Hamlet

William Shakespeare

Modern Greek — 100% of eligible letters

English · 1603

About this reading edition

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

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Modern sounds: β is /v/, not /b/. ρ is a tapped or trilled r. Final σ becomes ς.

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

m / μ · n / ν · p / π · t / τ · k / κ · f / φ · l / λ · r / ρ · s / σ · v / β · z / ζ · a / α · i / ι · o / ο · e / ε

36,374 of 36,374 eligible letters changed. Approximately 27.3% 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.

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Dramatis Personæ

HAMΛET, Πrivce oφ Devμarκ
CΛAUDIUS, King oφ Devμarκ, Haμλeτ's uvcλe
The GHOΣT oφ the λate κing, Haμλeτ's φather
GERTRUDE, the Queev, Haμλeτ's μother, vow wiφe oφ Cλaudius
ΠOΛONIUS, Λord Chaμberλaiv
ΛAERTES, Σov το Πολονius
OPHEΛIA, Daughter το Πολονius
HORATIO, Φrievd το Haμλeτ
ΦORTINBRAS, Πrivce oφ Norway
BOΛTEMAND, Courτier
CORNEΛIUS, Courτier
ROSENCRANTZ, Courτier
GUILDENΣTERN, Courτier
MARCEΛΛUS, Oφφicer
BARNARDO, Oφφicer
ΦRANCISCO, a Σoldier
OΣRIC, Courτier
REYNALDO, Σerβαντ το Πολονius
Πλayers
A Geντλeμαν, Courτier
A Πrieστ
Two Cλowvs, Graβe-diggers
A Caπταiv
Engλish Aμbaσσadors.
Λords, Λadies, Oφφicers, Σoldiers, Σaiλors, Meσσengers, avd Aττevδavτs

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

Enter Francisco and Barnardo, two sentinels.

BARNARDO.
Who's there?

FRANCISCO.
Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BARNARDO.
Long live the King!

FRANCISCO.
Barnardo?

BARNARDO.
He.

FRANCISCO.
You come most carefully upon your hour.

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

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

BARNARDO.
Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO.
Not a mouse stirring.

BARNARDO.
Welλ, good vighτ.
Iφ you do μeeτ Horaτio avd Marceλλus,
The riβalѕ oφ μy watch, bid theμ μake haστe.

Eντer Horaτio avd Marceλλus.

ΦRANCISCO.
I thivκ I hear theμ. Στavd, ho! Who is there?

HORATIO.
Φrievds το this grouvd.

MARCELΛUS.
Avd λiegeμev το the Dave.

ΦRANCISCO.
Giβe you good vighτ.

MARCELΛUS.
O, φarewelλ, hovesτ σoldier, who hath reλieβ'd you?

ΦRANCISCO.
Barvardo has μy πλace. Giβe you good-vighτ.

[*Exiτ.*]

MARCELΛUS.
Hoλλa, Barvardo!

BARNARDO.
Σay, whaτ, is Horaτio there?

HORATIO.
A πiece oφ hiμ.

BARNARDO.
Welcoμe, Horaτio. Welcoμe, good Marceλλus.

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

BARNARDO.
I have seen nothing.

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

HORATIO.
Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

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

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

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

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

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!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

MARCELLUS.
'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BARNARDO.
How νow, Horatio! You τremble and look pale.
Is νot this something more than φantasy?
What thiνk you on't?

HORATIO.
Before my God, I might νot this believe
Without the sensible and true aβouch
Of mine own eyes.

MARCELLUS.
Is it νot like the King?

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

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

HORATIO.
In what particular thought to work I know νot;
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

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

Does νοτ diβide the Συνday φroμ the weeκ.
Whaτ μighτ be τoward, thaτ this σweaτy haστe
Doth μaκe the νighτ joiντ-λabourer with the day:
Who is'τ thaτ caν iνφorμ μe?

HORATIO.
Thaτ caν I;
Aτ λeaστ, the whisπer goes σo. Our λaστ King,
Whose iμage eβeν buτ νow aππear'd τo us,
Was, as you kνow, by Φorτiνbras oφ Norway,
Thereτo πricκ'd oν by a μoστ eμuλaτe πride,
Dar'd τo the coμbaτ; iν which our βaλiaντ Haμλeτ,
Φor σo this σide oφ our kνowν world eσteeμ'd hiμ,
Did σλay this Φorτiνbras; who by a σeaλ'd coμπacτ,
Weλλ raτiφied by λaw aνd heraldry,
Did φorφeiτ, with his λiφe, aλλ those his λaνds
Which he σtood σeiζ'd oφ, τo the coνqueror;
Againστ the which, a μoieτy coμπeτeντ
Was gaged by our King; which had reτurν'd
To the iνheriτaνce oφ Φorτiνbras,
Had he beeν βaνquisher; as by the σaμe coβ'νaντ
Aνd carriage oφ the arτicλe desigν'd,
His φeλλ τo Haμλeτ. Now, σir, young Φorτiνbras,
Oφ uνiμπroβed μeττλe, hoτ aνd φuλλ,
Hath iν the σκirτs oφ Norway, here aνd there,
Sharκ'd uπ a λisτ oφ λawλeσs resoλuτes,
Φor φood aνd dieτ, τo σoμe eντerπrise
Thaτ hath a στoμach iν'τ; which is νo other,
As iτ doth weλλ aππear uντo our στaτe,
Buτ τo recoβer oφ us by στrong haνd
Aνd τerμs coμπuλsaτory, those φoresaid λaνds
Σo by his φather λoστ. Aνd this, I τaκe iτ,
Is the μaiν μoτiβe oφ our πreπaratioνs,
The σource oφ this our waτch, aνd the chieφ head
Oφ this πoστ-haστe aνd ruμμage iν the λaνd.

BARNARDO.
I thivκ iτ be νo other buτ e'ev σo:
Weλλ μay iτ σorτ thaτ this πorτeντous φigure
Coμes arμed through our waτch σo λiκe the King
Thaτ was avd is the queσtiov oφ these wars.

HORATIO.
A μoτe iτ is το τroubλe the μivd's eye.
Iv the μoστ high avd πalμy σταre oφ Roμe,
A λiττλe ere the μightieστ Juλius φeλλ,
The graβes σtood τeναντλeσs avd the sheeτed dead
Did σqueaκ avd gibber iv the Roμav σtreeτs;
As σtars with τraivs oφ φire avd dews oφ bλood,
Disaσters iv the σuv; avd the μoisτ σtar,
Uπov whose ivφλuevce Neπτuve's eμπire στavds,
Was σicκ alμoστ το dooμσday with ecλiπσe.
Avd eβev the λiκe πrecurse oφ φierce eβevτs,
As harbingers πreceding σtiλλ the φaτes
Avd πrolοgue το the oμev coμing ov,
Haβe heaβev avd earth τogether deμovστraτed
Uvto our cλiμatures avd couvτryμev.

Re-evτer Ghoστ.

Buτ, σoφτ, behold! Λo, where iτ coμes agaiv!
I'λλ croσs iτ, though iτ bλaστ μe. Σtay, iλλusiov!
Iφ thou haστ avy σouvd, or use oφ βoice,
Σpeaκ το μe.
Iφ there be avy good thing το be dove,
Thaτ μay το thee do ease, avd grace το μe,
Σpeaκ το μe.
Iφ thou arτ πriβy το thy couvτry's φaτe,
Which, haππiλy, φorekvowing μay aβoid,
O σpeaκ!
Or iφ thou haστ uphoarded iv thy λiφe
Exτorτed τreasure iv the woμb oφ earth,

Φor which, they σay, you σpiriτs oφτ walκ iν death,
Σpeaκ oφ iτ. Στay, avd σpeaκ!

[*The cocκ crows.*]

Στop iτ, Marcellus!

MARCELLUS.
Shalλ I στriκe aτ iτ with μy parτisaν?

HORATIO.
Do, iφ iτ wiλλ νoτ στavd.

BARNARDO.
'Tis here!

HORATIO.
'Tis here!

[*Exiτ Ghoστ.*]

MARCELLUS.
'Tis gove!
We do iτ wrong, being σo μajeστicaλ,
To oφφer iτ the show oφ βioλevce,
Φor iτ is as the air, iνβuλverabλe,
Avd our βaiν bλows μaλicious μocκery.

BARNARDO.
Iτ was abouτ το σpeaκ, whev the cocκ crew.

HORATIO.
Avd thev iτ στarτed, λiκe a guiλτy thing
Uπov a φearφuλ συμμovs. I haβe heard
The cocκ, thaτ is the τruμpeτ το the μorv,
Doth with his λoφτy avd shriλλ-σouvding throaτ
Awaκe the god oφ day; avd aτ his warving,
Whether iv σea or φire, iv earth or air,

Th'extraβagavt avd erring σpiriτ hies
To his covφive. Avd oφ the truth hereiv
This presevt objecτ μade prοbatiov.

MARCELLUS.
Iτ φaded ov the crowing oφ the cocκ.
Σoμe σay thaτ eβer 'gaivστ thaτ σeasov coμes
Whereiv our Σaβiour's birth is celebraτed,
The bird oφ dawving σingeth alλ vighτ lοng;
Avd thev, they σay, vo σpiriτ dare στir abroad,
The vighτs are wholesoμe, thev vo πlavets στrike,
No φairy τakes, vor witch hath power το charμ;
Σo halλow'd avd σo gracious is the τiμe.

HORATIO.
Σo haβe I heard, avd do iv πart beλieβe iτ.
Buτ loοκ, the μorv iv ruσσet μavτle clad,
Walκs o'er the dew oφ yov high eaστward hiλλ.
Breaκ we our watch uπ, avd by μy adβice,
Let us iμπart what we haβe σeev τovight
Uvto young Haμlet; φor uπov μy liφe,
This σpiriτ, duμb το us, wiλλ σpeaκ το hiμ.
Do you covσevτ we shaλλ acquaivτ hiμ with iτ,
As veedφul iv our loβes, φiττing our duτy?

MARCELLUS.
Let's do'τ, I πray, avd I this μorving kvow
Where we shaλλ φivd hiμ μoστ covβevieντly.

[*Exeuvτ.*]

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 sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th'imperial jointress 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.
Now follows, that you know young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with 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 businesse is: we haue here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppresse
His further gait herein; in that the leuies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect: and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall 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 speake of reason to the Dane,
And loose your voice. What would'st thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What would'st thou haue, Laertes?

LAERTES.
Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HAMΛET.
Ay, μadaμ, iτ is coμμon.

QUEEN.
Iφ iτ be,
Why σeeμs iτ σo παrτicuλar with thee?

HAMΛET.
Σeeμs, μadaμ! Nay, iτ is; I kvow vot σeeμs.
'Tis vot aλove μy ivky cλoak, good μother,
Nor cuστoμary σuiτs oφ σoλeμv bλack,
Nor wivdy σuσπiratiov oφ φorc'd breath,
No, vor the φruiτφuλ riβer iv the eye,
Nor the dejecτed haβiour oφ the βisage,
Together with aλλ φorμs, μoods, shows oφ grieφ,
Thaτ cav devoτe μe τruλy. These ivdeed σeeμ,
Φor they are actiovs thaτ a μav μighτ πλay;
Buτ I haβe thaτ withiv which πασσeth show;
These buτ the τraππings avd the σuiτs oφ woe.

KING.
'Tis σweeτ avd coμμevdabλe iv your vature, Haμλeτ,
To giβe these μourving duτies τo your φather;
Buτ you μuστ kvow, your φather λoστ a φather,
Thaτ φather λoστ, λoστ his, avd the σurβiβor bouvd
Iv φiλiaλ obλigatiov, φor σoμe τerμ
To do obσequious σorrow. Buτ τo πerσeβere
Iv obστivaτe covdoλeμevτ is a courσe
Oφ iμπious στubborvvess. 'Tis uvμavλy grieφ,
Iτ shows a wiλλ μoστ ivcorrecτ τo heaβev,
A heart uvφorτiφied, a μivd iμπatievτ,
Av uvderστavding σiμπλe avd uvσchoολ'd;
Φor whaτ we kvow μuστ be, avd is as coμμov
As avy the μoστ βulgar thing τo σevσe,
Why should we iv our πeeβish oππositiov
Taκe iτ τo heart? Φie, 'τis a φauλτ τo heaβev,

A φaυlτ agaiνστ the dead, a φaυlτ το νature,
To reasoν μοστ abσurd, whose coμμον theμe
Is death oφ φathers, aνd who στilλ hath cried,
Φroμ the φirστ corσe τilλ he thaτ died τoday,
‘This μuστ be σo.’ We πray you throw το earth
This uνπreβaiλing woe, aνd thiνκ oφ us
As oφ a φather; φor λeτ the world τaκe νoτe
You are the μoστ iμμediaτe το our throνe,
Aνd with νo λeσs νobiλiτy oφ λoβe
Thaν thaτ which deareστ φather bears his σoν
Do I iμπarτ toward you. Φor your iντeντ
Iν going bacκ το σchooλ iν Wiττeνberg,
Iτ is μoστ reτrograde το our desire:
Aνd we beseech you beνd you το reμaiν
Here iν the cheer aνd coμφorτ oφ our eye,
Our chieφeστ courτier, cousiν, aνd our σoν.

QUEEN.
Λeτ νoτ thy μother λose her πrayers, Haμλeτ.
I πray thee σtay with us; go νoτ το Wiττeνberg.

HAMΛET.
I shaλλ iν aλλ μy beστ obey you, μadaμ.

KING.
Why, ’τis a λoβing aνd a φair reπλy.
Be as ourσelφ iν Deνμarκ. Madaμ, coμe;
This geντλe aνd uνφorc’d accord oφ Haμλeτ
Σiτs σmiλing το μy heart; iν grace whereoφ,
No jocuνd healτh thaτ Deνμarκ driνκs τoday
Buτ the greaτ caννon το the cλouds shaλλ τeλλ,
Aνd the King’s rouse the heaβeν shaλλ bruiτ agaiν,
Re-σpeaκing earthλy thuνder. Coμe away.

[*Exeuντ aλλ buτ Haμλeτ.*]

HAMΛET.
O thaτ this τoo τoo σolid φlesh would μelτ,
Thaw, aνd resolβe iτσelφ iντo a dew!
Or thaτ the Eβerlaστing had νoτ φix'd
His caνon 'gaiνστ σelφ-σlaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, σtale, φlaτ, aνd uνπroφitable
Σeeμ τo μe alλ the uses oφ this world!
Φie oν'τ! Oh φie! 'τis aν uνweeded gardeν
Thaτ grows τo σeed; things ranκ aνd groσs iν νature
Ποσσeσs iτ μerely. Thaτ iτ should coμe τo this!
Buτ τwo μonths dead—νay, νoτ σo μuch, νoτ τwo:
Σo excellenτ a κing; thaτ was τo this
Hyπeriον τo a σatyr; σo loβing τo μy μother,
Thaτ he μighτ νoτ beτeeμ the wiνds oφ heaβeν
Bisiτ her φace τoo roughly. Heaβeν aνd earth!
Muστ I reμeμber? Why, she would hang oν hiμ
As iφ iνcrease oφ aππetite had growν
By whaτ iτ φed oν; aνd yeτ, withiν a μonth—
Leτ μe νoτ thiνκ oν'τ—Φraiλty, thy νaμe is woμaν!
A liττle μonth, or ere those shoes were old
With which she φollowed μy πoor φather's body
Liκe Niobe, alλ τears.—Why she, eβeν she—
O God! A beaστ thaτ waνts discourσe oφ reasoν
Would haβe μourν'd longer,—μarried with μiνe uνcle,
My φather's brother; buτ νo μore liκe μy φather
Thaν I τo Hercules. Withiν a μonth,
Ere yeτ the σalτ oφ μoστ uνrighteous τears
Had leφτ the φlushing iν her galled eyes,
She μarried. O μoστ wicκed σpeed, τo poστ
With σuch dexτeriτy τo iνceστuous sheeτs!
Iτ is νoτ, νor iτ caννoτ coμe τo good.
Buτ breaκ, μy heart, φor I μuστ hold μy tongue.

Eντer Horatio, Marcellus aνd Barνardo.

HORATIO.
Haiλ το your λordshiπ!

HAMΛET.
I aμ gλad το σee you weλλ:
Horatio, or I do φorgeτ μyselφ.

HORATIO.
The σaμe, μy λord,
Avd your πoor σerβavτ eβer.

HAMΛET.
Σir, μy good φrievd;
I'λλ change thaτ vaμe with you:
Avd whaτ μake you φroμ Wiττevberg, Horatio?—
Marceλλus?

MARCEΛΛUS.
My good λord.

HAMΛET.
I aμ βery gλad το σee you.—Good eβev, σir.—
Buτ whaτ, iv φaith, μake you φroμ Wiττevberg?

HORATIO.
A τruavτ disπositiov, good μy λord.

HAMΛET.
I would vοτ hear your eveμy σay σo;
Nor shaλλ you do μy ear thaτ βioλevce,
To μake iτ τruστer oφ your owv reπorτ
Againστ yourσelφ. I kvow you are vo τruavτ.
Buτ whaτ is your aφφair iv Elσivore?
We'λλ τeach you το drivκ deeπ ere you deπarτ.

HORATIO.
My λord, I caμe το σee your φather's φuveraλ.

HAMΛET.
I πrithee do νοτ μοcκ με, φελλοw-στudεντ.
I thivκ iτ was το σee μy μother's wedding.

HORATIO.
Ivdeed, μy λord, iτ φολλοw'd hard uπον.

HAMΛET.
Thriφτ, thriφτ, Horaτio! The φuveraλ baκ'd μeaτs
Did coldλy φurvish φorth the μarriage τabλes.
Would I had μeτ μy dearesτ φoe iv heaβev
Or eβer I had σeev thaτ day, Horaτio.
My φather,—μethivκs I σee μy φather.

HORATIO.
Where, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Iv μy μivd's eye, Horaτio.

HORATIO.
I σaw hiμ ovce; he was a goodλy κing.

HAMΛET.
He was a μav, τaκe hiμ φor aλλ iv aλλ,
I shaλλ νοτ λοοκ uπον his λiκe agaiv.

HORATIO.
My λord, I thivκ I σaw hiμ yeστervighτ.

HAMΛET.
Σaw? Who?

HORATIO.
My λord, the King your φather.

HAMΛET.
The King μy φather!

HORATIO.
Σeasον your adμiratiον φor a whiλe
With aν aττεντ ear, τiλλ I μay deλiβer
Uπον the wiτνeσs oφ these geντλeμeν
This μarβeλ το you.

HAMΛET.
Φor God's λoβe λeτ μe hear.

HORATIO.
Two νighτs τogether had these geντλeμeν,
Marceλλus aνd Barνardo, oν their waτch
Iν the dead waστe aνd μiddλe oφ the νighτ,
Beeν thus eνcouντer'd. A φigure λiκe your φather,
Arμed aτποiντ exacτλy, caπ-à-πie,
Aππears beφore theμ, aνd with σoλeμν μarch
Goes σλow aνd στaτeλy by theμ: thrice he walκ'd
By their oππreσs'd aνd φear-σurπrised eyes,
Withiν his τruνcheoν's λength; whiλστ they, disτiλλ'd
Alμoστ το jeλλy with the acτ oφ φear,
Στaνd duμb, aνd σpeaκ νoτ το hiμ. This το μe
Iν dreadφuλ σecrecy iμpart they did,
Aνd I with theμ the third νighτ κepτ the waτch,
Where, as they had deλiβer'd, both iν τiμe,
Φorμ oφ the thing, each word μade τrue aνd good,
The aππaritiον coμes. I kνew your φather;
These haνds are νoτ μore λiκe.

HAMΛET.
Buτ where was this?

MARCEΛΛUS.
My λord, uπον the πλaτφorμ where we waτch.

HAMΛET.
Did you νoτ σpeaκ το iτ?

HORATIO.
My λord, I did;
Bυτ aνσwer μade iτ νονe: yeτ ονce μethoughτ
Iτ λiφτed uπ iτ head, aνd did addreσs
Iτσelφ το μotiον, λiκe as iτ would σπeaκ.
Bυτ eβεν theν the μorνing cocκ crew λoud,
Aνd aτ the σouνd iτ shruνκ iν haστe away,
Aνd βaνish'd φroμ our σighτ.

HAMΛET.
'Tis βery στrange.

HORATIO.
As I do λiβe, μy hoνour'd λord, 'τis τrue;
Aνd we did thiνκ iτ wriτ dowν iν our duτy
To λeτ you kνow oφ iτ.

HAMΛET.
Iνdeed, iνdeed, σirs, bυτ this τroubλes μe.
Hold you the waτch τoνighτ?

MARCEΛΛUS aνd BARNARDO.
We do, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Arμ'd, σay you?

Both.
Arμ'd, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Φroμ τoπ το τoe?

BOTH.
My λord, φroμ head το φooτ.

HAMΛET.
Theν σaw you νoτ his φace?

HORATIO.
O yes, μy λord, he wore his beaβer uπ.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ, λooκ'd he φrowvingλy?

HORATIO.
A couvτenavce μore iv σorrow thav iv anger.

HAMΛET.
Παλe, or red?

HORATIO.
Nay, βery παλe.

HAMΛET.
Avd φix'd his eyes uπov you?

HORATIO.
Μοστ covσταvτλy.

HAMΛET.
I would I had beev there.

HORATIO.
Iτ would haβe μuch aμaζ'd you.

HAMΛET.
Bery λiκe, βery λiκe. Σtay'd iτ λong?

HORATIO.
Whiλe ove with μoderaτe haστe μighτ τeλλ a huvdred.

MARCEΛΛUS avd BARNARDO.
Λonger, λonger.

HORATIO.
Νοτ whev I σaw'τ.

HAMΛET.
His beard was griζζled, νo?

HORATIO.
Iτ was, as I haβe seeν iτ iν his liφe,
A sable silβer'd.

HAMΛET.
I wiλλ watch τonighτ;
Perchance 'τwiλλ walκ againv.

HORATIO.
I warranτ you iτ wiλλ.

HAMΛET.
Iφ iτ assume μy noble φather's persον,
I'λλ speaκ το iτ, though heλλ itselφ should gape
And bid me hold μy peace. I pray you alλ,
Iφ you haβe hithertο conceal'd this sighτ,
Let iτ be τenable iν your silence stiλλ;
And whatsoeβer else shaλλ hap τonighτ,
Giβe iτ av uνderstanding, buτ νo τongue.
I wiλλ requite your loβes. So, φare ye weλλ.
Upον the πlatφorμ 'τwixτ eleβen and τwelβe,
I'λλ βisiτ you.

ALΛ.
Our duτy το your honour.

HAMΛET.
Your loβes, as μive το you: φarewelλ.

[*Exeuντ Horatio, Marcellus and Barvardo.*]

My φather's spiriτ iν arμs! Alλ is νοτ weλλ;
I doubτ some φoul πlay: would the νighτ were come!
Tiλλ then sit stiλλ, μy soul: φoul deeds wiλλ rise,
Though alλ the earth o'erwhelμ them, το μen'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 conboy 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 unbalu'd persons do,
Carbe for himselφ; for on his choice depends
The sanctity and health oφ this whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the βoice and yielding oφ that body
Whereoφ he is the head. Then iφ he says he loβes you,
It φits your wisdom so far to beliebe it
As he in his partıcular act and place
May giβe his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main βoice oφ Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
Iφ with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd ımportunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear oφ your aφfectıon,
Out oφ the shot and danger oφ desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
Iφ she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Birtue itselφ 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the ınfants oφ the spring
Too oft beφore their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew oφ youth
Contagious blastments are most immınent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear.
Youth to itselφ rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA.
I shall th'eφfect oφ 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 heaben;
Whilst like a puφφ'd and reckless libertine
Himselφ the primrose path oφ dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

ΛAERTES.
O, φear με νοτ.
I στay τοο λong. Bυτ here μy φather coμes.

Eντer Πολονius.

A doubλe bλεσσing is a doubλe grace;
Occasιον σμiλes uπον a σecονd λeaβe.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Yετ here, Λaertes? Aboard, aboard, φor shaμe.
The wiνd σits iν the shoulder oφ your σaiλ,
Aνd you are στay'd φor. There, μy bλεσσing with you.

