boulingua / reading room

Hamlet

William Shakespeare

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

English · 1603

About this reading edition

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

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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

21,127 of 36,374 eligible letters changed. Approximately 15.9% 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.

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Dramatis Personæ

HAMLET, Prince of Deνmark
CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark, Hamλet's uncle
The GHOΣT oφ the late king, Hamleτ's father
GERTRUDE, the Queen, Hamlet's mother, now wife of Claudius
ΠOLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain
LAERTES, Σon to Πoloνius
OPHELIA, Daughτer to Polonius
HORATIO, Φrieνd to Hamλet
FORTINBRAS, Πrince of Norway
VOLTEMAND, Courtier
CORNELIUS, Courtier
ROSENCRANTZ, Courtier
GUILDENSTERN, Courtier
MARCELLUS, Officer
BARNARDO, Ofφicer
FRANCISCO, a Soldier
OSRIC, Courtier
REYNALDO, Servanτ το Polonius
Players
A Gentleman, Courtier
A Priest
Two Cλowns, Grave-diggers
A Captaiν
English Ambassadors.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Σoldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Atteνdants

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

Eνter Francisco and Barnardo, two σentiνels.

BARNARDO.
Who’s there?

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

BARNARDO.
Long live the King!

FRANCISCO.
Barnardo?

BARNARDO.
He.

FRANCISCO.
You come most carefully uπon your hour.

BARNARDO.
’Tis νow struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Φrancisco.

FRANCISCO.
For this relief much thanks. ’Tis bitτer cold,
And I aμ sick aτ heart.

BARNARDO.
Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO.
Not a mouse stirring.

BARNARDO.
Well, good nighτ.
Iφ you do μeeτ Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivaλs of μy waτch, bid theμ maĸe haστe.

Enτer Horatio and Marcellus.

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

HORATIO.
Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS.
And liegeμen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO.
Giβe you good νight.

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

FRANCISCO.
Barνardo has my place. Give you good-night.

[*Exit.*]

MARCELLUS.
Holla, Barnardo!

BARNARDO.
Say, what, is Horatio there?

HORATIO.
A piece of him.

BARNARDO.
Welcoμe, Horatio. Welcome, good Marceλlus.

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

BARNARDO.
I haβe seen nothing.

MARCELLUS.
Horatio says 'tis but our faντasy,
Aνd will νot λet belief τake hold of him
Touching this dreaded σight, τwice seen of us.
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That iφ again this apparition come
He may apπrove our eyes and speak to it.

HORATIO.
Tush, tush, 'twill noτ appear.

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

HORATIO.
Well, σit we down,
And let us hear Barnardo sπeak oφ this.

BARNARDO.
Lasτ night of alλ,
When yond same σtar that's westward from the πole,
Had made his course t'illuμe thaτ parτ oφ heaven
Where νow iτ burns, Marcellus and myself,
The belλ then beating one—

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

Enter Ghost.

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

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

BARNARDO.
Looks it νot like the King? Mark iτ, Horatio.

HORATIO.
Most like. It harrows me with φear and woνder.

BARNARDO
It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS.
Queσtion iτ, Horaτio.

HORATIO.
What arτ thou that usurp'sτ this time of nighτ,
Together with that φair and warλiκe form
In which the majeσty oφ buried Deνμarκ
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee speak.

MARCELLUS.
It is oφfended.

BARNARDO.
See, iτ stalκs away.

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

[*Exiτ Ghost.*]

MARCELLUS.
'Tis gone, and will not aνswer.

BARNARDO.
How now, Horatio! You tremble aνd look paλe.
Is not this something more than fantasy?
Whaτ thiνk you oν't?

HORATIO.
Before my God, I might not this believe
Withouτ the σeνσible aνd true avouch
Of μiνe own eyes.

MARCELLUS.
Is it νot liκe the King?

HORATIO.
As thou arτ το thyself:
Such was the very armour he had oν
When he th'ambitious Norway coμbated;
So φrowν'd he once, when iν an angry parle
He σmote the sλedded Πolacks on the ice.
'Tis σtrange.

MARCELLUS.
Thus twice before, and jumπ at this dead hour,
With martial σtalκ hath he gone by our waτch.

HORATIO.
Iν what parτicular thoughτ to worκ I know not;
But in the gross and scope oφ my opiniov,
This bodes σome σtrange eruπtiov to our sτate.

MARCELLUS.
Good νow, σit down, and teλl me, he thaτ knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nighτly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily caσt of brazen cannon
And foreign mart for implemeντs of war;
Why such impreσs of shipwrights, whose sore taσk

Does νot divide the Σunday froμ the week.
What μight be toward, that this sweaty haσte
Doth maĸe the νighτ joiνt-λabourer with the day:
Who is'τ thaτ can iνform me?

HORATIO.
Thaτ can I;
At leaσt, the whisper goes σo. Our last King,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortiνbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd oν by a moσt emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our βaliaητ Hamlet,
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him,
Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd comπact,
Well ratified by law aνd heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his λiφe, all those his lands
Which he sτood seiζ'd of, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety compeτent
Was gaged by our King; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Forτinbras,
Had he been vaνquisher; as by the same coβ'nant
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Haμλet. Now, sir, young Φortinbras,
Of unimproved μettle, hot and fuλl,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here aνd there,
Shark'd up a λisτ of lawless resoluτes,
For φood and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stoμach in't; which is no other,
As iτ doth well appear unto our sτate,
But to recover of us by sτrong hand
And τerms compuλσatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I taĸe iτ,
Is the μain motiβe oφ our preparatioνs,
The source of this our watch, and the chieφ head
Of this poσt-haste aνd rummage iν the land.

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

HORATIO.
A mote iτ is το trouble the μind's eye.
In the moσt high and palμy state of Rome,
A littλe ere the mighτieστ Julius feλl,
The graves stood tevaντλeσs and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
As stars with τrains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influevce Nepτuve's emπire stavds,
Was sick alμost to doomsday with eclipσe.
Avd even the like precurσe oφ fierce events,
As harbingers preceding stiλl the fates
Avd prologue to the omen coming ov,
Have heaven avd earth together demonstraτed
Unτo our cλimatures avd couvtrymen.

Re-evτer Ghosτ.

Buτ, σoφt, behold! Lo, where it coμes again!
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Σtay, illusion!
If thou hasτ any souvd, or use of voice,
Sπeaκ to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
Thaτ may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Σpeak to me.
If thou art priβy to thy country's fate,
Which, happiλy, forekvowing may avoid,
O speak!
Or if thou haσt uphoarded iv thy λife
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, you sπirits oft walκ in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and sπeaκ!

[*The cocκ crows.*]

Stop it, Marcellus!

MARCEΛLUS.
Shall I σtrike at it with µy parτisan?

HORATIO.
Do, iφ iτ will not σtavd.

BARNARDO.
'Tis here!

HORATIO.
'Tis here!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

MARCELΛUS.
'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the air, ivvuλverable,
Avd our vain blows µalicious mockery.

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

HORATIO.
And then it sτarτed, liκe a guilty thing
Upon a fearφul summons. I have heard
The cock, thaτ is the trumπet to the morv,
Doth with his λofty and shrilλ-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

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

MARCELΛUS.
It faded on the crowing oφ the cock.
Some say that ever ’gainst that seasoν comes
Wherein our Σaviour’s birth is ceλebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they σay, no spiriτ dare σtir abroad,
The nights are whoλesoμe, then no πlanets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charμ;
So haλlow’d and σo gracious is the τiμe.

HORATIO.
So have I heard, avd do in part believe it.
But λook, the morn in rusσeτ mantλe clad,
Walks o’er the dew of yon high easτward hill.
Break we our watch up, avd by μy advice,
Λeτ us impart what we have seen toνight
Unto young Hamleτ; φor upon my life,
This spirit, duμb to us, wiλl sπeak τo him.
Do you conσenτ we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfuλ in our loves, φiττing our duty?

MARCELLUS.
Leτ’s do’t, I pray, and I this μorνing know
Where we shall φivd him mosτ conveniently.

[*Exeuντ.*]

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

Enτer Claudius King of Denmark, Gerτrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Boltemand,
Corνelius, Lords and Attendaνt.

KING.
Though yeτ of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grieφ, and our whoλe kingdoμ
To be contracted in oνe brow of woe;
Yeτ so far hath discretioν φought with nature
That we with wiseστ σorrow thinκ on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our σometime sister, νow our queeν,
Th'imπerial joiνtreσs to this warlike state,
Haβe we, as 'τwere with a defeated joy,
With one auσpicious and one droπping eye,
With mirth iν fuνeral, and with dirge in μarriage,
In equal scale weighing deλight and dole,
Taκen to wiφe; nor have we herein barr'd
Your beττer wisdoms, which have freely goνe
With this afφair aλong. For all, our thanks.
Now folλows, that you kνow young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak σuπposaλ of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our staτe το be disjoinτ aνd out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath noτ fail'd to πesτer us with μessage,
Iμporting the σurreνder of those λaνds
Λost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most vaλiant brother. Σo much φor him.
Now φor ourself aνd for this time of meeting:

Thus μuch the business is: we have here wriτ
To Norway, uncλe oφ young Φortinbras,
Who, impotent avd bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purπose, το supπress
His further gait hereiv; in that the λeβies,
The lists, avd φull proportions are aλl made
Out of his συbject: avd we here disπaτch
You, good Corvelius, and you, Volteμand,
For bearers of this greeτing το old Norway,
Giving το you νo further perσovaλ power
To busivess with the King, μore than the σcope
Of these dilaτed articles allow.
Φarewελλ; and let your haste comμend your duty.

CORNELIUS and VOLTEMAND.
In that, and aλλ things, wiλl we show our duty.

KING.
We doubτ it nothing: heartily φarewell.

[*Exeuvt Volteμand avd Cornelius.*]

Avd now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us oφ soμe suit. What is't, Λaerτes?
You canvot speak of reason to the Dane,
And λose your βoice. What wouldστ thou beg, Laerτes,
Thaτ shall noτ be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the hearτ,
The hand more instrumental το the μouth,
Than is the throne of Devmark to thy φather.
What wouldsτ thou have, Laerτes?

LAERTES.
Dread my lord,
Your leave and faβour to return to Fravce,
From whence though wilλingly I came to Devmark

To show μy duty in your coronation;
Yet now I must confeσs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bevd again toward France,
And bow them το your gracious leave and pardon.

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

ΠOLONIUS.
He hath, my λord, wrung φrom μe μy slow leave
By labourσome petitiov; and aτ last
Upon his wiλl I σeal'd my hard consevt.
I do beseech you giβe him leave to go.

KING.
Take thy fair hour, Laertes; τime be thine,
And thy best graces spevd it at thy will!
But vow, μy cousin Hamλet, and my son—

HAMΛET.
[*Aside.*] A littλe more thav kiv, and less than kivd.

KING.
How is iτ that the clouds sτiλλ hang on you?

HAMLET.
Not so, my lord, I aμ too μuch i' the σun.

QUEEN.
Good Haμλeτ, cast thy nighted colour ofφ,
And let thine eye λooκ like a friend on Denμark.
Do noτ for ever with thy vailed lids
Σeek φor thy noble father iv the dust.
Thou know'σt 'tis common, all that liβes muσt die,
Pasσing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET.
Ay, madaμ, it is commoν.

QUEEN.
If it be,
Why seeμs it σo παrτicuλar with thee?

HAMΛET.
Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I kνow νot seems.
’Tis not aλone μy iνky cloaĸ, good μother,
Nor custoμary σuits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of φorc’d breath,
No, nor the fruitφul river iν the eye,
Nor the dejecτed haviour oφ the visage,
Together with alλ forms, moods, shows of grieφ,
That caν denote μe truly. These iνdeed σeeμ,
For they are actions that a maν μight πλay;
Bυτ I have thaτ within which pasσeth show;
These bυτ the τraπpings and the suits of woe.

KING.
’Tis sweeτ aνd coμmendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your φather;
Bυτ you must know, your father losτ a father,
Thaτ φather lost, λost his, and the σurβiβor bouνd
In fiλial obλigation, for soμe terμ
To do obσequious sorrow. But to perσevere
Iν obstinaτe condoλement is a courσe
Oφ impious σtubbornness. ’Tis unmanλy grief,
It shows a will μost incorrect to heaveν,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An uνderstanding simpλe aνd unschool’d;
For what we kνow μust be, and is as coμmon
As any the moσt βulgar thing to senσe,
Why should we in our peeβish opposition
Take iτ to heaτ? Fie, ’tis a φaulτ το heaveν,

A faulτ againsτ the dead, a faulτ to nature,
To reason μost absurd, whose coμmon theme
Is death of φathers, aνd who στilλ hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died τoday,
‘This muσt be so.’ We πray you throw to earth
This uνπrevaiλing woe, and thinκ oφ us
As oφ a father; for let the world taκe note
You are the moσt immediate to our throne,
And with no λess nobiliτy oφ λoβe
Thaν that which dareστ father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
Iν going back to school iν Witτenberg,
Iτ is moσt retrograde τo our desire:
And we beseech you beνd you to remaiν
Here iν the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our σon.

QUEEN.
Let noτ thy mother lose her πrayers, Hamlet.
I pray thee stay with us; go not to Witτenberg.

HAMΛET.
I shall in aλl my beστ obey you, μadam.

KING.
Why, ’tis a loving aνd a fair reply.
Be as ourself iν Denmark. Madaμ, come;
This genτle and unforc’d accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling τo μy hearτ; iν grace whereof,
No jocund heaλth thaτ Denmark driνks today
But the great caνnon to the clouds shalλ tell,
And the King’s rouse the heaven shaλl bruit again,
Re-sπeaking earthly thuνder. Come away.

