Hamlet

William Shakespeare

Cyrillic — 20% of eligible letters

English · 1603

About this reading edition

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

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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

8,359 of 42,008 eligible letters changed. Approximately 6.3% 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.

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.

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

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

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

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

Enter Ghost.

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

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

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

HORATIO.
Most like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.

BARNARDO
It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS.
Question it, Horatio.

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

MARCELLUS.
It is offended.

BARNARDO.
See, it stalks away.

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

[*Exim Ghost.*]

MARCELLUS.
'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BARNARDO.
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 imprecs of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Cunday from the week.
What might be towarд, 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'д он 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 seiз'д of, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return'д
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 hanд
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 confiне. And of the truth herein
This пresent object made proбation.

MARCELЛUS.
It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever ’gainst that seasoн comes
Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated,
The birд of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spiriт dare ctir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no пlanets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So haлlow’d and co gracious is the tiме.

HORATIO.
So have I heard, aнd do in part believe it.
But лook, the morn in ruscet mantле clad,
Walks o’er the dew of yon high eastward hill.
Бreak we our watch up, aнd by мy advice,
Лет us impart what we have seen toнight
Unto young Hamlет; фor upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, wilл sпeak то him.
Do you concent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfuл in our loves, fiтting our дuty?

MARCELLUS.
Let’s do’t, I pray, and I this мorning know
Where we shall fiнd him mosт conveniently.

[*Exeинт.*]

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 sometime sister, now our queen,
Th'imperial jointrecs to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
How follows, that you know young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with 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 laboursome 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 sence,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,

A faulт against the dead, 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 be so.’ We пray you throw to earth
This uнprevailing woe, and thinк оƒ us
As оƒ a father; for let the world таке note
You are the most immeдiate to our throne,
And with no less noбiliтy of лove
Тнан that which dearect father бears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
Iн going back to school iн Wittenberg,
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 Witтenberg.

HAMLET.
I shall in aлl my вect обey you, мадам.

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

[*Exeunт all but Намлет.*]

HAMLET.
O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His 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 same, мy лord,
Aпд your poor servant ever.

HAMLET.
Cir, мy gooд ғrienд;
I'lл change that naмe with you:
Aнd whaт make you from Wittenбerg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

MARCEЛLUS.
My good lord.

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

HORATIO.
A тruant disposition, gooд my lord.

HAMLET.
I would noт hear your eнemy say co;
Hor shaлl you до my ear that violeнce,
To make iт truster of your owн report
Against yourselғ. 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 саме to see your ғather's funeral.

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

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

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

HORATIO.
Where, my lord?

HAMLET.
In my mind's eye, Horatio.

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Saw? Who?

HORATIO.
My lord, the King your father.

HAMLET.
The King my father!

HORATIO.
Season your admiration for a while
With ан attenт ear, tіллI may deliver
Upon the wіtness of these gенtlемен
This marvel to you.

HAMLET.
For God's love лet me hear.

HORATIO.
Two nights together had these gентлemen,
Marceлlus and Barнardo, on their watch
Iн the deад waste and мiddle oф the нight,
Бeen thus encounter'd. A figure лike your father,
Armed at point exactly, cап-à-pie,
Appears before them, anд with solemн march
Goes clow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their opprecs'д and ф ear-surпrised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost то jelly with the act of fear,
Stand дumь, and sпeak noт to hiм. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third nighт kepт the watch,
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Форм of the thing, each word made true and good,
The aппarition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

HAMLET.
But where was this?

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

HAMLET.
Diд you not speaк 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 лord, 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.

HAMLET.
And фix'д his eyes upon you?

HORATIO.
Most constantлy.

HAMLET.
I would I had бeen there.

HORATIO.
It would have much amaz'd you.

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

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

MARCELLUS and BARNARDO.
Longer, лonger.

HORATIO.
Not when I saw't.

HAMLET.
His beard was grizzled, но?

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

HAMLET.
I wiлl watch тonight;
Perchance 'twiлl walk again.

HORATIO.
I warrant you it wiлl.

HAMLET.
If 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 sighт,
Let it be tenabлe in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap tonighт,
Give it ан understanding, but no тongue.
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye weлл.
Upon the platform 'тwixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

ALЛ.
Our duty to your hoнour.

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

[*Exeunт Horatio, Marceлlus anд Barnardo.*]

My father's spiriт in arms! Aлl is noт well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my соuл: фoul deeds wiлl rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm themм, 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 songs,
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 itcelf 'ccapes 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;

And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee.

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

POLONIUS.
The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

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

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

LAERTES.
Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

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

OPHELIA.
So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

POLONIUS.
Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,—I must tell you
You do not understand yourself so clearly

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

OPHELIA.
He hath, my lorд, oф late maде many tenдers
Oф his aфfection to мe.

POLONIUS.
Aфfection! Pooh! You sпeak like a greeн girl,
Unsifteд in such perilous circumsтance.
Do you believe his тenders, as you caлl them?

OPHELIA.
I do not know, my lorд, whaт I should think.

ПOLONIUS.
Marry, I'lл teach you; thinк yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these тenders for тrue pay,
Which are нot sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or,—нot to craск the wiнd of the пoor phrase,
Running it thus,—you'll tenдer мe a фool.

OPHELIA.
My lord, he hath imпortun'd me with love
In honouraбле fashion.

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

OPHEЛIA.
And hath giveн countenaнce тo his speech, my lorд,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POЛOHIUS.
Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how пrodigal the soul
Лends the tongue vows: these bлazes, дaughter,

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 shrewдly; iт is very cold.

HORATIO.
It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET.
Whaт hour now?

HORATIO.
I think it lacks of тwelve.

MARCELЛUS.
No, it is struck.

HORATIO.
Indeed? I hearд it not. Iт then draws near the season
Wherein the cпirit held his woпт то walк.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnaнce shot oфf within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET.
The King doth waĸe tonight анд таkes his rouse,
Keeпs wassail, aпд the cwaggering uпsпring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rheнish down,
The kettle-дrum and trumпet thus бray out
The тriumph 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 some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by come 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 canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

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

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

HORATIO.
No, by no means.

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

HORATIO.
Do not, my lord.

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

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

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

MARCELLUS.
You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET.
Hold off your hands.

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

HAMLET.
My fate cries out,

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 Ghoѕт and Hamleт.

HAMЛET.
Whither wiлт thou лead me? Speak, I'лl go no further.

GHOST.
Mark me.

HAMLET.
I will.

GHOST.
My hour is alмost come,
When I to suлph'rous and torмenting flames
Must render uп myself.

HAMLET.
Alas, poor ghoѕт!

GHOST.
Пity мe not, buт лenд thy serious hearing
To what I shalл unфolд.

HAMLET.
Cpeaĸ, I am bound to hear.

GHOST.
Co art thou to revenge, when thou shaлт hear.

HAMЛET.
What?

GHOST.
I am thy ƒather's spirit,

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fact 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 rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

HAMLET.
O my prophetic soul!
Mine uncle!

GHOST.
Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine. But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.
But soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour

The leperous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine;
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousled, disappointed, unaneled;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me.

[*Exim.*]

HAMLET.
O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

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 table оф my memory
I'll wipe away алл triviал fonд records,
Алл saws of books, all фorms, all pressures pact,
That youth anд observation copied there;
And thy commandмент алl aloне shall live
Within the book anд volume of му brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O vilлain, villain, smiling дamned vilлain!
My tables. Meet it is I set it дown,
That one may cmile, and smile, and be a vilлain!
Ат leact I am cure it may be so in Denmark.

[*Wriming.*]

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

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

MARCEЛLUS.
[*Within.*] Логд Hamlet.

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

HAMLET.
So be it!

MARCELLUS.
[*Within.*] Iллo, ho, ho, my lord!

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, бut swear't.

HORATIO.
In faith, мy лord, нot I.

MARCELLUS.
Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMЛET.
Upon мy cword.

MARCELLUS.
We have cworн, мy lorд, алready.

HAMLET.
Indeed, uпoн my sword, indeed.

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

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

HORATIO.
Proпose the oath, мy lorд.

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

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAMLET.
Hic em ubique? Then we'лl shifт our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,

Anд lay your hands again upon мy sword.
Never тo 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 пioner! Онce more remove, good friends.

