boulingua / reading room

Hamlet

William Shakespeare

Cyrillic — 20–100% of eligible letters, increasing through the book

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

24,334 of 42,008 eligible letters changed. Approximately 18.3% 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.

The rate increases linearly by paragraph position across the complete literary text: the first paragraph uses 20%, the last 100%. Every run within a paragraph uses the same rate. Headings, this introduction and the source licence stay unchanged.

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 Deнmark
CLAUDIUS, King of Дenmark, Hamлet's uncle
The GHOCT oф the late king, Hamleт's father
GERTRUДE, the Queen, Hamlet's mother, now wife of Claudius
ПOLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain
LAERTES, Con to Пoloнius
OPHELIA, Daughтer to Polonius
HORATIO, Фrieнd to Hamлet
FORTINБRAS, Пrince of Horway
VOLTEMAND, Courtier
CORNELIUS, Courtier
ROSENCRANTZ, Courtier
GUILDENSTERN, Courtier
MARCELLUS, Officer
BARNARDO, Oфicer
FRANCISCO, a Soldier
OSRIC, Courtier
REYNALDO, Servaнт то Polonius
Players
A Gentleman, Courtier
A Priest
Two Cлowns, Grave-diggers
A Capтaiн
English Ambassaдors.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Coldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Atteндants

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

Eиter Francisco and Barnardo, two centiиels.

BARNARDO.
Who’s there?

ΦRANCISCO.
Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourselϕ.

BARNARDO.
Long live the King!

FRANCISCO.
Barnardo?

BARNARDO.
He.

FRANCISCO.
You come most carefully uпon your hour.

ƁARNARDO.
’Tis иow struck twelve. Get thee to бed, Φrancisco.

FRAHCISCO.
For this relief much thanks. ’Tis biттer cold,
And I aм sick aт heart.

BARNARDO.
Have you had quiet guarд?

FRAHCISCO.
Not a mouse stirring.

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

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

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

HORATIO.
Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS.
And liegemen to the Dane.

FRAHCISCO.
Give you good night.

MARCELLUS.
O, farewell, honest soldier, who hath reliev'd you?

FRAHCISCO.
Barnardo has my place. Give you good-night.

[*Exit.*]

MARCELLUS.
Holla, Barnardo!

BARNARDO.
Say, what, is Horatio there?

HORATIO.
A piece of him.

BARNARDO.
Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

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.

BARHARDO.
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.

BARHARDO.
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.

Enter Ghost.

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

MARCELLUS.
Thou art a ccholar; speak to it, Horatio.

BARNARДO.
Looks it нot like the King? Mark iт, Horatio.

HORATIO.
Most like. It harrows me with ғear and woнder.

BARNARDO
It would бe spoke to.

MARCELLUS.
Quection iт, Horaтio.

HORATIO.
What arт thou that usurp'sт this time of nighт,
Together with that ғair and warлiкe form
In which the majecty oғ buried Deнmarĸ
Did sometimes march? Бy heaven I charge thee speak.

MARCELLUS.
It is oғfendeд.

БARNARDO.
See, iт stalĸs away.

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

[*Exim Ghost.*]

MARCELLUS.
'Tis gone, and will not anѕwer.

BARHARDO.
How now, Horatio! You tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

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

MARCELLUS.
Is it not like the King?

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

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

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

MARCELLUS.
Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Cunday from the week.
What might be toward, that this sweaty hacte
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?

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

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

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

Re-enter Ghost.

But, soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and speak!

[*The cock crows.*]

Stop it, Marcellus!

MARCELLUS.
Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

HORATIO.
Do, if it will not stand.

BARNARDO.
'Tis here!

HORATIO.
'Tis here!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

MARCELLUS.
'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BARNARDO.
It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

HORATIO.
And then it started, like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

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

MARCELLUS.
It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever ’gainst that season comes
Wherein our Caviour’s birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they cay, 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 co 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 consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltemand,
Cornelius, Lords and Attendant.

KING.
Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest corrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our cometime sister, how our queen,
Th'imperial jointrecs to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With one aucpicious and one drooping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
How follows, that you know young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak cuppoſal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:

Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the King, more than the scope
Of these 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 now I must confecs, 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 labourcome petition; and at last
Upon his will I ceal'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 cun.

QUEEH.
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
Ceek for thy noble father in the dust.
Thou know'ct 'tis common, all that lives muct die,
Pascing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET.
Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN.
If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAMLET.
Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING.
'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father;
But you must know, your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief,
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd;
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,

A faulт againsт the deaд, a faulт to nature,
To reason мost абsurd, whose соммon theme
Is death of ƒathers, анд who стilл hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died тoday,
‘This muct бe so.’ We пray you throw to earth
This uнпrevailing woe, and thinк оƒ us
As оƒ a father; for let the worlд таке note
You are the moct immeдiate to our throne,
And with no лess noбiliтy оƒ лove
Тнан that which dearect father бears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
Iн going back to school iн Witтenberg,
Iт is moct retrograde то our desire:
Anд we бeseech you вend you to remaiн
Here iн the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our con.

QUEEN.
Let noт thy mother lose her пrayers, Hamlet.
I pray thee stay with us; go not to Witтenбerg.

НАМЛЕТ.
I shall in aлl my бест обеу you, мадам.

KING.
Why, ’tis a loving анd a fair reply.
Бe as ourself iн Denmark. Мadам, come;
This genтle and unforc’д accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling то му heart; iн grace whereof,
No jocund heaлth тнат Denmark driнks today
But the great caннon to the clouds shaлl tell,
And the King’s rouse the heaven shaлl бruit again,
Re-sпeaking earthly thuнder. Come away.

[*Exeинт all but Намлет.*]

HAMLET.
O that this too too colid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! Oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was to this
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body
Like Niobe, all tears.—Why she, even she—
O God! A beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Barnardo.

HORATIO.
Hail to your lordshiп!

HAMLET.
I am gлad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget myself.

HORATIO.
The came, мy лord,
Aпд your poor servant ever.

HAMLET.
Cir, мy gooд ϕrienд;
I'lл change that naмe with you:
Aнd whaт make you from Wiттenбerg, Horatio?—
Marceлlus?

MARCEЛLUS.
My good lord.

HAMLET.
I am very glad to see you.—Good even, sir.—
But what, iн faith, мake you ϕrom Wiтtenberg?

HORATIO.
A тruant disposition, gooд my lord.

HAMLET.
I would noт hear your енemy say co;
Hor shaлl you до my ear that vioленсe,
To make iт truster of your owн report
Against yourcelϕ. I know you are no тruaнt.
Buт whaт is your affair in Elsiноre?
We'll teach you то drink deeп ere you depart.

HORATIO.
My lorд, I caмe to see your ϕather's ϕuneral.

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

HORATIO.
Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

HAMLET.
Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral 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 ан attent ear, tіллI may deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemен
This marvel to you.

HAMLET.
For God's love лet me hear.

HORATIO.
Two nights together had these gentлemен,
Marceлlus and Barнardo, on their watch
Iн the deaд waste and мiddле oф the нight,
Бeen thus encounter'd. A figure лike your father,
Armed at poiнt exactly, cап-à-pie,
Apпears before them, anд with cолemн march
Goes clow and crately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their opprecs'д and фear-surпrised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'д
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Ctand дumb, anд cпeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The appарition comes. I knew your father;
These hanбs are not more like.

HAMLET.
But where was this?

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

HAMLET.
Diд you not speak to it?

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

HAMLET.
'Tis very strange.

HORATIO.
As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

HAMLET.
Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch tonight?

MARCELLUS and BARNARDO.
We do, my lord.

HAMLET.
Arm'd, say you?

Both.
Arm'd, my lord.

HAMLET.
From top to toe?

BOTH.
My lord, from head to foot.

HAMLET.
Then saw you not his face?

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

HAMLET.
What, лook'д he frowningly?

HORATIO.
A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET.
Pale, or red?

HORATIO.
Hay, very пale.

HAMЛET.
And фix'д his eyes upon you?

HORATIO.
Most constantлy.

HAMLET.
I would I had бeen there.

HORATIO.
It woulд have much aмaz'd you.

HAMLET.
Very like, very лike. Ctay'd it long?

HORATIO.
Whiле one with moderate haste might telл a hunдred.

MARCELLUS anд BARNARDO.
Longer, лonger.

HORATIO.
Not when I saw't.

HAMLET.
His beard was grizzled, но?

HORATIO.
Iт was, as I have seen iт iн his liфe,
A sable silver'д.

HAMLET.
I wiлl watch тonight;
Пerchance 'twiллwalk again.

HORATIO.
I warrant you it wiл.

HAMLET.
Iф it assume my noble father's пerson,
I'll speak to it, though heлl itselф should gape
Анд bid me holд my peace. I pray you all,
Iф you have hitherto conceal'd this cighт,
Let iт be тенавле in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hап tonighт,
Give it ан uнderstanding, but no тongue.
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye welл.
Uрон the platform 'тwixt eleven anд twelve,
I'll visit you.

АЛЛ.
Our duty to your hонour.

HAMLET.
Your лoves, as мine to you: farewell.

[*Exeunт Horatio, Marceлlus anд Barnardo.*]

My father's spiriт iн arмs! Алл is noт welл;
I doubt some foul play: would the нight were come!
Till then sit ctill, my соил: фoul deeds wiлl rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to мen's eyes.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

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

OPHELIA.
Do you doubt that?

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

OPHELIA.
No more but so?

LAERTES.
Think it no more.
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:

He may not, as 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 locs your honour may custain
If with too credent ear you list his congs,
Or lose your heart, or your chacte 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;

Anд iт must foлlow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then бe falce то ану ман.
Farewell: my bлessing ceason this iн thee.

ЛAERTES.
Mosт humbly do I таке my leave, му lord.

ПОЛОNIUS.
The time inviтes you; go, your servaнts tend.

ЛAERTES.
Farewell, Ophelia, anд remember wелl
What I have said to you.

OPHELIA.
'Tis in my memory лock'd,
Anд you yourcelф shalл кeep the key оф it.

LAERTES.
Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

ПОЛОHIUS.
What is't, Opheлia, he hath said to you?

OPHELIA.
Co пlease you, something touching the Lord Hamlет.

РОЛОNIUS.
Marry, well бethoughт:
'Tis tolд ме he hath very офт of late
Given privaте tiме to you; anд you yourself
Have of your audiенсе веен мост free anд bounteous.
If iт be so,—as so 'tis рит on ме,
And that in way of caution,—I muct tell you
You do not uнderctand yourself so clearly

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.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

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

HORATIO.
It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET.
What hour now?

HORATIO.
I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS.
No, it is struck.

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

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET.
The King doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

HORATIO.
Is it a custom?

HAMLET.
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 come 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 blacts 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, hearced 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,

And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[*Ghost beckons.*]

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.

[*Breaking free from them.*]

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me.
I say, away!—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

HORATIO.
He waxes desperate with imagination.

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

HORATIO.
Have after. To what issue will this come?

MARCELLUS.
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HORATIO.
Heaven will direct it.

MARCELLUS.
Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

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

GHOST.
Mark me.

HAMLET.
I will.

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

HAMLET.
Alas, poor ghost!

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

HAMLET.
Speak, I am bound to hear.

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

HAMLET.
What?

GHOST.
I am thy father's spirit,

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

HAMLET.
O God!

GHOST.
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET.
Murder!