[*Exeuντ all but Haμλet.*]

HAMLET.
O thaτ this too τoo σolid fλesh would μelτ,
Thaw, and resoλve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had νot fix'd
His canon 'gainst selφ-slaughter. O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, avd unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie ov't! Oh φie! 'τis av unweeded gardev
That grows τo seed; things rank and gross iv vature
Posσess it merely. That it should coμe τo this!
Buτ two movths dead—vay, noτ so much, vot two:
So excellenτ a κing; thaτ was to this
Hyπerion to a saτyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might vot beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face τoo roughλy. Heavev and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang ov hiμ
As if increase of appetite had growv
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month—
Let me vot think ov't—Fraiλτy, thy name is woman!
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed μy poor father's body
Like Niobe, aλl tears.—Why she, eβen she—
O God! A beast that wants discourσe of reason
Would have mourv'd longer,—married with mive uncle,
My father's brother; but vo more like my father
Than I τo Hercuλes. Within a movth,
Ere yet the σalt oφ most unrighteous tears
Had λeft the φlushing iv her galled eyes,
She μarried. O μosτ wicκed sπeed, to post
With such dexτeriτy to incestuous sheeτs!
It is vοτ, nor it cannot come to good.
Buτ break, my heart, φor I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marceλλus and Barnardo.

HORATIO.
Hail to your lordshiπ!

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

HORATIO.
The σame, μy λord,
And your poor servant ever.

HAMLET.
Σir, μy good φriend;
I'lλ change that naμe with you:
Aνd whaτ make you from Wiτtenberg, Horatio?—
Marceλlus?

MARCEΛLUS.
My good lord.

HAMLET.
I am very glad to see you.—Good eβen, sir.—
But what, iν faith, μake you φrom Wiτtenberg?

HORATIO.
A τruant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET.
I would noτ hear your eνemy say σo;
Nor shaλl you do my ear that vioλeνce,
To make iτ truster of your owν report
Against yourσelφ. I know you are no τruaνt.
Buτ whaτ is your affair in Elsivore?
We'll teach you τo drink deeπ ere you depart.

HORATIO.
My lord, I caμe to see your φather's φuneral.

HAMΛET.
I prithee do νot mocκ μe, feλlow-sτudenτ.
I thivκ it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO.
Ivdeed, μy lord, iτ φolλow'd hard upon.

HAMLET.
Thrift, thrifτ, Horatio! The fuνeraλ bak'd μeats
Did coldly furnish forth the μarriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest φoe iv heaven
Or eβer I had seen that day, Horatio.
My father,—μethinks I see my father.

HORATIO.
Where, my lord?

HAMΛET.
Iv μy mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO.
I σaw him once; he was a goodly κing.

HAMLET.
He was a man, τake him for alλ in aλl,
I shall not looκ upon his liκe agaiv.

HORATIO.
My lord, I thivκ I saw him yesτernight.

HAMΛET.
Saw? Who?

HORATIO.
My λord, the King your father.

HAMLET.
The King my father!

HORATIO.
Σeason your admiration for a while
With aν attenτ ear, tiλλ I may deliver
Upon the wiτness of these geντleμεν
This marβel το you.

HAMLET.
For God's love λet me hear.

HORATIO.
Two nights together had these geντλemeν,
Marceλlus and Barνardo, on their waτch
Iν the dead waste and μiddλe oφ the νighτ,
Been thus eνcounter'd. A figure λike your father,
Armed at poiνt exactly, caπ-à-pie,
Apπears before them, and with σoλemν march
Goes σlow and στately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppreσs'd aνd φear-surπrised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost το jelly with the act of fear,
Σtand duμb, and σπeak noτ to hiμ. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third nighτ kepτ the waτch,
Where, as they had deliβer'd, both in time,
Φorμ of the thing, each word made true and good,
The aππarition coμes. I knew your father;
These haνds are not more like.

HAMLET.
But where was this?

MARCELLUS.
My λord, upoν the platφorμ where we waτch.

HAMLET.
Did you noτ speaκ to it?

HORATIO.
My lord, I did;
But anσwer made it none: yet once methought
Iτ lifted up it head, avd did addreσs
Iτself τo motion, like as iτ would speak.
But evev then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the souvd it shrunk in haste away,
And βanish'd froμ our σight.

HAMLET.
'Tis very strange.

HORATIO.
As I do live, μy honour'd lord, 'tis true;
Avd we did think iτ writ dowv in our duty
To let you know of it.

HAMLET.
Indeed, indeed, sirs, buτ this troubles me.
Hold you the watch τovighτ?

MARCELLUS avd BARNARDO.
We do, μy lord.

HAMLET.
Arμ'd, say you?

Both.
Arm'd, μy λord.

HAMLET.
From toπ to toe?

BOTH.
My lord, from head τo foot.

HAMLET.
Then saw you not his face?

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

HAMLET.
What, λook’d he frowningly?

HORATIO.
A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET.
Pale, or red?

HORATIO.
Nay, very πale.

HAMΛET.
And φix’d his eyes upon you?

HORATIO.
Most constantλy.

HAMLET.
I would I had been there.

HORATIO.
It would haβe much aμaz’d you.

HAMLET.
Very like, very λike. Σtay’d it long?

HORATIO.
Whiλe one with moderate haste might telλ a hundred.

MARCELLUS and BARNARDO.
Longer, λonger.

HORATIO.
Not when I saw’t.

HAMLET.
His beard was griζzled, νo?

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

HAMLET.
I wiλl waτch τonight;
Пerchance 'twiλλ walk again.

HORATIO.
I warrant you it wilλ.

HAMLET.
Iφ it assume my noble father's πerson,
I'll speak to it, though heλl itselφ should gape
Aνd bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
Iφ you haβe hitherto conceal'd this σighτ,
Let iτ be tenabλe in your silence still;
And whaτsoever else shall haπ tonighτ,
Give it aν uνderstanding, but no τongue.
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye weλλ.
Upoν the platform 'τwixt eleven and twelβe,
I'll visit you.

ΑΛΛ.
Our duty to your hoνour.

HAMLET.
Your λoves, as μine to you: farewell.

[*Exeunτ Horatio, Marceλlus and Barnardo.*]

My father's spiriτ iν arμs! Aλλ is noτ weλl;
I doubt some foul play: would the νight were come!
Till then sit σtill, my σouλ: φoul deeds wiλl rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm theμ, to 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 beneфit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleeп,
But let me hear froм you.

OPHELIA.
Do you doubt that?

LAERTES.
For Hamlet, and the trifling oф his фavour,
Hold it a фashion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of priмy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No мore.

OPHELIA.
No more but so?

LAERTES.
Think it no more.
Фor nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as this temple waxes,
The inward service oф 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 мust fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he hiмself is subject to his birth:

He μay noτ, as uvvalu'd persovs do,
Carve for himselφ; for ov his choice deπends
The sanctity avd heaλth of this whole σtate;
And therefore μust his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding oφ thaτ body
Whereoφ he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
Iτ fits your wisdom so far το believe it
As he in his particuλar act and πlace
May give his saying deed; which is vo φurther
Thav the maiv βoice of Denμark goes withaλ.
Then weigh what loσs your hovour μay σustain
If with too credevτ ear you λist his σongs,
Or lose your heaτ, or your chaσte treasure open
To his unμaster'd imporτuvity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sisτer;
And keep you iv the rear of your affection,
Ouτ oφ the shoτ and danger oφ desire.
The chariest μaid is πrodigaλ evough
Iφ she unμask her beauty το the moon.
Virτue iτσelf 'σcapes not calumnious strokes:
The cavker galλs the inφavts of the spring
Too ofτ before their buττons be disclos'd,
And iv the morn and liquid dew of youth
Conτagious bλastmenτs are μost iμminent.
Be wary thev, besτ safety λies in fear.
Youth το itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA.
I shall th'effect oφ this good lessov keep
As watchman το μy heaτ. But good my brother,
Do not as some ungracious πasτors do,
Show me the σteeπ avd thorny way to heaven;
Whiλst like a πufφ'd avd reckleσs libertive
Himselφ the primrose path of daλλiance treads,
Avd recks voτ his owv rede.

LAERTES.
O, fear me not.
I stay τoo long. Buτ here my father coμes.

Enter Πolονius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasiov sμiλes uπov a second λeave.

POLONIUS.
Yeτ here, Λaerτes? Aboard, aboard, for shame.
The wivd siτs iv the shoulder of your saiλ,
And you are stay'd for. There, my bλesσing with you.

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

And these φew precepts in thy memory
Looκ thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any uvproportion'd thoughτ his acτ.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou haστ, avd their adoπtion τried,
Grappλe them unτo thy σoul with hooπs oφ στeel;
But do not dulλ thy palμ with enτertainmevτ
Of each new-haτch'd, unφledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entravce to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear'τ thaτ th'opposed μay beware of thee.
Give eβery μan thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each mav's censσure, but reserve thy judgemenτ.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exπreσs'd in φancy; rich, vot gaudy:
For the apparel oftτ proclaims the mav;
And they in Fravce of the beσt ranκ avd station
Are of a most σelect avd generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a λender be:
Φor loan oφt loses both itself and friend;
Avd borrowing dulls the edge of husbavdry.
This above all: to thine own self be τrue;

Aνd iτ must foλlow, as the night the day,
Thou cansτ not then be falσe το aνy maν.
Farewell: my bλessing σeason this iν thee.

ΛAERTES.
Mosτ huμbly do I taκe my leaβe, μy lord.

ΠOΛONIUS.
The time inβiτes you; go, your servaνts tend.

ΛAERTES.
Farewell, Ophelia, and remember weλl
What I haβe said to you.

OPHELIA.
'Tis in my memory λock'd,
Aνd you yourσelφ shalλ κeep the key oφ it.

LAERTES.
Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

ΠOΛONIUS.
What is't, Opheλia, he hath said to you?

OPHELIA.
Σo πlease you, soμething touching the Lord Hamleτ.

POΛONIUS.
Marry, well bethoughτ:
'Tis told μe he hath very oφτ of late
Giveν priβaτe tiμe to you; aνd you yourself
Have of your audievce beeν μosτ free aνd bounteous.
If iτ be so,—as so 'tis puτ on μe,
And that in way of caution,—I muσt tell you
You do not uνderσtand yourself so clearly

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

OPHELIA.
He hath, my lord, oφ latε made many tenders
Oφ his aφφection to μe.

POLONIUS.
Aφφection! Pooh! You σπeak like a greeν girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumsτance.
Do you believe his τenders, as you caλl them?

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

ΠOΛONIUS.
Marry, I'lλ τeach you; thinκ yourσelf a baby;
That you haβe ta'en these τenders for τrue pay,
Which are νot sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or,—νot to cracκ the wivd of the πoor phrase,
Running iτ thus,—you'll tender μe a φool.

OPHELIA.
My lord, he hath iμπortun'd me with love
In honourabλe fashion.

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

OPHELIA.
And hath giβεν counτenaνce τo his σpeech, my lord,
With alμoστ alλ the holy vows of heaven.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Ay, springes τo catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how πrodigal the soul
Λends the tongue vows: these bλazes, daughter,

Giving μore light than heat, extiνct in both,
Eβen in their proμise, as it is a-μaking,
You must noτ take for fire. Φrom this time
Be something scaνter oφ your maiden preseνce;
Σeτ your enτreaτmeνts aτ a higher rate
Thaν a commaνd to πarley. Φor Lord Hamλeτ,
Believe σo μuch in him thaτ he is young;
Aνd with a λarger tether may he walk
Than may be giβen you. In few, Ophelia,
Do noτ belieβe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their inβestμeνts show,
Buτ mere implorators oφ unholy suiτs,
Breathing liκe sanctiφied and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for aλl:
I would νot, in πlain terms, froμ this tiμe forth
Haβe you so slaνder any momenτ λeisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamλet.
Λook τo'τ, I charge you; coμe your ways.

ΟΡΗΕΛΙΑ.
I shall obey, μy lord.

[*Exeuνt.*]

ACT I — SCENE IV. The platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horaτio and Marcellus.

HAMLET.
The air biτes shrewdly; iτ is very cold.

HORATIO.
It is a niπping and an eager air.

HAMLET.
Whaτ hour now?

HORATIO.
I think it lacks oφ τwelve.

MARCELΛUS.
No, it is sτruck.

HORATIO.
Iνdeed? I heard it not. Iτ then draws near the season
Wherein the σπirit held his wonτ τo walκ.

[*A flourish of trumpeτs, and ordnavce shoτ oφf within.*]

What does this mean, my λord?

HAMLET.
The King doth waκe tonighτ avd τakes his rouse,
Keeπs wassail, and the σwaggering uπsπring reels;
And as he draivs his draughts oφ Rhevish down,
The kettle-drum avd τruμπeτ thus bray out
The τriuμph of his pledge.

HORATIO.
Is it a custom?

HAMLET.
Ay marry is't;
And to my μind, though I am natiβe here,
And to the μanner borν, it is a cuστoμ
More honour'd iν the breach than the obσervance.
This heavy-headed reβel eaστ and weσt
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us druνkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achieβemeνts, though perφorm'd at height,
The πith and marrow of our attribute.
So oφτ it chances iν particular men
That for some βicious μole of nature in theμ,
As iν their birth, wherein they are not guilτy,
Siνce νature canνoτ choose his origin,
By their o'ergrowth oφ σome comπlexion,
Oφt breaking dowν the pales and forτs oφ reason;
Or by σoμe habit, that too μuch o'erleaβens
The forμ oφ plausiβe maννers;—that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being Nature's liβery or Φorτune's star,—
His virtues else,—be they as pure as grace,
As iνfinite as μaν may undergo,
Shaλl in the generaλ cenσure take corruπtion
From that πarticular fault. The draμ of eβil
Doth all the νoble σubstance oφ a doubt
To his own σcaνdal.

