

HORATIO Aye my lord, and of calves-skins too.

HAMLET They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that; I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

1 CLOWN Mine, sir:
*{O} a pit a clay for to be made,
{For such a guest is meet.}*

HAMLET I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

1 CLOWN You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

HAMLET Thou dost lie in't to be in't and say it is thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest.

1 CLOWN 'Tis a quick lie, sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

HAMLET What man dost thou dig it for?

1 CLOWN For no man, sir.

HAMLET What woman then?

1 CLOWN For none neither.

HAMLET Who is to be buried in't?

1 CLOWN One that was a woman, sir, but rest her soul she's dead.

HAMLET How absolute the knave is; we must speak by the card or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken a note of it, the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 CLOWN Of all the days i'th'year I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

HAMLET How long is that since?

1 CLOWN Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that; it was that very day that young Hamlet was born: He that is mad and sent into England.

HAMLET Aye marry, why was he sent into England?

1 CLOWN Why, because {he} was mad: {He} shall recover his wits there, or if {he} do not, 'tis no great matter there.

HAMLET Why?

1 CLOWN 'Twill, a not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

HAMLET How came he mad?

1 CLOWN Very strangely they say.

HAMLET How strangely?

1 CLOWN Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAMLET Upon what ground?

1 CLOWN Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAMLET How long will a man lie i'th'earth ere he rot?

1 CLOWN 'Faith, if {he} be not rotten before {he} die, as we have many pocky corses {now-a-days} that will scarce hold the laying in, {he} will last you some eight year, or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year.

HAMLET Why he more than another?

1 CLOWN Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that {he} will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now hath lain i'th'earth {three and twenty} years.

HAMLET Whose was it?

1 CLOWN A whoreson mad fellow's it was, whose do you think it was?

HAMLET Nay, I know not.

1 CLOWN A pestilence on him for a mad rogue; a' pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once; this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

HAMLET This?

1 CLOWN E'en that.

HAMLET {Let me see.} Alas, poor Yorick; I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath bore me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? Your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning.

Quite chopfall'n. Now get you to my lady's table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HORATIO What's that, my lord?

HAMLET Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i'th'earth?

HORATIO E'en so.

HAMLET And smelt so? Pah.

HORATIO E'en so, my lord.

HAMLET To what base uses we may return, Horatio? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till {he} find it stopping a bung-hole?

HORATIO 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

HAMLET No, faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe
Should patch a wall t'expell the {winter's} flaw.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and the corse [in] {a coffin, with ANN R. as Lords Attendant}, [with ADELIN as a Priest after the coffin].

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queen, the Courtiers; who is this thy follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desp'rate hand

LAERTES What ceremony else?

HAMLET That is Laertes, a very noble youth, mark.

LAERTES What ceremony else?

[**ADELIN**] Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: For charitable prayers,
/Shards/, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her:
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin {rites},
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

LAERTES Must there no more be done?

[**ADELIN**] No more be done.
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

LAERTES Lay her i'th'earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring: I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be
When thou liest howling.

HAMLET What, the fair Ophelia.

GERTRUDE Sweets to the sweet, farewell;
I hoped thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

LAERTES O treble woe
Fall ten times {treble} on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Deprived thee of; hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

{Leaps in the grave.}

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

HAMLET What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

[Hamlet leaps in after Laertes.]

LAERTES The devil take thy soul.

HAMLET Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear; hold off thy hand.

CLAUDIUS Pluck them asunder.

GERTRUDE Hamlet, Hamlet.

ALL Gentlemen.

HORATIO Good my lord, be quiet.

HAMLET Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

GERTRUDE O my son, what theme?

HAMLET I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

CLAUDIUS O he is mad, Laertes.

GERTRUDE For love of God, forbear him.

HAMLET 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? Eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountains let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart; nay and thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

GERTRUDE This is mere madness,
And {thus} awhile the fit will work on him,
Anon as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

HAMLET Hear you, sir,
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.

Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

CLAUDIUS I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech,
We'll put the matter to the present push:
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument;
An hour of quiet thereby shall we see;
{Till} then in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt.

[ACT V, SCENE 4]

[Act V, Scene 2]

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

HAMLET So much for this, sir, now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

HORATIO Remember it, my lord?

HAMLET Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep; my thought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilbo, rashly
(And praised be rashness for it). Let us know,
Our indiscretion {sometimes} serves us well,
When our deep plots do fall; and that should learn us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

HORATIO That is most certain.

HAMLET Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them; had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unfold
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho, such bugs and goblins in my life,
That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

HORATIO Is't possible?

