

1 1604

2

3 *THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK*

4

5 by William Shakespeare

6

7 Dramatis Personae

8

9 Claudius, King of Denmark.

10 Marcellus, Officer.

11 Hamlet, son to the former, and nephew to the present king.

12 Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.

13 Horatio, friend to Hamlet.

14 Laertes, son to Polonius.

15 Voltemand, courtier.

16 Cornelius, courtier.

17 Rosencrantz, courtier.

18 Guildenstern, courtier.

19 Osric, courtier.

20 A Gentleman, courtier.

21 A Priest.

22 Marcellus, officer.

23 Bernardo, officer.

24 Francisco, a soldier

25 Reynaldo, servant to Polonius.

26 Players.

27 Two Clowns, gravediggers.

28 Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.

29 A Norwegian Captain.

30 English Ambassadors.

31

32 Getrude, Queen of Denmark, mother to Hamlet.

33 Ophelia, daughter to Polonius.

34

35 Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

36

37 Lords, ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, Attendants.

38

39

40

41 SCENE.- Elsinore.

42

43

44 ACT I. Scene I.

45 Elsinore. A platform before the Castle.

46

47 Enter two Sentinels-[first,] Francisco, [who paces up and down
48 at his post; then] Bernardo, [who approaches him].

49

50 Ber. Who's there.?

51 Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

52 Ber. Long live the King!

53 Fran. Bernardo?

54 Ber. He.

55 Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

56 Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

57 Fran. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
58 And I am sick at heart.

59 Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

60 Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

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

63

64 Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

65

66 Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

67 Hor. Friends to this ground.

68 Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

69 Fran. Give you good night.

70 Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier.

71 Who hath reliev'd you?

72 Fran. Bernardo hath my place.

73 Give you good night. Exit.

74 Mar. Holla, Bernardo!

75 Ber. Say-What, is Horatio there ?

76 Hor. A piece of him.

77 Ber. Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

78 Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

79 Ber. I have seen nothing.

80 Mar. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

81 And will not let belief take hold of him
82 Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us.
83 Therefore I have entreated him along,
84 With us to watch the minutes of this night,
85 That, if again this apparition come,
86 He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

87 Hor. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

88 Ber. Sit down awhile,

89 And let us once again assail your ears,
90 That are so fortified against our story,
91 What we two nights have seen.

92 Hor. Well, sit we down,

93 And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

94 Ber. Last night of all,

95 When yond same star that's westward from the pole
96 Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven
97 Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
98 The bell then beating one-

99

100 Enter Ghost.

101

102 Mar. Peace! break thee off! Look where it comes again!

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

104 Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

105 Ber. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

106 Hor. Most like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.

107 Ber. It would be spoke to.

108 Mar. Question it, Horatio.

109 Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night

110 Together with that fair and warlike form

111 In which the majesty of buried Denmark

112 Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee speak!

113 Mar. It is offended.

114 Ber. See, it stalks away!

115 Hor. Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee speak!

116 Exit Ghost.

117 Mar. 'Tis gone and will not answer.

118 Ber. How now, Horatio? You tremble and look pale.

119 Is not this something more than fantasy?

120 What think you on't?

121 Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe
122 Without the sensible and true avouch
123 Of mine own eyes.
124 Mar. Is it not like the King?
125 Hor. As thou art to thyself.
126 Such was the very armour he had on
127 When he th' ambitious Norway combated.
128 So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle,
129 He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
130 'Tis strange.
131 Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
132 With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
133 Hor. In what particular thought to work I know not;
134 But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,
135 This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
136 Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me he that knows,
137 Why this same strict and most observant watch
138 So nightly toils the subject of the land,
139 And why such daily cast of brazen cannon
140 And foreign mart for implements of war;
141 Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
142 Does not divide the Sunday from the week.
143 What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
144 Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?
145 Who is't that can inform me?
146 Hor. That can I.
147 At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
148 Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
149 Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
150 Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
151 Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
152 (For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
153 Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
154 Well ratified by law and heraldry,
155 Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
156 Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;
157 Against the which a moiety competent
158 Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
159 To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
160 Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same comart

161 And carriage of the article design'd,
162 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
163 Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
164 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
165 Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
166 For food and diet, to some enterprise
167 That hath a stomach in't; which is no other,
168 As it doth well appear unto our state,
169 But to recover of us, by strong hand
170 And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands
171 So by his father lost; and this, I take it,
172 Is the main motive of our preparations,
173 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
174 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

175 Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so.

176 Well may it sort that this portentous figure
177 Comes armed through our watch, so like the King
178 That was and is the question of these wars.

179 Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
180 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
181 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
182 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
183 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
184 As stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
185 Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
186 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
187 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
188 And even the like precursor of fierce events,
189 As harbingers preceding still the fates
190 And prologue to the omen coming on,
191 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
192 Unto our climature and countrymen.

193
194 Enter Ghost again.

195
196 But soft! behold! Lo, where it comes again!
197 I'll cross it, though it blast me.- Stay illusion!
198 Spreads his arms.
199 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
200 Speak to me.

201 If there be any good thing to be done,
202 That may to thee do ease, and, grace to me,
203 Speak to me.
204 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
205 Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
206 O, speak!
207 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
208 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth
209 (For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death),
210 The cock crows.

211 Speak of it! Stay, and speak!- Stop it, Marcellus!

212 Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

213 Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

214 Ber. 'Tis here!

215 Hor. 'Tis here!

216 Mar. 'Tis gone!

217 Exit Ghost.

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

222 Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

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

232 Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

233 Some say that ever, 'gainst that season comes
234 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
235 The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
236 And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
237 The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
238 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
239 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

240 Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.

241 But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
242 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.
243 Break we our watch up; and by my advice
244 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
245 Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
246 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
247 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
248 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
249 Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
250 Where we shall find him most conveniently. Exeunt.

251

252

253 Scene II.

254 Elsinore. A room of state in the Castle.

255

256 Flourish. [Enter Claudius, King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet,
257 Polonius, Laertes and his sister Ophelia, [Voltemand, Cornelius,]
258 Lords Attendant.

259

260 King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
261 The memory be green, and that it us befitted
262 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
263 To be contracted in one brow of woe,
264 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
265 That we with wisest sorrow think on him
266 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
267 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
268 Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state,
269 Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
270 With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
271 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
272 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
273 Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd
274 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
275 With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
276 Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
277 Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
278 Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
279 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
280 Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,

281 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message
282 Importing the surrender of those lands
283 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
284 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
285 Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.
286 Thus much the business is: we have here writ
287 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
288 Who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears
289 Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
290 His further gait herein, in that the levies,
291 The lists, and full proportions are all made
292 Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
293 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand,
294 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
295 Giving to you no further personal power
296 To business with the King, more than the scope
297 Of these dilated articles allow. [Gives a paper.]
298 Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.
299 Cor., Volt. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.
300 King. We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.
301 Exeunt Voltemand and Cornelius.
302 And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
303 You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?
304 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
305 And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
306 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
307 The head is not more native to the heart,
308 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
309 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
310 What wouldst thou have, Laertes?
311 Laer. My dread lord,
312 Your leave and favour to return to France;
313 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
314 To show my duty in your coronation,
315 Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
316 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
317 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
318 King. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
319 Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
320 By laboursome petition, and at last

321 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.
322 I do beseech you give him leave to go.
323 King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes. Time be thine,
324 And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
325 But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son-
326 Ham. [aside] A little more than kin, and less than kind!
327 King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
328 Ham. Not so, my lord. I am too much i' th' sun.
329 Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
330 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
331 Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
332 Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
333 Thou know'st 'tis common. All that lives must die,
334 Passing through nature to eternity.
335 Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.
336 Queen. If it be,
337 Why seems it so particular with thee?
338 Ham. Seems, madam, Nay, it is. I know not 'seems.'
339 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
340 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
341 Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
342 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
343 Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
344 Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
345 That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
346 For they are actions that a man might play;
347 But I have that within which passeth show-
348 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
349 King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
350 To give these mourning duties to your father;
351 But you must know, your father lost a father;
352 That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
353 In filial obligation for some term
354 To do obsequious sorrow. But to persever
355 In obstinate condolement is a course
356 Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief;
357 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
358 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
359 An understanding simple and unschool'd;
360 For what we know must be, and is as common

361 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
362 Why should we in our peevish opposition
363 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
364 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
365 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
366 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
367 From the first corse till he that died to-day,
368 'This must be so.' We pray you throw to earth
369 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
370 As of a father; for let the world take note
371 You are the most immediate to our throne,
372 And with no less nobility of love
373 Than that which dearest father bears his son
374 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
375 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
376 It is most retrograde to our desire;
377 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
378 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
379 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

380

381 Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.

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

383 Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

384 King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.

385 Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come.

386 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet

387 Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,

388 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day

389 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,

390 And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,

391 Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

392 Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.

393 Ham. O that this too too solid flesh would melt,

394 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

395 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

396 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!

397 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

398 Seem to me all the uses of this world!

399 Fie on't! ah, fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden

400 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature

401 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
402 But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not two.
403 So excellent a king, that was to this
404 Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
405 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
406 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
407 Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
408 As if increase of appetite had grown
409 By what it fed on; and yet, within a month-
410 Let me not think on't! Frailty, thy name is woman!-
411 A little month, or ere those shoes were old
412 With which she followed my poor father's body
413 Like Niobe, all tears- why she, even she
414 (O God! a beast that wants discourse of reason
415 Would have mourn'd longer) married with my uncle;
416 My father's brother, but no more like my father
417 Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
418 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
419 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
420 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
421 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
422 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
423 But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

424

425 Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

426

427 Hor. Hail to your lordship!

428

428 Ham. I am glad to see you well.

429

429 Horatio!- or I do forget myself.

430

430 Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

431

431 Ham. Sir, my good friend- I'll change that name with you.

432

432 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

433

433 Marcellus?

434

434 Mar. My good lord!

435

435 Ham. I am very glad to see you.- [To Bernardo] Good even, sir.-

436

436 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

437

437 Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

438

438 Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,

439

439 Nor shall you do my ear that violence

440

440 To make it truster of your own report

441 Against yourself. I know you are no truant.
442 But what is your affair in Elsinore?
443 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
444 Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
445 Ham. I prithee do not mock me, fellow student.
446 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
447 Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
448 Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak'd meats
449 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
450 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
451 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
452 My father- methinks I see my father.
453 Hor. O, where, my lord?
454 Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
455 Hor. I saw him once. He was a goodly king.
456 Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all.
457 I shall not look upon his like again.
458 Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
459 Ham. Saw? who?
460 Hor. My lord, the King your father.
461 Ham. The King my father?
462 Hor. Season your admiration for a while
463 With an attent ear, till I may deliver
464 Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
465 This marvel to you.
466 Ham. For God's love let me hear!
467 Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen
468 (Marcellus and Bernardo) on their watch
469 In the dead vast and middle of the night
470 Been thus encount'red. A figure like your father,
471 Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
472 Appears before them and with solemn march
473 Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walk'd
474 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
475 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they distill'd
476 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
477 Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
478 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
479 And I with them the third night kept the watch;
480 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,

481 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
482 The apparition comes. I knew your father.
483 These hands are not more like.
484 Ham. But where was this?
485 Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
486 Ham. Did you not speak to it?
487 Hor. My lord, I did;
488 But answer made it none. Yet once methought
489 It lifted up it head and did address
490 Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
491 But even then the morning cock crew loud,
492 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
493 And vanish'd from our sight.
494 Ham. 'Tis very strange.
495 Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
496 And we did think it writ down in our duty
497 To let you know of it.
498 Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs. But this troubles me.
499 Hold you the watch to-night?
500 Both [Mar. and Ber.] We do, my lord.
501 Ham. Arm'd, say you?
502 Both. Arm'd, my lord.
503 Ham. From top to toe?
504 Both. My lord, from head to foot.
505 Ham. Then saw you not his face?
506 Hor. O, yes, my lord! He wore his beaver up.
507 Ham. What, look'd he frowningly.
508 Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
509 Ham. Pale or red?
510 Hor. Nay, very pale.
511 Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?
512 Hor. Most constantly.
513 Ham. I would I had been there.
514 Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
515 Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?
516 Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
517 Both. Longer, longer.
518 Hor. Not when I saw't.
519 Ham. His beard was grizzled- no?
520 Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

521 A sable silver'd.
522 Ham. I will watch to-night.
523 Perchance 'twill walk again.
524 Hor. I warr'nt it will.
525 Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
526 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
527 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
528 If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
529 Let it be tenable in your silence still;
530 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
531 Give it an understanding but no tongue.
532 I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.
533 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
534 I'll visit you.

535 All. Our duty to your honour.

536 Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

537 Exeunt [all but Hamlet].

538
539 My father's spirit- in arms? All is not well.
540 I doubt some foul play. Would the night were come!
541 Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
542 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

543 Exit.

544

545

546 Scene III.

547 Elsinore. A room in the house of Polonius.

548

549 Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

550

551 Laer. My necessaries are embark'd. Farewell.

552 And, sister, as the winds give benefit
553 And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
554 But let me hear from you.

555 Oph. Do you doubt that?

556 Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
557 Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
558 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
559 Forward, not permanent- sweet, not lasting;
560 The perfume and suppliance of a minute;

561 No more.
562 Oph. No more but so?
563 Laer. Think it no more.
564 For nature crescent does not grow alone
565 In thews and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
566 The inward service of the mind and soul
567 Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
568 And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
569 The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
570 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
571 For he himself is subject to his birth.
572 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
573 Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
574 The safety and health of this whole state,
575 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
576 Unto the voice and yielding of that body
577 Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
578 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
579 As he in his particular act and place
580 May give his saying deed; which is no further
581 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
582 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
583 If with too credent ear you list his songs,
584 Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
585 To his unmast'ed importunity.
586 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
587 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
588 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
589 The chariest maid is prodigal enough
590 If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
591 Virtue itself scopes not calumnious strokes.
592 The canker galls the infants of the spring
593 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
594 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
595 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
596 Be wary then; best safety lies in fear.
597 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
598 Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep
599 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
600 Do not as some ungracious pastors do,

601 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
602 Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
603 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
604 And reck's not his own rede.

605 Laer. O, fear me not!

606

607 Enter Polonius.

608

609 I stay too long. But here my father comes.
610 A double blessing is a double grace;
611 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

612 Pol. Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame!

613 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
614 And you are stay'd for. There- my blessing with thee!
615 And these few precepts in thy memory
616 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
617 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
618 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
619 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
620 Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel;
621 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
622 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
623 Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
624 Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
625 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
626 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
627 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
628 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
629 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
630 And they in France of the best rank and station
631 Are most select and generous, chief in that.
632 Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
633 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
634 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
635 This above all- to thine own self be true,
636 And it must follow, as the night the day,
637 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
638 Farewell. My blessing season this in thee!