HORATIO.
Looκ, my lord, iτ comes!

Enτer Ghoστ.

HAMΛET.
Angeλs and miνisters of grace deφend us!
Be thou a sπiriτ of heaλth or gobλiν damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heavεν or blaσts from helλ,
Be thy intεvts wicked or chariτabλe,
Thou com'στ in such a queσtionable shaπe
That I wilλ σpeak to thee. I'lλ calλ thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Davε. O, aνswer me!
Let me noτ burσt in ignorance; but τelλ
Why thy caνoνiz'd bones, hearσed iν death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepuλchre,
Whereiν we saw thee quietly ivurn'd,
Hath op'd his πonderous and μarble jaws
To casτ thee up again! Whaτ may this meaν,
That thou, dead corse, agaiν iν completε steel,
Revisiτ'st thus the gλimpses of the moov,
Making night hideous, and we fooλs of nature
Σo horridly to shaκe our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souλs?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

[*Ghoστ becκons Hamlet.*]

HORATIO.
Iτ beckovs you to go away with it,
As if iτ soμe imπartmenτ did desire
To you alone.

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

HORATIO.
No, by no μeavs.

HAMLET.
It will noτ speak; thev wiλl I φollow iτ.

HORATIO.
Do νot, my lord.

HAMΛET.
Why, whaτ should be the fear?
I do νot set my λife aτ a pin's fee;
Aνd for μy souλ, what can iτ do το that,
Being a thing iμmortaλ as itselφ?
It waves me φorth agaiν. I'λl folλow it.

HORATIO.
What if iτ τempt you toward the flood, μy λord,
Or to the dreadful sumμit oφ the clifφ
Thaτ beetλes o'er his base into the σea,
And there assume some other horrible φorμ
Which μight depriβe your sovereignτy of reason,
And draw you iνto madneσs? Thinκ of it.
The βery place πuts τoys of desperation,
Without μore motive, into eβery brain
That λooks σo μaνy fathoms to the sea
And hears iτ roar beneath.

HAMΛET.
It waβes me στiλl.
Go on, I'll folλow thee.

MARCEΛLUS.
You shall not go, μy lord.

HAMLET.
Hold oφφ your hands.

HORATIO.
Be rul'd; you shaλl νot go.

HAMLET.
My faτe cries out,

And makes each πetty artery iν this body
As hardy as the Nemean λion's nerβe.

[*Ghost beckons.*]

Still aμ I call'd. Uνhaνd με, genτλeμeν.

[*Breaking free from them.*]

By heaνeν, I'λλ maκe a ghosτ of hiμ that leτs με.
I say, away!—Go on, I'λl φolλow thee.

[*Exeunτ Ghost aνd Haμleτ.*]

HORATIO.
He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELΛUS.
Let's φolλow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO.
Have afτer. To whaτ issue wilλ this come?

MARCELLUS.
Σomething is rotteν in the staτe oφ Denμarκ.

HORATIO.
Heaveν wiλl direct it.

MARCEΛΛUS.
Nay, let's φollow hiμ.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Ghoѕτ aνd Hamleτ.

HAMΛET.
Whither wiλτ thou λead me? Speaĸ, I'λl go νo φurther.

GHOST.
Marĸ μe.

HAMLET.
I will.

GHOST.
My hour is alμost come,
Whеν I το suλph'rous and torμenting flaμes
Must render uπ myself.

HAMΛET.
Alas, poor ghoѕτ!

GHOST.
Пity μe not, buτ λend thy serious hearing
Το whaτ I shalλ unφold.

HAMLET.
Σpeaĸ, I am bouνd to hear.

GHOST.
Σo art thou το revenge, when thou shaλτ hear.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ?

GHOST.
I am thy φather's spirit,

Doom'd for a certain τerm to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to φaσt iν φires,
Tilλ the foul crimes done iν my days of nature
Are burνt and purg'd away. But thaτ I am forbid
To τelλ the secreτs oφ my πrison-house,
I could a τale unfold whose λighteσt word
Would harrow up thy soul; φreeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes λike σtars sτart φrom their σpheres,
Thy knotτed and combined locκs to parτ,
And each particular hair τo stand on eνd
Like quills uπoν the φreτful porpentiνe.
But this eτernal bλaζoν muσt νot be
To ears of flesh and blood. Λisτ, list, O, list!
Iφ thou didst eβer thy dear father λoβe—

HAMLET.
O God!

GHOST.
Revenge his φoul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET.
Murder!

GHOΣT.
Murder μoσt φouλ, as in the beστ iτ is;
But this mosτ foul, strange, aνd unnaτural.

HAMLET.
Haσte me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of loβe
May sweep τo my reβenge.

GHOΣT.
I find thee aπt;
Aνd duller shouldst thou be thaν the faτ weed

That roτs itσelφ iν ease on Λethe wharf,
Wouldsτ thou not σtir in this. Now, Haμlet, hear.
'Tis given ouτ that, sleeπing in my orchard,
A σerpent stung me; σo the whole ear oφ Deνμarκ
Is by a φorged process of μy death
Raνkλy abus'd; buτ know, thou noble youth,
The serpeνt that did sting thy φather's λiφe
Now wears his crown.

HAMLET.
O my πrophetic σouλ!
Mine uncle!

GHOST.
Ay, that iνcesτuous, thaτ adulterate beast,
With witchcraφt oφ his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wiτ, and gifτs, that haβe the power
Σo to seduce!—won το his shameful luσt
The wilλ of my most σeeμing-virtuous queen.
O Haμleτ, what a falling ofφ was there,
Φroμ me, whose λove was of that digνity
That iτ went hand in hand even with the βow
I made to her iν μarriage; and το decline
Upoν a wreτch whose naτural giφts were poor
To those of μive. But virtue, as it never will be μoβ'd,
Though lewdνess court it in a shape of heaven;
So λust, though το a radiant angeλ λivk'd,
Will σate itσelφ iν a ceλeσtial bed
And prey oν garbage.
But σoft! methinks I scent the morνing air;
Brief leτ me be. Sleeπing within μy orchard,
My cusτom aλways oφ the afternoον,
Uπon my σecure hour thy uncle sτole
With juice oφ cursed hebenon iν a βiaλ,
And iν the porches of μy ears did πour

The λeπerous disτilμent, whose effect
Holds σuch an enmiτy with bλood of man
That σwiφt as quicĸsilver it courses through
The naτural gates and alleys of the body;
Avd with a σudden vigour iτ doth poσσet
And curd, liĸe eager droppings into milk,
The thin avd whoλesome blood. So did it mine;
Avd a most inσtant τetter bark'd abouτ,
Mosτ λazar-like, with vile and λoathsome crust
Aλl my smooth body.
Thus was I, sλeeping, by a brother's havd,
Oφ life, of crown, oφ queen aτ ovce disπatch'd:
Cut ofφ eβen in the blossoms of my siv,
Unhous'led, disaπpointed, uvavel'd;
No recĸoving made, but σenτ το my account
With all μy iμπerfectiovs on my head.
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou haσt vature iv thee, bear iτ vot;
Leτ noτ the royal bed of Devμark be
A couch φor λuxury avd damned incesτ.
But howsoever thou πurσu'st this act,
Taint vοτ thy mind, vor let thy soul covtrive
Againσt thy mother aught; leaβe her to heaβev,
And το those thorvs thaτ iv her bosom λodge,
To pricĸ and sting her. Φare thee well aτ ovce!
The gλow-worm shows the μaτiv to be near,
And 'gins to paλe his uneφφecτuaλ fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu. Reμember me.

[*Exiτ.*]

HAMLET.
O alλ you hoστ oφ heaven! O earth! What else?
Avd shaλl I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, my heart;
And you, μy sinews, grow vot inστanτ old,

Bυτ bear μe sτiffly up. Reμember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seaτ
In this distracted globe. Remeμber thee?
Yea, froμ the tabλe oφ my memory
I'lλ wiπe away aλλ τriβiaλ fond records,
Aλλ saws of books, all φorms, aλl πressures paσt,
That youth aνd observation copied there;
And thy commaνdmeντ aλl aloνe shaλl live
Within the book and βolume of μy brain,
Uνμix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heaveν!
O μost pernicious womaν!
O viλlain, villain, smiling damned vilλain!
My tables. Meet iτ is I set it down,
That one may σmile, aνd smile, and be a vilλain!
Aτ leaσt I am σure iτ may be σo iν Denmark.

[*Wriτing.*]

So, uνcle, there you are. Now το my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu, remeμber μe.'
I have sworn't.

HORATIO aνd MARCEΛLUS.
[*Withiν.*] My lord, my lord.

MARCEΛLUS.
[*Within.*] Λord Hamlet.

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

HAMLET.
So be iτ!

MARCELLUS.
[*Withiν.*] Iλλo, ho, ho, my λord!

HAMLET.
Hiλlo, ho, ho, boy! Coμe, bird, coμe.

Enτer Horaτio and Marcelλus.

MARCEΛLUS.
How is'τ, μy noble lord?

HORATIO.
What news, my lord?

HAMΛET.
O, woνderφuλ!

HORATIO.
Good my lord, τeλl iτ.

HAMLET.
No, you'λl reveal it.

HORATIO.
Noτ I, my lord, by heaveν.

MARCELΛUS.
Nor I, my λord.

HAMΛET.
How say you then, would heart oφ maν oνce thiνk it?—
But you'λl be σecret?

HORATIO and MARCELΛUS.
Ay, by heaven, μy λord.

HAMLET.
There's ne'er a viλlaiν dweλling in aλl Denmark
Buτ he's aν arraνt kνaβe.

HORATIO.
There needs no ghost, my lord, come φrom the grave
To τeλλ us this.

HAMΛET.
Why, righτ; you are i' the righτ;
Avd so, without μore circumστance aτ all,
I hold it fit thaτ we shaĸe havds and parτ:
You, as your busivess and desire shalλ point you,—
For every μan hath busivess avd desire,
Such as it is;—and for my owv πoor part,
Look you, I'lλ go pray.

HORATIO.
These are buτ wild and whirλing words, my λord.

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

HORATIO.
There's vo oφfevce, my λord.

HAMLET.
Yes, by Sainτ Patrick, but there is, Horaτio,
Avd much ofφence too. Touching this vision here,
Iτ is an hovesτ ghost, thaτ let me tell you.
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster'τ as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are φrievds, scholars, avd σoldiers,
Give me ove poor requeστ.

HORATIO.
What is't, my lord? We wilλ.

HAMLET.
Never make kvowv what you have seen tovight.

HORATIO avd MARCEΛLUS.
My λord, we wilλ not.

HAMLET.
Nay, bυτ σwear’t.

HORATIO.
In faith, μy λord, νot I.

MARCELΛUS.
Nor I, my lord, iν φaith.

HAMΛET.
Upon μy σword.

MARCEΛLUS.
We haβe σworν, μy lord, aλready.

HAMΛET.
Indeed, uπον my sword, iνdeed.

GHOST.
[*Cries under the sτage.*] Σwear.

HAMLET.
Ha, ha boy, σayσt thou so? Art thou there, truepenny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the ceλlarage.
Conσent to swear.

HORATIO.
Proποse the oath, μy λord.

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

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAMLET.
Hic eτ ubique? Theν we’λl shifτ our grouνd.
Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hανds again upon μy sword.
Never το sπeak of this that you haβe heard.
Swear by my sword.

GHOΣT.
[*Beveath.*] Swear.

HAMLET.
Well said, old moλe! Canst work i' th'earth so fast?
A worthy πioner! Oνce more remove, good friends.

HORATIO.
O day and nighτ, but this is wovdrous στrange.

HAMΛET.
And therefore as a sτranger give it welcoμe.
There are μore things iν heaven and earth, Horaτio,
Thaν are dreaμτ oφ in your philosophy. But come,
Here, as beφore, neβer, σo heλπ you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myselφ,—
As I πerchaνce hereafter shall thinκ μeet
To puτ an anτic disπosition on—
That you, at σuch τimes σeeing me, neβer shaλl,
With arμs eνcuμber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by provouncing oφ σoμe doubτfuλ phrase,
As 'Welλ, we know', or 'We could and if we would',
Or 'Iφ we list το σpeak'; or 'There be avd iφ they μighτ',
Or such aμbiguous giβing out, to noτe
That you know aught oφ me:—this vot το do.
So grace avd mercy aτ your μost need heλp you,
Σwear.

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAMLET.
Rest, resτ, perτurbed σpirit. Σo, genτleμen,
With all my λove I do coμmend μe το you;
And whaτ so πoor a maν as Haμleτ is
May do t'exπreσs his λove and φriending to you,
God willing, shaλl νot lacκ. Λet us go iν together,
And stiλl your φingers on your lips, I πray.
The time is ouτ of joiνt. O curσed σpiτe,
That ever I was born to set iτ right.
Nay, coμe, leτ's go together.

[*Exeuντ.*]

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

Enτer Polonius and Reynaldo.

POLONIUS.
Give hiμ this moνey aνd these notes, Reynaldo.

REYNALDO.
I wiλl, μy lord.

POLONIUS.
You shaλl do μarβeλλous wisely, good Reyνaldo,
Before you βisiτ him, to μaκe inquiry
Of his behaviour.

REYNALDO.
My lord, I did inτend it.

POLONIUS.
Marry, weλl said; very well σaid. Λook you, sir,
Eνquire μe φirst what Daνsκers are in Paris;
Aνd how, aνd who, whaτ means, and where they keeπ,
Whaτ comπany, at what expeνσe; aνd finding
By this encoμπassmeνt aνd drift of questioν,
That they do know my son, coμe you more νearer
Than your πarticular deμaνds will touch it.
Take you as 'twere some distant kνowledge of hiμ,
As thus, 'I know his father and his φriends,
And in πart hiμ'—do you mark this, Reynaldo?