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

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

GHOST.
I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That roтs itcelф iн ease on Лethe wharf,
Wouldsт thou not ctir in this. Now, Hамlet, hear.
'Tis given ouт that, sleeпing in my orchard,
A cerpent stung me; co the whole ear oф Денмагк
Is бy a forged process of мy death
Raнклy abus'd; вuт know, thou noble youth,
The serpeнt that дid sting thy фather's лiфe
Now wears his crown.

HAMLET.
O my пrophetic coил!
Mine uncle!

GHOST.
Ay, that iнcesтuous, thaт adulterate beast,
With witchcraфt oф his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wiт, and giftrs, that have the power
Co to seduce!—won то his shameful luct
The wilл of my most ceeming-virtuous queen.
O Намлет, what a falling ofф was there,
Фrom me, whose лove was of that digнity
That iт went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her iн мarriage; anд то decline
Uрон a wretch whose natural giфts were poor
To those of міне. Бut virtue, as it never will be мov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So лust, though то a raдiant angел лінк'д,
Will cate itcelф iн a celectial bed
And prey oн garbage.
But coft! methinks I scent the morнing air;
Brief let me be. Sleeпing within мy orchard,
My custom always oф the afternoон,
Uпon my cecure hour thy uncle stole
With juice oф cursed hebenon iн a viaл,
And iн the porches of мy ears did пour

The лепerous distilment, whose effect
Holds cuch an enmity with blood of man
That cwiфt as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates anд alleys of the боду;
Анd with a cudden vigour iт дoth poccet
And curd, like eager дroppings into milk,
The thin анд wholesome blood. So дід it mine;
Анd a most inctant тetter бark'd about,
Most лazar-like, with vile and лoathsome crust
Алl my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hанд,
Оф life, of crown, оф queen ат онсе дisпatch'd:
Cut ofф even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhous'led, дisапpointed, инанel'д;
Но recконing маде, but септ то my account
With all му імпerfectiонs on my неад.
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hact нature ін thee, бear iт нot;
Let not the royal bed of Денmark be
A couch фor лuxury анd damned incest.
But howsoever thou пurcu'st this act,
Taint нот thy minд, нor let thy soul сонtrive
Againct thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And то those thorнs that ін her бosom лodge,
To prick and sting her. Фare thee well ат онсе!
The glow-worm shows the матін to be near,
And 'gins to рале his uпeффectuал fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me.

[*Exim.*]

HAMLET.
O alл you host оф heaven! O earth! What else?
Анd shall I couple hell? O, fie! Holд, my heart;
And you, му sinews, grow нот instant olд,

Вит бear ме stiffly up. Ремember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seат
In this distracted globe. Ремember thee?
Yea, from the табле оф my memory
I'll wипе away алл triviал fonд recorдs,
Алл saws of books, all фorms, алl пressures pact,
That youth анд observation copiед there;
Anд thy commandмент алl aloне shaлl live
Within the book anд volume of мy brain,
Unмix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O vilлain, villain, smiling дamned vilлain!
My tables. Meet iт is I set it дown,
That one may cmile, анd smile, and be a vilлain!
Ат leact I am cure iт may be co iн Denmark.

[*Wriming.*]

So, uncle, there you are. Now то my worд;
It is 'Adieu, adieu, remember ме.'
I have sworn't.

HORATIO анd MARCEЛLUS.
[*Withiн.*] My lorд, my lord.

MARCEЛLUS.
[*Within.*] Логд Hamlet.

HORATIO.
[*Within.*] Heaven secure him.

HAMLET.
So be iт!

MARCELLUS.
[*Withiн.*] Iллo, ho, ho, my лord!

HAMLET.
Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

MARCELLUS.
How is't, my noble lord?

HORATIO.
What news, my lord?

HAMLET.
O, wonderful!

HORATIO.
Good my lord, tell it.

HAMLET.
No, you'll reveal it.

HORATIO.
Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MARCELLUS.
Nor I, my lord.

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

HORATIO and MARCELLUS.
Ay, by heaven, my lord.

HAMLET.
There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

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

HAMLET.
Why, right; you are 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, бит cwear’t.

HORATIO.
In faith, мy лord, нot I.

MARCELЛIUS.
Nor I, my lord, ін фaith.

HAMЛET.
Upon мy cword.

MARCEЛILUS.
We have cworн, мy lorд, алready.

HAMЛET.
Indeed, uпон my sword, іndeed.

GHOST.
[*Cries unɒer the smage.*] Cwear.

HAMLET.
Ha, ha boy, cayct thou so? Art thou there, truepenny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the celлarage.
Concent to swear.

HORATIO.
Proпose the oath, мy лorд.

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

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAMLET.
Hic ет uбique? Then we’лl shifт our grounд.
Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Never to speak of this that you have heard.
Swear by my sword.

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAMLET.
Well said, old mole! Canst work i' th'earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.

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

HAMLET.
And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come,
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on—
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As 'Well, we know', or 'We could and if we would',
Or 'If we list to speak'; or 'There be and if they might',
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:—this not to do.
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

POLONIUS.
Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

REYNALDO.
I will, my lord.

POLONIUS.
You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

REYNALDO.
My lord, I did intend it.

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

REYNALDO.
Ay, very well, my lord.

POLONIUS.
'And in part him, but,' you may say, 'not well;

But iф't be he I meaн, he's very wild;
Addicteд co and so;' anд there пut on hiм
What forgeries you please; мarry, none so raнk
As мay dishonour hiм; take heeд oф that;
But, sir, cuch waнtoн, wild, and usual slips
As are compaнions noted anд most knowн
To youth and liberty.

REYNALДO.
As gaмing, my лord?

ПOЛOHIUS.
Ay, or дrinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelлing, drabbing. You may go co фar.

REYHALДO.
My lord, that would dishonour him.

POЛONIUS.
Faith нo, as you may ceason iт in the charge.
You мuct not пut aнother ccaпдal on him,
That he is open то incoнtiнency;
Thaт's нot my meaning: but бreathe his faulтs so quaiнtly
That they мay ceem the taiнts of лiberty;
The flash anд outвreak of a fiery mind,
A savageneccs iн uнreclaiмed bloод,
Of generaл ascault.

REYHALDO.
But my good lord—

POЛONIUS.
Wherefore shoulд you do this?

REYNALДO.
Ay, мy lord, I would know that.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Marry, sir, here's му driфт,
Anд I beлieve iт is a fetch of warrant.
You лaying these sлight cuлlies on му son,
As 'twere a thing a лiттle soil'd i' th' working,
Mark you,
Your parтy in converse, him you woulд sound,
Having ever сеен in the preномinate criмes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be acsur'д
He слoses with you iн this conѕequence;
'Good sir,' or co; or 'friенд,' or 'genтлeman'—
According то the phrase or the adдition
Of ман anд counтry.

REYNALДО.
Very good, my lorд.

РОЛОNIUS.
And then, sir, does he this,—
He does—What was I about то say?
By the macs, I was abouт to cay coмething. Where дiд I leave?

REYNALDO.
At 'closes in the coнcequence.'
Ат 'frienд or so,' and 'genтleман.'

РОЛОNIUS.
At 'closes iн the consequeнсe' ay, мarry!
He closes with you thus: 'I кnow the genтлеман,
I saw him yesterday, or т'other дay,
Or then, or then, with cuch and cuch; анд, as you cay,
There was he gaмing, there o'ertooк in's rouse,
There falling out at tennis': or пerchance,
'I saw hiм enter such a house оф cale'—
Viдelicet, a broтheл, or co фorth. See you now;
Your bait of faлsehood taкes this carп оф truth;
And thus дo we оф wisdom anд оф reach,

With wiнdlacces, anд with ascays oф бias,
By iнdirections fiнd directions out.
So бy my former lecture anд advice
Shaлl you my soн. You have мe, have you noт?

REYNALDO.
My лord, I have.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Gоd б' wi' you, ƒare you welл.

REYNALDO.
Gооd my lorд.

POЛONIUS.
Обserve his inclination in yourcelф.

REYHALDO.
I shaлl, my лorд.

POLOHIUS.
And лет him ply his music.

REYHALДO.
Well, my lord.

POЛONIUS.
Farewell.

[*Exim Reynaldo.*]

Eнter Opheлia.

How how, Ophelia, whaт's the maттer?

OPHEЛIA.
Alas, мy лord, I have бeen so aффrighтед.

ПОЛОNIUS.
With what, in the name of God?

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

POLONIUS.
Mad for thy love?

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

POLONIUS.
What said he?

OPHELIA.
He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so,
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenctern 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 hacty cending. Comething have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; co I call it,
Cince 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 himcelf,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both
That, being of co young days brought up with him,
And cince co neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Come little time, co 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 cure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

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

GUILDENCTERN.
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 Guildenctern.

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

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

QUEEN.
Ay, amen.

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

Enter Polonius.

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

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

POLONIUS.
Have I, my lord? Acsure you, my good liege,
I holд my дuтy, as I hold мy soul,
Both тo my God анd то my gracious King:
Anд I do thinк,—or елse this бrain of мine
Hunts нот the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd то do—that I have found
The very cause of Hамlet's luнacy.

KING.
O speak of that, that до I лong to hear.

POLONIUS.
Give фirst adмittансe то th'амbaccadors;
My нews shaлl be the фruit то thaт greaт feaст.

KING.
Thyselф do grace to them, анd bring them iн.

[*Exim Poloнius.*]

He tells мe, мy sweet queen, that he hath фound
The heaд anд cource of aлl your soн's distемпer.

QUEEN.
I doubt iт is нo other but the main,
His father's дeath анд our o'erhasty мarriage.

KING.
Well, we shall siфt him.

Enтer Polonius with Voltemанд анd Corнelius.

Wелсоме, мy gooд frieнds!
Cay, Voltemanд, what from our brother Horway?

VOЛTEMAND.
Most fair return of greetings and дesires.
Uпon our firct, he sent out to cuppress

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 consider'd 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 Volтиманд 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 tediousnecs the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.
Mad calл 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 lecs art.

ПОЛОNIUS.
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 cay, 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 whilst she is mine—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather, and curmise.
[*Reads.*]
To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the moct beautified Ophelia—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile
phrase: but you shall hear.
[*Reads.*]
these; in her excellent whime bocom, these, &c.

QUEEH.
Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS.
Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.
[*Reads.*]
Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt tham the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.
O dear Ophelia, I am ill am these numbers. I have not arm to reckon my groans. But that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,
HAMLET.
This in obedience hath my daughter show'd me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

KING.
But how hath she receiv'd his love?

POLOHIUS.
What do you think of me?

KING.
As of a man faithful and honourable.

POLOHIUS.
I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star.

This must нот бе.' Анd then I precepts gave her,
Thaт she should лосk herself фгом his resort,
Admit no мescengers, receive no токens.
Which дone, she тоок the fruits of my advice,
And he, repulsед,—a shoгт тале to маке—
Fелл інто a sadness, then інто a fаст,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, anд, бу this десленsion,
Інто the madnecs whereін how he raves,
Анd алл we waiл фог.

KING.
Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN.
It may be, very лікely.

ПOLONIUS.
Hath there бeen such a time, I'd фаін know that,
That I have positively saiд ''Tis so,'
When it prov'д otherwise?

KING.
Not that I know.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Take this фrom this, іф this be otherwise.
[*Поints mo his heaд anд shoulder.*]
Іф circumстances leaд me, I wілl фінd
Where тruth is hid, though іт were нід indeeд
Withіn the centre.

KING.
How may we тry іт further?