[*Λaying his havd ov Λaertes's head.*]

Aνd these φew πreceπts iν thy μeμory
Λoοκ thou character. Giβe thy thoughts νo tongue,
Nor aνy uνπroπortiον'd thought his acτ.
Be thou φaμiλiar, bυτ by νo μeavs βυlgar.
Those φrievds thou haστ, aνd their adoπtiον tried,
Graππλe theμ uντo thy σoυλ with hooπs oφ στeeλ;
Bυτ do νοτ dυλλ thy πalμ with eντerταiνμeντ
Oφ each νew-haτch'd, uνφledg'd coμrade. Beware
Oφ eντravce το a quarreλ; bυτ being iν,
Bear'τ thaτ th'oππosed μay beware oφ thee.
Giβe eβery μaν thiνe ear, bυτ φew thy βoice:
Taκe each μaν's cevσure, bυτ reserβe thy judgeμeντ.
Coστλy thy habiτ as thy πurσe caν buy,
Bυτ νοτ exπreσs'd iν φavcy; rich, νοτ gaudy:
Φor the aππareλ oφτ πrocλaiμs the μaν;
Aνd they iν Φravce oφ the beστ ravκ aνd στatiον
Are oφ a μoστ σeλecτ aνd geverous chieφ iν thaτ.
Neither a borrower νor a λevder be:
Φor λoaν oφτ λoses both iτσelφ aνd φrievd;
Aνd borrowing dυλλs the edge oφ huσbaνdry.
This aboβe aλλ: το thiνe owν σelφ be τrue;

Aνd iτ μuστ φollow, as the νighτ the day,
Thou cανστ νοτ thεν be φalσe το aνy μaν.
Φarewεlλ: μy bλeσσing σeasoν this iν thee.

ΛAERTES.
Μoστ huμbλy do I τaκe μy λeaβe, μy λord.

ΠOΛONIUS.
The τiμe iνβiτes you; go, your σerβaντs τeνd.

ΛAERTES.
Φarewεlλ, Opheλia, aνd reμeμber weλλ
Whaτ I haβe σaid το you.

OPHEΛIA.
'Tis iν μy μeμory λocκ'd,
Aνd you yourσelφ shaλλ κeeπ the κey oφ iτ.

ΛAERTES.
Φarewεlλ.

[*Exiτ.*]

ΠOΛONIUS.
Whaτ is'τ, Opheλia, he hath σaid το you?

OPHEΛIA.
Σo πlease you, σoμething τouching the Λord Haμlετ.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Marry, weλλ bethoughτ:
'Tis τold μe he hath βery oφτ oφ λaτe
Giβεν πriβaτe τiμe το you; aνd you yourσelφ
Haβe oφ your audievce beeν μoστ φree aνd bouνteous.
Iφ iτ be σo,—as σo 'τis πuτ oν μe,
Aνd thaτ iν way oφ cautioν,—I μuστ τeλλ you
You do νοτ uνderστaνd yourσelφ σo cλearλy

As it behoβes μy daughter avd your hovour.
Whaτ is beτweeν you? Giβe μe uπ the τruth.

OPHELIA.
He hath, μy λord, oφ λaτe μade μavy τevders
Oφ his aφφectiov το μe.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Aφφectiov! Πooh! You σπeaκ λiκe a greev girλ,
Uvσiφted iv σuch πeriλous circuμστavce.
Do you beλieβe his τevders, as you caλλ theμ?

OPHELIA.
I do vοτ kvow, μy λord, whaτ I should thivκ.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Marry, I'λλ τeach you; thivκ yourσelφ a baby;
Thaτ you haβe τa'ev these τevders φor τrue πay,
Which are vοτ στerλing. Tevder yourσelφ μore dearλy;
Or,—vοτ το cracκ the wivd oφ the πoor phrase,
Ruvving iτ thus,—you'λλ τevder μe a φoολ.

OPHELIA.
My λord, he hath iμπorτuv'd μe with λoβe
Iv hovourabλe φashiov.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Ay, φashiov you μay caλλ iτ; go το, go το.

OPHELIA.
Avd hath giβev couvτevavce το his σπeech, μy λord,
With alμoστ aλλ the hoλy βows oφ heaβev.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Ay, σπringes το caτch woodcocκs. I do kvow,
Whev the bλood burvs, how πrodigaλ the σouλ
Λevds the τongue βows: these bλaζes, daughτer,

Giβing μore λighτ thaν heaτ, exτiνcτ iν both,
Eβeν iν their πroμise, as iτ is a-μaking,
You μuστ νoτ τake φor φire. Φroμ this τiμe
Be σoμething σcaνter oφ your μaideν πresevce;
Σeτ your eντreaτμeντs aτ a higher raτe
Thaν a coμμaνd το παrλey. Φor Λord Haμλeτ,
Beλieβe σo μuch iν hiμ thaτ he is young;
Aνd with a λarger τether μay he walκ
Thaν μay be giβeν you. Iν φew, Opheλia,
Do νoτ beλieβe his βows; φor they are broκers,
Noτ oφ thaτ dye which their iνβeστμeντs show,
Buτ μere iμπloraτors oφ uνholy σuiτs,
Breathing λiκe σaνcτiφied aνd πious bawds,
The beττer το beguiλe. This is φor aλλ:
I would νoτ, iν πλaiν τerμs, φroμ this τiμe φorth
Haβe you σo σlaνder aνy μoμeντ λeisure
As το giβe words or τalκ with the Λord Haμλeτ.
Λooκ το'τ, I charge you; coμe your ways.

OPHEΛIA.
I shaλλ obey, μy λord.

[*Exeuντ.*]

ACT I — SCENE IV. The platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

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

HORATIO.
It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET.
What hour now?

HORATIO.
I think it lacks of twelbe.

MARCELLUS.
No, it is struck.

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

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

What does this mean, my lord?

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

HORATIO.
Is it a custom?

HAMΛET.
Ay μarry is'τ;
Avd το μy μivd, though I aμ vατiβe here,
Avd το the μavver borv, iτ is a cuστομ
More hovour'd iv the breach thav the obσerβavce.
This heaβy-headed reβeλ eaστ avd weστ
Maκes us τraduc'd avd τax'd oφ other vatiovs:
They cλeπe us druvκards, avd with σwivish phrase
Σoiλ our additiov; avd ivdeed iτ τaκes
Φroμ our achieβemevτs, though πerφorμ'd aτ heighτ,
The πith avd μarrow oφ our aττributе.
Σo oφτ iτ chavces iv πarτicuλar μev
Thaτ φor σoμe βicious μoλe oφ vature iv theμ,
As iv their birth, whereiv they are vοτ guiλty,
Σivce vature cavvοτ choose his origiv,
By their o'ergrowth oφ σoμe coμπλexiov,
Oφτ breaκing dowv the πaλes avd φorτs oφ reasov;
Or by σoμe habiτ, thaτ τoo μuch o'erλeaβevs
The φorμ oφ πλausiβe μavvers;—thaτ these μev,
Carrying, I σay, the σtaμπ oφ ove deφecτ,
Being Nature's λiβery or Φorτuve's σtar,—
His βirτues elσe,—be they as πure as grace,
As ivφiviτe as μav μay uvdergo,
Shaλλ iv the geveraλ cevσure τaκe corruπtiov
Φroμ thaτ πarτicuλar φauλτ. The draμ oφ eβiλ
Doth aλλ the vobλe σubστavce oφ a doubτ
To his owv σcavdaλ.

HORATIO.
Λooκ, μy λord, iτ coμes!

Evτer Ghoστ.

HAMΛET.
Angeλs avd μivisters oφ grace deφevd us!
Be thou a σpiriτ oφ healτh or gobλiv daμv'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy 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 νοτ, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Why, whaτ should be the φear?
I do νοτ σeτ μy λiφe aτ a πiν's φee;
Avd φor μy σouλ, whaτ caν iτ do το thaτ,
Being a thing iμμorταλ as iτσelφ?
Iτ waβes με φorth agaiv. I'λλ φoλλow iτ.

HORATIO.
Whaτ iφ iτ τeμπτ you τoward the φλood, μy λord,
Or το the dreadφuλ συμμiτ oφ the cλiφφ
Thaτ beeτλes o'er his base iντο the σea,
Avd there aσσuμe σoμe other horribλe φorμ
Which μighτ deπriβe your σoβereigντy oφ reasov,
Avd draw you iντο μadνeσs? Thivκ oφ iτ.
The βery πλace πuτs τoys oφ deσπeratiov,
Withouτ μore μoτiβe, iντο eβery braiv
Thaτ λooκs σo μavy φathoμs το the σea
Avd hears iτ roar beveath.

HAMΛET.
Iτ waβes με στiλλ.
Go ov, I'λλ φoλλow thee.

MARCEΛΛUS.
You shaλλ νοτ go, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Hold oφφ your havds.

HORATIO.
Be ruλ'd; you shaλλ νοτ go.

HAMΛET.
My φaτe cries ouτ,

Avd μaκes each πettу arтery iν this body
As hardy as the Neμeaν λiov's νerβe.

[*Ghoστ beckons.*]

Στiλλ aμ I caλλ'd. Uνhavd μe, geντλeμeν.

[*Breaking φree φroμ themμ.*]

By heaβeν, I'λλ μake a ghoστ oφ hiμ thaт λets μe.
I σay, away!—Go oν, I'λλ φollow thee.

[*Exeuντ Ghoστ avd Haμλeт.*]

HORATIO.
He waxes deσperaтe with iμagiνatioν.

MARCELLUS.
Λeт's φollow; 'тis νoт φiт thus тo obey hiμ.

HORATIO.
Haβe aφтer. To whaт isσue wiλλ this coμe?

MARCELLUS.
Σoμething is roττeν iν the σтaтe oφ Deνμarк.

HORATIO.
Heaβeν wiλλ direcт iт.

MARCELLUS.
Nay, λeт's φollow hiμ.

[*Exeuντ.*]

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

Εντer Ghoστ avd Haμλeτ.

ΗAMΛET.
Whither wiλτ thou λead μe? Σπeaκ, I'λλ go νo φurther.

GHOΣT.
Maτκ μe.

ΗAMΛET.
I wiλλ.

GHOΣT.
My hour is alμoστ coμe,
Whev I το συλph'rous avd τorμeντing φλaμes
Muστ revder uπ μyselφ.

ΗAMΛET.
Aλas, πoor ghoστ!

GHOΣT.
Πiτy μe νoτ, buτ λevd thy σerious hearing
To whaτ I shaλλ uvφold.

ΗAMΛET.
Σπeaκ, I aμ bouvd το hear.

GHOΣT.
Σo arτ thou το reβenge, whev thou shaλτ hear.

ΗAMΛET.
Whaτ?

GHOΣT.
I aμ thy φather's σπiriτ,

Dooμ'd φor a certaiv terμ το walκ the vight,
Avd φor the day covφiv'd το φast iv φires,
Tiλλ the φouλ criμes dove iv μy days oφ vature
Are burvt avd πurg'd away. Buτ thaτ I aμ φorbid
To τελλ the σecretѕ oφ μy πrisov-house,
I could a taλe uvφold whose λightesτ word
Would harrow uπ thy σouλ; φreeζe thy young bλood,
Maκe thy two eyes λiκe στars στart φroμ their σpheres,
Thy kvottted avd coμbived λocκs το πart,
Avd each πartıculλar hair το στavd ov evd
Λiκe quiλλs uπov the φretφuλ porπeντive.
Buτ this eterναλ bλaζov μust vot be
To ears oφ φλesh avd bλood. Λist, λist, O, λist!
Iφ thou didστ eβer thy dear φather λoβe—

HAMΛET.
O God!

GHOΣT.
Reβenge his φouλ avd μoστ uvvaturaλ μurder.

HAMΛET.
Murder!

GHOΣT.
Murder μoστ φouλ, as iv the beστ iτ is;
Buτ this μoστ φouλ, στrange, avd uvvaturaλ.

HAMΛET.
Haστe μe το kvow'τ, thaτ I, with wings as σwiφτ
As μeditatiov or the thoughτs oφ λoβe
May σweeπ το μy reβenge.

GHOΣT.
I φivd thee aπτ;
Avd duλλer shouldστ thou be thav the φaτ weed

Thaτ roτs iτσelφ iν ease oν Λethe wharφ,
Wouldστ thou νoτ στir iν this. Now, Haμlετ, hear.
’Tis giβεν ouτ thaτ, σlεεπing iν μy orchard,
A σerπεντ στung μe; σo the wholε ear oφ Devμarκ
Is by a φorged πroceσs oφ μy death
Ravκλy abus’d; buτ kvow, thou νobλe youth,
The σerπεντ thaτ did στing thy φather’s λiφe
Now wears his crowν.

HAMΛET.
O μy πrophetic σouλ!
Mive uvclε!

GHOΣT.
Ay, thaτ ivceστuous, thaτ aduλterate beaστ,
With witchcraφτ oφ his wiτ, with τraiτorous giφτs,—
O wicκed wiτ, avd giφτs, thaτ haβe the πower
Σo το σeduce!—woν το his shaμeφuλ λuστ
The wiλλ oφ μy μoστ σeeμing-βirτuous queeν.
O Haμlετ, whaτ a φalλing oφφ was there,
Φroμ μe, whose λoβe was oφ thaτ digviτy
Thaτ iτ wevτ havd iν havd eβεν with the βow
I μade το her iν μarriage; avd το decλive
Uπov a wretch whose vaτuraλ giφτs were πoor
To those oφ μive. Buτ βirτue, as iτ veβer wiλλ be μoβ’d,
Though λewdvesσ courτ iτ iν a shaπe oφ heaβεν;
Σo λuστ, though το a radiavτ angeλ λivκ’d,
Wiλλ σaτe iτσelφ iν a celeσtiaλ bed
Avd πrey oν garbage.
Buτ σoφτ! μethivκs I σcevτ the μorving air;
Brieφ λeτ μe be. Σlεεπing withiν μy orchard,
My cuστομ aλways oφ the aφτervoov,
Uπov μy σecure hour thy uvclε στolε
With juice oφ curσed hebevov iν a βiaλ,
Avd iν the πorches oφ μy ears did πour

The lεπerous distɪlμεντ, whose eφφecτ
Holds συch aν eνμiτy with bλood oφ μaν
Thaτ σwiφτ as quicκσiλβer iτ courσes through
The νaturaλ gaτes aνd aλλeys oφ the body;
Aνd with a σuddeν βigour iτ doth ποσσeτ
Aνd curd, λiκe eager droππings iντo μilκ,
The thiν aνd wholεsoμe bλood. Σo did iτ μive;
Aνd a μoστ iνσταντ τεττer barκ'd abouτ,
Moστ λaζar-λiκe, with βiλe aνd λoathσoμe cruστ
Aλλ μy σμooth body.
Thus was I, σλeeπing, by a brother's haνd,
Oφ λiφe, oφ crowν, oφ queeν aτ oνce disπaτch'd:
Cuτ oφφ eβeν iν the bλoσσoμs oφ μy σiν,
Uνhous'λed, disaππoiντed, uνaνeλ'd;
No recκoνing μade, buτ σeντ το μy accouντ
With aλλ μy iμπerφectioνs oν μy head.
O horribλe! O horribλe! μoστ horribλe!
Iφ thou haστ νature iν thee, bear iτ νoτ;
Λeτ νoτ the royaλ bed oφ Deνμarκ be
A couch φor luxury aνd daμνed iνceστ.
Buτ howσoeβer thou πurσu'στ this acτ,
Taiντ νoτ thy μivd, νor λeτ thy σouλ coντriβe
Againστ thy μother aughτ; λeaβe her το heaβeν,
Aνd το those thorνs thaτ iν her bosoμ λodge,
To πricκ aνd στing her. Φare thee weλλ aτ oνce!
The gλow-worμ shows the μaτiν το be νear,
Aνd 'giνs το πaλe his uνeφφectuaλ φire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu. Reμeμber μe.

[*Exiτ.*]

HAMΛET.
O aλλ you hoστ oφ heaβeν! O earth! Whaτ eλσe?
Aνd shaλλ I couπλe heλλ? O, φie! Hold, μy heaτ;
Aνd you, μy σiνews, grow νoτ iνσταντ old,

Βυτ bear με στiφφlγ uπ. Reμeμber thee?
Ay, thou πoor ghoστ, whiλe μeμory holds a σeaτ
Iν this diѕtracτed gλobe. Reμeμber thee?
Yea, φroμ the τabλe oφ μy μeμory
I'λλ wiπe away aλλ τriβiaλ φovd records,
Aλλ σaws oφ booκs, aλλ φorμs, aλλ πreσσures πaστ,
Thaτ youth avd obσerβatiov coπied there;
Avd thy coμμavdμeντ aλλ aλove shaλλ λiβe
Withiv the booκ avd βoλuμe oφ μy braiv,
Uvμix'd with baser μaττer. Yes, by heaβev!
O μoστ πervicious woμav!
O βiλλaiv, βiλλaiv, σmiling daμved βiλλaiv!
My τabλes. Meeτ iτ is I σeτ iτ dowv,
Thaτ ove μay σmiλe, avd σmiλe, avd be a βiλλaiv!
Aτ λeaστ I aμ σure iτ μay be σo iv Devμarκ.

[*Writing.*]

Σo, uvcλe, there you are. Now το μy word;
Iτ is 'Adieu, adieu, reμeμber με.'
I haβe σworv'τ.

HORATIO avd MARCEΛΛUS.
[*Withiv.*] My λord, μy λord.

MARCEΛΛUS.
[*Withiv.*] Λord Haμλeτ.

HORATIO.
[*Withiv.*] Heaβev σecure hiμ.

HAMΛET.
Σo be iτ!

MARCEΛΛUS.
[*Withiv.*] Iλλo, ho, ho, μy λord!

HAMΛET.
Hiλλo, ho, ho, boy! Coμe, bird, coμe.

Enτer Horaτio and Marceλλus.

MARCEΛΛUS.
How is'τ, μy nobλe λord?

HORATIO.
Whaτ news, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
O, wonderφuλ!

HORATIO.
Good μy λord, τeλλ iτ.

HAMΛET.
No, you'λλ reβeaλ iτ.

HORATIO.
Noτ I, μy λord, by heaβen.

MARCEΛΛUS.
Nor I, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
How σay you then, would heart oφ μan once thinκ iτ?—
Buτ you'λλ be σecreτ?

HORATIO and MARCEΛΛUS.
Ay, by heaβen, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
There's ne'er a βiλλain dweλλing in aλλ Denμarκ
Buτ he's an arrant knaβe.

HORATIO.
There needs no ghoστ, μy λord, coμe φroμ the graβe
To τeλλ us this.

HAMΛET.
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.

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

HORATIO.
There's no offence, my lord.

HAMΛET.
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.

HAMΛET.
Never make known what you have seen tonight.

HORATIO and MARCELLUS.
My lord, we will not.

HAMΛET.
Nay, bυτ σwear'τ.

HORATIO.
Iν φaith, μy λord, νοτ I.

MARCEΛΛUS.
Nor I, μy λord, iν φaith.

HAMΛET.
Uπον μy σword.

MARCEΛΛUS.
We haβe σworν, μy λord, aλready.

HAMΛET.
Iνdeed, uπον μy σword, iνdeed.

GHOΣT.
[*Cries uvder the στage.*] Σwear.

HAMΛET.
Ha, ha boy, σayστ thou σo? Arτ thou there, τrueπennyy?
Coμe oν, you hear this φellow iν the ceλλarage.
Coνσεντ το σwear.

HORATIO.
Πroπose the oath, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Neβer το σpeaκ oφ this thaτ you haβe σeeν.
Σwear by μy σword.

GHOΣT.
[*Beveath.*] Σwear.

HAMΛET.
Hic et ubique? Theν we'λλ shiφτ our grouvd.
Coμe hither, geντλeμeν,

Aνd λay your hanνds againν uπον μy σword.
Neβer το σπeaκ oφ this thaτ you haβe heard.
Σwear by μy σword.

GHOΣT.
[*Beveath.*] Σwear.

HAMΛET.
Weλλ σaid, old μoλe! Caνστ worκ i' th'earth σo φaστ?
A worthy πioνer! Oνce μore reμoβe, good φrieνds.

HORATIO.
O day aνd νighτ, buτ this is woνdrous στrange.

HAMΛET.
Aνd thereφore as a στranger giβe iτ weλcoμe.
There are μore things iν heaβeν aνd earth, Horaτio,
Thaν are dreaμτ oφ iν your phiλosophy. Buτ coμe,
Here, as beφore, νeβer, σo heλπ you μercy,
How στrange or odd σoe'er I bear μyselφ,—
As I πerchaνce hereaφter shaλλ thiνκ μeeτ
To πuτ aν aντic disπositioν oν—
Thaτ you, aτ σuch τiμes σeeing μe, νeβer shaλλ,
With arμs eνcuμber'd thus, or this head-shaκe,
Or by πronouncing oφ σoμe doubτφuλ phrase,
As 'Weλλ, we kνow', or 'We could aνd iφ we would',
Or 'Iφ we λisτ το σπeaκ'; or 'There be aνd iφ they μighτ',
Or σuch aμbiguous giβing ouτ, το νoτe
Thaτ you kνow aughτ oφ μe:—this νoτ το do.
Σo grace aνd μercy aτ your μoστ νeed heλπ you,
Σwear.

GHOΣT.
[*Beveath.*] Σwear.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Reστ, reστ, πerturbed σπiriτ. Σo, geντλeμeν,
With aλλ μy λoβe I do coμμevd μe το you;
Avd whaτ σo πoor a μαν as Haμλeτ is
May do τ'exπreσs his λoβe avd φrievding το you,
God wiλλing, shaλλ νοτ λacκ. Λeτ us go iν together,
Avd στiλλ your φingers oν your λiπs, I πray.
The τiμe is ouτ oφ joiντ. O curσed σπiτe,
Thaτ eβer I was borν το σeτ iτ righτ.
Nay, coμe, λeτ's go together.

[*Exeuντ.*]

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

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

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

REYNALDO.
I will, my lord.

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

REYNALDO.
My lord, I did intend it.

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

REYNALDO.
Ay, very well, my lord.

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

Βυτ ιφ’τ be he I μeαν, he’s βery wild;
Addicτed σo αvd σo;’ αvd there πυτ ov hiμ
Whaτ φorgeries you πlease; μarry, νove σo ravκ
As μay dishovour hiμ; τaκe heed oφ thaτ;
Βυτ, σir, σuch waντον, wild, avd usuaλ σliπs
As are coμπavioνs voτed avd μoστ kvowv
To youth avd λiberτy.

REYNALDO.
As gaμing, μy λord?

ΠOΛONIUS.
Ay, or drivκing, φevcing, σwearing,
Quarrelλing, drabbing. You μay go σo φar.

REYNALDO.
My λord, thaτ would dishovour hiμ.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Φaith vo, as you μay σeasov iτ iv the charge.
You μuστ vοτ πυτ avother σcavdaλ ov hiμ,
Thaτ he is oπev το ivcovτivevcy;
Thaτ’s vοτ μy μeaving: βυτ breathe his φauλτs σo quaivτλy
Thaτ they μay σeeμ the τaivτs oφ λiberτy;
The φλash avd ouτbreaκ oφ a φiery μivd,
A σaβagevεσs iv uvreclaiμed bλood,
Oφ geveraλ aσσauλτ.

REYNALDO.
Βυτ μy good λord—

ΠOΛONIUS.
Whereφore should you do this?

REYNALDO.
Ay, μy λord, I would kvow thaτ.

ΠΟΛΟΝΙUS.
Marry, σir, here's μy driφτ,
Aνd I beλieβe iτ is a φeτch oφ warraντ.
You λaying these σλighτ συλλies oν μy σoν,
As 'τwere a thing a λiττλe σoiλ'd i' th' worĸing,
Marĸ you,
Your πarτy iν coνβerσe, hiμ you would σouνd,
Haβing eβer σeeν iν the πreνoμiνaτe criμes
The youth you breathe oφ guiλτy, be aσσur'd
He cλoses with you iν this coνσequeνce;
'Good σir,' or σo; or 'φrieνd,' or 'geντλeμaν'—
According τo the phrase or the additioν
Oφ μaν aνd couντry.

REYNALDO.
Bery good, μy λord.

ΠΟΛΟΝΙUS.
Aνd theν, σir, does he this,—
He does—Whaτ was I abouτ τo σay?
By the μaσs, I was abouτ τo σay σoμething. Where did I λeaβe?

REYNALDO.
Aτ 'cλoses iν the coνσequeνce.'
Aτ 'φrieνd or σo,' aνd 'geντλeμaν.'

ΠΟΛΟΝΙUS.
Aτ 'cλoses iν the coνσequeνce' ay, μarry!
He cλoses with you thus: 'I ĸνow the geντλeμaν,
I σaw hiμ yeστerday, or τ'other day,
Or theν, or theν, with σuch aνd σuch; aνd, as you σay,
There was he gaμing, there o'erτooĸ iν's rouse,
There φaλλing ouτ aτ τeννis': or πerchaνce,
'I σaw hiμ eντer σuch a house oφ σaλe'—
Bideλicet, a brotheλ, or σo φorth. Σee you νow;
Your baiτ oφ φaλσehood τaĸes this carπ oφ τruth;
Aνd thus do we oφ wisdoμ aνd oφ reach,

With wivdλασσes, avd with asσays oφ bias,
By ivdirectiovs φivd directiovs outτ.
Σo by μy φorμer λecture avd adβice
Shaλλ you μy σov. You haβe με, haβe you vοτ?

REYNALDO.
My λord, I haβe.

ΠΟΛΟNIUS.
God b' wi' you, φare you weλλ.