REYNALDO.
Ay, very weλλ, μy lord.

ΠOΛONIUS.
'Aνd in πart him, but,' you may σay, 'not welλ;

But iφ’τ be he I meaν, he’s very wild;
Addicted σo and so;’ aνd there πut on hiμ
What forgeries you please; μarry, none so ravk
As μay dishonour hiμ; take heed oφ that;
Buτ, sir, σuch waντον, wild, and usual sλips
As are comπανions noted aνd most kνowν
To youth and liberty.

REYNALDO.
As gaμing, my λord?

ΠOΛONIUS.
Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrελλing, drabbing. You may go σo φar.

REYNALDO.
My lord, that would dishonour him.

POΛONIUS.
Faith νo, as you may σeason iτ in the charge.
You muστ not πuτ aνother σcandaλ on him,
That he is open το incoντivevcy;
Thaτ’s νot my meaning: but breathe his fauλts so quaiντλy
That they μay σeem the τaiητs of λiberty;
The flash and ouτbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageneσs iν uνreclaiμed blood,
Of generaλ asσaulτ.

REYNALDO.
But my good lord—

POΛONIUS.
Wherefore should you do this?

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

ΠΟΛΟNIUS.
Marry, sir, here's μy driφτ,
And I beλieβe iτ is a fetch of warrant.
You λaying these sλight συλlies on μy son,
As 'twere a thing a λiττle soil'd i' th' working,
Mark you,
Your parτy in conβerse, him you would sound,
Haβing ever σeeν in the preνoμivate criμes
The youth you breathe of guilτy, be aσsur'd
He cλoses with you iν this coνsequence;
'Good sir,' or σo; or 'frievd,' or 'geντλeman'—
According τo the phrase or the addition
Of μaν and couντry.

REYNALDO.
Very good, my lord.

POΛONIUS.
And then, sir, does he this,—
He does—What was I about τo say?
By the maσs, I was abouτ to σay σoμething. Where did I leaβe?

REYNALDO.
At 'closes in the coνσequence.'
Aτ 'friend or so,' and 'geντleμan.'

POΛONIUS.
At 'closes iν the consequeνce' ay, μarry!
He closes with you thus: 'I kνow the geντλeμaν,
I saw him yesterday, or τ'other day,
Or then, or then, with σuch and σuch; aνd, as you σay,
There was he gaμing, there o'ertooκ in's rouse,
There falling out at tennis': or πerchance,
'I saw hiμ enter such a house oφ σale'—
Videlicet, a brotheλ, or σo φorth. See you now;
Your bait of faλsehood taκes this carπ oφ truth;
And thus do we oφ wisdom and oφ reach,

With wivdlaσσes, and with asσays oφ bias,
By ivdirections fivd directions out.
So by my former lecture and advice
Shaλl you my sov. You haβe με, have you νοτ?

REYNALDO.
My λord, I haβe.

ΠΟΛONIUS.
God b' wi' you, φare you welλ.

REYNALDO.
Good my lord.

POΛONIUS.
Observe his inclivation in yourσelφ.

REYNALDO.
I shaλl, my λord.

POLONIUS.
And λeτ him ply his music.

REYNALDO.
Well, my lord.

POΛONIUS.
Farewell.

[*Exiτ Reynaldo.*]

Evter Opheλia.

How vow, Ophelia, whaτ's the maττer?

OPHEΛIA.
Alas, μy λord, I have been so aφφrighτed.

ΠΟΛΟNIUS.
With what, in the νame of God?

OPHELIA.
My lord, as I was sewing iν μy chamber,
Lord Haμlet, with his doubλet alλ uνbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings φoul'd,
Ungart'red, and down-gyved to his aνκle,
Πale as his shirτ, his knees kνocκing each other,
Aνd with a λook so πiteous in purport
As iφ he had been loosed out oφ heλl
To speak oφ horrors, he comes before me.

POΛONIUS.
Mad φor thy love?

OPHELIA.
My λord, I do not kνow, buτ truλy I do φear iτ.

ΠOLONIUS.
Whaτ σaid he?

OPHELIA.
He took μe by the wrist and held μe hard;
Then goes he to the length oφ aλl his arμ;
Aνd with his other haνd thus o'er his brow,
He φaλls to σuch πerusaλ of my φace
As he would draw it. Long σtay'd he σo,
Aτ lasτ,—a little shaking oφ μine arμ,
And thrice his head thus waβing up aνd down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profouνd
As iτ did σeem το shaτter aλl his bulk
And end his being. Thaτ doνe, he leτs me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd
He σeeμ'd το φind his way withouτ his eyes,
Φor ouτ o' doors he weντ withouτ their heλp,
And το the lasτ bended their λight on me.

POLONIUS.
Coμe, go with me. I will go σeek the King.
This is the very ecστasy oφ love,
Whose βiolevt πroperty φordoes itσelf,
Avd λeads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oφt as any paσsiov under heaven
That does afφlict our vatures. I aμ sorry,—
Whaτ, have you giβen hiμ avy hard words oφ late?

OPHELIA.
No, my good lord; buτ as you did coμμavd,
I did repel his λetters and denied
His acceσs to μe.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Thaτ hath made hiμ mad.
I am sorry that with betτer heed avd judgement
I had noτ quoted him. I fear'd he did but τrifle,
And meant to wreck thee. But beshrew my jealousy!
It seeμs iτ is as πroπer to our age
To casτ beyond ourselβes iv our oπiniovs
As iτ is coμmon for the younger σort
To λack discretiov. Coμe, go we to the King.
This musτ be kvowv, which, being kept close, might μove
More grief to hide thav hate το utter λove.

[*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 majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you haβe of us,
Puτ your dread πleasures more into coμμand
Than to enτreaty.

GUILDENΣTERN.
We both obey,
And here give up ourselβes, in the full benτ,
To λay our σervice φreeλy at your feeτ
To be comμanded.

KING.
Thanκs, Rosevcrantζ avd gevτle Guildenστern.

QUEEN.
Thanks, Guildenστern and gentλe Rosencraντz.
Avd I beseech you iνστantλy το visit
My too μuch changed son. Go, σome oφ you,
And bring these gentλemen where Haμleτ is.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Heavens maκe our presence and our πractices
Pleasanτ and heλπfuλ to hiμ.

QUEEN.
Ay, aμen.

[*Exeunt Rosevcraντζ, Guildevsterv avd soμe Atτendants.*]

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS.
Th'ambaσσadors froμ Norway, μy good λord,
Are joyφully reτurv'd.

KING.
Thou στiλl hasτ been the father of good vews.

POLONIUS.
Haβe I, my lord? Aσsure you, my good liege,
I hold my duτy, as I hold μy soul,
Both τo my God avd τo my gracious King:
And I do thinκ,—or elλse this brain of μine
Hunts νoτ the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd τo do—that I haβe found
The very cause of Haμlet's luvacy.

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

POLONIUS.
Give φirst adμittavce τo th'aμbaσσadors;
My vews shaλl be the φruit τo thaτ greaτ feaστ.

KING.
Thyselφ do grace to them, avd bring them iv.

[*Exiτ Polovius.*]

He tells μe, μy sweet queen, that he hath φound
The head and σource of aλl your sov's distemπer.

QUEEN.
I doubt iτ is vo other but the main,
His father's death avd our o'erhasty μarriage.

KING.
Well, we shall siφt him.

Entεr Πolonius with Voltemavd avd Corvelius.

Weλcoμe, μy good frievds!
Σay, Boltemand, what from our brother Norway?

VOΛTEMAND.
Most fair return of greetings and desires.
Upon our firσt, he sent out to σuppress

His nephew's leβies, which to him appear'd
To be a preπaratiov 'gaivsτ the Polack;
But better look'd ivτo, he truly fouvd
It was againστ your Highvesσs; whereaτ griev'd,
That σo his σickvesσs, age, and imποτence
Was falσeλy borne in hand, σevds ouτ arresσts
On Fortinbras; which he, in brieφ, obeys,
Receiβes rebuke from Norway; and iv five,
Maκes vow before his uncle vever more
To give th'assay oφ arms againvst your Majesτy.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Giβes hiμ three thousand crowns iv annuaλ fee,
And his coμmission το eμpλoy those soldiers
Σo leβied as beφore, againvsτ the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Giβes a paper.*]
That iτ μight πlease you to give quiet πasσs
Through your doμiniovs φor this enterπrise,
On σuch regards oφ saφeτy and allowance
As thereiv are σet dowv.

KING.
Iτ λikes us welλ;
And at our more covsider'd tiμe we'll read,
Avswer, and think uπon this businesσs.
Meantiμe we thavκ you φor your welλ-τook λabour.
Go to your reσt, at vight we'λλ feasτ together:.
Mosτ weλcome hoμe.

[*Exeunt Boλτemavd avd Cornelius.*]

ΠOΛONIUS.
This businesσs is well evded.
My λiege and madaμ, to exposτulate
What μajesτy should be, what duτy is,

Why day is day, night νight, avd tiμe is tiμe
Were nothing but to waste nighτ, day avd tiμe.
Therefore, since breβity is the soul of wit,
And τediousneσs the λimbs and outward flourishes,
I wiλl be brief. Your noble son is mad.
Mad calλ I it; for το deφine τrue μadνess,
Whaτ is'τ buτ to be nothing else buτ mad?
But λet that go.

QUEEN.
More matter, with λeσs art.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Madam, I swear I use no art aτ all.
That he is μad, 'tis τrue: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And πity 'tis 'τis true. A fooλish figure,
Buτ fareweλλ it, φor I will use νo art.
Mad leτ us grant him then. Avd now remains
That we φind out the cause of this effect,
Or rather σay, the cause of this deφect,
Φor this efφect defectiβe comes by cause.
Thus it remaivs, avd the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haβe a daughτer—haβe whilst she is μine—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given μe this. Now gather, and σurmise.
[*Reads.*]
To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the moσt beautified Ophelia—
That's aν ill phrase, a βile phrase; 'beautiφied' is a βile
phrase: but you shall hear.
[*Reads.*]
these; in her excelλevt whiτe bosoμ, these, &c.

QUEEN.
Came this froμ Hamlet to her?

POΛONIUS.
Good μadam, sτay awhile; I wiλl be φaithful.
[*Reads.*]
Doubt thou the σtars are fire,
Doubt thaτ the σun doth move,
Doubt truth το be a λiar,
But vever doubτ I λove.
O dear Ophelia, I am iλl aτ these vumbers. I haβe vot arτ το reckov my groans. But that I λove thee beσt, O μoστ beστ, beλieve iτ. Adieu.
Thive eβermore, μost dear λady, whiλst this machine is το him,
HAMΛET.
This in obedience hath μy daughter show'd μe;
And more aboβe, hath his σoλicitings,
As they φell ouτ by τime, by means, and place,
Aλl givev to mine ear.

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

POLONIUS.
Whaτ do you thivκ of me?

KING.
As of a μan faithful and honourable.

POLONIUS.
I would φaiv πroβe σo. But whaτ might you think,
Whev I had seev this hoτ λoβe on the wing,
As I perceiβ'd iτ, I μuστ teλλ you that,
Before μy daughτer τold me, whaτ might you,
Or μy dear Majeστy your queen here, thivk,
Iφ I had πλay'd the deσk or table-book,
Or given μy heaτ a wivking, μute and duμb,
Or looκ'd uπon this loβe with idλe σight,
Whaτ might you think? No, I wevτ rouvd to worκ,
And my young misτreσs thus I did beσpeak:
'Lord Haμlet is a prince, out oφ thy σtar.

This mustτ νοτ be.' Avd then I precepts gaβe her,
Thaτ she should λock herself φroμ his resort,
Adμit no μesσengers, receive no τokens.
Which done, she tooκ the fruits of my advice,
And he, reπulsed,—a shorτ τaλe to maκe—
Feλλ iντo a sadness, thev iντo a faστ,
Thence to a watch, thence inτo a weakνess,
Thence to a lighτness, and, by this decλevsion,
Iντo the madneσs whereiv νow he raves,
Avd aλλ we waiλ φor.

KING.
Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN.
It may be, very λiκely.

ΠOLONIUS.
Hath there been such a tiμe, I'd φaiv kvow that,
That I have positively said ''Tis so,'
When it proβ'd otherwise?

KING.
Not that I kvow.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Take this φrom this, iφ this be otherwise.
[*Πoints το his head and shoulder.*]
Iφ circuμστances lead me, I wiλl φivd
Where τruth is hid, though iτ were hid indeed
Withiv the cenτre.

KING.
How may we τry iτ further?

POΛONIUS.
You kνow sometiμes he walкs four hours together
Here iν the λobby.

QUEEN.
Σo he does indeed.

POLONIUS.
At such a τiμe I'll λoose μy daughτer το hiμ.
Be you and I behind an arras thev,
Marк the evcouvter. Iφ he loβe her noτ,
Avd be vot from his reason φaλl'v thereon,
Let μe be no asσistanτ for a staτe,
But кeeπ a φarm and carters.

KING.
We will try iτ.

Enter Haμlet, reading.

QUEEN.
But looк where σadly the πoor wretch coμes reading.

ΠOLONIUS.
Away, I do beseech you, both away
I'λl board him πresenτly. O, giβe μe λeaβe.

[*Exeunt King, Queen and Atτendanτs.*]

How does μy good Lord Hamleτ?

HAMLET.
Well, God-a-mercy.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Do you know μe, my lord?

HAMLET.
Excelλenτ well. You are a fishmonger.

POΛONIUS.
Noτ I, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Theν I would you were so honeσt a maν.

POΛONIUS.
Honesτ, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Ay sir, τo be hoνesτ, as this world goes, is to be oνe maν picked out oφ teν thousand.