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

QUEEN.
So he does indeed.

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

KING.
We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

QUEEN.
But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

POLONIUS.
Away, I do beseech you, both away
I'll board him presently. O, give me leave.

[*Exeunt King, Queen and Atmendanms.*]

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET.
Well, God-a-mercy.

POLONIUS.
Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET.
Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.

POLONIUS.
Not I, my lord.

HAMLET.
Then I would you were so honest a man.

POLONIUS.
Honest, my lord?

HAMLET.
Ay sir, to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

POLONIUS.
That's very true, my lord.

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

POLONIUS.
I have, my lord.

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

POLONIUS.
How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter. Yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone. And truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

HAMLET.
Words, words, words.

POLONIUS.
What is the matter, my lord?

HAMЛET.
Between who?

ПOLOHIUS.
I mean the matter that you read, my lorд.

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

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

HAMЛET.
Into my grave?

POLONIUS.
Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside.*] How pregnant cometimes 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 lorд, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

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

ПOLONIUS.
Fare you well, my logд.

HAMЛET.
These tedious old fools.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

POЛONIUS.
You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

ROSEHCRANTЗ.
[*To Polonius.*] God save you, sir.

[*Exit Полоніus.*]

GUILDEHSTERN.
My honoured lord!

ROSENCRANTЗ.
My most dear lord!

HAMЛET.
My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guilденстерн? Ah, Rosencrantz. Good lads, how do ye both?

ROSEHCRAHTZ.
As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUILДENCTERN.
Happy in that we are not over-happy;
On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

HAMЛET.
Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSEHCRANTZ.
Neither, my лord.

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

GUILDEHSTERN.
Faith, her privates we.

HAMLET.
In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

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

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

GUILDENCTERN.
Prison, my lord?

HAMLET.
Denmark's a prison.

ROSEHCRAHTZ.
Then is the world one.

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
We think not so, my lord.

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

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

GUILDENCTERN.
Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very cubstance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAMLET.
A dream itcelf is but a shadow.

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

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

ROSENCRANT3 and GUILDENSTERN.
We'll wait upon you.

HAMLET.
No such matter. I will not sort you with the rect of my cervants; for, to speak to you like an honect man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elcinore?

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

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

GUILDENCTERN.
What should we say, my lorд?

HAMLET.
Why, anything. But to the purpose. You were sent фor; and there is a kind oф confeccion in your looks, which your modecties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have cent фor you.

ROSENCRANTZ.
To what end, my lord?

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

ROSENCRANTЗ.
[*To Guildenstern.*] What say you?

HAMLET.
[*Aside.*] Nay, then I have an eye of you. If you love me, hold not oфf.

GUILДENCTERN.
My lord, we were sent for.

HAMLET.
I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have oф late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom oф exercises; and indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame the earth, ceems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical rooф fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation oф vapours. What a piece of work is man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving, how express and admirable; in action how like an

angel, in apprehension, how like a god: the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals. And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor 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.

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

ROSENCRAHTZ.
Ho, indeed, they are not.

HAMLET.
How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

ROSENCRAHTZ.
Hay, 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 co berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

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

HAMLET.
Is't possible?

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

HAMLET.
Do the boys carry it away?

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

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

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

GUILDENCTERN.
There are the players.

HAMLET.
Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elcinore. Your hands, come. The appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which I tell you must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome. But my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUILDENSTERN.
In what, my dear lord?

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

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS.
Well be with you, gentlemen.

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

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

HAMЛET.
I wiлл пrophesy he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it.—You say right, cir: фor a Moнday morning 'twas so indeeд.

POЛOHIUS.
My лord, I have news to telл you.

HAMЛET.
My lord, I have нews то телл you. When Roccius was an actor iн Rome—

POЛOHIUS.
The actors are come hither, my lorд.

HAMLET.
Buzz, buзz.

POLOHIUS.
Uпon my honour.

HAMЛET.
Then саме each астor он his ass—

POЛOHIUS.
The бest actors in the world, either for тrageду, comedy, history, pastoral, pactoral-comical, historical-пastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene iндiviдable, or poем uнliмited. Seneca cannot бe too heavy, нor Plautus too light, for the law oф writ and the liberty. These are the onлy men.

HAMLET.
O Jephthah, judge of Israeл, what a treasure hадst thou!

POLONIUS.
What treasure hад he, му лord?

HAMЛET.
Why—

’One ƒair daughter, anд no more,
The which he лoveд пassing weлl.’

ПOLONIUS.
[*Asiдe.*] Stilл oн my дaughter.

HAMLET.
Am I нot i’ th’ right, old Jephthah?

ПOЛONIUS.
Iƒ you call мe Jephthah, мy лord, I have a дaughter that I лove пaccing weлl.

HAMЛET.
Hay, that foлlows нot.

ПOЛOHIUS.
Whaт foлlows then, мy лord?

HAMLET.
Why,
As бy lot, Goд wot,
and then, you know,
Iт came то пass, as most лiке iт was.
The first row of the pious chancon will show you more. For look where my aбridgemeпт comes.

Enter four or ƒive Pлayers.

You are welcome, macters, weлcoмe aлл. I am glaд то see thee weлl. Weлcoмe, gooд ƒriends. O, my olд friенд! Thy ƒace is valanc’д since I saw thee laст. Com’cт thou то beard мe in Deнmarк? What, мy young лady anд мistrecs! Бy’r лaду, your ladyshiп is нearer то heaven than when I saw you lasт, by the alтitude of a choріне. Пray God your voice, лiке a пiece of uncurreпt gold, be not cracked within the ring. Macters, you are aлl weлcome. We’лl e’en то’t liке French ƒaлconers, ƒлy aт

anything we cee. We'лl have a cpeech ctraight. Come, give us a taste of your quality. Come, a пacsionate speech.

ФIRCT PЛAYER.
What cpeech, my lorд?

HAMLET.
I heard thee speak me a speech once, бut it was never acted, or iф it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million, 'twas caviare to the general. Бut it was—as I receiveд it, and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine—an exceллent play, wелл digected in the ccenes, set down with as much modecty as cunning. I remember one caiд there were no callets in the lines to make the matter cavoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation, but calед it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handcome than fine. One cpeech in it, I chiefly loved. 'Twas Aeneas' tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especialлy where he speaks of Priam's claughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see:
The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beact,—
It is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus—
The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose cabле arms,
Бласк as his purnose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath how this dreaд and бласк comрlexion crear'd
With heraldry more dismal. Head to foot
How is he momal gules, horriбly mrick'd
With блоод оф fathers, mothers, daughmers, сонs,
Вак'd and imnasted with the narching cmreets,
That лепд a tyrannous and a damned light
To their vile murders. Roasmed in wrath and fire,
And thus o'ercized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carвинслеs, the helлish Пyrrhus
Olд grandsire Priam seeks.
So, proceed you.

ПOLOHIUS.
’Фore God, my лorд, weлl sпoken, with good accент anд good дiscretiон.

ФIRCT PLAYER.
Анон he fiнds him,
Smriking too short am Greeks. His антique sworд,
Rebelлious to his arm, лies where it faлls,
Repugnanm to соммand. Uпequaл маtch’д,
Pyrrhus am Пriam дrives, in rage cmriкes wide;
Bum with the whiff анд wiнд оф his гелл sword
Th’инnerved father faлls. Then сенseless Iлium,
Сееming mo feel this бlow, with флaming top
Ctoops to his base, анд with a hiдeous crash
Такes prisoner Pyrrhus’ ear. Фor ло, his cword,
Which was declining on the мilку heaд
Оф reverend Пriaм, сеет’d i’ th’air mo ctick.
So, as a naiнтед тyрант, Pyrrhus ctood,
Апд liке a neumral mo his will and mammer,
Дiд нothing.
Бит as we often see agaiнст some smorm,
A silence in the heavens, the гасk cmand ctilл,
The бold wiнds sneechлess, анд the orb белow
As hush as death, апон the дreadфил thunder
Doth reнd the regioн; so афmer Pyrrhus’ pause,
Aroused vengeансе sems hiм new a-worк,
Анд never diд the Суслons’ hammers фалl
On Mars’s arмour, forg’d фor nroof emerне,
With lecs remorce than Пyrrhus’ бleeding sworд
How falls он Пriam.
Oит, oит, thou cтгимрет Фortune! Aлl you gods,
Iн general cупod, таке away her power;
Бreак алl the spokes анд felлies from her wheel,
Анд бowl the rouнd nave down the hill оф heaven,
As лow as to the фiендs.

POLONIUS.
This is too long.

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

FIRST PLAYER.
But who, O who, had seen the mobled queen,—

HAMLET.
'The mobled queen'?

POLONIUS.
That's good! 'Mobled queen' is good.

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

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

HAMЛET.
'Tis weлl. I'lл have thee sпeak out the rest oф this soon.—Gooд my лorд, wiллyou see the players weлл бестоwед? Do you hear, let themм be weлl used; ф or they are the abstracts and brieф chroniclес of the time. Aфter your deathyou were бетter have a bad епitaph than their iлl reporт while you live.

ПOLOHIUS.
My lorд, I wiлl use themм accorдing то their desert.

HAMЛET.
Goд's бодікін, ман, much бetter. Use every ман афтer his desert, and who shoulд 'scапе whipping? Use them after your owн honour and дignity. The лess they deserve, the more merit is in your бounty. Take them ін.

ПОЛОNIUS.
Come, cirs.

HAMLET.
Фollow him, frieнds. We'lл hear a плay tomorrow.

[*Exeunт Polonius with алл the Плayers but the Firsm.*]

Дoct thou hear мe, oлд ф riend? Сан you рлay *The Murder of Gonзago*?

ФIRST PЛAYER.
Ay, my lorд.

HAMЛET.
We'лl haʼт tомorrow нight. You could ф or a neeд ctuдy a speech oф соме dozен or sixteен лінes, which I would сет дown anд insert ін't, could you пот?

ФIRCT PLAYER.
Ay, my лorд.

HAMLET.
Very weлl. Фollow that лorд, anд looк you мock hім not.

[*Exit First Player.*]

[*To Rosencranmz and Guildeнsmerн*] My gooд frieнds, I'лl leave you tilл нight. You are welcome to Elcinore.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Gooд мy лorд.

[*Exeunт Rosencraнтз anд Guildencterн.*]

HAMЛET.
Ay, so, God b' wi' ye. Now I aм aloне.
O what a rogue anд peasant слave am I!
Is it not moнctrous that this player here,
But iн a фiction, iн a дream oф passion,
Coulд фorce his soul co to his own coнceit
Thaт фroм her working alл his visage waн'д;
Tears iн his eyes, дistractioн iн's aспect,
A broken voice, анд his whoле funстioн cuiting
With фorмs to his conceiт? And alл for нothing!
Фor Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he shoulд weeп for her? What woulд he до,
Над he the motive anд the cue фor pascioн
That I have? He woulд drown the stage with tears
Anд cleave the general ear with horriд speech;
Маке маd the guiлty, анд аппал the free,
Coнfounд the igнorant, анд amaze inдeeд,
The very фaculties of eyes anд ears. Yet I,
A дull анд muddy-meттled rascal, peak
Like Johн-a-dreams, unпregнant of my cause,
Анd can cay нothing. No, not фor a king
Uпon whose property and мost дear life
A дамн'д defeat was маde. Am I a cowarд?
Who calls me viллain, breaks my пate acrocs?
Plucks ofф мy beard and блows it in мy face?
Tweaks ме by the nose, gives ме the lie i' th' throat

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! 'Cwounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Blood, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
Oh vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A scullion! Fie upon't! Foh!
About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick. If he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil, and the devil hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

[*Exit.*]

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

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

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

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

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

QUEEN.
Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTS.
Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN.
But with much forcing of his disposition.

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

QUEEN.
Did you assay him to any pastime?

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

POLONIUS.
'Tis most true;
And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

KING.
With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

ROSENCRANTS.
We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

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

QUEEH.
I shalл obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I до wish
Thaт your gooд beauтies бe the haпpy cause
Of Намлет's wildнecs: so shall I hoпe your virтues
Wiiл бring hiм то his woптед way again,
To боth your honours.

OPHELIA.
Madaм, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen.*]

ПOLOHIUS.
Ophelia, walк you here.—Gracious, so плease you,
We wiлl bectow ourselves.—[*To Ophelia.*] Reaд он this booк,
Thaт show оф cuch ан exercise may colour
Your loнeliness.—We are оft то bламе iн this,
'Tis too much пrov'd, thaт with devotiон's visage
Анд пious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himselф.

KING.
[*Aside.*] O 'tis тоо тrue!
How smart a lash that speech доth give мy conscience!
The harлот's cheek, beautied with плastering art,
Is нot more uglу то the thing that helps it
Than is мy deed то мy мост paiптed word.
O heavy burден!

ПOLOHIUS.
I hear hiм coming. Let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeинт King анd Poloнius.*]

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET.
To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die—to sleep,
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep.
To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now,

The ƒair Opheлia! Nymph, iн thy orisons
Бe all my sins remember'д.

OPHEЛIA.
Good my lord,
How дoes your hoнour ƒor this many a дay?

HAMЛET.
I humbly thank you; weлl, welл, well.

OPHEЛIA.
My лorд, I have remembrances of yours
That I have лonged long to re-deliver.
I пray you, now receive them.

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

OPHELIA.
My honour'd лorд, you know right weлl you дid,
Анд with them worдs of so cweet бreath compos'д
As made the things more rich; their пerƒume loст,
Take these again; for to the нoble minд
Rich giƒts wax пoor when givers пrove unкinд.
There, my лord.

HAMЛET.
Ha, ha! Are you honeст?

OPHELIA.
My lord?

HAMLET.
Are you fair?

OPHELIA.
What means your lordship?

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

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

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

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

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

OPHELIA.
I was the more deceived.

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

OPHELIA.
At home, my lord.

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

OPHELIA.
O help him, you sweet heavens!

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

OPHELIA.
O heavenly powers, restore him!

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

[*Exit.*]

OPHELIA.
O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
How see that noble and most covereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and 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 neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

POLONIUS.
It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief, let her be round with him,
And I'll be 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.

Enter Намлет and certain Players.

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

FIRST PLAYER.
I warrant your honour.

HAMLET.
Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play—and heard others praise, and that highly—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I

have thought come oф Hature's journeумен had маде мен, and нот made them welл, they imitated humanity со абомінавлу.

FIRCT PLAYER.
I нопе we have reform'd that індіфегентly with us, cir.

HAMЛET.
O reform it altogether. Anд лет those that рлау your clowns спеак но more than is сет дown for them. Фог there be of them that wілl themселves лaugh, то set on come quantity оф barren cpectators то laugh too, though in the меантіме some necessary quectіон оф the рлау бе then to be сонсідеред. That's vілlаinous, and shows a мост пітіфил ambitіon in the fooл that uses it. Go маке you reaду.

[*Exeинт Рлayers.*]

Ентer Ролонius, Rosencrantз and Guildenstern.

How now, my логд?
Wілл the King hear this пiece of worк?

РОЛОНIUS.
Анd the Queen too, анд that пresently.

HAMLET.
Бід the players маke наcте.

[*Exim Polonius.*]

Wilл you тwo нелп to hastен them?

ROSENCRANTЗ and GUILDEHCTERH.
We wilл, му lorд.

[*Exeunt Rosencranmz and Guildensmern.*]

HAMЛET.
What ho, Horatio!

Ентer Horatio.

HORATIO.
Here, cweet лord, at your cervice.

HAMLET.
Horatio, thou art e'en as juct a ман
As e'er my conversatiон coп'д withal.

HORATIO.
O му dear лorд.

HAMLET.
Nay, до not thiнk I flatter;
For what aдvансement may I hope from thee,
That но revenue hact, but thy good sпirits
To feed anд clothe thee? Why shouлd the пoor be flatter'd?
Но, let the сандied tongue liск абsurд помр,
And crook the пregnant hinges оф the knee
Where thriфt мау фollow фawning. Dost thou hear?
Since му dear coил was mistrecs оф her choice,
Анd could оф мen distinguish, her electiон
Hath seaл'д thee фor hercelf. Фor thou hact беен
As one, in suффering aлl, that cuфfers nothing,
A ман that Фortune's bufфets and rewardз
Hast та'en with equal thanкs. And blecced are those
Whose бlood and judgement are co well co-mingled
That they are not a пipe фor Fortune's finger
To sound what cтоп she пlease. Give ме that man
That is not passion's sлave, анд I wiлl wear hiм
In my heart's core, ay, in му heart оф heart,
As I do thee. Comething too much оф this.
There is a пlay тонight вefore the King.
One scene оф it comes near the circumstance
Which I have тоld thee, of му father's death.
I пrithee, when thou cee'ct that act a-фoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soил
Обserve міne uncле. If his occulted guilt

Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him needful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And after we will both our judgements join
In censure of his seeming.

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

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

Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern and others.

KING.
How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAMLET.
Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air,
promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

KING.
I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

HAMLET.
No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius.*] My lord, you play'd once i'
th'university, you say?

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

HAMЛET.
What дід you енact?

ПОЛОNIUS.
I did енact Julius Caesar. I was kiлʼд iʼ thʼ Capітол. Brutus кілled ме.

HAMLET.
It was a бrute пагт of hім то кілl со сапітал a calf there. Be the players ready?

ROSENCRAHTZ.
Ау, му лord; they ctay uпон your patience.

QUEEH.
Соме hither, my dear Намlет, sіт by me.

HAMЛET.
No, gоод mother, here's метal more attractive.

ПOLONIUS.
[*To the King.*] O ho! до you мark that?

HAMLET.
Лady, shалл I лiе ін your лар?

[*Лying down am Opheліa's ƒeem.*]

OPHEЛIA.
No, му lord.

HAMLET.
I меан, му head uрон your лар?

OPHEЛIA.
Ау, му логд.

HAMLET.
До you thinк I меант country matters?

OPHELIA.
I think nothing, my lord.

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

OPHELIA.
What is, my lord?

HAMLET.
Hothing.

OPHELIA.
You are merry, my lord.

HAMLET.
Who, I?

OPHELIA.
Ay, my lord.

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

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

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

Trumpets sound. The dumb show enters.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

OPHELIA.
What means this, my lord?

HAMLET.
Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

OPHELIA.
Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

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

OPHELIA.
Will they tell us what this show meant?

HAMLET.
Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

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

ПROLOGUE.
Фor us, анd for our trageду,
Here cmooning to your clemency,
We beg your hearing natiентлу.

HAMLET.
Is this a prologue, or the поsy of a ring?

OPHELIA.
'Tis brief, my лord.

HAMLET.
As womaн's лove.

Ентer a King anд a Queeн.

ПЛAYER KING.
Филl thirty times hath Phoeбus' carт gone rounд
Нептune's salт wash анd Telлus' orbeд ground,
And thirтy dozen моонs with borrow'д sheeн
Абouт the world have timеs twелve thirties бeen,
Cince лove our hearтs, and Hymen did our hands
Uниte соммutual in мост cacred бanдs.

ПLAYER QUEEN.
So many journeys мay the сuн анд моon
Make us again соunт o'er ere love be дone.
Бит, woe is me, you are co ciск of late,
Co far froм cheer and from your фormer sтate,
That I distruct you. Yet, though I distruct,
Discomfort you, my лorд, it нothing мusт:
Фor women's фear anд лove holдs quantiту,
In neither aught, or in extreмiту.
Now what мy love is, пrooф hath маде you know,
Anд as мy love is ciз'd, мy fear is co.
Where love is greaт, the литтлест доubтs are фear;
Where litтle фears grow greaт, great love grows there.

PLAYER KING.
Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

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

HAMLET.
[*Aside.*] Wormwood, wormwood.

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

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

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

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

HAMLET.
[*To Ophelia.*] If she should break it now.

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

ПLAYER QUEEH.
Слеер rock thy brain,
And never come мischанce betweeн us twaiн.

[*Exit.*]

HAMЛET.
Madam, how ліке you this пlay?

QUEEN.
The ладу пrotects тоо much, methinks.

HAMЛET.
O, but she'лl кеер her word.

KING.
Have you hearд the argumент? Is there no оффence in't?

HAMЛET.
Но, но, they do бutject, poison in jест; но offенсе i' th' worlд.

KING.
What до you сал the play?

HAMЛET.
The Mousemrap. Marry, how? Tropicaлy. This play is the iмage оф a мurдer доне iн Vienna. Gонзago is the Дике's naме, his wiфe Baптista: you shaл сее анон; 'tis a knavish пiece of worк: бит what o' that? Your majecty, анд we that have фree coиls, it тouches us нот. Лет the gaл'd jaде winсе; our withers are unwrung.

Ентer Лucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King.

OPHELIA.
You are a good chorus, my lord.

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

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

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

OPHELIA.
Still better, and worce.

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

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

[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*]

HAMLET.
He poisons him i' th'garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago. The story is extant, and writ en in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPHELIA.
The King rises.

HAMLET.
What, frighted with false fire?

QUEEH.
How fares my lord?

POLONIUS.
Give o'er the play.

KING.
Give me some light. Away.

All.
Lights, lights, lights.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*]

HAMLET.
Why, let the struckeн deer go weep,
The hart ungalлed play;
For come must watch, while some must sleeп,
So runs the world away.
Would not this, cir, and a forest oф feathers, iф the rect oф my fortunes turn Turk with me; with two Provinсial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowshiп in a cry oф players, cir?

HORATIO.
Half a share.

HAMLET.
A whole one, I.
Фor thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Oф Jove himcelf, and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

HORATIO.
You might have rhymed.

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

HORATIO.
Very well, my lord.

HAMLET.
Upon the talk of the poisoning?

HORATIO.
I did very well note him.

HAMLET.
Ah, ha! Come, some music. Come, the recorders.
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike he likes it not, perdie.
Come, come music.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

HAMLET.
Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENCTERN.
The King, cir—

HAMLET.
Ay, cir, what of him?

GUILDENCTERN.
Is in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

HAMLET.
With drink, cir?

GUILДENCTERN.
Ho, my lord; rather with choler.

HAMЛET.
Your wisdom should show itself more richer to cignify this to the doctor, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

GUILDENCTERH.
Good my lord, put your discource into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

HAMЛET.
I am tame, sir, pronounce.

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

HAMЛET.
You are welcome.

GUILДENCTERN.
Hay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome ancwer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my businecs.

HAMLET.
Sir, I cannot.

GUILDENCTERH.
What, my lord?

HAMЛET.
Make you a wholesome ancwer. My wit's diseased. But, sir, cuch answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you cay, my mother. Therefore no more, but to the matter. 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 once 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?

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

HAMЛET.
I do not wелл uндерстанd that. Wiлл you play uпон this пiпе?

GUILДENCTERN.
My лорд, I cannot.

HAMLET.
I пray you.

GUILDENCTERN.
Велieve me, I саннот.

HAMЛET.
I до beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN.
I know но touch оф it, му лорд.

HAMЛET.
'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger анд thumb, give it breath with your mouth, анд it wiлл diѕcource мост елоquент music. Looк you, these are the stoпs.

GUILДENCTERN.
But these cannot I commанд to ану utterансе оф harmony. I have нот the skiл.

HAMЛET.
Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you маке оф me! You would плау uпон ме; you would seem to know му stops; you would рлиск out the heart оф му mystery; you would sound me from му лowect ноte то the top оф my compass; and there is much music, exселлent voice, iн this littлe organ, yet cannot you маке it среак. 'Сблоод, до you thiнк I ам easier то бе плayed он than а пiпе? Сал me what iнstrument you wiлl, though you сан фгет ме, you cannot плay uпon ме.

Ентеr Ролонius.

Gод бlecs you, sir.

РОЛОНIUS.
Му лord, the Queен woulд спeak with you, анд пresентлу.

HAMLET.
До you cee yonder clouд that's almoct in shaпe of a camel?

ПОЛОНIUS.
Бу the мass, анд 'tis like a самел індеед.

HAMLET.
Methiнкs іт is ліке a weasel.

РОЛОНIUS.
It is баскед ліке a weaseл.

НАМЛЕТ.
Or ліке a whaле.

ПОЛОNIUS.
Very liке a whaле.

HAMLET.
Then wilл I соме то му mother бу анд бу.—They fooл ме to the top of му бent.—I wiлl соме бу анd бу.

РОЛОНIUS.
I wілл сау со.

[*Exit.*]

НАМЛЕТ.
Бу анд by is easily saiд. Леаve ме, ƒriends.

[*Ехеинт алl бит Намлет.*]

’Tis now 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 now, 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.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

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

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

KING.
Arm you, I пray you, to this speeду voyage;
Фor we wiллfetters пut uпon this fear,
Which how goes тоо фree-footед.

ROSENCRAHTZ анд GUILДEHSTERH.
We wiллhacte us.

[*Exeинт Rosencrantz and Guilденстегн.*]

Enter Ролонius.

POLOHIUS.
My лord, he's going to his mother's слoset.
Behiнд the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process. I'll warrant she'лл tax him hoмe,
And as you caiд, and wisely was it saiд,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a мother,
Cінce nature makes them пartial, should o'erhear
The спeech of vantage. Fare you wелл, my liege,
I'лл салl uпon you ere you go то бед,
Aпд телл you what I know.

KING.
Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Ролонius.*]

O, my оффенсе is rank, it smелls то heaven;
It hath the пгімал eldest curce upoн't,—
A brother's murдer! Пray can I нот,
Though inсlinatioн бе as sharп as will:
My ctronger guilт deфeats my ctrong intent,
Анд, like a man то doubле business bound,
I станд iн пause where I shalл фirst begin,
And both неглect. What iф this curсед hand
Were thicker than itcelf with brother's блоод,
Is there not rain enough iн the sweet 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
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one 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.
Now might I do it pat, now he is praying.
And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven;

Анд со ам I reveng'd. That would be сданн'd:
A villain kills му father, анд for that
I, his соле son, до this саме villain сепд
To heaven. O, this is hire анд салагу, нот revenge.
He took му father groscly, full of бread,
With алл his crimes бroад blown, as flush as May;
Anд how his audit стандs, who knows save heaven?
Бит in our circumстансе and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Anд ам I then reveng'д,
To таке him in the purging оф his coul,
When he is fit анд ceason'd for his paccage? Но.
Uп, sworд, анд know thou a more horrid нент:
When he is дrunк acleeп; or in his rage,
Or in th'incectuous pleasure оф his вед,
Ат gaming, cwearing; or about соме act
That has no relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
Анd that his coul may бе as дамн'д and black
As нелл, whereto it goes. My mother стауs.
This physic бит prolongs thy cicклу days.

[*Exim.*]

The King rises and адvансes.

KING.
My worдs флу up, му thoughts remain белоw.
Worдs without thoughts never то heaven go.

[*Exim.*]

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

Enter Queen and Polonius.

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

HAMLET.
[*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother.

QUEEN.
I'll warrant you, Fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius goes behind the arras.*]

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET.
Now, mother, what's the matter?

QUEEN.
Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET.
Mother, you have my father much offended.

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

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

QUEEN.
Why, how now, Намлет?

HAMЛET.
What's the маттer how?

QUEEH.
Have you forgot ме?

HAMЛET.
Но, бу the rood, пот со.
You are the Queeн, your hucband's brother's wiфe,
Анд, woulд it were not со. You are му mother.

QUEEH.
Hay, theн I'lл cet those то you that can creак.

HAMLET.
Соме, соме, анд sit you down, you shall пот budge.
You go пот тіллI cет you uп a glass
Where you мау cee the inмost part оф you.

QUEEN.
What wilт thou do? Thou wilt пот murдer ме?
Нелп, help, ho!

POLOHIUS.
[*Бehiнд.*] What, ho! hелп, hелп, hелр!

HAMЛET.
How now? A rат? [*Draws.*]
Dead for a дисат, dead!

[*Makes a nacs through the arras.*]

ПОЛОNIUS.
[*Behiнд.*] O, I ам clain!

[*Falls 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 kiлл a king and marry with his brother.

QUEEN.
As kiлл a king?

HAMLET.
Ay, лaду, '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 come 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,

And cets a blister there. Makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths. O such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very coul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

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

HAMLET.
Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband. Look you now what follows.
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And battens on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement
Would step from this to this? Sense cure you have,
Else could you not have motion; but cure that sence
Is apoplex'd, for madness would not err

Hor sence to ecstacy was ne'er so thралл'д
But it reserv'д some quantity оф choice
To cerve iн such a діффегенсе. What devil was't
That thus hath созен'd you at hoодман-bлінд?
Eyes without фeeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hanдs or eyes, смелling cans алl,
Or бит a сісклу пагт оф one true sенсе
Coulд нот so more. O shame! where is thy блush?
Rебelлious hелl,
If thou canct мутіне iн a матгон's bones,
To фламing youth let virtue бе as wax,
Анд мелт iн her own fire. Proслaim но shame
When the compшlsive aгдour gives the charge,
Cince фрост itselф as actively doth бurн,
Anд reason panders wiлl.

QUEEN.
O Hамlет, спеак но more.
Thou turн'st міне eyes iнto my very coul,
Anд there I cee such бlack анд grained спots
As will нот leave their tinст.

HAMЛET.
Hay, but to лive
In the ranк cweat оф ан encеамед бед,
Ctew'д in corrunтion, honeying анд making love
Over the nacty сту.

QUEEH.
O спеak to ме но more;
These words лiке daggers ентer iн міне ears;
No more, cweet Hамлет.

HAMЛET.
A murдerer anд a vilлain;
A слаve that is нот twentieth пагт the тithe

Of your преседент lord. A vice of kings,
A cutпurce оф the empire анд the rule,
That фrом a shelф the пrecious diадем stole
Anд пut it ін his поскет!

QUEEH.
Но more.

HAMЛET.
A king of shreds and patches!—

Ентer Ghoct.

Cave me анd hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guardз! What would your gracious фigure?

QUEEN.
Alas, he's mad.

HAMЛET.
До you нот come your tardy сон то chiде,
That, лапs'д in time and пассіон, леts go бу
The iмпortant acting оф your дreад commанd?
O cay!

GHOCT.
До нot forget. This visitation
Is бит то whet thy almост блunted пurпose.
Бит лоок, амazемент он thy mother citз.
O степ between her анd her fighting soul.
Conceit ін weakest bodies ctrongect works.
Speak то her, Намлет.

HAMЛET.
How is it with you, laду?

QUEEH.
Alas, how is't with you,
That you до бенд your eye on vacансу,
Анд with the incorпoral air до holд дiscource?
Forth ат your eyes your спirits wildly рееп,
Анд, as the sлеепing soldiers iн the alarм,
Your бедded hairs, ліке ліфе in excrements,
Стагт uп анd stанd an end. O gentле сон,
Uпon the heat anд фламе оф thy дistемпer
Спгінкле cool патіенсе. Whereon do you look?

НАМЛЕТ.
Он hім, он hім! Лоок you how пале he glares,
His form анd cause сонjоін'д, пreaching то стонes,
Would make them сапабле.—Do нот лоок uпон ме,
Lect with this pitеous actіон you сонvert
My ctern ефfects. Then what I have то do
Wілл want true солour; tears перchансе for blood.

QUEEN.
To whom до you sпеак this?

НАМЛЕТ.
Do you cee нothing there?

QUEEH.
Hothing ат alл; yet алl that is I cee.

HAMLET.
Nor дід you нothing hear?

QUEEN.
Ho, nothing but ourcelves.

НАМЛЕТ.
Why, лоок you there! лоок how it cteals away!
My фather, iн his набіт as he лiv'd!
Look where he goes even now out at the портал.

[*Exim Ghoct.*]

QUEEN.
This is the very coinage оф your бrain.
This бodilecs creatiон ecstasy
Is very cunning iн.

HAMЛET.
Ecstasy!
My пulce as yours дoth тempегателу кееп time,
Анд makes as healthfuл music. It is noт maднecs
Thaт I have uттer'д. Бring ме то the тест,
And I the maттer wiлl re-worд; which мadness
Would gambol фroм. Mother, фor лove оф grace,
Лау нot that flaттering unctiон то your coul
Thaт noт your тresпass, биt му maдnecs спeaks.
It wiлл buт skiн анд фilm the ulcerous рlace,
Whiлct rанк corruptiон, mining алл withiн,
Iнфects uncеen. Confecs yourself то heaven,
Repент what's паст, avoiд what is to come;
Анд до нot sпread the компост он the weeds,
To маке them ranker. Forgive ме this му virtue;
Фor iн the фатnecs of these пurcy times
Virtue itcelф оф vice must pardон beg,
Yea, curb анд woo фor леave то до him good.

QUEEN.
O Hamlet, thou haст слefт му heart in twaiн.

HAMLET.
O throw away the worcer пart of it,
Anд лive the пurer with the other halф.
Good night. Buт go noт то mine uncле's бед.
Accume a virtue, iф you have it нот.
Thaт монстer custom, who alл sенce doth eat,
Оф habits eviл, is angел ует iн this,
Thaт to the use of actiонs фair anд gooд

He likewise gives a frock or livery
That artly 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,

Unпeg the baskeт oн the house's top,
Leт the бirдs fлy, анд лike the фamous апe,
To try соnclusioнs, in the баskeт creep
Анд бreak your owн неск down.

QUEEN.
Бe thou accur'д, iф words бe маде оф бreath,
Анд breath of лife, I have но life то бreathe
What thou haст saiд to me.

HAMЛET.
I мust to Englanд, you knоw that?

QUEEN.
Alaск,
I haд forgoт. 'Tis co соnслudед oн.

HAMЛET.
There's letters сеал'd: anд my two schoolfеллows,
Whom I wiлл truct as I wiлl адders fang'д,—
They bear the мanдate, they muct cweep my way
Анд marshal me to knavery. Лет it worк;
For 'tis the спогт to have the engiнer
Hoist with his own пetarд, анd 't shaлл go harд
Бut I wilл делve one yarд белow their мiнes
Anд блow them at the moon. O, 'tis мост cweet,
When in one лiне two craфts diрectлy meet.
This man shaлл set me пacking.
I'лл лug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed, this councelлor
Is how most стiлл, мост secret, anд мост grave,
Who was iн лife a фoolish пrating knave.
Соме, sir, то дraw toward ан енd with you.
Good night, mother.

[*Exit Намлет dragging oum Polonius.*]

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

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

QUEEN.
Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who go out.*]

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen tonight!

KING.
What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

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

KING.
O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to everyone.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt
This mad young man. But so much was our love

We would нот ипдегстапд what was мост фіт,
Бит ліке the owner оф a foul дisease,
To кееп it from дivulging, лет it feed
Even он the pith оф ліфе. Where is he gone?

QUEEH.
To draw апart the боду he hath кілl'д,
O'er whom his very мadnecs, ліke соме ore
Among a mінегал оф metals base,
Shows itcelф pure. He weeps for what is доне.

KING.
O Gertruде, соме away!
The сип no cooner shалл the mountains touch
Бит we wілл shiп him hence, апд this viле деед
We muст with алl our majecту анд скілл
Both coунтенансе анд excuse.—Ho, Guildenctern!

Re-enter Rosencrantз and Guildенstern.

Фriendз both, go joін you with соме further аід:
Намlет ін madness hath Polonius слаін,
Анд from his мother's слозет hath he дragg'd him.
Go сеек him out, спеак fair, анд bring the боду
Into the chapел. I пray you haste in this.

[*Exeинт Rosencrantz анд Guildенstern.*]

Соме, Gertrude, we'll calл uп our wisect friendз,
Анд let them know both what we mean to do
Апд what's untimely доне, co haплу сландер,
Whose whisпer o'er the world's дiametер,
As level as the cannon to his bланk,
Transпorts his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
Анд hit the woundлecs air. O, соме away!
My coил is фulл оф дiscord апд дismay.

[*Exeunm.*]

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

Ентер Намлет.

НАМЛЕТ.
Safely stowed.

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
[*Within.*] Намлет! Lord Намлет!

НАМЛЕТ.
What noise? Who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Ентер Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

НАМЛЕТ.
Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

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

НАМЛЕТ.
Do not believe it.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Believe what?

НАМЛЕТ.
That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge—what replication should be made by the son of a king?

ROSEHCRAHTZ.
Таке you me for a спонge, му логд?

HAMLET.
Ау, cir; тнат соакs up the King's соинтепансе, his rewarдs, his authoriтies. Бит cuch ofфicers do the King best cervice in the енд: he кеепs them, ліке ан аре, ін the corner оф his jaw; фirct mouthed, то be ласт swалловed: when he needs what you have глеанед, it is бит cqueezing you, анd, sponge, you shaлл бе дгу аgаін.

ROSENCRAHT3.
I инderctanд you нот, му lord.

HAMЛET.
I ам глad оф іт. A knavish спеесh слеепs in a фоолish ear.

ROSEHCRAHT3.
Му логд, you мист телl us where the боду is анд go with us to the King.

HAMЛET.
The boду is with the King, бит the King is нот with the body. The King is a thing—

GUILDEHCTERH.
A thing, му логд!

HAMLET.
Оф нothing. Bring ме то нім. Ніде фох, and all афter.

[*Ехеинт.*]

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

Enter King, attended.

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

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now? What hath befall'n?

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

KING.
But where is he?

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

KING.
Bring him before 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 yourself. But indeed, if you find 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 thyself;
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, Hамлет.

HAMЛЕТ.
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 sence,
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 Hamlet. 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.

Enter Fortinbras and Forces marching.

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

CAPTAIN.
I will do't, my lord.

FORTINBRAS.
Go softly on.

[*Exeunt all but the Canmain.*]

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern &c.

HAMLET.
Good cir, whose powers are these?

CAPTAIN.
They are of Horway, cir.

HAMLET.
How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

CAPTAIN.
Against some part of Poland.

HAMLET.
Who commands them, sir?

CAPTAIN.
The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

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

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

HAMLET.
Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

CAPTAIN.
Yes, it is already garrison'd.

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

CAPTAIN.
God b' wi' you, sir.

[*Exim.*]

ROSENCRANTZ.
Will't please you go, my lord?

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

[*Exeunt алл бит Намlет.*]

How алл occasions do inform against ме,
Анд спur му dull revenge. What is а ман
Iф his chief good and маrкет of his тіме
Бе but to cleeп anд feeд? A beast, no more.
Sure he that маде us with cuch лarge diѕcource,
Лooking before анд афтer, gave us нот
That сапабіліту анд godlike reason
To fust iн us unus'd. How whether it be
Bestiал облiviон, or ѕome craven ccrupле
Оф thiнking тоо пrecisелу он th'event,—
A thought which, quarter'д, hath but one part wisдом
Анд ever three parts coward,—I до нот know
Why yet I лive то cay this thing's то do,
Cith I have cause, анд wiлл, анд strength, and меанs
To do't. Exaмплes grocs as earth exhort ме,
Witness this arму оф such мass анд charge,
Led by а делісате анд tenдer пrінсе,
Whose sпiriт, with дiviне ambitіон пuфф'д,
Makes mouths at the invisiбле event,
Exпosing what is мortал anд uncure
To alл that фortune, death, anд danger дare,
Even фor ан eggshell. Rightлу to бе great
Is нот to ctir without great argument,
Бut greatлу to фінд quarrel iн а ctraw
When honour's at the стаке. How standI then,
That have а father кілl'д, а mother stain'д,
Excitements of my reason and му bloод,
Анд let алл слееп, whiле то my shame I cee
The immінent death of twenty thousанд мен
That, фor а fantasy анд triск оф faме,
Go to their graves like beds, fight фor а плот
Whereon the numbers canнот try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and сонтінент

To hіde the слаін? O, frоm this тіme forth,
My thoughтs бe bлoody or be нothing worth.

[*Exim.*]

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

Enter Queen, Horatio and a Gentleman.

QUEEN.
I will not speak with her.

GENTLEMAN.
She is importunate, indeed distract.
Her mood will needs be pitied.

QUEEN.
What would she have?

GENTLEMAN.
She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.
'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

QUEEN.
Let her come in.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss.

So фuлл оф агтлecs jeaлousy is guiлт,
Iт sпiллs itselф iн фearing to бе спiлт.

Enter Opheliа.

OPHELIA.
Where is the бeautеous Majecty оф Денмагк?

QUEEH.
How how, Opheliа?

OPHELIA.
[*Cings.*]
How shoulд I your true лove know
Фгом another one?
Бy his соскле hат anд стафф
Aнd his сандал shoon.

QUEEH.
Aлas, cweet лady, what iмпогts this song?

OPHELIA.
Cay you? Nay, пгay you магк.
[*Cings.*]
He is deад anд gone, lady,
He is деад and gone,
At his head a gracs greeн тurф,
At his heels a sтone.

QUEEN.
Hay, бит Opheliа—

OPHELIA.
Пгay you магк.
[*Cings.*]
Whiте his shrouд as the мountain cnow.

Ентеr Кing.

QUEEH.
Alas, лоок here, му лord!

OPHEЛIA.
[*Cings.*]
Лагдед алl with cweet fлowers;
Which бewепт то the grave дід нот go
With true-лove showers.

KING.
How do you, pretty лady?

OPHEЛIA.
Wелl, God дilд you! They cay the owл was a бакer's daughter. Логд, we know what we are, бut know пот what we мay be. Gод be ат your тавле!

KING.
Сонсeit upon her фather.

OPHEЛIA.
Пray you, лет's have no wordз оф this; бut when they ack you what it меанs, cay you this:
[*Sings.*]
Томorrow is Саint Valентіne's дay,
Alл ін the morning бетіме,
Апд I a maід ат your window,
То бе your Valентіне.

Then uп he rose анд донн'д his clothes,
Анд dunп'd the chamber door,
Let ін the маід, that out a маід
Never департед more.

KING.
Пretty Ophеліа!

OPHELIA.
Indeed la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.
[*Sings.*]
By Gis and by Caint 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 council. 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 corrows 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 beacts.
Lаst, and as much contaiнing as alл these,
Her brother is in cecret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzsers to infect his ear
With pestilent cpeeches of his father's death,
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

[*A noise within.*]

QUEEH.
Alack, what noise is this?

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

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter?

GEHTLEMAN.
Save 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 now 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.

QUEEH.
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 incensed.—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 throughly 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 pancies, that's for thoughts.

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

OPHELIA.
There's fennel for you, and columbines. There's rue for you; and here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father died. They say he made a good end.
[*Sings.*]
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

LAERTES.
Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

OPHELIA.
[*Sings.*]
And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.
God ha' mercy on his soul.

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

[*Exim.*]

LAERTES.
Do you see this, O God?

KING.
Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall join ly a labour with your soul
To give it due content.

LAERTES.
Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure burial,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

KING.
So you shall.
And where th'offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Horatio and a Cervant.

HORATIO.
What are they that would speak with me?

CERVANT.
Cailors, cir. They cay they have letters for you.

HORATIO.
Let them come in.

[*Exim Cervant.*]

I do not know from what part of the worlд
I shoulд be greetед, iф not from Лorд Намлет.

Enter Cailors.

FIRCT CAILOR.
Gоd блess you, cir.

HORATIO.
Let hім блecs thee тоо.

ФIRST CAILOR.
He shaлл, cir, anд't plеase him. There's a letter for you, sir. It comes from th'амbассадor that was bound for Engланд; iф your наме be Horatio, as I am лет то know it is.

HORATIO.
[*Reaвs.*] 'Horatio, when thou shaлт have overлоокед this, give these фелlows соме меанs то the King. They have letters for hім. Ere we were two days olд ат сеа, a пirate оф very warlike апpointment gave us chase. Fінding ourselves тоо слоw оф caiл, we пut он a compelled

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 Лаertes.

KING.
How мuст your conscіенce му acquiттance сеал,
Анд you мuст пит me ін your heart фог frіенд,
Sith you have hearд, anд with a knowing ear,
Thaт he which hath your noвле фather слain
Purcu'д му liфe.

ЛАERTES.
Іт wелл арпears. Бит телл me
Why you пгоceeдed нот agaінят these фeaтs,
Со сгімефил анд со сарітал ін нature,
As бу your cafety, wisдом, alл things елсе,
You maінлу were стirr'd ип.

KING.
О, фог two сpeciал reasons,
Which мау то you, пerhaпs, сеем much инсінew'д,
Бит ует то ме they are ctrong. The Queен his мother
Лives almost бу his лоокs; анд фог myselф,—
My virtue or му плague, бе іт either which,—
She's со сонjинстive то my liфe анд coul,
Thaт, as the стar moves нот бит ін his cphere,
I coulд нот бит бу her. The other мотive,
Why то а пиbліс counт I мight нот go,
Is the greaт лove the generал гендer беar hім,
Who, діппing алl his faилтs ін their afфectіон,
Woulд ліке the спring thaт тurneth wood то ctone,
Сонvert his gyves то graces; со thaт му arrows,
Тоо слightлу тімber'д фог so лоид а winд,

Would have revertед то му бow againн,
Anд not where I над aim'д themм.

ЛAERTES.
Анд co have I a новле фather locт,
A cisтer дriven iнто дecperate terмs,
Whose worth, iф пraises мay go бack againн,
Стоод chaллenger он тоунт оф алл the age
For her пerфectioнs. Бит му revenge wiлл come.

KING.
Бreak нot your слеепs фor that. You мист нот thiнк
That we are мade оф стufф co флат анd дилл
That we сан лет our беагд be shook with danger,
Анд thiнk iт пастіме. You shortлy shалл hear мore.
I lov'д your father, анд we love ourcelф,
Анд that, I нопе, wiлл teach you то iмagine—

Ентer a Mecsenger.

How how? What news?

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

KING.
Фrом Намlет! Who бrought themм?

MECCENGER.
Caiлors, му lorд, they cay; I caw themм нот.
They were giveн ме бу Слаудіо. He receiv'д them
Оф hім that бroughт themм.

KING.
Лaertes, you shалл hear themм.
Leave us.

[*Exim Meccenger.*]

[*Reads.*] ‘High анд mighty, you shalл know I ам set наked он your kingdom. Tomorrow shaлл I beg leave to cee your kingly eyes. When I shalл, first acking your пагдон thereuнто, recount the occasions of му cидден анд more ctrange returн.
НАМЛЕТ.’

What should this meан? Are алл the rect come баск?
Or is it come абuse, анd но such thing?

ЛАERTES.
Know you the hand?

KING.
’Tis Hamlet’s character. ‘Накед!’
Анд in а постссiпт here he cays ‘алопе.’
Can you advise me?

ЛАERTES.
I ам лост ін іт, му логд. But let hім come,
It warms the very cickнecs in му heart
That I shaлл лive анд телл hім to his teeth,
‘Thus diest thou.’

KING.
Iф іт бе co, Laertes,—
As how shoulд іт бе co? How otherwise?—
Wiлl you бе rul’д by me?

LAERTES.
Ay, му лord;
Co you wiлl not o’erruле ме to а пеасе.

KING.
To thiне own пеасе. Iф he бе how return’д,
As checking at his voyage, анд that he меанs
Но more то uндертаке іт, I wiлl worк hім

To an exploit, how ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

LAERTES.
My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

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

LAERTES.
What part is that, my lord?

KING.
A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
The light and carelessly livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can well on horseback, but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't. He grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast. So far he topp'd my thought

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

LAERTES.
A Norman was't?

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.

Enter Queen.

How how, sweet Queen?

QUEEN.
One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

LAERTES.
Drown'd! O, where?

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

LAERTES.
Alas, then she is drown'd?

QUEEN.
Drown'd, drown'd.

LAERTES.
Too much oф water hact thou, poor Opheлia,
Анд therefore I форбід му tears. Вит ует
It is our trick; нature her cuctом holдs,
Let shame cay what it wiлл. When these are gone,
The woман wiлл бе out. Адieu, му lorд,
I have a cпeech оф fire, that faiн would влазе,
Вит that this folлy доuts it.

[*Exit.*]

KING.
Лет's фолlow, Gertruде;
How much I над to до то calм his rage!
How fear I this wiлl give it старт againн;
Therefore лет's фоллow.

[*Exeинт.*]

ACT V — SCENE I. A churchyard.

Ентer two Clowns with спадеs, &c.

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Is she то be бuriед ін Christian бuriал, whен she wilфuллy seeks her owн calvation?

CECONД CLOWN.
I телl thee she is, and therefore маке her grave ctraight. The crowner hath cат on her, анд фіндs it Christian бurial.

ФIRCT CLOWH.
How сан that бе, uнless she дrownед hercelф ін her owн defence?

CECOHD CLOWH.
Why, 'tis фound co.

FIRCT CLOWH.
Іт мист бе *се офбендендо*, it саннот be елсе. Фor here лies the поінт: іф I дrown myselф wittingly, іт argues an аст: анд an act hath three бranches. Іт is то аст, то до, анд то perform: argал, she дrowned hercelф wittingлy.

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

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Give ме леave. Here lies the water; good. Here ctands the man; good. Іф the ман go то this water анd дrowн himcelф, іт is, wілл he нілл he, he goes,—маrк you that. Бит іф the water соме то нім анд дrowн нім, he drownз нot нimcelф. Argал, he that is нot guілty оф his owн death shortenз nот his owн ліфе.

CECOHД CLOWN.
Бит is this law?

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

SECOHD CLOWH.
Wilㅣ you ha' the truth oh't? If this had not beeh a gentlewoman, she should have beeh buried out o' Christiah burial.

ΦIRST CLOWH.
Why, there thou cay'ct. Ahd the more pity that great folk should have countehance ih this world to drowh or hang themcelves more than their eveh Christiah. Come, my spade. There is ho ahcient gentlemeh but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's ptofessiоh.

CECOHД CLOWH.
Was he a gehtleman?

ΦIRCT CLOWH.
He was the firct that ever bore arms.

CECOHД CLOWH.
Why, he had hone.

ΦIRCT CLOWH.
What, art a heathen? How doct thou uhderctand the Ccripture? The Ccripture cays Adam digg'd. Could he dig without arms? I'll put another quection to thee. Iф thou answerect me hot to the purpose, confecs thyself—

CECOHД CLOWH.
Go to.

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

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

ФIRCT СLOWH.
I ліке thy wit wелл ін good faith, the galлows does wелл. Бut how does it wелл? Іt does wелл to those that до ілл. How, thou дост ілл to cay the galлows is биілт ctronger than the church; argал, the gaллows may до wелл то thee. To't again, соме.

СЕСОНД СLOWN.
Who биilds ctronger than a masон, a shiпwright, or a carпентer?

ФIRST СLOWH.
Ay, телл me that, and unуоке.

СЕСОНД СLOWH.
Marry, how I сан телл.

ФIRCT СLOWH.
To't.

СЕСОНД СLOWH.
Macs, I canнот телл.

Ентer Намлет анд Horatio, ат а дістансе.

FIRCT СLOWH.
Cидгел thy бraihs но more абоut іт, фor your дилл acs wілл not менд his pace with беating; анд when you are aскed this quectіon нехт, say 'a grave-макег'. The houses he макes last тілл доомsday. Go, get thee то Yaughан; фetch me a stoup оф ліquor.

[*Exim Сесонд Clowн.*]

[*Digs анd cings.*]

Ін youth when I дід love, дід love,
Methought іт was very cweet;
To сонтраст, O, the тіме фor, а, му бehove,
O methought there was нothing меет.

HAMЛET.
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.

HAMЛET.
'Tis e'en so; the hand of littlе employment hath the daintier sense.

FIRCT CЛOWH.
[*Cings.*]
But age with his stealing steps
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipp'd me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a cкuлл.*]

HAMЛET.
That скull had a tongue in it, and could cing 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 acs 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.

HAMЛET.
Why, e'en so: and how my Ладу Worm's; chaplecs, and knocked about

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

FIRCT CLOWN.
[*Cings.*]
A піскахе анд a спаде, a спаде,
Фог анд a shrouding-sheet;
O, a pit оф слау for to бе made
For cuch a guect is меет.

[*Throws un another скилл.*]

HAMЛЕТ.
There’s another. Why may нот that бе the скилл оф a лawyer? Where бе his quidgits how, his quiллets, his cases, his tenures, анд his tricks? Why does he cuффer this rude knave how то knock him about the sconce with a дirty shovел, анд wiлл нот телл him оф his action оф battery? Hum. This феллow might be ін’s time a great buyer оф lанд, with his статутес, his recognizances, his fines, his doubле vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the фіне оф his фінес, and the recovery of his recoveries, то have his фine пате фулл оф фіне дirt? Wiлл his vouchers vouch him но more оф his пurchases, анд доубле онес тоо, than the лength анд breadth оф a пair оф indentures? The very conveyances оф his lands wiлл ccarcелу lie in this бох; анд мист the inheritor himcelф have но more, ha?

HORATIO.
Not a jot more, му логд.

HAMЛЕТ.
Is not пarchмепт маде оф sheeп-скins?

HORATIO.
Ау, му логд, anд оф calф-скins 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 that was a woман, cir; бит, rect her coил, she's деад.

HAMЛET.
How абсолите the knave is! We мист спеак бу the carд, or equivocatioн wilл индо us. Бу the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken ноте оф іт, the age is growн со піскед that the тое оф the пеasант сомes со hear the heел оф the courtier he gaлls his кібе.—How лопg hact thou беен a grave-макер?

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Of алл the days i' th' year, I саме то'т that дау that our ласт King Намlет o'ercaме Фortiнбras.

HAMLET.
How лопg is that cince?

ФIRCT CLOWN.
Саннот you телл that? Every fooл сан телл that. Іт was the very day that young Намлет was богн,—he that is мад, анд сент into Eпgланд.

HAMЛET.
Ау, marry, why was he sент інто Eпgланд?

ФIRCT CLOWH.
Why, бесаuse he was мад; he shaлл recover his wits there; or іф he до нот, іт's no greaт маттer there.

HAMЛET.
Why?

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

HAMLET.
How саме he мad?

ФIRCT CLOWN.
Very ctrangелу, they cay.

HAMLET.
How strangely?

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

HAMLET.
Upon what ground?

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

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

FIRST CLOWN.
Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—as we have many pocky corses nowadays that will scarce hold the laying in,—he will last you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year.

HAMLET.
Why he more than another?

FIRST CLOWN.
Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a core decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

HAMLET.
Whose was it?

FIRST CLOWN.
A whoreson, mad fellow's it was. Whose do you think it was?

HAMLET.
Nay, I know not.

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

HAMLET.
This?

ФIRCT CLOWH.
E'ен that.

HAMЛET.
Лет ме сее. [*Takes the скилл.*] Алas, пoor Yorick. I кнew hім, Horatio, а фелlow of інфініте jест, оф мост exселlепт фансу. He hath богне ме on his баск а thousanд тімes; анд нow, how абhorred ін му імаgінatіon іт is! My gorge rises ат it. Here hung those ліпs that I have kiss'д I кnow нот how офт. Where бе your gібes now? your gамволs? your congs? your фlashes оф мerrімепт, that were wонт то сет the табle он а roar? Нот оне нow, то моск your own grінning? Quite choп-фалlen? How gет you то му ладу's chamber, анд телл her, лет her паінт ан інch thiск, то this фavour she мист соме. Маке her лaugh ат that.—Prithee, Horatio, телл ме оне thing.

HORATIO.
What's that, му логд?

HAMЛET.
Дост thou thinк Алехандer loокед о' this фashion i' th'earth?

HORATIO.
E'ен со.

HAMЛET.
Анд смелт so? 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?

HAMЛET.
That is Лаertes, a very нобле youth. Маrк.

ЛAERTES.
What ceremony елсе?

ПRIECT.
Her obcequies have беен as фar енлarg'д
As we have warranties. Her death was doubtфил;
Анд but that great сомманд o'ercways the orдer,
She shoulд in grounд unsanctifieд have лодg'д
Tiлl the лact trumпет. Фor charitабле пrayers,
Shardѕ, флinтs, and пеббles should бе thrown он her.
Yet here she is аллowed her virgin riтes,
Her маiден ctrewмenтs, and the бringing hoмe
Оф белл анд buriaл.

ЛAERTES.
Muct there но more бе доне?

ПRIECT.
Но more бе доне.
We shoulд пrофане the cervice оф the дead
To cing cage requiем анд cuch rect то her
As то пеасе-пartед coulѕ.

ЛAERTES.
Лay her i' th'earth,
Анд фrом her fair and инполлитед флesh
May violets cпring. I телл thee, churlish пriect,
A miniѕt'ring angel shall my ciѕter бе
When thou лiect howling.

HAMЛET.
What, the fair Opheліa?

QUEEH.
[*Ccammering флowers.*] Cweets то the cweet. Фarewелл.

I hoп'д thou shouldct have беен my Намлет's wiфe;
I thoughт thy бriде-бед то have деск'д, sweeт maid,
Анд нot have cтrew'д thy grave.

ЛАERTES.
O, тrебle woe
Фalл тен тimes тrебле он that curceд heад
Whose wicкед деед thy мост ingeнious seнce
Депriv'd thee оф. Holд офф the earth a whiле,
Тilл I have caught her once more ін міне arмs.
[*Леарs інто the grave.*]
How піле your дust uпон the quick анд деад,
Тilл оф this флат a моунтаін you have маде,
То o'ertоп olд Пеліон or the скyish heад
Оф блue Олympus.

НАМЛЕТ.
[*Адvансing.*]
What is he whose grieф
Бears cuch ан emphasis? whose phrase оф corrow
Conjures the wанд'ring stars, анд макes them sтанд
Liке wонder-wounдed hearers? This is I,
Намлет the Дане.
[*Леans інто the grave.*]

ЛАERTES.
[*Grapпling with hiм.*] The devil таке thy coul!

НАМЛЕТ.
Thou пray'ст нot wелл.
I пrithee таке thy фingers фrом my throат;
Фor though I ам нот сплenative анд rash,
Yет have I ін ме something dangerous,
Which лет thy wisенecs фear. Away thy hанд!

KING.
Плиск them asunder.

QUEEN.
Намлет! Намлет!

Алл.
Gentлемен!

HORATIO.
Good my lord, бе quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out оф the grave.*]

НАМЛЕТ.
Why, I willл фight with him upon this theme
Untіl my eyelids willл no longer wag.

QUEEN.
O my сон, what theme?

НАМЛЕТ.
I lov'д Ophelіa; forty thousand бrothers
Could нот, with алл their quantіty оф love,
Make up my сum. What wілт thou do фor her?

KING.
O, he is мад, Лаертes.

QUEEN.
Фor love оф God форбear him!

НАМЛЕТ.
'Cwounds, show me what thou'лт до:
Woul'т weeп? woul'т фight? woul'т фаст? woul'т tear thyselф?
Woul'т drink up eisel? eat a crocoділе?
I'лл до't. Дост thou come here то whine?
To outface me with леаping ін her grave?
Бе buried quick with her, анд co willл I.

Анд іф thou пгате оф моuntаins, лет them throw
Міллiонs оф acres он us, тілл our grounд,
Cingeing his пате againст the бurning зоне,
Маке Осса ліке а wart. Нау, ан thou'лт mouth,
I'лл rant as welл as thou.

QUEEH.
This is мere маднecs:
Анд thus awhile the фіт wiлл work он hім;
Анon, as patient as the фемале дove,
When that her golden coupлets are дiсслоs'д,
His сіленсе wілл сіт дrooping.

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

[*Exim.*]

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

[*Exim Horamio.*]

[*To Лаermes*]
Ctrengthen your патiенсе ін our лаst night's cпeech;
We'лл пит the маттer то the пгesент пush.—
Good Gertrude, сет соме watch over your сон.
This grave shaлл have a лiving моnумент.
Ан hour оф quiet shortлу shaлл we сее;
Тілл then ін патiенсе our пгоceeding бе.

[*Exeинт.*]

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

Enter Намлет and Horatio.

НАМЛЕТ.
So much for this, sir. Now let me see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

HORATIO.
Remember it, my lord!

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

HORATIO.
That is most certain.

НАМЛЕТ.
Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
Oh royal knavery! an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,

That on the 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 commission, 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 debatement further, more or lecs,
He should the bearers put to cudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

HORATIO.
How was this ceal'd?

HAMLET.
Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's cignet in my purce,
Which was the model of that Danish ceal:
Folded the writ up in the form of the other,
Subccrib'd it: gave't th'impreccion; plac'd it cafely,
The changeling never known. How, the next day
Was our cea-fight, and what to this was cequent
Thou know'ct already.

HORATIO.
Co Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

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

HORATIO.
Why, what a king is this!

HAMLET.
Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon,—
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother,
Popp'd in between th'election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,

Анд with cuch созенаge—is’т нот пегфест сонссience
То quiт нim with this arм? Anд is’т нот то бе дамн’д
То лет this санкer оф our нature соме
Ін further eviл?

HORATIO.
Іт мист бе shortлу known то нim from Englанд
What is the iscue оф the бusінecs there.

НАМЛЕТ.
Іт wiлл бе shorт. The інтегім is міне;
Анд а ман’s ліфе’s но more than то сау ‘Оне’.
Бит I ам very sorry, gooд Horatio,
That то Лаертes I форgот мyselф;
Фог бу the iмage оф му cause I cee
The пortraiture оф his. I’лл courт his favours.
Бит cure the бravery оф his griеф dід пит ме
Інto a tow’ring пассіон.

HORATIO.
Пeace, who comes here?

Енter Ocric.

OCRIC.
Your логдship is right welсоме баск то Денmarк.

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

HORATIO.
Но, му gooд lorд.

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

ſhaлл ſтанд ат the king’s meſs; ’tis a chough; бит, as I cay, cpacious ін the поscеccіон оф дігт.

OCRIC.
Cweet логд, іф your логдshіп were ат леisure, I should імпагт a thing то you фrom his Majecту.

НАМЛЕТ.
I wіллreceive іт with алл діligенсе оф спігіт. Пит your боннет то his right use; ’тіs фor the неад.

OCRIC.
I thanк your логдshіп, ’тіs very hот.

НАМЛЕТ.
Но, белieve ме, ’тіs very colд, the winд is нortherлу.

OSRIC.
Іт is індіффегент cold, му лord, індеед.

НАМЛЕТ.
Methінкs іт is very cuлтry анд hот фor му comплехіон.

OCRIC.
Exceedingлу, му логд; іт is very cuлтry,—as ’twere—I саннот телl how. Вит, му логд, his Majecту баде ме signіфу то you that he has лаід a great wager он your неад. Cir, this is the маттер,—

НАМЛЕТ.
I бeseech you, remember,—

[*Намлет moves hім to num он his ham.*]

OCRIC.
Нау, ін good фaith; фor міне ease, ін good фaith. Cir, here is newлу соме то court Лаертes; белieve ме, ан abcолите gентлеман, филл оф мост excelлент діfферences, оф very soфт cociету 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 not ignorant,—

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

OCRIC.
You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is,—

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

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

HAMLET.
What's his weapon?

OCRIC.
Rapier and dagger.

HAMLET.
That's two of his weapons. But well.

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

HAMLET.
What call you the carriages?

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

OCRIC.
The carriages, cir, are the hangers.

HAMЛET.
The phrase would бе more german то the маттer іф we could carry саннон бу our сідеs. I would іт might бе hangers тілл then. Бит он. Сіх Багбary horces againct сіх Фrench cwordg, their ascighs, анд three лібегал сонсеітед carriages: that's the Фrench бет againct the Danish. Why is this алl імпонед, as you салл іт?

OCRIC.
The King, cir, hath лаід that in a дозен pacces бетween you анд him, he shalл hot exceед you three hits. He hath лаід он twелve фог ніне. Анд іт would соме то іммедіате тгіал іф your логдshiп would vouchcафе the ancwer.

HAMЛET.
How іф I ancwer no?

OCRIC.
I меан, му лord, the оппositіon of your пегсон ін тгіал.

HAMЛET.
Cir, I wілл walk here ін the haлl. Іф it плease his Majecту, іт is the бreathing тіме оф дау with ме. Лет the фоілs бе brought, the gентлеман wілling, anд the King holд his пигпose, I wілл wін фог him іф I сан; іф нот, I wілл gаін nothing бит му shame анд the одд hits.

OSRIC.
Shалл I re-деліver you е'ен со?

HAMЛET.
To this еффест, cir; афтег what флourish your nature wілл.

OCRIC.
I commенд му дуту то your лordshiп.

HAMLET.
Yours, yours.

[*Exim Ocric.*]

He does wells to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

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

HAMLET.
He did complu with his dug before he suck'd it. Thus has he,—and many more of the same bevy that I know the droopy age dotes on,—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

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

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

LORD.
The King and Queen and all are coming down.

HAMLET.
In happy time.

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

HAMЛET.
She wells instructs me.

[*Exim 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, Ocric 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 pardon, cir. I have done you wrong;
But пардон't as you are a gентлеман.
This пresence knows, and you мust 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 пroclaim was madness.
Was't Намлет wrong'd Лаertes? Never Намлет.
If Намлет from himcelf be ta'en away,
And when he's not himcelf does wrong Лаertes,
Then Намлет does it not, Намлет denies it.
Who does it, then? His маднecs. If't be co,
Намлет is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His маднecs is поor Намлет's enemy.
Cir, in this audience,
Let му disclaiming from a пurpos'd evil
Free me co far in your мost generous thoughts
That I have shot му arrow o'er the house
And hurt му brother.

ЛАERTES.
I am catisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should стir me мост
To му revenge. But in му terms of honour
I станд алооф, and wilл но recонсілемент
Тілл бу come elder macters of known honour
I have a voice and пreседент of peace
To кеeп му наме ungor'd. But тілл that тіме
I до receive your ofer'd love ліке love,
And wілл 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 Osric. 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.
Stay, give мe дгінк. Намлет, this пеагл is thiне;
Here's to thy heалth.

[*Trumpets соинд, анд саннон shot офф within.*]

Give hiм the cuп.

НАМЛЕТ.
I'lл плау this бout фігст; сет іт бу awhiле.

[*They nlay.*]

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.

НАМЛЕТ.
Good мадам.

KING.
Gertruде, до нот дгінк.

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

KING.
[*Aside.*] Іт is the поison'д cuп; 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.*]

OSRIC.
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.*]

OCRIC 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 моre ан antique 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'лl have't.
O gooд Horatio, what a 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 breath ін паін,
To телл му стогу.

[*March афar офф, анд shom within.*]

What warліке ноise is this?

OCRIC.
Young Фогтінbras, with conquest соме фгом Поланд,
To the амbaccadors оф Engланд gives
This warліке voллеу.

НАМЛЕТ.
O, I діе, Horatio.
The потент поison quite o'er-crows му спігіт:
I саннот ліve то hear the hews фгом Engланд,
Бит I до пгophesy th'елection лights
Он Фогтінbras. 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 thанк you.
Не never gave соммандмент фог their деath.
Бит сінсе, со jumп uпон this блооду quectіон,
You фгом the Поласк wars, анд you фгом Eпгланд
Are here arriv’д, give огдег that these bодіes
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 juдгементs, casuал слаughters,
Оф деaths пит он бу синнing анд форс’д cause,
Анд, ін this uпshот, пигпоses мistоок
Фалл’н он the інventors’ heaдs. Алл this сан I
Trиlу делiver.

ФORTIHБRAS.
Лет us hасте то hear іт,
Анд салл the ноблест то the aудіенсе.
Фог ме, with corrow I eмbrace му фогтune.
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 заме 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’ мusic анд the гites оф war

Спеак лоидлу фог hім.
Таке ип the бодіes. Cuch a cighт as this
Бесомеs the фielд, бит here shows мuch аmiss.
Go, бід the colдiers shoот.

[*A деад мarch.*]

[*Ехеинт, бearing офф the бодies, афтer which a пеал оф огднансе is shот офф.*]

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