639 Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

640 Pol. The time invites you. Go, your servants tend.

641 Laer. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well
642 What I have said to you.
643 Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
644 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
645 Laer. Farewell. Exit.
646 Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
647 Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
648 Pol. Marry, well bethought!
649 'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
650 Given private time to you, and you yourself
651 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
652 If it be so- as so 'tis put on me,
653 And that in way of caution- I must tell you
654 You do not understand yourself so clearly
655 As it behooves my daughter and your honour.
656 What is between you? Give me up the truth.
657 Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
658 Of his affection to me.
659 Pol. Affection? Pooh! You speak like a green girl,
660 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
661 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
662 Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think,
663 Pol. Marry, I will teach you! Think yourself a baby
664 That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
665 Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,
666 Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
667 Running it thus) you'll tender me a fool.
668 Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
669 In honourable fashion.
670 Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it. Go to, go to!
671 Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
672 With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
673 Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks! I do know,
674 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
675 Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
676 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
677 Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
678 You must not take for fire. From this time
679 Be something scanter of your maiden presence.
680 Set your entreatments at a higher rate

681 Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
682 Believe so much in him, that he is young,
683 And with a larger tether may he walk
684 Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
685 Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
686 Not of that dye which their investments show,
687 But mere implorators of unholy suits,
688 Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
689 The better to beguile. This is for all:
690 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
691 Have you so slander any moment leisure
692 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
693 Look to't, I charge you. Come your ways.

694 Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

695 Exeunt.

696

697 Scene IV.

698 Elsinore. The platform before the Castle.

699

700 Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

701

702 Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

703 Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

704 Ham. What hour now?

705 Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

706 Mar. No, it is struck.

707 Hor. Indeed? I heard it not. It then draws near the season
708 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

709 A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces go off.

710 What does this mean, my lord?

711 Ham. The King doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
712 Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring upspring reels,
713 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
714 The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
715 The triumph of his pledge.

716 Hor. Is it a custom?

717 Ham. Ay, marry, is't;

718 But to my mind, though I am native here

719 And to the manner born, it is a custom

720 More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

721 This heavy-headed revel east and west
722 Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations;
723 They clip us drunkards and with swinish phrase
724 Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
725 From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
726 The pith and marrow of our attribute.
727 So oft it chances in particular men
728 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
729 As in their birth,- wherein they are not guilty,
730 Since nature cannot choose his origin,-
731 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
732 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
733 Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens
734 The form of plausible manners, that these men
735 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
736 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
737 Their virtues else- be they as pure as grace,
738 As infinite as man may undergo-
739 Shall in the general censure take corruption
740 From that particular fault. The dram of e'il
741 Doth all the noble substance often dote To his own scandal.

742

Enter Ghost.

743

744

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

745

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

746

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,

747

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,

748

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

749

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

750

That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,

751

King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me?

752

Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell

753

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

754

Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre

755

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

756

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws

757

To cast thee up again. What may this mean

758

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,

759

Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,

760

761 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
762 So horridly to shake our disposition
763 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
764 Say, why is this? wherefore? What should we do?

765 Ghost beckons Hamlet.

766 Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
767 As if it some impartment did desire
768 To you alone.

769 Mar. Look with what courteous action
770 It waves you to a more removed ground.
771 But do not go with it!

772 Hor. No, by no means!

773 Ham. It will not speak. Then will I follow it.

774 Hor. Do not, my lord!

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

780 Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
781 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
782 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
783 And there assume some other, horrible form
784 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
785 And draw you into madness? Think of it.
786 The very place puts toys of desperation,
787 Without more motive, into every brain
788 That looks so many fathoms to the sea
789 And hears it roar beneath.

790 Ham. It waves me still.
791 Go on. I'll follow thee.

792 Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

793 Ham. Hold off your hands!

794 Hor. Be rul'd. You shall not go.

795 Ham. My fate cries out
796 And makes each petty artire in this body
797 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

798 [Ghost beckons.]

799 Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.
800 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!-

801 I say, away!- Go on. I'll follow thee.
802 Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.
803 Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
804 Mar. Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.
805 Hor. Have after. To what issue wail this come?
806 Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
807 Hor. Heaven will direct it.
808 Mar. Nay, let's follow him.
809 Exeunt.

810
811

812 Scene V.

813 Elsinore. The Castle. Another part of the fortifications.

814

815 Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

816

817 Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no further.

818 Ghost. Mark me.

819 Ham. I will.

820 Ghost. My hour is almost come,

821 When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames

822 Must render up myself.

823 Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

824 Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing

825 To what I shall unfold.

826 Ham. Speak. I am bound to hear.

827 Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

828 Ham. What?

829 Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,

830 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

831 And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,

832 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

833 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

834 To tell the secrets of my prison house,

835 I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

836 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,

837 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,

838 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

839 And each particular hair to stand an end

840 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.

841 But this eternal blazon must not be
842 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
843 If thou didst ever thy dear father loved-
844 Ham. O God!
845 Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
846 Ham. Murther?
847 Ghost. Murther most foul, as in the best it is;
848 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
849 Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
850 As meditation or the thoughts of love,
851 May sweep to my revenge.
852 Ghost. I find thee apt;
853 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
854 That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
855 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.
856 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
857 A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
858 Is by a forged process of my death
859 Rankly abus'd. But know, thou noble youth,
860 The serpent that did sting thy father's life
861 Now wears his crown.
862 Ham. O my prophetic soul!
863 My uncle?
864 Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
865 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts-
866 O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
867 So to seduce!- won to his shameful lust
868 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
869 O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there,
870 From me, whose love was of that dignity
871 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
872 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
873 Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
874 To those of mine!
875 But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
876 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
877 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
878 Will sate itself in a celestial bed
879 And prey on garbage.
880 But soft! methinks I scent the morning air.

881 Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
882 My custom always of the afternoon,
883 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
884 With juice of cursed hebona in a vial,
885 And in the porches of my ears did pour
886 The leperous distilment; whose effect
887 Holds such an enmity with blood of man
888 That swift as quicksilv'rr it courses through
889 The natural gates and alleys of the body,
890 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
891 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
892 The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine;
893 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
894 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
895 All my smooth body.
896 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
897 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
898 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
899 Unhous'led, disappointed, unanel'd,
900 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
901 With all my imperfections on my head.

902 Ham. O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

903 Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.

904 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
905 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
906 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
907 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
908 Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven,
909 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
910 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
911 The glowworm shows the matin to be near
912 And gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
913 Adieu, adieu, adieu! Remember me.

Exit.

914 Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
915 And shall I couple hell? Hold, hold, my heart!
916 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
917 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?
918 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
919 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
920 Yea, from the table of my memory

921 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
922 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
923 That youth and observation copied there,
924 And thy commandment all alone shall live
925 Within the book and volume of my brain,
926 Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!
927 O most pernicious woman!
928 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
929 My tables! Meet it is I set it down
930 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
931 At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark. [Writes.]
932 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word:
933 It is 'Adieu, adieu! Remember me.'
934 I have sworn't.

935 Hor. (within) My lord, my lord!

936

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

937

938

939 Mar. Lord Hamlet!

940 Hor. Heaven secure him!

941 Ham. So be it!

942 Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

943 Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.

944 Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

945 Hor. What news, my lord?

946 Mar. O, wonderful!

947 Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

948 Ham. No, you will reveal it.

949 Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven!

950 Mar. Nor I, my lord.

951 Ham. How say you then? Would heart of man once think it?

952 But you'll be secret?

953 Both. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

954 Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark

955 But he's an arrant knave.

956 Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave

957 To tell us this.

958 Ham. Why, right! You are in the right!

959 And so, without more circumstance at all,

960 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;

961 You, as your business and desires shall point you,
962 For every man hath business and desire,
963 Such as it is; and for my own poor part,
964 Look you, I'll go pray.
965 Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
966 Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
967 Yes, faith, heartily.
968 Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
969 Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
970 And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
971 It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you.
972 For your desire to know what is between us,
973 O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,
974 As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
975 Give me one poor request.
976 Hor. What is't, my lord? We will.
977 Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
978 Both. My lord, we will not.
979 Ham. Nay, but swear't.
980 Hor. In faith,
981 My lord, not I.
982 Mar. Nor I, my lord- in faith.
983 Ham. Upon my sword.
984 Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.
985 Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
986
987 Ghost cries under the stage.
988
989 Ghost. Swear.
990 Ham. Aha boy, say'st thou so? Art thou there, truepenny?
991 Come on! You hear this fellow in the cellarage.
992 Consent to swear.
993 Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.
994 Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen.
995 Swear by my sword.
996 Ghost. [beneath] Swear.
997 Ham. Hic et ubique? Then we'll shift our ground.
998 Come hither, gentlemen,
999 And lay your hands again upon my sword.
1000 Never to speak of this that you have heard:

1001 Swear by my sword.
1002 Ghost. [beneath] Swear by his sword.
1003 Ham. Well said, old mole! Canst work i' th' earth so fast?
1004 A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends."
1005 Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
1006 Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
1007 There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
1008 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
1009 But come!
1010 Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
1011 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself
1012 (As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
1013 To put an antic disposition on),
1014 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
1015 With arms encumb' red thus, or this head-shake,
1016 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
1017 As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would,'
1018 Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,'
1019 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
1020 That you know aught of me- this is not to do,
1021 So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
1022 Swear.
1023 Ghost. [beneath] Swear.
1024 [They swear.]
1025 Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
1026 With all my love I do commend me to you;
1027 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
1028 May do t' express his love and friending to you,
1029 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
1030 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
1031 The time is out of joint. O cursed spite
1032 That ever I was born to set it right!
1033 Nay, come, let's go together.
1034 Exeunt.
1035
1036 Act II. Scene I.
1037 Elsinore. A room in the house of Polonius.
1038
1039 Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.
1040

1041 Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.
1042 Rey. I will, my lord.
1043 Pol. You shall do marvell's wisely, good Reynaldo,
1044 Before You visit him, to make inquire
1045 Of his behaviour.
1046 Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
1047 Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
1048 Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
1049 And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
1050 What company, at what expense; and finding
1051 By this encompassment and drift of question
1052 That they do know my son, come you more nearer
1053 Than your particular demands will touch it.
1054 Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
1055 As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
1056 And in part him.' Do you mark this, Reynaldo?
1057 Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
1058 Pol. 'And in part him, but,' you may say, 'not well.
1059 But if't be he I mean, he's very wild
1060 Addicted so and so'; and there put on him
1061 What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
1062 As may dishonour him- take heed of that;
1063 But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
1064 As are companions noted and most known
1065 To youth and liberty.
1066 Rey. As gaming, my lord.
1067 Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
1068 Drabbing. You may go so far.
1069 Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
1070 Pol. Faith, no, as you may season it in the charge.
1071 You must not put another scandal on him,
1072 That he is open to incontinency.
1073 That's not my meaning. But breathe his faults so quaintly
1074 That they may seem the taints of liberty,
1075 The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
1076 A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
1077 Of general assault.
1078 Rey. But, my good lord-
1079 Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
1080 Rey. Ay, my lord,

1081 I would know that.
1082 Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift,
1083 And I believe it is a fetch of warrant.
1084 You laying these slight sullies on my son
1085 As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' th' working,
1086 Mark you,
1087 Your party in converse, him you would sound,
1088 Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
1089 The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
1090 He closes with you in this consequence:
1091 'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman'-
1092 According to the phrase or the addition
1093 Of man and country-
1094 Rey. Very good, my lord.
1095 Pol. And then, sir, does 'a this- 'a does- What was I about to say?
1096 By the mass, I was about to say something! Where did I leave?
1097 Rey. At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend or so,' and
1098 gentleman.'
1099 Pol. At 'closes in the consequence'- Ay, marry!
1100 He closes thus: 'I know the gentleman.
1101 I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
1102 Or then, or then, with such or such; and, as you say,
1103 There was 'a gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;
1104 There falling out at tennis'; or perchance,
1105 'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'
1106 Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.
1107 See you now-
1108 Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;
1109 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
1110 With windlasses and with assays of bias,
1111 By indirections find directions out.
1112 So, by my former lecture and advice,
1113 Shall you my son. You have me, have you not
1114 Rey. My lord, I have.
1115 Pol. God b' wi' ye, fare ye well!
1116 Rey. Good my lord! [Going.]
1117 Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
1118 Rey. I shall, my lord.
1119 Pol. And let him ply his music.
1120 Rey. Well, my lord.

1121 Pol. Farewell!

1122 Exit Reynaldo.

1123

1124 Enter Ophelia.

1125

1126 How now, Ophelia? What's the matter?

1127 Oph. O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

1128 Pol. With what, i' th' name of God I

1129 Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

1130 Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,

1131 No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,

1132 Ungart' red, and down-gyved to his ankle;

1133 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

1134 And with a look so piteous in purport

1135 As if he had been loosed out of hell

1136 To speak of horrors- he comes before me.

1137 Pol. Mad for thy love?

1138 Oph. My lord, I do not know,

1139 But truly I do fear it.

1140 Pol. What said he?

1141 Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard;

1142 Then goes he to the length of all his arm,

1143 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

1144 He falls to such perusal of my face

1145 As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so.

1146 At last, a little shaking of mine arm,

1147 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,

1148 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound

1149 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk

1150 And end his being. That done, he lets me go,

1151 And with his head over his shoulder turn'd

1152 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,

1153 For out o' doors he went without their help

1154 And to the last bended their light on me.

1155 Pol. Come, go with me. I will go seek the King.

1156 This is the very ecstasy of love,

1157 Whose violent property fordoes itself

1158 And leads the will to desperate undertakings

1159 As oft as any passion under heaven

1160 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.

1201 Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
1202 And sure I am two men there are not living
1203 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
1204 To show us so much gentry and good will
1205 As to expend your time with us awhile
1206 For the supply and profit of our hope,
1207 Your visitation shall receive such thanks
1208 As fits a king's remembrance.

1209 Ros. Both your Majesties
1210 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
1211 Put your dread pleasures more into command
1212 Than to entreaty.

1213 Guil. But we both obey,
1214 And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
1215 To lay our service freely at your feet,
1216 To be commanded.

1217 King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.
1218 Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.
1219 And I beseech you instantly to visit
1220 My too much changed son.- Go, some of you,
1221 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

1222 Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
1223 Pleasant and helpful to him!