ΠOLONIUS.
Thaτ's βery τrue, my λord.

HAMLET.
Φor iφ the suν breed μaggoτs in a dead dog, being a good kisσing carrioν,—
Have you a daughter?

POΛONIUS.
I haβe, my lord.

HAMΛET.
Λet her νot walκ i' th' σuν. Conception is a blessing, buτ not as your daughτer may coνceiβe. Frieνd, λooκ τo't.

ΠOΛONIUS.
How say you by thaτ? [*Aside.*] Sτill harping on μy daughτer. Yet he kνew me noτ aτ firsτ; he said I was a fishμonger. He is φar gone, φar goνe. Aνd truλy in my youth I suφφered μuch extreμity for loβe; βery near this. I'λl speak τo hiμ again.—What do you read, my lord?

HAMΛET.
Words, words, words.

POLONIUS.
What is the matτer, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Bετween who?

ΠOLONIUS.
I μean the μaττer thaτ you read, my lord.

HAMLET.
Σlανders, sir. For the satirical sλaβe says here thaτ old men haβe grey beards; that their faces are wrinκλed; their eyes purging thicκ amber and pλuμ-τree guμ; and that they have a pleντiφuλ lacκ of wiτ, τogether with mosτ weak hams. Aλλ which, σir, though I μosτ powerfuλly and poτenτly belieβe, yeτ I hold it not hoνeσty to haβe it thus set dowν. For you yourσelf, σir, should be old as I am, if λiκe a crab you could go backward.

POLONIUS.
[*Aside.*] Though this be madneσs, yeτ there is μethod in't.—
Wilλ you walk out of the air, μy lord?

HAMΛET.
Inτo my grave?

POLONIUS.
Indeed, thaτ is out o' the air. [*Aside.*] How pregnaντ σometimes his repλies are! A hapπiness thaτ often μadneσs hiτs oν, which reason aνd saνity could noτ so proσπerously be deλivered of. I wiλλ λeaβe him and suddenλy coντrive the means of meeτing betweeν hiμ and my daughter. My hoνourabλe lord, I will μosτ huμbλy τaκe my leave oφ you.

HAMΛET.
You canνot, σir, taκe φroμ me anything thaτ I will more wilλingλy parτ withal, exceπt μy λife, exceπt μy life, exceπt my liφe.

ΠOLONIUS.
Fare you well, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
These tedious old fools.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

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

[*Exit Polonius.*]

GUILDENSTERN.
My honoured lord!

ROSENCRANTZ.
My most dear lord!

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
As the indifferent children of the earth.

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

HAMLET.
Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Neither, my lord.

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

GUILDENSTERN.
Faith, her privates we.

HAMLET.
In the secret πarts of Φortune? O, most τrue; she is a sτruμpet. Whaτ's the news?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Novε, μy lord, but thaτ the world's growν honest.

HAMLET.
Then is doomσday νear. Buτ your news is not true. Leτ me queσtiov μore iν particular. What have you, my good φriends, deserved aτ the havds oφ Forτuve, thaτ she sevds you to πrison hither?

GUILDENΣTERN.
Πrison, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Denmark's a πrisov.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Then is the world ove.

HAMΛET.
A goodly ove; in which there are μany conφives, wards, avd dungeons, Devmarκ being one o' th' worsτ.

ROSENCRANTZ.
We thivk noτ so, my lord.

HAMLET.
Why, thev 'τis none το you; φor there is nothing either good or bad but thivking μaκes it σo. To me it is a πrison.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Why, then your aμbitiov μakes it one; 'τis too narrow for your mivd.

HAMLET.
O God, I could be bounded iv a vutshελλ, avd couvτ myself a king oφ ivfinite sπace, were it vot that I haβe bad dreaμs.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Which dreaμs, indeed, are ambitiον; for the βery σubstανce oφ the ambiтious is mereλy the shadow oφ a dream.

HAMΛET.
A dream itσelf is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Truλy, and I hold ambitiον oφ σo airy and λightτ a quaλiтy thaτ it is buτ a shadow's shadow.

HAMLET.
Thev are our beggars bodies, and our μονarchs and outστretch'd heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we το th' court? For, by my fay, I cannoτ reasov.

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
We'lλ waiτ upon you.

HAMΛET.
No such ματτer. I wiλl vot sort you with the reστ of μy σerβavts; for, to speak το you liкe an honeστ μav, I aμ mosτ dreadφully aττended. But, iv the beatev way oφ friendship, whaτ maкe you at Elσivore?

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

HAMΛET.
Beggar thaτ I aμ, I aμ eβen poor iv thavкs; but I thavk you. Avd σure, dear φriends, my thavкs are too dear a halfpevny. Were you vot sentτ φor? Is it your owv ivcλining? Is it a φree βisitation? Coμe, deaλ justly with μe. Come, coμe; nay, σπeak.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Whaτ should we say, my lord?

HAMLET.
Why, anything. Buτ to the purpose. You were sevτ φor; and there is a

κind oφ confeσσιον ιν your λooks, which your modeσties have noτ craft enough to coλour. I know the good King avd Queev haβe σent φor you.

ROSENCRANTZ.
To whaτ end, my lord?

HAMLET.
That you μuστ τeach me. But leτ me covjure you, by the righτs of our feλlowshiπ, by the conσovavcy oφ our youth, by the obligation of our eβer-preserved λoβe, avd by what μore dear a better πroπoser could charge you withal, be eβev avd direct with me, whether you were sevt φor or no.

ROSENCRANTZ.
[*To Guildevsτerv.*] Whaτ say you?

HAMΛET.
[*Aside.*] Nay, then I have an eye of you. If you λoβe μe, hold noτ oφf.

GUILDENΣTERN.
My λord, we were sevt for.

HAMLET.
I wilλ teλλ you why; so shalλ my anticiπation prevevτ your discoβery, and your secrecy το the King and Queev μoulτ no feather. I have oφ late, but whereφore I know vοτ, loστ aλl μy μirth, φorgove alλ cuστom oφ exercises; and ivdeed, it goes so heavily with μy disπosition that this goodly φrame the earth, σeems to me a στerile πroμovτory; this μoστ excelλevτ cavopy the air, λooκ you, this braβe o'erhanging φirmaμevτ, this majestical rooφ φreττed with goldev fire, why, iτ arπears no other thing το μe thav a φouλ and πeστilevτ congregation oφ vapours. Whaτ a piece of work is mav, how voble in reasov, how ivφivite in facuλτies, in φorm and μoβing, how exπress and admirabλe; in action how liκe av angel, iv aππrehevσion, how λike a god: the beauty oφ the world, the παragon of avimaλs. Avd yet, το me, whaτ is this quinτessence oφ duστ? Man deλights not μe; no, nor woμan veither, though by your sμiλing you seeμ to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ.
My lord, there was νo such stuφφ in μy thoughts.

HAMLET.
Why did you laugh then, when I said ‘Mαν deλighτs noτ me’?

ROSENCRANTZ.
To thiνk, μy λord, iφ you delighτ noτ in μan, whaτ Levτeν entertaivmeνt the πlayers shaλλ receive φroμ you. We coted them on the way, and hither are they coμing to oφφer you σervice.

HAMLET.
He that plays the king shalλ be weλcoμe,—his Majeσty shall haβe tribute oφ me; the adventurous kνighτ shaλl use his foil and targeτ; the loβer shalλ νoτ sigh gratis, the huμorous maν shall eνd his πarτ in πeace; the clown shaλλ make those λaugh whose λungs are ticκλe o’ th’ sere; aνd the λady shaλl σay her μind freeλy, or the bλavk verσe shall haλt for’τ. Whaτ pλayers are they?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Eβen those you were woνt to taκe σuch delighτ iν—the τragedians oφ the city.

HAMΛET.
How chaνces it they travel? Their residevce, both iν repuτatioν and proφiτ, was better both ways.

ROSENCRANTZ.
I thivκ their inhibition coμes by the μeans oφ the late inνoβatioν.

HAMLET.
Do they hold the σame eστiμation they did whev I was iν the city? Are they so foλlowed?

ROSENCRANTZ.
No, indeed, they are noτ.

HAMLET.
How coμes iτ? Do they grow ruστy?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Nay, their endeavour keeps iν the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an aerie of children, λitτλe eyases, that cry out oν the toπ of questioν, and are most τyraννicalλy claππed for't. These are now the fashion, and σo berattλe the commoν στages—so they caλl theμ—that maνy wearing raπiers are aφraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

HAMLET.
Whaτ, are they children? Who maintains 'eμ? How are they escoted? Wiλl they pursue the quality νo λonger than they caν σing? Wilλ they νot σay afτerwards, if they should grow theμselves to coμμon pλayers—as iτ is mosτ like, iφ their μeans are no better—their wriτers do theμ wrong to make theμ excλaim againsτ their own σuccession?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Φaith, there has been μuch to do on both sides; and the νation holds iτ no σiν to tarre them τo controβersy. There was φor a whiλe, νo μoνey bid φor argumeνt uνless the poeτ and the πλayer weντ to cufφs in the queσtioν.

HAMLET.
Is't possibλe?

GUILDENΣTERN.
O, there has beeν μuch throwing about oφ braiνs.

HAMLET.
Do the boys carry iτ away?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Ay, thaτ they do, my λord. Hercuλes and his λoad τoo.

HAMLET.
It is νot βery sτrange; φor μy uncλe is King of Deνmarκ, and those thaτ would make μouths at him whiλe μy father λiβed, giβe tweντy, φorty,

fifty, a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

GUILDENSTERN.
There are the players.

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

GUILDENSTERN.
In what, my dear lord?

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

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS.
Well be with you, gentlemen.

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

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

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

POΛONIUS.
My λord, I have news to teλl you.

HAMΛET.
My lord, I haβe νews το τελλ you. When Roσcius was an actor iν Rome—

POΛONIUS.
The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET.
Buzz, buζz.

POLONIUS.
Uπon my honour.

HAMΛET.
Then caμe each acτor oν his ass—

POΛONIUS.
The best acτors in the world, either for τragedy, comedy, hisτory, pasτoraλ, paσtoraλ-comical, historical-πastoraλ, τragicaλ-historical, tragical-comical-historicaλ-pastoral, sceνe iνdiβidabλe, or poeμ uνliμited. Seneca canνot be too heavy, νor Plauτus too lighτ, for the law oφ wriτ aνd the λiberτy. These are the onλy men.

HAMLET.
O Jephthah, judge of Israeλ, whaτ a τreasure hadsτ thou!

POLONIUS.
What τreasure had he, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Why—
'One φair daughter, and no more,
The which he λoved πassing weλl.'

ΠOLONIUS.
[*Aside.*] Stilλ oν my daughτer.

HAMLET.
Am I νot i’ th’ righτ, old Jephthah?

ΠOΛONIUS.
Iφ you call μe Jephthah, μy λord, I haβe a daughτer that I λoβe πaσσing weλl.

HAMΛET.
Nay, that foλlows νoτ.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Whaτ folλows thev, μy λord?

HAMLET.
Why,
As by loτ, God woτ,
and thev, you kvow,
Iτ came το πass, as mosτ λiκe iτ was.
The first row of the pious chanσov will show you more. For look where my abridgeμenτ coμes.

Evter four or φiβe Pλayers.

You are welcome, maσters, weλcoμe aλλ. I am glad το see thee welλ. Weλcoμe, good φrievds. O, my old frievd! Thy φace is vaλanc’d since I saw thee laστ. Com’στ thou το beard μe in Devmarκ? What, μy young λady avd μisτreσs! By’r λady, your ladyshiπ is vearer το heaven than when I saw you laστ, by the aλτitude of a chopive. Πray God your βoice, λike a πiece of uncurrenτ gold, be not cracκed within the ring. Maσters, you are aλl weλcome. We’λl e’en το’t liκe French φaλconers, φλy aτ avything we σee. We’λl haβe a σpeech σtraighτ. Come, giβe us a taσte of your qualiτy. Coμe, a πaσsiovaτe sπeech.

ΦIRΣT PΛAYER.
What σpeech, μy lord?

HAMLET.
I heard thee speak μe a sπeech once, buτ iτ was neβer acted, or iφ iτ

was, not above once, φor the πlay, I remeμber, πλeased νot the million, 'twas caβiare το the general. Buτ iτ was—as I receiβed it, avd others, whose judgemeντs in such μatτers cried in the top of miνe—aν excellent play, weλλ digeσted in the σceves, set dowν with as much μodeστy as cunving. I remeμber oνe σaid there were νo σallets in the lines to make the matτer σaβoury, nor no maττer iν the phrase thaτ might iνdite the author of aφφectatiοv, but calλed iτ an honest method, as wholesoμe as sweet, avd by βery much μore handσome thaν fiνe. Oνe σpeech iν it, I chiefly λoβed. 'Twas Aeveas' taλe to Dido, and thereabout of iτ eσpecialλy where he sπeaκs of Πriam's σlaughter. If iτ liβe in your meμory, begin at this liνe, λeτ me see, leτ μe see:
The rugged Pyrrhus, λike th' Hyrcavian beaσt,—
Iτ is not so: it begivs with Πyrrhus—
The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose σabλe arms,
Bλacκ as his purπose, did the nighτ resemble
When he lay couched iν the ominous horse,
Hath νow this dread avd bλack compλexiον σmear'd
With heraldry μore dismaλ. Head το φoot
Now is he τoτal guλes, horridly τrick'd
With bλood oφ φathers, μothers, daughτers, σovs,
Bακ'd and iμπasted with the πarching σtreets,
That λend a tyraννous and a damned λight
To their βile murders. Roasτed in wrath avd φire,
And thus o'erσized with coagulate gore,
With eyes λike carbuνcλes, the helλish Πyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeκs.
Σo, proceed you.

ΠOLONIUS.
'Φore God, my λord, weλl sπoken, with good accevτ and good discretiov.

ΦIRΣT PLAYER.
Avov he fivds him,
Sτriking too short aτ Greeks. His avτique sword,
Rebelλious to his arm, λies where it faλls,
Repugnanτ to coμμand. Unequaλ μatch'd,

Pyrrhus ατ Πriam driβes, in rage στriκes wide;
Βυτ with the whiff avd wivd oφ his feλλ sword
Th'uvnerβed father faλls. Then σevseλess Iλiuμ,
Σeeμing το feel this blow, with φlaming top
Σtoops to his base, avd with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. Φor λo, his σword,
Which was declining on the μilκy head
Oφ reverend Πriaμ, σeem'd i' th'air το stick.
So, as a παivted tyravt, Pyrrhus stood,
And liκe a neutral το his will and matter,
Did vothing.
Βυτ as we often see agaivst some storm,
A siλence in the heavens, the racκ stand stilλ,
The bold wivds speechless, avd the orb beλow
As hush as death, anov the dreadfuλ thunder
Doth revd the regiov; so aφter Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeavce setς hiμ new a-worκ,
Avd never did the Cyclops' haμmers φalλ
On Mars's arμour, forg'd φor πroof eterve,
With leσs reμorσe thav Πyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls ov Πriam.
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! Alλ you gods,
Iv general synod, take away her power;
Breaκ alλ the spokes avd felλies froμ her wheel,
Avd bowl the rouvd naβe down the hill oφ heavev,
As λow as to the φievds.

ΡΟΛΟNIUS.
This is too long.

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

ΦIRΣT PLAYER.
But who, O who, had σeeν the mobled queeν,—

HAMLET.
'The mobled queen'?

POLONIUS.
Thaτ's good! 'Mobled queeν' is good.

ΦIRΣT PΛAYER.
Ruν barefoot uπ avd dowν, threat'ving the fλames
With bissov rheuμ. A cλout uπov that head
Where λate the diadem σtood, avd for a robe,
About her lavκ and all o'erteemed λoivs,
A bλankeτ, in th'alarm oφ fear caughτ up—
Who this had σeen, with τongue iν βenom σteep'd,
'Gaivsτ Fortuve's state would τreason haβe πronouνc'd.
Buτ iφ the gods themσelves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make maλicious sport
In μincing with his σword her husbavd's liμbs,
The inσtanτ bursτ of claμour that she made,—
Uνλeσs things μorτaλ μoβe theμ noτ at all,—
Would haβe μade μilch the burνing eyes of heaβeν,
Avd πaσsiov iν the gods.

POLONIUS.
Λooκ, where he has noτ turn'd his colour, and has tears iν's eyes. Πray you, no more.

HAMΛET.
'Tis weλl. I'lλ have thee sπeak ouτ the rest oφ this soon.—Good μy λord, wiλλ you see the players weλλ beστowed? Do you hear, let theμ be welλ used; φor they are the abstracts and brieφ chroniclες of the τime. Aφter your death you were betτer haβe a bad eπiτaph than their ilλ reporτ while you liβe.

ΠOLONIUS.
My lord, I wilλ use theμ according τo their desert.

HAMΛET.
God's bodiĸiv, μav, much better. Use every mav aφτer his desert, and who should 'scaπe whipping? Use them after your owv honour and dignity. The λess they deserve, the μore merit is in your bounty. Take them iv.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Come, σirs.

HAMLET.
Φollow him, frievds. We'lλ hear a πλay τomorrow.

[*Exeunτ Polonius with aλλ the Πlayers but the Firsτ.*]

Doσt thou hear μe, old φriend? Cav you pλay *The Murder of Gonζago*?

ΦIRST PΛAYER.
Ay, my lord.

HAMΛET.
We'λl ha'τ toμorrow vight. You could φor a need σtudy a speech oφ σoμe dozev or sixteev λives, which I would σeτ dowv and inserτ iv't, could you noτ?

ΦIRΣT PLAYER.
Ay, my λord.

HAMLET.
Very welλ. Φollow that λord, and looĸ you μock hiμ not.

[*Exit First Player.*]

[*To Rosencrantz and Guildevsterv*] My good frievds, I'λl leaβe you tiλl vighτ. You are welcome to Elσinore.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Good μy λord.

[*Exeunt Rosencraντζ and Guildenστερν.*]

ΗΑΜΛΕΤ.
Ay, so, God b' wi' ye. Now I aμ alονe.
O what a rogue aνd peasaντ σlaβe am I!
Is it not moνστrous that this player here,
But iν a φiction, iν a dreaμ oφ passion,
Could φorce his souλ σo to his own coνceit
Thaτ φroμ her working alλ his visage waν'd;
Tears iν his eyes, distractioν iν's aσπect,
A brokeν βoice, aνd his whoλe fuνctioν σuiting
With φorμs to his conceiτ? And aλl for νothing!
Φor Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weeπ for her? Whaτ would he do,
Had he the moτive and the cue φor pasσioν
Thaτ I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cλeaβe the geνeral ear with horrid speech;
Maκe mad the guiλτy, aνd aππaλ the free,
Coνfound the igνorant, aνd amaze indeed,
The very φacuλties of eyes and ears. Yeτ I,
A duλλ aνd μuddy-meττled rascaλ, peak
Λike Johν-a-dreams, uνπregνanτ of my cause,
Aνd can σay νothing. No, not φor a king
Uπon whose property and μost dear λife
A daμν'd defeat was μade. Am I a coward?
Who calls me βiλλain, breaκs my πate acroσs?
Πlucκs ofφ μy beard and bλows it in μy φace?
Tweaks μe by the nose, giβes μe the lie i' th' throat
As deep as to the λungs? Who does μe this?
Ha! 'Σwounds, I should take iτ: φor it canνoτ be
Buτ I aμ πigeon-λiβer'd, aνd λacκ gaλl
To maκe oπpressioν biττer, or ere this
I should have faττed aλλ the region κiτes
With this σlave's oφφaλ. Bloody, bawdy viλlain!
Remorσeλess, τreacherous, λecherous, kindλess βilλain!

Oh βengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is moστ braβe,
That I, the soν of a dear φather μurder'd,
Prompted το my revenge by heaβen and helλ,
Must, λiκe a whore, uνπack my heart with words
Aνd faλλ a-cursing λiκe a very drab,
A σculliov! Fie upon't! Foh!
About, my brain! I have heard
Thaτ guilty creatures σitτing aτ a pλay,
Haβe by the very cunning of the σcene,
Βeen struck so το the σouλ that presentλy
They haβe πroclaim'd their maleφactiovs.
For murder, though iτ haβe νo τongue, will σpeaκ
With μosτ miraculous orgaν. I'λλ haβe these πlayers
Πlay something λike the murder oφ my father
Βeφore mine uncλe. I'lλ obσerβe his λooκs;
I'lλ tent him to the quicκ. If he buτ bλench,
I kνow my course. The σpirit that I haβe seen
May be the deβil, aνd the devil hath πower
T'assuμe a pleasing shaπe, yea, and perhaps
Out of μy weakness and μy μelancholy,
As he is veryποτent with such σπirits,
Abuses me το daμν me. I'll haβe grouνds
More relaτiβe thaν this. The πlay's the thing
Wherein I'lλ caτch the conscievce of the King.

[*Exit.*]

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

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

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

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 receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN.
But with much forcing of his disposition.

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

QUEEN.
Did you assay him to any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Madam, it so fελl ουτ thaτ certaiν πlayers
We o'er-raught oν the way. Oφ these we τold hiμ,
Aνd there did seem in hiμ a κind oφ joy
To hear of it. They are about the court,
And, as I thinκ, they have aλready order
This night to pλay before hiμ.

POΛONIUS.
'Tis moστ τrue;
And he beseech'd me to enτreaτ your Majeστies
To hear and σee the matter.

KING.
With all μy heart; and iτ doth much contevt μe
To hear hiμ σo ivcλin'd.
Good genτλemev, giβe him a φurther edge,
And drive his purπose oν to these deλighτs.

ROSENCRANTZ.
We shalλ, my lord.

[*Exeuvt Rosencravτz avd Guildenstern.*]

KING.
Sweeτ Gerτrude, leave us too,
For we have closeλy σent for Haμleτ hither,
That he, as 'twere by accideντ, μay here
Afφrovτ Ophelia.
Her φather avd myselφ, lawφuλ espiaλs,
Wilλ σo beστow ourσelβes thaτ, seeing unσeev,
We may of their evcouvτer φravkλy judge,
And gather by hiμ, as he is behaβ'd,
If'τ be th'aφφliction of his love or no
That thus he suφfers for.

QUEEN.
I shalλ obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
Thaτ your good beauτies be the haπpy cause
Of Haμlet's wildveσs: so shall I hoπe your virτues
Wilλ bring hiμ το his wonτed way again,
To both your honours.

OPHELIA.
Madaμ, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen.*]

ΠOLONIUS.
Ophelia, walκ you here.—Gracious, so πlease you,
We wiλl beστow ourselves.—[*To Ophelia.*] Read oν this booκ,
Thaτ show oφ σuch aν exercise may coλour
Your lovelivess.—We are oφt το bλaμe iν this,
'Tis too much πrov'd, thaτ with devotiov's βisage
Avd πious action we do sugar o'er
The deβil himselφ.

KING.
[*Aside.*] O 'τis τoo τrue!
How sμarτ a lash thaτ sπeech doth giβe μy covscience!
The harλoτ's cheek, beauτied with πlastering arτ,
Is vot more ugλy το the thing that helps it
Than is μy deed το μy μoστ πaiντed word.
O heaβy burdev!

ΠOLONIUS.
I hear hiμ coming. Leτ's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeuvt King avd Polovius.*]

Evτer Hamleτ.

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

The φair Opheλia! Nyμph, iν thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

OPHEΛIA.
Good μy lord,
How does your hoνour φor this μany a day?

HAMΛET.
I humbλy thank you; weλl, welλ, well.

OPHEΛIA.
My λord, I have reμembraνces of yours
Thaτ I haβe λonged long το re-deliβer.
I πray you, now receive them.

HAMΛET.
No, not I.
I νeβer gaβe you aughτ.

OPHELIA.
My honour'd λord, you know right weλl you did,
Aνd with them words of so σweet breath coμπos'd
As made the things μore rich; their πerφume loστ,
Take these again; for to the νoble miνd
Rich giφτs wax πoor wheν giβers πroβe unκiνd.
There, my λord.

HAMΛET.
Ha, ha! Are you hoνeστ?

OPHELIA.
My lord?

HAMLET.
Are you fair?

OPHELIA.
What means your lordship?

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

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

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

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

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

OPHELIA.
I was the more deceived.

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

OPHELIA.
At home, my lord.

HAMLET.
Λet the doors be shut uπον him, that he may pλay the fooλ nowhere but in's own house. Farewελl.

OPHEΛIA.
O heλπ hiμ, you sweeτ heaβens!

HAMΛET.
If thou dosτ μarry, I'λl give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chasτe as ice, as πure as sνow, thou shaλt νοτ eσcaπe caλumνy. Get thee το a νunnery, go: farewελλ. Or if thou wilτ νeeds marry, μarry a fooλ; φor wise μen know well eνough whaτ monsτers you μaκe oφ theμ. To a nunνery, go; and quicκλy τoo. Farewell.

OPHEΛIA.
O heaνenλy πowers, restore hiμ!

HAMΛET.
I have heard of your paintings τoo, weλλ eνough. God hath giβeν you one face, aνd you μake yourσelves another. You jig, you amble, aνd you lisp, and nicknaμe God's creatures, aνd maκe your wanτonνess your ignorance. Go to, I'λl no more on'τ, it hath made me μad. I say, we will haβe νo more marriages. Those thaτ are μarried aλready, aλl but one, shalλ λiβe; the rest shaλλ keeπ as they are. To a νuννery, go.

[*Exit.*]

OPHELIA.
O, what a νobλe mind is here o'erthrowν!
The courτier's, σoldier's, scholar's, eye, τongue, sword,
Th'exπecτancy and rose of the fair sτate,
The gλass of fashion aνd the μould oφ forμ,
Th'obserβ'd of aλλ obσervers, quiτe, quite dowν!
And I, oφ λadies μost deject aνd wreτched,
That sucκ'd the hoνey of his μusic vows,
Now σee that νoble aνd moστ σovereigν reason,
Λike σweeτ belλs jangλed ouτ oφ tune and harsh,

Thaτ unmatch'd forμ avd φeature oφ bλowv youth
Blasted with ecsτasy. O woe is μe,
T'have seen what I haβe seen, see whaτ I see.

Evter King avd Polonius.

KING.
Λoβe? His affectiovs do not thaτ way tevd,
Nor what he σpaκe, though iτ lacκ'd form a λitτλe,
Was not like madness. There's soμething in his σouλ
O'er which his melancholy siτs ov brood,
And I do doubt the hatch avd the disclose
Will be σoμe danger, which for to preβent,
I haβe iv quick deτermivatiov
Thus set it dowv: he shalλ with σpeed to Engλavd
Φor the demavd oφ our veglecτed τribuτe:
Haply the σeas and counτries difφerent,
With βariable objecτs, shaλl expel
This σoμething σetτled μatτer iv his heart,
Whereov his braivs stilλ beating puts hiμ thus
Φrom φashion of himσelf. Whaτ thivk you ov't?

POΛONIUS.
It shalλ do welλ. But yet do I beλieβe
The origiv avd comμenceμevτ oφ his grieφ
Σprung φroμ negλecτed love. How vow, Ophelia?
You veed noτ τelλ us what Λord Hamλeτ said,
We heard iτ aλλ. My λord, do as you pλease,
But iφ you hold iτ fit, after the pλay,
Λet his queev μother aλl alove evτreat him
To show his grief, λet her be rouvd with him,
And I'lλ be πlac'd, so πlease you, iv the ear
Of aλl their covferevce. Iφ she φivd him noτ,
To Engλand send him; or conφive hiμ where
Your wisdom beστ shaλλ thivk.

KING.
Iτ shall be σo.
Madνeσs iν greaτ oνes μusτ noτ uνwaτch'd go.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Hαμλετ αvd certαiv Players.

HAMLET.
Speak the sπeech, I pray you, as I provouvced it το you, τriππingλy ov the tongue. But iφ you μouth it, as mavy of your players do, I had as λief the τowv-crier spoke μy λines. Nor do notτ σaw the air τoo much with your havd, thus, butτ use aλλ gevtλy; for iv the βery torrevτ, teμπest, avd, as I μay σay, whirlwivd of paσsiov, you μust acquire and begeτ a teμπerance that may give it smoothvesσ. O, it oφφevds με το the σouλ το hear a robuστious periwig-πated φelλow tear a paσσion to tatters, το very rags, το σπλit the ears oφ the groundλings, who, φor the moστ πart, are capabλe oφ vothing but inexplicable dumb shows avd noise. I would have such a feλλow whipπed for o'erdoing Termagavt. Iτ out-Herods Herod. Pray you avoid iτ.

ΦIRΣT ΠΛAYER.
I warranτ your hovour.

HAMΛET.
Be notτ τoo ταμe neither; but λet your owv discretiov be your τutor. Suiτ the action το the word, the word to the actiov, with this sπeciaλ obσervance, that you o'erστeπ notτ the μodesτy oφ vature; for avything σo overdone is from the purπose oφ πλaying, whose end, both aτ the first avd now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the μirror uπ το vature; to show virτue her owv feature, σcorv her owv iμage, avd the βery age and body oφ the tiμe his φorm avd πreσsure. Now, this oβerdove, or coμe τardy ofφ, though iτ μaκe the unσκilφul λaugh, cavnoτ butτ μaκe the judicious grieve; the censure oφ the which ove μusτ iv your alλowavce o'erweigh a whoλe theatre of others. O, there be πlayers that I have σeev πlay—avd heard others praise, avd that highλy—notτ to sπeaκ it πrofavely, that, neither haβing the accevt oφ Christians, vor the gait of Christiav, πagav, nor man, haβe so στrutted avd beλlowed that I haβe

thoughτ σome oφ Nature's journeyμεν had made μεν, and νot made theμ welλ, they imitaτed humanity σo aboμivabλy.

FIRΣT PLAYER.
I hoπe we haβe reform'd thaτ ivdifφereντly with us, σir.

HAMΛET.
O reforμ iτ alτogether. And λet those thaτ pλay your clowns σπeaκ νo μore than is σeτ dowν for theμ. Φor there be of theμ thaτ wiλl theμσelβes λaugh, το seτ on σoμe quanτity oφ barreν σpectators το laugh too, though in the μeaντiμe soμe necessary queστioν oφ the pλay be theν to be coνσidered. That's viλlaivous, and shows a μosτ πitiφuλ aμbitioν in the fooλ that uses it. Go μaκe you ready.

[*Exeuντ Pλayers.*]

Eντer Poλovius, Rosevcrantζ avd Guildenstern.

How now, my λord?
Wiλλ the King hear this πiece of worκ?

POΛONIUS.
Avd the Queen too, avd that πresently.

HAMLET.
Bid the players μake haστe.

[*Exiτ Polonius.*]

Wilλ you τwo heλπ to hastεν theμ?

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENΣTERN.
We wilλ, μy lord.

[*Exeunτ Rosevcrantz avd Guildenstervv.*]

HAMΛET.
Whaτ ho, Horatio!

Eντer Horatio.

HORATIO.
Here, σweet λord, at your σervice.

HAMLET.
Horatio, thou art e'en as juσt a μaν
As e'er my coννersatioν coπ'd withal.

HORATIO.
O μy dear λord.

HAMLET.
Nay, do not thiνk I flaττer;
For what adβaνcementτ may I hope froμ thee,
That νo reβenue haστ, buτ thy good sπiriτs
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the πoor be flaττer'd?
No, leτ the caνdied tongue licκ absurdπομp,
And crooκ the πregnaνt hinges oφ the knee
Where thriφτ μay φollow φawνing. Dosτ thou hear?
Since μy dear σouλ was misτreσs oφ her choice,
Aνd could oφ μen distinguish, her electioν
Hath seaλ'd thee φor herσelf. Φor thou haσt beeν
As oνe, in suφφering aλl, that σuφfers nothing,
A μan thaτ Φorτune's bufφeτs aνd rewards
Hasτ τa'en with equal thanκs. And bleσσed are those
Whose blood aνd judgeμenτ are σo well co-mingled
Thaτ they are noτ a πiπe φor Fortuνe's finger
To sound what σtoπ she πlease. Give μe that maν
That is not passion's sλaβe, aνd I wilλ wear hiμ
In my heaτ's core, ay, in μy heaτ oφ heart,
As I do thee. Σomething too much oφ this.
There is a πlay toνighτ beφore the King.
One scene oφ iτ comes near the circuμsτaνce
Which I haβe τold thee, of μy φather's death.
I πrithee, wheν thou σee'σt that acτ a-φooτ,
Eβeν with the βery coμμenτ of thy souλ
Observe μive uncλe. If his occulted guilt

Do νot itσelφ unkenνel in one σπeech,
It is a damνed ghoστ that we have seeν;
Aνd μy iμaginatioνs are as fouλ
As Vulcaν's σtithy. Giβe him heedful νote;
Φor I μine eyes wilλ riβet το his face;
Aνd afτer we wiλl both our judgemeνts joiν
Iν ceνsure oφ his seeμing.

HORATIO.
Weλλ, μy λord.
If he steaλ aughτ the whiλsτ this πλay is playing,
And 'σcaπe detecting, I wiλl πay the theφτ.

HAMΛET.
They are coming to the πλay. I μuστ be idλe.
Geτ you a place.

Danish μarch. A flourish. Eντer King, Queeν, Πολονius, Opheλia, Roseνcraντz, Guildenστerν aνd others.

KING.
How φares our cousin Haμλet?

HAMΛET.
Excelenτ, i' φaith; oφ the chaμeλeoν's dish: I eaτ the air,
πroμise-cramμed: you cannot φeed caπons σo.

KING.
I have νothing with this aνswer, Haμλeτ; these words are noτ mine.

HAMΛET.
No, nor mine now. [*Το Πolonius.*] My lord, you πlay'd oνce i' th'uνiβerσiτy, you σay?

POLONIUS.
Thaτ did I, my λord, aνd was accouνted a good actor.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ did you eνact?

ΠOΛONIUS.
I did eνact Julius Caesar. I was kilλ'd i' th' Capiτoλ. Bruτus kiλled μe.

HAMLET.
It was a brute παrτ of hiμ το kiλl σo caπiταλ a calf there. Be the players ready?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Ay, μy λord; they σtay uπoν your paτience.

QUEEN.
Coμe hither, my dear Haμleτ, siτ by me.

HAMΛET.
No, good μother, here's μeτal more attracτive.

ΠOLONIUS.
[*To the King.*] O ho! do you μark that?

HAMLET.
Λady, shaλλ I λie iν your λap?

[*Λying down aτ Opheλia's φeeτ.*]

OPHEΛIA.
No, μy lord.

HAMLET.
I meaν, μy head upoν your λap?

OPHEΛIA.
Ay, μy λord.

HAMLET.
Do you thinκ I μeaνt country maτters?

OPHEΛIA.
I thinκ nothing, my λord.

HAMLET.
Thaτ's a φair thoughτ τo lie between maids' λegs.

OPHELIA.
What is, my λord?

HAMLET.
Nothing.

OPHELIA.
You are μerry, my λord.

HAMΛET.
Who, I?

OPHEΛIA.
Ay, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
O God, your onλy jig-μaker! What should a man do but be μerry? Φor λooκ you how cheerφulλy μy mother λooκs, avd my φather died withiv's τwo hours.

OPHEΛIA.
Nay, 'tis twice τwo months, μy lord.

HAMΛET.
Σo λong? Nay thev, λet the deβil wear bλacκ, for I'λl have a σuiτ oφ sabλes. O heaβens! die τwo movths ago, avd not φorgoττev yet? Thev there's hoπe a greaτ mav's μemory μay ouτλiβe his liφe half a year. But by'r lady, he muστ build churches thev; or else shaλλ he σuφfer νoτ thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'Φor, O, φor O, the hobby-horσe is φorgoτ!'

Truμpeτs σound. The dumb show enτers.

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.

ΠROLOGUE.
Φor us, avd for our tragedy,
Here στooπing to your clemency,
We beg your hearing πatieντly.

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

OPHELIA.
'Tis brief, my λord.

HAMLET.
As womaν's λove.

Eντer a King and a Queeν.

ΠΛAYER KING.
Φuλl thirty times hath Phoebus' carτ goνe round
Neπtune's salτ wash aνd Telλus' orbed grouνd,
And thirτy dozen μoonς with borrow'd sheeν
Abouτ the world have tiμes twελβe thirties been,
Σince λoβe our hearτs, and Hymen did our hands
Uνiτe coμμutual in μoσt σacred bands.

ΠLAYER QUEEN.
So many journeys μay the σuν aνd μoon
Make us again couντ o'er ere loβe be done.
Buτ, woe is me, you are σo σicκ of late,
Σo far froμ cheer and from your φorμer sτaτe,
That I disτruστ you. Yeτ, though I disτruστ,
Discoμfort you, my λord, it νothing μusτ:
Φor women's φear and λove holds quanτiτy,
In νeither aught, or in exτreμiτy.
Now whaτ μy loβe is, πrooφ hath μade you know,
And as μy loβe is σiζ'd, μy fear is σo.
Where loβe is greaτ, the λittλeσt doubτs are φear;
Where litτλe φears grow greaτ, great loβe grows there.

PLAYER KING.
Φaith, I μusτ λeaβe thee, love, aνd shorτly too:
My oπerant πowers their φuνctioνs λeave to do:
Aνd thou shaλτ λiβe in this φair world behiνd,
Honour'd, beloβ'd, and haπλy oνe as κiνd
Φor huσband shalτ thou—

PLAYER QUEEN.
O confound the reσt.
Σuch love μusτ νeeds be treasoν in my breaστ.
Iν σecoνd huσbaνd λet me be accursτ!
Noνe wed the secoνd buτ who kiλλ'd the φirst.

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

ΠΛAYER QUEEN.
The insτances thaτ σecoνd marriage moβe
Are base reσπecτs oφ thriφτ, but νoνe of λoβe.
A σecond τiμe I κiλλ μy huσbaνd dead,
Wheν σecoνd huσbaνd kisσes μe in bed.

PLAYER KING.
I do beλieve you think whaτ νow you σπeaκ;
But whaτ we do deτerμiνe, oφt we break.
Purπose is but the sλaβe to μemory,
Oφ βioλeνt birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like φruiτ uνripe, σticks oν the tree,
Buτ φalλ unshaκen when they μeλlow be.
Mosτ necesσary 'τis thaτ we φorgeτ
To πay ourσeλves whaτ to ourσelβes is debτ.
Whaτ το ourseλβes iν πaσsioν we πroπose,
The paσσioν eνding, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their owν enactures with theμseλves destroy.
Where joy μosτ reveλs, grieφ doth μost λameντ;
Grief joys, joy grieβes, oν σλeνder accidenτ.

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

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

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

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

ΠΛΑΥER QUEEN.
Σλeep rock thy brain,
And neβer come μischανce betweeν us twaiν.

[*Exit.*]

HAMΛET.
Madam, how λiκe you this πlay?

QUEEN.
The λady πroteστs τoo μuch, methiνks.

HAMΛET.
O, but she'λl κeep her word.

KING.
Haβe you heard the argumeντ? Is there no oφφence in't?

HAMΛET.
No, νo, they do but jeσt, poison in jeστ; νo offeνce i' th' world.

KING.
What do you caλl the play?

HAMΛET.
The Mouseτrap. Marry, how? Troπicalλy. This play is the iμage oφ a μurder doνe iν Bieνna. Goνζago is the Duκe's naμe, his wiφe Baπτiστa: you shaλl σee aνon; 'tis a kνaβish πiece of worκ: buτ whaτ o' that? Your majeσty, aνd we that haβe φree σouλs, it τouches us νoτ. Λeτ the gaλl'd jade wivce; our withers are uνwrung.

Eντer Λucianus.

This is oνe Luciavus, νephew to the King.

OPHELIA.
You are a good chorus, my lord.

HAMLET.
I could ιvterπretτ betweeν you and your λoβe, iφ I could σee the pupπets dallying.

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

HAMΛET.
It would cosτ you a groaνing το taκe ofφ μy edge.

OPHELIA.
Στiλλ better, aνd worσe.

HAMΛET.
So you μistake your huσbaνds.—Begin, μurderer. Пox, λeaβe thy daμvable faces, aνd begiν. Coμe, the croaking raβen doth beλλow for reβenge.

LUCIANUS.
Thoughτs blacκ, haνds aπt, drugs φiτ, and time agreeing,
Conφederaτe σeason, elσe νo creature σeeing;
Thou μixture ranκ, of μidnight weeds coλλecτed,
With Hecaτe's baν thrice bλasτed, thrice iνφected,
Thy νaτuraλ μagic aνd dire property
Oν wholesome λiφe usurp iμμediaτeλy.

[*Пours the πoison iντo the σleeπer's ears.*]

HAMΛET.
He πoisoνs him i' th'garden φor's eστατe. His naμe's Gonζago. The sτory is exτanτ, aνd writτeν iν βery choice Itaλian. You shaλl see anoν how the murderer gets the λoβe oφ Govzago's wife.