HAMLET Here's the commission, read it at more leisure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

HORATIO I beseech you.

HAMLET Being thus be-netted round with villains
({Ere} I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play) I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair;
I once did hold it, as our statist do,
A baseness to write fair, and labor'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service; wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

HORATIO Aye, good my lord.

HAMLET An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should stiff her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like {as'es} of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or less,
He should {the} bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd.

HORATIO How was this seal'd?

HAMLET Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of th'other,
{Subscribed} it, gave't th'impression, placed it safely,

The changeling never known: Now the next day
Was our sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

HORATIO So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

HAMLET {Why, man, they did make love to this employment.}
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow;
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

HORATIO Why, what a King is this!

HAMLET Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whored my mother,
Popp'd in between th'election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
{To quit him with this arm? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

HORATIO It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

HAMLET It will be short; the interim's mine,
And a man's life's no more than to say "one":
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his; I'll court his favors:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring passion.

HORATIO Peace, who comes here?

Enter young Osric.

OSRIC Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAMLET I humbly thank you, sir.
Dost know this water-fly?

HORATIO No, my good lord.

HAMLET Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know
him. He hath much land, and fertile: Let a beast be lord of beasts and
his crib shall stand at the King's mess; 'tis a chough, but as I say,
spacious in the possession of dirt.

OSRIC Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart
a thing to you from his Majesty.

HAMLET I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. {Put}
your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

OSRIC I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

HAMLET No, believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is northerly.

OSRIC It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

HAMLET But yet methinks it is very {sultry} and hot {for} my
complexion.

OSRIC Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere I cannot tell
how: My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that {he} has laid a
great wager on your head; sir, this is the matter

HAMLET I beseech you remember.

OSRIC Nay, good my lord, for my ease in good faith. <Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry: For you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAMLET Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory; and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

OSRIC Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAMLET The concernancy, sir, why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSRIC Sir?

HORATIO Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

HAMLET What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSRIC Of Laertes?

HORATIO His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

HAMLET Of him, sir.

OSRIC I know you are not ignorant—

HAMLET I would you did, sir, yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?>

OSRIC You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is.

<**HAMLET** I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

OSRIC I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.>

HAMLET What's his weapon?

OSRIC Rapier and dagger.

HAMLET That's two of his weapons, but well.

OSRIC The King, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has empawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

HAMLET What call you the carriages?

HORATIO I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

OSRIC The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAMLET The phrase would be more germane to the matter if we could carry cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then. But on: Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this all [{"empawned"}] as you call it?

OSRIC The King, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine and it would come to immediate trial if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAMLET How if I answer no?

OSRIC I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

HAMLET Sir, I will walk here in the hall, if it please his Majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him and I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

OSRIC Shall I deliver you so?

HAMLET To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

OSRIC I commend my duty to your lordship.

HAMLET {Yours, yours.}

[Exit Osric.]

{He} does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

HORATIO This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

HAMLET He did comply with his dug before {he} suck'd it; thus has he, and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time and {outward} habit of encounter; a kind of histy collection which carries them through and through the most fond and {winnowed} opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

<Enter [ANN R. as] a Lord.

[ANN R.] My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

HAMLET I am constant to my purpose, they follow the King's pleasure, if his fitness speaks, mine is ready: Now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

[ANN R.] The King, and Queen, and all are coming down.

HAMLET In happy time.

[ANN R.] The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

HAMLET She well instructs me.>

[Exit ANN R.]

HORATIO You will lose {this wager}, my lord.

HAMLET I do not think so; since he went into France I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds; {but} thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

HORATIO Nay, good my lord.

HAMLET It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of game-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

HORATIO If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

HAMLET Not a whit, we defy augury, there is special providence in the fall of a sparrow; if it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it {will} come; the readiness is all, since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

A table prepared (and flagons of wine on it). Trumpets, drums, and officers with cushions; King, Queen, and all the state; {other attendants with} foils, daggers, {and gauntlets}; and Laertes.

CLAUDIUS Come Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

HAMLET Give me your pardon, sir, I have done you wrong,
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman;
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With a sore distraction; what I have done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
{Sir, in this audience}
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

LAERTES I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge, but in my terms of honor
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation

Till by some elder masters of known honor
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To {keep} my name ungor'd: But {till} that time
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

HAMLET I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. {Come on.}

LAERTES Come, one for me.

HAMLET I'll be your foil, Laertes, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i'th'darkest night
Stick fiery off indeed.

LAERTES You mock me, sir.

HAMLET No, by this hand.