1224 Queen. Ay, amen!
1225 Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, [with some
1226 Attendants].
1227
1228 Enter Polonius.
1229

1230 Pol. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
1231 Are joyfully return'd.

1232 King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

1233 Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
1234 I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
1235 Both to my God and to my gracious king;
1236 And I do think- or else this brain of mine
1237 Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
1238 As it hath us'd to do- that I have found
1239 The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

1240 King. O, speak of that! That do I long to hear.

1241 Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors.
1242 My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
1243 King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
1244 [Exit Polonius.]
1245 He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
1246 The head and source of all your son's distemper.
1247 Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,
1248 His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.
1249 King. Well, we shall sift him.
1250
1251 Enter Polonius, Voltemand, and Cornelius.
1252
1253 Welcome, my good friends.
1254 Say, Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?
1255 Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
1256 Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
1257 His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
1258 To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
1259 But better look'd into, he truly found
1260 It was against your Highness; whereat griev'd,
1261 That so his sickness, age, and impotence
1262 Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
1263 On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
1264 Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
1265 Makes vow before his uncle never more
1266 To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty.
1267 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
1268 Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee
1269 And his commission to employ those soldiers,
1270 So levied as before, against the Polack;
1271 With an entreaty, herein further shown,
1272 [Gives a paper.]
1273 That it might please you to give quiet pass
1274 Through your dominions for this enterprise,
1275 On such regards of safety and allowance
1276 As therein are set down.
1277 King. It likes us well;
1278 And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
1279 Answer, and think upon this business.
1280 Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.

1281 Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together.
1282 Most welcome home! Exeunt Ambassadors.
1283 Pol. This business is well ended.
1284 My liege, and madam, to expostulate
1285 What majesty should be, what duty is,
1286 Why day is day, night is night, and time is time.
1287 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
1288 Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
1289 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
1290 I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.
1291 Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
1292 What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
1293 But let that go.
1294 Queen. More matter, with less art.
1295 Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
1296 That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
1297 And pity 'tis 'tis true. A foolish figure!
1298 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
1299 Mad let us grant him then. And now remains
1300 That we find out the cause of this effect-
1301 Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
1302 For this effect defective comes by cause.
1303 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
1304 Perpend.
1305 I have a daughter (have while she is mine),
1306 Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
1307 Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.
1308 [Reads] the letter.
1309 'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
1310 Ophelia,'-
1311
1312 That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile
1313 phrase.
1314 But you shall hear. Thus:
1315 [Reads.]
1316 'In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.'
1317 Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?
1318
1319 Pol. Good madam, stay awhile. I will be faithful. [Reads.]
1320

1321 'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
1322 Doubt that the sun doth move;
1323 Doubt truth to be a liar;
1324 But never doubt I love.
1325 'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to
1326 reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best, believe
1327 it. Adieu.
1328 'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,
1329 HAMLET.'

1330
1331 This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me;
1332 And more above, hath his solicitings,
1333 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
1334 All given to mine ear.

1335 King. But how hath she
1336 Receiv'd his love?

1337 Pol. What do you think of me?

1338 King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

1339 Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
1340 When I had seen this hot love on the wing
1341 (As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
1342 Before my daughter told me), what might you,
1343 Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think,
1344 If I had play'd the desk or table book,
1345 Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
1346 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight?
1347 What might you think? No, I went round to work
1348 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
1349 'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star.
1350 This must not be.' And then I prescripts gave her,
1351 That she should lock herself from his resort,
1352 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
1353 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
1354 And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,
1355 Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
1356 Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
1357 Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
1358 Into the madness wherein now he raves,
1359 And all we mourn for.

1360 King. Do you think 'tis this?

1361 Queen. it may be, very like.
1362 Pol. Hath there been such a time- I would fain know that-
1363 That I have Positively said "'Tis so,'
1364 When it prov'd otherwise.?
1365 King. Not that I know.
1366 Pol. [points to his head and shoulder] Take this from this, if this
1367 be otherwise.
1368 If circumstances lead me, I will find
1369 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
1370 Within the centre.
1371 King. How may we try it further?
1372 Pol. You know sometimes he walks four hours together
1373 Here in the lobby.
1374 Queen. So he does indeed.
1375 Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.
1376 Be you and I behind an arras then.
1377 Mark the encounter. If he love her not,
1378 And he not from his reason fall'n thereon
1379 Let me be no assistant for a state,
1380 But keep a farm and carters.
1381 King. We will try it.
1382
1383 Enter Hamlet, reading on a book.
1384
1385 Queen. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
1386 Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away
1387 I'll board him presently. O, give me leave.
1388
1389 Exeunt King and Queen, [with Attendants].
1390
1391 How does my good Lord Hamlet?
1392 Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.
1393 Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
1394 Ham. Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.
1395 Pol. Not I, my lord.
1396 Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
1397 Pol. Honest, my lord?
1398 Ham. Ay, sir. To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man
1399 pick'd out of ten thousand.
1400 Pol. That's very true, my lord.

1401 Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god
1402 kissing carrion- Have you a daughter?
1403 Pol. I have, my lord.
1404 Ham. Let her not walk i' th' sun. Conception is a blessing, but not
1405 as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.
1406 Pol. [aside] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter. Yet
1407 he knew me not at first. He said I was a fishmonger. He is far
1408 gone, far gone! And truly in my youth I suff'red much extremity
1409 for love- very near this. I'll speak to him again.- What do you
1410 read, my lord?
1411 Ham. Words, words, words.
1412 Pol. What is the matter, my lord?
1413 Ham. Between who?
1414 Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.
1415 Ham. Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here that old men
1416 have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes
1417 purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a
1418 plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams. All which,
1419 sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it
1420 not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir,
1421 should be old as I am if, like a crab, you could go backward.
1422 Pol. [aside] Though this be madness, yet there is a method in't.-
1423 Will You walk out of the air, my lord?
1424 Ham. Into my grave?
1425 Pol. Indeed, that is out o' th' air. [Aside] How pregnant sometimes
1426 his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which
1427 reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I
1428 will leave him and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between
1429 him and my daughter.- My honourable lord, I will most humbly take
1430 my leave of you.
1431 Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more
1432 willingly part withal- except my life, except my life, except my
1433 life,
1434
1435 Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
1436
1437 Pol. Fare you well, my lord.
1438 Ham. These tedious old fools!
1439 Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet. There he is.
1440 Ros. [to Polonius] God save you, sir!

Exit [Polonius].

1441

Guil. My honour'd lord!

1442

Ros. My most dear lord!

1443

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah,

1444

Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

1445

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

1446

Guil. Happy in that we are not over-happy.

1447

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

1448

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

1449

Ros. Neither, my lord.

1450

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her

1451

favours?

1452

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

1453

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true! she is a

1454

strumpet. What news?

1455

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

1456

Ham. Then is doomsday near! But your news is not true. Let me

1457

question more in particular. What have you, my good friends,

1458

deserved at the hands of Fortune that she sends you to prison

1459

hither?

1460

Guil. Prison, my lord?

1461

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

1462

Ros. Then is the world one.

1463

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and

1464

dungeons, Denmark being one o' th' worst.

1465

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

1466

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good

1467

or bad but thinking makes it so. To me it is a prison.

1468

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one. 'Tis too narrow for your

1469

mind.

1470

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a

1471

king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

1472

Guil. Which dreams indeed are ambition; for the very substance of

1473

the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

1474

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

1475

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that

1476

it is but a shadow's shadow.

1477

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretch'd

1478

heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to th' court? for, by my

1479

fay, I cannot reason.

1480

1481 Both. We'll wait upon you.
1482 Ham. No such matter! I will not sort you with the rest of my
1483 servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most
1484 dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of friendship, what
1485 make you at Elsinore?
1486 Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.
1487 Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you;
1488 and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were
1489 you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free
1490 visitation? Come, deal justly with me. Come, come! Nay, speak.
1491 Guil. What should we say, my lord?
1492 Ham. Why, anything- but to th' purpose. You were sent for; and
1493 there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties
1494 have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen
1495 have sent for you.
1496 Ros. To what end, my lord?
1497 Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights
1498 of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the
1499 obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a
1500 better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with
1501 me, whether you were sent for or no.
1502 Ros. [aside to Guildenstern] What say you?
1503 Ham. [aside] Nay then, I have an eye of you.- If you love me, hold
1504 not off.
1505 Guil. My lord, we were sent for.
1506 Ham. I will tell you why. So shall my anticipation prevent your
1507 discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no
1508 feather. I have of late- but wherefore I know not- lost all my
1509 mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed, it goes so
1510 heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth,
1511 seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the
1512 air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic
1513 roof fretted with golden fire- why, it appeareth no other thing
1514 to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a
1515 piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in
1516 faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in
1517 action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the
1518 beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me what
1519 is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me- no, nor woman
1520 neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

1521 Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.
1522 Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'Man delights not me'?

1523 Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten
1524 entertainment the players shall receive from you. We coted them
1525 on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

1526 Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome- his Majesty shall
1527 have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and
1528 target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall
1529 end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose
1530 lungs are tickle o' th' sere; and the lady shall say her mind
1531 freely, or the blank verse shall halt fort. What players are
1532 they?

1533 Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the
1534 tragedians of the city.

1535 Ham. How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in
1536 reputation and profit, was better both ways.

1537 Ros. I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late
1538 innovation.

1539 Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the
1540 city? Are they so follow'd?

1541 Ros. No indeed are they not.

1542 Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

1543 Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is,
1544 sir, an eyrie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top
1545 of question and are most tyrannically clapp'd fort. These are now
1546 the fashion, and so berattle the common stages (so they call
1547 them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goosequills and
1548 dare scarce come thither.

1549 Ham. What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they
1550 escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can
1551 sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow
1552 themselves to common players (as it is most like, if their means
1553 are no better), their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim
1554 against their own succession.

1555 Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation
1556 holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy. There was, for a
1557 while, no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player
1558 went to cuffs in the question.

1559 Ham. Is't possible?

1560 Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

1561 Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

1562 Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord- Hercules and his load too.

1563 Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and
1564 those that would make mows at him while my father lived give
1565 twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in
1566 little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if
1567 philosophy could find it out.

1568

1569 Flourish for the Players.

1570

1571 Guil. There are the players.

1572 Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come! Th'
1573 appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply
1574 with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players (which I
1575 tell you must show fairly outwards) should more appear like
1576 entertainment than yours. You are welcome. But my uncle-father
1577 and aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

1578 Guil. In what, my dear lord?

1579 Ham. I am but mad north-north-west. When the wind is southerly I
1580 know a hawk from a handsaw.

1581

1582 Enter Polonius.

1583

1584 Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

1585 Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern- and you too- at each ear a hearer!
1586 That great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling
1587 clouts.

1588 Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old
1589 man is twice a child.

1590 Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it.-
1591 You say right, sir; a Monday morning; twas so indeed.

1592 Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

1593 Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in
1594 Rome-

1595 Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

1596 Ham. Buzz, buzz!

1597 Pol. Upon my honour-

1598 Ham. Then came each actor on his ass-

1599 Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy,
1600 history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral,

1601 tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral; scene
1602 individable, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor
1603 Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are
1604 the only men.

1605 Ham. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

1606 Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?

1607 Ham. Why,

1608

1609 'One fair daughter, and no more,
1610 The which he loved passing well.'

1611

1612 Pol. [aside] Still on my daughter.

1613 Ham. Am I not i' th' right, old Jephthah?

1614 Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I
1615 love passing well.

1616 Ham. Nay, that follows not.

1617 Pol. What follows then, my lord?

1618 Ham. Why,

1619

1620 'As by lot, God wot,'

1621

1622 and then, you know,

1623

1624 'It came to pass, as most like it was.'

1625

1626 The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look
1627 where my abridgment comes.

1628

1629 Enter four or five Players.

1630

1631 You are welcome, masters; welcome, all.- I am glad to see thee
1632 well.- Welcome, good friends.- O, my old friend? Why, thy face is
1633 valanc'd since I saw thee last. Com'st' thou to' beard me in
1634 Denmark?- What, my young lady and mistress? By'r Lady, your
1635 ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the
1636 altitude of a chopine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of
1637 uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.- Masters, you are
1638 all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at
1639 anything we see. We'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a
1640 taste of your quality. Come, a passionate speech.

1641

1642 1st. Play. What speech, my good lord?

1643

1644 Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted;
1645 or if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleas'd
1646 not the million, 'twas caviary to the general; but it was (as I
1647 receiv'd it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in
1648 the top of mine) an excellent play, well digested in the scenes,
1649 set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said
1650 there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury,
1651 nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of
1652 affectation; but call'd it an honest method, as wholesome as
1653 sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in't
1654 I chiefly lov'd. 'Twas AENEAS' tale to Dido, and thereabout of it
1655 especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in
1656 your memory, begin at this line- let me see, let me see:

1657

1658 'The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast-'

1659

1660 'Tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus:

1661

1662 'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
1663 Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
1664 When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
1665 Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
1666 With heraldry more dismal. Head to foot
1667 Now is be total gules, horridly trick'd
1668 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
1669 Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
1670 That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
1671 To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath and fire,
1672 And thus o'ersized with coagulate gore,
1673 With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
1674 Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

1675

1676 So, proceed you.

1677

1678 Pol. Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good
1679 discretion.

1680

1681 1. Play. 'Anon he finds him,
1682 Striking too short at Greeks. His antique sword,
1683 Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
1684 Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
1685 Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;
1686 But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
1687 Th' unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
1688 Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
1689 Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
1690 Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo! his sword,
1691 Which was declining on the milky head
1692 Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' th' air to stick.
1693 So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
1694 And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
1695 Did nothing.
1696 But, as we often see, against some storm,
1697 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
1698 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
1699 As hush as death- anon the dreadful thunder
1700 Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
1701 Aroused vengeance sets him new awork;
1702 And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
1703 On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
1704 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
1705 Now falls on Priam.
1706 Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,
1707 In general synod take away her power;
1708 Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
1709 And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
1710 As low as to the fiends!

1711

1712 Pol. This is too long.

1713 Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.- Prithee say on.

1714 He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on; come to
1715 Hecuba.

1716

1717 1. Play. 'But who, O who, had seen the mobled queen-'

1718

1719 Ham. 'The mobled queen'?

1720

1721 Pol. That's good! 'Mobled queen' is good.

1722

1723 1. Play. 'Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames

1724 With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head

1725 Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,

1726 About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,

1727 A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up-

1728 Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd

1729 'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd.

1730 But if the gods themselves did see her then,

1731 When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport

1732 In Mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,

1733 The instant burst of clamour that she made

1734 (Unless things mortal move them not at all)

1735 Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven

1736 And passion in the gods.'

1737

1738 Pol. Look, whe'r he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's
1739 eyes. Prithee no more!

1740 Ham. 'Tis well. I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.-

1741 Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you

1742 hear? Let them be well us'd; for they are the abstract and brief

1743 chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a

1744 bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

1745 Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

1746 Ham. God's bodykins, man, much better! Use every man after his

1747 desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own

1748 honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in

1749 your bounty. Take them in.