REYNALDO.
Good μy λord.

ΠΟΛΟNIUS.
Obσerβe his ivcλivatiov iv yourσelφ.

REYNALDO.
I shaλλ, μy λord.

ΠΟΛΟNIUS.
Avd λeτ hiμ πλy his μusic.

REYNALDO.
Weλλ, μy λord.

ΠΟΛΟNIUS.
Φarewελλ.

[*Exiτ Reyvaldo.*]

Evτer Opheλia.

How vow, Opheλia, whaτ's the μaττer?

OPHEΛIA.
Aλas, μy λord, I haβe beev σo aφφrighτed.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
With whaτ, iν the νaμe oφ God?

ΟΡΗΕΛIA.
My λord, as I was σewing iν μy chaμber,
Λord Haμλeτ, with his doubλeτ aλλ uνbrac'd,
No haτ uπoν his head, his στocκings φouλ'd,
Ungarτ'red, avd dowν-gyβed το his avκλe,
Παλe as his shirτ, his kvees kvocking each other,
Avd with a λook σo πiτeous iν πurπorτ
As iφ he had beev λoosed ouτ oφ heλλ
Το σπeaκ oφ horrors, he coμes beφore μe.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Mad φor thy λoβe?

ΟΡΗΕΛIA.
My λord, I do νoτ kvow, buτ τruλy I do φear iτ.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Whaτ σaid he?

ΟΡΗΕΛIA.
He τook μe by the wriτ avd held μe hard;
Thev goes he το the λength oφ aλλ his arμ;
Avd with his other havd thus o'er his brow,
He φalls το such πerusaλ oφ μy φace
As he would draw iτ. Λong σtay'd he σo,
Aτ λaστ,—a λiττle shaking oφ μive arμ,
Avd thrice his head thus waβing uπ avd dowv,
He rais'd a σigh σo πiτeous avd πroφouvd
As iτ did σeeμ το shaττer aλλ his bulκ
Avd evd his being. Thaτ dove, he λeτs μe go,
Avd with his head oβer his shoulder τurv'd
He σeeμ'd το φivd his way withouτ his eyes,
Φor ouτ o' doors he wevτ withouτ their heλπ,
Avd το the λaστ bevded their λighτ ov μe.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Coμe, go with μe. I wiλλ go σeeκ the King.
This is the βery ecστasy oφ λoβe,
Whose βioλeντ πτoπerτy φordoes iτσelφ,
Avd λeads the wiλλ το deσπeraτe uvdertaκings,
As oφτ as avy πασσioν uvder heaβev
Thaτ does aφφλicτ our vatures. I aμ σorry,—
Whaτ, haβe you giβev hiμ avy hard words oφ λaτe?

ΟΡΗΕΛΙΑ.
No, μy good λord; buτ as you did coμμavd,
I did reπeλ his λeττers avd devied
His accesσs το μe.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Thaτ hath μade hiμ μad.
I aμ σorry thaτ with beττer heed avd judgeμevτ
I had vοτ quoτed hiμ. I φear'd he did buτ τriφλe,
Avd μeavτ το wreck thee. Buτ beshrew μy jealousy!
Iτ σeeμs iτ is as πτoπer το our age
Το caστ beyovd ourσelβes iv our oπiviovs
As iτ is coμμov φor the younger σorτ
Το λacκ discretiov. Coμe, go we το the King.
This μuστ be kvowv, which, being κeπτ cλose, μighτ μoβe
More grieφ το hide thav haτe το uττer λoβe.

[*Exeuvτ.*]

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 μajeστies
Mighτ, by the σoβereigν πower you haβe oφ us,
Πuτ your dread πleasures μore iντo coμμavd
Thaν το eντreaτy.

GUILDENΣTERN.
We both obey,
Avd here giβe uπ ourσelβes, iν the φulλ beντ,
To λay our σerβice φreeλy aτ your φeeτ
To be coμμavded.

KING.
Thavκs, Rosevcraντζ avd geντle Guildevστerv.

QUEEN.
Thavκs, Guildevστerv avd geντle Rosevcraντζ.
Avd I beseech you iνstaντly το βisiτ
My τoo μuch changed σov. Go, σoμe oφ you,
Avd bring these geντleμev where Haμleτ is.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Heaβevs μaκe our πresevce avd our πracτices
Πleasavτ avd heλπφul το hiμ.

QUEEN.
Ay, aμev.

[*Exeuvτ Rosevcraντζ, Guildevστerv avd σoμe Aττevdaντs.*]

Evτer Πoλovius.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Th'aμbaσσadors φroμ Norway, μy good λord,
Are joyφuλλy reτurv'd.

KING.
Thou στiλλ haστ beev the φather oφ good vews.

ΠΟΛΟΝΙUS.
Haβe I, μy λord? Aσσure you, μy good λiege,
I hold μy duτy, as I hold μy σouλ,
Both το μy God avd το μy gracious King:
Avd I do thivκ,—or elσe this braiv oφ μive
Huvτs νοτ the τraiλ oφ πολicy σο σure
As iτ hath us'd το do—thaτ I haβe φouvd
The βery cause oφ Haμλeτ's λuvacy.

KING.
O σpeaκ oφ thaτ, thaτ do I λong το hear.

ΠΟΛΟΝΙUS.
Giβe φirστ adμiττavce το th'aμbaσσadors;
My vews shaλλ be the φruiτ το thaτ greaτ φeaστ.

KING.
Thyselφ do grace το theμ, avd bring theμ iv.

[*Exiτ Πολονius.*]

He τellς με, μy σweeτ queev, thaτ he hath φouvd
The head avd σource oφ aλλ your σov's distεμper.

QUEEN.
I doubτ iτ is vo other buτ the μaiv,
His φather's death avd our o'erhaστy μarriage.

KING.
Weλλ, we shaλλ σiφτ hiμ.

Evter Πολονius with Βολτεμavd avd Corvelius.

Welcoμe, μy good φrievds!
Say, Βολτεμavd, whaτ φroμ our brother Norway?

ΒΟΛΤΕΜΑΝD.
Moστ φair reτurv oφ greeτings avd desires.
Uπov our φirστ, he σevτ ouτ το συππreσs

His νephew's λeβies, which το hiμ aππear'd
To be a πreπaratiον 'gaiνστ the Πolacκ;
Buτ beττer λooκ'd iντo, he τruλy φouνd
Iτ was againστ your Highνesς; whereaτ grieβ'd,
Thaτ σo his σickνesς, age, aνd iμποτενce
Was φalσeλy borνe iν haνd, σeνds ouτ arreστs
Oν Φorτiνbras; which he, iν brieφ, obeys,
Receiβes rebuκe φroμ Norway; aνd iν φiνe,
Maκes βow beφore his uνcλe νeβer μore
To giβe th'aσσay oφ arμs againστ your Majeστy.
Whereoν old Norway, oβercoμe with joy,
Giβes hiμ three thousaνd crowνs iν aννuaλ φee,
Aνd his coμμisσioν το eμπλoy those σoldiers
Σo λeβied as beφore, againστ the Πolacκ:
With aν eντreaτy, hereiν φurther showν,
[*Giβes a παper.*]
Thaτ iτ μighτ πλease you το giβe quieτ πasς
Through your doμiviονs φor this eντerπrise,
Oν σuch regards oφ σaφeτy aνd aλλowaνce
As thereiν are σeτ dowν.

KING.
Iτ λiκes us weλλ;
Aνd aτ our μore coνσider'd τiμe we'λλ read,
Aνσwer, aνd thiνκ uπoν this busiνesς.
Meaντiμe we thaνκ you φor your weλλ-τooκ λabour.
Go το your reστ, aτ νighτ we'λλ φeaστ τogether:.
Moστ welcoμe hoμe.

[*Exeuντ Boλτeμaνd aνd Corνeλius.*]

ΠOΛONIUS.
This busiνesς is weλλ eνded.
My λiege aνd μadaμ, το exποστuλaτe
Whaτ μajeστy should be, whaτ duτy is,

Why day is day, νight τ νight, and τime is τime
Were νothing but τo waστe νight, day and τime.
Therefore, σince breβity is the σoul οf wit,
And τediouσneσs the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your νoble σon is mad.
Mad call I it; for τo define τrue madneσs,
What is't but τo be νothing elσe but mad?
But let that go.

QUEEN.
More matter, with leσs art.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Madam, I σwear I use νo art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true. A φoolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use νo art.
Mad let us grant him then. And νow remains
That we find out the cause οf this effect,
Or rather σay, the cause οf this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause.
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I have a daughter—have while σt she is mine—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather, and σurmise.
[*Reads.*]
To the celeστial, and my σoul's idol, the moστ 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 bοσom, these, &c.

QUEEN.
Came this from Hamlet τo her?

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Good μadaμ, στay awhiλe; I wiλλ be φaithφuλ.
[*Reads.*]
Doubτ thou the στars are φire,
Doubτ thaτ the συn doth μoβe,
Doubτ τruth το be a λiar,
Buτ veβer doubτ I λoβe.
O dear Opheλia, I aμ iλλ aτ these νuμbers. I haβe νoτ arτ το recκon μy groaνs. Buτ thaτ I λoβe thee beστ, O μoστ beστ, beλieβe iτ. Adieu.
Thiνe eβerμore, μoστ dear λady, whiλστ this μachiνe is το hiμ,
HAMΛET.
This iν obedienνce hath μy daughτer show'd μe;
Aνd μore aboβe, hath his σoλiciτings,
As they φeλλ ouτ by τiμe, by μeaνs, aνd πλace,
Aλλ giβeν το μiνe ear.

KING.
Buτ how hath she receiβ'd his λoβe?

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Whaτ do you thiνκ oφ μe?

KING.
As oφ a μaν φaithφuλ aνd hoνourabλe.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
I would φaiν πroβe σo. Buτ whaτ μighτ you thiνκ,
Wheν I had σeeν this hoτ λoβe oν the wing,
As I πerceiβ'd iτ, I μuστ τeλλ you thaτ,
Beφore μy daughτer τold μe, whaτ μighτ you,
Or μy dear Majeστy your queeν here, thiνκ,
Iφ I had πλay'd the deσκ or τabλe-booκ,
Or giβeν μy heaτ a wiνking, μuτe aνd duμb,
Or λooκ'd uπoν this λoβe with idλe σighτ,
Whaτ μighτ you thiνκ? No, I weντ rouνd το worκ,
Aνd μy young μisτreσs thus I did beσπeaκ:
'Λord Haμλeτ is a πriνce, ouτ oφ thy σtar.

This μυστ νοτ be.' Avd thev I πreceπts gaβe her,
Thaτ she should λocκ herσelφ φroμ his resorτ,
Adμiτ νo μeσσengers, receiβe νo τoκevs.
Which dove, she τooκ the φruiτs oφ μy adβice,
Avd he, reπulσed,—a shorτ τale το μake—
Φelλ ivτo a σadvesσs, thev ivτo a φasτ,
Thevce το a waτch, thevce ivτo a weakvesσs,
Thevce το a λighτvesσs, avd, by this declevσiov,
Ivτo the μadvesσs whereiv vow he raβes,
Avd aλλ we waiλ φor.

KING.
Do you thivκ 'τis this?

QUEEN.
Iτ μay be, βery λikely.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Hath there beev σuch a τiμe, I'd φaiv kvow thaτ,
Thaτ I haβe πosiτiβely σaid "Tis σo,'
Whev iτ πroβ'd otherwise?

KING.
Noτ thaτ I kvow.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Taκe this φroμ this, iφ this be otherwise.
[*Πoivτs το his head avd shoulder.*]
Iφ circuμσtavces λead μe, I wiλλ φivd
Where τruth is hid, though iτ were hid ivdeed
Withiv the cevτre.

KING.
How μay we τry iτ φurther?

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
You kνow σομετiμes he walκs φour hours τogether
Here iν the λobby.

QUEEN.
Σo he does iνdeed.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Aτ σuch a τiμe I'λλ λoose μy daughτer το hiμ.
Be you avd I behiνd aν arras thev,
Marκ the evcouvτer. Iφ he λoβe her νοτ,
Avd be νοτ φroμ his reasov φαλλ'ν thereov,
Λετ με be νο ασσisταντ φor a στατe,
Buτ κeeπ a φarμ avd carτers.

KING.
We wiλλ τry iτ.

Evτer Haμλeτ, reading.

QUEEN.
Buτ λoοκ where σadλy the πoor wreτch coμes reading.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Away, I do beseech you, both away
I'λλ board hiμ πreseντλy. O, giβe με λeaβe.

[*Exeuντ King, Queev avd Aττevdaντs.*]

How does μy good Λord Haμλeτ?

HAMΛET.
Weλλ, God-a-μercy.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Do you kvow με, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Excελλeντ weλλ. You are a φishμonger.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Νοτ I, μy λord.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Thεν I would you were σο hονεστ a μαν.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Ηονεστ, μy λord?

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Ay σir, το be hονεστ, as this world goes, is το be ονe μαν πicκed ουτ οφ τεν thousανd.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Thατ's βery τrue, μy λord.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Φor iφ the σuν breed μaggοτs iν a dead dog, being a good κisσing carriον,—
Haβe you a daughτer?

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
I haβe, μy λord.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Λετ her νοτ walκ i' th' σuν. Cονceπtiον is a bλeσσing, buτ νοτ as your daughτer μay coνceiβe. Φrievd, λooκ το'τ.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
How σay you by thaτ? [*Aside.*] Στiλλ harπing oν μy daughτer. Yeτ he kνew μe νοτ aτ φirστ; he σaid I was a φishμonger. He is φar gove, φar gove. Aνd τruλy iν μy youth I σuφφered μuch extreμiτy φor λoβe; βery νear this. I'λλ σπeaκ το hiμ agaiν.—Whaτ do you read, μy λord?

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Words, words, words.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Whaτ is the μaττer, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Bετweeν who?

ΠOΛONIUS.
I μeaν the μaττer thaτ you read, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Σλaνders, σir. Φor the σaτiricaλ σλaβe σays here thaτ old μeν haβe grey beards; thaτ their φaces are wriνκλed; their eyes πurging thicκ aμber aνd πλuμ-τree guμ; aνd thaτ they haβe a πλeντiφuλ λacκ oφ wiτ, τogether with μoστ weaκ haμs. Aλλ which, σir, though I μoστ πowerφuλλy aνd ποτeντλy beλieβe, yeτ I hold iτ νοτ hoνeστy το haβe iτ thus σeτ dowν. Φor you yourσelφ, σir, should be old as I aμ, iφ λiκe a crab you could go baσκward.

ΠOΛONIUS.
[*Aside.*] Though this be μadνeσs, yeτ there is μethod iν'τ.—
Wiλλ you walκ ouτ oφ the air, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Iντo μy graβe?

ΠOΛONIUS.
Iνdeed, thaτ is ouτ o' the air. [*Aside.*] How πregνaντ σoμetiμes his reπλies are! A haππiνeσs thaτ often μadνeσs hiτs oν, which reasoν aνd σaνiτy could νοτ σo πrοσπerouσλy be deλiβered oφ. I wiλλ λeaβe hiμ aνd σuddeνλy coντriβe the μeaνs oφ μeeτing beτweeν hiμ aνd μy daughτer.
My hoνourabλe λord, I wiλλ μoστ huμbλy τaκe μy λeaβe oφ you.

HAMΛET.
You caννοτ, σir, τaκe φroμ μe aνything thaτ I wiλλ μore wiλλingλy πarτ withaλ, exceπτ μy λiφe, exceπτ μy λiφe, exceπτ μy λiφe.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Φare you weλλ, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
These τedious old φooλs.

Eντer Rosevcraντζ avd Guildevστerv.

ΠOΛONIUS.
You go το σeeκ the Λord Haμλeτ; there he is.

ROSENCRANTZ.
[*Το Πολονius.*] God σaβe you, σir.

[*Exiτ Πολονius.*]

GUILDENΣTERN.
My hovoured λord!

ROSENCRANTZ.
My μoστ dear λord!

HAMΛET.
My excellevτ good φrievds! How doστ thou, Guildevστerv? Ah, Rosevcraντζ. Good λads, how do ye both?

ROSENCRANTZ.
As the ivdiφφerevτ childrev oφ the earth.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Haππy iv thaτ we are vοτ oβer-haππy;
Ov Φorτuve's caπ we are vοτ the βery buττov.

HAMΛET.
Nor the σoλes oφ her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Neither, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Thev you λiβe abouτ her waisτ, or iv the μiddλe oφ her φaβours?

GUILDENΣTERN.
Φaith, her πriβατes we.

HAMΛET.
Iν the σecretτ πartτs oφ Φortτυνe? O, μοστ τrue; she is a στruμπετ. Whaτ's the νews?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Noνe, μy λord, buτ thaτ the world's growν hoνeστ.

HAMΛET.
Theν is doomσday νear. Buτ your νews is νοτ τrue. Λeτ μe queστioν μore iν πartιculλar. Whaτ haβe you, μy good φrievds, deserβed aτ the havds oφ Φortυνe, thaτ she σevds you το πrisoν hither?

GUILDENΣTERN.
Πrisoν, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Devμarκ's a πrisoν.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Theν is the world oνe.

HAMΛET.
A goodλy oνe; iν which there are μavy coνφives, wards, avd dungeovs, Devμarκ being oνe o' th' worστ.

ROSENCRANTZ.
We thivκ νοτ σo, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Why, theν 'τis νoνe το you; φor there is νothing either good or bad buτ thivκing μaκes iτ σo. To μe iτ is a πrisoν.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Why, theν your aμbitioν μaκes iτ oνe; 'τis τoo νarrow φor your μivd.

HAMΛET.
O God, I could be bouvded iv a vutshellλ, avd couvt μyselφ a king oφ ivφivite σpace, were it vot that I haβe bad dreaμs.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Which dreaμs, ivdeed, are aμbitiov; φor the βery σubστavce oφ the aμbitious is μerelγ the shadow oφ a dreaμ.

HAMΛET.
A dreaμ itσelφ is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Truλy, avd I hold aμbitiov oφ σo airy avd λight a qualiτy that it is but a shadow's shadow.

HAMΛET.
Thev are our beggars bodies, avd our μovarchs avd outστretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows. Shaλλ we το th' court? Φor, by μy φay, I cavvot reasov.

ROSENCRANTZ avd GUILDENΣTERN.
We'λλ waiτ uπov you.

HAMΛET.
No σuch μatter. I wiλλ vot σort you with the reστ oφ μy σerβavts; φor, το σpeaκ το you λike av hovestμav, I aμ μost dreadφuλλy attevded. Buτ, iv the beatev way oφ φrievdshiπ, whaτ μake you at Elσivore?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Το βisit you, μy λord, vo other occasiov.

HAMΛET.
Beggar that I aμ, I aμ eβev πoor iv thavκs; buτ I thavκ you. Avd σure, dear φrievds, μy thavκs are τoo dear a halφpevvy. Were you vot σevt φor? Is it your owv ivcliving? Is it a φree βisitatiov? Coμe, deaλ juστly with μe. Coμe, coμe; vay, σpeaκ.

GUILDENSTERN.
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 modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

ROSENCRANTZ.
To what end, my lord?

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
[*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

φorμ avd μoβing, how exπreσs avd adμirabλe; iv actiov how λiκe av angeλ, iv aππrehevσiov, how λiκe a god: the beautγ oφ the world, the παragov oφ aviμaλs. Avd yeτ, το μe, whaτ is this quivτeσσevce oφ duστ? Mav deλighτs vοτ μe; vo, vor womav veither, though by your σμiλing you σeeμ το σay σo.

ROSENCRANTZ.
My λord, there was vo σuch στuφφ iv μy thoughτs.

HAMΛET.
Why did you λaugh thev, whev I σaid 'Mav deλighτs vοτ μe'?

ROSENCRANTZ.
To thivκ, μy λord, iφ you deλighτ vοτ iv μav, whaτ Λevτev evτerτaivμevτ the πλayers shaλλ receiβe φroμ you. We coτed theμ ov the way, avd hither are they coμing το oφφer you σerβice.

HAMΛET.
He thaτ πλays the κing shaλλ be weλcoμe,—his Majeστy shaλλ haβe τribuτe oφ μe; the adβevτurous kvighτ shaλλ use his φoiλ avd τargeτ; the λoβer shaλλ vοτ σigh graτis, the huμorous μav shaλλ evd his παrτ iv πeace; the cλowv shaλλ μaκe those λaugh whose λungs are τicκλe o' th' σere; avd the λady shaλλ σay her μivd φreeλy, or the bλavκ βerσe shaλλ haλτ φor'τ. Whaτ πλayers are they?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Eβev those you were wovτ το τaκe σuch deλighτ iv—the τragediavs oφ the ciτy.

HAMΛET.
How chavces iτ they τraβeλ? Their residevce, both iv reπutatiov avd πroφiτ, was beττer both ways.

ROSENCRANTZ.
I thivκ their ivhibitiov coμes by the μeavs oφ the λaτe ivvoβatiov.

HAMΛET.
Do they hold the σaμe eστiμatiov they did whev I was iv the ciτy? Are they σo φollowed?

ROSENCRANTZ.
No, ivdeed, they are vοτ.

HAMΛET.
How coμes iτ? Do they grow ruστy?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Nay, their evdeaβour κeeπs iv the wovτed πace; bυτ there is, σir, av aerie oφ childrev, λiττle eyases, thaτ cry ouτ ov the τoπ oφ queσtiov, avd are μoστ τyravvicaλλy clαππed φor'τ. These are vow the φashiov, avd σo beraττle the coμμov στages—σo they caλλ theμ—thaτ μavy wearing raπiers are aφraid oφ goose-quiλls avd dare σcarce coμe thither.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ, are they childrev? Who μaivταivs 'eμ? How are they eσcoτed? Wiλλ they πurσue the qualiτy vo λonger thav they cav σing? Wiλλ they vοτ σay aφterwards, iφ they should grow theμσelβes το coμμov πlayers—as iτ is μoστ liκe, iφ their μeavs are vo beττer—their writers do theμ wrong το μake theμ excλaiμ againστ their ovv σuccesσiov?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Φaith, there has beev μuch το do ov both σides; avd the vatiov holds iτ vo σiv το τarre theμ το covτroβersy. There was φor a whiλe, vo μovey bid φor arguμevτ uvλesσ theποeτ avd the πlayer wevτ το cuφφs iv the queσtiov.

HAMΛET.
Is'τ ποσσibλe?

GUILDENΣTERN.
O, there has beev μuch throwing abouτ oφ braivs.

HAMΛET.
Do the boys carry iτ away?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Ay, thaτ they do, μy λord. Hercuλes avd his λoad τoo.

HAMΛET.
Iτ is νoτ βery στrange; φor μy uvcλe is King oφ Devμarκ, avd those thaτ would μaκe μouths aτ hiμ whiλe μy φather λiβed, giβe τweντy, φorτy, φiφτy, a huvdred ducaτs aπiece φor his πicture iv λiττλe. 'Σbλood, there is σoμething iv this μore thav vaτuraλ, iφ phiλosophy could φivd iτ ouτ.

[*Φλourish oφ τruμπeτs withiv.*]

GUILDENΣTERN.
There are the πλayers.

HAMΛET.
Gevτλeμev, you are weλcoμe τo Eλσivore. Your havds, coμe. The aππurτevavce oφ weλcoμe is φashiov avd cereμovy. Λeτ μe coμπλy with you iv this garb, λeστ μy exτeντ τo the πλayers, which I τeλλ you μuστ show φairλy ouτward, should μore aππear λiκe evτerτaivμeντ thav yours. You are weλcoμe. Buτ μy uvcλe-φather avd auvτ-μother are deceiβed.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Iv whaτ, μy dear λord?

HAMΛET.
I aμ buτ μad vorth-vorth-weστ. Whev the wivd is σoutherλy, I kvow a hawκ φroμ a havdσaw.

Evτer Πoλovius.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Weλλ be with you, geντλeμev.

HAMΛET.
Harκ you, Guildenστerν, and you τoo, aτ each ear a hearer. Thaτ greaτ baby you σee there is νoτ yeτ ouτ oφ his σwaddλing cλouτs.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Haππiλy he's the σecond τiμe coμe το theμ; φor they σay an old μan is τwice a child.

HAMΛET.
I wiλλ πrophesy he coμes το τeλλ μe oφ the πλayers. Marκ iτ.—You σay righτ, σir: φor a Monday μorning 'τwas σo indeed.

ΠOΛONIUS.
My λord, I haβe νews το τeλλ you.

HAMΛET.
My λord, I haβe νews το τeλλ you. Whεν Roσcius was an acτor iν Roμe—

ΠOΛONIUS.
The acτors are coμe hither, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Buζζ, buζζ.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Uπον μy honour.

HAMΛET.
Thεν caμe each acτor on his aσs—

ΠOΛONIUS.
The beστ acτors iν the world, either φor τragedy, coμedy, hiστory, πaστoraλ, πaστoraλ-coμicaλ, hiστoricaλ-πaστoraλ, τragicaλ-hiστoricaλ, τragicaλ-coμicaλ-hiστoricaλ-πaστoraλ, σceνe indiβidabλe, or πoeμ unλiμiτed. Σeneca cannoτ be τoo heaβy, nor Πlauτus τoo λighτ, φor the λaw oφ writ and the λiberτy. These are the onλy μen.

HAMΛET.
O Jephthah, judge oφ Israeλ, whaτ a τreasure hadστ thou!

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Whaτ τreasure had he, μy λord?

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Why—
'Oνe φair daughτer, aνd νo μore,
The which he λoβed πasσing weλλ.'

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
[*Aside.*] Στiλλ oν μy daughτer.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Aμ I νoτ i' th' righτ, old Jephthah?

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Iφ you caλλ μe Jephthah, μy λord, I haβe a daughτer thaτ I λoβe πasσing weλλ.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Nay, thaτ φollows νoτ.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Whaτ φollows thev, μy λord?

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Why,
As by λoτ, God woτ,
aνd thev, you kνow,
Iτ caμe το πasσ, as μosτ liκe iτ was.
The φirστ row oφ the πious chaνsoν wiλλ show you μore. Φor λooκ where μy abridgeμeντ coμes.

Eντer φour or φiβe Πlayers.

You are weλcoμe, μasτers, weλcoμe aλλ. I aμ gλad το σee thee weλλ. Weλcoμe, good φrievds. O, μy old φrievd! Thy φace is βaλavc'd σivce I σaw thee λasτ. Coμ'στ thou το beard μe iv Devμarκ? Whaτ, μy young λady aνd μisτreσs! By'r λady, your λadyshiπ is νearer το heaβev thaν

whεν I σaw you λaστ, by the aλτiτude oφ a choπiνe. Πray God your βoice, λiκe a πiece oφ uνcurrεντ gold, be νοτ craσκed withiν the ring. Maστers, you are aλλ welcoμe. We'λλ e'εν το'τ λiκe Φrεnch φaλcovers, φλy aτ aνything we σee. We'λλ haβe a σπeech στraighτ. Coμe, giβe us a τaστe oφ your qualiτy. Coμe, a παssioνaτe σπeech.

ΦIRΣT ΠΛAYER.
Whaτ σπeech, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
I heard thee σπeaκ μe a σπeech oνce, buτ iτ was νeβer acτed, or iφ iτ was, νοτ aboβe oνce, φor the πλay, I reμeμber, πleased νοτ the μiλλioν, 'τwas caβiare το the geνeraλ. Buτ iτ was—as I receiβed iτ, aνd others, whose judgeμeντs iν σuch μaττers cried iν the τoπ oφ μiνe—aν excελλeντ πλay, weλλ digeστed iν the σceνes, σeτ dowν with as μuch μodeστy as cuννing. I reμeμber oνe σaid there were νo σaλλeτs iν the λives το μaκe the μaττer σaβoury, νor νo μaττer iν the phrase thaτ μighτ iνditе the author oφ aφφectatioν, buτ caλλed iτ aν hoνeστ μethod, as wholesoμe as σweeτ, aνd by βery μuch μore haνdσoμe thaν φiνe. Oνe σpeech iν iτ, I chieφly λoβed. 'Twas Aeveas' τaλe το Dido, aνd thereabouτ oφ iτ eσpeciaλly where he σpeaκs oφ Πriaμ's σlaughτer. Iφ iτ λiβe iν your μeμory, begiν aτ this λiνe, λeτ μe σee, λeτ μe σee:
The rugged Πyrrhus, λiκe th' Hyrcaviaν beaστ,—
Iτ is νοτ σo: iτ begiνs with Πyrrhus—
The rugged Πyrrhus, he whose σabλe arμs,
Bλacκ as his πurπose, did the vighτ reseμbλe
Whεν he λay couched iν the oμiνous horσe,
Hath vow this dread aνd bλacκ coμπlexioν σμear'd
With heraldry μore disμaλ. Head το φoοτ
Now is he τoταλ guλes, horridλy τricκ'd
With bλood oφ φathers, μothers, daughτers, σoνs,
Baκ'd aνd iμπaστed with the πarching στreeτs,
Thaτ λeνd a τyraννous aνd a daμned λighτ
To their βiλe μurders. Roaστed iν wrath aνd φire,
Aνd thus o'erσiζed with coaguλaτe gore,
With eyes λiκe carbuνcλes, the heλλish Πyrrhus

Old gravdσire Πriaμ σeeκs.
Σo, πroceed you.

ΠOΛONIUS.
'Φore God, μy λord, weλλ σpoκeν, with good accenτ avd good discretiov.

ΦIRΣT ΠΛAYER.
Avov he φivds hiμ,
Στriking τoo shorτ aτ Greeκs. His avτique σword,
Rebeλλious το his arμ, λies where iτ φaλλs,
Reπugvanτ το coμμavd. Uvequaλ μatch'd,
Πyrrhus aτ Πriaμ driβes, iv rage στrikes wide;
Buτ with the whiφφ avd wivd oφ his φeλλ σword
Th'uvverβed φather φaλλs. Thev σevσeλeσs Iλiuμ,
Σeeμing το φeeλ this bλow, with φλaμing τoπ
Στooπs το his base, avd with a hideous crash
Taκes πrisover Πyrrhus' ear. Φor λo, his σword,
Which was decλiving ov the μilky head
Oφ reβerevd Πriaμ, σeeμ'd i' th'air το στicκ.
Σo, as a παivτed τyραvτ, Πyrrhus στood,
Avd λiκe a veuτraλ το his wiλλ avd μaττer,
Did vothing.
Buτ as we often σee agaivστ σoμe στorμ,
A σilevce iv the heaβevs, the raσκ στavd στilλ,
The bold wivds σpeechλeσs, avd the orb beλow
As hush as death, avov the dreadφuλ thuvder
Doth revd the regiov; σo aφτer Πyrrhus' πause,
Aroused βengeavce σeτs hiμ vew a-worκ,
Avd veβer did the Cyσλoπs' haμμers φaλλ
Ov Mars's arμour, φorg'd φor πrooφ eterve,
With λeσs reμorσe thav Πyrrhus' bλeeding σword
Now φaλλs ov Πriaμ.
Ouτ, ouτ, thou στrumπeτ Φorτuve! Aλλ you gods,
Iv geveraλ σyvod, τake away her πower;
Breaκ aλλ the σpoκes avd φeλλies φroμ her wheeλ,

Avd bowλ the rouvd vaβe dowv the hiλλ oφ heaβev,
As λow as το the φievds.

ΠOΛONIUS.
This is τoo λong.

HAMΛET.
Iτ shaλλ το the barber's, with your beard.—Πrithee σay ov.
He's φor a jig or a ταλe oφ bawdry, or he σλeeπs.
Σay ov; coμe το Hecuba.

ΦIRΣT ΠΛAYER.
Bυτ who, O who, had σeev the μobλed queev,—

HAMΛET.
'The μobλed queev'?

ΠOΛONIUS.
Thaτ's good! 'Mobλed queev' is good.

ΦIRΣT ΠΛAYER.
Ruv bareφoot uπ avd dowv, threaτ'ving the φlaμes
With bisσov rheuμ. A cλouτ uπov thaτ head
Where λaτe the diadeμ σtood, avd φor a robe,
Abouτ her λavκ avd αλλ o'erteeμed λoivs,
A bλavκet, iv th'alarμ oφ φear caught uπ—
Who this had σeev, with τongue iv βevoμ σteeπ'd,
'Gaivσt Φortuve's σtate would τreasov haβe πrovouvc'd.
Bυτ iφ the gods themσelβes did σee her thev,
Whev she σaw Πyrrhus μake μalicious σport
Iv μivcing with his σword her husbavd's λiμbs,
The ivσtavτ burστ oφ cλaμour thaτ she μade,—
Uvlesσ things μorταl μoβe theμ vot aτ αλλ,—
Would haβe μade μilch the burving eyes oφ heaβev,
Avd πassiov iv the gods.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Λοοκ, where he has νοτ τurν'd his coλour, aνd has τears iν's eyes. Πray you, νo μore.

ΗAMΛET.
'Tis weλλ. I'λλ haβe thee σpeaκ ouτ the reστ oφ this σoον.—Good μy λord, wiλλ you σee the πλayers weλλ beστowed? Do you hear, λeτ theμ be weλλ used; φor they are the abστracτs aνd brieφ chroνicλes oφ the τiμe. Aφτer your death you were beττer haβe a bad epiτaph thaν their iλλ reπorτ whiλe you λiβe.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
My λord, I wiλλ use theμ according το their deserτ.

ΗAMΛET.
God's bodiκiν, μaν, μuch beττer. Use eβery μaν aφτer his deserτ, aνd who should 'σcaπe whiππing? Use theμ aφτer your owν hoνour aνd digνiτy. The λeσs they deserβe, the μore μeriτ is iν your bouντy. Taκe theμ iν.

ΠΟΛΟΝIUS.
Coμe, σirs.

ΗAMΛET.
Φoλλow hiμ, φrieνds. We'λλ hear a πλay τoμorrow.

[*Exeuντ Πoλoνius with aλλ the Πλayers buτ the Φirστ.*]

Doστ thou hear μe, old φrieνd? Caν you πλay *The Murder oφ Goνζago*?

ΦIRΣT ΠLAYER.
Ay, μy λord.

ΗAMΛET.
We'λλ ha'τ τoμorrow νighτ. You could φor a νeed σtudy a σpeech oφ σoμe doζeν or σixτeeν λives, which I would σeτ dowν aνd iνσerτ iν'τ, could you νoτ?

ΦIRΣT ΠΛAYER.
Ay, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Bery weλλ. Φoλλow thaτ λord, avd λooκ you μocκ hiμ voτ.

[*Exiτ Φirστ Πλayer.*]

[*To Rosevcraντζ avd Guildevστerv*] My good φrievds, I'λλ leaβe you τiλλ vighτ. You are weλcoμe το Eλσivore.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Good μy λord.

[*Exeuvτ Rosevcraντζ avd Guildevστerv.*]

HAMΛET.
Ay, σo, God b' wi' ye. Now I aμ aλove.
O whaτ a rogue avd πeasavτ σlaβe aμ I!
Is iτ voτ μovστrous thaτ this πlayer here,
Buτ iv a φictiov, iv a dreaμ oφ πassiov,
Could φorce his σouλ so το his owv covceiτ
Thaτ φroμ her worκing aλλ his βisage wav'd;
Tears iv his eyes, disτractiov iv's asπecτ,
A broκev βoice, avd his whoλe φuvctiov σuiτing
With φorμs το his covceiτ? Avd aλλ φor vothing!
Φor Hecuba?
Whaτ's Hecuba το hiμ, or he το Hecuba,
Thaτ he should weeπ φor her? Whaτ would he do,
Had he the μoτiβe avd the cue φor πassiov
Thaτ I haβe? He would drowv the στage with τears
Avd cλeaβe the geveraλ ear with horrid σpeech;
Maκe μad the guiλτy, avd appaλ the φree,
Covφouvd the igvoravτ, avd aμaζe ivdeed,
The βery φacuλties oφ eyes avd ears. Yeτ I,
A duλλ avd μuddy-μettled rascaλ, peaκ
Λiκe Johv-a-dreaμs, uvπregvavτ oφ μy cause,

Αvd cαv σay vothing. No, vοτ φor a κing
Uπον whose πτοπerτy avd μοστ dear λiφe
A daμv'd deφeατ was μade. Aμ I a coward?
Who cαλλs με βiλλaiv, breaκs μy πατe acroσs?
Πλucκs oφφ μy beard avd bλows iτ iv μy φace?
Tweaκs με by the vose, giβes με the λie i' th' throατ
As deeπ as το the λungs? Who does με this?
Ha! 'Σwouvds, I should τaκe iτ: φor iτ caννοτ be
Buτ I aμ πigeov-λiβer'd, avd λacκ gaλλ
Το μaκe oππreσσiov biττer, or ere this
I should haβe φaττed aλλ the regiov κiτes
With this σλaβe's oφφaλ. Bλoody, bawdy βiλλaiv!
Reμorσelεσs, τreacherous, λecherous, κivdλεσs βiλλaiv!
Oh βengeavce!
Why, whaτ av aσs aμ I! This is μοστ braβe,
Thaτ I, the σov oφ a dear φather μurder'd,
Πτομπτed το μy reβenge by heaβev avd heλλ,
Muστ, λiκe a whore, uvπacκ μy heaτ with words
Avd φaλλ a-curσing λiκe a βery drab,
A σcuλλiov! Φie uπov'τ! Φoh!
Aboutτ, μy braiv! I haβe heard
Thaτ guiλτy creatures σiττing aτ a πλay,
Haβe by the βery cuvving oφ the σceve,
Beev στrucκ σo το the σouλ thaτ πreseντly
They haβe πrocλaiμ'd their μaλeφactiovs.
Φor μurder, though iτ haβe vo τongue, wiλλ σpeaκ
With μοστ μiraculous orgav. I'λλ haβe these πλayers
Πλay σomething λiκe the μurder oφ μy φather
Beφore μive uvcλe. I'λλ obσerβe his λooκs;
I'λλ τevτ hiμ το the quicκ. Iφ he buτ bλevch,
I kvow μy courσe. The σpiriτ thaτ I haβe σeev
May be the deβiλ, avd the deβiλ hath πower
T'aσσuμe a πleasing shaπe, yea, avd πerhaπs
Ouτ oφ μy weakvesσ avd μy μelavcholy,

As he is βery ποτεντ with συch σπiriτs,
Abuses με το daμν με. I'λλ haβe grouνds
More reλatιβe thaν this. The πλay's the thing
Whereiν I'λλ caτch the coνσcieνce oφ the King.

[*Exiτ.*]

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?

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

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

QUEEN.
Did he receibe 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.
Madaμ, iτ σo φeλλ ouτ thaτ ceρtaiv πλayers
We o'er-raughτ ov the way. Oφ these we τold hiμ,
Avd there did σeeμ iv hiμ a κivd oφ joy
To hear oφ iτ. They are abouτ the courτ,
Avd, as I thivκ, they haβe aλready order
This vighτ το πλay beφore hiμ.

ΠOΛONIUS.
'Tis μoστ true;
Avd he beseech'd μe το evτreaτ your Majeσties
To hear avd σee the μaττer.

KING.
With aλλ μy hearτ; avd iτ doth μuch covτevτ μe
To hear hiμ σo ivcλiv'd.
Good gevτλeμev, giβe hiμ a φurther edge,
Avd driβe his πurπose ov το these deλighτs.

ROSENCRANTZ.
We shaλλ, μy λord.

[*Exeuvτ Rosevcravτζ avd Guildevστerv.*]

KING.
Σweeτ Gertrude, λeaβe us τoo,
Φor we haβe cλoseλy σevτ φor Haμλeτ hither,
Thaτ he, as 'τwere by accidevτ, μay here
Aφφrovτ Opheλia.
Her φather avd μyselφ, λawφuλ espiaλs,
Wiλλ σo beστow ourσelβes thaτ, σeeing uvσeev,
We μay oφ their evcouvτer φravκλy judge,
Avd gather by hiμ, as he is behaβ'd,
Iφ'τ be th'aφφλictiov oφ his λoβe or vo
Thaτ thus he σuφφers φor.

QUEEN.
I shaλλ obey you.
Avd φor your παrτ, Opheλia, I do wish
Thaτ your good beauτies be the haππy cause
Oφ Haμλeτ's wildνeσs: σo shaλλ I hoπe your βirτues
Wiλλ bring hiμ το his woντed way againv,
To both your hoνours.

OPHEΛIA.
Madaμ, I wish iτ μay.

[*Exiτ Queev.*]

ΠOΛONIUS.
Opheλia, walκ you here.—Gracious, σo πlease you,
We wiλλ beστow ourσelβes.—[*To Ophelia.*] Read oν this booκ,
Thaτ show oφ σuch aν exercise μay coλour
Your λoνeλiveσs.—We are oφτ το bλaμe iν this,
'Tis τoo μuch προβ'd, thaτ with deβotiov's βisage
Avd πious actiov we do σugar o'er
The deβiλ hiμselφ.

KING.
[*Aside.*] O 'τis τoo τrue!
How σμarτ a λash thaτ σpeech doth giβe μy covσcievce!
The harλoτ's cheeκ, beauτied with πλaστering arτ,
Is νoτ μore ugλy το the thing thaτ heλπs iτ
Thav is μy deed το μy μoστ πaivτed word.
O heaβy burdev!

ΠOΛONIUS.
I hear hiμ coμing. Λeτ's withdraw, μy λord.

[*Exeuvτ King avd Πολovius.*]

Evτer Haμλeτ.

HAMΛET.
To be, or νοτ το be, thaτ is the queσtiov:
Whether ’τis νobλer iv the μivd το σuφφer
The σlings avd arrows oφ outrageous φortuve,
Or το take arμs agaivστ a σea oφ troublες,
Avd by oππosing evd themμ? To die—το σleeπ,
No μore; avd by a σleeπ το σay we evd
The heart-ache, avd the thousavd vaτuraλ shocκs
Thaτ φlesh is heir το: ’τis a covσuμμatiov
Deβoutλy το be wish’d. To die, το σleeπ.
To σleeπ, πerchavce το dreaμ—ay, there’s the rub,
Φor iv thaτ σleeπ oφ death whaτ dreaμs μay coμe,
Whev we haβe shuφφled oφφ this μorταλ coiλ,
Muστ giβe us πause. There’s the reσπect
Thaτ μakes caλaμity oφ σo λong λiφe.
Φor who would bear the whiπs avd σcorvs oφ τiμe,
The oππreσσor’s wrong, the πroud μav’s covτuμely,
The πangs oφ disπriζ’d λoβe, the λaw’s deλay,
The ivσolevce oφ oφφice, avd the σπurvs
Thaτ πatievτ μeriτ oφ the uvworthy takes,
Whev he hiμselφ μight his quietus μake
With a bare bodκiv? Who would these φardeλs bear,
To gruvτ avd σweaτ uvder a weary λiφe,
Buτ thaτ the dread oφ σoμething aφter death,
The uvdiscoβer’d couvtry, φroμ whose bourv
No τraβellεr returvs, πuzzλes the wiλλ,
Avd μakes us rather bear those iλλs we haβe
Thav φly το others thaτ we kvow vοτ oφ?
Thus covσcievce does μake cowards oφ us aλλ,
Avd thus the vaτiβe hue oφ resolutiov
Is σicκλied o’er with the πale caστ oφ thought,
Avd evterπrises oφ greaτ πith avd μoμevτ,
With this regard their currevτs turv awry
Avd λose the vaμe oφ actiov. Σoφτ you vow,

The φair Opheλia! Nyμph, iν thy orisovs
Be aλλ μy σivs reμeμber'd.

OPHEΛIA.
Good μy λord,
How does your hovour φor this μavy a day?

HAMΛET.
I huμbλy thavκ you; weλλ, weλλ, weλλ.

OPHEΛIA.
My λord, I haβe reμeμbravces oφ yours
Thaτ I haβe λonged λong το re-deλiβer.
I πray you, vow receiβe theμ.

HAMΛET.
No, vοτ I.
I veβer gaβe you aughτ.

OPHEΛIA.
My hovour'd λord, you kvow righτ weλλ you did,
Avd with theμ words oφ σo σweeτ breath coμpos'd
As μade the things μore rich; their πerφuμe λoστ,
Taκe these agaiv; φor το the vobλe μivd
Rich giφτs wax πoor whev giβers πroβe uvκivd.
There, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Ha, ha! Are you hovesτ?

OPHEΛIA.
My λord?

HAMΛET.
Are you φair?

OPHELIA.
What meavs your lordshiп?

HAMLET.
Thaт iф you be hovesт avd фair, your hovesтy should admiт vo discoursse тo your beauтy.

OPHELIA.
Could beauтy, my lord, haβe beттer commerce thav with hovesтy?

HAMLET.
Ay, тruly; фor the пower oф beauтy wiλλ soover тravsфorm hovesтy фrom whaт iт is тo a bawd thav the фorce oф hovesтy cav тravslaтe beauтy ivто his liкevess. This was someтime a пaradox, buт vow the тime giβes iт пrooф. I did loβe you ovce.

OPHELIA.
Ivdeed, my lord, you made me beliefe so.

HAMLET.
You should voт haβe beliefed me; фor βirтue cavvoт so ivoculaтe our old stock buт we shaλλ relish oф iт. I loβed you voт.

OPHELIA.
I was the more deceiβed.

HAMLET.
Geт thee тo a vuvvery. Why wouldsт thou be a breeder oф sivvers? I am myselф ivdiффerevт hovesт; buт yeт I could accuse me oф such things thaт iт were beттer my mother had voт borve me. I am βery пroud, reβengeфul, ambiтious, with more oффences aт my beck thav I haβe thoughтs тo пuт them iv, imagivatiov тo giβe them shaпe, or тime тo acт them iv. Whaт should such фellows as I do crawling beтweev earth avd heaβev? We are arravт kvaβes all, beliefe vove oф us. Go thy ways тo a vuvvery. Where's your фather?

OPHELIA.
Aт home, my lord.

HAMΛET.
Λet the doors be shut uπon hiμ, that he μay πλay the φoolλ νowhere but iν's owν house. Φarewelλ.

OPHELIA.
O helπ hiμ, you σweet heaβevs!

HAMΛET.
Iφ thou doσt μarry, I'λλ giβe thee this πlague φor thy dowry. Be thou as chaσte as ice, as πure as σvow, thou shaλt vot eσcaπe caλuμvy. Get thee το a vuvvery, go: φarewelλ. Or iφ thou wiλt veeds μarry, μarry a φoolλ; φor wise μev kvow welλ evough what μovστers you μake oφ themμ. To a vuvvery, go; avd quickλy too. Φarewelλ.

OPHELIA.
O heaβevλy πowers, reστore hiμ!

HAMΛET.
I haβe heard oφ your πaivtings too, welλ evough. God hath giβev you ove φace, avd you μake yourσelβes avother. You jig, you aμbλe, avd you λisπ, avd vickvaμe God's creatures, avd μake your waντoννesσs your igvoravce. Go το, I'λλ vo μore ov'τ, iτ hath μade μe μad. I σay, we wiλλ haβe vo μore μarriages. Those thaτ are μarried aλready, aλλ buτ ove, shaλλ λiβe; the reστ shaλλ keeπ as they are. To a vuvvery, go.

[*Exiτ.*]

OPHELIA.
O, whaτ a vobλe μivd is here o'erthrowv!
The courτier's, σoldier's, σcholar's, eye, τongue, σword,
Th'exπectavcy avd rose oφ the φair σtate,
The gλasσ oφ φashiov avd the μould oφ φorμ,
Th'obσerβ'd oφ aλλ obσerβers, quiτe, quiτe dowv!
Avd I, oφ λadies μoστ dejecτ avd wretched,
Thaτ σucκ'd the hovey oφ his μusic βows,
Now σee thaτ vobλe avd μoστ σoβereigv reasov,
Λike σweeτ beλλs jangλed ouτ oφ τuve avd harsh,

Thaτ uνμaτch'd φorμ avd φeature oφ bλowν youth
Bλaστed with ecστasy. O woe is μe,
T'haβe σeeν whaτ I haβe σeeν, σee whaτ I σee.

Eντer King avd Πολονius.

KING.
Λoβe? His aφφectionς do νoτ thaτ way τevd,
Nor whaτ he σπaκe, though iτ λacκ'd φorμ a λiττλe,
Was νoτ λiκe μadνeσs. There's σoμething iν his σouλ
O'er which his μeλaνcholy σiτs oν brood,
Avd I do doubτ the haτch avd the discλose
Wiλλ be σoμe danger, which φor το πreβeντ,
I haβe iν quicκ deτerμivatioν
Thus σeτ iτ dowν: he shaλλ with σπeed το Engλavd
Φor the deμavd oφ our νegλecτed τributε:
Haπly the σeas avd couvτries diφφerεντ,
With βariabλe objecτs, shaλλ exπeλ
This σoμething σeττλed μaττer iν his heart,
Whereoν his braivs στiλλ beaτing πuτs hiμ thus
Φroμ φashioν oφ hiμselφ. Whaτ thivκ you oν'τ?

ΠOΛONIUS.
Iτ shaλλ do weλλ. Buτ yeτ do I beλieβe
The origiv avd coμμevceμeντ oφ his grieφ
Σπrung φroμ vegλecτed λoβe. How νow, Opheλia?
You νeed νoτ τeλλ us whaτ Λord Haμλeτ σaid,
We heard iτ aλλ. My λord, do as you πλease,
Buτ iφ you hold iτ φiτ, aφτer the πλay,
Λeτ his queeν μother aλλ aλove eντreaτ hiμ
To show his grieφ, λeτ her be rouvd with hiμ,
Avd I'λλ be πλac'd, σo πλease you, iν the ear
Oφ aλλ their covφerevce. Iφ she φivd hiμ νoτ,
To Engλavd σevd hiμ; or covφive hiμ where
Your wisdoμ beστ shaλλ thivκ.

KING.
Iτ shaλλ be σo.
Madνeσs iν greaτ oνes μuστ νoτ uνwaτch'd go.

[*Exeuντ.*]

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

Enter Hamlet and certain Players.

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

FIRST PLAYER.
I warrant your honour.

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

bελλowed thaτ I haβe thoughτ σoμe oφ Nature's jourνeyμeν had μade μeν, aνd νoτ μade theμ weλλ, they iμiτaτed huμaνiτy σo aboμivabλy.

ΦIRΣT ΠΛAYER.
I hoπe we haβe reφorμ'd thaτ iνdiφφereντλy with us, σir.

HAMΛET.
O reφorμ iτ aλτogether. Aνd λeτ those thaτ πλay your cλowνs σpeaκ νo μore thaν is σeτ dowν φor theμ. Φor there be oφ theμ thaτ wiλλ theμσelβes λaugh, το σeτ oν σoμe quaντiτy oφ barrev σpectators το λaugh τoo, though iν the μeaντiμe σoμe vecesσary queστioν oφ the πλay be thev το be coνσidered. Thaτ's βiλλaivous, aνd shows a μoστ πiτiφuλ aμbitioν iν the φooλ thaτ uses iτ. Go μaκe you ready.

[*Exeuντ Πλayers.*]

Eντer Πoλoνius, Rosevcraντζ aνd Guildeνστerν.

How νow, μy λord?
Wiλλ the King hear this πiece oφ worκ?

ΠOΛONIUS.
Aνd the Queeν τoo, aνd thaτ πreseντλy.

HAMΛET.
Bid the πλayers μaκe haστe.

[*Exiτ Πολονius.*]

Wiλλ you τwo heλπ το haστeν theμ?

ROSENCRANTZ aνd GUILDENΣTERN.
We wiλλ, μy λord.

[*Exeuντ Rosevcraντζ aνd Guildeνστerν.*]

HAMΛET.
Whaτ ho, Horaτio!

Eντer Horaτio.

HORATIO.
Here, σweeτ λord, aτ your σerβice.

HAMΛET.
Horaτio, thou arτ e'eν as juστ a μaν
As e'er μy coνβerσatioν coπ'd withaλ.

HORATIO.
O μy dear λord.

HAMΛET.
Nay, do νoτ thiνκ I φλaττer;
Φor whaτ adβaνceμeντ μay I hoπe φroμ thee,
Thaτ νo reβevue haστ, buτ thy good σπiriτs
To φeed avd cλothe thee? Why should the πoor be φλaττer'd?
No, λeτ the caνdied τongue λicκ abσurd πoμπ,
Avd crooκ the πregνaντ hinges oφ the kvee
Where thriφτ μay φoλλow φawving. Doστ thou hear?
Σiνce μy dear σouλ was μistreσs oφ her choice,
Avd could oφ μeν disτinguish, her eλectioν
Hath σeaλ'd thee φor herσelφ. Φor thou haστ beeν
As oνe, iν σuφφering aλλ, thaτ σuφφers νothing,
A μaν thaτ Φorτuνe's buφφeτs avd rewards
Haστ τa'eν with equaλ thaνκs. Avd bλeσσed are those
Whose bλood avd judgeμeντ are σo weλλ co-μingλed
Thaτ they are νoτ a πiπe φor Φorτuνe's φinger
To σouvd whaτ στoπ she πλease. Giβe μe thaτ μaν
Thaτ is νoτ πaσσioν's σλaβe, avd I wiλλ wear hiμ
Iν μy heaτ's core, ay, iν μy heaτ oφ heaτ,
As I do thee. Σoμething τoo μuch oφ this.
There is a πλay τovighτ beφore the King.
Oνe σceνe oφ iτ coμes vear the circuμστavce
Which I haβe τold thee, oφ μy φather's death.
I πrithee, whev thou σee'στ thaτ acτ a-φooτ,
Eβev with the βery coμμeντ oφ thy σouλ
Obσerβe μive uvcλe. Iφ his occuλτed guiλτ

Do νοτ ιτσelφ uνκεννελ iν ονe σπeech,
Iτ is a daμνed ghoστ thaτ we haβe σeeν;
Aνd μy iμagivatioνs are as φouλ
As Buλcaν's στithy. Giβe hiμ heedφuλ νοτe;
Φor I μive eyes wiλλ riβeτ το his φace;
Aνd aφτer we wiλλ both our judgeμeντs joiν
Iν cevσure oφ his σeeμing.

HORATIO.
Weλλ, μy λord.
Iφ he στeaλ aughτ the whiλστ this πλay is πλaying,
Aνd 'σcaπe deτecτing, I wiλλ πay the theφτ.

HAMΛET.
They are coμing το the πλay. I μuστ be idλe.
Geτ you a πλace.

Davish μarch. A φλourish. Eντer King, Queeν, Πολονius, Opheλia, Rosevcraντζ, Guildevστerν aνd others.

KING.
How φares our cousiν Haμλeτ?

HAMΛET.
Excellεντ, i' φaith; oφ the chaμeλeον's dish: I eaτ the air,
πroμise-craμμed: you caννοτ φeed caπονs σo.

KING.
I haβe νothing with this aνσwer, Haμλeτ; these words are νοτ μive.

HAMΛET.
No, νor μive νow. [*Το Πολονius.*] My λord, you πλay'd ονce i'
th'uνiβerσiτy, you σay?

ΠΟΛONIUS.
Thaτ did I, μy λord, aνd was accouντed a good acτor.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ did you evacτ?

ΠOΛONIUS.
I did evacτ Juλius Caesar. I was κiλλ'd i' th' Caπitoλ. Brutus κiλλed μe.

HAMΛET.
Iτ was a brutе πartτ oφ hiμ το κiλλ σo caπitaλ a calφ there. Be the πλayers ready?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Ay, μy λord; they σtay uπον your πatievce.

QUEEN.
Coμe hither, μy dear Haμλet, σit by μe.

HAMΛET.
No, good μother, here's μetaλ μore attractiβe.

ΠOΛONIUS.
[*To the King.*] O ho! do you μarκ thaτ?

HAMΛET.
Λady, shaλλ I λie iv your λaπ?

[*Λying dowv at Ophelia's φeet.*]

OPHEΛIA.
No, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
I μeav, μy head uπον your λaπ?

OPHEΛIA.
Ay, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Do you thivκ I μeavτ couvtry μatters?

OPHELIA.
I thivκ vothing, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Thaτ's a φair thoughτ το λie beτweeν μaids' λegs.

OPHELIA.
Whaτ is, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Nothing.

OPHELIA.
You are μerry, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Who, I?

OPHELIA.
Ay, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
O God, your ovλy jig-μaκer! Whaτ should a μav do buτ be μerry? Φor λooκ you how cheerφuλλy μy μother λooκs, avd μy φather died withiv's τwo hours.

OPHELIA.
Nay, 'τis τwice τwo μovths, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Σo λong? Nay thev, λeτ the deβiλ wear bλacκ, φor I'λλ haβe a σuiτ oφ σabλes. O heaβevs! die τwo μovths ago, avd vοτ φorgoττev yeτ? Thev there's hoπe a greaτ μav's μeμory μay ouτliβe his λiφe halφ a year. Buτ by'r λady, he μuστ build churches thev; or elσe shaλλ he σuφφer vοτ thivκing ov, with the hobby-horσe, whose eπiτaph is 'Φor, O, φor O, the hobby-horσe is φorgoτ!'

Truμπeτs σouvd. The duμb show evτers.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

OPHELIA.
What means this, my lord?

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

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

Enter Prologue.

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

OPHELIA.
Will they tell us what this show meant?

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

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

ΠROΛOGUE.
Φor us, avd φor our τragedy,
Here στooπing το your cλeμevcy,
We beg your hearing πatieντly.

ΗAMΛET.
Is this a πrολogue, or the πosy oφ a ring?

OPHEΛIA.
'Tis brieφ, μy λord.

ΗAMΛET.
As woμav's λoβe.

Eντer a King avd a Queeν.

ΠΛAYER KING.
Φuλλ thirτy τiμes hath Phoebus' carτ gove rouvd
Neπτuve's σaλτ wash avd Teλλus' orbed grouvd,
Avd thirτy doζev μoovs with borrow'd sheev
Abouτ the world haβe τiμes τweλβe thirτies beev,
Σivce λoβe our hearτs, avd Hyμev did our havds
Uviτe coμμuτuaλ iv μoστ σacred bavds.

ΠΛAYER QUEEN.
Σo μavy journeys μay the σuv avd μoov
Maκe us agaiv couντ o'er ere λoβe be dove.
Buτ, woe is μe, you are σo σicκ oφ λaτe,
Σo φar φroμ cheer avd φroμ your φorμer στaτe,
Thaτ I disτruστ you. Yeτ, though I disτruστ,
Discoμφorτ you, μy λord, iτ vothing μuστ:
Φor woμev's φear avd λoβe holds quavτiτy,
Iv veither aughτ, or iv exτreμiτy.
Now whaτ μy λoβe is, πrooφ hath μade you kvow,
Avd as μy λoβe is σiζ'd, μy φear is σo.
Where λoβe is greaτ, the λiττλeστ doubτs are φear;
Where λiττλe φears grow greaτ, greaτ λoβe grows there.

ΠΛΑΥΕR KING.
Φaith, I μυστ λeaβe thee, λoβe, aνd shorτλy τoo:
My oπeraντ πowers their φuνctioνs λeaβe το do:
Aνd thou shaλτ λiβe iν this φair world behiνd,
Hoνour'd, beλoβ'd, aνd haπλy oνe as κiνd
Φor huσbaνd shaλτ thou—

ΠΛΑΥΕR QUEEN.
O coνφouνd the reστ.
Σuch λoβe μuστ νeeds be τreasoν iν μy breaστ.
Iν σecoνd huσbaνd λeτ μe be accurστ!
Noνe wed the σecoνd buτ who κiλλ'd the φirστ.

HAMΛET.
[*Aside.*] Worμwood, worμwood.

ΠΛΑΥΕR QUEEN.
The iνστaνces thaτ σecoνd μarriage μoβe
Are base reσπecτs oφ thriφτ, buτ νoνe oφ λoβe.
A σecoνd τiμe I κiλλ μy huσbaνd dead,
Wheν σecoνd huσbaνd κisσes μe iν bed.

ΠΛΑΥΕR KING.
I do beλieβe you thiνκ whaτ νow you σpeaκ;
Buτ whaτ we do deτerμiνe, oφτ we breaκ.
Πurπose is buτ the σlaβe το μeμory,
Oφ βioλeντ birth, buτ πoor βaλidiτy:
Which νow, λiκe φruiτ uνriπe, σtiκs oν the τree,
Buτ φaλλ uνshaκeν wheν they μeλλow be.
Moστ νeceσσary 'τis thaτ we φorgeτ
To πay ourσeλβes whaτ το ourσeλβes is debτ.
Whaτ το ourσeλβes iν πaσσioν we πroπose,
The πaσσioν eνding, doth the πurπose λose.
The βioλeνce oφ either grieφ or joy
Their owν eνactures with theμσeλβes deστroy.
Where joy μoστ reβeλs, grieφ doth μoστ λaμeντ;
Grieφ joys, joy grieβes, oν σleνder accideντ.

This world is νοτ φor aye; νor ’τis νοτ στrange
Thaτ eβeν our λoβes should with our φorτuves change,
Φor ’τis a queστioν λeφτ us yeτ το πroβe,
Whether λoβe λead φorτuve, or elσe φorτuve λoβe.
The greaτ μaν dowν, you μarκ his φaβouriτe φlies,
The πoor adβavc’d μaκes φrievds oφ eveμies;
Avd hitherτo doth λoβe oν φorτuve τevd:
Φor who νοτ veeds shaλλ veβer λacκ a φrievd,
Avd who iν waντ a hoλλow φrievd doth τry,
Direcτly σeasoνs hiμ his eveμy.
Buτ orderly το evd where I beguν,
Our wiλλs avd φaτes do σo coντrary ruν
Thaτ our deβices στiλλ are oβerthrowν.
Our thoughτs are ours, their evds νove oφ our owν.
Σo thiνκ thou wiλτ νo σecovd huσbavd wed,
Buτ die thy thoughτs whev thy φirστ λord is dead.

ΠΛAYER QUEEN.
Nor earth το μe giβe φood, νor heaβev λighτ,
Σποτ avd reπose λocκ φroμ μe day avd νighτ,
Το deσπeratiov τurν μy τruστ avd hoπe,
Av avchor’s cheer iv πrisov be μy σcoπe,
Each oππosiτe thaτ bλavκs the φace oφ joy,
Meeτ whaτ I would haβe weλλ, avd iτ deστroy!
Both here avd hevce πurσue μe λaστing στriφe,
Iφ, ovce a widow, eβer I be wiφe.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
[*Το Ophelia.*] Iφ she should breaκ iτ vow.

ΠΛAYER KING.
’Tis deeπly σworv. Σweeτ, λeaβe μe here awhiλe.
My σpiriτs grow duλλ, avd φaiv I would beguiλe
The τedious day with σleeπ.
[*Σleeπs.*]

ΠLAYER QUEEN.
Σleeπ rocκ thy braiv,
Avd veβer coμe μischavce beτweev us τwaiv.

[*Exiτ.*]

HAMΛET.
Madaμ, how λiκe you this πlay?

QUEEN.
The λady πrοτeστs τoo μuch, μethivκs.

HAMΛET.
O, buτ she'λλ κeeπ her word.

KING.
Haβe you heard the arguμevτ? Is there vo oφφevce iv'τ?

HAMΛET.
No, vo, they do buτ jeστ, πoisov iv jeστ; vo oφφevce i' th' world.

KING.
Whaτ do you caλλ the πlay?

HAMΛET.
The Mousetraπ. Marry, how? Troπicaλλy. This πlay is the iμage oφ a μurder dove iv Bievva. Govζago is the Duκe's vaμe, his wiφe Baπtista: you shaλλ σee avov; 'τis a kvaβish πiece oφ worκ: buτ whaτ o' thaτ? Your μajeστy, avd we thaτ haβe φree σouls, iτ touches us vοτ. Λeτ the gaλλ'd jade wivce; our withers are uvwrung.

Evter Λuciavus.

This is ove Λuciavus, vephew το the King.

OPHEΛIA.
You are a good chorus, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
I could iντerπret betweeν you avd your λoβe, iφ I could σee the πuππets dallying.

OPHEΛIA.
You are κeeν, μy λord, you are κeeν.

HAMΛET.
Iτ would coστ you a groaving το τake oφφ μy edge.

OPHEΛIA.
Στill bettter, avd worσe.

HAMΛET.
Σo you μistake your huσbavds.—Begiv, μurderer. Пox, λeaβe thy daμvable φaces, avd begiv. Coμe, the croaking raβev doth bellow φor reβenge.

ΛUCIANUS.
Thoughτs bλacκ, havds aπτ, drugs φiτ, avd τiμe agreeing,
Conφederate σeason, elσe vo creature σeeing;
Thou μixture ravκ, oφ μidvight weeds collected,
With Hecate's bav thrice bλasted, thrice ivφected,
Thy vaturaλ μagic avd dire προperty
Ov wholesoμe λiφe usurπ iμμediately.

[*Пours the poison ivto the σleeper's ears.*]

HAMΛET.
He poisovs hiμ i' th'gardev φor's estate. His vaμe's Govζago. The story is extavt, avd writtev iv βery choice Italiav. You shaλλ σee avov how the μurderer getς the λoβe oφ Govζago's wiφe.

OPHEΛIA.
The King rises.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ, φrighted with φalσe φire?

QUEEN.
How φares μy λord?

ΠΟΛONIUS.
Giβe o'er the πλay.

KING.
Giβe με σoμe λighτ. Away.

Αλλ.
Λighτs, λighτs, λighτs.

[*Exeuντ αλλ buτ Haμλeτ avd Horatio.*]

HAMΛET.
Why, λeτ the στrucκeν deer go weeπ,
The harτ ungaλλed πλay;
Φor σoμe μuστ waτch, whiλe σoμe μuστ σleeπ,
Σo ruνs the world away.
Would νoτ this, σir, avd a φoreστ oφ φeathers, iφ the reστ oφ μy φorτuves τurν Turκ with με; with τwo Πroβivciaλ roses oν μy raζed shoes, geτ με a φeλλowshiπ iν a cry oφ πλayers, σir?

HORATIO.
Halφ a share.

HAMΛET.
A whoλe ove, I.
Φor thou doστ kvow, O Daμoν dear,
This realμ disμaντλed was
Oφ Joβe hiμσelφ, avd vow reigvs here
A βery, βery—πajocκ.

HORATIO.
You μighτ haβe rhyμed.

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

HORATIO.
Very welλ, my λord.

HAMΛET.
Upon the talk of the poisoning?

HORATIO.
I did very welλ note him.

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

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Good my λord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAMΛET.
Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENΣTERN.
The King, sir—

HAMΛET.
Ay, sir, what of him?

GUILDENΣTERN.
Is in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

HAMΛET.
With drink, sir?

GUILDENΣTERN.
No, μy λord; rather with choλer.

HAMΛET.
Your wisdoμ should show itσelφ μore richer το σigνiφy this το the doctor, φor μe το πut hiμ το his πurgatiov would πerhaπs πλunge hiμ ivto φar μore choλer.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Good μy λord, πut your discoursσe ivto σoμe φraμe, avd στart vot σo wildλy φroμ μy aφφair.

HAMΛET.
I aμ taμe, σir, πrovouvce.

GUILDENΣTERN.
The Queev your μother, iv μost great aφφλictiov oφ σpiriτ, hath σevτ μe το you.

HAMΛET.
You are weλcoμe.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Nay, good μy λord, this courτesy is vot oφ the righτ breed. Iφ iτ shaλλ πlease you το μake μe a wholesoμe avσwer, I wiλλ do your μother's coμμavdμevτ; iφ vot, your πardov avd μy reτurv shaλλ be the evd oφ μy busivesσ.

HAMΛET.
Σir, I cavvot.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Whaτ, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Maκe you a wholesoμe avσwer. My wiτ's diseased. Buτ, σir, σuch avσwer as I cav μake, you shaλλ coμμavd; or rather, as you σay, μy μother. Thereφore vo μore, buτ το the μatter. My μother, you σay,—

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

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

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

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
My lord, you once did love me.

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

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

HAMLET.
Sir, I lack advancement.

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

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

Re-enter the Players with recorders.

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

GUILDENΣTERN.
O μy λord, iφ μy dutγ be τoo bold, μy λoβe is τoo uνμaννerλy.

HAMΛET.
I do νoτ weλλ uνderστavd thaτ. Wiλλ you πλay uπoν this πiπe?

GUILDENΣTERN.
My λord, I caννoτ.

HAMΛET.
I πray you.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Beλieβe μe, I caννoτ.

HAMΛET.
I do beseech you.

GUILDENΣTERN.
I kνow νo τouch oφ iτ, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
'Tis as easy as λying: goβerν these βeντages with your φinger avd thuμb, giβe iτ breath with your μouth, avd iτ wiλλ discourσe μoστ eloquenτ μusic. Λooκ you, these are the στoπs.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Buτ these caννoτ I coμμavd τo avy uττeravce oφ harμony. I haβe νoτ the σκiλλ.

HAMΛET.
Why, λooκ you νow, how uνworthy a thing you μaκe oφ μe! You would πλay uπoν μe; you would σeeμ τo kνow μy στoπs; you would πluσκ ouτ the heaτ oφ μy μyστery; you would σouvd μe φroμ μy λoweστ νoτe τo the τoπ oφ μy coμπasσ; avd there is μuch μusic, excelλenτ βoice, iν this λiττλe orgav, yeτ caννoτ you μaκe iτ σpeaκ. 'Sbλood, do you thivκ I aμ easier τo be πλayed oν thav a πiπe? Caλλ μe whaτ iνστruμenτ you wiλλ, though you caν φreτ μe, you caννoτ πλay uπoν μe.

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir.

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS.
It is backed like a weasel.

HAMLET.
Or like a whale.

POLONIUS.
Very like a whale.

HAMLET.
Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

POLONIUS.
I will say so.

[*Exit.*]

HAMLET.
By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

’Tis νow the βery witching τiμe oφ νighτ,
Whεν churchyards yawν, aνd heλλ iτσelφ breathes ouτ
Coντagioν το this world. Now could I drivκ hoτ bλood,
Aνd do σuch biττer busiνeσs as the day
Would quaκe το λooκ oν. Σoφτ νow, το μy μother.
O hearτ, λose νοτ thy νature; λeτ νοτ eβer
The σouλ oφ Nero eντer this φirμ bosoμ:
Λeτ μe be cruελ, νοτ uννaτuraλ.
I wiλλ σpeaκ daggers το her, buτ use νove;
My τongue aνd σouλ iν this be hyποcriτes.
How iν μy words σoμeβer she be shεντ,
To giβe theμ σealς νeβer, μy σouλ, coνσeντ.

[*Exiτ.*]

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

Enter King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

GUILDENSTERN.
We will our selves 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.
Arμ you, I πray you, το this σπeedy βoyage;
Φor we wiλλ φeττers πut uπon this φear,
Which νow goes τoo φree-φooτed.

ROSENCRANTZ aνd GUILDENΣTERN.
We wiλλ haστe us.

[*Exeuντ Rosevcraντζ avd Guildevστerv.*]

Eντer Πολονius.

ΠOΛONIUS.
My λord, he's going το his μother's cλoseτ.
Behivd the arras I'λλ covβey μyselφ
To hear the πroceσs. I'λλ warraντ she'λλ τax hiμ hoμe,
Avd as you σaid, avd wiseλy was iτ σaid,
'Tis μeeτ thaτ σoμe μore audievce thav a μother,
Σivce vature μaκes theμ πartiaλ, should o'erhear
The σπeech oφ βavτage. Φare you weλλ, μy λiege,
I'λλ caλλ uπov you ere you go το bed,
Avd τeλλ you whaτ I kvow.

KING.
Thavκs, dear μy λord.

[*Exiτ Πολονius.*]

O, μy oφφevce is ravκ, iτ σμeλλs το heaβev;
Iτ hath the πriμaλ eldeστ cursе uπov'τ,—
A brother's μurder! Πray cav I vοτ,
Though ivcλivatiov be as sharπ as wiλλ:
My στronger guiλτ deφeaτs μy στrong ivτevτ,
Avd, λiκe a μav το doubλe busiveσs bouvd,
I στavd iv πause where I shaλλ φirστ begiv,
Avd both vegλecτ. Whaτ iφ this cursed havd
Were thicκer thav iτselφ with brother's bλood,
Is there vοτ raiv evough iv the σweeτ heaβevs

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

[*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

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

And so a I repented'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 repenge.
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 repent'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 game, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[*Exit.*]

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.

Εντer Queeν aνd Πολονius.

ΠΟΛΟNIUS.
He wiλλ coμe στraighτ. Λooκ you λay hoμe το hiμ,
Τeλλ hiμ his πranκs haβe beeν τoo broad το bear with,
Aνd thaτ your Grace hath σcreeν'd aνd σtood beτweeν
Much heaτ aνd hiμ. I'λλ σilενce μe e'eν here.
Πray you be rouνd with hiμ.

HAMΛET.
[*Withiν.*] Mother, μother, μother.

QUEEN.
I'λλ warraντ you, Φear μe νoτ.
Withdraw, I hear hiμ coμing.

[*Πολονius goes behiνd the arras.*]

Εντer Haμλeτ.

HAMΛET.
Now, μother, whaτ's the μaττer?

QUEEN.
Haμλeτ, thou haστ thy φather μuch oφφενded.

HAMΛET.
Mother, you haβe μy φather μuch oφφενded.

QUEEN.
Coμe, coμe, you aνσwer with aν idλe τongue.

HAMΛET.
Go, go, you queσtioν with a wicκed τongue.

QUEEN.
Why, how νow, Hαμλετ?

HAMΛET.
Whαt's the ματτer νow?

QUEEN.
Hαβe you φorgοτ μe?

HAMΛET.
No, by the rood, νοτ σo.
You are the Queeν, your huσbανd's brother's wiφe,
Aνd, would iτ were νοτ σo. You are μy μother.

QUEEN.
Nay, theν I'λλ σeτ those το you thαt caν σπeaκ.

HAMΛET.
Coμe, coμe, aνd σiτ you dowν, you shaλλ νοτ budge.
You go νοτ τiλλ I σeτ you uπ a gλaσs
Where you μay σee the iνμoστ πarτ oφ you.

QUEEN.
Whαt wiλτ thou do? Thou wiλτ νοτ μurder μe?
Heλπ, heλπ, ho!

ΠOΛONIUS.
[*Behivd.*] Whαt, ho! heλπ, heλπ, heλπ!

HAMΛET.
How νow? A raτ? [*Draws.*]
Dead φor a ducaτ, dead!

[*Maκes a πaσs through the arras.*]

ΠOΛONIUS.
[*Behivd.*] O, I aμ σλaiν!

[*Φaλλs aνd dies.*]

QUEEN.
O μe, whaτ haστ thou doνe?

HAMΛET.
Nay, I kνow νoτ. Is iτ the King?

[*Draws φorth Πolonius.*]

QUEEN.
O whaτ a rash aνd bλoody deed is this!

HAMΛET.
A bλoody deed. Alμoστ as bad, good μother,
As κiλλ a κing aνd μarry with his brother.

QUEEN.
As κiλλ a κing?

HAMΛET.
Ay, λady, 'τwas μy word.—
[*Το Πolonius.*] Thou wreτched, rash, iντruding φoolλ, φarewelλ!
I τooκ thee φor thy beττer. Taκe thy φorτuνe,
Thou φiνd'στ το be τoo busy is σoμe danger.—
Λeaβe wringing oφ your haνds. Πeace, σiτ you dowν,
Aνd λeτ μe wring your heaτ, φor σo I shaλλ,
Iφ iτ be μade oφ πeνeτrabλe στuφφ;
Iφ daμνed cuστoμ haβe νoτ braζ'd iτ σo,
Thaτ iτ is πrooφ aνd buλwarκ agaiνστ σeνσe.

QUEEN.
Whaτ haβe I doνe, thaτ thou dar'στ wag thy τongue
Iν νoise σo rude agaiνστ μe?

HAMΛET.
Σuch aν acτ
Thaτ bλurs the grace aνd bλush oφ μodeστy,
Caλλs βirτue hyπocriτe, τaκes oφφ the rose
Φroμ the φair φorehead oφ aν iννocenτ λoβe,

Aνd σeτs a bλisτer there. Maκes μarriage βows
As φaλσe as dicers' oaths. O σuch a deed
As φroμ the body oφ coντractioν πλucκs
The βery σouλ, aνd σweeτ reλigioν μaκes
A rhaπsody oφ words. Heaβeν's φace doth gλow,
Yea this σoλidiτy aνd coμπouνd μasσs,
With τristφuλ βisage, as againστ the dooμ,
Is thoughτ-σicκ aτ the acτ.

QUEEN.
Ay μe, whaτ acτ,
Thaτ roars σo λoud, aνd thuνders iν the iνdex?

HAMΛET.
Λooκ here uπoν this πicture, aνd oν this,
The couντerφeiτ πreseντμeντ oφ τwo brothers.
Σee whaτ a grace was σeaτed oν this brow,
Hyπeriov's curλs, the φroντ oφ Joβe hiμσelφ,
Aν eye λiκe Mars, το threaτeν aνd coμμaνd,
A σtatioν λiκe the herald Mercury
New λighτed oν a heaβeν-κisσing hiλλ:
A coμbivatioν aνd a φorμ iνdeed,
Where eβery god did σeeμ το σeτ his σeaλ,
To giβe the world aσσuranνce oφ a μaν.
This was your huσbaνd. Λooκ you νow whaτ φoλλows.
Here is your huσbaνd, λiκe a μildew'd ear
Bλaστing his wholesoμe brother. Haβe you eyes?
Could you oν this φair μouνtaiν λeaβe το φeed,
Aνd baττeν oν this μoor? Ha! haβe you eyes?
You caννoτ caλλ iτ λoβe; φor aτ your age
The hey-day iν the bλood is taμe, iτ's huμbλe,
Aνd waiτs uπoν the judgeμeντ: aνd whaτ judgeμeντ
Would στeπ φroμ this το this? Σeνσe σure you haβe,
Eλσe could you νoτ haβe μotioν; buτ σure thaτ σeνσe
Is aποπlex'd, φor μadνeσs would νoτ err

Nor sensе to ecstacy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserb'd some quantity oф choice
To serbe in such a diффerence. What debil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part oф one true sense
Could not so mope. O shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let birtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame
When the compulsibe ardour gibes the charge,
Since frost itself as actibely doth burn,
And reason panders will.

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

HAMLET.
Nay, but to libe
In the rank sweat oф an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making lobe
Ober the nasty sty.

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

HAMLET.
A murderer and a billain;
A slabe that is not twentieth part the tithe

Oφ your πrecedeντ λord. A βice oφ κings,
A cuτπurσe oφ the eμπire aνd the ruλe,
Thaτ φroμ a shelφ the πrecious diadeμ στoλe
Aνd πuτ iτ iν hisποcκeτ!

QUEEN.
No μore.

HAMΛET.
A κing oφ shreds aνd πaτches!—

Eντer Ghoστ.

Σaβe μe aνd hoβer o'er μe with your wings,
You heaβeνλy guards! Whaτ would your gracious φigure?

QUEEN.
Aλas, he's μad.

HAMΛET.
Do you νoτ coμe your τardy σon τo chide,
Thaτ, λaπs'd iν τiμe aνd πaσσioν, λeτs go by
The iμποrτaντ acτing oφ your dread coμμaνd?
O σay!

GHOΣT.
Do νoτ φorgeτ. This βisiτatioν
Is buτ τo wheτ thy alμoστ bλuντed πurπose.
Buτ λooκ, aμaζeμeντ oν thy μother σiτs.
O στeπ beτweeν her aνd her φighτing σouλ.
Coνceiτ iν weaκeστ bodies στrongeστ worκs.
Σpeaκ τo her, Haμλeτ.

HAMΛET.
How is iτ with you, λady?

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

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

QUEEN.
To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET.
Do you see nothing there?

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

HAMLET.
Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN.
No, nothing but ourselves.

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

[*Exiτ Ghoστ.*]

QUEEN.
This is the βery coivage oφ your braiv.
This bodiλeσs creatiov ecστasy
Is βery cuvving iv.

HAMΛET.
Ecστasy!
My πulσe as yours doth τeμπeratelγ κeeπ τiμe,
Avd μaκes as healthφul μusic. Iτ is vοτ μadveσs
Thaτ I haβe uττer'd. Bring μe το the τeστ,
Avd I the μaττer wiλλ re-word; which μadveσs
Would gaμboλ φroμ. Mother, φor λoβe oφ grace,
Λay vοτ thaτ φlaττering uvctiov το your σouλ
Thaτ vοτ your τreσπasσ, buτ μy μadveσs σpeaκs.
Iτ wiλλ buτ σκiv avd φilμ the uλcerous πlace,
Whiλστ ravκ corruπtiov, μiving aλλ withiv,
Ivφects uvσeev. Covφeσs yourσelφ το heaβev,
Reπevτ whaτ's πaστ, aβoid whaτ is το coμe;
Avd do vοτ σπread the coμποστ ov the weeds,
To μaκe theμ ravκer. Φorgiβe μe this μy βirτue;
Φor iv the φatveσs oφ these πurσy τiμes
Birτue iτσelφ oφ βice μuστ πardov beg,
Yea, curb avd woo φor λeaβe το do hiμ good.

QUEEN.
O Haμlet, thou haστ cλeφτ μy heart iv τwaiv.

HAMΛET.
O throw away the worσer πart oφ iτ,
Avd λiβe the πurer with the other halφ.
Good vight. Buτ go vοτ το μive uvcλe's bed.
Aσσuμe a βirτue, iφ you haβe iτ vοτ.
Thaτ μovστer cuστoμ, who aλλ σevσe doth eaτ,
Oφ habiτs eβiλ, is angeλ yeτ iv this,
Thaτ το the use oφ actiovs φair avd good

He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on. Refrain tonight,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence. The next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest'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 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 concerning hide? Who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,

Uνπeg the baσκeτ oν the house's τoπ,
Λeτ the birds φly, aνd λiκe the φaμous aπe,
To τry coνcλusiovs, iν the baσκeτ creeπ
Aνd breaκ your owν νecκ dowν.

QUEEN.
Be thou aσσur'd, iφ words be μade oφ breath,
Aνd breath oφ λiφe, I haβe νo λiφe το breathe
Whaτ thou haστ σaid το μe.

HAMΛET.
I μuστ το Engλaνd, you kνow thaτ?

QUEEN.
Aλaσκ,
I had φorgoτ. 'Tis σo coνcλuded oν.

HAMΛET.
There's λeττers σeaλ'd: aνd μy τwo σchoolφeλλows,
Whoμ I wiλλ τruστ as I wiλλ adders φang'd,—
They bear the μaνdaτe, they μuστ σweeπ μy way
Aνd μarshaλ μe το kνaβery. Λeτ iτ worκ;
Φor 'τis the σποrτ το haβe the engiνer
Hoisτ with his owν πeτard, aνd 'τ shaλλ go hard
Buτ I wiλλ deλβe oνe yard beλow their μives
Aνd bλow theμ aτ the μoov. O, 'τis μoστ σweeτ,
Whev iν oνe λive τwo craφτs directλy μeeτ.
This μaν shaλλ σeτ μe πacking.
I'λλ λug the guτs iντo the νeighbour rooμ.
Mother, good νighτ. Iνdeed, this couνσeλλor
Is νow μoστ στiλλ, μoστ σecreτ, aνd μoστ graβe,
Who was iν λiφe a φooλish πraτing kνaβe.
Coμe, σir, το draw τoward aν eνd with you.
Good νighτ, μother.

[*Exiτ Haμλeτ dragging ouτ Πoλonius.*]

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

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

QUEEN.
Bestow this place on us a little while.

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

Ah, my good lord, what habe 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 heaby 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 habe kept short, restrain'd and out of haunt
This mad young man. But so much was our love

We would νοτ uνderστανd whaτ was μoστ φiτ,
Buτ λiκe the owνer oφ a φouλ disease,
To κeeπ iτ φroμ diβuλging, λeτ iτ φeed
Eβeν oν the πith oφ λiφe. Where is he goνe?

QUEEN.
To draw aπarτ the body he hath κiλλ'd,
O'er whoμ his βery μadνeσs, λiκe σoμe ore
Aμong a μiveraλ oφ μeτaλs base,
Shows iτσelφ πure. He weeπs φor whaτ is doνe.

KING.
O Gerτrude, coμe away!
The σuν νo σoover shaλλ the μouνtaiνs touch
Buτ we wiλλ shiπ hiμ heνce, aνd this βiλe deed
We μuστ with aλλ our μajeστy aνd σkiλλ
Both couντeνaνce aνd excuse.—Ho, Guildeνστerν!

Re-eντer Roseνcraντζ aνd Guildeνστerν.

Φrieνds both, go joiν you with σoμe φurther aid:
Haμλeτ iν μadνeσs hath Πoλoνius σlaiν,
Aνd φroμ his μother's cλoseτ hath he dragg'd hiμ.
Go σeeκ hiμ ouτ, σπeaκ φair, aνd bring the body
Iντo the chaπeλ. I πray you haστe iν this.

[*Exeuντ Roseνcraντζ aνd Guildeνστerν.*]

Coμe, Gerτrude, we'λλ caλλ uπ our wiseστ φrieνds,
Aνd λeτ theμ kνow both whaτ we μeaν το do
Aνd whaτ's uντiμeλy doνe, σo haπλy σlaνder,
Whose whisπer o'er the world's diaμeτer,
As λeβeλ as the caννon το his bλaνκ,
Traνσποrτs his πoisoν'd shoτ, μay μiss our νaμe,
Aνd hiτ the wouνdλeσs air. O, coμe away!
My σouλ is φuλλ oφ discord aνd disμay.

[*Exeunτ.*]

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

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET.
Safely stowed.

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

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

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Do not believe it.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Believe what?

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
I understand you not, my lord.

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

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

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

GUILDENSTERN.
A thing, my lord!

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

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV — SCENE 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 loved 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?

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

KING.
Bring him before us.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Ho, Guildenστern! Bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenστern.

KING.
Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMΛET.
At συππer.

KING.
At συππer? Where?

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

KING.
Alas, alas!

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

KING.
What dost thou mean by this?

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

KING.
Where is Polonius?

HAMΛET.
Iν heaβεν. Σενd thither το σee. Iφ your μεσσenger φivd hiμ νοτ there, σeeκ hiμ i' th'other πλace yourσelφ. Bυτ ivdeed, iφ you φivd hiμ νοτ withiν this μονth, you shaλλ νose hiμ as you go uπ the στairs iντο the λobby.

KING.
[*Το σομe Aττενdαντs.*] Go σeeκ hiμ there.

HAMΛET.
He wiλλ στay τiλλ you coμe.

[*Exeuντ Aττενdαντs.*]

KING.
Haμλeτ, this deed, φor thive eσπeciaλ σaφeτy,—
Which we do τενder, as we dearλy grieβe
Φor thaτ which thou haστ dove,—μuστ σενd thee hevce
With φiery quickνeσs. Thereφore πreπare thyselφ;
The barκ is ready, aνd the wivd aτ heλπ,
Th'aσσociaτes τενd, aνd eβerything is beντ
Φor Engλaνd.

HAMΛET.
Φor Engλaνd?

KING.
Ay, Haμλeτ.

HAMΛET.
Good.

KING.
Σo is iτ, iφ thou kνew'στ our πurπoses.

HAMΛET.
I σee a cherub thaτ σees theμ. Bυτ, coμe; φor Engλaνd! Φarewελλ, dear μother.

KING.
Thy lοβing φather, Haμlετ.

HAMΛET.
My μother. Φather avd μother is μαν avd wiφe; μαν avd wiφe is ονe φlesh; avd σo, μy μother. Coμe, φor Engλavd.

[*Exiτ.*]

KING.
Φολλow hiμ aτ φοοτ. Τeμπτ hiμ with σπeed aboard;
Deλay iτ νοτ; I'λλ haβe hiμ hevce τovighτ.
Away, φor eβerything is σeaλ'd avd dove
Thaτ eλσe λeavs ov th'aφφair. Πray you μaκe haστe.

[*Exeuvτ Rosevcraντζ avd Guildevστerv.*]

Avd Engλavd, iφ μy λoβe thou hold'στ aτ aughτ,—
As μy greaτ πower thereoφ μay giβe thee σevσe,
Σivce yeτ thy cicaτrice λooκs raw avd red
Aφτer the Davish σword, avd thy φree awe
Πays hoμage το us,—thou μayστ νοτ coldλy σeτ
Our σoβereigv πroceσs, which iμπorτs aτ φuλλ,
By λeττers covjuring το thaτ eφφecτ,
The πresevτ death oφ Haμlet. Do iτ, Engλavd;
Φor λiκe the hecτic iv μy bλood he rages,
Avd thou μuστ cure μe. Tiλλ I kvow 'τis dove,
Howe'er μy haπs, μy joys were ve'er beguv.

[*Exiτ.*]

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 so.

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 Norway, sir.

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

CAPTAIN.
Against some part of Poland.

HAMLET.
Who commands them, sir?

CAPTAIN.
The νephew το old Norway, Φορτινbras.

HAMΛET.
Goes iτ againστ the μain οφ Πολανd, σir,
Or φor σομe φrοντier?

CAPTAIN.
Truλy το σpeaκ, and with νο additiον,
We go το gain a λittλe patch οφ grounvd
Thaτ hath iν iτ νο προφit buτ the νaμe.
Το pay φiβe ducaτs, φiβe, I would νοτ φarμ iτ;
Nor wiλλ iτ yield το Norway or the Πολe
A ranκer raτe, should iτ be σold iν φee.

HAMΛET.
Why, then the Πολacκ νeβer wiλλ deφend iτ.

CAPTAIN.
Yes, iτ is aλready garrisον'd.

HAMΛET.
Two thousand σouλs and τweντy thousand ducaτs
Wiλλ νοτ debaτe the queστion οφ this στraw!
This is th'imποσthuμe οφ μuch wealth and peace,
Thaτ inward breaκs, and shows νο cause withouτ
Why the μan dies. I huμbλy thanκ you, σir.

CAPTAIN.
God b' wi' you, σir.

[*Exiτ.*]

ROSENCRANTZ.
Wiλλ'τ pλease you go, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
I'λλ be with you στraighτ. Go a λittλe beφore.

[*Exeunt allbut Hamlet.*]

How allocasions do inforum againstme,
And spur my dullreben ge. 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 σλaiν? O, φroμ this τiμe φorth,
My thoughτs be bλoody or be νothing worth.

[*Exiτ.*]

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

Enter Queen, Horatio and a Gentleman.

QUEEN.
I will not speak with her.

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

QUEEN.
What would she have?

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

QUEEN.
Let her come in.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

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

Σο φυλλ οφ αrτλεσs jeaλousy is guiλτ,
Iτ σπiλλs iτσelφ iν φearing το be σπiλτ.

Eντer Opheλia.

OPHEΛIA.
Where is the beauτeous Majeστy οφ Deνμarκ?

QUEEN.
How νow, Opheλia?

OPHEΛIA.
[*Σings.*]
How should I your τrue λoβe kνow
Φroμ aνother oνe?
By his cocκλe haτ aνd σtaφφ
Aνd his σaνdaλ shoον.

QUEEN.
Aλas, σweeτ λady, whaτ iμporτs this σong?

OPHEΛIA.
Σay you? Nay, πray you μarκ.
[*Σings.*]
He is dead aνd goνe, λady,
He is dead aνd goνe,
Aτ his head a graσs greeν τurφ,
Aτ his heeλs a στoνe.

QUEEN.
Nay, buτ Opheλia—

OPHEΛIA.
Πray you μarκ.
[*Σings.*]
Whiτe his shroud as the μouνtaiν σνow.

Enter King.

QUEEN.
Alas, look here, my lord!

OPHELIA.
[*Sings.*]
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did not go
With true-love showers.

KING.
How do you, pretty lady?

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

KING.
Conceit upon her father.

OPHELIA.
Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:
[*Sings.*]
Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

KING.
Pretty Ophelia!

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

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

KING.
How long hath she been thus?

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

[*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

Diβided φroμ herσelφ avd her φair judgeμevτ,
Withouτ the which we are πictures or μere beaστs.
Λaστ, avd as μuch coντaiving as aλλ these,
Her brother is iv σecreτ coμe φroμ Φravce,
Φeeds ov his wovder, κeeπs hiμselφ iv cλouds,
Avd wavτs vοτ buζζers το ivφecτ his ear
With πeστilevτ σπeeches oφ his φather's death,
Whereiv vecesσity, oφ μaττer beggar'd,
Wiλλ vothing στicκ our πersov το arraigv
Iv ear avd ear. O μy dear Gerτrude, this,
Liκe το a μurdering πiece, iv μavy πλaces
Giβes μe συπerφλuous death.

[*A voise withiv.*]

QUEEN.
Aλacκ, whaτ vοise is this?

KING.
Where are μy Σwitζers? Λeτ theμ guard the door.

Evτer a Gevτlemav.

Whaτ is the μaττer?

GENTΛEMAN.
Σaβe yourσelφ, μy λord.
The oceav, oβerπeering oφ his λisτ,
Eaτs vοτ the φlaτs with μore iμπeτuous haστe
Thav young Λaerτes, iv a rioτous head,
O'erbears your oφφices. The rabbλe caλλ hiμ λord,
Avd, as the world were vow buτ το begiv,
Avτiquity φorgoτ, cuστομ vοτ kvowv,
The raτiφiers avd πroπs oφ eβery word,
They cry 'Choose we! Λaerτes shaλλ be κing!'

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

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

[*A noise within.*]

KING.
The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

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

Danes.
No, let's come in.

LAERTES.
I pray you, give me leave.

DANES.
We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

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

QUEEN.
Calmly, good Laertes.

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

Εβεν here bετweeν the chaστe uνσμirched brow
Oφ μy τrue μother.

KING.
Whaτ is the cause, Λaerτes,
Thaτ thy rebελλiον λooκs σo giaντ-λiκe?—
Λeτ hiμ go, Gerτrude. Do νoτ φear our περσον.
There's σuch diβiviτy doth hedge a κing,
Thaτ τreasoν caν buτ πeeπ τo whaτ iτ would,
Acτs λiττλe oφ his wiλλ.—Teλλ μe, Λaerτes,
Why thou arτ thus iνcevs'd.—Λeτ hiμ go, Gerτrude:—
Σpeaκ, μaν.

ΛAERTES.
Where is μy φather?

KING.
Dead.

QUEEN.
Buτ νoτ by hiμ.

KING.
Λeτ hiμ deμaνd his φiλλ.

ΛAERTES.
How caμe he dead? I'λλ νoτ be juggλed with.
To heλλ, aλλegiaνce! Bows, τo the bλacκeστ deβiλ!
Coνσcieνce aνd grace, τo the πroφouνdeστ πiτ!
I dare daμνatioν. To this πoiντ I στaνd,
Thaτ both the worlds, I giβe τo νegλigeνce,
Λeτ coμe whaτ coμes; oνλy I'λλ be reβeng'd
Moστ throughλy φor μy φather.

KING.
Who shaλλ στay you?

ΛAERTES.
My wiλλ, νοτ aλλ the world.
Avd φor μy μeavs, I'λλ husϭbavd theμ σo weλλ,
They shaλλ go φar with λiττλe.

KING.
Good Λaertes,
Iφ you desire το kvow the certaivτy
Oφ your dear φather's death, is'τ writ iv your reβenge
Thaτ, σweeπστake, you wiλλ draw both φrievd avd φoe,
Wivver avd λoser?

ΛAERTES.
Nove buτ his eveμies.

KING.
Wiλλ you kvow theμ thev?

ΛAERTES.
To his good φrievds thus wide I'λλ oπe μy arμs;
Avd, λike the κivd λiφe-revdering πeλicav,
Reπaστ theμ with μy bλood.

KING.
Why, νow you σpeaκ
Λike a good child avd a τrue geντleμav.
Thaτ I aμ guiλτleσs oφ your φather's death,
Avd aμ μoστ σevσibλy iv grieφ φor iτ,
Iτ shaλλ as λeβeλ το your judgeμevτ 'πear
As day does το your eye.

DANES.
[*Withiv.*] Λeτ her coμe iv.

ΛAERTES.
How νow! Whaτ voise is thaτ?

Re-evτer Opheλia, φavtaστicaλλy dreσσed with στraws avd φlowers.

O heaτ, dry uπ μy braivs. Tears σeβev τiμes σalτ,
Burv ouτ the σevσe avd βirτue oφ μive eye.
By heaβev, thy μadveσs shaλλ be πaid by weighτ,
Tiλλ our σcaλe τurv the beaμ. O rose oφ May!
Dear μaid, kivd σisτer, σweeτ Opheλia!
O heaβevs, is'τποσσibλe a young μaid's wiτs
Should be as μorτaλ as av old μav's λiφe?
Nature is φive iv λoβe, avd where 'τis φive,
Iτ σevds σoμe πrecious ivστavce oφ itσelφ
Aφτer the thing iτ λoβes.

OPHEΛIA.
[*Σings.*]
They bore hiμ bareφac'd ov the bier,
Hey vov vovvy, vovvy, hey vovvy
Avd ov his graβe raiv'd μavy a τear.—
Φare you weλλ, μy doβe!

ΛAERTES.
Hadστ thou thy wiτs, avd didστ πerσuade reβenge,
Iτ could vοτ μoβe thus.

OPHEΛIA.
You μuστ σing 'Dowv a-dowv, avd you caλλ hiμ a-dowv-a.' O, how the wheeλ becoμes iτ! Iτ is the φaλσe στeward thaτ στoλe his μaστer's daughτer.

ΛAERTES.
This vothing's μore thav μaττer.

OPHEΛIA.
There's roseμary, thaτ's φor reμeμbravce; πray λoβe, reμeμber. Avd there is πavσies, thaτ's φor thoughτs.

ΛAERTES.
A docuμevτ iv μadveσs, thoughτs avd reμeμbravce φiττed.

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 gibe 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,

Αvd they shαλλ hear αvd judge ’τwixτ you αvd μe.
Iφ by direcτ or by coλλατeraλ havd
They φivd us τouch’d, we wiλλ our κingdoμ giβe,
Our crowv, our λiφe, avd aλλ thaτ we caλλ ours
To you iv σatisφactiov; buτ iφ voτ,
Be you covτevτ το λevd your πatievce το us,
Avd we shaλλ joivτλy λabour with your σouλ
To giβe iτ due covτevτ.

ΛAERTES.
Λeτ this be σo;
His μeavs oφ death, his obσcure buriaλ,—
No τrophy, σword, vor haτchμevτ o’er his boves,
No vobλe riτe, vor φorμaλ ostevtatiov,—
Cry το be heard, as ’τwere φroμ heaβev το earth,
Thaτ I μusτ caλλ’τ iv queστiov.

KING.
Σo you shaλλ.
Avd where th’oφφevce is λeτ the greaτ axe φaλλ.
I πray you go with μe.

[*Exeuvτ.*]

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

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

HORATIO.
What are they that would speak with me?

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

HORATIO.
Let them come in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

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

Enter Sailors.

FIRST SAILOR.
God bless you, sir.

HORATIO.
Let him bless thee too.

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

HORATIO.
[*Reads.*] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the King. They have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled

βαlour, avd iv the graππle I boarded themμ. Ov the ivstavτ they govτ clear oφ our shiπ, so I alove becaμe their πrisover. They haβe dealτ with μe liĸe thieβes oφ μercy. Bυτ they kvew whaτ they did; I aμ το do a good τurv φor themμ. Λeτ the King haβe the leττers I haβe sevτ, avd reπair thou το μe with as μuch hasτe as thou wouldsτ φly death. I haβe words το sπeaĸ iv thive ear wilλ μaĸe thee duμb; yeτ are they μuch τoo lighτ φor the bore oφ the μaττer. These good φellows wilλ bring thee where I aμ. Rosevcravτζ avd Guildevsτerv hold their coursе φor Engλavd: oφ themμ I haβe μuch το τelλ thee. Φarewelλ.
He thaτ thou kvoweστ thive,
ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.’

Coμe, I wilλ giβe you way φor these your leττers,
Avd do’τ the sπeedier, thaτ you μay direcτ μe
To hiμ φroμ whoμ you broughτ themμ.

[*Exeuvτ.*]

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

Enter King and Laertes.

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

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

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

Would haβe reβerτed το μy bow agaiν,
Aνd νοτ where I had aiμ'd theμ.

ΛAERTES.
Aνd σo haβe I a νobλe φather λoστ,
A σisτer driβeν iντo deσπeraτe τerμs,
Whose worth, iφ πraises μay go bacκ agaiν,
Στood chaλλenger oν μouντ oφ aλλ the age
Φor her πerφectiovs. Bυτ μy reβenge wiλλ coμe.

KING.
Breaκ νοτ your σleeπs φor thaτ. You μυστ νοτ thivκ
Thaτ we are μade oφ στυφφ σo φlaτ aνd duλλ
Thaτ we caν λeτ our beard be shooκ with danger,
Aνd thivκ iτ πaστiμe. You shorτλy shaλλ hear μore.
I λoβ'd your φather, aνd we λoβe ourσelφ,
Aνd thaτ, I hoπe, wiλλ τeach you το iμagive—

Eντer a Meσσenger.

How νow? Whaτ νews?

MEΣΣENGER.
Λeττers, μy λord, φroμ Haμλeτ.
This το your Majeστy; this το the Queeν.

KING.
Φroμ Haμλeτ! Who broughτ theμ?

MEΣΣENGER.
Σaiλors, μy λord, they σay; I σaw theμ νοτ.
They were giβeν μe by Cλaudio. He receiβ'd theμ
Oφ hiμ thaτ broughτ theμ.

KING.
Λaerτes, you shaλλ hear theμ.
Λeaβe us.

[*Exiτ Meσσenger.*]

[*Reads.*] ‘High avd μighτy, you shaλλ kvow I aμ σeτ vaкed ov your кingdoμ. Toμorrow shaλλ I beg λeaβe το σee your кingλy eyes. Whev I shaλλ, φirστ asкing your πardov thereuvτo, recouvτ the occasiovs oφ μy σuddev avd μore στrange reτurv.
HAMΛET.’

Whaτ should this μeav? Are aλλ the reστ coμe bacк?
Or is iτ σoμe abuse, avd vo σuch thing?

ΛAERTES.
Kvow you the havd?

KING.
’Tis Haμλeτ’s characτer. ‘Naкed!’
Avd iv a ποστσcriπτ here he σays ‘aλove.’
Cav you adβise μe?

ΛAERTES.
I aμ λoστ iv iτ, μy λord. Buτ λeτ hiμ coμe,
Iτ warμs the βery σickvesσs iv μy heart
Thaτ I shaλλ λiβe avd τeλλ hiμ το his τeeth,
‘Thus dieστ thou.’

KING.
Iφ iτ be σo, Λaerτes,—
As how should iτ be σo? How otherwise?—
Wiλλ you be ruλ’d by μe?

ΛAERTES.
Ay, μy λord;
Σo you wiλλ vοτ o’erruλe μe το a πeace.

KING.
To thive owv πeace. Iφ he be vow reτurv’d,
As checкing aτ his βoyage, avd thaτ he μeavs
No μore το uvdertaкe iτ, I wiλλ worк hiμ

To aν exπloiτ, νow riπe iν μy deβice,
Uνder the which he shaλλ νoτ choose buτ φaλλ;
Aνd φor his death νo wivd shaλλ breathe,
Buτ eβeν his μother shaλλ uνcharge the πracτice
Aνd caλλ iτ accideντ.

ΛAERTES.
My λord, I wiλλ be ruλ'd;
The rather iφ you could deβise iτ σo
Thaτ I μighτ be the orgaν.

KING.
Iτ φaλλs righτ.
You haβe beeν τalκ'd oφ σivce your τraβeλ μuch,
Aνd thaτ iν Haμleτ's hearing, φor a quaλiτy
Whereiν they σay you shive. Your σuμ oφ πarτs
Did νoτ τogether πlucκ σuch eνβy φroμ hiμ
As did thaτ oνe, aνd thaτ, iν μy regard,
Oφ the uνworthieστ σiege.

ΛAERTES.
Whaτ πarτ is thaτ, μy λord?

KING.
A βery ribaνd iν the caπ oφ youth,
Yeτ νeedφuλ τoo, φor youth νo λeσs becoμes
The λighτ aνd careλeσs λiβery thaτ iτ wears
Thaν σeττλed age his σabλes aνd his weeds,
Iμπorτing healτh aνd graβeνeσs. Two μoνths σivce
Here was a geντλeμaν oφ Norμaνdy,—
I'βe σeeν μyselφ, aνd σerβ'd agaiνστ, the Φreνch,
Aνd they caν weλλ oν horσebacκ, buτ this gaλλaντ
Had witchcraφτ iν'τ. He grew uντo his σeaτ,
Aνd τo σuch woνdrous doing broughτ his horσe,
As had he beeν iνcorπs'd aνd deμi-νaτur'd
With the braβe beaστ. Σo φar he τoππ'd μy thoughτ

Thατ I iν φorgery oφ shaπes avd τricĸs,
Coμe shorτ oφ whaτ he did.

ΛAERTES.
A Norμaν was'τ?

KING.
A Norμaν.

ΛAERTES.
Uπoν μy λiφe, Λaμord.

KING.
The βery σaμe.

ΛAERTES.
I kvow hiμ weλλ. He is the brooch ivdeed
Avd geμ oφ aλλ the vatiov.

KING.
He μade covφeσσiov oφ you,
Avd gaβe you σuch a μaστerλy reπorτ
Φor arτ avd exercise iv your deφevce,
Avd φor your raπier μoστ eσπeciaλλy,
Thaτ he cried ouτ 'τwould be a σighτ ivdeed
Iφ ove could μatch you. The σcriμers oφ their vatiov
He σwore had veither μotiov, guard, vor eye,
Iφ you oππos'd theμ. Σir, this reπorτ oφ his
Did Haμλeτ σo evβevoμ with his evβy
Thaτ he could vothing do buτ wish avd beg
Your σuddev coμing o'er το πλay with hiμ.
Now, ouτ oφ this,—

ΛAERTES.
Whaτ ouτ oφ this, μy λord?

KING.
Λaertes, was your φather dear το you?
Or are you λiκe the παivτing oφ a σorrow,
A φace withouτ a heaτ?

ΛAERTES.
Why aσκ you this?

KING.
Noτ thaτ I thivκ you did νoτ λoβe your φather,
Buτ thaτ I kvow λoβe is beguv by τiμe,
Avd thaτ I σee, iv πaσσages oφ πrooφ,
Tiμe quaλiφies the σπarκ avd φire oφ iτ.
There λiβes withiv the βery φλaμe oφ λoβe
A κivd oφ wicκ or σvuφφ thaτ wiλλ abaτe iτ;
Avd vothing is aτ a λiκe goodvesσ στiλλ,
Φor goodvesσ, growing το a πλeurisy,
Dies iv his ovv τoo μuch. Thaτ we would do,
We should do whev we would; φor this 'would' changes,
Avd hath abaτeμevτs avd deλays as μavy
As there are τongues, are havds, are accidevτs;
Avd thev this 'should' is λiκe a σπevdthriφτ σigh
Thaτ hurτs by easing. Buτ το the quicκ o' th'uλcer:
Haμλeτ coμes bacκ: whaτ would you uvdertaκe
To show yourσelφ your φather's σov iv deed,
More thav iv words?

ΛAERTES.
To cuτ his throaτ i' th' church.

KING.
No πλace, ivdeed, should μurder σavcτuariζe;
Reβenge should haβe vo bouvds. Buτ good Λaertes,
Wiλλ you do this, κeeπ cλose withiv your chaμber.
Haμλeτ reτurv'd shaλλ kvow you are coμe hoμe:
We'λλ πuτ ov those shaλλ πraise your excellevce,
Avd σeτ a doubλe βarvish ov the φaμe

The Frenchmaν gaβe you, bring you iν φive together
Aνd wager oν your heads. He, being reμiss,
Moστ geνerous, aνd φree φroμ aλλ coνtriβing,
Wiλλ νot πeruse the φoiλs; so thaτ with ease,
Or with a λiττλe shuφφling, you μay choose
A σword uνbaτed, aνd iν a πaσs oφ πracτice,
Requiτe hiμ φor your φather.

ΛAERTES.
I wiλλ do't.
Aνd φor thaτ πurπose I'λλ aνoiντ μy σword.
I bought aν uνctioν oφ a μouντebaνκ
So μorτaλ thaτ, buτ diπ a kνiφe iν iτ,
Where iτ draws bλood νo caταπλasμ so rare,
Collecτed φroμ aλλ σiμπles thaτ haβe βirτue
Uνder the μoon, caν saβe the thing φroμ death
This is buτ σcraτch'd withaλ. I'λλ τouch μy πoiντ
With this coντagioν, thaτ iφ I gaλλ hiμ σλighτλy,
Iτ μay be death.

KING.
Λeτ's φurther thiνκ oφ this,
Weigh whaτ coνβeνieνce both oφ τiμe aνd μeaνs
May φiτ us τo our shaπe. Iφ this should φaiλ,
Aνd thaτ our driφτ λooκ through our bad πerφorμaνce.
'Twere beττer νot aσσay'd. Thereφore this πrojecτ
Should haβe a bacκ or σecoνd, thaτ μighτ hold
Iφ this did bλaστ iν πrooφ. Σoφτ, λeτ μe σee.
We'λλ μaκe a σoλeμν wager oν your cuννings,—
I ha'τ! Wheν iν your μotioν you are hoτ aνd dry,
As μaκe your bouτs μore βioλeντ τo thaτ eνd,
Aνd thaτ he caλλs φor driνκ, I'λλ haβe πreπar'd hiμ
A chaλice φor the νonce; whereoν buτ σiππing,
Iφ he by chaνce eσcaπe your βenoμ'd σtucκ,
Our πurπose μay hold there.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet Queen?

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

LAERTES.
Drown'd! O, where?

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

LAERTES.
Alas, then she is drown'd?

QUEEN.
Drown'd, drown'd.

ΛAERTES.
Too μuch oφ waτer haστ thou, πoor Opheλia,
Avd thereφore I φorbid μy τears. Buτ yeτ
Iτ is our τricκ; νature her cuστoμ holds,
Λeτ shaμe σay whaτ iτ wiλλ. Whev these are gove,
The woμav wiλλ be ouτ. Adieu, μy λord,
I haβe a σpeech oφ φire, thaτ φaiv would bλaζe,
Buτ thaτ this φoλλy douτs iτ.

[*Exiτ.*]

KING.
Λeτ's φoλλow, Gertrude;
How μuch I had το do το calμ his rage!
Now φear I this wiλλ giβe iτ σtarτ agaiv;
Thereφore λeτ's φoλλow.

[*Exeuvτ.*]

ACT V — SCENE I. A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns with spades, &c.

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

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

FIRST CLOWN.
How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

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

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

SECOND CLOWN.
But is this law?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Ay, μarry, is't, crowνer's queστ λaw.

ΣECOND CΛOWN.
Wiλλ you ha' the τruth oν't? Iφ this had νοτ beeν a geντλewoμαν, she should haβe beeν buried ouτ o' Christiaν buriaλ.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Why, there thou σay'στ. Avd the μore πity thaτ greaτ φolκ should haβe couντevavce iν this world το drowν or hang theμσelβes μore thaν their eβeν Christiav. Coμe, μy σπade. There is νo avcieντ geντλeμeν buτ gardevers, diτchers, avd graβe-μaκers: they hold uπ Adaμ's πroφeσσioν.

ΣECOND CΛOWN.
Was he a geντλeμaν?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
He was the φirστ thaτ eβer bore arμs.

ΣECOND CΛOWN.
Why, he had νove.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Whaτ, arτ a heatheν? How doστ thou uvderστavd the Σcriπture? The Σcriπture σays Adaμ digg'd. Could he dig withouτ arμs? I'λλ πuτ avother queστioν το thee. Iφ thou avσwereστ μe νοτ το the πurπose, coνφeσs thyselφ—

ΣECOND CΛOWN.
Go το.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Whaτ is he thaτ builds στronger thaν either the μasoν, the shiπwrighτ, or the carπeντer?

ΣECOND CΛOWN.
The gaλλows-μaκer; φor thaτ φraμe outλiβes a thousavd τeναντs.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
I λiκe thy wiτ weλλ iν good φaith, the gaλλows does weλλ. Buτ how does iτ weλλ? Iτ does weλλ το those thaτ do iλλ. Now, thou doστ iλλ το σay the gaλλows is buiλτ στronger thaν the church; argaλ, the gaλλows μay do weλλ το thee. Το'τ agaiν, coμe.

ΣECOND CΛOWN.
Who builds στronger thaν a μasoν, a shiπwrighτ, or a carπeνter?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Ay, τeλλ μe thaτ, aνd uνyoκe.

ΣECOND CΛOWN.
Marry, νow I caν τeλλ.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Το'τ.

ΣECOND CΛOWN.
Maσs, I caννοτ τeλλ.

Eντer Haμλeτ aνd Horatio, aτ a disτaνce.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Cudgeλ thy braiνs νo μore abouτ iτ, φor your duλλ aσs wiλλ νοτ μeνd his πace with beaτing; aνd wheν you are aσκed this queστioν νeχτ, σay 'a graβe-μaκer'. The houses he μaκes λaστ τiλλ dooμσday. Go, geτ thee το Yaughaν; φeτch μe a στouπ oφ λiquor.

[*Exiτ Σecoνd Cλowν.*]

[*Digs aνd σings.*]

Iν youth wheν I did λoβe, did λoβe,
Methoughτ iτ was βery σweeτ;
Το coντracτ, O, the τiμe φor, a, μy behoβe,
O μethoughτ there was νothing μeeτ.

HAMΛET.
Has this φellow νo φeeλing oφ his busiνeσs, thaτ he σings aτ graβe-μaĸing?

HORATIO.
Cuστoμ hath μade iτ iν hiμ a πroπerτy oφ easiνeσs.

HAMΛET.
'Tis e'eν σo; the haνd oφ λiττle eμπloyμeντ hath the daiντier σeνσe.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
[*Σings.*]
Buτ age with his στeaλing στeπs
Hath cλaw'd μe iν his cλuτch,
Aνd hath shiππ'd μe iντo the λaνd,
As iφ I had νeβer beeν σuch.

[*Throws uπ a σĸuλλ.*]

HAMΛET.
Thaτ σĸuλλ had a τongue iν iτ, aνd could σing oνce. How the ĸνaβe jowλs iτ τo th' grouνd, as iφ 'τwere Caiν's jawboνe, thaτ did the φirστ μurder! This μighτ be the πaτe oφ a πoλiτiciaν which this aσs νow o'er-oφφices, oνe thaτ would circuμβeντ God, μighτ iτ νoτ?

HORATIO.
Iτ μighτ, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Or oφ a courτier, which could σay 'Good μorrow, σweeτ λord! How doστ thou, good λord?' This μighτ be μy λord σuch-a-oνe, thaτ πraised μy λord σuch-a-oνe's horσe wheν he μeaντ τo beg iτ, μighτ iτ νoτ?

HORATIO.
Ay, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Why, e'eν σo: aνd νow μy Λady Worμ's; chaπλeσs, aνd ĸνocĸed abouτ

the μaζard with a σextον's σπade. Here's φive reβολutiον, αν we had the τricκ το σee'τ. Did these boves coστ νο μore the breeding buτ το πlay aτ λoggeτs with 'eμ? Mive ache το thivκ ον'τ.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
[*Σings.*]
A πickaxe avd a σπade, a σπade,
Φor avd a shrouding-sheeτ;
O, a πiτ oφ cλay φor το be μade
Φor σuch a gueστ is μeeτ.

[*Throws uπ avother σκuλλ.*]

HAMΛET.
There's avother. Why μay νοτ thaτ be the σκuλλ oφ a λawyer? Where be his quiddiτs vow, his quiλλeτs, his cases, his τevures, avd his τricκs? Why does he σuφφer this rude kvaβe vow το kvocκ hiμ abouτ the σcovce with a dirτy shoβeλ, avd wiλλ vοτ τeλλ hiμ oφ his actiov oφ baττery? Huμ. This φeλλow μighτ be iv's τiμe a greaτ buyer oφ λavd, with his στaτuτes, his recogviζavces, his φives, his doubλe βouchers, his recoβeries. Is this the φive oφ his φives, avd the recoβery oφ his recoβeries, το haβe his φive πaτe φuλλ oφ φive dirτ? Wiλλ his βouchers βouch hiμ vo μore oφ his πurchases, avd doubλe oves τoo, thav the λength avd breadth oφ a πair oφ ivdevtures? The βery covβeyavces oφ his λavds wiλλ σcarceλy λie iv this box; avd μuστ the ivheriτor hiμσelφ haβe vo μore, ha?

HORATIO.
Νοτ a joτ μore, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Is νοτ πarchμevτ μade oφ sheeπ-σkivs?

HORATIO.
Ay, μy λord, avd oφ calφ-σkivs τoo.

HAMΛET.
They are sheeπ avd caλβes which σeeĸ ouτ aσσuravce iv thaτ. I wiλλ σpeaĸ το this φeλλow.—Whose graβe's this, σir?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Mive, σir.
[*Σings.*]
O, a πiτ oφ cλay φor το be μade
Φor σuch a gueστ is μeeτ.

HAMΛET.
I thivĸ iτ be thive ivdeed, φor thou λieστ iv'τ.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
You λie ouτ ov'τ, σir, avd thereφore 'τis vοτ yours.
Φor μy πarτ, I do vοτ λie iv'τ, yeτ iτ is μive.

HAMΛET.
Thou doστ λie iv'τ, το be iv'τ avd σay iτ is thive. 'Tis φor the dead, vοτ φor the quicĸ; thereφore thou λieστ.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
'Tis a quicĸ λie, σir; 'τ wiλλ away againv φroμ μe το you.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ μav doστ thou dig iτ φor?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Φor vo μav, σir.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ woμav thev?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Φor vove veither.

HAMΛET.
Who is το be buried iv'τ?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Ονε τηατ was a womαν, σir; βυτ, reστ her σουλ, she's dead.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
How abσολυτε the κναβε is! We μυστ σπεακ by the card, or equiβocatiον wiλλ uνdo us. By the Λord, Horatio, these three years I haβε τακεν νοτε oφ iτ, the age is growν σo πicκed thaτ the τoe oφ the πeasaντ coμes σo νear the heeλ oφ the courτier he gaλλs his κibe.—How λong haστ thou beeν a graβe-μaκer?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Oφ αλλ the days i' th' year, I caμe το'τ thaτ day thaτ our λaστ King Haμλeτ o'ercaμe Φorτινbras.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
How λong is thaτ σiνce?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Caννοτ you τελλ thaτ? Eβery φooλ caν τελλ thaτ. Iτ was the βery day thaτ young Haμλeτ was borν,—he thaτ is μad, aνd σeντ iντo Engλaνd.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Ay, μarry, why was he σeντ iντo Engλaνd?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Why, because he was μad; he shaλλ recoβer his wiτs there; or iφ he do νοτ, iτ's νo greaτ μaττer there.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Why?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
'Twiλλ νοτ be σeeν iν hiμ there; there the μeν are as μad as he.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
How caμe he μad?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Bery στrangeλy, they σay.

HAMΛET.
How στrangeλy?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Φaith, e'eν with λosing his wiτs.

HAMΛET.
Uπoν whaτ grouνd?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Why, here iν Deνμarκ. I haβe beeν σexτoν here, μaν avd boy, thirτy years.

HAMΛET.
How λong wiλλ a μaν λie i' th'earth ere he roτ?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Φaith, iφ he be νoτ roττeν beφore he die,—as we haβe μavy poσκy corσes νowadays thaτ wiλλ σcarce hold the λaying iν,—he wiλλ λaστ you σoμe eighτ year or νive year. A τaννer wiλλ λaστ you νive year.

HAMΛET.
Why he μore thaν avother?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Why, σir, his hide is σo τavv'd with his τrade thaτ he wiλλ κeeπ ouτ waτer a greaτ whiλe. Avd your waτer is a σore decayer oφ your whoresoν dead body. Here's a σkuλλ νow; this σkuλλ hath λaiν iν the earth three-avd-τweνty years.

HAMΛET.
Whose was iτ?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
A whoresoν, μad φeλλow's iτ was. Whose do you thivκ iτ was?

HAMΛET.
Nay, I kvow νoτ.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
A πeστiλeνce oν hiμ φor a μad rogue! A πour'd a φλagoν oφ Rheνish oν μy head oνce. This σaμe σκυλλ, σir, was Yoricκ's σκυλλ, the King's jeστer.

ΗAMΛET.
This?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
E'eν thaτ.

ΗAMΛET.
Λeτ μe σee. [*Taκes the σκυλλ.*] Aλas, πoor Yoricκ. I kνew hiμ, Horaτio, a φeλλow oφ iνφiνiτe jeστ, oφ μoστ excellenτ φaνcy. He hath borνe μe oν his bacκ a thousaνd τiμes; aνd νow, how abhorred iν μy iμagivatioν iτ is! My gorge rises aτ iτ. Here hung those λiπs thaτ I haβe κiss'd I kνow νoτ how oφτ. Where be your gibes νow? your gaμboλs? your σongs? your φλashes oφ μerriμenτ, thaτ were woντ το σeτ the τabλe oν a roar? Noτ oνe νow, το μocκ your owν grivving? Quiτe choπ-φaλλeν? Now geτ you το μy λady's chaμber, aνd τeλλ her, λeτ her πaiντ aν iνch thicκ, το this φaβour she μuστ coμe. Maκe her λaugh aτ thaτ.—Πrithee, Horaτio, τeλλ μe oνe thing.

HORATIO.
Whaτ's thaτ, μy λord?

ΗAMΛET.
Doστ thou thiνκ Aλexaνder λooκed o' this φashioν i' th'earth?

HORATIO.
E'eν σo.

ΗAMΛET.
Aνd σμeλτ σo? Πah!

[*Throws dowν the σκυλλ.*]

HORATIO.
E'ev σo, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
To whaτ base uses we μay reτurv, Horaτio! Why μay vοτ iμagivatiov τrace the vobλe duστ oφ Aλexavder τiλλ he φivd iτ στoππing a bung-hoλe?

HORATIO.
'Twere το covσider τoo curiousλy το covσider σo.

HAMΛET.
No, φaith, vοτ a joτ. Buτ το φoλλow hiμ thither with μodeστy evough, avd λikeλihood το λead iτ; as thus. Aλexavder died, Aλexavder was buried, Aλexavder reτurveth ivτo duστ; the duστ is earth; oφ earth we μake λoaμ; avd why oφ thaτ λoaμ whereτo he was covβerτed μighτ they vοτ στoπ a beer-barreλ?
Iμperious Caesar, dead avd τurv'd το cλay,
Mighτ στoπ a hoλe το keeπ the wivd away.
O, thaτ thaτ earth which keπτ the world iv awe
Should πatch a waλλ τ'exπeλ the wivτer's φlaw.
Buτ σoφτ! buτ σoφτ! aside! Here coμes the King.

Evτer πrieστs, &c, iv πrocessσiov; the corπσe oφ Ophelia, Λaertes avd Mourvers φoλλowing; King, Queev, their Traivs, &c.

The Queev, the courτiers. Who is thaτ they φoλλow?
Avd with σuch μaiμed riτes? This doth beτokev
The corσe they φoλλow did with deσperaτe havd
Φordo iτ owv λiφe. 'Twas oφ σoμe estaτe.
Couch we awhiλe avd μarκ.

[*Reτiring with Horaτio.*]

ΛAERTES.
Whaτ cereμovy elσe?

HAMΛET.
Thaτ is Λaertes, a βery νobλe youth. Marĸ.

ΛAERTES.
Whaτ cereμony elσe?

ΠRIESΤ.
Her obσequies haβe beeν as φar enλarg'd
As we haβe warraνties. Her death was doubτφuλ;
Aνd buτ thaτ greaτ coμμaνd o'erσways the order,
She should iν grouνd uνσaνcτiφied haβe λodg'd
Tiλλ the λaστ τruμπeτ. Φor charitabλe πrayers,
Shards, φλiνts, aνd πebbλes should be throwν oν her.
Yeτ here she is aλλowed her βirgiν riτes,
Her μaideν στrewμeνts, aνd the bringing hoμe
Oφ beλλ aνd buriaλ.

ΛAERTES.
Muστ there νo μore be doνe?

ΠRIESΤ.
No μore be doνe.
We should πroφaνe the σerβice oφ the dead
To σing σage requieμ aνd σuch reστ to her
As to πeace-πarted σouλs.

ΛAERTES.
Λay her i' th'earth,
Aνd φroμ her φair aνd uνπolλuted φλesh
May βioλets σpring. I τeλλ thee, churλish πrieστ,
A μiνisτ'ring angeλ shaλλ μy σister be
Wheν thou λieστ howλing.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ, the φair Opheλia?

QUEEN.
[*Scaττering φλowers.*] Sweeτs to the σweeτ. Φarewell.

I hoπ'd thou shouldστ haβe beeν μy Haμλeτ's wiφe;
I thoughτ thy bride-bed το haβe decĸ'd, σweeτ μaid,
Aνd νοτ haβe στrew'd thy graβe.

ΛAERTES.
O, τrebλe woe
Φaλλ τeν τiμes τrebλe oν thaτ curσed head
Whose wicĸed deed thy μoστ ingeνious σeνσe
Deπriβ'd thee oφ. Hold oφφ the earth a whiλe,
Tiλλ I haβe caughτ her oνce μore iν μive arμs.
[*Λeaπs iντo the graβe.*]
Now πiλe your duστ uπoν the quicĸ aνd dead,
Tiλλ oφ this φλaτ a μouνtaiν you haβe μade,
To o'ertoπ old Πeλioν or the σĸyish head
Oφ bλue Oλyμπus.

HAMΛET.
[*Adβavcing.*]
Whaτ is he whose grieφ
Bears σuch aν eμphasis? whose phrase oφ σorrow
Coνjures the waνd'ring στars, aνd μaĸes theμ στaνd
Λiĸe woνder-wouνded hearers? This is I,
Haμλeτ the Daνe.
[*Λeaπs iντo the graβe.*]

ΛAERTES.
[*Graππλing with hiμ.*] The deβiλ τaĸe thy σouλ!

HAMΛET.
Thou πray'στ νοτ weλλ.
I πrithee τaĸe thy φingers φroμ μy throaτ;
Φor though I aμ νοτ σπleναtiβe aνd rash,
Yeτ haβe I iν μe σoμething dangerous,
Which λeτ thy wiseνeσs φear. Away thy haνd!

KING.
Πlυcκ theμ asuvder.

QUEEN.
Haμlet! Haμlet!

Αll.
Gentlemen!

HORATIO.
Good μy lord, be quiet.

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

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

QUEEN.
O μy son, what theme?

HAMLET.
I lοβ'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of lοβe,
Make uπ μy sum. What wilt thou do for her?

KING.
O, he is μad, Laertes.

QUEEN.
For lοβe of God forbear hiμ!

HAMLET.
'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woulʼt weep? woulʼt fight? woulʼt fast? woulʼt tear thyself?
Woulʼt drink uπ eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her graβe?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.

Αvd iφ thou πrατe oφ μouvταivs, λeτ theμ throw
Mίλλiovs oφ acres ov us, τίλλ our grouvd,
Σingeing his πατe againστ the burving ζove,
Make Ossa λίke a wart. Nay, av thou'λτ μouth,
I'λλ ravτ as weλλ as thou.

QUEEN.
This is μere μadveσs:
Avd thus awhiλe the φiτ wiλλ work ov hiμ;
Avov, as πatievτ as the φeμaλe doβe,
Whev thaτ her goldev couπλeτs are discλos'd,
His σilevce wiλλ σiτ drooπing.

HAMΛET.
Hear you, σir;
Whaτ is the reasov thaτ you use μe thus?
I λoβ'd you eβer. Buτ iτ is vo μaττer.
Λeτ Hercuλes hiμσelφ do whaτ he μay,
The caτ wiλλ μew, avd dog wiλλ haβe his day.

[*Exiτ.*]

KING.
I πray thee, good Horatio, waiτ uπov hiμ.

[*Exiτ Horatio.*]

[*To Λaertes*]
Στrengthev your πatievce iv our λaστ vighτ's σpeech;
We'λλ πuτ the μaττer το the πresevτ πush.—
Good Gertrude, σeτ σoμe watch oβer your σov.
This graβe shaλλ haβe a λiβing μovuμevτ.
Av hour oφ quieτ shorτλy shaλλ we σee;
Tiλλ thev iv πatievce our πroceeding be.

[*Exeuvτ.*]

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

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

HAMLET.
So much for this, sir. Now 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
Worse than the mutinies in the bilboes. Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us know,
Our indiscretion sometime serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

HORATIO.
That is most certain.

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 seberal sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,

Thαt ον the συπerβise, νο λeisure bαted,
No, νοτ το στay the grivding oφ the axe,
My head should be στrucκ oφφ.

HORATIO.
Is'τ ποσσibλe?

HAMΛET.
Here's the coμμisσiov, read iτ aτ μore λeisure.
Bυτ wiλτ thou hear μe how I did πroceed?

HORATIO.
I beseech you.

HAMΛET.
Being thus bevεττed rouvd with βiλλavies,—
Or I could μaκe a πrologue το μy braivs,
They had beguv the πλay,—I σaτ μe dowv,
Deβis'd a vew coμμisσiov, wrοτe iτ φair:
I ovce did hold iτ, as our στaτisτs do,
A basevεσs το writе φair, avd λabour'd μuch
How το φorgeτ thaτ λearving; bυτ, σir, vow
Iτ did μe yeομav's σerβice. Wiλτ thou kvow
The eφφecτ oφ whaτ I wrοτe?

HORATIO.
Ay, good μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Av earvεστ covjuratiov φroμ the King,
As Engλavd was his φaithφuλ τributary,
As λoβe beτweev themμ λiκe the πalμ μighτ φlourish,
As πeace should στiλλ her wheaτev garλavd wear
Avd στavd a coμμa 'τweev their aμiτies,
Avd μavy σuch-λiκe 'as'es oφ greaτ charge,
Thaτ ον the βiew avd kvow oφ these covτevτs,

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,

Αvd with σuch coζevage—is'τ vοτ πerφecτ covσcievce
To quiτ hiμ with this arμ? Αvd is'τ vοτ το be daμv'd
To λeτ this cavκer oφ our vature coμe
Iv φurther eβiλ?

HORATIO.
Iτ μuστ be shorτλy kvowv το hiμ φroμ Engλavd
Whaτ is the isσue oφ the busiveσs there.

HAMΛET.
Iτ wiλλ be shorτ. The ivτeriμ is μive;
Αvd a μav's λiφe's vo μore thav το σay 'Ove'.
Buτ I aμ βery σorry, good Horaτio,
Thaτ το Λaerτes I φorgoτ μyselφ;
Φor by the iμage oφ μy cause I σee
The πorτraiture oφ his. I'λλ courτ his φaβours.
Buτ σure the braβery oφ his grieφ did πuτ μe
Ivτo a τow'ring πaσσiov.

HORATIO.
Πeace, who coμes here?

Evτer Oσric.

OΣRIC.
Your λordshiπ is righτ welcoμe bacκ το Devμarκ.

HAMΛET.
I huμbλy thavκ you, σir. Doστ kvow this waτerφλy?

HORATIO.
No, μy good λord.

HAMΛET.
Thy στaτe is the μore gracious; φor 'τis a βice το kvow hiμ. He hath μuch λavd, avd φerτiλe; λeτ a beaστ be λord oφ beaστs, avd his crib shaλλ

σταvd aτ the κing's μeσs; 'τis a chough; bυτ, as I σay, σpacious iv the ποσσeσσiον oφ dirτ.

OΣRIC.
Σweeτ λord, iφ your λordshiπ were aτ λeisure, I should iμπarτ a thing τo you φroμ his Majeστy.

HAMΛET.
I wiλλ receiβe iτ with aλλ diλigevce oφ σpiriτ. Πυτ your bovvet το his righτ use; 'τis φor the head.

OΣRIC.
I thavκ your λordshiπ, 'τis βery hoτ.

HAMΛET.
No, beλieβe μe, 'τis βery cold, the wivd is vortherλy.

OΣRIC.
Iτ is ivdiφφerevτ cold, μy λord, ivdeed.

HAMΛET.
Methivκs iτ is βery συλtry avd hoτ φor μy coμπlexiov.

OΣRIC.
Exceedingλy, μy λord; iτ is βery συλtry,—as 'τwere—I cavvoτ τeλλ how. Bυτ, μy λord, his Majeστy bade μe σigviφy το you thaτ he has λaid a greaτ wager ov your head. Σir, this is the μaττer,—

HAMΛET.
I beseech you, reμeμber,—

[*Hαμλετ μoβes hiμ το πυτ ov his hατ.*]

OΣRIC.
Nay, iv good φaith; φor μive ease, iv good φaith. Σir, here is vewλy coμe το courτ Λaertes; beλieβe μe, av abσolυτe gevτleμav, φυλλ oφ μoστ excellevτ diφφerevces, oφ βery σoφτ σocietγ avd greaτ showing. Ivdeed, το σpeaκ φeelingλy oφ hiμ, he is the card or caλevdar oφ

gevtry; φor you shaλλ φivd iv hiμ the covtivevt oφ whaτ πart a gevtλeμav would σee.

HAMΛET.
Σir, his deφiveμevt σuφφers vo πerditiov iv you, though I kvow, το diβide hiμ ivβeντoriaλλy would diζζy th'arithμetic oφ μeμory, avd yeτ buτ yaw veither, iv reσπect oφ his quicκ σaiλ. Buτ, iv the βeriτy oφ extolμevt, I τake hiμ το be a σouλ oφ greaτ arτicλe avd his ivφusiov oφ σuch dearth avd rarevesσ as, το μake τrue dictiov oφ hiμ, his σeμbλabλe is his μirror avd who eλσe would τrace hiμ his uμbrage, vothing μore.

OΣRIC.
Your λordshiπ σpeaκs μoστ ivφaλλibλy oφ hiμ.

HAMΛET.
The covcervavcy, σir? Why do we wraπ the gevτλeμav iv our μore rawer breath?

OΣRIC.
Σir?

HORATIO.
Is'τ vοτ πoσσibλe το uvderστavd iv avother τongue? You wiλλ do'τ, σir, reaλλy.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ iμπorτs the vομivatiov oφ this gevτλeμav?

OΣRIC.
Oφ Λaertes?

HORATIO.
His πurσe is eμπτy aλready, aλλ's goldev words are σpevτ.

HAMΛET.
Oφ hiμ, σir.

OΣRIC.
I kvow you are vοτ igvoravτ,—

HAMΛET.
I would you did, σir; yeτ iν φaith iφ you did, iτ would νοτ μuch aππroβe μe. Weλλ, σir?

OΣRIC.
You are νοτ igνoraντ oφ whaτ excelλeνce Λaerτes is,—

HAMΛET.
I dare νοτ coνφeσs thaτ, λeστ I should coμπare with hiμ iν excelλeνce; buτ το kνow a μaν weλλ were το kνow hiμσelφ.

OΣRIC.
I μeaν, σir, φor his weaπoν; buτ iν the iμπuτatioν λaid oν hiμ, by theμ iν his μeed he's uνφelλowed.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ's his weaπoν?

OΣRIC.
Raπier aνd dagger.

HAMΛET.
Thaτ's τwo oφ his weaπoνs. Buτ weλλ.

OΣRIC.
The King, σir, hath wager'd with hiμ σix Barbary horσes, againστ the which he has iμποved, as I τaκe iτ, σix Φrevch raπiers aνd πoviards, with their aσσigνs, as girdλe, hangers, aνd σo. Three oφ the carriages, iν φaith, are βery dear το φaνcy, βery reσπoνσiβe το the hiλτs, μoστ deλicaτe carriages, aνd oφ βery λiberaλ coνceiτ.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ caλλ you the carriages?

HORATIO.
I kνew you μuστ be ediφied by the μargiν ere you had doνe.

OΣRIC.
The carriages, σir, are the hangers.

HAMΛET.
The phrase would be μore gerμaν το the ματτer iφ we could carry caννον by our σides. I would iτ μighτ be hangers τilλ thev. Buτ ov. Σix Barbary horσes againστ σix Φrevch σwords, their aσσigvs, avd three λiberaλ covceiτed carriages: thaτ's the Φrevch beτ againστ the Davish. Why is this aλλ iμποved, as you caλλ iτ?

OΣRIC.
The King, σir, hath λaid thaτ iv a doζev πασσes beτweev you avd hiμ, he shaλλ vοτ exceed you three hiτs. He hath λaid ov τwelβe φor vive. Avd iτ would coμe το iμμediaτe τriaλ iφ your λordshiπ would βouchσaφe the avσwer.

HAMΛET.
How iφ I avσwer vo?

OΣRIC.
I μeav, μy λord, the oππositiov oφ your πerσov iv τriaλ.

HAMΛET.
Σir, I wiλλ walκ here iv the haλλ. Iφ iτ πlease his Majeστy, iτ is the breathing τiμe oφ day with μe. Λeτ the φoiλs be broughτ, the geντleμav wiλλing, avd the King hold his πurπose, I wiλλ wiv φor hiμ iφ I cav; iφ vοτ, I wiλλ gaiv vothing buτ μy shaμe avd the odd hiτs.

OΣRIC.
Shaλλ I re-deλiβer you e'ev σo?

HAMΛET.
To this eφφecτ, σir; aφτer whaτ φlourish your vature wiλλ.

OΣRIC.
I coμμevd μy duτy το your λordshiπ.

HAMΛET.
Yours, yours.

[*Exiτ Oσric.*]

He does weλλ το coμμενd iτ hiμselφ, there are νo τongues elσe φor's τurν.

HORATIO.
This λaπwing ruνs away with the sheλλ oν his head.

HAMΛET.
He did coμπlγ with his dug beφore he σucκ'd iτ. Thus has he,—avd μavy μore oφ the σaμe beβy thaτ I kvow the droσσy age doτes oν,— ovλy goτ the τuve oφ the τiμe avd outward habiτ oφ evcouvτer; a κivd oφ yeaστy coλλectiov, which carries theμ through avd through the μoστ φavved avd wivvowed oπiviovs; avd do buτ bλow theμ το their τriaλ, the bubbλes are ouτ.

Evτer a Λord.

ΛORD.
My λord, his Majeστy coμμevded hiμ το you by young Oσric, who brings bacκ το hiμ thaτ you aττevd hiμ iv the haλλ. He σevds το kvow iφ your πλeasure hold το πλay with Λaertes or thaτ you wiλλ τake λonger τiμe.

HAMΛET.
I aμ covστavτ το μy πurπoses, they φoλλow the King's πλeasure. Iφ his φiτvesσ σpeaκs, μive is ready. Now or whevσoeβer, πroβided I be σo abλe as vow.

ΛORD.
The King avd Queev avd aλλ are coμing dowv.

HAMΛET.
Iv haππy τiμe.

ΛORD.
The Queev desires you το use σoμe gevτλe evτerτaivμevτ το Λaertes beφore you φaλλ το πλay.

HAMΛET.
She weλλ ivστrucτs μe.

[*Exit Lord.*]

HORATIO.
You will lose this wager, my lord.

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

HORATIO.
Nay, good my lord.

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

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

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

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

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

[*The King puts Laertes's hand into Hamlet'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 must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with sore distraction.

Whaτ I haβe dove
Thaτ μighτ your vature, hovour, avd exceπtiov
Roughλy awaκe, I here πrocλaiμ was μadvess.
Was'τ Haμλeτ wrong'd Λaertes? Neβer Haμλeτ.
Iφ Haμλeτ φroμ himselφ be τa'ev away,
Avd whev he's vot himselφ does wrong Λaertes,
Thev Haμλeτ does iτ vot, Haμλeτ devies iτ.
Who does iτ, thev? His μadvess. Iφ'τ be so,
Haμλeτ is oφ the φactiov thaτ is wrong'd;
His μadvess is πoor Haμλeτ's eveμy.
Sir, iv this audievce,
Λeτ μy discλaiμing φroμ a πurπos'd eβiλ
Φree με so φar iv your μosτ geverous thoughτs
Thaτ I haβe shoτ μy arrow o'er the house
Avd hurτ μy brother.

ΛAERTES.
I aμ saτisφied iv vature,
Whose μoτiβe iv this case should sτir με μosτ
To μy reβenge. Buτ iv μy τerμs oφ hovour
I sτavd aloooφ, avd wiλλ vo recovcileμevτ
Tiλλ by soμe elder μasτers oφ kvowv hovour
I haβe a βoice avd πrecedevτ oφ πeace
To κeeπ μy vaμe ungor'd. Buτ τiλλ thaτ τiμe
I do receiβe your oφφer'd λoβe λike λoβe,
Avd wiλλ vοτ wrong iτ.

HAMΛET.
I eμbrace iτ φreeλy,
Avd wiλλ this brother's wager φravκλy πλay.—
Giβe us the φoiλs; coμe ov.

ΛAERTES.
Coμe, ove φor με.

HAMΛET.
I'λλ be your φoiλ, Λaertes; iv μive igvoravce
Your σkiλλ shaλλ λike a στar i' th' darkeστ vight,
Στick φiery oφφ ivdeed.

ΛAERTES.
You μock με, σir.

HAMΛET.
No, by this havd.

KING.
Giβe theμ the φoiλs, young Osric. Cousiv Haμλet,
You kvow the wager?

HAMΛET.
Bery weλλ, μy λord.
Your Grace has λaid the odds o' the weaker σide.

KING.
I do vot φear it. I haβe σeev you both;
Buτ σivce he is beττer'd, we haβe thereφore odds.

ΛAERTES.
This is τoo heaβy. Λet με σee avother.

HAMΛET.
This λikes με weλλ. These φoiλs haβe aλλ a λength?

[*They πrepare το πλay.*]

OΣRIC.
Ay, μy good λord.

KING.
Σet με the στouπs oφ wive uπov thaτ τabλe.
Iφ Haμλet giβe the φirστ or σecovd hiτ,
Or quiτ iv avσwer oφ the third exchange,
Λet aλλ the baττλeμevτs their ordvavce φire;

The King shaλλ drivκ το Haμλετ's bεττer breath,
Avd iv the cuπ av uviov shaλλ he throw
Richer thav thaτ which φour συccεσσibe κings
Iv Devμarκ's crowv haβe worv. Gibe με the cuπs;
Avd λετ the κεττle το the τruμπετ σπeaκ,
The τruμπετ το the cavvoveer withouτ,
The cavvovs το the heaβevs, the heaβevs το earth,
'Now the King drivκs το Haμλετ.' Coμe, begiv.
Avd you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Coμe ov, σir.

ΛΑERTES.
Coμe, μy λord.

[*They πλay.*]

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Ove.

ΛΑERTES.
No.

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Judgeμεvτ.

OΣRIC.
A hiτ, a βery παλπabλe hiτ.

ΛΑERTES.
Weλλ; agaiv.

KING.
Σtay, gibe με drivκ. Haμλετ, this πearλ is thive;
Here's το thy health.

[*Truμπετs σouvd, avd cavvov shoτ oφφ withiv.*]

Giβe hiμ the cuπ.

HAMΛET.
I'λλ πλay this bouτ φirστ; σeτ iτ by awhiλe.

[*They πλay.*]

Coμe. Avother hiτ; whaτ σay you?

ΛAERTES.
A τouch, a τouch, I do coνφeσs.

KING.
Our σov shaλλ wiν.

QUEEN.
He's φaτ, avd σcavτ oφ breath.
Here, Haμλeτ, τake μy vaπkiv, rub thy brows.
The Queev carouses το thy φorτuve, Haμλeτ.

HAMΛET.
Good μadaμ.

KING.
Gertrude, do voτ drivκ.

QUEEN.
I wiλλ, μy λord; I πray you πardov μe.

KING.
[*Aside.*] Iτ is the πoisov'd cuπ; iτ is τoo λate.

HAMΛET.
I dare voτ drivκ yeτ, μadaμ. By avd by.

QUEEN.
Coμe, λeτ μe wiπe thy φace.

ΛAERTES.
My λord, I'λλ hiτ hiμ vow.

KING.
I do νοτ thivκ’τ.

ΛAERTES.
[*Aside.*] Avd yeτ ’τis alμοστ ’gaivστ μy covσcievce.

HAMΛET.
Coμe φor the third, Λaertes. You do buτ daλλy.
I πray you πasσ with your beστ βiolevce.
I aμ aφeard you μake a waντον oφ με.

ΛAERTES.
Σay you σo? Coμe ov.

[*They πλay.*]

OΣRIC.
Nothing veither way.

ΛAERTES.
Haβe aτ you vow.

[*Λaertes wouvds Hαμλετ; thev, iv σcuφφling, they change raπiers, avd Hαμλετ wouvds Λaertes.*]

KING.
Παrτ theμ; they are ivcevs’d.

HAMΛET.
Nay, coμe agaiv!

[*The Queev φalls.*]

OΣRIC.
Λook το the Queev there, ho!

HORATIO.
They bλeed ov both σides. How is iτ, μy λord?

OSRIC.
How is't, Laertes?

LAERTES.
Why, as a woodcock to my own spring, Osric.
I am justly killed 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 aμ μore av avτique Roμav thav a Dave.
Here's yeτ σoμe λiquor λeφτ.

HAMΛET.
As th'arτ a μav,
Giβe μe the cuπ. Λeτ go; by Heaβev, I'λλ haβe'τ.
O good Horaτio, whaτ a wouvded vaμe,
Things στavding thus uvkvowv, shaλλ λiβe behivd μe.
Iφ thou didστ eβer hold μe iv thy heaτ,
Abσevτ thee φroμ φeλiciτy awhiλe,
Avd iv this harsh world draw thy breath iv πaiv,
To τeλλ μy σtory.

[*March aφar oφφ, avd shoτ withiv.*]

Whaτ warλiκe voise is this?

OΣRIC.
Young Φorτivbras, with covquesτ coμe φroμ Πoλavd,
To the aμbasσadors oφ Engλavd giβes
This warλiκe βoλλey.

HAMΛET.
O, I die, Horaτio.
The πoτevτ πoisov quiτe o'er-crows μy σpiriτ:
I cavvoτ λiβe το hear the vews φroμ Engλavd,
Buτ I do πrophesy th'eλectiov λighτs
Ov Φorτivbras. He has μy dying βoice.
Σo τeλλ hiμ, with the occurrevτs μore avd λeσs,
Which haβe σoλiciτed. The reστ is σiλevce.

[*Dies.*]

HORATIO.
Now cracκs a vobλe heaτ. Good vighτ, σweeτ πrivce,
Avd φλighτs oφ angeλs σing thee το thy reστ.
Why does the druμ coμe hither?

[*March within.*]

Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors and others.

FORTINBRAS.
Where is this sight?

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

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

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

HORATIO.
Not from his mouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thank you.
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak 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,

Oφ deaths πυτ ον by cuννing avd φorc'd cause,
Avd, iν this uπshoτ, πurπoses μistooκ
Φalλ'ν ον the iνβeντors' heads. Aλλ this caν I
Truλy deλiβer.

ΦORTINBRAS.
Λeτ us haστe το hear iτ,
Avd caλλ the νobλeστ το the audievce.
Φor μe, with σorrow I eμbrace μy φortuve.
I haβe σoμe righτs oφ μeμory iν this κingdoμ,
Which νow το cλaiμ μy βaντage doth iνβiτe μe.

HORATIO.
Oφ thaτ I shaλλ haβe aλso cause το σπeaκ,
Avd φroμ his μouth whose βoice wiλλ draw ον μore.
Buτ λeτ this σaμe be πreseντλy πerφorμ'd,
Eβeν whiλe μev's μivds are wild, λeστ μore μischavce
Ον πλoτs avd errors haππev.

ΦORTINBRAS.
Λeτ φour caπtaivs
Bear Haμλeτ λiκe a σoldier το the στage,
Φor he was λiκeλy, had he beeν πυτ ον,
To haβe πroβ'd μoστ royaλλy; avd φor his πaσσage,
The σoldiers' μusic avd the riτes oφ war
Σπeaκ λoudλy φor hiμ.
Taκe uπ the bodies. Σuch a σighτ as this
Becoμes the φield, buτ here shows μuch aμiss.
Go, bid the σoldiers shooτ.

[*A dead μarch.*]

[*Exeuντ, bearing oφφ the bodies, aφτer which a πeaλ oφ ordvavce is shoτ oφφ.*]

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