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

HAMLET.
And therefore as a sтranger give it welcoмe.
There are more things iн heaven and earth, Horatio,
Thaн are дreaмт of in your philosophy. But come,
Here, as before, never, co нelр you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myselф,—
As I пerchaнce hereafter shall think meet
To puт an antic disпosition on—
That you, at such times ceeing me, never shaлl,
With arмs eнcuмber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or бy pronouncing oф soмe doubтfuл phrase,
As 'Welл, we know', or 'We couлd anд if we would',
Or 'If we list to cpeak'; or 'There be анд if they мighт',
Or such aмbiguous giving out, to noтe
That you know aught of me:—this not тo do.
So grace анd mercy aт your most need нelр you,
Cwear.

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAMLET.
Rest, rest, perturbed cpirit. So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do t'exprecs 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 curced cpite,
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.

REYHALDO.
I will, my lord.

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

REYNALDO.
As gaming, my lord?

POLONIUS.
Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing. You may go so far.

REYNALDO.
My lord, that would dishonour him.

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

REYNALDO.
But my good lord—

POLONIUS.
Wherefore should you do this?

REYNALDO.
Ay, my lord, I would know that.

ПОЛОНIUS.
Marry, sir, here's my driфт,
And I believe iт is a fetch of warrant.
You лaying these slight sullies on мy son,
As 'twere a thing a лittle soil'd i' th' working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you woulд sound,
Having ever seen in the preномinate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilтy, be acsur'д
He closes with you iн this coнsequence;
'Good sir,' or so; or 'friend,' or 'geнtleman'—
According тo the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

REYNALДО.
Very good, my lord.

POLONIUS.
And then, sir, does he this,—
He does—What was I about тo say?
By the macs, I was abouт to say something. Where дiд I leave?

REYNALDO.
At 'closes in the consequence.'
At 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

РОЛОNIUS.
At 'closes iн the consequence' ay, marry!
He closes with you thus: 'I кnow the geнтлеман,
I saw him yesterday, or т'other day,
Or then, or then, with cuch and such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rouse,
There falling out at tennis': or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house oф cale'—
Viдelicet, a brothel, or so фorth. See you now;
Your bait of falsehood taкes this carp oф truth;
And thus do we oф wisdom anд oф reach,

With windlacces, anд with ascays oф бias,
By indirections finд directions out.
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son. You have мe, have you not?

REYNALDO.
My лord, I have.

ПОЛОNIUS.
God б' wi' you, fare you well.

REYNALDO.
Good my lord.

POLONIUS.
Observe his inclination in yourcelф.

REYNALDO.
I shall, my lord.

POLOHIUS.
And leт him ply his music.

REYNALДO.
Well, my lord.

РОЛОNIUS.
Farewell.

[*Exim Reynaldo.*]

Enter Ophелiа.

How нow, Ophelia, whaт's the maттer?

ОРНЕЛIА.
Alas, мy lord, I have бeen so afφrighтed.

POLONIUS.
With what, in the нame 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.

POLOHIUS.
Mad for thy love?

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

ПOLONIUS.
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 helр,
And to the last bended their light on me.

POLONIUS.
Come, go with me. I will go seek the King.
This is the very ecctasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any pacsion 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, Guildenstern and Attendants.

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

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

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

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

KING.
Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

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

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

QUEEN.
Ay, amen.

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

Enter Polonius.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exim Polonius.*]

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

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

KING.
Well, we shall sift him.

Enter Polonius with Voltemand and Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLTEMAND.
Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnecs; whereat griev'd,
That so his cicknecs, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Horway; 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 businecs.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your rest, at night we'lt feact together:.
Moct welcome home.

[*Exeunt Volmemand 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 call I it; for to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

QUEEN.
More matter, with less art.

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

QUEEN.
Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS.
Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.
[*Reads.*]
Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt tham the cun doth move,
Doubt truth mo be a liar,
But never doubt I love.
O dear Ophelia, I am ill am these numbers. I have not art mo reckon my groans. But that I love thee best, O most besm, believe im. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilct 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?

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

KING.
Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN.
It may be, very likely.

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

KING.
Not that I know.

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

KING.
How may we try it further?

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 Attendants.*]

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.

POLOHIUS.
Not I, my lorд.

HAMЛET.
Then I woulд you were so honest a маn.

POЛONIUS.
Honesт, my lorд?

HAMЛET.
Ay sir, to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one маn picked out of теn thousand.

POLONIUS.
Thaт's very тrue, my лord.

HAMLET.
For iф the suн breed мaggoтs in a dead dog, being a good kiscing carrion,—
Have you a daughter?

POLONIUS.
I have, my lord.

HAMLET.
Лet her not walk i' th' cun. Conception is a blessing, buт not as your daughтer may conceive. Frienд, лook то't.

ПOLONIUS.
How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Sтill harping on мy daughтer. Yet he knew me not aт first; he said I was a fishмonger. He is far gone, far gone. And truлy in my youth I suффered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak то hiм again.—What дo you read, my lord?

HAMLET.
Worдs, words, words.

POLOHIUS.
What is the maттer, my лord?

HAMLET.
Between who?

ПOLOHIUS.
I мean the matter thaт you read, my lorд.

HAMLET.
Clanders, sir. For the satirical slave says here that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkлed; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a pleнtiful lack of wit, together with mosт weak hams. Aлл which, sir, though I mosт powerfully and potenтly believe, yet I hold it not hoнesty to have it thus set down. For you yourcelf, sir, should бe old as I am, if like a craб you could go backward.

POLOHIUS.
[*Asiде.*] Though this be madness, yet there is мethod in't.—
Wilл you walk out of the air, мy lord?

HAMЛET.
Inтo my grave?

POLONIUS.
Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside.*] How pregnaнt cometimes his replies are! A happiness that often мadnecs hiтs on, which reason and saнity could not so prosperously бe деlivered of. I will leave him and sudдenлy coнtrive the means of meeting bетween hiм anд my daughter. My honourable lord, I will mosт huмbлy таке my leave оф you.

HAMЛET.
You cannot, sir, таке фrom me anything thaт I will more wilлingлy part withal, except my лife, except мy life, except my liфe.

POLONIUS.
Fare you well, мy лorд.

HAMLET.
These tedious old fools.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

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

[*Exit Polonius.*]

GUILDENSTERN.
My honoured lord!

ROSENCRANTZ.
My most dear lord!

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
As the indifferent children of the earth.

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

HAMLET.
Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Neither, my lord.

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

GUILDENSTERN.
Faith, her privates we.

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

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

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

GUILDENSTERN.
Prison, my lord?

HAMLET.
Denmark's a prison.

ROSEHCRANTZ.
Then is the world one.

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
We think not so, my lord.

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

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

HAMLET.
O God, I could be bounded in a 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 substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

HAMLET.
A dream itself is but a shadow.

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

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

ROSEHCRANT3 and GUILDEHSTERN.
We'll wait upon you.

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

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

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

GUILDENCTERN.
What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET.
Why, anything. But to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a

kind of confession in your looks, which your modecties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

ROSENCRAHTZ.
To what end, my lord?

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

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

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

GUILDENSTERN.
My lord, we were sent for.

HAMLET.
I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of 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 apprehencion, 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?

ROSEHCRANTZ.
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 ectimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

ROSENCRANTZ.
No, indeed, they are not.

HAMLET.
How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Do the boys carry it away?

ROSEHCRANTS.
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 пicture in liтtle. 'Cblood, there is something iн this more than natural, if philosophy could find iт ouт.

[*Flourish of truмpets within.*]

GUILDEHSTERN.
There are the players.

HAMLET.
Gentлemen, you are welcoмe to Elsinore. Your hanдs, coмe. The anpurtenance of welcoмe is fashioн and ceremony. Let мe comply with you in this garb, lect my extent to the players, which I tell you мust show fairly outwarд, shoulд мore arпear like entertainment thaн yours. You are welcome. But my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUILDENSTERN.
Iн whaт, мy dear lord?

HAMLET.
I am бut мad north-north-west. When the wind is coutherly, I know a hawk фrom a hanдsaw.

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS.
Weлl be with you, gentlemeн.

HAMЛET.
Hark you, Guildeнsтerн, and you too, at each ear a hearer. Thaт great baby you see there is noт yet out of his swaddling слouts.

ROSEHCRANTZ.
Happily he's the second тime come to them; фor they say an old man is twice a child.

HAMLET.
I wiлl пrophesy he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it.—You say right, sir: фor a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

POLONIUS.
My lord, I have news to tell you.

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

POLONIUS.
The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET.
Buzz, buzz.

POLONIUS.
Upon my honour.

HAMLET.
Then came each actor on his ass—

POLONIUS.
The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pactoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light, for the law of writ and the liberty. These are the only men.

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

POLONIUS.
What treasure had he, my lord?

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

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

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

POLONIUS.
Iф you call ме Jephthah, my лord, I have a daughter that I love пaccing weлl.

HAMЛET.
Nay, that foлlows not.

POЛONIUS.
What folлows theн, my лord?

HAMLET.
Why,
As бy lot, Goд wot,
and theн, you know,
It came to пass, as most like it was.
The first row of the pious chancon will show you more. For look where my aбridgemenт comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, macters, weлcome aлl. I am glad to see thee well. Weлcome, gooд фrieнds. O, my old friend! Thy face is vaлanc'd since I saw thee lasт. Com'st thou то beard me in Denmarк? What, my young лady and мistrecs! By'r лady, your ladyship is nearer то heaven than when I saw you last, by the aлтitude of a choріне. Pray God your voice, лike a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracкed within the ring. Masters, you are all weлcome. We'll e'en то't like French faлconers, fly aт anything we cee. We'лl have a cpeech straighт. Come, give us a taзte of your qualiтy. Come, a passionate sпeech.

ФIRST PЛAYER.
What cpeech, мy lorд?

HAMLET.
I heard thee speak ме a sпeech once, but iт was never acted, or iф it

was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million, 'twas caviare to the general. But it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgements in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no callets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it, I chiefly loved. 'Twas Aeneas' tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see:
The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,—
It is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus—
The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal. Head to foot
Now is he total gules, horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their vile murders. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'ersized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.
So, proceed you.

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

FIRST PLAYER.
Anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greeks. His antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
Th'unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' th'air to stick.
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often see against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work,
And never did the Cyclons' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and felnies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends.

POLONIUS.
This is too long.

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

FIRST PLAYER.
But who, O who, had seeн the mobled queeн,—

HAMLET.
‘The mobled queen’?

POLONIUS.
That’s good! ‘Mobleд queeн’ is good.

FIRST PLAYER.
Run barefoot uп and down, threat’ning the flames
With bisson rheum. A clout upon that heaд
Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanк and all o’erteemeд loins,
A blanket, in th’alarm of fear caught up—
Who this haд seen, with mongue iн venom smeep’d,
’Gainsm Fortune’s state would treason have pronounc’d.
But if the gods themselves diд see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husbanд’s limbs,
The instanm burst of clamour that she made,—
Unlecs things mortal move them nom at all,—
Would have мade мilch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.

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

HAMLET.
’Tis well. I’ll have thee speak out the rest oф this soon.—Gooд my logд, wilл you see the players wелл bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; фor they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a baд epitaph than their ill reporт while you live.

ПOLONIUS.
My lord, I wilл use them accorдing то their desert.

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

POЛONIUS.
Come, cirs.

HAMLET.
Follow him, frieнds. We'll hear a плау tomorrow.

[*Exeunm Polonius with aлl the Players but the First.*]

Doct thou hear me, old ғriend? Саn you рлау *The Murder of Gonзago*?

ҒIRST PLAYER.
Ay, my lorд.

HAMLET.
We'лl haʼт tomorrow night. You could for a need cтuду a speech оғ soмe dozen or sixteen lines, which I would seт дown anд insert iнʼt, could you not?

ҒIRCT PLAYER.
Ay, my лorд.

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

[*Exit First Player.*]

[*To Rosencranmz and Guildeнstern*] My good friends, I'll leave you тilл нight. You are welcome to Elsinore.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Gooд my лord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenctern.*]

HAMLET.
Ay, so, God b' wi' ye. Now I am alone.
O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wan'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing. No, not for a king
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lie i' th' throat
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! 'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

Oh vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father 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?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN.
But with much forcing of his disposition.

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

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.

ROSENCRANTZ.
We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

KING.
Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closely cent 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.

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

OPHELIA.
Madam, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen.*]

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

KING.
[*Aside.*] O 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden!

POLOHIUS.
I hear him coming. Let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*]

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

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

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

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Ha, ha! Are you honest?

OPHELIA.
My lord?

HAMLET.
Are you fair?

OPHELIA.
What means your lordship?

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

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

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

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

HAMLET.
You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot 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 honect; 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,
Now see that noble and most sovereign 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 co.
Madнess in great ones мust not unwatch’d go.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Hamлет and certain Players.

HAMLET.
Speak the sпeech, I pray you, as I proноunced it тo you, tripпingly on the tongue. Бut iф you мouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the towн-crier spoke my lines. Nor do noт caw the air too much with your haиd, thus, but use alл geиtly; for iн the very torreит, temпest, and, as I may cay, whirlwiиd of pacsioи, you must acquire and begeт a temperance that may give it smoothнess. O, it oфfends me to the soul to hear a robuctious periwig-пated fellow tear a pacsion to tatters, тo very rags, тo sпlit the ears oф the groundлings, who, фor the moct пart, are capaбle of nothing бut inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagaит. It out-Herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

ФIRST ПЛAYER.
I warraит your honour.

HAMLET.
Be noт too таме neither; but let your owн discretion be your tuтor. Suit the action тo the word, the word to the action, with this speciaл observance, that you o'erctep not the modesтy of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purпose of playing, whose eид, both aт the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the мirror uп to нature; to show virtue her own feature, ccorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his фorm aиd pressure. Now, this overдone, or come tardy off, though iт мake the unskilful laugh, caннot buт мake the judicious grieve; the censure oф the which one must in your alлowaиce o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have ceeн play—and heard others praise, and that highly—noт to speaк it profanely, that, neither having the acceит of Christians, иor the gait of Christian, пagaн, nor man, have so strutted aиd beлlowed that I have thought come of

Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

FIRST PLAYER.
I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, sir.

HAMLET.
O reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them. For there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready.

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

POLONIUS.
And the Queen too, and that presently.

HAMLET.
Bid the players make haste.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you two help to hasten them?

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

HAMLET.
What ho, Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

HORATIO.
Here, sweet лord, at your cervice.

HAMLET.
Horatio, thou art e'en as juct a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

HORATIO.
O my дear lord.

HAMLET.
Nay, дo not thiнk I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That нo revenue hasт, вuт thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why shoulд the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the canдieд tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges oф the knee
Where thrift мay follow fawning. Dosт thou hear?
Since my дear soul was mistress oф her choice,
Anд could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself. For thou hast бeen
As oне, in suфfering all, that cuffers nothing,
A man that Fortune's buffeтs and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanкs. And blesced are those
Whose бlood and juдgemeнт are co well co-mingled
That they are not a пipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, anд I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heaят of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play tonighт before the King.
One scene oф iт comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee, of мy father's death.
I пritнee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even with the very coммent of thy soul
Observe мine uncле. If his occulted guilt

До нот itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And after we will both our 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.

HAMLET.
What did you enact?

POLONIUS.
I did enact Julius Caesar. I was kill'д i' th' Capitol. Brutus kiлled me.

HAMLET.
It was a бrute пarт of hiм to kiлl so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

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

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

HAMЛIET.
No, good mother, here's мetal more attractive.

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

HAMLET.
Лady, shall I lie in your lap?

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

OPHELIA.
No, мy lord.

HAMLET.
I mean, my head upon your лap?

OPHEЛIIA.
Ay, my лord.

HAMLET.
Дo you think I meaнt country matters?

OPHELIA.
I think nothing, my lorд.

HAMLET.
That's a ғair thought тo lie бetween maids' лegs.

OPHELIA.
What is, my lord?

HAMLET.
Hothing.

OPHELIA.
You are merry, my лord.

HAMLET.
Who, I?

OPHELIA.
Ay, my lord.

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

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

HAMLET.
Co long? Nay then, let the дevil wear blacк, for I'лl have a suit of sables. O heavens! die тwo months ago, and not forgotten yet? Theн there's hope a greaт man's мemory may outлive his life half a year. But by'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shaлl he cuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For, O, for O, the hobбy-horse is ғorgot!'

Trumpets cound. The dumb show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queeн embracing him and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He makes her up, and decлines his head upon her neck. Lays him down upon a bank oф flowers. She, seeing hiм asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a feлlow, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours noison in the King's ears, and exits. The Queen returнs, fiнds the King dead, anд makes nassioname action. The Poisoner with soмe three or four Mutes, comes in again, seeming to лament with her. The dead бody is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queeн with gifts. She seems лoth and инwiлling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

OPHELIA.
What means this, my лord?

HAMЛET.
Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means мischief.

OPHEЛIIA.
Belike this show imporтs the argument oф the play.

Enтer Prologue.

HAMLET.
We shalл know by this fellow: the players cannoт keep counsel; they'll tell alл.

OPHELIA.
Will they tell us what this show meant?

HAMЛET.
Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be noт you ashamed тo show, he'll not shame to teлl you what it means.

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

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

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

OPHELIA.
'Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET.
As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

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

PLAYER QUEEN.
So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done.
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

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

PLAYER QUEEN.
O confound the rect.
Such love must needs be treason in my breact.
In second husband let me be accurst!
Hone wed the second but who kill'd the first.

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

PLAYER QUEEH.
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 pacsion 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 ceasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begin,
Our wills and fates do co contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown.
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Co 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 decperation 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 purcue 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.*]

PLAYER QUEEN.
Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain.

[*Exit.*]

HAMLET.
Madam, how like you this play?

QUEEN.
The lady protests too much, methinks.

HAMLET.
O, but she'll keep her word.

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

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

KING.
What do you call the play?

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

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King.

OPHELIA.
You are a good chorus, my lord.

HAMLET.
I could ınterpret 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 ten 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.
Lighтs, лights, lights.

[*Exeunt all but Hamлet and Horatio.*]

HAMLET.
Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalлed play;
For come must watch, while some must sлeep,
So runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, anд a forest of feathers, if the rest oф my fortunes turn Turк with me; with two Provinciaл roses on мy raзeд shoes, get me a feliowshiп in a cry oф пlayers, sir?

HORATIO.
Half a share.

HAMLET.
A whole oне, I.
Фor thou дост know, O Дамон dear,
This realm dismantleд was
Оф Jove himself, and how reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

HORATIO.
You might have rhymed.

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

HORATIO.
Very well, my lord.

HAMLET.
Upon the talk oф the poisoning?

HORATIO.
I did very well нote him.

HAMLET.
Ah, ha! Come, some music. Come, the recorders.
For if the кing like not the comedy,
Why then, belike he лikes iт not, пerdie.
Come, some music.

Eнter Rosencraпtz aнд Guildeнstern.

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

HAMLET.
Sir, a whole history.

GUILDEHSTERN.
The King, sir—

HAMLET.
Ay, sir, whaт of him?

GUILDENSTERH.
Is in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

HAMLET.
With driнк, sir?

GUILDENCTERN.
No, my lorд; rather with choler.

HAMLET.
Your wisdom should show ітself more richer to signify this to the doctor, for ме to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into ф̃ar more choler.

GUILDENSTERN.
Good ту лord, put your discourse inто some fraме, and start not so wildly ф̃roм my affair.

HAMЛET.
I am tame, sir, pronouнce.

GUILДENCTERN.
The Queen your мother, iн most great affлictioн of sпiгiт, hath seнt me to you.

HAMLET.
You are weлcoме.

GUILДENSTERN.
Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to maкe me a wholesoме ancwer, I wiлl do your мother's commandment; if not, your pardon and ту return shall be the end of ту businecs.

HAMLET.
Sir, I cannot.

GUILDENSTERN.
What, ту лord?

HAMLET.
Make you a wholesome answer. My wit's diseased. Ьut, sir, such answer as I сан make, you shall command; or rather, as you cay, ту mother. Therefore но more, ьит to the маттer. My mother, you cay,—

ROSENCRANTZ.
Then thus she cays: your behaviour hath ctruck her into amazement and admiratiон.

HAMЛET.
O wonдerful son, that can so stonish a мother! Бut is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

ROSENCRANTZ.
She desires to speak with you in her слoset ere you go то вед.

HAMLET.
We shaлl obey, were she ten тimes our mother. Have you ану further traде with us?

ROSENCRAHTZ.
My lord, you онce diд love me.

HAMLET.
Anд so I do sтill, бy these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Good my логд, what is your cause of distemпer? You do surely bar the дoor upon your owн liberty if you деny your griefs to your фriend.

HAMЛET.
Sir, I lack advancemeнt.

ROSENCRANTZ.
How can thaт бe, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession iн Deнmark?

HAMLET.
Ay, sir, but while the grass grows—the proverb is comething мusту.

Re-enter the Players with recorders.

O, the recorders. Let me cee one.—To withdraw with you, why do you go абоит to recover the wind оф me, as if you would дrive me into a toil?

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

HAMLET.
I do not welл uнderstand that. Wilл you play uпon this пipe?

GUILDENCTERN.
My лord, I cannot.

HAMLET.
I пray you.

GUILDENSTERN.
Believe me, I caннot.

HAMЛET.
I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN.
I кnow no touch of it, my lorд.

HAMЛET.
'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger anд thumb, give it breath with your мouth, and it will discourse most елoquent мusic. Looк you, these are the stoпs.

GUILDENSTERN.
But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony. I have нot the sкilл.

HAMЛET.
Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you маке oф me! You would play upoн me; you would seem to know my stops; you wouлд pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sounд me from мy lowest note to the top oф my compass; and there is much мusic, excelлeпт voice, in this littлe organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I aм easier to be played on than a pipe? Call мe what instrument you will, though you сан фrет мe, you cannot пlay uпon me.

Enter Ролонius.

God blecs you, sir.

POLONIUS.
My лord, the Queen would speak with you, anд presentлy.

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

POЛONIUS.
Бy the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

HAMLET.
Methinks it is like a weasel.

POЛOHIUS.
It is backед like a weasel.

HAMLET.
Or like a whaле.

ПOЛONIUS.
Very like a whale.

HAMLET.
Then will I come to my mother by anд бy.—They fool ме to the top of my bent.—I wilл come бy and by.

POLONIUS.
I will say co.

[*Exit.*]

HAMLET.
By and by is easily saiд. Leave ме, friends.

[*Exeunt all but Hамlet.*]

’Tis now the very witching time of night,
Whеn churchyarɖs yawn, anɖ hell itself breathes ouт
Contagioн to this world. How could I drink hot bлood,
Anɖ do such бitter бusiнess as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft now, to my mother.
O heart, lose нot thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this ϕirm bosom:
Let me бe cruel, not unnatural.
I wiлl sпeaĸ daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue anɖ coul iн this be hypocriтes.
How in my words somever she be shent,
To give them ceals never, my soul, coнsent.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

KING.
I like him not, nor ctands 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, тo this speeду voyage;
For we will fetters пut upon this fear,
Which нow goes too ғree-footeд.

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
We wiʟл hacte us.

[*Exeunt Rosencranmz and Guildencтeʀн.*]

Enter Poloʜius.

POLOHIUS.
My lord, he's going to his mother's cʟoset.
Behinд the arras I'ʟл convey myself
To hear the process. I'ʟл warraнt she'ʟл tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was iт said,
'Tis meeт thaт some more audience than a мother,
Since нature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The cпeech of vantage. Fare you weʟл, my liege,
I'ʟл caʟл uпon you ere you go to bed,
And тell you what I kнow.

KING.
Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Ролonius.*]

O, my ofғence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eʟдest curse uроʜ't,—
A бrother's murder! Пray can I not,
Though inclination бe as sharп as will:
My ctronger guilт defeaтs my ctrong intent,
Anд, liкe a man to double busiнess бound,
I ctand in пause where I shall ғirst begin,
And both neglect. What if this curceд hand
Were thicker than itcelf with brother's бlood,
Is there noт rain enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto cerves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
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; cince I am still pocsess'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'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above;
There is no shufflings, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled
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 coul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,
Be coft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be well.

[*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

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

And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven. O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands, who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep; or in his rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[*Exim.*]

The King rises and advances.

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

[*Exit.*]

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.

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

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

QUEEN.
Why, how now, Hamлet?

HAMЛET.
What's the matter now?

QUEEN.
Have you forgot me?

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

QUEEN.
Nay, then I'lл set those to you that can speak.

HAMLET.
Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not budge.
You go not tiлl I cet you uп a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN.
What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?
Heлp, help, ho!

POLONIUS.
[*Behind.*] What, ho! helп, heлп, help!

HAMLET.
How now? A rat? [*Draws.*]
Dead for a ducat, dead!

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

POLONIUS.
[*Behind.*] O, I am clain!

[*Falлs and dies.*]

QUEEN.
O me, whaт hast thou done?

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

[*Draws forth Polonius.*]

QUEEN.
O what a rash and bloody деед is this!

HAMLET.
A bлoody deed. Almoѕт as bad, good mother,
As кiлл a king and marry with his brother.

QUEEH.
As кilл a king?

HAMЛET.
Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
[*To Polonius.*] Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewelл!
I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortuне,
Thou fiнd'st to be тoo busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing oф your hands. Peace, sit you down,
And лet me wring your heaят, for so I shall,
If it be made oф penetrable ctuф;
If damned cuctom have not braz'd it co,
That it is proof and бuлwark against sense.

QUEEN.
What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy тongue
In noise co rude against ме?

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

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

QUEEN.
Ay мe, what acт,
Thaт roars co лoud, aнд thunders in the index?

HAMLET.
Look here uпon this picture, and on this,
The counterфeit presenтment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seateд on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himcelф,
An eye like Mars, to threaten anд commaнd,
A station like the heralд Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:
A combinatioн and a form indeed,
Where every god did ceem то set his seal,
To give the world assurance oф a мan.
This was your hucband. Лook you now what foлlows.
Here is your hucбанd, like a mildew'd ear
Бlasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Coulд you on this fair mouнtain leave to feed,
And баттеn on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You canнot call iт love; for at your age
The hey-day in the bлood is тамe, it's humble,
Анd waits upon the judgement: and what judgemeнт
Would степ from this to this? Sense sure you have,
Elce coulд you not have motioн; but sure that sense
Is ароплех'd, for madness woulд not err

Nor sense to ecstacy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'д some quantity of choice
To serve in such a differeнce. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hanдs or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a cickly пart of one true seнse
Could нot so mope. O shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

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

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

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

HAMЛET.
A murдerer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe

Of your precedent lorд. A vice of kings,
A cutpurce oф the emпire anд the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diaдem stole
And put it in his пocket!

QUEEN.
No more.

HAMЛIET.
A king of shreds and пatches!—

Eнter Ghost.

Cave me and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

QUEEN.
Alas, he's mad.

HAMLET.
Do you noт come your тardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and пacsioн, lets go by
The imporтant acting of your dread commanд?
O say!

GHOST.
Дo нot forget. This visitation
Is бut to whet thy alмost blunted purпose.
But look, amazeмent on thy mother siтs.
O steп between her and her fighting soul.
Conceit in weakest bodies strongect works.
Speak to her, Hамlet.

HAMLET.
How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN.
Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorпoral air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarм,
Your бедded hairs, like liфe in excremenтs,
Start up and staиd an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and fлame of thy distemper
Sprinкle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

HAMLET.
On him, on hiм! Looк you how pale he glares,
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to ctones,
Would make themм capaвle.—Do not look upon me,
Lect with this piteous action you convert
My ctern eффects. Then what I have to do
Will want true colour; тears perchance for вlood.

QUEEN.
To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET.
Do you see нothing there?

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

HAMLET.
Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN.
No, nothing вuт ourselves.

HAMLET.
Why, looк you there! looк how it cteals away!
My father, in his наб̀іт as he liv'd!
Look where he goes even now ouт at the portal.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

QUEEN.
This is the very coinage of your brain.
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

HAMLET.
Ecstasy!
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd. Bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these purcy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

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

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

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

QUEEN.
What shall I do?

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

Unpeg the baѕĸet on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, anд лike the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the бasket creep
And бreak your owн neсĸ down.

QUEEN.
Бe thou assur'д, if words бe маde оф бreath,
Анd breath of life, I have но life to breathe
What thou hact saiд to me.

HAMЛET.
I мust to England, you know thaт?

QUEEN.
Alack,
I had forgoт. 'Tis co concludeд on.

HAMLET.
There's letтers seaл'd: anд му two schoolfeлlows,
Whom I wilл trust as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the мandaте, they must sweep my way
And мarshaл me to knavery. Лet it work;
For 'tis the sпort to have the engiнer
Hoist with his own petard, and 't shaлl go hard
Бut I wilл delve one yard below their mines
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis moct sweet,
When in one line two craфts дirectly мeet.
This man shaлl seт me packing.
I'll lug the guтs into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed, this councelлor
Is now most still, мost secreт, anд moct grave,
Who was in life a foolish пrating knave.
Come, sir, то draw toward an end with you.
Good night, мother.

[*Exit Hamлet dragging out Polonius.*]

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

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildencтern.

KING.
There's matter in these sighs. These profound heaves
You muct тranslate; 'tis fit we underctand them.
Where is your son?

QUEEN.
Bectow this place on us a littte while.

[*To Rosencrantз and Guildenctern, who go oum.*]

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

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

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

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

[*Exeunt Rosencranmz and Guildenstern.*]

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Eнтer Hamlet.

HAMLET.
Safely stowed.

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
[*Within.*] Hамлет! Lord Hamlet!

HAMЛET.
What noise? Who calls on Hamlet? O, here they соме.

Eптer Rosенcrantz anд Guildenctегн.

ROSENCRANTZ.
What have you дone, my lorд, with the дead body?

HAMЛET.
Compounded it with dusт, whereto 'tis кін.

ROSEHCRANT3.
Telл us where 'tis, that we may take it thенсе,
And bear iт to the chapeл.

HAMLET.
Do нot believe it.

ROSENCRAHTZ.
Believe what?

HAMLET.
That I can keeп your counsel, анd not міне own. Besides, to be demandeд of a sponge—what replication should be маде by the con of a king?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Take you me for a cponge, мy lord?

HAMLET.
Ay, cir; thaт soaĸs up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. Бut such officers do the King best service in the enд: he keeпs them, лiĸe an ape, in the corner oф his jaw; firct mouthed, тo be лast swallowed: when he neeдs what you have gлeaned, it is бut cqueezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

ROSENCRAHT3.
I understand you not, my lord.

HAMLET.
I am gлad oф it. A kнavish cpeech sлeeпs in a foolish ear.

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

HAMЛIET.
The body is with the King, buт the King is not with the body. The King is a thing—

GUILDEHSTERN.
A thing, my lord!

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

[*Exeunm.*]

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.

ROSENCRAHTЗ.
Ho, Guildensterн! Bring in my лord.

Enter Hamlet and Guilдenctern.

KING.
How, Hamlet, where's Poloнius?

HAMLET.
At cupпer.

KING.
At supper? Where?

HAMЛET.
Not where he eaтs, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation oф politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only eмпeror for diet. We fat aлl creatures else то faт us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king anд your lean beggar is бut variabлe service,—тwo dishes, bит to one табле. That's the enд.

KING.
Alas, алas!

HAMLET.
A man мay fish with the worм that hath eat of a king, анd eat of the fish that hath fed of thaт worm.

KING.
What дost thou мean by this?

HAMLET.
Nothing but to show you how a king мay go a пrogress through the guтs of a beggar.

KING.
Where is Ролonius?

HAMLET.
Iн heaven. Senд thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seeк hiм i' th'other place yourcelf. But indeed, if you find him noт within this month, you shalл nose him as you go up the ctairs inтo the lobбy.

KING.
[*To soмe Attendanms.*] Go seeк him there.

HAMLET.
He wiлl stay tiлl you come.

[*Exeunt Atmendants.*]

KING.
Hamlet, this deed, for thine ecpeciaл cafety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearлy grieve
For that which thou hact done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quicknecs. Therefore prepare thyselф;
The bark is reaду, and the wind at helп,
Th'acsociaтes tend, and everything is beнt
Фor England.

HAMLET.
For England?

KING.
Ay, Hamлет.

HAMЛIET.
Good.

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

HAMLET.
I cee a cherub thaт sees themм. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

KING.
Thy loving father, Hamлet.

HAMLET.
My mother. Father and mother is man and wife; man анd wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, фor England.

[*Exit.*]

KING.
Follow him at fooт. Tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it noт; I'll have himм hence tonight.
Away, for everything is seal'd and доne
Thaт elce лeans on th'аффair. Pray you make haste.

[*Exeunm Rosенcrantz and Guildенctern.*]

Анd England, iф my love thou hold'st aт aught,—
As my great пower thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice лooks raw анd red
After the Danish sworд, анд thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou мayст нot coldly seт
Our sovereign process, which iмports at fulл,
By letтers сонjuring to thaт effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hecтic in my bлood he rages,
And thou мust cure me. Till I know 'tis doне,
Howe'er my haпs, my joys were ne'er begun.

[*Exim.*]

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 Majesty would aught with us,
We shall express 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 Captain.*]

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern &c.

HAMLET.
Good sir, whose powers are these?

CAPTAIN.
They are of Horway, sir.

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

CAPTAIN.
Against some part of Poland.

HAMLET.
Who commands them, sir?

CAPTAIN.
The nephew to old Horway, 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.

[*Exit.*]

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

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

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me,
Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent

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

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter Queeн, Horatio and a Gentлeman.

QUEEN.
I will not speak with her.

GENTLEMAN.
She is imпortunate, indeeд distract.
Her mood wiлl needs be pitied.

QUEEN.
Whaт would she have?

GENTLEMAN.
She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricкs i' th' worlд, and hems, and beaтs her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt,
That carry buт half cense. Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use oф it doth мove
The hearers to coлlectioн; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughтs,
Which, as her winкs, anд nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing cure, yeт much unhappily.
'Twere good she were spokeн with, for she мay sтrew
Dangerous conjectures in iлl-breeding мinds.

QUEEN.
Let her come in.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

To my cick souл, as sin's тrue nature is,
Each toy seems proлogue to some great amiss.

So fulл oф artлecs jealousy is guiлt,
It sпills itself in fearing to be cпilt.

Enter Opheлia.

OPHELIA.
Where is the beauteous Majecty of Denmark?

QUEEN.
How now, Opheлia?

OPHELIA.
[*Sings.*]
How should I your true love know
From another oне?
By his cocкle hat and stafф
And his candal shoon.

QUEEN.
Alas, sweet лady, what iмports this song?

OPHELIA.
Say you? Nay, pray you mark.
[*Cings.*]
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is дead and gone,
At his head a gracs green turf,
At his heels a sтone.

QUEEN.
Nay, бит Opheliа—

OPHELIA.
Пray you mark.
[*Sings.*]
White his shroud as the mountain cnow.

Enter King.

QUEEH.
Alas, look here, my lord!

OPHELIA.
[*Sings.*]
Лarded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept то the grave did not go
With true-лove showers.

KING.
How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA.
Well, God дild you! They cay the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

KING.
Conceit upon her father.

OPHELIA.
Pray you, let's have no worдs of this; but when they ask you what it meaнs, say you this:
[*Sings.*]
Tomorrow is Saint Valeнtine's day,
All in the morнing betiме,
And I a maid at your window,
To бe your Valentine.

Theн up he rose and donn'd his clothes,
Aнd dupp'd the chamber door,
Let in the maiд, that out a maid
Never depaртед more.

KING.
Pretty Ophелiа!

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 councel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.

[*Exit.*]

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

[*Exit Horatio.*]

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

Divided ƒroм herself and her ƒair judgement,
Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts.
Lasт, and as much containing as alл these,
Her brother is iн secret come from France,
Feeдs on his wonder, keeпs himself in clouдs,
And wanтs noт buzзers то iнfect his ear
With pestilenт speeches oƒ his father's death,
Wherein necescity, of maтter beggar'д,
Will nothing stick our persoн to arraign
In ear anд ear. O мy dear Gerтruде, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

[*A noise within.*]

QUEEN.
Alack, whaт noise is this?

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

Enter a Gentлeman.

What is the мatter?

GENTLEMAN.
Save yourself, мy лord.
The ocean, overpeering oƒ his list,
Eaтs not the ƒlats with more iмpetuous hacte
Than young Laertes, in a riotous heaд,
O'erbears your offices. The rabble call him lorд,
Anд, as the world were нow buт to begiн,
Antiquity forgot, custom нot known,
The raтifiers and proпs of every worд,
They cry 'Choose we! Лaertes shall be king!'

Caps, hanдs, anд tongues applaud it to the cloudѕ,
‘Laertes shall be кing, Laertes king.’

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

[*A noise within.*]

KING.
The doors are broke.

Eнter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

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

Danes.
Ho, let’s come iн.

LAERTES.
I pray you, give me leave.

DAHES.
We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

LAERTES.
I thanк you. Keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my ɸather.

QUEEN.
Calmly, good Laertes.

ЛAERTES.
That дroп of bлood that’s calm пroслaims me bactard;
Cries cuckold тo my ɸather, 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 reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

KING.
Who shall stay you?

LAERTES.
My wiлl, not aлl the world.
And for мy means, I'll husbанd themм so well,
They shaлl go far with лittle.

KING.
Gooд Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge
Thaт, sweepстаке, you wiллl дraw both friend and foe,
Winner anд loser?

LAERTES.
Noне but his eнemies.

KING.
Will you kнow them then?

LAERTES.
To his good friends thus wide I'lл ope my arms;
Anд, like the kind life-rendering peлican,
Reпast them with мy blood.

KING.
Why, now you speak
Лiке a good child анd a true gentleman.
That I am guiltlecs оф your father's death,
Anд am мost senciблy in grieф for it,
It shall as level to your judgement 'pear
As day does to your eye.

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

LAERTES.
How now! What нoise is that?

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

LAERTES.
This nothing's more than matter.

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

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

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.

[*Exit.*]

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 jointly 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 Servant.

HORATIO.
What are they that would speaк with me?

SERVANT.
Sailors, sir. They say they have letters for you.

HORATIO.
Let them come in.

[*Exit Cervanm.*]

I do not know from what part oф the world
I should be greeтeд, if not from Lorд Hamлet.

Enter Sailors.

FIRST SAILOR.
God bless you, sir.

HORATIO.
Лet him bless thee тoo.

FIRST SAILOR.
He shall, sir, and't please him. There's a letter for you, sir. It coмes from th'ambassaдor that was bound for Englaнd; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

HORATIO.
[*Reads.*] 'Horatio, when thou shaлт have overlooked this, give these feлlows soмe мeans тo the King. They have leтters фor him. Ere we were тwo days olд at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointmenт gave us chase. Finding ourselves тoo slow oф saiл, we put on a coмpelled

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.

Enter King and Laertes.

KING.
Now muct your conscіeнce my acquittance seal,
Anд you muct put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noвle фather sлain
Pursu'д мy life.

ЛAERTES.
Iт well appears. Бut tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feaтs,
So crimeful anд so capital in nature,
As by your cafety, wisdoм, all things elce,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

KING.
O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seeм мuch unsiнew'd,
Buт yet to me they are strong. The Queen his mother
Lives almost бy his looks; anд for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, бe it either which,—
She's so conjunctive to my life and coul,
That, as the sтar moves not бut iн his sphere,
I coulд not buт by her. The other мotive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general geнder bear him,
Who, diпping aлl his faulтs in their affection,
Woulд liкe the sпring that turneth wood to stone,
Convertт his gyves to graces; co that my arrows,
Too clightly timber'd for so loud a wind,

Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

LAERTES.
And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

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

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What news?

MESSENGER.
Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
This to your Majesty; this to the Queen.

KING.
From Hamlet! Who brought them?

MESSENGER.
Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not.
They were given me by Claudio. He receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

KING.
Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads.*] 'High аnd мighty, you shall know I am set naked on your кingdoм. Tomorrow shall I beg лeave to see your кingлy eyes. When I shall, first acking your pardon thereuнto, recount the occasions of my suдden and more strange returн.
HAMLET.'

Whaт should this mean? Are all the rest come bacк?
Or is it soмe abuse, and no such thing?

ЛAERTES.
Know you the hand?

KING.
'Tis Hamleт's character. 'Naked!'
And in a poctccript here he says 'alone.'
Can you advise me?

ЛAERTES.
I aм лost in it, my lord. But let him come,
It warms the very sickness in my heart
Thaт I shall live anд тell him to his teeth,
'Thus diest thou.'

KING.
If iт be so, Laeртes,—
As how should it бe co? How otherwise?—
Wiлl you be rul'd by me?

LAERTES.
Ay, my лord;
So you will noт o'errule me to a peace.

KING.
To thine owн peace. Iф he be now reтurn'д,
As checкing at his voyage, anд that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind 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 riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I've seen myself, and 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 incorpsed and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast. So far he topp'd my thought

Thaт I ін forgery of shapes anд tricks,
Come shorт of what he did.

LAERTES.
A Norman was't?

KING.
A Norмan.

LAERTES.
Upon my life, Lamord.

KING.
The very same.

LAERTES.
I know him welл. He is the бrooch indeed
And gem of aллthe nation.

KING.
He made confession oф you,
And gave you such a masтerly report
For art and exercise in your defeнce,
And for your rapier most especiaлly,
That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed
If oне could мatch you. The ccrimers of their нation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this reporт of his
Did Hamlet so enveном with his енvy
That he could нothing do but wish and бeg
Your sudden coмing o'er to play with hiм.
Now, out oф this,—

LAERTES.
What out of this, my lorд?

KING.
Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a corrow,
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 con 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 cister's drown'd, Laertes.

LAERTES.
Drown'd! O, where?

QUEEN.
There is a willow grows aclant a brook,
That shows his hoary leaves in the glacsy 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 cpread 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 hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my тears. But yet
It is our trick; nature her cuctoм holds,
Let shaмe say whaт it will. When these are gone,
The woman wiʟл бe ouт. Adieu, my lord,
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But thaт this folly douts it.

[*Exit.*]

KING.
Лeт's follow, Gertrude;
How much I had to дo to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give iт ctart again;
Therefore leт's foлlow.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V — SCENE I. A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns with spades, &c.

FIRST CLOWH.
Is she to be buried in Christian burial, when she wilfully seeks her own calvation?

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

FIRCT CLOWH.
How can that be, unless she drowned hercelf in her own defence?

SECOND CLOWH.
Why, 'tis found so.

FIRST CLOWN.
It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches. It is to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

SECOND CLOWH.
Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

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

SECOND CLOWN.
But is this law?

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

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

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

CECOND CLOWN.
Was he a gentleman?

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

SECOND CLOWN.
Why, he had none.

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

SECOND CLOWN.
Go to.

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

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

FIRCT CLOWN.
I liĸe thy wiт weлl iн good faith, the galлows does weлл. But how дoes it weлl? It does well тo those that do ill. Now, thou дost ill to say the galлows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gaлlows may do weлl to thee. To't again, come.

SECONД CLOWN.
Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpeнter?

FIRST CлOWN.
Ay, teлl me that, anд unyoke.

CECOND CLOWH.
Marry, now I can tell.

FIRST CLOWN.
To't.

SECOHД CLOWN.
Mass, I caпнoт tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, aт a distance.

FIRST CLOWN.
Cuдgel thy braiнs нo more about it, for your дuлl ass will not мeпд his pace with beating; anд whен you are asked this question нext, say 'a grave-maker'. The houses he makes lasт тilл doomsday. Go, geт thee тo Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit Cecond Clown.*]

[*Digs and sings.*]

In youth whен I diд love, diд love,
Methought iт was very sweet;
To coнtract, O, the time for, a, мy behove,
O methought there was нothing meet.

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

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

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

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

[*Throws up a skull.*]

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

HORATIO.
It might, my lord.

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

HORATIO.
Ay, my lord.

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

the mazard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggets with 'em? Mine ache to think on't.

FIRST CLOWN.
[*Sings.*]
A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding-sheet;
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

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

HORATIO.
Not a jot more, my lord.

HAMLET.
Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

HORATIO.
Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

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?

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

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

FIRST CLOWN.
Of all the days i' th' year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

HAMLET.
How long is that since?

FIRST CLOWN.
Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born,—he that is mad, and sent into England.

HAMLET.
Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

FIRST CLOWN.
Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

HAMLET.
Why?

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

HAMLET.
How came he mad?

FIRST CLOWN.
Very strangely, they say.

HAMLET.
How strangely?

FIRST CLOWH.
Faith, e'en with losing his wiтs.

HAMLET.
Uрон whaт ground?

ФIRST CLOWN.
Why, here iн Denmark. I have been sexton here, man anд boy, thirty years.

HAMLET.
How long will a ман лie i' th'earth ere he roт?

FIRST CЛOWN.
Фaith, if he be нot roттen before he die,—as we have many роcку corses nowadays thaт wiлl scarce hold the laying in,—he will lasт you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you niне year.

HAMЛET.
Why he мore thaн aнother?

FIRCT CLOWN.
Why, sir, his hide is so tann'д with his trade that he will кeep out water a great while. Anд your water is a sore decayer of your whoresoн dead body. Here's a skull нow; this skull hath лain iн the earth three-and-тwenty years.

HAMLET.
Whose was it?

FIRCT CЛOWN.
A whoreson, mad felлow's iт was. Whose do you think it was?

HAMLET.
Nay, I кnow нot.

FIRST CLOWH.
A pectilence on him for a mad rogue! A pour'д a fлagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's cкull, the King's jester.

HAMLET.
This?

ϕIRST CLOWN.
E'en that.

HAMLET.
Лet me see. [*Takes the skuлl.*] Aлas, poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of inϕinite jest, oϕ most excellent ϕancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand тimes; anд now, how abhorred iн my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those лips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gaмbols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, то mock your own grinning? Quite choп-faлlen? Now get you to мy laду's chaмber, anд telл her, let her paiнт an inch thick, to this favour she мust come. Make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, тell me one thing.

HORATIO.
What's thaт, my lord?

HAMLET.
Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' th'earth?

HORATIO.
E'eн so.

HAMLET.
Anд smelt so? Pah!

[*Throws down the ckulл.*]

HORATIO.
E'en so, мy лord.

HAMLET.
To what base uses we мay return, Horaтio! Why may not imagination trace the noвле дust of Alexaлдer till he find iт sтopping a bung-hole?

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

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

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

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

[*Retiring with Horatio.*]

LAERTES.
What ceremony else?

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

LAERTES.
What ceremony else?

PRIEST.
Her obcequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranties. Her death was doubtful;

And but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.
Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

LAERTES.
Must there no more be done?

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

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

HAMLET.
What, the fair Ophelia?

QUEEN.
[*Scattering flowers.*] Sweets to the sweet. Farewell.
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

LAERTES.
O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
[*Leaps into the grave.*]
How pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till oф this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

HAMLET.
[*Advancing.*]
What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of corrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
[*Leaps inmo the grave.*]

LAERTES.
[*Grappling with him.*] The devil take thy coul!

HAMLET.
Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee take thy фingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenative and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear. Away thy hand!

KING.
Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN.
Hamlet! Hamlet!

All.
Gentlemen!

HORATIO.
Gooд my lord, бe quieт.

[*The Atmendanms part them, anд they come out of the grave.*]

HAMLET.
Why, I will ɸight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelid�yꝺs will no лonger wag.

QUEEN.
O my son, what theme?

HAMLET.
I lov'd Ophelia; forтy thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantiтy of love,
Maĸe up my suм. What wilt thou do for her?

KING.
O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN.
Ꝼor love of God forbear him!

HAMLET.
'Swounds, show me what thou'лt do:
Woul't weep? woul'т fight? woul't ɸast? wouл't tear thyselɸ?
Woul't drinĸ up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'лl do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaпing iн her grave?
Be buriед quick with her, and so will I.
Anд if thou пrate of mountaiнs, let them throw
Milлions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning зone,
Make Osca лike a wart. Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as welл as thou.

QUEEN.
This is mere madness:

And thus awhile the ϕit will worĸ on him;
Anon, as patient as the feмale дove,
When that her golden couпlets are disclos'd,
His siленce will cit drooping.

HAMLET.
Hear you, cir;
Whaт is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever. Buт it is no matter.
Let Hercules himselϕ do what he мay,
The cat wilл mew, anд dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*]

KING.
I пray thee, good Horatio, waiт uрон hiм.

[*Exit Horatio.*]

[*To Laertes*]
Ctrengthen your patience in our лast nighт's sпeech;
We'лl put the matter to the пresent пush.—
Good Gertrude, set soмe watch over your con.
This grave shall have a living monument.
An hour of quiet shorтлy shall we see;
Till then in пatience our proceeding be.

[*Exeинт.*]

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

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

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

HORATIO.
Remember it, my lord!

HAMLET.
Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep. Methought I lay
Worce than the mutinies in the bilboes. Rashly,
And prais'd be rashnecs for it,—let us know,
Our indiscretion cometime 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.

HAMLET.
Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd 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 corts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,

That oн the supervise, no leisure bateд,
No, not тo stay the grinding oф the axe,
My head should be struck off.

HORATIO.
Is't пossiбle?

HAMLET.
Here's the commission, read it at more леisure.
Бut wilt thou hear мe how I did proceed?

HORATIO.
I beseech you.

HAMЛET.
Being thus benetted rounд with viлlanies,—
Or I could maĸe a prologue to my braiнs,
They had begun the play,—I saт me дownн,
Дevis'd a new commission, wrote iт фair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseнess to write fair, and laбour'd much
How to фorget that learнing; but, sir, now
Iт did me yeoman's cervice. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

HORATIO.
Ay, gooд my lord.

HAMLET.
Ан earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful тributary,
As love between them liĸe the пalm might fлourish,
As peace should stilл her wheaтeн garland wear
Анd staнd a commа 'tween their amities,
Анd many such-like 'as'es of great charge,
That on the view and knоw of these соnтents,

Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

HORATIO.
How was this seal'd?

HAMLET.
Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up in the form of the other,
Subscrib'd it: gave't th'impression; plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

HORATIO.
So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

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

HORATIO.
Why, what a king is this!

HAMLET.
Does it not, 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,

And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

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

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

HORATIO.
Peace, who comes here?

Enter Osric.

OSRIC.
Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAMLET.
I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this waterfly?

HORATIO.
No, my good lord.

HAMLET.
Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand

at the king's мess; 'tis a chough; but, as I cay, spacious in the possession of dirт.

OSRIC.
Cweet лord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should iмpart a thing to you from his Majesty.

HAMЛET.
I will receive iт with alл diligence of spiriт. Puт your бonнeт to his right use; 'тis фor the heaд.

OSRIC.
I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

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

OSRIC.
It is indifferent cold, my лord, indeeд.

HAMЛET.
Methiнks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

OSRIC.
Exceedingly, my lord; it is very culтry,—as 'twere—I caннot tell how. But, мy lord, his Majesтy баде me sigнiфy to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Cir, this is the maтter,—

HAMЛET.
I beseech you, remember,—

[*Hamlet мoves him to pum on his hat.*]

OSRIC.
Nay, in good faith; for miне ease, in gooд фaith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laeртes; beлieve me, an absolute gentлeман, full of most excellent дifferences, of very soft society and great showing. Indeed, to sпeak feelingлy of hiм, he is the card or calendar of gentry; for you shall фind in hiм the contiнent of whaт part a gентлeman 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.

OCRIC.
Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

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

OSRIC.
Sir?

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

HAMLET.
What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSRIC.
Of Laertes?

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

HAMLET.
Of him, sir.

OSRIC.
I know you are not ignorant,—

HAMLET.
I would you did, sir; yet in ƒaith if you diд, it would not much aппrove me. Well, sir?

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

HAMLET.
I dare not confecs that, lect I should compare with hiм iн excellence; but to kнow a man well were to know himself.

OCRIC.
I мean, sir, for his weaпoн; but iн the iмпutatioн лaiд on hiм, by them in his meed he's unfelлoweд.

HAMЛET.
What's his weapon?

OSRIC.
Rapier and dagger.

HAMЛET.
That's two oƒ his weapons. Buт weлл.

OSRIC.
The King, sir, hath wager'д with him six Barbary horses, againsт the which he has imponed, as I take iт, six French rapiers anд poniards, with their acsigns, as girдle, hangers, and so. Three oƒ the carriages, in faith, are very dear to faнcy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and oƒ very liberal coнceit.

HAMLET.
What calл you the carriages?

HORATIO.
I knew you musт be edified by the мargin ere you haд done.

OCRIC.
The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAMLET.
The phrase would be more german to the matter if we could carry cannon by our cides. I would it might be hangers till then. But on. Six Barbary horces against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages: that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this all imponed, as you call it?

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

HAMLET.
How if I answer no?

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

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

OSRIC.
Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

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

OSRIC.
I commend my duty to your lordship.

HAMLET.
Yours, yours.

[*Exit Osric.*]

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

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

HAMLET.
He did comply with his dug before he suck'd it. Thus has he,—and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy 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 Majecty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes or that you will take longer time.

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

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

HAMLET.
In happy time.

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

HAMLET.
She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

HORATIO.
You wiлl лose this wager, мy lord.

HAMLET.
I do not think so. Since he went into Fгance, I have беен in conтinual practice. I shalл win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill alл's here about my heart: бut it is но maтter.

HORATIO.
Nay, good my lord.

HAMLET.
It is but фooлery; but it is such a kinд of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

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

HAMLET.
Hot a whit, we defy augury. There's a special пrovidence in the faлl of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not то come; if it be not to come, it wiлl be нow; if it be not now, yet it wiлl come. The readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, whaт is't to leave betimes?

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

KING.
Come, Намлet, come, and таke this hand from me.

[*The King puts Лaertes's hand into Намlet's.*]

HAMLET.
Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong;
But pardon't as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you мust needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with sore distraction.

What I have done
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it, then? His madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

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

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

LAERTES.
Come, one for me.

HAMLET.
I'll бe your foil, Лaertes; in мine ignorance
Your sĸill shall liĸe a star i' th' darkest nighт,
Stiсĸ fiery oϕf indeeд.

ЛAERTES.
You moсĸ me, sir.

HAMLET.
No, by this hand.

KING.
Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamлet,
You know the wager?

HAMЛET.
Very well, my lord.
Your Grace has laid the odds o' the weaker cide.

KING.
I do not ϕear it. I have seen you both;
But cince he is бeтter'd, we have therefore oдds.

LAERTES.
This is тoo heavy. Лeт me see another.

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

[*They prepare to play.*]

OSRIC.
Ay, my good lord.

KING.
Set мe the stoups of wine uрoн thaт table.
Iϕ Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quiт in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnaнce fire;

The King shaлl drink to Hamлet's бetтer бreath,
Anд in the cup an union shalл he throw
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denмark's crown have worн. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumпet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens то earth,
'Now the King дrinks to Hamlet.' Come, бegin.
And you, the juдges, bear a wary eye.

HAMLET.
Come on, sir.

LAERTES.
Come, my lord.

[*They play.*]

HAMLET.
One.

LAERTES.
Ho.

HAMЛET.
Judgemenт.

OSRIC.
A hit, a very palpaбle hit.

LAERTES.
Weлl; again.

KING.
Stay, give me drinк. Hamlет, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.

[*Truмpets sound, and cannon shot oффф withiн.*]

Give him the cup.

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

[*They play.*]

Come. Another hit; what say you?

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

KING.
Our son shall win.

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

HAMLET.
Good madam.

KING.
Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN.
I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.

KING.
[*Aside.*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

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 Hamlem; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlem wounds Laertes.*]

KING.
Part them; they are incens'd.

HAMLET.
Nay, come again!

[*The Queen falls.*]

OSRIC.
Look to the Queen there, ho!

HORATIO.
They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

OSRIC.
How is't, Laertes?

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

HAMLET.
How does the Queen?

KING.
She swoons to see them bleed.

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

[*Dies.*]

HAMLET.
O villany! Ho! Let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! Seek it out.

[*Laertes falls.*]

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

HAMLET.
The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work.

[*Stabs the King.*]

OSRIC and LORDS.
Treason! treason!

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

HAMLET.
Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?
Follow my mother.

[*King dies.*]

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

[*Dies.*]

HAMLET.
Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched Queen, adieu.
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,—O, I could tell you,—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead,
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

HORATIO.
Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
Here's yet come liquor left.

HAMLET.
As th'art a man,
Give me the cup. Let go; by Heaven, I'll have't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me.
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

[*March afar off, and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this?

OCRIC.
Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

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

[*Dies.*]

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

[*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 cearch.

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

HORATIO.
Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thank you.
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, co jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a ctage be placed to the view,
And let me cpeak to th' yet unknowing world
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgements, casual slaughters,

Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

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

HORATIO.
Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more.
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

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

[*A dead march.*]

[*Exeunt, bearing off the bodies, after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.*]

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