CLAUDIUS Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

HAMLET Very well, my lord.
Your grace has laid the odds a'th'weaker side.

CLAUDIUS I do not fear it, I have seen you both,
But since he is {better'd}, we have therefore odds.

LAERTES This is too heavy: Let me see another.

HAMLET This likes me well; these foils have all a length?

{Prepare to play.}

OSRIC Aye, my good lord.

CLAUDIUS Set me the stoops of wine upon that table;
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
And in the cup an onyx shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive Kings
In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
Now the King dunks to Hamlet. Come, begin.

Trumpets the while.

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAMLET Come on, sir.

LAERTES Come, my lord.

[Here they play. A hit.]

HAMLET One.

LAERTES No.

HAMLET Judgment.

OSRIC A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES Well, again.

*Drum, trumpets, and shot.
Flourish, a piece goes off.*

CLAUDIUS Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine.

Here's to thy health: Give him the cup.

HAMLET I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

[They play again.]

Come, another hit. What say you?

LAERTES {A touch, a touch,} I do confess.

CLAUDIUS Our son shall win.

GERTRUDE He's fat, and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAMLET Good madam.

CLAUDIUS Gertrude, do not drink.

GERTRUDE I will, my lord, I pray you pardon me.

[She drinks.]

CLAUDIUS It is the poison'd cup, it is too late.

HAMLET I dare not drink yet, madam, by and by.

GERTRUDE Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES My lord, I'll hit him now.

CLAUDIUS I do not think't.

LAERTES And yet it is almost against my conscience.

HAMLET Come for the third, Laertes, you but dally.

I pray you pass with your best violence;
I am sure you make a wanton of me.

LAERTES Say you so? Come on.

OSRIC Nothing, neither way.

LAERTES Have at you now.

{In scuffling they change rapiers.}

[They catch one another's rapiers and both are wounded. Laertes falls down.

The Queen falls down and dies.]

CLAUDIUS Part them, they are incens'd.

HAMLET Nay, come again.

OSRIC Look to the queen there, {hoa}.

HORATIO They bleed on both sides; how is it, my lord?

OSRIC How is't, Laertes?

LAERTES Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric,
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAMLET How does the Queen?

CLAUDIUS She [swoons] to see them bleed.

GERTRUDE No, no, the drink, the drink, O my dear Hamlet,
The drink, the drink, I am poison'd.

HAMLET O villainy! How? Let the door be lock'd;
Treachery, seek it out.

LAERTES It is here, Hamlet.

*{Hamlet}, thou art slain;
No med'cine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in {thy} hand,
Unbated and envenom'd; the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me, lo here I lie
Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more; the King, the King's to blame.*

HAMLET The point envenom'd, too; then venom to thy work.

{Hurts the King.}

ALL Treason, treason.

CLAUDIUS O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

HAMLET Here thou incestuous, {murderous} damned Dane,
Drink off this potion; is thy onyx here?
Follow my mother.

King dies.

LAERTES He is justly served;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet;
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.

Dies.

HAMLET Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead, Horatio; wretched Queen, adieu.
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death
Is strict in his arrest, O I could tell you--
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead,

Thou livest, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

HORATIO Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane;
Here's yet some liquor left.

HAMLET As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let go, by heaven I'll ha't.
O god, Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown shall {live} behind me?
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story:

A march afar off.

What warlike noise is this?

Enter Osric.

OSRIC Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To th'ambassadors of England gives this warlike volley.

HAMLET O I die Horatio,
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy th'election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th'occurents, more and less,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

{Dies.}

HORATIO Now cracks a noble heart; good night sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras with [BRIGID as] the Ambassadors, {with Drum, Colors, and Attendants}.

FORTINBRAS Where is this sight?

HORATIO What is it you would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

FORTINBRAS This quarry cries on havoc; O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

[BRIGID] The sight is dismal
And our affairs from England come too late;
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead;
Where should we have our thanks?

HORATIO Not from his mouth
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death;
But since so jump upon this bloody question
You from the Polack wars and you from England
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to {the} yet unknowing world
How these things came about; so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and for no cause;
And in this upshot purposes mistook
Fall'n on th'inventors' reads: All this can I
Truly deliver.

FORTINBRAS Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience;
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

HORATIO Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more;
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

FORTINBRAS Let four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royal; and for his passage
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him:
Take up the bodies; such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go bid the soldiers shoot.

*{Exeunt Marching.
After the which a peal of ordnance are shot off.}*

FINIS.

ERROR: undefined
OFFENDING COMMAND:

STACK: