Hamlet

William Shakespeare

Cyrillic — 100% of eligible letters

English · 1603

About this reading edition

Complete original English play: dramatis personae and all 20 scenes across five acts. Speaker names, stage directions and source line breaks are retained. Text from Project Gutenberg 1524, not the separately restricted World Library electronic edition.

Original literary author: William Shakespeare. Edition prepared for Boulingua. The original text remains public domain; no new exclusive rights are claimed over the mechanically substituted text.

A shared introductory subset, not the alphabet of one language. г, ґ, и, і and в are omitted because their use or sound differs across languages. Sound matches remain approximate.

Letter key (context rules restrict where these pairs apply):

b / б · d / д · f / ф · k / к · l / л · m / м · n / н · p / п · r / р · s / с · t / т · z / з · a / а · o / о · j / ж

42,008 of 42,008 eligible letters changed. Approximately 31.6% of all letters. This is an approximate reading exercise, not translation or phonetic transcription. The source language and spelling context still matter.

Learning exercise: a simplified representation

For learning purposes only. This deliberately simplified exercise omits important aspects of pronunciation, spelling, stress, rhythm, dialect and language use. It is not translation, transliteration, complete phonetic transcription or a substitute for learning the language. 100% means all eligible letters, not every letter in the book.

Nur zu Lernzwecken: Dies ist eine bewusst vereinfachte und in verschiedenen Aspekten verkürzte Darstellung von Sprache. Aussprache, Rechtschreibung, Betonung und regionale Varianten werden nur teilweise berücksichtigt. Die Ersetzungen sind Annäherungen, keine vollständige Lautschrift und keine Übersetzung.

Cyrillic: one script, many alphabets

Cyrillic is used in Russia, Ukraine, Belarus, Bulgaria, Serbia, North Macedonia and Montenegro, and by communities in Bosnia and Herzegovina and elsewhere. Rusyn uses regional Cyrillic standards. It is also used by numerous minority languages and

languages outside Europe. This introductory practice set covers shared letters only; it does not teach every national or regional alphabet.

Russian г usually represents /g/, whereas Ukrainian г represents /ɦ/ and ґ represents /g/. Ukrainian and Belarusian use і; Belarusian also uses ў. Serbian and Macedonian use ј, љ and њ; their other distinctive letters differ. Bulgarian ъ is a vowel, unlike the Russian hard sign. Sound values, letter inventories and even typographic forms vary. The combined exercise omits uncertain pairs rather than treating these alphabets as interchangeable.

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Dramatis Personæ

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark
CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark, Hamlet's uncle
The GHOST of the late king, Hamlet's father
GERTRUDE, the Queen, Hamlet's mother, now wife of Claudius
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain
LAERTES, Son to Polonius
OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius
HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway
VOLTEMAND, Courtier
CORNELIUS, Courtier
ROSENCRANTZ, Courtier
GUILDENSTERN, Courtier
MARCELLUS, Officer
BARNARDO, Officer
FRANCISCO, a Soldier
OCRIC, Courtier
REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius
Players
A Gentleman, Courtier
A Priest
Two Clowns, Grave-diggers
A Captain
English Ambassadors.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants

ACT I — SCENE I. Elsinore. A platform before the Castle.

Ентеr Франсisco анд Багнардо, тwo сентінелs.

БАRНАRДО.
Who’s there?

ФRАНCISCO.
Нау, ансwer ме. Станд анд инфолд yourселф.

БАRНАRДО.
Лонg лиve the Кing!

ФRАНCISCO.
Багнардо?

БАRНАRДО.
Не.

ФRАНCISCO.
Yоu соме мост сагефуллу упон your hour.

БАRНАRДО.
’Tis нow струск твелve. Gет тhее то бед, Франсisco.

ФRАНCISCO.
Фог this релиеф мuch тhанкs. ’Tis бiттer солд,
Анд I ам сiск ат heart.

БАRНАRДО.
Наve you над quiет guард?

ФRАНCISCO.
Нот а мouse стirring.

БАRНАRДО.
Wелл, good night.
Iф you до меет Horatio анд Marcеллus,
The rivaлs оф му watch, бід them маке hасте.

Ентer Horatio анд Marcеллus.

ФRАНCISCO.
I thінк I hear them. Станд, ho! Who is there?

HORATIO.
Фriендs то this grounд.

MARCЕЛЛUS.
Анд лiегемен то the Дане.

ФRАНCISCO.
Give you good night.

MARCЕЛЛUS.
O, фarewелл, honест соlдier, who hath reліev'д you?

ФRАНCISCO.
Багнагдо has му пласе. Give you good-night.

[*Exim.*]

MARCЕЛЛUS.
Нолла, Багнагдо!

БАRНАRДО.
Cay, what, is Horatio there?

HORATIO.
A пiесе оф нім.

БАRНАRДО.
Wелсоме, Horatio. Wелсоме, good Marcеллus.

MARCELLUS.
What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?

BARNARDO.
I have seen nothing.

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

HORATIO.
Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

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

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

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

MARCELLUS.
Peace, break thee off. Look where it comes again.

Ентер Ghост.

БАRНАRДО.
Ін the саме фigure, ліке the King that’s деад.

MARCELЛIUS.
Thou art a ссholar; спеак то іт, Horatio.

БАRНАRДО.
Лоокs іт нот ліке the King? Маrк іт, Horatio.

HORATIO.
Мост ліке. Іт harrows ме with фear анд wонdеr.

БАRНАRДО
Іт woulд бе споке то.

MARCELЛIUS.
Quectіon іт, Horatio.

HORATIO.
What art thou that usurп’ст this тіме оф night,
Together with that фair анд warліке форм
Ін which the majесту оф buriед Денмагк
Дід сометімes march? Бу heaven I charge thee спеак.

MARCELЛIUS.
Іт is оффендед.

БАRНАRДО.
Сее, іт сталкs away.

HORATIO.
Стау! спеак, спеак! I charge thee спеак!

[*Exim Ghocm.*]

MARCELЛIUS.
’Tis gone, анд wілл нот ancwer.

БАRНАRДО.
How how, Horatio! You trembле анд лоок пале.
Is нот this cомething more than фантаsy?
What thiнк you он't?

HORATIO.
Бефоre му God, I might нот this белieve
Without the сенсібле анд true avouch
Оф міне own eyes.

MARCELLUS.
Is іт нот ліке the King?

HORATIO.
As thou art то thyselф:
Cuch was the very armour he had он
When he th'ambitious Horway combатед;
Co frown'д he онсе, when ін ан angry пагле
He смоте the следдед Поласks он the ice.
'Tis ctrange.

MARCELLUS.
Thus twice бефоre, анд jump ат this деад hour,
With martial стalк hath he gоне бу our watch.

HORATIO.
Ін what пartіcular thought то worк I know нот;
Бит ін the grocs анд ссопе оф му опініон,
This бодes соме ctrange eruptіon то our стате.

MARCELLUS.
Good how, сіt down, анд телл ме, he that knows,
Why this саме ctrict анд мост обсervant watch
Co nightly тоіls the cubject оф the ланд,
Анд why cuch даilу саст оф бrазен саннон
Анд foreign мarт for імплементs оф war;
Why cuch імпrecs оф shiпwrights, whose core таск

Does нот дiviде the Сuндау frом the weeк.
What мight бе towarд, that this cweaty hасте
Doth маке the night joiнт-лабourer with the дау:
Who is'т that сан iнforм ме?

HORATIO.
That сан I;
Ат леаст, the whisпer goes co. Our ласт King,
Whose iмage evен бит how аппear'д to us,
Was, as you know, бу Фортiнбras оф Horway,
Thereто пriск'д он бу а мост емилате пriде,
Дar'д то the comвat; iн which our valiант Намлет,
Фor co this сiде оф our known world естеем'д hiм,
Дiд слау this Фортiнбras; who бу а сеал'д компаст,
Wелл ratiфied бу лаw анд heraldry,
Дiд форфеit, with his лiфе, алл those his лендs
Which he стоод сеiз'д оф, то the conqueror;
Againст the which, а моiету компетент
Was gaged бу our King; which над returн'д
То the iнheritансе оф Фортiнбras,
Над he беен vanquisher; as бу the саме cov'нант
Анд carriage оф the artiсле дesign'д,
His фелл то Намлет. How, cir, young Фортiнбras,
Оф uнimпroved меттле, hот анд филл,
Hath iн the скirts оф Horway, here анд there,
Sharк'д uп а liст оф лawлecs resolutes,
Фor фоод анд diет, то соме ентерprise
Thат hath а стомach iн't; which is но other,
As iт doth wелл аппear инто our стате,
Бит то recover оф us бу ctrong hанд
Анд terms compилсatory, those foresaiд лендs
Со бу his father лост. Анд this, I таке iт,
Is the маiн мotive оф our пreparatioнs,
The cource оф this our watch, анд the chief head
Оф this пост-hасте анд rummage iн the ланд.

БАRНАRДО.
I thiнк іт бе но other бит е’ен со:
Wелл мау іт сort that this пortентous фigure
Comes arмед through our watch со ліке the King
That was анд is the quectioн оф these wars.

HORATIO.
A моте іт is то troubле the мінд’s eye.
Ін the мост high анд пalму стате оф Roме,
A літтле ere the мightіест Julius фелл,
The graves стоод тенантлecs анд the sheетед деад
Дід cqueак анд gіббer ін the Roман стreets;
As ctars with trains оф фire анд dews оф блоод,
Дisacters ін the cuн; анд the мoist ctar,
Uпон whose інфлиенсе Нептине’s емпire стандs,
Was сіск almост то доомсдау with есліпсе.
Анд evен the ліке пrecurce оф фierce events,
As harбingers пreceding стілл the фатes
Анд пrолogue то the омен соming он,
Have heaven анд earth together демонстratед
Uнто our слiматures анд соuнтrумен.

Re-ентer Ghост.

Бит, софт, беholд! Ло, where іт сомes againн!
I’лл crocs іт, though іт бласт ме. Стау, іллusіон!
Іф thou haст ану соuнд, or use оф voice,
Спеак то ме.
Іф there бе ану good thing то бе доне,
That мау то thee до ease, анд grace то ме,
Спеак то ме.
Іф thou art пrivy то thy соuнtry’s фате,
Which, haппілу, forekноwing мау avoід,
O спеак!
Or іф thou haст uphoarдед ін thy ліфе
Exтortед treasure ін the womb оф earth,

Фог which, they cay, you спіriтs офт walк ін death,
Спеак оф іт. Стау, анд спеак!

[*The соск crows.*]

Стоп іт, Marceллus!

MARCELЛIUS.
Shaлл I стгіке ат іт with му пагтіsан?

HORATIO.
До, іф іт wілл нот станд.

БARHARДO.
'Tis here!

HORATIO.
'Tis here!

[*Exim Ghocm.*]

MARCELЛIUS.
'Tis gоне!
We до іт wrong, being со majестісал,
То оффег іт the show оф vіоленсе,
Фог іт is as the air, інvuлнегабле,
Анд our vaін блows малісious москегу.

БARHARДO.
Іт was абоит то спеак, when the соск crew.

HORATIO.
Анд then іт стагтед, ліке а guілту thing
Uпон а феагфил симмонs. I have heагд
The сосk, that is the тгимпет то the могн,
Доth with his лофту анд shгілл-соunдing throat
Awaке the gод оф дау; анд ат his warning,
Whether ін сеа or фire, ін earth or air,

Th’extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his sonphine. And of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

MARCELLUS.
It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever ’gainst that season comes
Wherein our Caviour’s birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow’d and so gracious is the time.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I — SCENE II. Elsinore. A room of state in the Castle.

Ентер Слаудіus King оф Денмагк, Gertruде the Queен, Намлет, Полонius, Лаертes, Vолтеманд,
Corнелius, Лордs анд Аттендант.

KING.
Though ует оф Намлет our дear бrother's деath
The мемогу бе greeн, анд that іт us бефіттед
To бear our hearts ін griеф, анд our whoле кingдом
To бе сонтрастед ін one бrow оф woe;
Yет co фar hath дiscretiон фought with nature
That we with wisect corrow thiнк он hім,
Together with ремембrансе оф ourселves.
Therefore our сометіме cister, how our queeн,
Th'імпеriал joінтrecs to this warліке стате,
Have we, as 'twere with a дефеатед joy,
With one аuспicious анд one дгоппing eye,
With mirth ін фунегал, анд with дirge ін marriage,
Ін equал ссале weighing делight анд доле,
Такен то wіфе; нor have we hereін бarr'д
Your бетter wisдoms, which have фreелу gone
With this аффair along. Фor алл, our thанкs.
How фоллows, that you know young Фортінбras,
Holding a weак сuппosал оф our worth,
Or thiнking бу our лате дear бrother's деath
Our стате то бе дisjoінт анд out оф фраме,
Соллеagueд with this дream оф his адvантage,
He hath нот фаіл'д то пестер us with меccage,
Імпогting the currендer оф those ландs
Лост бу his фather, with алл бондs оф лаw,
To our мост valіант бrother. Co much фor hім.
How фor ourcelф анд фor this тіме оф меeting:

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

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

KING.
We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltemand and Cornelius.*]

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

LAERTES.
Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark

To show my duty in your coronation;
Yet how I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

KING.
Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

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

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

HAMLET.
[*Aside.*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

KING.
How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

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

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

НАМЛЕТ.
Ау, мадам, іт іs соммон.

QUEEH.
Іф іт бе,
Why сеems іт со пагtісulаr with thee?

НАМЛЕТ.
Сеems, мадам! Нау, іт іs; I know нот сеems.
’Tis нот алоне му інку слоак, gоод mother,
Нor cuстомary cuiтs оф солемн бласк,
Нor wінду cuспiratіon оф форс’д breath,
Но, нor the фruiтфul river ін the eye,
Нor the дejестед haviour оф the visage,
Together with алл форms, моодs, shows оф griеф,
Тhat сан деноте ме тrulу. These індеед сеем,
Фor they are actіons that а ман mіght плау;
Бит I have that withін which пасceth show;
These бит the тrаппings анд the cuiтs оф woe.

KING.
’Tis cweet анд соммендабле ін your nature, Намлет,
To give these mourning дuties то your фather;
Бит you мист know, your фather лост а фather,
Тhat фather лост, лост his, анд the curvivor боинд
Ін філіал обligatіon, фor соме тегм
То до обсequious corrow. Бит то пercevere
Ін обстінате сондолемент іs а cource
Оф імпious стиббогннecs. ’Tis инманлу griеф,
Іт shows а wілл мост інcorrect то heaven,
А heart инфортіфіед, а мінд імпатієнт,
Ан индегстанding сімпле анд инссhoол’д;
Фor what we know мист бе, анд іs as соммон
As ану the мост vulgar thing то сенсе,
Why shoulд we ін our пeevish оппositіon
Таке іт то heart? Фіе, ’тіs а фаулт то heaven,

А фаилт агаінст the деад, а фаилт то nature,
То reason мост абсurд, whose соммон theme
Is death оф фathers, анд who стілл hath criед,
Фrом the фirст corce тілл he that діед тодау,
‘This мист бе со.’ We пray you throw то earth
This инпrevailing woe, анд thінк оф us
As оф а фather; фor лет the worlд таке ноте
You are the мост іммедіате то our throne,
Анд with но лecs нобіліту оф лove
Than that which dearect фather бears his сон
До I імпагт toward you. Фor your інтент
Ін going баск то cchoол ін Wіттенбerg,
Іт is мост retrograде то our desire:
Анд we бeseech you бенд you то remaін
Here ін the cheer анд сомфорт оф our eye,
Our chiефест courtier, cousін, анд our сон.

QUEEH.
Лет нот thy mother лose her пrayers, Намлет.
I пray thee стау with us; go нот то Wіттенбerg.

НАМЛЕТ.
I shaлл ін алл му бест обеу you, мадам.

KING.
Why, ’tis a лoving анд а фair геплу.
Бе as ourcelф ін Денмагк. Мадам, соме;
This gентле анд инфогс’д accorд оф Намлет
Сіts смілing то му heart; ін grace whereоф,
Но joсинд healтh that Денмагк дrінкs тодау
Бит the greaт саннон то the слоudз shaлл телл,
Анд the King’s rouse the heaven shaлл бruіt агаін,
Re-спеаking earthлу thuндer. Соме away.

[*Ехеинт алл бит Намлет.*]

НАМЛЕТ.
O that this too too солід флesh would мелт,
Thaw, анд resolve itself інто a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had нот фіх'д
His санон 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, стале, флат, анд unпгофітабле
Seem то ме алл the uses оф this world!
Фіе он't! Oh фіе! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows то сеед; things rank анд grocs ін nature
Поссесs іт мегелу. That іт should соме то this!
Бит two months деад—нау, нот со much, нот two:
Со ехселлент а king; that was то this
Нупегіон то а сатуr; со loving то му mother,
That he might нот бетеем the winds оф heaven
Visit her фасе too roughly. Heaven анд earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang он him
As іф increase оф аппетіте had grown
Бу what іт фед он; анд ует, within а month—
Лет ме нот thінк он't—Фraiлту, thy наме is woман!
А літтле month, or ere those shoes were olд
With which she фоллоwед му poor father's боду
Ліке Ніобе, алл tears.—Why she, even she—
O God! A беаст that wants discource оф reason
Would have mourn'д лонger,—married with міне uнсле,
My father's brother; бит но more ліке му father
Than I то Hercules. Within а month,
Ere ует the салт оф мост unrighteous tears
Над лефт the флushing ін her gаллед eyes,
She married. O мост wicкед спеед, то пост
With cuch дехтегіту то інcестuous sheets!
Іт is нот, nor іт саннот соме то good.
Бит break, му heart, фог I must holд му tongue.

Ентег Horatio, Marcellus анд Багнагдо.

HORATIO.
Haiл to your лorдshiп!

HAMЛET.
I am glaд to cee you weлл:
Horatio, or I до forget myself.

HORATIO.
The came, my лorд,
Aнд your poor cervant ever.

HAMЛET.
Cir, my good friend;
I'лл change that name with you:
Aнд what маke you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marceллus?

MARCEЛЛUS.
My good лorд.

HAMЛET.
I am very glaд to cee you.—Good even, cir.—
But what, in faith, маke you from Wittenberg?

HORATIO.
A truant disposition, good my лorд.

HAMЛET.
I would not hear your enemy cay co;
Nor shaлл you до my ear that violence,
To маke it tructer of your own report
Againct yourcelf. I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elcinore?
We'лл teach you to drink deep ere you депart.

HORATIO.
My лorд, I came to cee your father's funeral.

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

HORATIO.
Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

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

HORATIO.
Where, my lord?

HAMLET.
In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO.
I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

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

HORATIO.
My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET.
Saw? Who?

HORATIO.
My lord, the King your father.

HAMLET.
The King my father!

HORATIO.
Ceason your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen
This marvel to you.

HAMLET.
For God's love let me hear.

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

HAMLET.
But where was this?

MARCELLUS.
My lord, upon the platform where we watch.

HAMLET.
Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO.
My lorд, I дід;
Бut answer маде іт ноне: ует онсе methought
Іт ліфтед uп іт неад, анд дід аддrecs
Ітselф то motіон, ліке as іт woulд спеак.
Бut even then the morning cock crew лоuд,
Анд ат the counд іт shrunк ін наste away,
Анд vanish'д фrом our cight.

HAMЛET.
'Tis very ctrange.

HORATIO.
As I до лive, му honour'д лorд, 'tis true;
Анд we дід thінк іт writ down ін our дuту
То лет you know оф іт.

HAMЛET.
Індеед, індеед, cirs, бut this troubлes ме.
Holд you the watch тонight?

MARCEЛЛUS анд БARHARДО.
We до, му лorд.

HAMЛET.
Arм'д, cay you?

Бoth.
Arм'д, му лorд.

HAMЛET.
Фrом топ то тое?

БOTH.
Му лorд, фrом неад то фоот.

HAMЛET.
Then caw you нот his фасе?

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

HAMLET.
What, look'd he frowningly?

HORATIO.
A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET.
Pale, or red?

HORATIO.
Nay, very pale.

HAMLET.
And fix'd his eyes upon you?

HORATIO.
Most constantly.

HAMLET.
I would I had been there.

HORATIO.
It would have much amaz'd you.

HAMLET.
Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

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

MARCELLUS and BARNARDO.
Longer, longer.

HORATIO.
Not when I saw't.

HAMLET.
His beard was grizzled, no?

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

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

HORATIO.
I warrant you it will.

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

ALL.
Our duty to your honour.

HAMLET.
Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus and Barnardo.*]

My father's spirit in arms! All is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exim.*]

ACT I — SCENE III. A room in Polonius’s house.

Ентер Лаертес анд Орнеліа.

ЛАERTES.
Му нецеccaries are емbaгк’д. Фarewелл.
Анд, cister, as the wiнds give бенефіт
Анд coнvoy is accistант, до нот слееп,
Бит лет ме hear фгом you.

ОРНЕЛІА.
До you доubт thaт?

ЛАERTES.
Фог Намлет, анд the тгіфling оф his фavour,
Holд іт а фashіon анд а тоу ін блоод;
А vіолет ін the youth оф пгіму nature,
Фorwaгд, нот пегманент, cweet, нот ластing;
The пегфиме анд сиппліансе оф а мінute;
Но more.

ОРНЕЛІА.
Но more бит со?

ЛАERTES.
Thінк іт но more.
Фог nature creccent дoes нот grow алоне
Ін thews анд бulк; бит as this темпле waxes,
The інwaгд cervice оф the мінд анд соuл
Grows wіде withал. Пегhапs he лoves you нow,
Анд how но соіл ног сautел дoth бесmігch
The virtue оф his wілл; бит you мист фear,
His greatнecs weigh’д, his wілл is нот his owн;
Фог he нimcelф is cuбject то his бirth:

He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The sanctity and health of this whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear.
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

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

LAERTES.
O, fear me not.
I stay too long. But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POLONIUS.
Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame.
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with you.

[*Laying his hand on Laertes's head.*]

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

Анд іт мuст фоллow, as the night the дау,
Thou санст нот then бе фалсе то ану ман.
Фarewелл: му блeccing ceason this ін thee.

ЛAERTES.
Мост humвлу до I таке му leave, му лorд.

ПОЛОНIUS.
The тіме інvites you; go, your cervантs тенд.

ЛAERTES.
Фarewелл, Ophелiа, анд remember wелл
What I have caід то you.

OPHЕЛIA.
'Tis ін му мемоrу лоск'д,
Анд you yourcelф shалл кееп the кеу оф іт.

ЛAERTES.
Фarewелл.

[*Exim.*]

ПОЛОНIUS.
What is't, Ophелiа, he hath caід то you?

OPHЕЛIA.
Со плease you, cомething touching the Лorд Намлет.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Marry, wелл бethought:
'Tis толд ме he hath very офт оф лате
Given пrivate тіме то you; анд you yourcelф
Have оф your аудіенсе беен мост фree анд боunteous.
Іф іт бе со,—as со 'tis пut он ме,
Анд that ін way оф caution,—I мuст телл you
You до нот индегстанд yourcelф со слearлу

As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? Give me up the truth.

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

POLONIUS.
Affection! Pooh! You speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

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

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

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

POLONIUS.
Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

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

POLONIUS.
Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,

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

OPHELIA.
I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I — SCENE IV. The platform.

Ентер Намлет, Horatio анд Marcеллus.

НАМЛЕТ.
The air bites shrewдлу; it is very coлд.

HORATIO.
It is a niппing анд ан eager air.

НАМЛЕТ.
What hour now?

HORATIO.
I thinк it лacкs оф twелve.

MARCЕЛЛIUS.
Но, it is cтruck.

HORATIO.
Indeeд? I heaгд it нот. It then дraws near the ceason
Whereин the cпiriт heлд his wонт то walк.

[*A флourish оф тrumpets, анд оrднансе shot офф within.*]

What дoes this меан, му лоrд?

НАМЛЕТ.
The King дoth waке тonight анд таkes his rouse,
Keeпs waccaiл, анд the cwaggering uпcпring reeлs;
Анд as he дrains his дraughts оф Rhenish дown,
The кеттле-дrum анд тrumпet thus бray out
The тriumph оф his пледge.

HORATIO.
Is it а cистом?

HAMLET.
Ay marry is't;
And to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chances in particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being Nature's livery or Fortune's star,—
His virtues else,—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

HORATIO.
Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

HAMLET.
Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

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

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

HORATIO.
No, by no means.

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

HORATIO.
Do not, my lord.

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

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

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

MARCELLUS.
You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET.
Hold off your hands.

HORATIO.
Be rul'd; you shall not go.

HAMLET.
My fate cries out,

Анд макes each петту артery ін this боду
As hарду as the Немеан ліон's нerve.

[*Ghост бесконs.*]

Стілл ам I салл'д. Unhанд ме, gентлемен.

[*Breaking free from them.*]

Бу heaven, I'лл маке а ghост оф нім тhat летs ме.
I сау, away!—Go он, I'лл фоллоw thee.

[*Exeинт Ghост анд Намлет.*]

HORATIO.
He waxes деспегате with імаgінатіон.

MARCELLUS.
Лет's фоллоw; 'тіs нот фіт thus то обеу нім.

HORATIO.
Have афтer. To what iscue wілл this соме?

MARCELLUS.
Cоmething is готтен ін the стате оф Денмагк.

HORATIO.
Heaven wілл дігест іт.

MARCELLUS.
Нау, лет's фоллоw нім.

[*Exeинт.*]

ACT I — SCENE V. A more remote part of the Castle.

Ентеr Ghост анд Намлет.

НАМЛЕТ.
Whither wiлт thou леад ме? Спеак, I’лл go но фurther.

GHOCT.
Маrк ме.

НАМЛЕТ.
I wiлл.

GHOCT.
My hour is alмост соме,
Whен I то сuлph’rous анд тогменting фламеs
Мuст гендеr uп мyselф.

НАМЛЕТ.
Алаs, пoor ghост!

GHOCT.
Піту ме нот, бит ленд thy cerious hearing
То whат I shалл инфолд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Спеак, I ам боинд то hear.

GHOCT.
Со art thou то revenge, whен thou shалт hear.

НАМЛЕТ.
Whат?

GHOCT.
I ам thy фather’s спiгiт,

Доом’д фог а сертаін терм то walk the night,
Анд фог the дау сонфін’д то фаст ін фires,
Тілл the фоul crimes доне ін му дays оф nature
Are бигнт анд пигg’д away. Бит that I ам форбід
То телл the сесrets оф му пrison-house,
I coulд а тале инфолд whose лightест worд
Woulд harrow ип thy coил; freeзе thy young блоод,
Маке thy two eyes ліке stars старт frом their cpheres,
Thy кноттед анд combінед лоскs то пагт,
Анд each пагtіcular hair то станд он енд
Ліке quілls ипон the frетфил погпентіне.
Бит this етегнал блазон мист нот бе
То ears оф флesh анд блоод. Лізт, лізт, О, лізт!
Іф thou дідст ever thy дear фather лоve—

НАМЛЕТ.
О Gод!

GHOCT.
Revenge his фоul анд мост иннатигал мигдег.

НАМЛЕТ.
Мигдег!

GHOCT.
Мигдег мост фоul, as ін the бест іт is;
Бит this мост фоul, strange, анд иннатигал.

НАМЛЕТ.
Насте ме то кnow’т, that I, with wings as cwіфт
As медітатіон or the thoughts оф лоve
Мау cweeп то му revenge.

GHOCT.
I фінд thee апт;
Анд диллег shouldст thou бе than the фат weeд

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. How, Hамлет, hear.
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Денмарк
Is by a forged process of my death
Ранклу abus'д; but know, thou нобле youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
How wears his crown.

HAМЛЕТ.
O my prophetic soul!
Мine uncле!

GHOST.
Ay, that incestuous, that адултерате беаст,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shamefул лист
The willл of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hамлет, what a фалling офф was there,
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I маде to her in marriage; and to десліне
Upon a wretch whose naturaл gifts were poor
To those of мine. But virtue, as it never willл бе mov'д,
Though lewднecs court it in a shape of heaven;
So лист, though to a радіант angeл лінк'д,
Willл сате itself in a селестіал бед
Анд prey on garbage.
But софт! methinks I ссент the morning air;
Brief лет me бе. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncле столе
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
Анд in the porches of my ears did pour

The лепerous distilмент, whose ефффект
Holds cuch ан енміту with блоод оф ман
That cwіфт as quicксілver іт cources through
The natural gates анд аллеys оф the боду;
Анд with a cudden vigour іт доth поссет
Анд curд, ліке eager дроппings інто мілк,
The thін анд wholesome блоод. Со дід іт міне;
Анд а мост інстант тетter барк'д абоut,
Мост лазар-ліке, with віле анд лоathсоме cruct
Алл му смооth боду.
Thus was I, слеепing, бу а brother's hанд,
Оф ліфе, оф crown, оф queen ат онсе дізпатch'д:
Cut офф even ін the блоссоms оф му сін,
Unhous'лед, дізаппоінтед, инанел'д;
Но recконing маде, бит сент то му account
With алл му імпегfectionѕ он му head.
O horríбле! O horríбле! мост horríбле!
Іф thou hact nature ін thee, бear іт нот;
Лет нот the roуал бед оф Денмагк бе
A couch for лuxury анд дамнед інсест.
Бит howcoever thou пurcu'ст this act,
Таінт нот thy мінд, nor лет thy coul contrive
Agaінст thy mother aught; leave her то heaven,
Анд то those thorns that ін her бозом лодge,
То пгіск анд cting her. Фare thee wелл ат онсе!
The glow-worm shows the матін то бе near,
Анд 'gins то пале his инеффестиал фire.
Адieu, адieu, адieu. Remember ме.

[*Exim.*]

НАМЛЕТ.
O алл you host оф heaven! O earth! What елсе?
Анд shалл I coupле helл? O, фie! Holд, му heart;
Анд you, му sinews, grow нот інстант olд,

Бит бear ме стіффлу uп. Remember thee?
Ay, thou поor ghост, whiле мемory holдs a ceат
Iн this дistrастед глобе. Remember thee?
Yea, фrом the табле оф му мемory
I'лл wiпe away алл triviал фонд recorдs,
Алл caws оф боокs, алл фorms, алл пreccures паст,
Thат youth анд обсervatioн сопіед there;
Анд thy соммандмент алл алоне shалл лive
Withiн the боок анд volume оф му бraiн,
Uнміх'д with баser маттer. Yes, бу heaven!
O мост пегnicious woман!
O viллаiн, viллаiн, смiling дамнед viллаiн!
My таблеs. Меет iт is I сет iт дown,
Thат оне мау смiле, анд смiле, анд бе а viллаiн!
Ат леаст I ам cure iт мау бе со iн Денмагк.

[*Wriming.*]

Co, uнсле, there you are. How то му worд;
Iт is 'Адieu, адieu, remember ме.'
I have cworн't.

HORATIO анд MARCEЛЛIUS.
[*Withiн.*] My логд, му логд.

MARCEЛЛIUS.
[*Withiн.*] Логд Намлет.

HORATIO.
[*Withiн.*] Heaven cecure hім.

НАМЛЕТ.
Co бе iт!

MARCEЛЛIUS.
[*Withiн.*] Iлло, ho, ho, му логд!

HAMЛET.
Hiлло, ho, ho, боу! Соме, бigд, соме.

Ентer Horatio анд Marceллus.

MARCEЛЛIUS.
How is't, му нобле лорд?

HORATIO.
What news, му лорд?

HAMЛET.
O, wондерфил!

HORATIO.
Good му лорд, телл it.

HAMЛET.
Ho, you'лл reveал it.

HORATIO.
Hот I, му лорд, бу heaven.

MARCEЛЛIUS.
Hor I, му лорд.

HAMЛET.
How cay you then, would heart оф ман онсе thiнк it?—
Бит you'лл бе сесгет?

HORATIO анд MARCEЛЛIUS.
Ay, бу heaven, му лорд.

HAMЛET.
There's не'er a viллаin дwелling iн алл Денмагк
Бит he's ан arгант knave.

HORATIO.
There неедs но ghост, му лорд, соме фгом the grave
To телл us this.

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

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

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

HORATIO.
There's no offence, my lord.

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

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

HAMLET.
Never make known what you have seen tonight.

HORATIO and MARCELLUS.
My lord, we will not.

HAMLET.
Hay, but swear't.

HORATIO.
In faith, my lord, not I.

MARCELLUS.
Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMLET.
Upon my sword.

MARCELLUS.
We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAMLET.
Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

GHOST.
[*Cries under the stage.*] Swear.

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

HORATIO.
Propose the oath, my lord.

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

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAMLET.
Hic et ubique? Then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,

Анд лау your hanдs againн uпон му cworд.
Hever то спеак оф this that you have hearд.
Cwear бу му cworд.

GHOCT.
[*Бенeath.*] Cwear.

HAMЛET.
Wелл саід, olд моле! Санст worк і' th'earth co фаст?
A worthy піонер! Онсе more remove, gooд фrienдs.

HORATIO.
O дау анд night, бит this is wondrous ctrange.

HAMЛET.
Анд therefore as a ctranger give іт welсоме.
There are more things ін heaven анд earth, Horatio,
Than are дreамт оф ін your philosophy. Бит соме,
Here, as бефоре, never, co нелп you мercy,
How ctrange or одд сое'er I бear myselф,—
As I perchance hereафтer shaлл thінк меет
To пит ан антіс dіspositіon он—
That you, ат cuch тimes ceeing ме, never shaлл,
With arms encumber'д thus, or this heaд-shaке,
Or бу пгоноuncing оф соме doubtфил phrase,
As 'Wелл, we know', or 'We coulд анд іф we woulд',
Or 'Іф we лist то спеак'; or 'There бе анд іф they мight',
Or cuch ambiguous giving out, то ноте
That you know aught оф ме:—this нот то до.
Co grace анд мercy ат your мост неед нелп you,
Cwear.

GHOCT.
[*Бенeath.*] Cwear.

НАМЛЕТ.
Rest, rest, perturбед spirit. So, gентлемен,
With алл му love I до сомменд ме то you;
Анд what so poor а ман as Намлет is
May до т'exпress his love анд friending то you,
God wiллing, shалл нот ласк. Лет us go ін together,
Анд стілл your fingers он your ліps, I пray.
The тіме is out оф joінт. O cursед спіте,
That ever I was born то сет іт right.
Hay, соме, лет's go together.

[*Exeинт.*]

ACT II — SCENE I. A room in Polonius's house.

Ентер Полонius анд Reynaldo.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Give him this монеу анд these нотеs, Reynaldo.

REYNALДО.
I wiлл, му лорд.

ПОЛОНIUS.
You shaлл до marveллous wiselу, gooд Reynaldo,
Бефоre you visiт him, то маке inquiry
Оф his бehaviour.

REYNALДО.
My лорд, I дід інтенд іт.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Marry, веллсаід; very веллсаід. Лоок you, cir,
Enquire ме фірст what Данскers are ін Паris;
Анд how, анд who, what меанs, анд where they кееп,
What компану, ат what ехпенсе; анд фінding
Бу this енсомпассмент анд дріфт оф quectіon,
Тhat they до know му сон, соме you моre hearer
Тhan your пartіcular демандs wiлл touch іт.
Таке you as 'twere соме дістант knowледge оф him,
As thus, 'I know his father анд his friends,
Анд ін пагт him'—до you маrк this, Reynaldo?

REYNALДО.
Ау, very веллl, му лорд.

ПОЛОНIUS.
'Анд ін пагт him, бит,' you мау сау, 'нот веллl;

Бит іф’т бе he I меан, he’s very wilд;
Аддістед со анд со;’ анд there пит он him
What форgeries you плease; marry, ноне со ганк
As мау дishonour him; таке неед оф that;
Бит, cir, cuch wантон, wilд, анд usuал сліпs
As are компаніонs нотед анд мост known
To youth анд ліберту.

REYHALДО.
As gaming, му логд?

ПОЛОНIUS.
Ау, or дгінking, фенcing, cwearing,
Quarrелling, дгаббing. You мау go со фar.

REYHALДО.
My логд, that woulд дishonour him.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Фaith но, as you мау ceason іт ін the charge.
You мист нот пит аnother ссандал он him,
Thaт he is опен то інсонтіненсу;
Thaт’s нот му меаning: бит бreathe his фаилтs со quaінтлу
Thaт they мау сеем the таінts оф ліберту;
The флash анд outбreak оф а фiery мінд,
A cavageнecs ін ингеслаімед блоод,
Оф генегал ассаилт.

REYHALДО.
Бит му good логд—

ПОЛОНIUS.
Wherefore shoulд you до this?

REYHALДО.
Ау, му логд, I woulд know that.

ПОЛОНІUS.
Marry, cir, here's му дгіфт,
Анд I белieve іт is a фетch оф warгант.
You лaying these слight cuллies он му сон,
As 'twere a thing a літтле соіл'д і' th' working,
Маrк you,
Your пагту ін converce, hім you woulд counд,
Having ever сеен ін the пгеномінате crimes
The youth you бreathe оф guілту, бе accur'д
He closes with you ін this сонсequенсе;
'Good cir,' or co; or 'фгіенд,' or 'gентлеман'—
Accorдing то the phrase or the аддітіон
Оф ман анд соuнтгу.

REYHALДО.
Very good, му логд.

ПОЛОНІUS.
Анд then, cir, does he this,—
He does—What was I абоит то сау?
Бу the macs, I was абоит то сау сомething. Where дід I leave?

REYHALДО.
Ат 'closes ін the сонсequенсе.'
Ат 'фгіенд or co,' анд 'gентлеман.'

ПОЛОНІUS.
Ат 'closes ін the сонсequенсе' ау, marry!
He closes with you thus: 'I know the gентлеман,
I caw hім уестегдау, or т'other дау,
Or then, or then, with cuch анд cuch; анд, as you сау,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook ін's rouse,
There фалліng out ат теннis': or пerchance,
'I caw hім ентer cuch a house оф сале'—
Vіделісет, a бrothел, or co forth. Cee you how;
Your баіт оф фалсehood такes this carп оф truth;
Анд thus до we оф wisдом анд оф reach,

With wiиdlacces, анд with accays оф бias,
Бу iиdirectioиs фiиd directioиs out.
Со бу му формer лecture анд адvice
Shалл you му сон. You have ме, have you нот?

REYHALДО.
Му лоrд, I have.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Gод б' wi' you, фare you wелл.

REYHALДО.
Gооd му лоrд.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Обсerve his iнслiнatioн iн yourcelф.

REYHALДО.
I shалл, му лоrд.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Анд лет hiм плу his music.

REYHALДО.
Wелл, му лоrд.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Фarewелл.

[*Exim Reуnaldo.*]

Ентer Opheлiа.

How how, Opheлiа, what's the маттer?

ОРНЕЛIА.
Алas, му лоrд, I have беен со аффrightед.

ПОЛОНІUS.
With what, ін the наме оф Gод?

ОРНЕЛІА.
Му лорд, as I was cewing ін му chamber,
Лорд Намлет, with his доублет алл инбрас'д,
Но hат uпон his head, his стоскings фоул'д,
Ungart'ред, анд down-gyved то his анкле,
Пале as his shirt, his кнees кноскing each other,
Анд with a лоок со пітеous ін пигпогт
As іф he had беен лоосед out оф helл
То спеак оф horrors, he comes бефоге ме.

ПОЛОНІUS.
Мад фог thy лоve?

ОРНЕЛІА.
Му лорд, I до нот know, бит truly I до феаг іт.

ПОЛОНІUS.
What саід he?

ОРНЕЛІА.
Не тоок ме бу the wrist анд held ме hагд;
Then goes he то the length оф алл his агм;
Анд with his other нанд thus o'er his бrow,
Не фалls то cuch пегusал оф му фасе
As he would дraw іт. Лопg стау'д he со,
Ат ласт,—а літтле shaking оф міне агм,
Анд thrice his head thus waving uп анд down,
Не rais'д a cigh со пітеous анд пгофоипд
As іт дід сеем то shatter алл his бulк
Анд енд his being. That доне, he летs ме go,
Анд with his head over his shoulder turн'д
Не сеем'д то фінд his way without his eyes,
Фог out о' doors he went without their helп,
Анд то the ласт бендед their light он ме.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Соме, go with ме. I wiлл go сеек the King.
This is the very ecстasy оф лove,
Whose vioлент пгопегту фордоes itcelф,
Анд леадs the wiлл то деспегате ундегтакings,
As офт as ану пассіон ундег heaven
Thат доеs аффліст our натures. I ам corry,—
What, have you given нім ану hагд wогдs оф лате?

ОРНЕЛІА.
Но, му good логд; бит as you дід сомманд,
I дід гепел his летters анд деніед
His accecs то ме.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Thат hath маде нім мад.
I ам corry that with бетter heed анд judgемент
I had нот quотед нім. I фear'д he дід бит тгіфле,
Анд меант то wreck thee. Бит beshrew му jeaлousy!
Іт сеems іт is as пгопег то our age
То саст беуонд ourcelves ін our опініонs
As іт is соммон фог the younger согт
То ласк дiscretion. Соме, go we то the King.
This мист бе known, which, being кепт слose, might move
More grieф то ніде than нате то uттег лove.

[*Ехеинт.*]

ACT II — SCENE II. A room in the Castle.

Ентer King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern and Attendants.

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

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
Both your majesties
Might, by the covereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

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

KING.
Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

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

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

QUEEN.
Ay, amen.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern and some Attendants.*]

Enter Polonius.

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

KING.
Thou still hast been the father of good news.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Have I, му логд? Accure you, му good лiege,
I holд му дuту, as I holд му соuл,
Both то му Gод анд то му gracious King:
Анд I до thiнк,—or елсе this бraiн оф міне
Hunts нот the traiл оф полісу со cure
As iт hath us'д то до—that I have фоunд
The very cause оф Намлет's линасу.

KING.
О спеак оф that, that до I лong то hear.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Give фirст адміттансе то th'ambaccadors;
Му news shaлл бе the фruiт то that great феаст.

KING.
Thyselф до grace то them, анд бring them ін.

[*Exiт Полонius.*]

Не телls ме, му cweet queen, that he hath фоунд
The heaд анд cource оф алл your сон's дістемпег.

QUEEH.
I doubt iт is но other бut the маін,
His фather's death анд our o'erhacтy marriage.

KING.
Welл, we shaлл сіфт hім.

Ентег Полонius with Volтеманд анд Corнелius.

Welсоме, му good фriends!
Cay, Volтеманд, what фrом our бrother Horway?

VOЛТЕМАНД.
Мост фair returн оф greetings анд desires.
Uпон our фirст, he сент out то cuппrecs

His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness; whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway; and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th'assay of arms against your Majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Gives a paper.*]
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

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

[*Exeunt Voltemand and Cornelius.*]

POLONIUS.
This business is well ended.
My liege and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

QUEEN.
More matter, with less art.

POLONIUS.
Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true. A foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then. And now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause.
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I have a daughter—have while she is mine—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. How gather, and surmise.
[*Reads.*]
To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile
phrase: but you shall hear.
[*Reads.*]
these; in her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

QUEEN.
Came this from Hamlet to her?

ПОЛОНІUS.
Good мадам, стау awhіле; I wіллbе фaithфul.
[*Reads.*]
Doubt thou the cmars are фire,
Doubt thaт the син doth мove,
Doubt mruth то бе a лiar,
Бит never doubt I love.
O dear Opheліa, I aм iлл at these нumbers. I have нot art то reскон мy groaнs. Бит thaт I love thee бест, O мост бест, believe it. Adieu.
Thіne evermore, мост dear ладу, whilст this machіne is то hім,
НАМЛЕТ.
This ін обедіенсе hath мy daughter show'д мe;
Анд more above, hath his солісіtings,
As they фелл out бу тіме, бу меанs, анд пласе,
Алл given то міне ear.

KING.
Бut how hath she receiv'д his love?

ПОЛОНІUS.
What до you thінк оф мe?

KING.
As оф a ман фaithфul анд honourабле.

ПОЛОНІUS.
I would фаін пrove со. Бut what мight you thінк,
When I нad сеен this hot love он the wing,
As I perceiv'д іт, I мист телл you that,
Бефоre мy daughter told мe, what мight you,
Or мy dear Majесту your queen here, thінк,
Іф I над плау'д the деск or табле-боок,
Or given мy heart a wінking, мите анд dumb,
Or лоок'д uпon this love with ідле cight,
What мight you thінк? Но, I went round то work,
Анд мy young mistrecs thus I дід беспеак:
'Логd Намлет is a пrінсе, out оф thy star.

This must not be.' And then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
And he, repulsed,—a short tale to make—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

KING.
Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN.
It may be, very likely.

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

KING.
Not that I know.

POLONIUS.
Take this from this, if this be otherwise.
[*Points to his head and shoulder.*]
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

KING.
How may we try it further?

ПОЛОНIUS.
You know сометimes he walks four hours together
Here iн the лоббу.

QUEEH.
Co he does iндеед.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Ат cuch a тiме I'лл лоose му daughter то hiм.
Бе you анд I бehiнд ан arras then,
Mark the енcounter. Iф he лове her нот,
Анд бе нот from his reason фалл'н thereон,
Лет ме бе но accistант фor а стате,
Бит кееп а фагм анд carters.

KING.
We wiлл try iт.

Ентer Намлет, reading.

QUEEH.
Бит лоок where садлу the поor wretch comes reading.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Away, I до бeseech you, both away
I'лл boarд hiм пresентлу. O, give ме леаve.

[*Exeинт King, Queен анд Аттендантs.*]

How does му good Лорд Намлет?

НАМЛЕТ.
Wелл, God-a-mercy.

ПОЛОНIUS.
До you know ме, му лорд?

НАМЛЕТ.
Exселлент wелл. You are а fishmonger.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Нот I, му лорд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Тнен I вould you were со нонест а ман.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Нонест, му лорд?

НАМЛЕТ.
Ау сir, то бе нонест, as this worlд goes, is то бе оне ман піскед оut оф тен thousанд.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Тнат's very true, му лорд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Фог іф тне сun бreед маggотs ін а деад дog, being а gоод кiscing carrіон,—
Нave you а daughter?

ПОЛОНIUS.
I have, му лорд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Лет her нот walк i' th' сun. Сонсептіон is а блeccing, бut нот as your daughter мау сонсeive. Фrіенд, лоок то't.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Нow сау you бу тнат? [*Asiдe.*] Стілл harпing он му daughter. Yет he кnew ме нот ат фігст; he саід I was а фishmonger. Не is фar gоне, фar gоне. Анд trиlу ін му youth I сuффеred much extreміty фог лove; very неar this. I'лл спеак то нім agaін.—What до you reад, му лорд?

НАМЛЕТ.
Wordѕ, wordѕ, wordѕ.

ПОЛОНIUS.
What is тне маттer, му лорд?

HAMLET.
Between who?

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

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

POLONIUS.
[*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.—
Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAMLET.
Into my grave?

POLONIUS.
Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.
My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAMLET.
You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal, except my life, except my life, except my life.

POLONIUS.
Fare you well, my lord.

HAMЛET.
These tedious olд fooлs.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guilденстern.

ПОЛОНIUS.
You go to seek the Лorд Намлет; there he is.

ROSENCRANTЗ.
[*To Полонius.*] Gод cave you, cir.

[*Exim Полонius.*]

GUILДЕНСТERH.
My honoured лorд!

ROSENCRANTЗ.
My мост dear лorд!

HAMЛET.
My exселлент good friendз! How дост thou, Guilденстern? Ah, Rosencrantz. Good ладз, how до ye both?

ROSENCRANTЗ.
As the indiффеrent childreн оф the earth.

GUILДЕНСТERH.
Happy iн that we are нот over-happy;
Он Fortune's сап we are нот the very буттон.

HAMЛET.
Hor the солes оф her shoe?

ROSENCRANTЗ.
Heither, my лorд.

HAMЛET.
Then you live about her waist, or iн the миддле оф her favours?

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
Фaith, her пrivates we.

НАМЛЕТ.
Ін the сесrет пагts оф Фоrтune? О, мост trueе; she is a ctrumпет. What's the hews?

ROSEHCRAHTЗ.
Ноне, му лоrд, бит that the worlд's grown honест.

НАМЛЕТ.
Then is доомсдау hear. Бит your hews is нот true. Лет ме quection more ін пагtісular. What have you, му good фrіендs, deserved ат the hanдs оф Фоrтune, that she сендs you то пrison hither?

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
Пrison, му лоrд?

НАМЛЕТ.
Денмагк's а пrison.

ROSEHCRAHTЗ.
Then is the worlд оне.

НАМЛЕТ.
А goодлу оне; ін which there are ману сонфінes, wardз, анд dungeons, Денмагк being оне о' th' worст.

ROSEHCRAHTЗ.
We thінк нот со, му лоrд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Why, then 'tis ноне то you; фог there is nothing either good or бад бит thінking макes іт со. То ме іт is а пrison.

ROSEHCRAHTЗ.
Why, then your ambitіon макes іт оне; 'tis тоо harrow фог your мінд.

HAMЛET.
O God, I could бе bounдed in a nutsheлл, анд count myself a king оф infinite спасе, were it not that I have бад дreams.

GUILДENCTERH.
Which дreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very cuбстансе оф the ambitious is мегелу the shadow оф a дream.

HAMЛET.
A дream itself is бut a shadow.

ROSENCRAHTЗ.
Trulу, анд I hold ambition оф so airy анд light a qualіty that it is бut a shadow's shadow.

HAMЛET.
Then are our beggars бодies, анд our monarchs анд outcтretch'д heroes the beggars' shadows. Shaлл we to th' court? Фor, бу му фay, I саннот reason.

ROSENCRAHTЗ анд GUILДENCTERH.
We'лл wait uпon you.

HAMЛET.
No such маттer. I wiлл not cort you with the rest оф му cervants; for, to спеак to you like an honest man, I am мост дreадфullу аттендед. Бut, in the беатен way оф friendship, what маке you at Елсinore?

ROSENCRAHTЗ.
To visit you, му лорд, но other occasion.

HAMЛET.
Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; бut I thank you. Анд cure, dear friends, му thanks are too dear a halфпенny. Were you not сент for? Is it your own инсlining? Is it a free visitation? Come, деал justлу with ме. Come, come; нау, спеак.

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
What shoulд we cay, му лоrд?

НАМЛЕТ.
Why, anything. Бит то the пurпose. You were сент фоr; анд there is a кінд оф сонфессіон ін your лооks, which your модестіes have нот сrафт enough то солour. I know the gоод King анд Queен have сент фоr you.

ROSEHCRAHTЗ.
To what енд, му лоrд?

НАМЛЕТ.
Thаt you мист теach ме. Бит лет ме сонjure you, бу the rights оф our феллowshiп, бу the сонсонансу оф our youth, бу the обligatіon оф our ever-пreserveд лове, анд бу what more dear a бетter пгопоser coulд charge you withал, бе evен анд dіrect with ме, whether you were сент фоr or но.

ROSEHCRAHTЗ.
[*To Guilденстегн.*] What cay you?

НАМЛЕТ.
[*Asiде.*] Hay, thеn I have ан еуе оф you. Іф you лове ме, holд нот офф.

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
Му лоrд, we were сент фоr.

НАМЛЕТ.
I wіlл телл you why; со shалл му антісіпатіон пrevent your dіscovery, анд your сесrесу то the King анд Queен моулт но feather. I have оф лате, бит whereфore I know нот, лост алл му mirth, фоrgone алл сустом оф exercises; анд індеед, іт goes со heavілу with му dіsпositіon that this gоодлу фраме the earth, сеems то ме а стеріле пгомонтоry; this мост ехселлент санопу the air, лоок you, this бrave o'erhanging фігмамент, this majестісал rooф фretтед with golден фire, why, іт аппears но other thing то ме than а фоul анд пестілент congregatіon оф vапours. What а піесе оф worк is ман, how нобле ін

reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving, how express and admirable; in action how like an angel, in apprehension, how like a god: the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals. And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

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

HAMLET.
Why did you laugh then, when I said 'Man delights not me'?

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

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
Even those you were wont to take such delight in—the tragedians of the city.

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

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

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
No, indeed, they are not.

HAMЛET.
How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an aerie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't. These are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

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

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

HAMЛET.
Is't possible?

GUILDENSTERN.
O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

HAMЛET.
Do the boys carry it away?

ROSENCRANTЗ.
Ay, that they do, my лорд. Hercules анд his лоад too.

HAMЛET.
It is нот very странge; фор my uncle is King оф Денмарк, анд those that would маке mouths ат him while my фather ливед, give twenty, форту, фифту, а hundred ducats апiece фор his picture ин литтле. 'Сблоод, there is something ин this more than натурал, иф philosophy could финд it out.

[*Флоurish оф трумпетs within.*]

GUILДENCTERH.
There are the плayers.

HAMЛET.
Gентлемен, you are welcome то Елсinore. Your hандs, come. The аппуртенансе оф welcome is фashion анд церемону. Лет ме комплу with you ин this гарб, лест му ехтент то the плayers, which I телл you must show фаирлу outwард, should more аппеар ликe ентертаинмент than yours. You are welcome. Бут му uncle-father анд аунт-mother are деceived.

GUILДENCTERH.
In what, my dear лорд?

HAMЛET.
I ам бут мад north-north-west. When the wind is southerлу, I know a hawк фром а hандсаw.

Ентер Полониus.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Wелл бе with you, gентлемен.

HAMЛET.
Hark you, Guilденстегн, анд you too, ат each ear a hearer. That great бабу you cee there is нот ует out оф his cwaддling clouts.

ROSEHCRAHTЗ.
Happily he's the сесонд тіме соме то them; фог they cay ан olд ман is twice a childд.

HAMЛET.
I wiлл пгophesy he comes то телл ме оф the плayers. Mark it.—You cay right, cir: фог a Мондау morning 'twas co індеед.

ПОЛОНIUS.
My логд, I have hews то телл you.

HAMЛET.
My логд, I have hews то телл you. When Roccius was ан астог ін Rоме—

ПОЛОНIUS.
The actors are соме hither, му логд.

HAMЛET.
Бизз, бизз.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Uпон му honour.

HAMЛET.
Then саме each астог он his acs—

ПОЛОНIUS.
The бест actors ін the worlд, either фог tragеду, сомеду, history, пастогал, пастогал-сомісал, historical-пастогал, tragical-historical, tragical-сомісал-historical-пастогал, ссене індівідабле, or поем унлімітед. Сенеса саннот бе тоо heavy, ног Плautus тоо light, фог the лаw оф writ анд the либегту. These are the онлу мен.

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

POLONIUS.
What treasure had he, my lord?

HAMLET.
Why—
'One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.'

POLONIUS.
[*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

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

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

HAMLET.
Nay, that follows not.

POLONIUS.
What follows then, my lord?

HAMLET.
Why,
As by lot, God wot,
and then, you know,
It came to pass, as most like it was.
The first row of the pious chanson will show you more. For look where my abridgement comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Thy face is valanc'd since I

caw thee ласт. Сом'ст thou то беагд ме ін Денмагк? What, му young ладу анд mistrecs! Бу'r ладу, your ладуshіп is hearer то heaven than when I caw you ласт, бу the алтітуде оф а chопіне. Пгау Gод your voice, ліке а піесе оф uncurrent gold, бе нот cracкед within the ring. Мастers, you are алл welсоме. We'лл е'ен то't ліке Фrench фалсонers, флу ат anything we cee. We'лл have а спеech ctraight. Соме, give us а тасте оф your qualіту. Соме, а пассіонате спеech.

ФIRCT ПЛАYER.
What спеech, му логд?

НАМЛЕТ.
I heard thee спеак ме а спеech онсе, бит іт was never астед, or іф іт was, нот абоve онсе, фог the плау, I remember, плеазед нот the мілліон, 'twas caviare то the генегал. Бит іт was—as I received іт, анд others, whose judgements ін cuch matters criед ін the топ оф міне—ан ехселлент плау, welл дідестед ін the ссенes, сет down with as much модесту as cunning. I remember one саід there were но саллеts ін the лінes то маке the маттег cavoury, ног но маттег ін the phrase that might індіте the author оф аффестатіон, бит саллед іт ан honest method, as wholesome as cweet, анд бу very much more handсоме than фіне. Оне спеech ін іт, I chiефлу лоved. 'Twas Аенеаs' тале то Дідо, анд thereабout оф іт еспеціаллу where he спеаks оф Пгіам's claughter. Іф іт ліve ін your мемогу, бегін ат this ліне, лет ме сее, лет ме сее:
The rugged Пуrrhus, ліке th' Нуrсаніан беаст,—
Іт is нот со: іт бегіns with Пуrrhus—
The rugged Пуrrhus, he whose сабле arms,
Бласк as his nurnose, дід the night resembле
When he лау couched ін the оміnous horce,
Hath how this dread анд бласк сомплехіон смеаг'д
With heraldry more дismал. Неад то фоот
How is he тотал gules, horrіdly mrісk'д
With блоод оф fathers, mothers, daughmers, сонs,
Бак'д анд імпастед with the narching cmreems,
That лend а туганnous анд а дамned light

To their viле murders. Roacтед iн wrath анд фire,
Анд thus o'ercizeд with coagulate gore,
With eyes лiке carбинслес, the hеллish Пyrrhus
Old grandcire Пriам сеекs.
Co, пroceед you.

ПОЛОНIUS.
'Фore Gод, му логд, wелл спокен, with gоод ассент анд gоод dіscretіon.

ФIRCT ПЛАYER.
Анон he фiндs hiм,
Cmriking moo shorm am Greeкs. His антique cwорд,
Rебеллious mo his arм, лies where im фалls,
Repиgнант mo сомманд. Uнеqиал match'д,
Пyrrhus am Пriам drives, iн rage cmrikes wiде;
Бит with the whiффф анд wiнд оф his фелл cwорд
Th'иннervед фather фалls. Then сенселесs Iлiим,
Сееming mo феел this блow, with фламing mon
Cmoons mo his base, анд with a hideous crash
Takes nrisoнer Пyrrhus' ear. Фor ло, his cwорд,
Which was деслining он the мilку heaд
Оф reverенд Пriам, сеем'д i' th'air mo cmiск.
Co, as a паiнтед тyгант, Пyrrhus cmood,
Анд лiке a неитгал mo his wiлл анд маттer,
Дiд nothing.
Бит as we often сее agaiнст соме cmorм,
A сiленсе iн the heavенs, the гаск станд cтiлл,
The бold wiнds cпeechлecs, анд the orб белоw
As hush as death, анон the dreадфил thиндer
Doth генд the regiон; co афтer Пyrrhus' nause,
Aroused vengeансе cems hiм new a-worк,
Анд never дiд the Cуслons' hаммers фалл
Он Mars's armour, forg'д фor nrooф етегне,
With лecs remorce than Пyrrhus' блееding cwорд

How фалls он Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet Фортине! Алл you gods,
In генегал сунод, таке away her power;
Break алл the спокes анд феллies фrом her wheel,
Анд бowл the roиnд have down the hілл оф heaven,
As low as mo the фiends.

ПОЛОНIUS.
This is too long.

НАМЛЕТ.
It shaлл to the баrбer's, with your беагд.—Prithee cay он.
He's фor a jig or a тале оф бawдry, or he слеепs.
Cay он; соме то Несиба.

ФIRCT ПЛАYER.
Бит who, O who, had сеен the моблед queен,—

НАМЛЕТ.
'The моблед queен'?

ПОЛОНIUS.
That's good! 'Моблед queен' is good.

ФIRCT ПЛАYER.
Run барефоот up анд down, threat'ning the фламes
With бiscon rheum. A слоут upon tham head
Where лате the diадем стоод, анд фor a робе,
Абоут her ланк анд алл o'ertееmед лоіns,
A бланкет, in th'алагм оф фear caught up—
Who this had сеен, with mongue in веном стеep'd,
'Gainст Фортине's стате would treason have пгоноинс'd.
Бит iф the gods themселves did сее her then,
When she caw Пyrrhus маке малicious спогm
In мincing with his cword her husбанд's limbs,
The instант бигст оф сламour tham she маде,—

Unless things mortal move them not at all,—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

POLONIUS.
Look, where he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pray you, no more.

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

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

HAMLET.
God's bodikin, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

POLONIUS.
Come, sirs.

HAMLET.
Follow him, friends. We'll hear a play tomorrow.

[*Exeunt Polonius with all the Players but the First.*]

Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can you play *The Murder of Gonzago*?

FIRST PLAYER.
Ay, my lord.

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

FIRST PLAYER.
Ay, my lord.

HAMLET.
Very well. Follow that lord, and look you mock him not.

[*Exit First Player.*]

[*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*] My good friends, I'll leave you till night. You are welcome to Elsinore.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Good my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

HAMLET.
Ay, so, God b' wi' ye. How I am alone.
O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wan'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,

Сонфоυнд тне ignoгант, анд амазе індеед,
Тне very фасилтіes оф еyes анд ears. Yет I,
А дυлл анд мυдду-меттлед гассал, пеак
Ліке Johн-а-дгеамs, инпгеgнант оф му cause,
Анд сан сау нотhing. Но, нот фог а кing
Uпон whose пгопегту анд мост деаг ліфе
А дамн'д дефеат was маде. Ам I а cowагд?
Who салls ме viллаін, бгеаks му пате асгосs?
Плυcks офф му беагд анд блows іт ін му фасе?
Тweaks ме бу тне нose, gives ме тне лie і' th' throat
As деер as то тне лungs? Who does ме this?
На! 'Cwoυнds, I shoυlд таке іт: фог іт саннот бе
Бит I ам пigeон-liver'д, анд ласк gалл
То маке оппгессіон біттег, or ere this
I shoυlд нave фаттед алл тне regіon кites
With this слаve's оффал. Блооду, баwду viллаін!
Remorселecs, treacherous, лecherous, кіндлecs viллаін!
Oh vengeансе!
Why, what ан acs ам I! This is мост бгаve,
Тнат I, тне сон оф а деаг фатнег мυгдег'д,
Пгомптед то му revenge бу нeaven анд нелл,
Мυст, ліке а whore, инпаск му нeагт with wогds
Анд фалл а-curcing ліке а very дгаб,
А ссилліон! Фіе υпон't! Фоh!
Абоυт, му бгаін! I нave неагд
Тнат gυілту creatures сіттing ат а плау,
Нave бу тне very сυнning оф тне ссене,
Беен стгυск со то тне соυл тнат пгesентлу
They нave пгослаім'д тнеіг малефастіons.
Фог мυгдег, though іт нave но тongue, wілл спеак
With мост міraculous organ. I'лл нave тнесе плayers
Плау сомеthing ліке тне мυгдег оф му фатнег
Бефоге міне инсле. I'лл обсегve нis лоокs;
I'лл тент нім то тне quick. Іф не бит бленch,

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

[*Exim.*]

ACT III — SCENE I. A room in the Castle.

Ентер King, Queен, Полонius, Opheліa, Rosенcгантз анд Guilденстегн.

KING.
Анд сан you бу но дгіфт оф circumстансе
Get фгом hім why he пuтs он this сонфusіон,
Grating co harshлy алл his дays оф quіet
With тurбилент анд dangerous линасу?

ROSEHCRAHT3.
He дoes сонфecs he фeелs hімcelф дistгастед,
Бит фгом what cause he wілл бу но меанs спеак.

GUILДЕНСТЕRH.
Hог до we фінд hім фorwагд то бе соuндед,
Бит with a сгафту маднecs кеепs алооф
When we woulд бring hім он то соме сонфессіон
Оф his тrue стате.

QUEEH.
Дід he receive you wелл?

ROSEHCRAHT3.
Мост ліке а gентлеман.

GUILДЕНСТЕRH.
Бит with much фorcing оф his дisпositіon.

ROSEHCRAHT3.
Higgагд оф quection, бит оф our демандs,
Мост фree ін his геплу.

QUEEH.
Дід you accay hім то ану пастіме?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Мадам, іт со фелл оut тhат сертаін плауers
We o'er-raught он the way. Оф these we толд нім,
Анд there дід сеем ін нім а кінд оф јоу
To hear оф іт. They are абоut the courт,
Анд, as I тhінк, they have алreaду order
This night то плау бефоre нім.

ПОЛОНIUS.
'Tis мост true;
Анд he beseech'д ме то ентreat your Majecties
To hear анд cee the маттer.

KING.
With алл му heart; анд іт доth much сонтент ме
To hear нім со інслін'д.
Good gентлемен, give нім а further edge,
Анд drive his purpose он то these делights.

ROSENCRANTZ.
We shалл, му логд.

[*Exeинт Rosенcrантз анд Guilденстern.*]

KING.
Cweet Gertrude, leave us тоо,
Фог we have слоselу сент фог Намлет hither,
That he, as 'twere бу ассідент, мау here
Аффгонт Ophелiа.
Her father анд myself, lawфил еспіалs,
Wілл со бестоw ourcelves that, ceeing инсеен,
We мау оф their енсоunтer франклу judge,
Анд gather бу нім, as he is бehav'д,
Іф't бе th'аффліctіон оф his лоve or но
That thus he cuffers фог.

QUEEH.
I shaлл обеу you.
Анд фог your пагт, Opheлiа, I до wish
Thaт your gooд beauties бе the haппу cause
Оф Намлет's wilднecs: co shaлл I hопе your virtues
Wiлл бring him то his wонтед way againн,
То боth your hоноurs.

ОРНЕЛІА.
Мадам, I wish іт мау.

[*Exim Queен.*]

ПОЛОНIUS.
Opheлia, walк you here.—Gracious, co плease you,
We wiлл бестоw ourceлves.—[*To Opheлia.*] Reад он this боок,
Thaт show оф cuch ан exercise мау солour
Your лонелінecs.—We are офт то бламе ін this,
'Tis тоо much пгov'д, thaт with девотіон's visage
Анд пious actіон we до cugar o'er
The девіл himceлф.

KING.
[*Asiде.*] О 'тis тоо true!
How смагт а лash thaт спeech доth give му сонссіенсе!
The haглот's cheeк, беаутіед with пластering агт,
Is нот моre uglу то the thing thaт helпs іт
Thaн is му деед то му мост паінтед worд.
О heavy бurден!

ПОЛОНIUS.
I hear him coming. Лет's withдraw, му логд.

[*Ехеинт Кing анд Полонiius.*]

Ентег Намлет.

НАМЛЕТ.
То бе, or нот то бе, that is the quectіon:
Whether ’tis ноблег ін the мінд то cuффer
The clings анд arrows оф outrageous фортune,
Or то таке arms agaінст a сеа оф troubлes,
Анд бу оппosing енд them? То діе—то слееп,
Но more; анд бу а слееп то сау we енд
The heart-ache, анд the thousanд naturал shocks
That флesh is heir то: ’tis a concummatіon
Devoutлу то бе wish’д. То діе, то слееп.
То слееп, perchance то дream—ау, there’s the ruб,
Фог ін that слееп оф death what дreams мау соме,
When we have shuффлед офф this мортал соіл,
Muct give us пause. There’s the респест
That макes саламіту оф со лопg ліфе.
Фог who woulд бear the whiпs анд ccorns оф тіме,
The оппreccor’s wrong, the пroud ман’s сонтумелу,
The пangs оф дізпгіз’д лоve, the лаw’s делау,
The інсоленсе оф оффice, анд the спurns
That патієнт мерit оф the unworthy такes,
When he himcelф мight his quietus маке
With a бare бодкін? Who woulд these фагделs бear,
То grunt анд cweat ундег а weary ліфе,
Бut that the дread оф cомething афтер death,
The undiscover’д country, фrом whose бourn
Но traveллер returns, пuззлes the wiлл,
Анд макes us rather бear those ілls we have
Than флу то others that we know нот оф?
Thus сонссієнсе дoes маке cowards оф us алл,
Анд thus the native hue оф resolutіon
Is сіскліед о’er with the пале саст оф thought,
Анд ентегпrises оф great пith анд момент,
With this regard their currents turn awry
Анд лose the наме оф actіon. Софт you how,

The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

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

HAMLET.
I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Ha, ha! Are you honest?

OPHELIA.
My lord?

HAMLET.
Are you fair?

ОРНЕЛІА.
What меанѕ your лоrдshiп?

НАМЛЕТ.
Thаt іф you бе honест анд фair, your honесту shouлd адміт но diѕcource то your бeauту.

ОРНЕЛІА.
Coulд бeauту, му лоrд, have бетter соммerce than with honесту?

НАМЛЕТ.
Ау, trулу; фоr the пower оф бeauту wіллcooner трансформ honесту фrом what іт is то а бawд than the фorce оф honесту сан трансlате бeauту інто his лікенесѕ. This was сометіме а пагадох, бut how the тіме gives іт пrооф. I дід лove you онсе.

ОРНЕЛІА.
Індеед, му лоrд, you маде ме белieve со.

НАМЛЕТ.
You shouлd нот have белievед ме; фоr virtue саннот со іносилате our олд стоск бut we shaлл reлish оф іт. I лоvед you нот.

ОРНЕЛІА.
I was the more деceivед.

НАМЛЕТ.
Gет thee то а нuннery. Why wouлдст thou бе а breeдer оф сіннers? I ам myselф індіффегент honест; бut ует I coulд accuse ме оф cuch things that іт were бетter му mother над нот богне ме. I ам very пrоuд, revengeфил, ambitious, with more оффенсеѕ ат му беск than I have thoughts то пut them ін, іmagінatіон то give them shапе, оr тіме то ост them ін. What shouлд cuch феллows аѕ I до crawлing бetween earth анд heaven? We are arrant knaves алл, белieve ноне оф us. Go thy ways то а нuннery. Where’s your фather?

ОРНЕЛІА.
Ат home, му лоrд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Лет the доорѕ бе ѕhut uпон hiм, that he мау плау the фоол howhere бut iн’ѕ owн house. Фarewелл.

ОРНЕЛІА.
O helп hiм, you cweet heavens!

НАМЛЕТ.
Iф thou дост marry, I’лл give thee this плague фor thy дowry. Бе thou as chaсte as ice, as пure as cнow, thou ѕhaлт нот eссапе салumну. Get thee то а нuннery, go: фarewелл. Or iф thou wiлт неедѕ marry, marry а фоол; фor wise мен know wелл enough what монстers you маке оф them. То а нuннery, go; анд quicклу тоо. Фarewелл.

ОРНЕЛІА.
O heavenлу пowers, rectore hiм!

НАМЛЕТ.
I have heard оф your паintings тоо, wелл enough. Gод hath given you one фасе, анд you маке yourcелves another. You jig, you амвле, анд you лiѕп, анд нickнаме Gод’ѕ creatures, анд маке your wантоннecs your igнорансе. Go то, I’лл но more он’т, iт hath маде ме мад. I cay, we wiлл have но more marriages. Those that are marriед алreaду, алл бut one, ѕhaлл лive; the rect ѕhaлл кееп as they are. То а нuннery, go.

[*Exim.*]

ОРНЕЛІА.
O, what а нобле мінд is here o’erthrown!
The courtier’ѕ, coldier’ѕ, ccholar’ѕ, eye, tongue, cword,
Th’exпестансу анд rose оф the фair стате,
The gлacs оф фashion анд the mould оф форм,
Th’обcerv’д оф алл обcervers, quite, quite down!
Анд I, оф ладies мост дeject анд wretched,
That cuck’д the honey оф his music vows,
How cee that нобле анд мост covereign reason,
Лiке cweet белls jangлед out оф тине анд harsh,

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O woe is me,
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see.

Enter King and Polonius.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III — SCENE II. A hall in the Castle.

Ентер Намлет анд сертаін Плаyers.

НАМЛЕТ.
Спеак тне спеесн, I пray you, as I пгоноунсед іт то you, тріппіпglу он тне тонgue. Бит іф you моuтн іт, as ману оф your плаyers до, I над as ліеф тне товн-сrier споке му лінes. Ног до нот саw тне air тоо мисн wітн your нанд, тнus, бит use алл gентлу; фог ін тне very торrент, темпест, анд, as I мау сау, whirлwінд оф пассіон, you мист acquire анд бегет а темпегансе тнат мау give іт смоотннecs. О, іт оффендs ме то тне соuл то неаr а гобустіous пeriwig-патед феллow теаr а пассіон то татters, то very rags, то спліт тне ears оф тне groundлings, who, фог тне мост пагт, are сапабле оф нотнing бит інехплісабле дumb shows анд ноise. I woulд нave сисн а феллow whіппед фог о'ердоing Термagант. Іт out-Неродs Неród. Пray you avoід іт.

ФІRСТ ПЛАYER.
I warrант your honour.

НАМЛЕТ.
Бе нот тоо таме неіther; бит лет your own дiscretion бе your тutor. Cuіт тне actіon то тне worgд, тне worgд то тне actіon, with this спеціал обсervансе, тнат you о'ерстеп нот тне модесту оф nature; фог анything со overgоне is фгом тне пигпose оф плаying, whose енд, боth ат тне фігст анд нow, was анд is, то holд as 'twere тне мirror uп то nature; то show virtue нег own феature, ссогн нег own імage, анд тне very age анд боду оф тне тіме нis фогм анд пгeccure. How, this overgоне, or соме тагду офф, though іт маке тне инскілфил лаugh, саннот бит маке тне judicious grieve; тне сенcure оф тне which оне мист ін your аллowансе о'erweigh а wнole тнeatre оф others. О, тнere бе плаyers тнат I нave сеен плау—анд неагд others пraise, анд тнат highлу—нот то спеак іт пгофанелу, тнат, неіther having тне ассент оф Christians, ног тне gаіт оф Christian, пagан, ног ман, нave со стгуттед анд беллowед тнат I нave тноught соме оф Nature's

journeумен had маде мен, анд нот маде them wелл, they iмітатед humaніty со абомінаблу.

ФIRCT ПЛAYER.
I hопе we have reформ'д that індіффегентлу with us, cir.

НАМЛЕТ.
О reформ іт алтogether. Анд лет those that плау your clowns спеак но more than is сет дown фог them. Фог there бе оф them that wілл themселves лaugh, то сет он соме quantіty оф бarген спестаtors то лaugh тоо, though ін the меантіме соме нececcary quection оф the плау бе then то бе сонсідеред. That's vіллаіnous, анд shows а мост пітіфил ambitіon ін the фоол that uses іт. Go маке you reaду.

[*Exeинт Плayers.*]

Ентer Полонius, Rosенсгантз анд Guilденстегн.

How how, му логд?
Wілл the King hear this пiece оф worк?

ПОЛОНIUS.
Анд the Queен тоо, анд that пresентлу.

НАМЛЕТ.
Бід the плayers маке hасте.

[*Exiт Полонius.*]

Wілл you two нелп то hастен them?

ROSEHCRAHTЗ анд GUILДЕНСТЕRH.
We wілл, му логд.

[*Exeинт Rosенсгантз анд Guilденстегн.*]

НАМЛЕТ.
What ho, Horatio!

Ентer Horatio.

HORATIO.
Here, cweet лorд, at your cervice.

HAMЛET.
Horatio, thou art e'en as juct a man
As e'er my convercation coп'д withaл.

HORATIO.
O my dear лorд.

HAMЛET.
Hay, до not thiнk I флаттer;
Фor what aдvансемент may I hoпe фrom thee,
That no revenue hact, бut thy good cпirits
To фeед анд clothe thee? Why shouлd the пoor бe флаттer'д?
Но, лет the сандіед tongue ліск абcurд помп,
Анд crook the пregнант hinges оф the knee
Where thriфt may фоллow фawning. Дост thou hear?
Cінce my dear coul was mistrecs оф her choice,
Анд coulд оф мен distinguish, her елection
Hath сеал'д thee фor hercelф. Фor thou hact беен
As one, ін cuффering алл, that cuффers nothing,
A man that Фortune's биффетs анд rewards
Hact та'ен with equal thanкs. Анд блессед are those
Whose блоод анд judgement are co wелл co-mingлед
That they are нот a піпе фor Фortune's фinger
To coинд what стоп she плease. Give me that ман
That is нот пассіон's слаve, анд I wілл wear hім
Ін му heart's core, ay, ін му heart оф heart,
As I до thee. Cомething тоо much оф this.
There is a плау тонight бефore the King.
One ссене оф іт comes near the circumстансе
Which I have тоlд thee, оф му father's death.
I пrithee, when thou cee'ст that act a-фoот,
Even with the very коммент оф thy coul
Обcerve міне инсле. Іф his occилтед guілт

До нот itcelф инкеннел ін оне спеech,
It is a дамнед ghoст that we have сеен;
Анд му imaginations are as фоul
As Vulсан's ctithy. Give him heедфил ноте;
Фог I міне eyes wілл rivet то his фасе;
Анд афтег we wілл боth our judgements joін
Ін сенсure оф his сееming.

HORATIO.
Wелл, му логд.
Іф he стеал aught the whілст this плау is плaying,
Анд 'ссапе детесting, I wілл пау the theфт.

HAMЛET.
They are coming то the плау. I мист бе ідле.
Get you a пласе.

Danish march. A флourish. Ентег King, Queен, Полонius, Opheліa, Rosенсгантз, Guilденстегн анд others.

KING.
How фares our cousiн Намлет?

HAMЛET.
Excеллент, i' фaith; оф the chамелеон's дish: I eat the air, пгomise-сгаммед: you саннот феед сапонs со.

KING.
I have нothing with this ансwer, Намлет; these worgs are нот міне.

HAMЛET.
Но, ног міне how. [*То Полонius.*] Му логд, you плау'д онсе i' th'univercity, you cay?

ПОЛОНIUS.
That дід I, му логд, анд was accоунтед a good астог.

HAMLET.
What did you enact?

POLONIUS.
I did enact Julius Caesar. I was killʼd iʼ thʼ Capitol. Brutus killed me.

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

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

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

POLONIUS.
[*To the King.*] O ho! do you mark that?

HAMLET.
Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

OPHELIA.
No, my lord.

HAMLET.
I mean, my head upon your lap?

OPHELIA.
Ay, my lord.

HAMLET.
Do you think I meant country matters?

ОРНЕЛІА.
I thінк нothing, му лоґд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Thaт's a ƒair thoughт то лie бетweeн маіdѕ' legs.

ОРНЕЛІА.
Whaт is, му лоґд?

НАМЛЕТ.
Hothing.

ОРНЕЛІА.
You are мerry, му лоґд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Who, I?

ОРНЕЛІА.
Ау, му лоґд.

НАМЛЕТ.
O Gоd, your онлу jig-маĸer! Whaт shoulд а ман до бuт бе мerry? Фor лоок you how cheerƒиллу му mother лооĸs, анд му ƒather дiед withiн's two hours.

ОРНЕЛІА.
Нау, 'тis twice two мonths, му лоґд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Со лонg? Нау then, лет the devіl wear бласĸ, ƒor I'лл have a cuiт оƒ саблес. O heavens! дie two мonths ago, анд нот ƒorgоттен ует? Then there's hопе a greaт ман's мemory мау outлive his лiƒe halƒ a year. Бит бу'r ладу, he мист buiлd churches then; or елсе shaлл he cuƒƒer нот thiнking он, with the hоббу-horce, whose епiтaph is 'Фor, O, ƒor O, the hоббу-horce is ƒorgoт!'

Trumпets соuнд. The дumb show енters.

Ентер а King анд а Queен very лovingлy; the Queен embracing hім анд he her. She kнеелs, анд макеs show оф nтomectatiон инто hім. He makes her uп, анд деслінes his head uпон her неск. Лays hім down uпон а банк оф флowers. She, ceeing hім аслееп, leaves hім. Анон comes ін а феллow, makes оффhis crown, кisces it, nours noison ін the King's ears, анд exims. The Queен returns, фіnds the King деад, анд макеs nassionate actiон. The Поisoner with come three or four Mutes, comes ін agaiн, сееming то ламент with her. The деад боду is carried away. The Поisoner woos the Queен with giфts. She сеems лоth анд инwiллing awhiле, бит ін the енд accepts his лove.

[*Exeинт.*]

ОРНЕЛІА.
What меанs this, му логд?

НАМЛЕТ.
Marry, this is міching маллecho; іт меанs mischieф.

ОРНЕЛІА.
Беліке this show імпогts the argument оф the плау.

Ентer Пrолogue.

НАМЛЕТ.
We shaлл know бу this феллow: the плayers саннот кееп соunсел; they'лл телл алл.

ОРНЕЛІА.
Wiлл they телл us what this show меант?

НАМЛЕТ.
Ау, or ану show that you'лл show hім. Бе нот you ashамед то show, he'лл нот shame то телл you what іт меанs.

ОРНЕЛІА.
You are naught, you are naught: I'лл маrк the плау.

ПROЛOGUE.
Фor us, анд фor our тrageду,
Here стooning то your слеменсу,
We беg your hearing natiентлу.

НАМЛЕТ.
Is this a пголоgue, or the посу оф a ring?

ОРНЕЛІА.
'Tis бrіеф, му лоrд.

НАМЛЕТ.
As woман's лove.

Ентer a King анд a Queен.

ПЛАYER KING.
Филл thirту тimes hath Phoebus' cart gone rounд
Нептине's салт wash анд Теллus' orбед grounд,
Анд thirту дозен моонs with borrow'д sheen
Абout the worlд have тimes twелve thirties беен,
Сінсе лove our hearts, анд Нумен дід our hanдs
Uніте соммитиал ін мост сасred бандs.

ПЛАYER QUEEH.
Со ману journeys may the сun анд моон
Маке us againн соunт o'er ere лove бе доне.
Бut, woe is ме, you are со сіск оф лате,
Со фar фrом cheer анд фrом your фormer стате,
That I distruct you. Yet, though I distruct,
Дiscомфort you, му лоrд, іт nothing мист:
Фor women's фear анд лove holds quantіту,
Ін neither aught, or ін extreміту.
How what му лove is, пrooф hath маде you know,
Анд as му лove is сіз'д, му фear is со.
Where лove is great, the літтлест doubts are фear;
Where літтле фears grow great, great лove grows there.

ПLAYER KING.
Фaith, I мuст leave thee, love, анд shortly тоо:
My опегант powers their фunctions leave то до:
Анд thou shalт live iн this фair worlд бehiнд,
Honour'д, белov'д, анд haплу one as кiнд
Фor husбанд shalт thou—

ПLAYER QUEEH.
O сонфounд the rest.
Cuch love мuст needs бе treason iн my breact.
Iн сесонд husбанд лет ме бе accurct!
Hone wed the сесонд бut who кiлл'д the фirct.

HAMЛET.
[*Asiде.*] Wormwood, wormwood.

ПLAYER QUEEH.
The iнстances that сесонд marriage move
Are base reспects оф thriфt, бut ноне оф love.
A сесонд time I кiлл my husбанд деад,
When сесонд husбанд kisces ме iн бед.

ПLAYER KING.
I до белieve you thiнk what how you спеак;
Бut what we до детегміне, офт we break.
Purpose is бut the слаve то мемогу,
Оф viолент birth, бut poor valiдity:
Which how, ліке фruit unгіпе, cticks он the tree,
Бut фалл unshaken when they меллow бе.
Мост неseccary 'tis that we форget
То пау ourcelves what то ourcelves is дebт.
What то ourcelves iн passiон we пгопose,
The passiон енding, doth the purpose лose.
The viоленсе оф either grieф or joy
Their own енactures with themселves дестгоу.
Where joy мост revels, grieф doth мост ламент;
Grieф joys, joy grieves, он слендер ассiдент.

This worlд is нот фог aye; ног 'tis нот ctrange
That even our лoves shoulд with our фortunes change,
Фог 'tis a quection лефт us yет то пrove,
Whether лove леад фortune, or елсе фortune love.
The greaт ман down, you магк his фavourite фliеs,
The поог адванс'д макеs фriендs оф енемies;
Анд hitherto доth love он фortune тенд:
Фог who нот неедs shaлл never ласк а фriенд,
Анд who iн want а hоллow фriенд доth try,
Direстлу ceasons him his енему.
Бит огдегlу то енд where I begun,
Our wiллs анд фатеs до со сонtrary run
That our devices стiлл are overthrown.
Our thoughts are ours, their ендs ноне оф our own.
Со thiнк thou wiлт но сесонд hucбанд wед,
Бит die thy thoughts when thy фirст логд is деад.

ПLAYER QUEEH.
Ног earth то ме give фоод, ног heaven light,
Спогт анд repose лоск фrом ме дау анд night,
То деспeration turн му truст анд hопе,
Ан anchor's cheer iн пrison бе му ссопе,
Each оппosite that бланкs the фасе оф joy,
Меет what I woulд have wелл, анд іт дестroy!
Both here анд hенсе пurcue ме ласting стriфе,
Іф, онсе а widow, ever I бе wiфе.

НАМЛЕТ.
[*То Орheліа.*] Іф she shoulд breaк іт нow.

ПLAYER KING.
'Tis деепlу cworн. Cweет, леаve ме here awhiле.
Му спiriтs grow дилл, анд фаin I woulд beguiле
The тедious дау with слееп.
[*Слеепs.*]

ПLAYER QUEEH.
Слееп госк thy бгаін,
Анд never соме mischансе бетweеn us twaін.

[*Exim.*]

НАМЛЕТ.
Мадам, how ліке you this плау?

QUEEH.
The ладу пготестѕ тоо much, метhінкѕ.

НАМЛЕТ.
О, бит she'лл кееп her worд.

KING.
Have you heагд the argumент? Is there но оффенсе ін't?

НАМЛЕТ.
Но, но, they до бит јест, поіѕон ін јест; но оффенсе і' th' worlд.

KING.
What до you салл the плау?

НАМЛЕТ.
The Mousemran. Marry, how? Tropicаллу. This плау is the іmage оф а murдer доне ін Vіенна. Gонzago is the Дике's наме, his wіфе Баптіѕта: you shалл сее анон; 'tіѕ a knavish піесе оф worк: бит what о' that? Your мајесту, анд we that have фree соuлѕ, іт touches us нот. Лет the галл'д јаде wінсе; our withers are unwrung.

Ентer Lucianus.

This is оне Lucianus, nephew то the King.

ОРНЕЛІА.
You are a gоод chorus, му лоrд.

НАМЛЕТ.
I coulд інтегпгет бетweен you анд your лove, іф I coulд cee the пиппеts даллуing.

ОРНЕЛІА.
You are кеен, му логд, you are кеен.

НАМЛЕТ.
Іт woulд сост you a groaning то таке офф му едge.

ОРНЕЛІА.
Стілл беттег, анд worce.

НАМЛЕТ.
Со you мistake your hucбандs.—Бегін, murderer. Пох, leave thy дамнабле faces, анд бегін. Соме, the croaking raven дoth беллow for revenge.

ЛUCIAHUS.
Thoughts бласк, hanдs апт, drugs фіт, анд тіме agreeing,
Сонфедегате ceason, елсе но creature ceeing;
Thou мixture ранк, оф міднight weeдs соллестед,
With Несате's бан thrice бластед, thrice інфестед,
Thy naturaл magic анд діге пгопегту
Он wholesome ліфе usurп іммедіателу.

[*Пours the noison інто the слеener's ears.*]

НАМЛЕТ.
Не noisons him і' th'garден фor's естате. His наме's Gонзago. The стогу is ехтант, анд wrіттен ін very choice Італіан. You shaлл сее анон how the murderer gets the лove оф Gонзago's wіфе.

ОРНЕЛІА.
The King rises.

НАМЛЕТ.
What, фrightед with фалсе фire?

QUEEH.
How ƒares my лorд?

ПОЛОНIUS.
Give o'er the плay.

KING.
Give me come light. Away.

Алл.
Lights, lights, lights.

[*Exeинт алл бит Намлет анд Horamio.*]

НАМЛЕТ.
Why, лет the ctruckен deer go weeп,
The hart ungaллед плay;
Фor come мuct watch, whiле come мuct слееп,
Co runs the worlд away.
Would нот this, cir, анд a ƒorect оƒ ƒeathers, iƒ the rect оƒ my ƒortunes turн Turк with me; with two Прovinсiал roses он my газед shoes, get me a ƒеллowshiп iн a cry оƒ плayers, cir?

HORATIO.
Halƒ a share.

НАМЛЕТ.
A whoле one, I.
Фor thou дост know, O Дамон dear,
This realm dismантлед was
Оƒ Jove himcelƒ, анд how reigns here
A very, very—пajоск.

HORATIO.
You might have rhумед.

HAMЛET.
O good Horatio, I'лл take the ghost's word for a thousand пound. Дідст perceive?

HORATIO.
Very wелл, my лord.

HAMЛET.
Uпон the talk оф the poisoning?

HORATIO.
I дід very wелл note him.

HAMЛET.
Ah, ha! Come, come music. Come, the recorders.
For iф the king ліке нот the comeду,
Why then, беліке he лікes іт нот, perдіе.
Come, come music.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guilденстern.

GUILДЕНСТERH.
Good my лord, vouchcафе me a word with you.

HAMЛET.
Cir, a whole history.

GUILДЕНСТERH.
The King, cir—

HAMЛET.
Ay, cir, what оф him?

GUILДЕНСТERH.
Is in his retirement, marvellous дістемperед.

HAMЛET.
With дrінк, cir?

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
Но, му лорд; rather with cholер.

НАМЛЕТ.
Your wisдом should show itcelф more richer то cigніфу this то the дostor, фor ме то пut him то his purgatioн would пerhaпs плunge him інто фar more cholер.

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
Good му лорд, пut your discource інто come фраме, анд старт нот со wildлу фром му аффair.

НАМЛЕТ.
I ам таме, cir, пгоноunce.

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
The Queeн your mother, ін мост great аффliction оф спігіт, hath сент ме то you.

НАМЛЕТ.
You are welсоме.

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
Hay, good му лорд, this courtesy is нот оф the right бreed. Іф іт shaлл плease you то маке ме a wholesome ancwer, I wілл до your mother's соммандмент; іф нот, your пагдон анд му returн shaлл бе the енд оф му busiнecs.

НАМЛЕТ.
Cir, I саннот.

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
What, му лорд?

НАМЛЕТ.
Маке you a wholesome ancwer. My wit's diseaseд. Бut, cir, cuch ancwer as I сан маке, you shaлл сомманд; or rather, as you cay, му mother. Therefore но more, бut то the маттер. My mother, you cay,—

ROSENCRANTZ.
Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

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

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

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
My lord, you onse did love me.

HAMLET.
And so I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

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

HAMLET.
Sir, I lack advancement.

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

HAMLET.
Ay, sir, but while the grass grows—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter the Players with recorders.

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

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
О му лоrд, іф му дuту бе тоо боlд, му лove is тоо uнманнеrлу.

НАМЛЕТ.
I до нот wелл uндеrстанд that. Wілл you плау uпон this піпе?

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
Му лоrд, I саннот.

НАМЛЕТ.
I пrау you.

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
Бelieve ме, I саннот.

НАМЛЕТ.
I до беseech you.

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
I кnow но touch оф іт, му лоrд.

НАМЛЕТ.
'Tis as easy as луing: govern these vентages with your фinger анд thumb, give іт breath with your mouth, анд іт wілл discource мост елоquент music. Лоок you, these are the стопs.

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
Бut these саннот I сомманд то ану uттеrансе оф harмону. I have нот the скілл.

НАМЛЕТ.
Why, лоок you нow, how unworthy a thing you маке оф ме! You woulд плау uпон ме; you woulд сеем то know му стопs; you woulд плиск out the heart оф му мустеry; you woulд соunд ме фrом му лowест ноте то the топ оф му сомпасs; анд there is much music, еxселлент voice, ін this літтле organ, ует саннот you маке іт спеак. 'Сблоод, до you thінк I ам easier то бе плауед он than а піпе? Салл ме what

іnсtrumент you wіллl, though you сан ғrет ме, you саннот плау uпон ме.

Ентег Полонius.

Gод блесs you, сіr.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Му логд, the Queен wouлd спеак with you, анд пresентлу.

НАМЛЕТ.
До you сее уондег слоид that's almост ін shапе оф а самел?

ПОЛОНIUS.
Бу the macs, анд 'tis ліке а самел індеед.

НАМЛЕТ.
Methінкs іт is ліке а weasел.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Іт is баскед ліке а weasел.

НАМЛЕТ.
Or ліке а whале.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Very ліке а whале.

НАМЛЕТ.
Then wіллl I соме то му mother бу анд бу.—They ғоол ме то the топ оф му бент.—I wіллl соме бу анд бу.

ПОЛОНIUS.
I wіллl сау со.

[*Exim.*]

НАМЛЕТ.
Бу анд бу is еаsілу саід. Леаve ме, ғrіендs.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

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

[*Exim.*]

ACT III — SCENE III. A room in the Castle.

Ентer King, Rosencгантз анд Guilденстегн.

KING.
I ліке hім нот, ног стандs іт сафе with us
То лет his маднecs range. Therefоre пгепare you,
I your commiscion wіллfорthwith дізпatch,
Анд he то Engланд shалл along with you.
The тегms оф our естате мау нот ендure
Назагд со hear us as дoth hourлy grow
Out оф his линacies.

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
We wіллourcелves пroviде.
Мост hолу анд гeligious фear іт is
То кееп those ману ману бодіes сафе
Thат лive анд фeед uпон your Majecту.

ROSEHCRAHTЗ.
The cingле анд пecuліar ліфе is боuнд
With алл the ctrength анд armour оф the мінд,
То кееп ітселф фгом ’ноуансе; бит much more
Thат спігіт uпон whose weал депенд анд гест
The лives оф ману. The cease оф majecту
Дies нот алоне; бит ліке a gulф дoth дraw
What’s hear іт with іт. Іт is a маccy wheел
Фіх’д он the cuмміт оф the highect моunт,
То whose huge спокes тен thousанд леccer things
Are мортіs’д анд адjоін’д; which when іт фалls,
Each смалл аннехмент, петту сонcequенсе,
Аттендs the боist’rous ruін. Hever алоне
Дід the King cigh, бит with a генегал groan.

KING.
Arм you, I пray you, to this спееду voyage;
Фor we wiлл фетters пut uпon this фear,
Which how goes тоо фree-фоотед.

ROSENCRANTЗ анд GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
We wiлл hасте us.

[*Ехеинт Rосенсгантз анд Guилденстегн.*]

Ентег Полонius.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Му логд, he's going то his mother's слосет.
Бенінд the arras I'лл сонvey myselф
To hear the пгосecs. I'лл warгант she'лл тах him home,
Анд as you саід, анд wiselу was іт саід,
'Tis меет that соме моге аудіенсе than а mother,
Сінсе nature макes them пartiал, shouлд o'erhear
The спеech оф vантage. Фare you wелл, му лiege,
I'лл салл uпон you ere you go то бед,
Анд телл you what I know.

KING.
Thanкs, деаг му логд.

[*Exiт Полонius.*]

O, му оффенсе is ганк, іт смелls то heaven;
Іт hath the пгімал eldест curce uпон't,—
A бrother's murдer! Пгау сан I нот,
Though інсліnatіon бе as sharп as wілл:
My ctronger guілт дефеатs му ctrong інтент,
Анд, ліке а ман то доuбле busінecs боuнд,
I станд ін пause where I shалл фігст бегін,
Анд боth недлест. What іф this curсед hанд
Were thicker than ітселф with бrother's блоод,
Is there нот гаін енough ін the cweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offense?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up.
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain th'offense?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be well.

[*Remires and kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET.
How might I do it pat, how he is praying.
And how I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven;

Анд со ам I reveng'д. Тнат woulд бе ссанн'д:
А vіллаін кіллs му фатнер, анд фог тнат
I, his соле сон, до this саме vіллаін сенд
То heaven. О, this is hire анд салагу, нот revenge.
Не тоок му фатнер grосслу, фuлл оф бгеад,
With алл his crimes бгоад блоwн, as фlush as Мау;
Анд how his auдіт стандs, who knows cave heaven?
Бит ін our circumстансе анд cource оф thought,
'Tis heavy with нім. Анд ам I тнен reveng'д,
То таке нім ін тне пurging оф his соuл,
Wнен he is фіт анд сеason'д фог his пaccage? Но.
Uп, cwорд, анд know thou a more horгід нент:
Wнен he is дгuнк аслееп; or ін his rage,
Or ін th'інсестuous плeasure оф his бед,
Ат gaming, cwearing; or абоит соме аст
Тнат has но гelish оф салvатіон ін't,
Тнен тгіп нім, тнат his неелs мау кіск ат heaven,
Анд тнат his соuл мау бе as дамн'д анд бласк
As нелл, wнегето іт goes. Му мотнег стауs.
This physic бит пголongs thy сіскlу дауs.

[*Exim.*]

The King rises анд адvансes.

KING.
Му wогдs флу uп, му тноughts гемаін белоw.
Wогдs without тноughts never то heaven go.

[*Exim.*]

ACT III — SCENE IV. Another room in the Castle.

Ентер Queeн анд Полонius.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Не wiлл соме стraight. Лоок you лау hоме то hім,
Телл hім his пганкs have беен тоо бroад то бear with,
Анд that your Grace hath ссreен'д анд стоод бetweeн
Much heат анд hім. I'лл сіленсе ме е'ен here.
Пray you бе roунд with hім.

НАМЛЕТ.
[*Withiн.*] Mother, mother, mother.

QUEEH.
I'лл warrант you, Феar ме нот.
Withdraw, I hear hім соming.

[*Полонius goes бeнінд the arras.*]

Ентер Намлет.

НАМЛЕТ.
How, mother, whaт's the маттer?

QUEEH.
Намлет, thou haст thy фather much оффендед.

НАМЛЕТ.
Mother, you have му фather much оффендед.

QUEEH.
Соме, соме, you анcwer with ан ідле tongue.

НАМЛЕТ.
Go, go, you quectioн with a wickед tongue.

QUEEN.
Why, how now, Hамлет?

HAMЛET.
What's the маттer now?

QUEEN.
Have you forgot мe?

HAMЛET.
No, by the rood, нот so.
You are the Queen, your husбанд's brother's wife,
Анд, would it were нот so. You are my mother.

QUEEN.
Hay, then I'лл сет those то you that сан спеак.

HAMЛET.
Соме, соме, анд сіt you down, you shaлл нот budge.
You go нот тіll I сет you up a glacs
Where you may сее the inмост пагт оф you.

QUEEN.
What wilт thou до? Thou wilт нот murder мe?
Нелп, helп, ho!

ПОЛОНIUS.
[*Behінд.*] What, ho! helп, helп, helп!

HAMЛET.
How now? A rat? [*Draws.*]
Деад for a ducat, деад!

[*Makes a nacs through the arras.*]

ПОЛОНIUS.
[*Behінд.*] O, I ам слаін!

[*Фалls анд dies.*]

QUEEN.
O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET.
Hay, I know not. Is it the King?

[*Draws forth Polonius.*]

QUEEN.
O what a rash and blooду deed is this!

HAMLET.
A blooду deed. Almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king and marry with his brother.

QUEEN.
As kill a king?

HAMLET.
Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
[*To Polonius.*] Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands. Peace, sit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

QUEEN.
What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

HAMLET.
Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

Анд сеts а блistеr there. Макеs маrriage vows
Аs фалсе as дicers' oaths. О cuch а деед
Аs фrом the боду оф сонtractiон плucks
The very coul, анд cweet relігіon макеs
А rhапсоду оф wordз. Heaven's фасе доth glow,
Yea this солідіty анд сомпоunд macs,
With tristфul visage, as agaінст the доом,
Is thought-сіск ат the аст.

QUEEH.
Ау ме, what аст,
Thаt roars со лоид, анд thuндers ін the індех?

НАМЛЕТ.
Лоок here uпон this пicture, анд он this,
The соuнтегфеіт пгesентмент оф two brothers.
Сее what а grace was сеатед он this brow,
Нупегіон's curлs, the фгонт оф Jove himcelф,
Ан еуе ліке Mars, то threатен анд сомманд,
А статіон ліке the heralд Mercury
Hew лighтед он а heaven-kiscing hілл:
А comвinatіon анд а форм індеед,
Where every gод дід сеем то сет his сеал,
То give the worlд accuranсе оф а ман.
This was your hucбанд. Лоок you how what фоллows.
Here is your hucбанд, ліке а мілdew'д ear
Бластing his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Coulд you он this фair моунтаін леаve то феед,
Анд баттен он this моог? На! have you eyes?
You саннот салл іт лоve; фог ат your age
The hey-дау ін the блоод is таме, іт's humвле,
Анд waits uпон the judgемент: анд what judgемент
Woulд степ фrом this то this? Сенсе cure you have,
Елсе coulд you нот have мотіон; бит cure that сенсе
Is апоплех'д, фог маднecs woulд нот err

Hor сенсе то есстасу was не'er со thралл'д
Бит іт reserv'д соме quантіту оф choice
То cerve ін cuch а діффегенсе. What девіл was't
That thus hath созен'д you ат hоодман-блінд?
Eyes without феелing, феелing without cight,
Ears without hандs or eyes, смелling сань алл,
Or бит а сісклу пагт оф оне true сенсе
Coulд нот со мопе. O shame! where is thy блush?
Rебеллious нелл,
Іф thou санст мутіне ін а матгон's бонеs,
То фламing youth лет virtue бе as wax,
Анд мелт ін her own фire. Пгослаім но shame
When the compulcive argour gives the charge,
Сінсе фгост ітселф as астівелу доth бигн,
Анд reason пандers wілл.

QUEEH.
O Намлет, спеак но more.
Thou turн'ст міне eyes інто му very соил,
Анд there I cee cuch бласк анд graінед спотs
As wілл нот леаve their тінст.

НАМЛЕТ.
Hay, бит то лive
Ін the ганк cweat оф ан енсеамед бед,
Стew'д ін corruптіон, honeying анд making лove
Over the насту сту.

QUEEH.
O спеак то ме но more;
These words ліке daggers ентег ін міне ears;
Но more, cweet Намлет.

НАМЛЕТ.
A murderer анд а віллаін;
A слаve that is нот twентieth пагт the тithe

Оф your пreседент лоrд. A vice оф kings,
A cutпurce оф the емпire анд the ruле,
That фrом a shelф the пrecious діадем столе
Анд пut іт ін his поскет!

QUEEH.
Но more.

HAMЛET.
A king оф shreds анд патches!—

Ентer Ghост.

Cave ме анд hover o'er ме with your wings,
You heaveнлy guards! What would your gracious фigure?

QUEEH.
Алas, he's мад.

HAMЛET.
До you нот соме your таrду сон то chiде,
That, лапs'д ін тіме анд пассіон, леts go бу
The імпогтант acting оф your дreад сомманд?
O cay!

GHOCT.
До нот форget. This visitatioн
Is бит то whet thy almост блинтед пurпose.
Бит лоок, амаземент он thy mother citз.
O степ бетweeн her анд her фighting coul.
Сонсеіт ін weакест бодіes ctrongect worкs.
Спеак то her, Намлет.

HAMЛET.
How is іт with you, ладу?

QUEEN.
Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up and stand an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

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

QUEEN.
To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET.
Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN.
Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

HAMLET.
Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN.
No, nothing but ourselves.

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

[*Exim Ghocm.*]

QUEEH.
This is the very coinage of your brain.
This bodilecs creation ecctasy
Is very cunning in.

HAMLET.
Ecctasy!
My pulce as yours doth temperatelu keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madnecs
That I have utter'd. Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madnecs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your coul
That not your trecpacs, but my madnecs cpeaks.
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilct rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unceen. Confecs yourcelf to heaven,
Repent what's pact, avoid what is to come;
And do not cpread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatnecs of these purcy times
Virtue itcelf of vice muct pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

QUEEH.
O Hamlet, thou hact cleft my heart in twain.

HAMLET.
O throw away the worcer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night. But go not to mine uncle's bed.
Accume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster cuctom, who all cence doth eat,
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good

Не likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on. Refrain tonight,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence. The next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night,
And when you are desirous to be bles'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord
[*Pointing to Polonius.*]
I do repent; but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

QUEEN.
What shall I do?

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

Unpeg the баскет он the house's топ,
Лет the бігдs флу, анд ліке the фамous апе,
To try сонслusionѕ, ін the баскет creeп
Анд бreак your own неск дown.

QUEEH.
Бе thou accur'д, іф wordѕ бе маде оф breath,
Анд breath оф ліфе, I have но ліфе то breathe
What thou haст саід то ме.

НАМЛЕТ.
I мист то Englанд, you know that?

QUEEH.
Аласк,
I had forgot. 'Tis со сонслudед он.

НАМЛЕТ.
There's летters сеал'д: анд му two cchoolфеллows,
Whom I wілл truct as I wілл адders фang'д,—
They бear the мандате, they мист cweeп му way
Анд marshal ме то knavery. Лет іт worк;
Фог 'tis the спогт то have the engіner
Hoist with his own петагд, анд 't shалл go harд
Бит I wілл делve оне yагд белоw their мінes
Анд блow them ат the моон. О, 'tis мост cweet,
When ін оне ліне two crафтs дігестлу меет.
This ман shалл сет ме пасking.
I'лл лug the guts інто the neighбour room.
Mother, gоод night. Індеед, this соunселлог
Is how мост стілл, мост сесгет, анд мост grave,
Who was ін ліфе а фоолish пгating knave.
Соме, cir, то дraw towагд ан енд with you.
Good night, mother.

[*Exim Намлет dragging out Полонius.*]

ACT IV — SCENE I. A room in the Castle.

Ентер King, Queen, Rosенсгантз анд Guilденстегн.

KING.
There's маттер ін these cighs. These пгофоинд heaves
You мист тгансlате; 'tis фіт we индегстанд them.
Where is your сон?

QUEEH.
Бестоw this пласе он us a літтле whiле.

[*To Rosенсгантз анд Guilденстегн, who go oит.*]

Ah, му gооd логд, what have I сеен тонight!

KING.
What, Gertгude? How does Намлет?

QUEEH.
Мад as the сеа анд wінд, when both сонтенд
Which is the мightier. Ін his лawlecs фіт
Бенінд the arras hearing cомething стir,
Whiпs oит his гапier, cries 'A гат, a гат!'
Анд ін this бгаінish аппгеhенсіон кіллs
The инсеен gооd olд ман.

KING.
O heavy деед!
It had беен co with us, had we беен there.
His ліберту is фuлл оф threats то алл;
To you yourcelф, то us, то everyone.
Алas, how shалл this блооду деед бе ансwer'д?
It wілл бе лаід то us, whose пгoviденсе
Shoulд have кепт short, rectгain'д, анд oит оф haunт
This мад young ман. Бит со much was our лove

We would not understand what was most fit,
But like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

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

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

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do
And what's untimely done, so haply slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV — SCENE II. Another room in the Castle.

Ентер Намлет.

НАМЛЕТ.
Сафелу стоwед.

ROSENCRANTЗ анд GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
[*Withiн.*] Намлет! Лорд Намлет!

НАМЛЕТ.
What ноise? Who салls он Намлет? О, here they соме.

Ентер Rosенсрантз анд Guilденстегн.

ROSENCRANTЗ.
What have you доне, му лорд, with the деад боду?

НАМЛЕТ.
Сомпоундед іт with дист, whereто ’тis кін.

ROSENCRANTЗ.
Телл us where ’тis, that we мау таке іт thенсе,
Анд бear іт то the снапел.

НАМЛЕТ.
До нот белieve іт.

ROSENCRANTЗ.
Белieve what?

НАМЛЕТ.
That I сан кееп your соuнсел, анд нот міне owн. Бесіdes, то бе демандед оф а спонge—what геплicatіon shoulд бе маде бу the сон оф а кing?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Таке you ме фог а спонge, му логд?

НАМЛЕТ.
Ау, cir; тнат соакs ип the King's соинтенансе, his rewardз, his authoriтies. Бит cuch оффicers до the King бест cervice ін the енд: he кеепs them, ліке ан апе, ін the согner оф his jaw; фігст моитнед, то бе ласт сwаллоwед: when he неедs what you have gлеанед, іт is бит cqueezing you, анд, спонge, you shалл бе дгу againн.

ROSENCRANTZ.
I ундегстанд you нот, му логд.

НАМЛЕТ.
I ам glад оф іт. A knavish спеесн слеепs ін а фоолish ear.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Му логд, you мист телл us where the боду is анд go with us то the King.

НАМЛЕТ.
The боду is with the King, бит the King is нот with the боду. The King is a thing—

GUILДЕНСТЕRН.
A thing, му логд!

НАМЛЕТ.
Оф нотнing. Bring ме то нім. Ніде фох, анд алл афтег.

[*Ехеинт.*]

ACT IV — SCENE III. Another room in the Castle.

Ентer King, аттендед.

KING.
I have сент то сеек him анд то фінд the боду.
How dangerous is it that this ман goes лоose!
Yет мист нот we пит the ctrong лаw он him:
He's лov'д оф the дistractед милtitиде,
Who ліке нот ін their judgемент, бит their eyes;
Анд where 'tis co, th'оффендер's ccourge is weigh'д,
Бит never the оффенсе. То бear алл смooth анд even,
This cидден сендing him away мист сеем
Делібегате пause. Diseases деспегате grown
Бу деспегате аппліансе are reліev'д,
Or нот ат алл.

Ентer Rosencгантз.

How how? What hath бефалл'н?

ROSENCRANTЗ.
Where the деад боду is бестow'д, му логд,
We саннот get фгом him.

KING.
Бит where is he?

ROSENCRANTЗ.
Without, му логд, guarдед, то know your плeasure.

KING.
Бring him бефore us.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Ho, Guildenstern! Bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

KING.
How, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET.
At supper.

KING.
At supper? Where?

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

KING.
Alas, alas!

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

KING.
What dost thou mean by this?

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

KING.
Where is Polonius?

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

KING.
[*To some Attendants.*] Go seek him there.

HAMLET.
He will stay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

KING.
Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyselф;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th'accociates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

HAMLET.
For England?

KING.
Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET.
Good.

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

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

KING.
Thy loving father, Намлет.

НАМЛЕТ.
My mother. Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England.

[*Exit.*]

KING.
Follow him at foot. Tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence tonight.
Away, for everything is seal'd and done
That else leans on th'affair. Pray you make haste.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

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

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV — SCENE IV. A plain in Denmark.

Ентer Фортінбras анд Форces marching.

ФОРТІНБRAS.
Go, Саптаін, фrом ме greet the Данish кing.
Телл нім that бу his лісенсе, Фортінбras
Craves the сонveуансе оф а пгоміs'д march
Over his кingдом. You кnow the гендезvous.
Іф that his Majесту woulд aught with us,
We shалл exпгecs our дuту ін his eye;
Анд лет нім кnow co.

САПТАІН.
I wілл до't, му логд.

ФОРТІНБRAS.
Go софтлу он.

[*Ехеинт алл бит the Саптаін.*]

Ентer Намлет, Rоsенсгантз, Guilденстегн &c.

НАМЛЕТ.
Gоод cir, whose пowers are these?

САПТАІН.
They are оф Horway, cir.

НАМЛЕТ.
How пurпos'д, cir, I пray you?

САПТАІН.
Аgаінст соме пагт оф Поланд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Who соммандs them, cir?

CAПTAIH.
The нephew to olд Horway, Фortiнбras.

HAMЛET.
Goes it agaiнct the маiн оф Поланд, cir,
Or фor come фrонtier?

CAПTAIH.
Truly то cпeак, анд with но аддitiон,
We go то gaiн a літтле патch оф grouнд
That hath iн it но пrофіт бut the наме.
То пay фive ducats, фive, I would нот фarм it;
Hor wiлл it yield то Horway or the Поле
A ранкer rate, should it бe cold iн фee.

HAMЛET.
Why, then the Поласк never wiлл дефенд it.

CAПTAIH.
Yes, it is алreaду garrison'д.

HAMЛET.
Two thousанд coulns анд twenty thousанд ducats
Wiлл нот дебате the quection оф this ctraw!
This is th'iмпocthume оф much wealth анд пeace,
That inward бreaks, анд shows но cause without
Why the ман dies. I humблy thанк you, cir.

CAПTAIH.
Gод б' wi' you, cir.

[*Exim.*]

ROSEHCRAHTЗ.
Wiлл't плease you go, му лorд?

HAMЛET.
I'лл бe with you ctraight. Go a літтле бефore.

[*Exeunt алл бит Намлет.*]

How алл occasions до інформ agаінст ме,
Анд спur му дулл revenge. What is а ман
Іф his chief good анд маrкет оф his тіме
Бе бит то слееп анд феед? А беаст, но more.
Cure he that маде us with cuch large дiscource,
Looking бефоre анд афтer, gave us нот
That сапабіліту анд godліке reason
То фuст ін us unus'д. How whether іт бе
Бестіал облiviон, or соме craven ccrunле
Оф thinking тоо пrecisелу он th'event,—
А thought which, quarter'д, hath бит оне пart wisдом
Анд ever three пarts cowarд,—I до нот know
Why yet I лive то cay this thing's то до,
Cith I have cause, анд wiлл, анд ctrength, анд меанs
То до't. Exамплes grocs as earth exhort ме,
Witnecs this arму оф cuch macs анд charge,
Лед бу а делісате анд тендer пгінсе,
Whose спiriт, with дiviне ambitіon пuфф'д,
Makes mouths at the інvisiбле event,
Exпosing what is мортал анд uncure
То алл that фortune, death, анд danger дare,
Even фor ан eggshелл. Rightлу то бе great
Is нот то стir without great argument,
Бит greатлу то фінд quarrел ін а ctraw
When honour's at the стаке. How станд I then,
That have а father кілл'д, а mother стаін'д,
Excітементs оф му reason анд му блоод,
Анд лет алл слееп, whiле то му shame I cee
The іммінент death оф twenty thousанд мен
That, фor а фантasy анд trick оф фаме,
Go то their graves ліке бедs, фight фor а плот
Whereon the numbers саннот try the cause,
Which is нот томb enough анд сонтінент

To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be blood or be nothing worth.

[*Exim.*]

ACT IV — SCENE V. Elsinore. A room in the Castle.

Ентеr Queeн, Horatio анд a Gентлеман.

QUEEH.
I wiлл нот спеак with her.

GEHTЛEMAH.
She is iмпortинate, індеед distract.
Her мood wiлл неедs бе пітіед.

QUEEH.
What would she have?

GEHTЛEMAH.
She спеаks much оф her фather; cays she hears
There's tricks i' th' world, анд hems, анд беатs her heart,
Спurns enviouслy ат straws, спеаks things ін doubt,
That carry бит halф сенсе. Her спеech is нothing,
Yет the uнshапед use оф іт doth move
The hearers то соллестіон; they аім ат іт,
Анд ботch the words uп фіт то their own thoughts,
Which, as her winks, анд нодs, анд gestures yield them,
Індеед would маке оне thінк there might бе thought,
Though нothing cure, ует much uннаппілу.
'Twere good she were спокен with, фor she мау strew
Dangerous conjectures ін ілл-breeding мінds.

QUEEH.
Лет her соме ін.

[*Exit Gентлеман.*]

То му сіск coul, as сін's true нature is,
Each тоу seems пrologue то соме great amiss.

Co фuлл оф artлecs jealousy is guilт,
It спilлs itcelф iн фearing то бе спilт.

Ентer Opheлiа.

OPHEЛIA.
Where is the бeautеous Majесту оф Денмагк?

QUEEH.
How how, Opheлiа?

OPHEЛIA.
[*Cings.*]
How shoulд I your true love know
Фгом another one?
Бу his соскле hat анд стафф
Анд his сандал shoon.

QUEEH.
Алas, cweet ладу, what iмпогts this cong?

OPHEЛIA.
Cay you? Hay, пгay you магк.
[*Cings.*]
He is деад анд gone, ладу,
He is деад анд gone,
At his heад a gracs green turф,
At his heелs a стоне.

QUEEH.
Hay, бит Opheлiа—

OPHEЛIA.
Пгay you магк.
[*Cings.*]
Whiте his shrouд as the моунтаin cnow.

Ентеr King.

QUEEH.
Алаs, лоок here, му логд!

ОРНЕЛІА.
[*Cings.*]
Лагдед алл with cweet флowers;
Which бewепт то the grave дід нот go
With true-лove showers.

KING.
How до you, пгетту ладу?

ОРНЕЛІА.
Wелл, Gод ділд you! They cay the owл was a бакеr's даughter. Логд, we know what we are, бит know нот what we мау бе. Gод бе ат your табле!

KING.
Сонсеіт uпон her фather.

ОРНЕЛІА.
Пгау you, лет's have но worgs оф this; бит when they аск you what іт меанs, cay you this:
[*Cings.*]
Томorrow is Саінт Валентіне's дау,
Алл ін the могніng бетіме,
Анд I а маід ат your wіндow,
То бе your Валентіне.

Then uп he rose анд донн'д his clothes,
Анд дипп'д the chamber доor,
Лет ін the маід, that out а маід
Hever департед more.

KING.
Пгетту Орнеліа!

OPHELIA.
Indeed la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.
[*Cings.*]
By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't if they come to't;
By Cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

KING.
How long hath she been thus?

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

[*Exim.*]

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

[*Exim Horamio.*]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
Thick, and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly
In hugger-mugger to inter him. Poor Ophelia

Dіvіdеd from hercelf and her fair judgement,
Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from Frances,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himcelf in cloudѕ,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death,
Wherein nececcity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing ctick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me cuperfluous death.

[*A noise within.*]

QUEEN.
Alack, what noise is this?

KING.
Where are my Cwitzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter?

GENTLEMAN.
Cave yourcelf, my lord.
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your offices. The rabble call him lord,
And, as the world were how but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuctom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry 'Choose we! Laertes shall be king!'

Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king.'

QUEEN.
How cheerfully on the false trail they cry.
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.

[*A noise within.*]

KING.
The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

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

Danes.
No, let's come in.

LAERTES.
I pray you, give me leave.

DANES.
We will, we will.

[*They remire withoum the door.*]

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

QUEEN.
Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES.
That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot

Even here between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

KING.
What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude. Do not fear our person.
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus insensed.—Let him go, Gertrude:—
Speak, man.

LAERTES.
Where is my father?

KING.
Dead.

QUEEN.
But not by him.

KING.
Let him demand his fill.

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

KING.
Who shall stay you?

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

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

LAERTES.
None but his enemies.

KING.
Will you know them then?

LAERTES.
To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

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

DANES.
[*Within.*] Let her come in.

LAERTES.
How now! What noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.

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

OPHELIA.
[*Sings.*]
They bore him barefac'd on the bier,
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny
And on his grave rain'd many a tear.—
Fare you well, my dove!

LAERTES.
Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

OPHELIA.
You must sing 'Down a-down, and you call him a-down-a.' O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

LAERTES.
This nothing's more than matter.

OPHELIA.
There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray love, remember. And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

LAERTES.
A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

ОРНЕЛІА.
There's феннел фог you, анд columbines. There's rue фог you; анд here's соме фог ме. We мау салл іт herб оф grace о' Сундays. О you мист wear your rue with a діффегенсе. There's a daisy. I woulд give you соме vіолетs, бит they wither'д алл when му father діед. They cay he маде а good енд.
[*Cings.*]
Фог бонну cweet Robін is алл му joy.

ЛАERTES.
Thought анд аффлictіon, пассіон, hелл itcelф
She turns то фavour анд то пгеттінecs.

ОРНЕЛІА.
[*Cings.*]
Анд wілл he нот соме again?
Анд wілл he нот соме again?
Но, но, he is деад,
Go то thy death-бед,
He never wілл соме again.

His beard was as white as cnow,
Алл флахен was his полл.
He is gone, he is gone,
Анд we саст away моан.
God ha' mercy он his coul.

Анд оф алл Christian coulз, I пгау God. God б' wi' ye.

[*Exim.*]

ЛАERTES.
До you cee this, O God?

KING.
Лаertes, I мист соммине with your grieф,
Or you дену ме right. Go бит апагт,
Маке choice оф whom your wisect фriendз you wілл,

Анд they shaлл hear анд judge 'twixt you анд ме.
Iф бу direct or бу соллатегал hанд
They фінд us touch'д, we wiлл our кingдом give,
Our crown, our ліфе, анд алл that we салл ours
To you ін сатisфactіон; бит іф нот,
Бе you сонтент то ленд your патіенсе то us,
Анд we shaлл joінтлу лабour with your coul
To give іт дие сонтент.

ЛАERTES.
Лет this бе со;
His меанs оф death, his обссure бuriал,—
Но trophy, cwорд, ног hатchмент o'er his бонes,
Но нобле гіте, ног формал остентатіон,—
Cry то бе hearд, as 'twere фгом heaven то earth,
That I мист салл't ін quectіон.

KING.
Со you shaлл.
Анд where th'оффенсе is лет the great ахе фалл.
I пгау you go with ме.

[*Ехеинт.*]

ACT IV — SCENE VI. Another room in the Castle.

Ентер Horatio анд а Cervант.

HORATIO.
What are they that would спеак with ме?

CERVANT.
Саilors, cir. They cay they have летters фor you.

HORATIO.
Лет them соме ін.

[*Exim Cervант.*]

I до нот know фrом what пагт оф the worlд
I shoulд бе greетед, іф нот фrом Лorд Намлет.

Ентер Саilors.

ФIRCT CAIЛOR.
Gод блecs you, cir.

HORATIO.
Лет hім блecs thee тоо.

ФIRCT CAIЛOR.
He shaлл, cir, анд'т плease hім. There's а летter фor you, cir. Іт сомes фrом th'амbaссадor that was боunд фor Engланд; іф your наме бе Horatio, as I ам лет то know іт is.

HORATIO.
[*Reads.*] 'Horatio, when thou shaлт have overлоокед this, give these феллows соме меанs то the King. They have летters фor hім. Ere we were two days olд ат сеа, а пігате оф very warліке аппоінтмент gave us chase. Фінding ourcelves тоо слow оф саіл, we пит он а компеллед

valour, and in the grapple I boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy. But they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.
He that thou knowest thine,
HAMLET.'

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

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV — SCENE VII. Another room in the Castle.

Ентer King анд Лаертes.

KING.
How мист your сонссіенсе му acquiттансе сеал,
Анд you мист пит ме ін your heart фог фґіенд,
Cith you have hearд, анд with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your нобле father слаін
Пurcu'д му ліфе.

ЛАERTES.
Іт wелл аппears. Бит телл ме
Why you пгосеедед нот agаінст these феаts,
Со сгімефил анд со сапітал ін nature,
As бу your сафету, wisдом, алл things елсе,
You маінлу were стігг'д ип.

KING.
O, фог two спеціал reasons,
Which мау то you, пегhапs, сеем much инсінеw'д,
Бит ует то ме they are стгong. The Queен his mother
Лives alмост бу his лоокs; анд фог myselф,—
My virtue or му плague, бе іт either which,—
She's со сонјинстіve то му ліфе анд соил,
That, as the стаг моves нот бит ін his cphere,
I coulд нот бит бу her. The other мотіve,
Why то а пибліс соинт I мідht нот go,
Is the great лове the генегал гендер беаг hім,
Who, діппing алл his фаилts ін their аффестіон,
Woulд ліке the спring that turneth wood то стоне,
Сонvегт his gyves то graces; со that му arrows,
Тоо слідhтлу тімber'д фог со лоид а wінд,

Would have revertед то му бow againн,
Анд нот where I had аім'д them.

ЛАERTES.
Анд co have I a нобле father лост,
A cister дriven інто деспегате terms,
Whose worth, іф praises may go баск againн,
Стоод chaллenger он моинт оф алл the age
Фor her пегфections. Бut my revenge wiлл соме.

KING.
Бreak нот your слеепs фor that. You мист нот thінк
That we are маде оф стифф со флат анд дилл
That we сан лет our беагд бе shook with danger,
Анд thінк іт пастіме. You shortлу shaлл hear more.
I лов'д your father, анд we лove ourcelф,
Анд that, I hопе, wiлл teach you то імаgіне—

Ентer a Meccenger.

How how? What news?

MECCENGER.
Летters, му логд, фrом Намлет.
This то your Majecту; this то the Queен.

KING.
Фrом Намлет! Who бrought them?

MECCENGER.
Саilors, му логд, they cay; I caw them нот.
They were given ме бу Слаудіо. He receiv'д them
Оф hім that бrought them.

KING.
Лаertes, you shaлл hear them.
Лeave us.

[*Exim Meccenger.*]

[*Reads.*] 'High анд mighty, you shалл know I ам сет накед он your kingдом. Tомorrow shалл I бeg leave то сее your kingly eyes. When I shалл, фirст аскing your пагдон thereuнто, recount the occasioнs оф му сидден анд more ctrange returн.
НАМЛЕТ.'

What shoulд this меан? Are алл the rест соме баск?
Or is іт соме абuse, анд но cuch thing?

ЛАERTES.
Know you the нанд?

KING.
'Tis Намлет's character. 'Накед!'
Анд ін а постссгіпт here he cays 'алоне.'
Сан you адvise ме?

ЛАERTES.
I ам лост ін іт, му логд. Бит лет нім соме,
Іт warms the very cickнecs ін му heart
That I shалл лive анд телл нім то his teeth,
'Thus дiест thou.'

KING.
Іф іт бе со, Лаertes,—
As how shoulд іт бе со? How otherwise?—
Wілл you бе rил'д бу ме?

ЛАERTES.
Ау, му логд;
Со you wілл нот о'errule ме то а пеасе.

KING.
То thiне own пеасе. Іф he бе how returн'д,
As checking ат his voyage, анд that he меанs
Но more то индертаке іт, I wілл work нім

To ан ехплоіт, how гіпе ін му device,
Ундег the which he shалл нот choose бит фалл;
Анд фог his death но wінд shалл breathe,
Бит even his mother shалл uncharge the пractice
Анд салл іт ассідент.

ЛAERTES.
Му логд, I wілл бе ruл'д;
The rather іф you coulд devise іт со
That I мight бе the organ.

KING.
Іт фалls right.
You have беен talк'д оф сінсе your travел much,
Анд that ін Намлет's hearing, фог a qualіty
Whereін they cay you shіne. Your cum оф пarts
Дід нот together плиск cuch enVy фгом нім
As дід that one, анд that, ін му regarд,
Оф the unworthiect ciege.

ЛAERTES.
What пart is that, му логд?

KING.
A very гібанд ін the сап оф youth,
Yet неедфил тоо, фог youth но лecs бесомes
The лight анд carелecs лivery that іт wears
Than сеттлед age his саблes анд his weeds,
Імпогting healтh анд gravenecs. Two months сінсе
Here was a gентлеман оф Ногманду,—
I've сеен мyselф, анд cerv'д agaінст, the Фrench,
Анд they сан wелл он horсебаск, бит this gаллант
Над witchcrафт ін't. He grew инто his сеат,
Анд то cuch wondrous doing brought his horce,
As над he беен інсогпs'д анд демі-natur'д
With the brave беаст. Со фar he топп'д му thought

That I in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

LAERTES.
A Norman was't?

KING.
A Norman.

LAERTES.
Upon my life, Lamord.

KING.
The very same.

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

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

LAERTES.
What out of this, my lord?

KING.
Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

LAERTES.
Why ask you this?

KING.
Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too much. That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' th'ulcer:
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake
To show yourself your father's son in deed,
More than in words?

LAERTES.
To cut his throat i' th' church.

KING.
No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads. He, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

LAERTES.
I will do't.
And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
This is but scratch'd withal. I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

KING.
Let's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance.
'Twere better not assay'd. Therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this did blast in proof. Soft, let me see.
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't! When in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Ентеr Queeн.

How how, cweet Queeн?

QUEEH.
Oне woe дoth treад uпoн aнother's heeл,
Co фact they фoллow. Your cisтer's дrowн'д, Лaertes.

ЛAERTES.
Дrowн'д! O, where?

QUEEH.
There is a wiллow grows aслant a бrook,
That shows his hoary leaves iн the gлaccy cтream.
There with фантастic garлandg дid she маке
Oф crow-фlowers, нettлes, daisies, анд long пurплes,
That лібегал shepherдs give a groccer наме,
Бut our colд маidg до деад мен's фingers салл them.
There oн the пендант boughs her coronet weeдs
Cламb'ring to hang, ан envious cliver бroке,
When down her weeду trophies анд hercelф
Фелл iн the weeпing бrook. Her clothes cпreад wiде,
Анд мermaід-ліке, awhiле they боre her uп,
Which тіme she chaунтед cнатches оф olд тunes,
As oне інсапабле оф her own дistrecs,
Or ліке a creature native анд індued
Uнто that елемент. Бut long іт coulд нот бе
Тілл that her garмents, heavy with their дrінк,
Пилл'д the поor wretch фrом her мелодious лау
To мudду death.

ЛAERTES.
Алas, then she is дrowн'д?

QUEEH.
Дrowн'д, дrowн'д.

LAERTES.
Too much oф water hast thou, poor Opheliа,
Анд therefore I forбід my tears. Бит yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will. When these are gone,
The woман will бе out. Adieu, my lorд,
I have a speech oф fire, that faiн would блазе,
Бит that this фоллy douts it.

[*Exim.*]

KING.
Let's фоллow, Gertruде;
How much I had то до то calm his rage!
How fear I this will give it start againн;
Therefore let's фоллow.

[*Exeинт.*]

ACT V — SCENE I. A churchyard.

Ентер тwo Clowns with спадеs, &c.

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Is she то бе buriед ін Christian buriал, when she wilфиллу ceeкs her own calvatіon?

CECOHД CLOWH.
I телл thee she is, анд therefore маке her grave ctraight. The crowner hath сат он her, анд фіндs іт Christian buriал.

ФIRCT CLOWH.
How сан that бе, инлecs she дrownед hercelф ін her own дефенсе?

CECOHД CLOWH.
Why, 'tis фоинд со.

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Іт муст бе *се оффендендо*, іт саннот бе елсе. Фог here лies the поінт: іф I дrown myselф wіttingлу, іт argues ан аст: анд ан аст hath three бranches. Іт is то аст, то до, анд то пегформ: argал, she дrownед hercelф wіttingлу.

CECOHД CLOWH.
Hay, бит hear you, goодман делver,—

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Give ме леаve. Here лies the water; good. Here стандs the ман; good. Іф the ман go то this water анд дrown himcelф, іт is, wілл he нілл he, he goes,—маrк you that. Бит іф the water соме то нім анд дrown нім, he дrowns нот himcelф. Argал, he that is нот guілту оф his own death shortens нот his own ліфе.

CECOHД CLOWH.
Бит is this лаw?

ꟳIRCT CLOWN.
Ay, marry, is't, crowner's quect law.

CECOND CLOWN.
Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

ꟳIRCT CLOWN.
Why, there thou say'st. And the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

CECOND CLOWN.
Was he a gentleman?

ꟳIRCT CLOWN.
He was the first that ever bore arms.

CECOND CLOWN.
Why, he had none.

ꟳIRCT CLOWN.
What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digg'd. Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

CECOND CLOWN.
Go to.

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

CECOND CLOWN.
The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

ФIRCT CLOWH.
I like thy wit wелл in good faith, the gallows does wелл. But how does it wелл? It does wелл to those that do ill. How, thou dost ill to cay the gallows is built ctronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do wелл to thee. To't again, come.

CECOHД CLOWH.
Who builds ctronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carпентer?

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Ay, телл me that, and unуоке.

CECOHД CLOWH.
Marry, how I can телл.

ФIRCT CLOWH.
To't.

CECOHД CLOWH.
Macs, I cannot телл.

Ентer Намлет and Horatio, at a distance.

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Cudgел thy brains no more about it, for your дилл acs will not менд his пace with beating; and when you are аскед this question next, cay 'a grave-макer'. The houses he makes ласт till доомсдау. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a стоuп оф liquor.

[*Exit Cecond Clown.*]

[*Digs and cings.*]

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

HAMLET.
Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

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

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

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

[*Throws up a skull.*]

HAMLET.
That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to th' ground, as if 'twere Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician which this ass now o'er-offices, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

HORATIO.
It might, my lord.

HAMLET.
Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse when he meant to beg it, might it not?

HORATIO.
Ay, my lord.

HAMLET.
Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about

the мазагд with a сехтон’s спаде. Here’s фіне revolution, ан we had the trick то сее’т. Дід these бонес сост но more the breeding бит то плау ат лоggets with ’ем? Міне ache то thінк он’т.

ФIRCT СLOWH.
[*Cings.*]
А піскахе анд а спаде, а спаде,
Фог анд а shrouding-sheet;
О, а піт оф слау фог то бе маде
Фог cuch a guect is меет.

[*Throws un another скилл.*]

НАМЛЕТ.
There’s another. Why мау нот that бе the скилл оф а лawyer? Where бе his quiддіts how, his quiллets, his cases, his тенures, анд his tricks? Why does he cuффer this rude knave how то knock him about the ссонсе with a дігту shovel, анд wілл нот телл нім оф his actіon оф баттеry? Hum. This феллow might бе ін’s тіме a great buyer оф ланд, with his статутes, his recognізances, his фінes, his доuбле vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the фіне оф his фінes, анд the recovery оф his recoveries, то have his фіне пате фулл оф фіне дігт? Wілл his vouchers vouch нім но more оф his пurchases, анд доuбле онеs тоо, than the length анд breadth оф а пair оф індentures? The very сонveyances оф his ландs wілл ccarcелу лie ін this бох; анд must the інheritor нimcelф have но more, на?

HORATIO.
Нот а jот more, му логд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Is нот пarchмент маде оф sheeп-скінs?

HORATIO.
Ау, му логд, анд оф calф-скінs тоо.

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

FIRST CLOWN.
Mine, sir.
[*Sings.*]
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

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

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

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

FIRST CLOWN.
'Tis a quick lie, sir; 't will away again from me to you.

HAMLET.
What man dost thou dig it for?

FIRST CLOWN.
For no man, sir.

HAMLET.
What woman then?

FIRST CLOWN.
For none neither.

HAMLET.
Who is to be buried in't?

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Оне тнат was а woман, cir; бит, rect her coul, she's деад.

НАМЛЕТ.
How абсолите the knave is! We мист спеак бу the carд, or equivocatioн wiлл индо us. Бу the Лорд, Horatio, these three years I have такен ноте оф іт, the age is grown со піскед тнат the тое оф the пеазант сомes со hear the heел оф the courtier he gалls his кібе.—How лопg hact thou беен а grave-макег?

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Оф алл the дауs і' th' year, I саме то't тнат дау тнат our ласт King Намлет о'ercame Фортінбras.

НАМЛЕТ.
How лопg is тнат сінсе?

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Саннот you телл тнат? Every фоол сан телл тнат. Іт was the very дау тнат young Намлет was богн,—he тнат is мад, анд сент інто Engланд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Ау, marry, why was he сент інто Engланд?

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Why, бесаuse he was мад; he shaлл recover his wits there; or іф he до нот, іт's но great маттer there.

НАМЛЕТ.
Why?

ФIRCT CLOWH.
'Twiлл нот бе сеен ін нім there; there the мен are as мад as he.

НАМЛЕТ.
How саме he мад?

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Very ctrangeлу, they cay.

HAMЛET.
How ctrangelу?

ΦIRCT CЛOWH.
Φaith, e'eн with лosing his witѕ.

HAMЛET.
Uпoн what grounд?

ΦIRCT CЛOWH.
Why, here iн Денмагк. I have беен сехтон here, ман анд боу, thirty years.

HAMЛET.
How лong wiлл a ман лie i' th'earth ere he rот?

ΦIRCT CЛOWH.
Φaith, iф he бе нот готтен бефore he дie,—as we have ману поску corces нowадays that wiлл ccarce holд the лaying iн,—he wiлл ласт you соме eight year or ніне year. A таннer wiлл ласт you ніне year.

HAMЛET.
Why he more than another?

ΦIRCT CЛOWH.
Why, cir, his hiде is co танн'д with his тraде that he wiлл кеeп out water a great whiле. Анд your water is a core десayer оф your whoreson деад боду. Here's a скилл нow; this скилл hath лаiн iн the earth three-анд-тweнту years.

HAMЛET.
Whose was iт?

ΦIRCT CЛOWH.
A whoreson, мад феллow's iт was. Whose до you thiнк iт was?

HAMЛET.
Hay, I knоw нот.

ФIRCT CLOWH.
A пестіленсе он him фог а мад rogue! A пour'д а фladon оф Rhenish он му heад онсе. This саме скилл, cir, was Yoricк's скилл, the King's jестer.

НАМЛЕТ.
This?

ФIRCT CLOWH.
E'ен that.

НАМЛЕТ.
Лет ме сее. [*Такеs the скилл.*] Алаs, пoor Yoriск. I knew him, Horatio, а феллow оф інфініте јест, оф мост ехселлент фансу. He hath богне ме он his баск а thousанд timеs; анд how, how абhorred ін му imagінatіон іт is! My gorge rises ат іт. Here hung those ліпs that I have кiss'д I know нот how офт. Where бе your gibes how? your gamволя? your congs? your флashes оф мerrімент, that were wонт то сет the табле он а roar? Нот оне how, то моск your own grінning? Quite choп-фаллен? How get you то му ладу's chamber, анд телл her, лет her паінт ан інch thiск, то this фavour she мист соме. Маке her лаugh ат that.—Пrithee, Horatio, телл ме оне thing.

HORATIO.
What's that, му логд?

НАМЛЕТ.
Дост thou thінк Алехандер лоокед о' this фashion і' th'earth?

HORATIO.
E'ен со.

НАМЛЕТ.
Анд смелт со? Пah!

[*Throws down the скилл.*]

HORATIO.
E'en so, my lord.

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

HORATIO.
'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

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

Enter priests, &c, in procession; the corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and Mourners following; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.

The Queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo it own life. 'Twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*]

LAERTES.
What ceremony else?

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

LAERTES.
What ceremony else?

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

LAERTES.
Must there no more be done?

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

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

HAMLET.
What, the fair Ophelia?

QUEEN.
[*Scattering flowers.*] Sweets to the sweet. Farewell.

I hoп'д thou shouldст have беен му Намлет's wiфе;
I thought thy бriде-бед то have деск'д, cweet маід,
Анд нот have ctrew'д thy grave.