1750 Pol. Come, sirs.

1751 Ham. Follow him, friends. We'll hear a play to-morrow.

1752 Exeunt Polonius and Players [except the First].

1753 Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can you play 'The Murther of

1754 Gonzago'?

1755 1. Play. Ay, my lord.

1756 Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a

1757 speech of some dozen or sixteen lines which I would set down and

1758 insert in't, could you not?

1759 1. Play. Ay, my lord.

1760 Ham. Very well. Follow that lord- and look you mock him not.

1761 [Exit First Player.]
1762 My good friends, I'll leave you till night. You are welcome to
1763 Elsinore.
1764 Ros. Good my lord!
1765 Ham. Ay, so, God b' wi' ye!
1766 [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
1767 Now I am alone.
1768 O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
1769 Is it not monstrous that this player here,
1770 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
1771 Could force his soul so to his own conceit
1772 That, from her working, all his visage wann'd,
1773 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
1774 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
1775 With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
1776 For Hecuba!
1777 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
1778 That he should weep for her? What would he do,
1779 Had he the motive and the cue for passion
1780 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
1781 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
1782 Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
1783 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
1784 The very faculties of eyes and ears.
1785 Yet I,
1786 A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
1787 Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
1788 And can say nothing! No, not for a king,
1789 Upon whose property and most dear life
1790 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
1791 Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
1792 Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
1793 Tweaks me by th' nose? gives me the lie i' th' throat
1794 As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this, ha?
1795 'Swounds, I should take it! for it cannot be
1796 But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
1797 To make oppression bitter, or ere this
1798 I should have fatted all the region kites
1799 With this slave's offal. Bloody bawdy villain!
1800 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

1801 O, vengeance!
1802 Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
1803 That I, the son of a dear father murther'd,
1804 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
1805 Must (like a whore) unpack my heart with words
1806 And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
1807 A scullion!
1808 Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! Hum, I have heard
1809 That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
1810 Been struck so to the soul that presently
1811 They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
1812 For murther, though it have no tongue, will speak
1813 With most miraculous organ, I'll have these Players
1814 Play something like the murther of my father
1815 Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;
1816 I'll tent him to the quick. If he but blench,
1817 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
1818 May be a devil; and the devil hath power
1819 T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
1820 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
1821 As he is very potent with such spirits,
1822 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
1823 More relative than this. The play's the thing
1824 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. Exit.

1825
1826

1827 ACT III. Scene I.

1828 Elsinore. A room in the Castle.

1829

1830 Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and
1831 Lords.

1832

1833 King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
1834 Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
1835 Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
1836 With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

1837 Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
1838 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

1839 Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
1840 But with a crafty madness keeps aloof

1841 When we would bring him on to some confession
1842 Of his true state.
1843 Queen. Did he receive you well?
1844 Ros. Most like a gentleman.
1845 Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.
1846 Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
1847 Most free in his reply.
1848 Queen. Did you assay him
1849 To any pastime?
1850 Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
1851 We o'errought on the way. Of these we told him,
1852 And there did seem in him a kind of joy
1853 To hear of it. They are here about the court,
1854 And, as I think, they have already order
1855 This night to play before him.
1856 Pol. 'Tis most true;
1857 And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
1858 To hear and see the matter.
1859 King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
1860 To hear him so inclin'd.
1861 Good gentlemen, give him a further edge
1862 And drive his purpose on to these delights.
1863 Ros. We shall, my lord.
1864 Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
1865 King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
1866 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
1867 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
1868 Affront Ophelia.
1869 Her father and myself (lawful espials)
1870 Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
1871 We may of their encounter frankly judge
1872 And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
1873 If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
1874 That thus he suffers for.
1875 Queen. I shall obey you;
1876 And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
1877 That your good beauties be the happy cause
1878 Of Hamlet's wildness. So shall I hope your virtues
1879 Will bring him to his wonted way again,
1880 To both your honours.

1881 Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

1882 [Exit Queen.]

1883 Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.- Gracious, so please you,
1884 We will bestow ourselves.- [To Ophelia] Read on this book,
1885 That show of such an exercise may colour
1886 Your loneliness.- We are oft to blame in this,
1887 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage
1888 And pious action we do sugar o'er
1889 The Devil himself.

1890 King. [aside] O, 'tis too true!
1891 How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
1892 The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
1893 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
1894 Than is my deed to my most painted word.
1895 O heavy burthen!

1896 Pol. I hear him coming. Let's withdraw, my lord.
1897 Exeunt King and Polonius].

1898

1899 Enter Hamlet.

1900

1901 Ham. To be, or not to be- that is the question:
1902 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
1903 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
1904 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
1905 And by opposing end them. To die- to sleep-
1906 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
1907 The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
1908 That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
1909 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die- to sleep.
1910 To sleep- perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub!
1911 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
1912 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
1913 Must give us pause. There's the respect
1914 That makes calamity of so long life.
1915 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
1916 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
1917 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
1918 The insolence of office, and the spurns
1919 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
1920 When he himself might his quietus make

1921 With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardels bear,
1922 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
1923 But that the dread of something after death-
1924 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
1925 No traveller returns- puzzles the will,
1926 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
1927 Than fly to others that we know not of?
1928 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
1929 And thus the native hue of resolution
1930 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
1931 And enterprises of great pith and moment
1932 With this regard their currents turn awry
1933 And lose the name of action.- Soft you now!
1934 The fair Ophelia!- Nymph, in thy orisons
1935 Be all my sins rememb'red.

1936 Oph. Good my lord,
1937 How does your honour for this many a day?

1938 Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

1939 Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours
1940 That I have longed long to re-deliver.
1941 I pray you, now receive them.

1942 Ham. No, not I!
1943 I never gave you aught.

1944 Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did,
1945 And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd
1946 As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,
1947 Take these again; for to the noble mind
1948 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
1949 There, my lord.

1950 Ham. Ha, ha! Are you honest?

1951 Oph. My lord?

1952 Ham. Are you fair?

1953 Oph. What means your lordship?

1954 Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no
1955 discourse to your beauty.

1956 Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

1957 Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform
1958 honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can
1959 translate beauty into his likeness. This was sometime a paradox,
1960 but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

1961 Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
1962 Ham. You should not have believ'd me; for virtue cannot so
1963 inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it. I loved you
1964 not.
1965 Oph. I was the more deceived.
1966 Ham. Get thee to a nunnery! Why wouldst thou be a breeder of
1967 sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse
1968 me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me.
1969 I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my
1970 beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give
1971 them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I
1972 do, crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all;
1973 believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your
1974 father?
1975 Oph. At home, my lord.
1976 Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool
1977 nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.
1978 Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!
1979 Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry:
1980 be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape
1981 calumny. Get thee to a nunnery. Go, farewell. Or if thou wilt
1982 needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what
1983 monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too.
1984 Farewell.
1985 Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!
1986 Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath
1987 given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig, you
1988 amble, and you lisp; you nickname God's creatures and make your
1989 wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't! it hath made
1990 me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are
1991 married already- all but one- shall live; the rest shall keep as
1992 they are. To a nunnery, go. Exit.
1993 Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
1994 The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword,
1995 Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
1996 The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
1997 Th' observ'd of all observers- quite, quite down!
1998 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
1999 That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
2000 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

2001 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
2002 That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
2003 Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me
2004 T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

2005
2006 Enter King and Polonius.

2007
2008 King. Love? his affections do not that way tend;
2009 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
2010 Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
2011 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
2012 And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
2013 Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
2014 I have in quick determination
2015 Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England
2016 For the demand of our neglected tribute.
2017 Haply the seas, and countries different,
2018 With variable objects, shall expel
2019 This something-settled matter in his heart,
2020 Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
2021 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

2022 Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe
2023 The origin and commencement of his grief
2024 Sprung from neglected love.- How now, Ophelia?
2025 You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said.
2026 We heard it all.- My lord, do as you please;
2027 But if you hold it fit, after the play
2028 Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
2029 To show his grief. Let her be round with him;
2030 And I'll be plac'd so please you, in the ear
2031 Of all their conference. If she find him not,
2032 To England send him; or confine him where
2033 Your wisdom best shall think.

2034 King. It shall be so.
2035 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. Exeunt.

2036
2037

2038 Scene II.
2039 Elsinore. hall in the Castle.

2040

2041 Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.

2042

2043 Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you,
2044 trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our
2045 players do, I had as live the town crier spoke my lines. Nor do
2046 not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all
2047 gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say)
2048 whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a
2049 temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the
2050 soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to
2051 tatters, to very rags, to split the cars of the groundlings, who
2052 (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb
2053 shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing
2054 Termagant. It out-herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

2055 Player. I warrant your honour.

2056 Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your
2057 tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with
2058 this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of
2059 nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing,
2060 whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as
2061 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show Virtue her own feature,
2062 scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his
2063 form and pressure. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though
2064 it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious
2065 grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance
2066 o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I
2067 have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to
2068 speak it profanely), that, neither having the accent of
2069 Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so
2070 strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of Nature's
2071 journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated
2072 humanity so abominably.

2073 Player. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, sir.

2074 Ham. O, reform it altogether! And let those that play your clowns
2075 speak no more than is set down for them. For there be of them
2076 that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren
2077 spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary
2078 question of the play be then to be considered. That's villanous
2079 and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go
2080 make you ready.

2081 Exeunt Players.

2082
2083 Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

2084
2085 How now, my lord? Will the King hear this piece of work?

2086 Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

2087 Ham. Bid the players make haste, [Exit Polonius.] Will you two
2088 help to hasten them?

2089 Both. We will, my lord. Exeunt they two.

2090 Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

2091
2092 Enter Horatio.

2093
2094 Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

2095 Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

2096 As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

2097 Hor. O, my dear lord!

2098 Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;

2099 For what advancement may I hope from thee,

2100 That no revenue hast but thy good spirits

2101 To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?

2102 No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

2103 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee

2104 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

2105 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice

2106 And could of men distinguish, her election

2107 Hath scald thee for herself. For thou hast been

2108 As one, in suff'ring all, that suffers nothing;

2109 A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards

2110 Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those

2111 Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled

2112 That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger

2113 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man

2114 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

2115 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

2116 As I do thee. Something too much of this I

2117 There is a play to-night before the King.

2118 One scene of it comes near the circumstance,

2119 Which I have told thee, of my father's death.

2120 I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,

2121 Even with the very comment of thy soul
2122 Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt
2123 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
2124 It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
2125 And my imaginations are as foul
2126 As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
2127 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
2128 And after we will both our judgments join
2129 In censure of his seeming.

2130 Hor. Well, my lord.
2131 If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
2132 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

2133
2134 Sound a flourish. [Enter Trumpets and Kettledrums. Danish
2135 march. [Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,
2136 Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with the Guard
2137 carrying torches.

2138
2139 Ham. They are coming to the play. I must be idle.
2140 Get you a place.

2141 King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?
2142 Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish. I eat the air,
2143 promise-cramm'd. You cannot feed capons so.

2144 King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet. These words are not
2145 mine.

2146 Ham. No, nor mine now. [To Polonius] My lord, you play'd once
2147 i' th' university, you say?
2148 Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

2149 Ham. What did you enact?
2150 Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar; I was kill'd i' th' Capitol; Brutus
2151 kill'd me.

2152 Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be
2153 the players ready.

2154 Ros. Ay, my lord. They stay upon your patience.

2155 Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

2156 Ham. No, good mother. Here's metal more attractive.

2157 Pol. [to the King] O, ho! do you mark that?
2158 Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
2159 [Sits down at Ophelia's feet.]

2160 Oph. No, my lord.

2161 Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?
2162 Oph. Ay, my lord.
2163 Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?
2164 Oph. I think nothing, my lord.
2165 Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.
2166 Oph. What is, my lord?
2167 Ham. Nothing.
2168 Oph. You are merry, my lord.
2169 Ham. Who, I?
2170 Oph. Ay, my lord.
2171 Ham. O God, your only jig-maker! What should a man do but be merry?
2172 For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died
2173 within 's two hours.
2174 Oph. Nay 'tis twice two months, my lord.
2175 Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a
2176 suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten
2177 yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life
2178 half a year. But, by'r Lady, he must build churches then; or else
2179 shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose
2180 epitaph is 'For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot!'
2181
2182 Hautboys play. The dumb show enters.
2183
2184 Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing
2185 him and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation
2186 unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her
2187 neck. He lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She, seeing
2188 him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his
2189 crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeper's ears, and
2190 leaves him. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes
2191 passionate action. The Poisoner with some three or four Mutes,
2192 comes in again, seem to condole with her. The dead body is
2193 carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she
2194 seems harsh and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts
2195 his love.
2196 Exeunt.
2197
2198 Oph. What means this, my lord?
2199 Ham. Marry, this is miching malhecho; it means mischief.
2200 Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

2201

Enter Prologue.

2202

2203

2204 Ham. We shall know by this fellow. The players cannot keep counsel;
2205 they'll tell all.

2206 Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

2207 Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be not you asham'd to
2208 show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

2209 Oph. You are naught, you are naught! I'll mark the play.

2210

2211 Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,

2212 Here stooping to your clemency,

2213 We beg your hearing patiently. [Exit.]

2214

2215 Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

2216 Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

2217 Ham. As woman's love.

2218

2219 Enter [two Players as] King and Queen.

2220

2221 King. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
2222 Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
2223 And thirty dozed moons with borrowed sheen
2224 About the world have times twelve thirties been,
2225 Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
2226 Unite comutual in most sacred bands.

2227 Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon

2228 Make us again count o'er ere love be done!

2229 But woe is me! you are so sick of late,

2230 So far from cheer and from your former state.

2231 That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,

2232 Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;

2233 For women's fear and love holds quantity,

2234 In neither aught, or in extremity.

2235 Now what my love is, proof hath made you know;

2236 And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.

2237 Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;

2238 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

2239 King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

2240 My operant powers their functions leave to do.

2241 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
2242 Honour'd, below'd, and haply one as kind
2243 For husband shalt thou-
2244 Queen. O, confound the rest!
2245 Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
2246 When second husband let me be accurst!
2247 None wed the second but who killed the first.

2248

2249 Ham. [aside] Wormwood, wormwood!

2250

2251 Queen. The instances that second marriage move
2252 Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
2253 A second time I kill my husband dead
2254 When second husband kisses me in bed.

2255 King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
2256 But what we do determine oft we break.
2257 Purpose is but the slave to memory,
2258 Of violent birth, but poor validity;
2259 Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
2260 But fill unshaken when they mellow be.
2261 Most necessary 'tis that we forget
2262 To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.
2263 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
2264 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
2265 The violence of either grief or joy
2266 Their own enactures with themselves destroy.
2267 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
2268 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
2269 This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
2270 That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
2271 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
2272 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
2273 The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
2274 The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies;
2275 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
2276 For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
2277 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
2278 Directly seasons him his enemy.
2279 But, orderly to end where I begun,
2280 Our wills and fates do so contrary run

2281 That our devices still are overthrown;
2282 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
2283 So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
2284 But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

2285 Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
2286 Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
2287 To desperation turn my trust and hope,
2288 An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope,
2289 Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
2290 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy,
2291 Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
2292 If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

2293
2294 Ham. If she should break it now!

2295
2296 King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile.
2297 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
2298 The tedious day with sleep.

2299 Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
2300 [He] sleeps.
2301 And never come mischance between us twain!

2302 Exit.

2303
2304 Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

2305 Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

2306 Ham. O, but she'll keep her word.

2307 King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

2308 Ham. No, no! They do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' th'
2309 world.

2310 King. What do you call the play?

2311 Ham. 'The Mousetrap.' Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the
2312 image of a murder done in Vienna. Gonzago is the duke's name;
2313 his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon. 'Tis a knavish piece of
2314 work; but what o' that? Your Majesty, and we that have free
2315 souls, it touches us not. Let the gall'd jade winch; our withers
2316 are unwrung.

2317
2318 Enter Lucianus.

2319
2320 This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King.

2321 Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.
2322 Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see
2323 the puppets dallying.
2324 Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.
2325 Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.
2326 Oph. Still better, and worse.
2327 Ham. So you must take your husbands.- Begin, murtherer. Pox, leave
2328 thy damnable faces, and begin! Come, the croaking raven doth
2329 bellow for revenge.
2330
2331 Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
2332 Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
2333 Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
2334 With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
2335 Thy natural magic and dire property
2336 On wholesome life usurp immediately.
2337 Pours the poison in his ears.
2338
2339 Ham. He poisons him i' th' garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago.
2340 The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You
2341 shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.
2342 Oph. The King rises.
2343 Ham. What, frighted with false fire?
2344 Queen. How fares my lord?
2345 Pol. Give o'er the play.
2346 King. Give me some light! Away!
2347 All. Lights, lights, lights!
2348 Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.
2349 Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
2350 The hart ungalled by the play;
2351 For some must watch, while some must sleep:
2352 Thus runs the world away.
2353 Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers- if the rest of my
2354 Fortunes turn Turk with me-with two Provincial roses on my raz'd
2355 shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?
2356 Hor. Half a share.
2357 Ham. A whole one I!
2358 For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
2359 This realm dismantled was
2360 Of Jove himself; and now reigns here

2361 A very, very- pajock.
2362 Hor. You might have rhym'd.
2363 Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand
2364 pound! Didst perceive?
2365 Hor. Very well, my lord.
2366 Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?
2367 Hor. I did very well note him.
2368 Ham. Aha! Come, some music! Come, the recorders!
2369 For if the King like not the comedy,
2370 Why then, belike he likes it not, perdy.
2371 Come, some music!
2372
2373 Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
2374
2375 Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
2376 Ham. Sir, a whole history.
2377 Guil. The King, sir-
2378 Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?
2379 Guil. Is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.
2380 Ham. With drink, sir?
2381 Guil. No, my lord; rather with choler.
2382 Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to
2383 the doctor; for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps
2384 plunge him into far more choler.
2385 Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start
2386 not so wildly from my affair.
2387 Ham. I am tame, sir; pronounce.
2388 Guil. The Queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit
2389 hath sent me to you.
2390 Ham. You are welcome.
2391 Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed.
2392 If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do
2393 your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return
2394 shall be the end of my business.
2395 Ham. Sir, I cannot.
2396 Guil. What, my lord?
2397 Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseas'd. But, sir, such
2398 answer is I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say,
2399 my mother. Therefore no more, but to the matter! My mother, you
2400 say-

2401 Ros. Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into
2402 amazement and admiration.

2403 Ham. O wonderful son, that can so stonish a mother! But is there no
2404 sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

2405 Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

2406 Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any
2407 further trade with us?

2408 Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

2409 Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers!

2410 Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely
2411 bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to
2412 your friend.

2413 Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

2414 Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself
2415 for your succession in Denmark?

2416 Ham. Ay, sir, but 'while the grass grows'- the proverb is something
2417 musty.

2418

2419 Enter the Players with recorders.

2420

2421 O, the recorders! Let me see one. To withdraw with you- why do
2422 you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me
2423 into a toil?

2424 Guil. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

2425 Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

2426 Guil. My lord, I cannot.

2427 Ham. I pray you.

2428 Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

2429 Ham. I do beseech you.

2430 Guil. I know, no touch of it, my lord.

2431 Ham. It is as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your
2432 fingers and thumbs, give it breath with your mouth, and it will
2433 discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

2434 Guil. But these cannot I command to any utt'rance of harmony. I
2435 have not the skill.

2436 Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You
2437 would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would
2438 pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my
2439 lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music,
2440 excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it

2441 speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be play'd on than a
2442 pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me,
2443 you cannot play upon me.

2444

Enter Polonius.

2445

God bless you, sir!

2446

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

2447

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

2448

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

2449

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

2450

Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.

2451

Ham. Or like a whale.

2452

Pol. Very like a whale.

2453

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.- They fool me to the
2454 top of my bent.- I will come by-and-by.

2455

Pol. I will say so. Exit.

2456

Ham. 'By-and-by' is easily said.- Leave me, friends.

2457

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.]

2458

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

2459

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
2460 Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood

2461

And do such bitter business as the day

2462

Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother!

2463

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

2464

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.

2465

Let me be cruel, not unnatural;

2466

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

2467

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites-

2468

How in my words somever she be shent,

2469

To give them seals never, my soul, consent! Exit.

2470

2471

2472

2473

Scene III.

2474

A room in the Castle.

2475

2476

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

2477

2478

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

2479

To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;

2480

2481 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
2482 And he to England shall along with you.
2483 The terms of our estate may not endure
2484 Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
2485 Out of his lunacies.
2486 Guil. We will ourselves provide.
2487 Most holy and religious fear it is
2488 To keep those many many bodies safe
2489 That live and feed upon your Majesty.
2490 Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
2491 With all the strength and armour of the mind
2492 To keep itself from noyance; but much more
2493 That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
2494 The lives of many. The cesse of majesty
2495 Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
2496 What's near it with it. It is a massy wheel,
2497 Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
2498 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
2499 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
2500 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
2501 Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
2502 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.
2503 King. Arm you, I pray you, to th', speedy voyage;
2504 For we will fetters put upon this fear,
2505 Which now goes too free-footed.
2506 Both. We will haste us.
2507 Exeunt Gentlemen.
2508
2509 Enter Polonius.
2510
2511 Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
2512 Behind the arras I'll convey myself
2513 To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him home;
2514 And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
2515 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
2516 Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
2517 The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege.
2518 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed
2519 And tell you what I know.
2520 King. Thanks, dear my lord.

2521 Exit [Polonius].
2522 O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
2523 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
2524 A brother's murther! Pray can I not,
2525 Though inclination be as sharp as will.
2526 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
2527 And, like a man to double business bound,
2528 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
2529 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
2530 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
2531 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
2532 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
2533 But to confront the visage of offence?
2534 And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
2535 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
2536 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
2537 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
2538 Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murther'?
2539 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
2540 Of those effects for which I did the murther-
2541 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
2542 May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?
2543 In the corrupted currents of this world
2544 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
2545 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
2546 Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above.
2547 There is no shuffling; there the action lies
2548 In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
2549 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
2550 To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
2551 Try what repentance can. What can it not?
2552 Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
2553 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
2554 O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
2555 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay.
2556 Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,
2557 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
2558 All may be well. He kneels.

2559
2560

Enter Hamlet.

2561
2562 Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
2563 And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven,
2564 And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd.
2565 A villain kills my father; and for that,
2566 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
2567 To heaven.
2568 Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge!
2569 He took my father grossly, full of bread,
2570 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
2571 And how his audit stands, who knows save heaven?
2572 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
2573 'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd,
2574 To take him in the purging of his soul,
2575 When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
2576 No.
2577 Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.
2578 When he is drunk asleep; or in his rage;
2579 Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed;
2580 At gaming, swearing, or about some act
2581 That has no relish of salvation in't-
2582 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
2583 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
2584 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.
2585 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. Exit.
2586 King. [rises] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.
2587 Words without thoughts never to heaven go. Exit.

2588
2589

2590 Scene IV.

2591 The Queen's closet.

2592

2593 Enter Queen and Polonius.

2594

2595 Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him.

2596 Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,

2597 And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between

2598 Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here.

2599 Pray you be round with him.

2600 Ham. (within) Mother, mother, mother!

2601 Queen. I'll warrant you; fear me not. Withdraw; I hear him coming.
2602 [Polonius hides behind the arras.]

2603

2604 Enter Hamlet.

2605

2606 Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

2607 Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

2608 Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

2609 Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

2610 Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

2611 Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

2612 Ham. What's the matter now?

2613 Queen. Have you forgot me?

2614 Ham. No, by the rood, not so!

2615 You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,

2616 And (would it were not so!) you are my mother.

2617 Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

2618 Ham. Come, come, and sit you down. You shall not budge I

2619 You go not till I set you up a glass

2620 Where you may see the inmost part of you.

2621 Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?

2622 Help, help, ho!

2623 Pol. [behind] What, ho! help, help, help!

2624 Ham. [draws] How now? a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead!

2625 [Makes a pass through the arras and] kills Polonius.

2626 Pol. [behind] O, I am slain!

2627 Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

2628 Ham. Nay, I know not. Is it the King?

2629 Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

2630 Ham. A bloody deed- almost as bad, good mother,

2631 As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

2632 Queen. As kill a king?

2633 Ham. Ay, lady, it was my word.

2634 [Lifts up the arras and sees Polonius.]

2635 Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

2636 I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune.

2637 Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.

2638 Leave wringing of your hinds. Peace! sit you down

2639 And let me wring your heart; for so I shall

2640 If it be made of penetrable stuff;

2641 If damned custom have not braz'd it so
2642 That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
2643 Queen. What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
2644 In noise so rude against me?

2645 Ham. Such an act
2646 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
2647 Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose
2648 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
2649 And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
2650 As false as dicers' oaths. O, such a deed
2651 As from the body of contraction plucks
2652 The very soul, and sweet religion makes
2653 A rhapsody of words! Heaven's face doth glow;
2654 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
2655 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
2656 Is thought-sick at the act.

2657 Queen. Ay me, what act,
2658 That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

2659 Ham. Look here upon th's picture, and on this,
2660 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
2661 See what a grace was seated on this brow;
2662 Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
2663 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
2664 A station like the herald Mercury
2665 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:
2666 A combination and a form indeed
2667 Where every god did seem to set his seal
2668 To give the world assurance of a man.
2669 This was your husband. Look you now what follows.
2670 Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear
2671 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
2672 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
2673 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes
2674 You cannot call it love; for at your age
2675 The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
2676 And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
2677 Would step from this to this? Sense sure you have,
2678 Else could you not have motion; but sure that sense
2679 Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
2680 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd

2681 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
2682 To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
2683 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
2684 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
2685 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
2686 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
2687 Could not so mope.
2688 O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
2689 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
2690 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
2691 And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame
2692 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
2693 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
2694 And reason panders will.

2695 Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more!
2696 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
2697 And there I see such black and grained spots
2698 As will not leave their tinct.

2699 Ham. Nay, but to live
2700 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
2701 Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
2702 Over the nasty sty!

2703 Queen. O, speak to me no more!
2704 These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
2705 No more, sweet Hamlet!

2706 Ham. A murderer and a villain!
2707 A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
2708 Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
2709 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
2710 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
2711 And put it in his pocket!

2712 Queen. No more!

2713
2714 Enter the Ghost in his nightgown.
2715

2716 Ham. A king of shreds and patches!-
2717 Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
2718 You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

2719 Queen. Alas, he's mad!

2720 Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

2761 That I have utt'red. Bring me to the test,
2762 And I the matter will reword; which madness
2763 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
2764 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
2765 That not your trespass but my madness speaks.
2766 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
2767 Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
2768 infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
2769 Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
2770 And do not spread the compost on the weeds
2771 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
2772 For in the fatness of these pursy times
2773 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg-
2774 Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

2775 Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

2776 Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
2777 And live the purer with the other half,
2778 Good night- but go not to my uncle's bed.
2779 Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
2780 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
2781 Of habits evil, is angel yet in this,
2782 That to the use of actions fair and good
2783 He likewise gives a frock or livery,
2784 That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
2785 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
2786 To the next abstinence; the next more easy;
2787 For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
2788 And either [master] the devil, or throw him out
2789 With wondrous potency. Once more, good night;
2790 And when you are desirous to be blest,
2791 I'll blessing beg of you.- For this same lord,
2792 I do repent; but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
2793 To punish me with this, and this with me,
2794 That I must be their scourge and minister.
2795 I will bestow him, and will answer well
2796 The death I gave him. So again, good night.
2797 I must be cruel, only to be kind;
2798 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
2799 One word more, good lady.

2800 Queen. What shall I do?

2801 Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
2802 Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;
2803 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
2804 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
2805 Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
2806 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
2807 That I essentially am not in madness,
2808 But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
2809 For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
2810 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib
2811 Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
2812 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
2813 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
2814 Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
2815 To try conclusions, in the basket creep
2816 And break your own neck down.

2817 Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
2818 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
2819 What thou hast said to me.

2820 Ham. I must to England; you know that?

2821 Queen. Alack,
2822 I had forgot! 'Tis so concluded on.

2823 Ham. There's letters seal'd; and my two schoolfellows,
2824 Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
2825 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way
2826 And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
2827 For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
2828 Hoist with his own petar; and 't shall go hard
2829 But I will delve one yard below their mines
2830 And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet
2831 When in one line two crafts directly meet.
2832 This man shall set me packing.
2833 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.-
2834 Mother, good night.- Indeed, this counsellor
2835 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
2836 Who was in life a foolish peating knave.
2837 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
2838 Good night, mother.

2839 [Exit the Queen. Then] Exit Hamlet, tugging in
2840 Polonius.

2841 ACT IV. Scene I.

2842 Elsinore. A room in the Castle.

2843

2844 Enter King and Queen, with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

2845

2846 King. There's matter in these sighs. These profound heaves

2847 You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.

2848 Where is your son?

2849 Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

2850 [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

2851 Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen to-night!

2852 King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

2853 Queen. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend

2854 Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit

2855 Behind the arras hearing something stir,

2856 Whips out his rapier, cries 'A rat, a rat!'

2857 And in this brainish apprehension kills

2858 The unseen good old man.

2859 King. O heavy deed!

2860 It had been so with us, had we been there.

2861 His liberty is full of threats to all-

2862 To you yourself, to us, to every one.

2863 Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

2864 It will be laid to us, whose providence

2865 Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt

2866 This mad young man. But so much was our love

2867 We would not understand what was most fit,

2868 But, like the owner of a foul disease,

2869 To keep it from divulging, let it feed

2870 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

2871 Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;

2872 O'er whom his very madness, like some ore

2873 Among a mineral of metals base,

2874 Shows itself pure. He weeps for what is done.

2875 King. O Gertrude, come away!

2876 The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch

2877 But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed

2878 We must with all our majesty and skill

2879 Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

2880

2881 Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
2882
2883 Friends both, go join you with some further aid.
2884 Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
2885 And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.
2886 Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
2887 Into the chapel. I pray you haste in this.
2888 Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern].
2889 Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends
2890 And let them know both what we mean to do
2891 And what's untimely done. [So haply slander-]
2892 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
2893 As level as the cannon to his blank,
2894 Transports his poisoned shot- may miss our name
2895 And hit the woundless air.- O, come away!
2896 My soul is full of discord and dismay.
2897 Exeunt.

2898
2899

2900 Scene II.

2901 Elsinore. A passage in the Castle.

2902

2903 Enter Hamlet.

2904

2905 Ham. Safely stow'd.

2906 Gentlemen. (within) Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

2907 Ham. But soft! What noise? Who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

2908

2909 Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

2910

2911 Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

2912 Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

2913 Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence

2914 And bear it to the chapel.

2915 Ham. Do not believe it.

2916 Ros. Believe what?

2917 Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be

2918 demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the son

2919 of a king?

2920 Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

2921 Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the King's countenance, his rewards,
2922 his authorities. But such officers do the King best service in
2923 the end. He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw;
2924 first mouth'd, to be last Swallowed. When he needs what you have
2925 glean'd, it is but squeezing you and, sponge, you shall be dry
2926 again.

2927 Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

2928 Ham. I am glad of it. A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

2929 Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is and go with us to
2930 the King.

2931 Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body.
2932 The King is a thing-

2933 Guil. A thing, my lord?

2934 Ham. Of nothing. Bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.

2935 Exeunt.

2936

2937

2938 Scene III.

2939 Elsinore. A room in the Castle.

2940

2941 Enter King.

2942

2943 King. I have sent to seek him and to find the body.
2944 How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
2945 Yet must not we put the strong law on him.
2946 He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
2947 Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
2948 And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
2949 But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
2950 This sudden sending him away must seem
2951 Deliberate pause. Diseases desperate grown
2952 By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
2953 Or not at all.

2954

2955 Enter Rosencrantz.

2956

2957 How now O What hath befall'n?

2958 Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,

2959 We cannot get from him.

2960 King. But where is he?

2961 Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

2962 King. Bring him before us.

2963 Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! Bring in my lord.

2964

2965 Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern [with Attendants].

2966

2967 King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

2968 Ham. At supper.

2969 King. At supper? Where?

2970 Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain
2971 convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your
2972 only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and
2973 we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar
2974 is but variable service- two dishes, but to one table. That's the
2975 end.

2976 King. Alas, alas!

2977 Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat
2978 of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

2979 King. What dost thou mean by this?

2980 Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through
2981 the guts of a beggar.

2982 King. Where is Polonius?

2983 Ham. In heaven. Send thither to see. If your messenger find him not
2984 there, seek him i' th' other place yourself. But indeed, if you
2985 find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up
2986 the stair, into the lobby.

2987 King. Go seek him there. [To Attendants.]

2988 Ham. He will stay till you come.

2989 [Exeunt Attendants.]

2990 King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,-
2991 Which we do tender as we dearly grieve
2992 For that which thou hast done,- must send thee hence
2993 With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself.
2994 The bark is ready and the wind at help,
2995 Th' associates tend, and everything is bent
2996 For England.

2997 Ham. For England?

2998 King. Ay, Hamlet.

2999 Ham. Good.

3000 King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

3001 Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But come, for England!
3002 Farewell, dear mother.
3003 King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.
3004 Ham. My mother! Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is
3005 one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England!
3006 Exit.
3007 King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard.
3008 Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night.
3009 Away! for everything is seal'd and done
3010 That else leans on th' affair. Pray you make haste.
3011 Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]
3012 And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,-
3013 As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
3014 Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
3015 After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
3016 Pays homage to us,- thou mayst not coldly set
3017 Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
3018 By letters congruing to that effect,
3019 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
3020 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
3021 And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
3022 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. Exit.
3023
3024
3025 Scene IV.
3026 Near Elsinore.
3027
3028 Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the stage.
3029
3030 For. Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish king.
3031 Tell him that by his license Fortinbras
3032 Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
3033 Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
3034 if that his Majesty would aught with us,
3035 We shall express our duty in his eye;
3036 And let him know so.
3037 Capt. I will do't, my lord.
3038 For. Go softly on.
3039 Exeunt [all but the Captain].
3040

3041 Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, [Guildenstern,] and others.
3042
3043 Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
3044 Capt. They are of Norway, sir.
3045 Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?
3046 Capt. Against some part of Poland.
3047 Ham. Who commands them, sir?
3048 Capt. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
3049 Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
3050 Or for some frontier?
3051 Capt. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
3052 We go to gain a little patch of ground
3053 That hath in it no profit but the name.
3054 To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
3055 Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
3056 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
3057 Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
3058 Capt. Yes, it is already garrison'd.
3059 Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
3060 Will not debate the question of this straw.
3061 This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
3062 That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
3063 Why the man dies.- I humbly thank you, sir.
3064 Capt. God b' wi' you, sir. [Exit.]
3065 Ros. Will't please you go, my lord?
3066 Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.
3067 [Exeunt all but Hamlet.]
3068 How all occasions do inform against me
3069 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
3070 If his chief good and market of his time
3071 Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
3072 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
3073 Looking before and after, gave us not
3074 That capability and godlike reason
3075 To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
3076 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
3077 Of thinking too precisely on th' event,-
3078 A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
3079 And ever three parts coward,- I do not know
3080 Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do,'

3081 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
3082 To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me.
3083 Witness this army of such mass and charge,
3084 Led by a delicate and tender prince,
3085 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
3086 Makes mouths at the invisible event,
3087 Exposing what is mortal and unsure
3088 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
3089 Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great
3090 Is not to stir without great argument,
3091 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
3092 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
3093 That have a father klll'd, a mother stain'd,
3094 Excitements of my reason and my blood,
3095 And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
3096 The imminent death of twenty thousand men
3097 That for a fantasy and trick of fame
3098 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
3099 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
3100 Which is not tomb enough and continent
3101 To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
3102 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! Exit.

3103
3104

3105 Scene V.

3106 Elsinore. A room in the Castle.

3107

3108 Enter Horatio, Queen, and a Gentleman.

3109

3110 Queen. I will not speak with her.

3111 Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract.

3112 Her mood will needs be pitied.

3113 Queen. What would she have?

3114 Gent. She speaks much of her father; says she hears

3115 There's tricks i' th' world, and hems, and beats her heart;

3116 Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,

3117 That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,

3118 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

3119 The hearers to collection; they aim at it,

3120 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;

3161 Larded all with sweet flowers;
3162 Which bewept to the grave did not go
3163 With true-love showers.

3164
3165 King. How do you, pretty lady?

3166 Oph. Well, God dild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter.
3167 Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be
3168 at your table!

3169 King. Conceit upon her father.

3170 Oph. Pray let's have no words of this; but when they ask, you what
3171 it means, say you this:

3172
3173 (Sings) To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
3174 All in the morning bedtime,
3175 And I a maid at your window,
3176 To be your Valentine.

3177
3178 Then up he rose and donn'd his clo'es
3179 And dupp'd the chamber door,
3180 Let in the maid, that out a maid
3181 Never departed more.

3182
3183 King. Pretty Ophelia!

3184 Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't!

3185
3186 [Sings] By Gis and by Saint Charity,
3187 Alack, and fie for shame!
3188 Young men will do't if they come to't
3189 By Cock, they are to blame.

3190
3191 Quoth she, 'Before you tumbled me,
3192 You promis'd me to wed.'

3193
3194 He answers:

3195
3196 'So would I 'a' done, by yonder sun,
3197 An thou hadst not come to my bed.'

3198
3199 King. How long hath she been thus?

3200 Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot

3201 choose but weep to think they would lay him i' th' cold ground.
3202 My brother shall know of it; and so I thank you for your good
3203 counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies. Good night, sweet
3204 ladies. Good night, good night. Exit

3205 King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.

3206 [Exit Horatio.]

3207 O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
3208 All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
3209 When sorrows come, they come not single spies.
3210 But in battalions! First, her father slain;
3211 Next, Your son gone, and he most violent author
3212 Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
3213 Thick and and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers
3214 For good Polonius' death, and we have done but greenly
3215 In hugger-mugger to inter him; Poor Ophelia
3216 Divided from herself and her fair-judgment,
3217 Without the which we are Pictures or mere beasts;
3218 Last, and as such containing as all these,
3219 Her brother is in secret come from France;
3220 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
3221 Feeds on his wonder, keep, himself in clouds,
3222 With pestilent speeches of his father's death,
3223 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
3224 Will nothing stick Our person to arraign
3225 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
3226 Like to a murd'ring piece, in many places
3227 Give, me superfluous death. A noise within.

3228 Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

3229 King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

3230

3231 Enter a Messenger.

3232

3233 What is the matter?

3234 Mess. Save Yourself, my lord:

3235 The ocean, overpeering of his list,
3236 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
3237 Than Young Laertes, in a riotous head,
3238 O'erbears Your offices. The rabble call him lord;
3239 And, as the world were now but to begin,
3240 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

3241 The ratifiers and props of every word,
3242 They cry 'Choose we! Laertes shall be king!'
3243 Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
3244 'Laertes shall be king! Laertes king!'

3245 A noise within.

3246 Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

3247 O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

3248 King. The doors are broke.

3249

3250 Enter Laertes with others.

3251

3252 Laer. Where is this king?- Sirs, staid you all without.

3253 All. No, let's come in!

3254 Laer. I pray you give me leave.

3255 All. We will, we will!

3256 Laer. I thank you. Keep the door. [Exeunt his Followers.]

3257 O thou vile king,

3258 Give me my father!

3259 Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

3260 Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;

3261 Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot

3262 Even here between the chaste unsmirched brows

3263 Of my true mother.

3264 King. What is the cause, Laertes,

3265 That thy rebellion looks so giantlike?

3266 Let him go, Gertrude. Do not fear our person.

3267 There's such divinity doth hedge a king

3268 That treason can but peep to what it would,

3269 Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,

3270 Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go, Gertrude.

3271 Speak, man.

3272 Laer. Where is my father?

3273 King. Dead.

3274 Queen. But not by him!

3275 King. Let him demand his fill.

3276 Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:

3277 To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil

3278 Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!

3279 I dare damnation. To this point I stand,

3280 That both the world, I give to negligence,

3281 Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
3282 Most throughly for my father.
3283 King. Who shall stay you?
3284 Laer. My will, not all the world!
3285 And for my means, I'll husband them so well
3286 They shall go far with little.
3287 King. Good Laertes,
3288 If you desire to know the certainty
3289 Of your dear father's death, is't writ in Your revenge
3290 That swoopstake you will draw both friend and foe,
3291 Winner and loser?
3292 Laer. None but his enemies.
3293 King. Will you know them then?
3294 Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms
3295 And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
3296 Repast them with my blood.
3297 King. Why, now You speak
3298 Like a good child and a true gentleman.
3299 That I am guiltless of your father's death,
3300 And am most sensibly in grief for it,
3301 It shall as level to your judgment pierce
3302 As day does to your eye.
3303 A noise within: 'Let her come in.'
3304 Laer. How now? What noise is that?
3305
3306 Enter Ophelia.
3307
3308 O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt
3309 Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
3310 By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight
3311 Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
3312 Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
3313 O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
3314 Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
3315 Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
3316 It sends some precious instance of itself
3317 After the thing it loves.
3318
3319 Oph. (sings)
3320 They bore him barefac'd on the bier

3321 (Hey non nony, nony, hey nony)
3322 And in his grave rain'd many a tear.

3323

3324 Fare you well, my dove!

3325 Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,

3326 It could not move thus.

3327 Oph. You must sing 'A-down a-down, and you call him a-down-a.' O,

3328 how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his

3329 master's daughter.

3330 Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

3331 Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. Pray you, love,

3332 remember. And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

3333 Laer. A document in madness! Thoughts and remembrance fitted.

3334 Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines. There's rue for you,

3335 and here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays.

3336 O, you must wear your rue with a difference! There's a daisy. I

3337 would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father

3338 died. They say he made a good end.

3339

3340 [Sings] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

3341

3342 Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,

3343 She turns to favour and to prettiness.

3344 Oph. (sings)

3345 And will he not come again?

3346 And will he not come again?

3347 No, no, he is dead;

3348 Go to thy deathbed;

3349 He never will come again.

3350

3351 His beard was as white as snow,

3352 All flaxen was his poll.

3353 He is gone, he is gone,

3354 And we cast away moan.

3355 God 'a'mercy on his soul!

3356

3357 And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God b' wi', you.

3358 Exit.

3359 Laer. Do you see this, O God?

3360 King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

3361 Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
3362 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
3363 And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
3364 If by direct or by collateral hand
3365 They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
3366 Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
3367 To you in satisfaction; but if not,
3368 Be you content to lend your patience to us,
3369 And we shall jointly labour with your soul
3370 To give it due content.

3371 Laer. Let this be so.

3372 His means of death, his obscure funeral-
3373 No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
3374 No noble rite nor formal ostentation,-
3375 Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
3376 That I must call't in question.

3377 King. So you shall;

3378 And where th' offence is let the great axe fall.
3379 I pray you go with me.

3380 Exeunt

3381

3382

3383 Scene VI.

3384 Elsinore. Another room in the Castle.

3385

3386 Enter Horatio with an Attendant.

3387

3388 Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

3389 Servant. Seafaring men, sir. They say they have letters for you.

3390 Hor. Let them come in.

3391 [Exit Attendant.]

3392 I do not know from what part of the world

3393 I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

3394

3395 Enter Sailors.

3396

3397 Sailor. God bless you, sir.

3398 Hor. Let him bless thee too.

3399 Sailor. 'A shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you,

3400 sir,- it comes from th' ambassador that was bound for England- if

3401 your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.
3402 Hor. (reads the letter) 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlook'd
3403 this, give these fellows some means to the King. They have
3404 letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of
3405 very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too
3406 slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I
3407 boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our ship; so I
3408 alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves
3409 of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for
3410 them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou
3411 to me with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words
3412 to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too
3413 light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring
3414 thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course
3415 for England. Of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.
3416 'He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.'

3417
3418 Come, I will give you way for these your letters,
3419 And do't the speedier that you may direct me
3420 To him from whom you brought them. Exeunt.

3421
3422
3423 Scene VII.

3424 Elsinore. Another room in the Castle.

3425
3426 Enter King and Laertes.

3427
3428 King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
3429 And You must put me in your heart for friend,
3430 Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
3431 That he which hath your noble father slain
3432 Pursued my life.

3433 Laer. It well appears. But tell me
3434 Why you proceeded not against these feats
3435 So crimeful and so capital in nature,
3436 As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
3437 You mainly were stirr'd up.

3438 King. O, for two special reasons,
3439 Which may to you, perhaps, seein much unsinew'd,
3440 But yet to me they are strong. The Queen his mother

3441 Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,-
3442 My virtue or my plague, be it either which,-
3443 She's so conjunctive to my life and soul
3444 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
3445 I could not but by her. The other motive
3446 Why to a public count I might not go
3447 Is the great love the general gender bear him,
3448 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
3449 Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
3450 Convert his gives to graces; so that my arrows,
3451 Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
3452 Would have reverted to my bow again,
3453 And not where I had aim'd them.

3454 Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
3455 A sister driven into desp'rate terms,
3456 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
3457 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
3458 For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

3459 King. Break not your sleeps for that. You must not think
3460 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
3461 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
3462 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more.
3463 I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,
3464 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine-

3465
3466 Enter a Messenger with letters.

3467
3468 How now? What news?

3469 Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
3470 This to your Majesty; this to the Queen.

3471 King. From Hamlet? Who brought them?

3472 Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not.
3473 They were given me by Claudio; he receiv'd them
3474 Of him that brought them.

3475 King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
3476 Leave us.

3477 Exit Messenger.

3478 [Reads]'High and Mighty,-You shall know I am set naked on your
3479 kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes;
3480 when I shall (first asking your pardon thereunto) recount the

3481 occasion of my sudden and more strange return.
3482 'HAMLET.'
3483 What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
3484 Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
3485 Laer. Know you the hand?
3486 King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked!'
3487 And in a postscript here, he says 'alone.'
3488 Can you advise me?
3489 Laer. I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come!
3490 It warms the very sickness in my heart
3491 That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
3492 'Thus didest thou.'
3493 King. If it be so, Laertes
3494 (As how should it be so? how otherwise?),
3495 Will you be rul'd by me?
3496 Laer. Ay my lord,
3497 So you will not o'errule me to a peace.
3498 King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd
3499 As checking at his voyage, and that he means
3500 No more to undertake it, I will work him
3501 To exploit now ripe in my device,
3502 Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
3503 And for his death no wind
3504 But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
3505 And call it accident.
3506 Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
3507 The rather, if you could devise it so
3508 That I might be the organ.
3509 King. It falls right.
3510 You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
3511 And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
3512 Wherein they say you shine, Your sun of parts
3513 Did not together pluck such envy from him
3514 As did that one; and that, in my regard,
3515 Of the unworthiest siege.
3516 Laer. What part is that, my lord?
3517 King. A very riband in the cap of youth-
3518 Yet needfull too; for youth no less becomes
3519 The light and careless livery that it wears
3520 Thin settled age his sables and his weeds,

3521 Importing health and graveness. Two months since
3522 Here was a gentleman of Normandy.
3523 I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
3524 And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
3525 Had witchcraft in't. He grew unto his seat,
3526 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
3527 As had he been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
3528 With the brave beast. So far he topp'd my thought
3529 That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
3530 Come short of what he did.

3531 Laer. A Norman was't?

3532 King. A Norman.

3533 Laer. Upon my life, Lamound.

3534 King. The very same.

3535 Laer. I know him well. He is the broach indeed
3536 And gem of all the nation.

3537 King. He made confession of you;
3538 And gave you such a masterly report
3539 For art and exercise in your defence,
3540 And for your rapier most especially,
3541 That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed
3542 If one could match you. The scrimers of their nation
3543 He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
3544 If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
3545 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
3546 That he could nothing do but wish and beg
3547 Your sudden coming o'er to play with you.
3548 Now, out of this-

3549 Laer. What out of this, my lord?

3550 King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?

3551 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
3552 A face without a heart,'

3553 Laer. Why ask you this?

3554 King. Not that I think you did not love your father;
3555 But that I know love is begun by time,
3556 And that I see, in passages of proof,
3557 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
3558 There lives within the very flame of love
3559 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
3560 And nothing is at a like goodness still;

3561 For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
3562 Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
3563 We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes,
3564 And hath abatements and delays as many
3565 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
3566 And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
3567 That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' th' ulcer!
3568 Hamlet comes back. What would you undertake
3569 To show yourself your father's son in deed
3570 More than in words?

3571 Laer. To cut his throat i' th' church!

3572 King. No place indeed should murther sanctuarize;
3573 Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
3574 Will you do this? Keep close within your chamber.
3575 Will return'd shall know you are come home.
3576 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
3577 And set a double varnish on the fame
3578 The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together
3579 And wager on your heads. He, being remiss,
3580 Most generous, and free from all contriving,
3581 Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
3582 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
3583 A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
3584 Requite him for your father.

3585 Laer. I will do't!

3586 And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword.
3587 I bought an unction of a mountebank,
3588 So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
3589 Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
3590 Collected from all simples that have virtue
3591 Under the moon, can save the thing from death
3592 This is but scratch'd withal. I'll touch my point
3593 With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
3594 It may be death.

3595 King. Let's further think of this,
3596 Weigh what convenience both of time and means
3597 May fit us to our shape. If this should fall,
3598 And that our drift look through our bad performance.
3599 'Twere better not assay'd. Therefore this project
3600 Should have a back or second, that might hold

3601 If this did blast in proof. Soft! let me see.
3602 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings-
3603 I ha't!
3604 When in your motion you are hot and dry-
3605 As make your bouts more violent to that end-
3606 And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
3607 A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
3608 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
3609 Our purpose may hold there.- But stay, what noise,
3610

3611 Enter Queen.

3612
3613 How now, sweet queen?
3614 Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
3615 So fast they follow. Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
3616 Laer. Drown'd! O, where?
3617 Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
3618 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
3619 There with fantastic garlands did she come
3620 Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
3621 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
3622 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
3623 There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
3624 Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
3625 When down her weedy trophies and herself
3626 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide
3627 And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
3628 Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
3629 As one incapable of her own distress,
3630 Or like a creature native and indued
3631 Unto that element; but long it could not be
3632 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
3633 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
3634 To muddy death.
3635 Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd?
3636 Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
3637 Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
3638 And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet
3639 It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
3640 Let shame say what it will. When these are gone,

3681 hold up Adam's profession.

3682 Other. Was he a gentleman?

3683 Clown. 'A was the first that ever bore arms.

3684 Other. Why, he had none.

3685 Clown. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture?

3686 The Scripture says Adam digg'd. Could he dig without arms? I'll
3687 put another question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the
3688 purpose, confess thyself-

3689 Other. Go to!

3690 Clown. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the
3691 shipwright, or the carpenter?

3692 Other. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand
3693 tenants.

3694 Clown. I like thy wit well, in good faith. The gallows does well.

3695 But how does it well? It does well to those that do ill. Now,
3696 thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the
3697 church. Argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come!

3698 Other. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a
3699 carpenter?

3700 Clown. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

3701 Other. Marry, now I can tell!

3702 Clown. To't.

3703 Other. Mass, I cannot tell.

3704

3705 Enter Hamlet and Horatio afar off.

3706

3707 Clown. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will
3708 not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this
3709 question next, say 'a grave-maker.' The houses he makes lasts
3710 till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of
3711 liquor.

3712 [Exit Second Clown.]

3713

3714 [Clown digs and] sings.

3715

3716 In youth when I did love, did love,

3717 Methought it was very sweet;

3718 To contract- O- the time for- a- my behove,

3719 O, methought there- a- was nothing- a- meet.

3720

3721 Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at
3722 grave-making?
3723 Hor. Custom hath made it in him a Property of easiness.
3724 Ham. 'Tis e'en so. The hand of little employment hath the daintier
3725 sense.
3726 Clown. (sings)
3727 But age with his stealing steps
3728 Hath clawed me in his clutch,
3729 And hath shipped me intil the land,
3730 As if I had never been such.
3731 [Throws up a skull.]
3732
3733 Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the
3734 knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere Cain's jawbone, that
3735 did the first murther! This might be the pate of a Politician,
3736 which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God,
3737 might it not?
3738 Hor. It might, my lord.
3739 Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord!
3740 How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that
3741 prais'd my Lord Such-a-one's horse when he meant to beg it- might
3742 it not?
3743 Hor. Ay, my lord.
3744 Ham. Why, e'en so! and now my Lady Worm's, chapless, and knock'd
3745 about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution,
3746 and we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the
3747 breeding but to play at loggets with 'em? Mine ache to think
3748 on't.
3749 Clown. (Sings)
3750 A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
3751 For and a shrouding sheet;
3752 O, a Pit of clay for to be made
3753 For such a guest is meet.
3754 Throws up [another skull].
3755
3756 Ham. There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer?
3757 Where be his quiddits now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures,
3758 and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock
3759 him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him
3760 of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a

3761 great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his
3762 fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of
3763 his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine
3764 pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of
3765 his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth
3766 of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will
3767 scarcely lie in this box; and must th' inheritor himself have no
3768 more, ha?

3769 Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

3770 Ham. Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

3771 Hor. Ay, my lord, And of calveskins too.

3772 Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I
3773 will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

3774 Clown. Mine, sir.

3775

3776 [Sings] O, a pit of clay for to be made
3777 For such a guest is meet.

3778

3779 Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

3780 Clown. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours.
3781 For my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

3782 Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine. 'Tis for
3783 the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

3784 Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again from me to you.

3785 Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

3786 Clown. For no man, sir.

3787 Ham. What woman then?

3788 Clown. For none neither.

3789 Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

3790 Clown. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

3791 Ham. How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or
3792 equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years
3793 I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked that the toe
3794 of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls
3795 his kibe.- How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

3796 Clown. Of all the days i' th' year, I came to't that day that our
3797 last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

3798 Ham. How long is that since?

3799 Clown. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was the
3800 very day that young Hamlet was born- he that is mad, and sent

3801 into England.

3802 Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

3803 Clown. Why, because 'a was mad. 'A shall recover his wits there;

3804 or, if 'a do not, 'tis no great matter there.

3805 Ham. Why?

3806 Clown. 'Twill not be seen in him there. There the men are as mad as

3807 he.

3808 Ham. How came he mad?

3809 Clown. Very strangely, they say.

3810 Ham. How strangely?

3811 Clown. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

3812 Ham. Upon what ground?

3813 Clown. Why, here in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy

3814 thirty years.

3815 Ham. How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

3816 Clown. Faith, if 'a be not rotten before 'a die (as we have many

3817 pocky corses now-a-days that will scarce hold the laying in, I

3818 will last you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will last

3819 you nine year.

3820 Ham. Why he more than another?

3821 Clown. Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade that 'a will

3822 keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of

3823 your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now. This skull hath lien

3824 you i' th' earth three-and-twenty years.

3825 Ham. Whose was it?

3826 Clown. A whoreson, mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

3827 Ham. Nay, I know not.

3828 Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'A pour'd a flagon of

3829 Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's

3830 skull, the King's jester.

3831 Ham. This?

3832 Clown. E'en that.

3833 Ham. Let me see. [Takes the skull.] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him,

3834 Horatio. A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He

3835 hath borne me on his back a thousand tunes. And now how abhorred

3836 in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those

3837 lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes

3838 now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that

3839 were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your

3840 own grinning? Quite chap- fall'n? Now get you to my lady's

3841 chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this
3842 favour she must come. Make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio,
3843 tell me one thing.

3844 Hor. What's that, my lord?

3845 Ham. Dost thou think Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' th' earth?

3846 Hor. E'en so.

3847 Ham. And smelt so? Pah!

3848 [Puts down the skull.]

3849 Hor. E'en so, my lord.

3850 Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not
3851 imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it
3852 stopping a bung-hole?

3853 Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

3854 Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty
3855 enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died,
3856 Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is
3857 earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam (whereto he
3858 was converted) might they not stop a beer barrel?
3859 Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
3860 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
3861 O, that that earth which kept the world in awe
3862 Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!
3863 But soft! but soft! aside! Here comes the King-

3864

3865 Enter [priests with] a coffin [in funeral procession], King,
3866 Queen, Laertes, with Lords attendant.]

3867

3868 The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?
3869 And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
3870 The corse they follow did with desp'rate hand
3871 For do it own life. 'Twas of some estate.
3872 Couch we awhile, and mark.

3873 [Retires with Horatio.]

3874 Laer. What ceremony else?

3875 Ham. That is Laertes,
3876 A very noble youth. Mark.

3877 Laer. What ceremony else?

3878 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
3879 As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful;
3880 And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

3881 She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
 3882 Till the last trumpet. For charitable prayers,
 3883 Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.
 3884 Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
 3885 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 3886 Of bell and burial.
 3887 Laer. Must there no more be done?
 3888 Priest. No more be done.
 3889 We should profane the service of the dead
 3890 To sing a requiem and such rest to her
 3891 As to peace-parted souls.
 3892 Laer. Lay her i' th' earth;
 3893 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 3894 May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
 3895 A minist'ring angel shall my sister be
 3896 When thou liest howling.
 3897 Ham. What, the fair Ophelia?
 3898 Queen. Sweets to the sweet! Farewell.
 3899 [Scatters flowers.]
 3900 I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
 3901 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
 3902 And not have strew'd thy grave.
 3903 Laer. O, treble woe
 3904 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
 3905 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 3906 Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
 3907 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
 3908 Leaps in the grave.
 3909 Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead
 3910 Till of this flat a mountain you have made
 3911 T' o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
 3912 Of blue Olympus.
 3913 Ham. [comes forward] What is he whose grief
 3914 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
 3915 Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
 3916 Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
 3917 Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps in after Laertes.
 3918 Laer. The devil take thy soul!
 3919 [Grapples with him].
 3920 Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

3921 I prithee take thy fingers from my throat;
3922 For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
3923 Yet have I in me something dangerous,
3924 Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand!