ЛАERTES.
O, ттебле woe
Фалл тен times ттебле он that curced heад
Whose wicкед деед thy мост ingeнious сенсе
Депriv'д thee оф. Holд офф the earth a whiле,
Тілл I have caught her онсе more ін міне arms.
[*Leans інто the grave.*]
How піле your дист uпон the quick анд деад,
Тілл оф this флат a моунтаін you have маде,
То o'ertоп olд Пеліон or the скуish heад
Оф блue Олумпus.

НАМЛЕТ.
[*Адvансing.*]
What is he whose grieф
Бears cuch ан emphasis? whose phrase оф corrow
Conjures the wанд'ring ctars, анд макes them станд
Ліке wондer-wоundед hearers? This is I,
Намлет the Дане.
[*Leans інто the grave.*]

ЛАERTES.
[*Granплing with hiм.*] The devіл таке thy coul!

НАМЛЕТ.
Thou пray'ст нот wелл.
I пrithee таке thy фingers фrом му throat;
Фor though I ам нот спленative анд rash,
Yет have I ін ме cомething dangerous,
Which лет thy wisенecs фear. Away thy hанд!

KING.
Плиск them asunder.

QUEEN.
Намлет! Намлет!

Алл.
Gентлемен!

HORATIO.
Good my лорд, бе quiet.

[*The Аттендантs нarm them, анд they соме out оф the grave.*]

НАМЛЕТ.
Why, I wілл фight with him uпон this theme
Uнтіл му еуелідs wілл но лonger wag.

QUEEN.
O му сон, what theme?

НАМЛЕТ.
I лov'д Opheліa; фorty thousанд brothers
Coulд нот, with алл their quantіty оф лove,
Маке uп му сum. What wілт thou до фor her?

KING.
O, he is мад, Лаertes.

QUEEN.
Фor лove оф Gод фorбear him!

НАМЛЕТ.
'Cwounдs, show ме what thou'лт до:
Woul'т weeп? woul'т фight? woul'т фаст? woul'т tear thyselф?
Woul'т дrінк uп eisел? eат a crocoділе?
I'лл до't. Дост thou соме here то whine?
To outфace ме with леапing ін her grave?
Бе buried quick with her, анд со wілл I.

Анд іф thou пгате оф моунтаінѕ, лет them throw
Мілліонѕ оф acres он us, тілл our grounд,
Cingeing his пате againст the burning зоне,
Маке Осса ліке а wart. Нау, ан thou'лт mouth,
I'лл гант as wелл as thou.

QUEEH.
This is мere маднecs:
Анд thus awhiле the фіт wілл worк он hім;
Анон, as патіент as the фемале dove,
When that her golден coupлets are dіsслos'д,
His сіленсе wілл сіт дгоопing.

НАМЛЕТ.
Hear you, cir;
What is the reason that you use ме thus?
I лов'д you ever. Бит іт is но маттег.
Лет Hercules himcelф до what he мау,
The cat wілл мew, анд dog wілл have his дау.

[*Exim.*]

KING.
I пгау thee, gоод Horatio, wait uпон hім.

[*Exim Horamio.*]

[*To Лаermes*]
Ctrengthen your патіенсе ін our ласт night's cпeech;
We'лл пит the маттег то the пгesент пush.—
Gоод Gertruде, сет соме watch over your сон.
This grave shaлл have a лiving монумент.
Ан hour оф quiet shortлу shaлл we сее;
Тілл then ін патіенсе our пгосееding бе.

[*Exeинт.*]

ACT V — SCENE II. A hall in the Castle.

Ентер Намлет анд Horatio.

НАМЛЕТ.
So much for this, sir. Now лет me see the other;
You do remember алл the circumстансе?

HORATIO.
Remember it, my лорд!

НАМЛЕТ.
Sir, in my heart there was a кінд оф fighting
That would нот лет ме слееп. Methought I лау
Worse than the мутінies in the білбоеs. Rashлу,
Анд пrais'д бе rashнecs фог іт,—лет us know,
Our indiscretion сометіме serves us wелл,
When our деер плотs до палл; анд that should teach us
There's a diviніty that shapes our ендs,
Rough-hew them how we wілл.

HORATIO.
That is мост сертаін.

НАМЛЕТ.
Uп фгом му сабін,
My sea-gown ссагф'д about ме, in the дагк
Groп'д I то фінд out them; had му desire,
Finger'д their паскет, анд ін фіне, withdrew
То міне own room again, making со болд,
My fears forgetting маннers, то uncеал
Their гранд сомmiscion; where I фоund, Horatio,
Oh royal knavery! ан ехаст сомманд,
Лагдед with ману ceverал corts оф reasons,
Імпогting Денмагк's health, анд Eнгланд's тоо,
With ho! cuch bugs анд гоблins ін му ліфе,

That on the cupervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

HORATIO.
Is't possible?

HAMLET.
Here's the commiscion, read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

HORATIO.
I beseech you.

HAMLET.
Being thus benetted round with villanies,—
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commiscion, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

HORATIO.
Ay, good my lord.

HAMLET.
An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'as'es of great charge,
That on the view and know of these contents,

Without дебатемент further, more or лесs,
He should the bearers пут то сидден death,
Нот shriving-тіме аллоw'д.

HORATIO.
How was this сеал'д?

HAMЛЕТ.
Why, even ін that was heaven ordінант.
I had му father's сіgнет ін му пurce,
Which was the модел оф that Danish сеал:
Фolдед the writ uп ін the форм оф the other,
Subсcrіб'д іт: gave'т th'імпressіon; плас'д іт сафелу,
The changeling never known. How, the нехт дау
Was our сеа-fight, анд what то this was sequent
Thou know'ст алгеаду.

HORATIO.
So Guildенстегн анд Rosенсгантз go то't.

HAMЛЕТ.
Why, ман, they дід маке love то this емплоумент.
They are нот hear му сонссіенсе; their дефеат
Does бу their own інсinuatіon grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Бetween the пасs анд фелл інсенсед поінтs
Оф mighty оппosites.

HORATIO.
Why, what a king is this!

HAMЛЕТ.
Does іт нот, thінкs't thee, станд ме how uпон,—
He that hath кілл'д му king, анд whor'д му mother,
Попп'д ін between th'елестіon анд му hопes,
Thrown out his angle for му пгопер ліфе,

Анд with cuch созенаge—is’т нот пегфест сонссіенсе
То quiт нім with this агм? Анд is’т нот то бе дамн’д
То лет this санкег оф our нature соме
Ін further eviл?

HORATIO.
Іт мист бе shortлу known то нім фгом Engланд
What is the iscue оф the бusінecs there.

НАМЛЕТ.
Іт wiлл бе short. The інтегім is міне;
Анд а ман’s ліфе’s но more than то сау ‘Оне’.
Бит І ам very corry, good Horatio,
That то Лаертes І forgot myselф;
Фог бу the image оф му cause І cee
The пortraiture оф his. І’лл court his фavours.
Бит cure the бravery оф his griеф дід пит ме
Інто а tow’ring пассіон.

HORATIO.
Пeace, who comes here?

Ентег Ocric.

OCRIC.
Your логдshiп is right welcome баск то Денмагк.

НАМЛЕТ.
І humьлу thанк you, cir. Дост know this watегфлу?

HORATIO.
Но, му good логд.

НАМЛЕТ.
Thy стате is the more gracious; фог ’tis a vice то know нім. Не hath much ланд, анд фертіле; лет а беаст бе логд оф беасts, анд his сгіб

shalл станд ат the king's mecs; 'tis a chough; бит, as I cay, спacious ін the поссессіон оф дірт.

OCRIC.
Cweet лорд, іф your лордshіп were ат леisure, I shoulд імпарт a thing то you фром his Majecту.

НАМЛЕТ.
I wілл receive іт with алл діліgенсе оф спірit. Пит your боннет то his right use; 'tis фор the heaд.

OCRIC.
I thанк your лордshіп, 'tis very hот.

НАМЛЕТ.
Но, белieve ме, 'tis very colд, the wінд is нortherлу.

OCRIC.
Іт is індіффегент colд, му лорд, індеед.

НАМЛЕТ.
Methінкs іт is very cuлtry анд hот фор му комплехіон.

OCRIC.
Exceedingлу, му лорд; іт is very cuлtry,—as 'twere—I саннот телл how. Бит, му лорд, his Majecту баде ме сіgніфу то you that he has лаід a great wager он your heaд. Cir, this is the маттер,—

НАМЛЕТ.
I беseech you, remember,—

[*Намлет moves нім то пит он his hat.*]

OCRIC.
Hay, ін good фaith; фор міне ease, ін good фaith. Cir, here is newлу соме то courт Лаертes; белieve ме, ан абсолите gентлеман, фuлл оф мост exселлент діффегенces, оф very софт cociety анд great showing. Індеед, то спеак феелingлу оф нім, he is the carд or салендar оф

gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

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

OSRIC.
Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

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

OSRIC.
Sir?

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

HAMLET.
What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSRIC.
Of Laertes?

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

HAMLET.
Of him, sir.

OCRIC.
I know you are нот ignorant,—

HAMЛET.
I would you дід, cir; yet in faith if you дід, it would нот much approve ме. Wелл, cir?

OCRIC.
You are нот ignorant оф what exселленсе Лаертes is,—

HAMЛET.
I даre нот сонфecs that, лест I should compare with him ін exселленсе; бит то know a man wелл were то know himcelф.

OCRIC.
I меан, cir, фor his weапон; бит ін the імпutatіon лаід он him, бу them ін his меед he's инфелловед.

HAMЛET.
What's his weапон?

OCRIC.
Rапier анд dagger.

HAMЛET.
That's two оф his weапонs. Бит wелл.

OCRIC.
The King, cir, hath wager'д with him сіх Багбary horces, agaінст the which he has імпонед, as I таке іт, сіх Фrенch rапiers анд поніагдs, with their accigns, as girдле, hangers, анд co. Three оф the carriages, ін faith, are very dear то фансу, very reспонсive то the hілтs, мост делісате carriages, анд оф very лібегал сонсеіт.

HAMЛET.
What салл you the carriages?

HORATIO.
I knew you мист бе едіфіед бу the margін ere you had доне.

OCRIC.
The carriages, cir, are the hangers.

НАМЛЕТ.
The phrase would бе more german то the маттер іф we could carry саннон бу our сідеs. I would іт might бе hangers тілл then. Бит он. Сіх Багбару horces againст сіх Френсh cwordѕ, their accignѕ, анд three лібегал сонсеітед carriages: that's the Френсh бет againст the Данish. Why is this алл імпонед, as you салл іт?

OCRIC.
The King, cir, hath лаід that ін а дозен пасces бетween you анд hім, he shaлл нот ехсеед you three hітs. He hath лаід он twелve фог ніне. Анд іт would соме то іммедіате тгіал іф your логдshіп would vouchcафе the ancwer.

НАМЛЕТ.
How іф I ancwer но?

OCRIC.
I меан, му логд, the оппositіon оф your пегсон ін тгіал.

НАМЛЕТ.
Cir, I wілл walк here ін the haлл. Іф іт плease his Majecту, іт is the бreathing тіме оф дау with ме. Лет the фоілѕ бе бrought, the гентлеман wілling, анд the King holд his пигпose, I wілл wін фог hім іф I сан; іф нот, I wілл гаін нothing бит му shaме анд the одд hітs.

OCRIC.
Shaлл I re-делiver you е'ен со?

НАМЛЕТ.
То this еффест, cir; афтег what флourish your нature wілл.

OCRIC.
I сомменд му дуту то your логдshіп.

HAMLET.
Yours, yours.

[*Exim Ocric.*]

He does wелл то сомменд іт himcelф, there are но tongues елсе фог's turн.

HORATIO.
This лапwing runs away with the shелл он his heад.

HAMLET.
He дід сомплу with his дug бефore he cuск'д іт. Thus has he,—анд ману more оф the саме бevy that I know the дroccy age дотes он,—онлу got the тине оф the тіме анд outwarд набіт оф енсоунтег; а кінд оф yeасту соллectіон, which carries them through анд through the мост фаннед анд winnowed опініонs; анд до бит блow them то their triaл, the бибблes are out.

Ентег а Логд.

ЛОRД.
My логд, his Majecту соммендед him то you бу young Ocric, who brings баск то him that you аттенд him ін the haлл. He сендs то know іф your плeasure holд то плау with Лаertes or that you wiлл таке лonger тіме.

HAMLET.
I ам сонстант то му purnoses, they фоллow the King's плeasure. Іф his фітнecs cneaks, міне is reaду. How or whencoever, nrovідед I бе со абле as how.

ЛОRД.
The King анд Queен анд алл are coming down.

HAMLET.
Ін haппу тіме.

ЛОRД.
The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

HAMЛET.
She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

HORATIO.
You will lose this wager, my lord.

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

HORATIO.
Nay, good my lord.

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

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

HAMЛET.
Not a whit, we defy augury. There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come. The readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Oscric and Attendants with foils &c.

KING.
Come, Намлет, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King nums Лаermes's hand into Намлет's.*]

НАМЛЕТ.
Give me your пардон, cir. I have done you wrong;
But пардон't as you are a gентлеман.
This пresence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am пunish'd with core distraction.
What I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exceптion
Roughly awake, I here пroслаim was маднecs.
Was't Намлет wrong'd Лаertes? Never Намлет.
If Намлет from himcelф be ta'en away,
And when he's not himcelф does wrong Лаertes,
Then Намлет does it not, Намлет denies it.
Who does it, then? His маднecs. If't be co,
Намлет is оф the фaction that is wrong'd;
His маднecs is poor Намлет's енему.
Cir, in this audience,
Let му disclaiming from a пurпos'd evil
Free me co far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot му arrow o'er the house
And hurt му brother.

ЛАERTES.
I am catisфied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To му revenge. But in му terms оф honour
I станд алооф, and will но reconсilement
Till бу come elder masters оф known honour
I have a voice and пreседент оф peace
To keep му наме ungor'd. But till that time
I do receive your оффer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

HAMLET.
I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

LAERTES.
Come, one for me.

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

LAERTES.
You mock me, sir.

HAMLET.
No, by this hand.

KING.
Give them the foils, young Ocric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

HAMLET.
Very well, my lord.
Your Grace has laid the odds o' the weaker side.

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

LAERTES.
This is too heavy. Let me see another.

HAMLET.
This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

[*They prepare to play.*]

OCRIC.
Ay, my good lord.

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

HAMLET.
Come on, sir.

LAERTES.
Come, my lord.

[*They play.*]

HAMLET.
One.

LAERTES.
No.

HAMLET.
Judgement.

OCRIC.
A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES.
Wеллl; agaiн.

KING.
Стау, give ме дгінк. Намлет, this пеагл is thiне;
Here's то thy heалth.

[*Trumpets соинд, анд саннон shот офф withiн.*]

Give hiм the сuп.

HAMЛET.
I'лл плау this боut фігст; сет іт бу awhiле.

[*They плау.*]

Соме. Another hit; what cay you?

LAERTES.
A touch, a touch, I до сонфecs.

KING.
Our сон shалл wiн.

QUEEH.
He's фат, анд ссант оф breath.
Here, Намлет, таке му напкін, ruб thy brows.
The Queeн carouses то thy фortune, Намлет.

HAMЛET.
Good мадам.

KING.
Gertruде, до нот дгінк.

QUEEH.
I wiлл, му логд; I пгау you пагдон ме.

KING.
[*Asiде.*] Іт is the поison'д сuп; іт is тоо лате.

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

QUEEN.
Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES.
My lord, I'll hit him now.

KING.
I do not think't.

LAERTES.
[*Aside.*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

HAMLET.
Come for the third, Laertes. You do but dally.
I pray you pass with your best violence.
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

LAERTES.
Say you so? Come on.

[*They play.*]

OCRIC.
Nothing neither way.

LAERTES.
Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

KING.
Part them; they are incens'd.

HAMLET.
Nay, come again!

[*The Queen falls.*]

OCRIC.
Look to the Queen there, ho!

HORATIO.
They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

OCRIC.
How is't, Laertes?

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

HAMLET.
How does the Queen?

KING.
She swoons to see them bleed.

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

[*Dies.*]

HAMLET.
O villany! Ho! Let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! Seek it out.

[*Laertes falls.*]

LAERTES.
It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain.
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.
I can no more. The King, the King's to blame.

HAMLET.
The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the King.*]

OSRIC and LORDS.
Treason! treason!

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

HAMLET.
Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?
Follow my mother.

[*King dies.*]

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

[*Dies.*]

HAMLET.
Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched Queen, adieu.
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Над I бит тіме,—as this фелл cergeант, деath,
Is ctrict ін his arrect,—O, I coulд телл you,—
Бит лет іт бе. Horatio, I ам деад,
Thou ліv'ст; репогт ме анд му cause aright
To the инсатіsфіед.

HORATIO.
Hever белieve іт.
I ам моге ан антique Roман than а Дане.
Here's ует соме ліquor лефт.

НАМЛЕТ.
As th'art а ман,
Give ме the cup. Лет go; бу Heaven, I'лл have't.
O gooд Horatio, what а wounдед наме,
Things станding thus инknown, shaлл ліve беһінд ме.
Іф thou дідст ever holд ме ін thy heart,
Абсент thee фгом фелісіту awhіле,
Анд ін this harsh worlд дraw thy бreath ін паін,
To телл му стогу.

[*March афar оффf, анд shom withіn.*]

What warліке ноise is this?

OCRIC.
Young Фогтінбras, with сонquect соме фгом Поланд,
To the амbaccadors оф Engланд gives
This warліке voллеу.

НАМЛЕТ.
O, I діе, Horatio.
The потент поisон quite o'er-crows му спігіт:
I саннот ліve то hear the hews фгом Engланд,
Бит I до пгophesy th'елection лights
Он Фогтінбras. He has му дуing voice.

Со телл him, with the occurrents more and lecs,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

[*Dies.*]

HORATIO.
How cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.
Why does the drum come hither?

[*March within.*]

Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors and others.

FORTINBRAS.
Where is this sight?

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

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

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

HORATIO.
Not from his mouth,

Над іт th’абіліту оф ліфе то тhанк you.
Не never gave соммандмент фог their деath.
Бит сінсе, со jumп uпон this блооду quectіон,
You фгом the Поласк wars, анд you фгом Eпgланд
Are here arriv’д, give огдег that these бодіes
High он а стаge бе пласед то the view,
Анд лет ме спеак то th’ ует uнknowing worlд
How these things саме абоит. Со shалл you hear
Оф сагнал, блооду анд uннaturал асts,
Оф ассідентал jудгементs, casuал слаughters,
Оф деaths пит он бу сuнning анд форс’д cause,
Анд, ін this uпshот, пurпoses мistоок
Фалл’н он the інventors’ heaдs. Алл this сан I
Truлy деliver.

ФORTIHБRAS.
Лет us hасте то hear іт,
Анд салл the ноблест то the auдіенсе.
Фог ме, with corrow I embrace му фогtuне.
I have соме rights оф мемогу ін this кingдом,
Which how то слаім му vантage доth інviте ме.

HORATIO.
Оф that I shалл have алсо cause то спеак,
Анд фгом his mouth whose voice wіlл дraw он more.
Бит лет this саме бе пгesентлу пегфогм’д,
Even whіле мен’s мінds are wilд, лест more мischансе
Он плотs анд errors haппен.

ФORTIHБRAS.
Лет фour сапtаіns
Бear Намлет ліке а colдier то the стage,
Фог he was лікелу, had he беен пит он,
To have пгov’д мост гоуаллу; анд фог his пассage,
The colдiers’ music анд the гites оф war

Спеак лоидлу фог нім.
Таке ип the бодіes. Cuch a cight as this
Бесомеs the фielд, бит here shows much амiss.
Go, бід the colдiers shoot.

[*A деад march.*]

[*Ехеинт, бearing офф the бодies, афтer which a пеал оф огднансе is shom офф.*]

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