3925 King. Pluck thein asunder.

3926 Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

3927 All. Gentlemen!

3928 Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

3929 [The Attendants part them, and they come out of the
3930 grave.]

3931 Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
3932 Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

3933 Queen. O my son, what theme?

3934 Ham. I lov'd Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers
3935 Could not (with all their quantity of love)
3936 Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

3937 King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

3938 Queen. For love of God, forbear him!

3939 Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou't do.

3940 Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
3941 Woo't drink up esill? eat a crocodile?
3942 I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
3943 To outface me with leaping in her grave?
3944 Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
3945 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
3946 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
3947 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
3948 Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
3949 I'll rant as well as thou.

3950 Queen. This is mere madness;
3951 And thus a while the fit will work on him.
3952 Anon, as patient as the female dove
3953 When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
3954 His silence will sit drooping.

3955 Ham. Hear you, sir!
3956 What is the reason that you use me thus?
3957 I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter.
3958 Let Hercules himself do what he may,
3959 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

3960 Exit.

3961 King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.
3962 Exit Horatio.
3963 [To Laertes] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech.
3964 We'll put the matter to the present push.-
3965 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.-
3966 This grave shall have a living monument.
3967 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
3968 Till then in patience our proceeding be.
3969 Exeunt.

3970
3971

3972 Scene II.
3973 Elsinore. A hall in the Castle.

3974

3975 Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

3976

3977 Ham. So much for this, sir; now shall you see the other.
3978 You do remember all the circumstance?

3979 Hor. Remember it, my lord!

3980 Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
3981 That would not let me sleep. Methought I lay
3982 Worse than the mutinies in the bilboes. Rashly-
3983 And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know,
3984 Our indiscretion sometime serves us well
3985 When our deep plots do pall; and that should learn us
3986 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
3987 Rough-hew them how we will-

3988 Hor. That is most certain.

3989 Ham. Up from my cabin,
3990 My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
3991 Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
3992 Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
3993 To mine own room again; making so bold
3994 (My fears forgetting manners) to unseal
3995 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio
3996 (O royal knavery!), an exact command,
3997 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
3998 Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
3999 With, hoo! such bugs and goblins in my life-
4000 That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,

4001 No, not to stay the finding of the axe,
4002 My head should be struck off.
4003 Hor. Is't possible?
4004 Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more leisure.
4005 But wilt thou bear me how I did proceed?
4006 Hor. I beseech you.
4007 Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
4008 Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
4009 They had begun the play. I sat me down;
4010 Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair.
4011 I once did hold it, as our statists do,
4012 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
4013 How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
4014 It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
4015 Th' effect of what I wrote?
4016 Hor. Ay, good my lord.
4017 Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
4018 As England was his faithful tributary,
4019 As love between them like the palm might flourish,
4020 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
4021 And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
4022 And many such-like as's of great charge,
4023 That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
4024 Without debatement further, more or less,
4025 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
4026 Not shriving time allow'd.
4027 Hor. How was this seal'd?
4028 Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
4029 I had my father's signet in my purse,
4030 which was the model of that Danish seal;
4031 Folded the writ up in the form of th' other,
4032 Subscrib'd it, gave't th' impression, plac'd it safely,
4033 The changeling never known. Now, the next day
4034 Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
4035 Thou know'st already.
4036 Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.
4037 Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment!
4038 They are not near my conscience; their defeat
4039 Does by their own insinuation grow.
4040 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes

4041 Between the pass and fell incensed points
4042 Of mighty opposites.
4043 Hor. Why, what a king is this!
4044 Ham. Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon-
4045 He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
4046 Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;
4047 Thrown out his angle for my Proper life,
4048 And with such coz'nage- is't not perfect conscience
4049 To quit him with this arm? And is't not to be damn'd
4050 To let this canker of our nature come
4051 In further evil?
4052 Hor. It must be shortly known to him from England
4053 What is the issue of the business there.
4054 Ham. It will be short; the interim is mine,
4055 And a man's life is no more than to say 'one.'
4056 But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
4057 That to Laertes I forgot myself,
4058 For by the image of my cause I see
4059 The portraiture of his. I'll court his favours.
4060 But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
4061 Into a tow'ring passion.
4062 Hor. Peace! Who comes here?
4063
4064 Enter young Osric, a courtier.
4065
4066 Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.
4067 Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. [Aside to Horatio] Dost know this
4068 waterfly?
4069 Hor. [aside to Hamlet] No, my good lord.
4070 Ham. [aside to Horatio] Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a
4071 vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile. Let a beast be
4072 lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess. 'Tis
4073 a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.
4074 Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart
4075 a thing to you from his Majesty.
4076 Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your
4077 bonnet to his right use. 'Tis for the head.
4078 Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.
4079 Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.
4080 Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

4081 Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.
4082 Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere- I cannot
4083 tell how. But, my lord, his Majesty bade me signify to you that
4084 he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter-
4085 Ham. I beseech you remember.
4086 [Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.]
4087 Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is
4088 newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman,
4089 full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and
4090 great showing. Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card
4091 or calendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of
4092 what part a gentleman would see.
4093 Ham. Sir, his refinement suffers no perdition in you; though, I
4094 know, to divide him inventorially would dozy th' arithmetic of
4095 memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick sail.
4096 But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great
4097 article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness as, to make
4098 true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else
4099 would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.
4100 Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.
4101 Ham. The concernancy, sir? Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more
4102 rawer breath
4103 Osr. Sir?
4104 Hor [aside to Hamlet] Is't not possible to understand in another
4105 tongue? You will do't, sir, really.
4106 Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman
4107 Osr. Of Laertes?
4108 Hor. [aside] His purse is empty already. All's golden words are
4109 spent.
4110 Ham. Of him, sir.
4111 Osr. I know you are not ignorant-
4112 Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not
4113 much approve me. Well, sir?
4114 Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is-
4115 Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in
4116 excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.
4117 Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him
4118 by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.
4119 Ham. What's his weapon?
4120 Osr. Rapier and dagger.

4121 Ham. That's two of his weapons- but well.
4122 Osr. The King, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses;
4123 against the which he has impon'd, as I take it, six French
4124 rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and
4125 so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy,
4126 very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of
4127 very liberal conceit.
4128 Ham. What call you the carriages?
4129 Hor. [aside to Hamlet] I knew you must be edified by the margent
4130 ere you had done.
4131 Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.
4132 Ham. The phrase would be more germane to the matter if we could
4133 carry cannon by our sides. I would it might be hangers till then.
4134 But on! Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their
4135 assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages: that's the French
4136 bet against the Danish. Why is this all impon'd, as you call it?
4137 Osr. The King, sir, hath laid that, in a dozen passes between
4138 yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath
4139 laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial
4140 if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.
4141 Ham. How if I answer no?
4142 Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.
4143 Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his Majesty,
4144 it is the breathing time of day with me. Let the foils be
4145 brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose,
4146 I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my
4147 shame and the odd hits.
4148 Osr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?
4149 Ham. To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.
4150 Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.
4151 Ham. Yours, yours. [Exit Osr.] He does well to commend it
4152 himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.
4153 Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.
4154 Ham. He did comply with his dug before he suck'd it. Thus has he,
4155 and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes
4156 on, only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter-
4157 a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and
4158 through the most fann'd and winnowed opinions; and do but blow
4159 them to their trial-the bubbles are out,
4160

4161

Enter a Lord.

4162

4163 Lord. My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who
4164 brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall. He sends to
4165 know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will
4166 take longer time.

4167 Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the King's pleasure.
4168 If his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided
4169 I be so able as now.

4170 Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

4171 Ham. In happy time.

4172 Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to
4173 Laertes before you fall to play.

4174 Ham. She well instructs me.

4175 [Exit Lord.]

4176 Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

4177 Ham. I do not think so. Since he went into France I have been in
4178 continual practice. I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not
4179 think how ill all's here about my heart. But it is no matter.

4180 Hor. Nay, good my lord -

4181 Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gaingiving as
4182 would perhaps trouble a woman.

4183 Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will forestall their
4184 repair hither and say you are not fit.

4185 Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in
4186 the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come', if it be
4187 not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come:
4188 the readiness is all. Since no man knows aught of what he leaves,
4189 what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

4190

4191 Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Osric, and Lords, with other
4192 Attendants with foils and gauntlets.
4193 A table and flagons of wine on it.

4194

4195 King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

4196 [The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.]

4197 Ham. Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong;

4198 But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

4199 This presence knows,

4200 And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd

4201 With sore distraction. What I have done
4202 That might your nature, honour, and exception
4203 Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
4204 Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet.
4205 If Hamlet from himself be taken away,
4206 And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
4207 Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
4208 Who does it, then? His madness. If't be so,
4209 Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
4210 His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
4211 Sir, in this audience,
4212 Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
4213 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
4214 That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
4215 And hurt my brother.

4216 Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
4217 Whose motive in this case should stir me most
4218 To my revenge. But in my terms of honour
4219 I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation
4220 Till by some elder masters of known honour
4221 I have a voice and precedent of peace
4222 To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time
4223 I do receive your offer'd love like love,
4224 And will not wrong it.

4225 Ham. I embrace it freely,
4226 And will this brother's wager frankly play.
4227 Give us the foils. Come on.

4228 Laer. Come, one for me.

4229 Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes. In mine ignorance
4230 Your skill shall, like a star i' th' darkest night,
4231 Stick fiery off indeed.

4232 Laer. You mock me, sir.

4233 Ham. No, by this bad.

4234 King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
4235 You know the wager?

4236 Ham. Very well, my lord.
4237 Your Grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

4238 King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both;
4239 But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

4240 Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

4241 Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
4242 Prepare to play.

4243 Osr. Ay, my good lord.

4244 King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
4245 If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
4246 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
4247 Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
4248 The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,
4249 And in the cup an union shall he throw
4250 Richer than that which four successive kings
4251 In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
4252 And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
4253 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
4254 The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
4255 'Now the King drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin.
4256 And you the judges, bear a wary eye.

4257 Ham. Come on, sir.

4258 Laer. Come, my lord. They play.

4259 Ham. One.

4260 Laer. No.

4261 Ham. Judgment!

4262 Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

4263 Laer. Well, again!

4264 King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
4265 Here's to thy health.
4266 [Drum; trumpets sound; a piece goes off [within].
4267 Give him the cup.

4268 Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
4269 Come. (They play.) Another hit. What say you?

4270 Laer. A touch, a touch; I do confess't.

4271 King. Our son shall win.

4272 Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.
4273 Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.
4274 The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

4275 Ham. Good madam!

4276 King. Gertrude, do not drink.

4277 Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me. Drinks.

4278 King. [aside] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

4279 Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by-and-by.

4280 Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

4281 Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.
 4282 King. I do not think't.
 4283 Laer. [aside] And yet it is almost against my conscience.
 4284 Ham. Come for the third, Laertes! You but dally.
 4285 pray You Pass with your best violence;
 4286 I am afeard You make a wanton of me.
 4287 Laer. Say you so? Come on. Play.
 4288 Osr. Nothing neither way.
 4289 Laer. Have at you now!
 4290 [Laertes wounds Hamlet; then] in scuffling, they
 4291 change rapiers, [and Hamlet wounds Laertes].
 4292 King. Part them! They are incens'd.
 4293 Ham. Nay come! again! The Queen falls.
 4294 Osr. Look to the Queen there, ho!
 4295 Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
 4296 Osr. How is't, Laertes?
 4297 Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrice.
 4298 I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
 4299 Ham. How does the Queen?
 4300 King. She sounds to see them bleed.
 4301 Queen. No, no! the drink, the drink! O my dear Hamlet!
 4302 The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [Dies.]
 4303 Ham. O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd.
 4304 Treachery! Seek it out.
 4305 [Laertes falls.]
 4306 Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
 4307 No medicine in the world can do thee good.
 4308 In thee there is not half an hour of life.
 4309 The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
 4310 Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice
 4311 Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
 4312 Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.
 4313 I can no more. The King, the King's to blame.
 4314 Ham. The point envenom'd too?
 4315 Then, venom, to thy work. Hurts the King.
 4316 All. Treason! treason!
 4317 King. O, yet defend me, friends! I am but hurt.
 4318 Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
 4319 Drink off this potion! Is thy union here?
 4320 Follow my mother. King dies.

4321 Laer. He is justly serv'd.
 4322 It is a poison temper'd by himself.
 4323 Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.
 4324 Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
 4325 Nor thine on me! Dies.
 4326 Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
 4327 I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
 4328 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
 4329 That are but mutes or audience to this act,
 4330 Had I but time (as this fell sergeant, Death,
 4331 Is strict in his arrest) O, I could tell you-
 4332 But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
 4333 Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
 4334 To the unsatisfied.
 4335 Hor. Never believe it.
 4336 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
 4337 Here's yet some liquor left.
 4338 Ham. As th'art a man,
 4339 Give me the cup. Let go! By heaven, I'll ha't.
 4340 O good Horatio, what a wounded name
 4341 (Things standing thus unknown) shall live behind me!
 4342 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 4343 Absent thee from felicity awhile,
 4344 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
 4345 To tell my story. [March afar off, and shot within.]
 4346 What warlike noise is this?
 4347 Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
 4348 To the ambassadors of England gives
 4349 This warlike volley.
 4350 Ham. O, I die, Horatio!
 4351 The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit.
 4352 I cannot live to hear the news from England,
 4353 But I do prophesy th' election lights
 4354 On Fortinbras. He has my dying voice.
 4355 So tell him, with th' occurrents, more and less,
 4356 Which have solicited- the rest is silence. Dies.
 4357 Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
 4358 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
 4359 [March within.]
 4360 Why does the drum come hither?

4361
4362 Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassadors, with Drum,
4363 Colours, and Attendants.
4364
4365 Fort. Where is this sight?
4366 Hor. What is it you will see?
4367 If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
4368 Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud Death,
4369 What feast is toward in thine eternal cell
4370 That thou so many princes at a shot
4371 So bloodily hast struck.
4372 Ambassador. The sight is dismal;
4373 And our affairs from England come too late.
4374 The ears are senseless that should give us bearing
4375 To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd
4376 That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
4377 Where should We have our thanks?
4378 Hor. Not from his mouth,
4379 Had it th' ability of life to thank you.
4380 He never gave commandment for their death.
4381 But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
4382 You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
4383 Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
4384 High on a stage be placed to the view;
4385 And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
4386 How these things came about. So shall You hear
4387 Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts;
4388 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
4389 Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;
4390 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
4391 Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
4392 Truly deliver.
4393 Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
4394 And call the noblest to the audience.
4395 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune.
4396 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom
4397 Which now, to claim my vantage doth invite me.
4398 Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
4399 And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more.
4400 But let this same be presently perform'd,