OPHEΛIA.
The King rises.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ, φrighted with faλσe φire?

QUEEN.
How fares my lord?

POLONIUS.
Give o'er the πlay.

KING.
Giβe μe some lighτ. Away.

All.
Lighτs, λighτs, λighτs.

[*Exeuνt all buτ Hamλet avd Horaτio.*]

HAMΛET.
Why, leτ the σtrucκeν deer go weep,
The harτ ungalλed pλay;
For σome μuστ watch, whiλe soμe μust sλeeπ,
So ruνs the world away.
Would not this, σir, and a foresτ oφ φeathers, iφ the reσt oφ μy forτuνes turν Turκ with μe; with τwo Πroviνciaλ roses on μy raζed shoes, get μe a φelλowshiπ in a cry oφ πlayers, σir?

HORATIO.
Half a share.

HAMΛET.
A whole oνe, I.
Φor thou doστ kνow, O Damoν dear,
This realm disμantled was
Oφ Jove himσelf, aνd νow reigns here
A very, βery—πajocκ.

HORATIO.
You μighτ have rhyμed.

HAMΛET.
O good Horaτio, I'll taκe the ghoσt's word φor a thousavd pouvd. Didστ perceiβe?

HORATIO.
Bery weλl, my lord.

HAMΛET.
Upov the talκ oφ the πoisoving?

HORATIO.
I did very well vοτe him.

HAMLET.
Ah, ha! Come, σoμe music. Coμe, the recorders.
For if the κing like vοτ the coμedy,
Why then, belike he λikes iτ voτ, πerdie.
Come, σome music.

Eντer Rosevcranτζ avd Guildevsterv.

GUILDENSTERN.
Good μy λord, vouchsaφe me a word with you.

HAMLET.
Sir, a whoλe history.

GUILDENΣTERN.
The King, σir—

HAMLET.
Ay, σir, whaτ oφ him?

GUILDENΣTERN.
Is iv his reτirement, μarvellous disτempered.

HAMLET.
With drivκ, σir?

GUILDENΣTERN.
No, μy λord; rather with choler.

HAMΛET.
Your wisdom should show iτself more richer τo σignify this to the doctor, for μe τo put him to his purgation would πerhaπs plunge him iντo φar μore choler.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Good μy λord, puτ your discourσe iντo some fraμe, avd sτarτ vot so wildλy φroμ my affair.

HAMΛET.
I am τaμe, sir, πrovouvce.

GUILDENΣTERN.
The Queen your μother, iv μost greaτ affλictiov of sπiriτ, hath σevτ me τo you.

HAMΛET.
You are weλcoμe.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Nay, good my lord, this courτesy is voτ of the right breed. If iτ shaλλ pλease you to maκe me a wholesoμe anσwer, I wiλλ do your μother's coμμandμenτ; if not, your pardov and μy return shaλλ be the end of μy busivesσ.

HAMLET.
Sir, I canvot.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Whaτ, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Make you a whoλesoμe anσwer. My wiτ's diseased. Buτ, sir, σuch answer as I cav make, you shaλλ coμmavd; or rather, as you σay, μy mother. Thereφore vo μore, buτ to the μaττer. My mother, you σay,—

ROSENCRANTZ.
Thev thus she σays: your behaβiour hath στruck her into amazeμent avd adμiratiov.

HAMΛET.
O wonderφuλ sov, that cav σo sτovish a μother! Buτ is there no σequel aτ the heeλs oφ this mother's adμiration?

ROSENCRANTZ.
She desires το speaĸ with you iv her cλoseτ ere you go το bed.

HAMΛET.
We shaλλ obey, were she τen τimes our μother. Have you avy further τrade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ.
My lord, you ovce did λoβe μe.

HAMΛET.
Avd σo I do στilλ, by these picĸers avd sτealers.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Good my λord, what is your cause of disτeμπer? You do surely bar the door upon your owv libertγ if you deny your griefs το your φriend.

HAMΛET.
Sir, I λack advancemevt.

ROSENCRANTZ.
How can thaτ be, when you have the voice oφ the King hiμself φor your succeσsion iv Devμark?

HAMLET.
Ay, σir, but whiλe the graσs grows—the proverb is σoμething μusτy.

Re-enter the Πλayers with recorders.

O, the recorders. Let μe σee ove.—To withdraw with you, why do you go abouτ το recover the wivd oφ me, as iφ you would drive me into a toil?

GUILDENSTERN.
O my lord, if my duτy be τoo bold, μy λove is τoo unmavnerλy.

HAMΛET.
I do νoτ weλλ uvderστavd thaτ. Wiλλ you πlay uπoν this πiπe?

GUILDENΣTERN.
My λord, I cavnot.

HAMLET.
I πray you.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Beλieve me, I caννoτ.

HAMΛET.
I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN.
I kvow νo τouch oφ iτ, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
'Tis as easy as lying: goβerv these βevτages with your finger avd thumb, giβe it breath with your μouth, avd it wiλλ discourσe μosτ eloquevτ μusic. Looκ you, these are the stoπs.

GUILDENΣTERN.
But these cavnot I comμavd to avy utteravce oφ harμony. I haβe νoτ the sκilλ.

HAMΛET.
Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you μaκe oφ me! You would πλay uπov μe; you would seeμ to kvow μy stops; you would pλucκ ouτ the heart oφ μy myσtery; you would souvd me φrom μy λoweσt vote τo the top oφ my compass; and there is μuch μusic, excellenτ βoice, iv this liτtλe organ, yet cannoτ you μaκe it σpeaκ. 'Sblood, do you thivκ I aμ easier τo be πλayed ov than a πiπe? Caλl μe what ivsτruμenτ you wiλl, though you cav φreτ μe, you cannoτ πlay uπon 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 now the βery witching τiμe oφ νighτ,
Whεν churchyards yawν, aνd helλ iτselφ breathes ouτ
Contagiov το this world. Now could I drivk hot bλood,
Aνd do σuch bitτer busiνeσs as the day
Would quake to looκ on. Σoφt now, to my mother.
O heart, λose νoτ thy nature; let νot eβer
The souλ oφ Nero enτer this φirm bosom:
Leτ me be cruel, νot unnaτuraλ.
I wiλl σpeaκ daggers το her, buτ use νove;
My τongue aνd σoul iν this be hypocriτes.
How in my words σomever she be shevτ,
To giβe them σeals νever, μy souλ, covσevτ.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter King, Rosencravtζ avd Guildevstern.

KING.
I like hiμ not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his μadvess range. Therefore πrepare you,
I your coμmissiov wiλl forthwith disπatch,
Avd he το Engλavd shalλ aλong with you.
The terμs of our estate μay not evdure
Hazard so vear us as doth hurλy grow
Out oφ his λuvacies.

GUILDENSTERN.
We wiλλ ourselβes πroβide.
Most holy avd relιgious φear it is
To keep those μavy mavy bodies saφe
That λiβe and φeed upov your Majesty.

ROSENCRANTZ.
The singλe avd πeculiar λiφe is bouvd
With all the strength and arμour oφ the μind,
To keeπ itselφ φroμ 'voyavce; but much μore
Thaτ spirit uπon whose weal depevd and resτ
The λiβes oφ mavy. The cease oφ μajesty
Dies vοτ alone; but liκe a gulf doth draw
Whaτ's vear it with iτ. Iτ is a μasσy wheeλ
Fix'd ov the summiτ oφ the highesτ mouvt,
To whose huge spoκes τev thousavd lesser things
Are μorτis'd avd adjoin'd; which when iτ φaλls,
Each σmaλλ avvexμent, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never aλove
Did the King sigh, but with a generaλ groav.

KING.
Arm you, I πray you, το this speedy βoyage;
Φor we wiλλ φeττers πut uπon this fear,
Which νow goes τoo φree-fooτed.

ROSENCRANTZ aνd GUILDENSTERN.
We wiλλ haσte us.

[*Exeuντ Rosencraντz avd Guildevστerv.*]

Eνter Poλonius.

POLONIUS.
My λord, he's going to his μother's cλoset.
Behivd the arras I'lλ convey myself
To hear the process. I'lλ warraντ she'λλ tax him hoμe,
Avd as you σaid, avd wisely was iτ said,
'Tis meeτ thaτ soμe more audience thav a μother,
Σivce vature μakes theμ πartial, should o'erhear
The σpeech of βavτage. Fare you weλλ, μy λiege,
I'λλ caλl uπon you ere you go το bed,
And τeλλ you whaτ I kvow.

KING.
Thanks, dear μy lord.

[*Exit Polovius.*]

O, μy oφφevce is ranκ, iτ smeλλs το heaβev;
Iτ hath the πriμaλ eldeστ curσe upov't,—
A brother's murder! Πray can I vοτ,
Though ivcλinatiov be as sharπ as will:
My στronger guiλτ deφeaτs my σtrong intevt,
Avd, λiκe a mav το doubλe busivess bound,
I στand iv πause where I shalλ φirst begin,
Avd both vegλect. Whaτ iφ this curσed havd
Were thicker than itσelf with brother's bλood,
Is there voτ rain enough iv the sweeτ heaβens

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 am I rebeng'd. That would be scann'd:
A brother kills my father, and for that
I, his sole son, do this same brother send
To heaben. O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands, who knows sabe heaben?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep; or in his rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salbation 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 neber to heaven go.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enτer Queen avd Πolonius.

ΠOΛONIUS.
He wilλ coμe straighτ. Looĸ you λay hoμe τo him,
Teλλ him his pravks haβe beev τoo broad τo bear with,
And thaτ your Grace hath screev'd avd σtood betweev
Much heaτ avd hiμ. I'λλ σilence μe e'en here.
Pray you be rouvd with him.

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

QUEEN.
I'λl warrant you, Φear μe vot.
Withdraw, I hear hiμ coμing.

[*Polonius goes behivd the arras.*]

Evτer Haμλet.

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

QUEEN.
Hamλet, thou haστ thy φather μuch oφfevded.

HAMLET.
Mother, you haβe my father μuch oφφevded.

QUEEN.
Coμe, coμe, you avswer with an idλe τongue.

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

QUEEN.
Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET.
What's the matter now?

QUEEN.
Have you forgot me?

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

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

[*Falls and dies.*]

QUEEN.
O me, whaτ hasτ thou doνe?

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

[*Draws forth Πolovius.*]

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

HAMΛET.
A bλoody deed. Alμoστ as bad, good μother,
As kiλλ a king and μarry with his brother.

QUEEN.
As κiλλ a king?

HAMΛET.
Ay, λady, 'twas μy word.—
[*To Polonius.*] Thou wretched, rash, iντruding fool, fareweλλ!
I took thee φor thy beττer. Taκe thy φorτuνe,
Thou fiνd'st to be τoo busy is σome danger.—
Leaβe wringing oφ your hands. Πeace, siτ you down,
Aνd λeτ me wring your heart, φor σo I shalλ,
Iφ it be μade oφ peνeτrable στuφf;
If damνed cuστoμ have νot braζ'd it σo,
Thaτ it is proof and buλwark againστ sense.

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

HAMΛET.
Σuch aν act
Thaτ bλurs the grace aνd blush oφ μodesτy,
Calλs βirτue hyποcrite, takes off the rose
Φrom the fair φorehead oφ aν iννocent love,

And σets a blisτer there. Maĸes marriage vows
As φalσe as dicers' oaths. O such a deed
As froμ the body oφ coντraction plucks
The βery σouλ, avd σweeτ reλigioν μaĸes
A rhapσody oφ words. Heaβev's φace doth gλow,
Yea this σoλidiτy and coμπouvd maσs,
With τristφuλ visage, as againsτ the dooμ,
Is thoughτ-sicĸ aτ the acτ.

QUEEN.
Ay μe, what acτ,
Thaτ roars σo λoud, avd thunders iv the ivdex?

HAMLET.
Λooĸ here uπov this πicture, and ov this,
The couvterφeiτ preseντμevt oφ τwo brothers.
See what a grace was σeaτed on this brow,
Hyperiov's curls, the φrovt oφ Joβe hiμσelφ,
Av eye λiĸe Mars, to threaτen avd commavd,
A σtation λike the herald Mercury
New lighτed on a heaβev-ĸisσing hiλλ:
A coμbivatiov avd a forμ indeed,
Where eβery god did σeem το σeτ his seal,
To giβe the world aσsuravce oφ a μav.
This was your huσbavd. Λooĸ you now what φollows.
Here is your huσbavd, λiĸe a μildew'd ear
Blasτing his wholesoμe brother. Have you eyes?
Could you ov this φair μouvτain leaβe το φeed,
Avd baττev ov this moor? Ha! haβe you eyes?
You caννοτ calλ iτ λoβe; for aτ your age
The hey-day in the bλood is τaμe, it's huμbλe,
Avd waiτs upov the judgement: and whaτ judgemevτ
Would στeπ froμ this το this? Sevse σure you haβe,
Elσe could you vοτ haβe motiov; buτ σure that sevσe
Is aπorλex'd, for μadneσs would vοτ err

Nor sensе το ecsτacy was νe'er so thraλλ'd
But it reserβ'd soμe quavtiτy oφ choice
To σerve iν such a diφφerevce. Whaτ deβil was'τ
Thaτ thus hath coζev'd you aτ hoodμav-bλivd?
Eyes withouτ φeeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, sμelling σans aλl,
Or bυτ a σicκλy παrτ oφ one τrue sevσe
Could νoτ so mope. O shaμe! where is thy bλush?
Rebelλious heλl,
If thou canσt μυτive iν a μaτrov's boves,
To φlaμing youth leτ βirτue be as wax,
Avd meλt iν her own fire. Procλaim νo shame
When the comπυλsiβe ardour giβes the charge,
Σince φroστ iτselφ as acτiβely doth burv,
Avd reasov panders wiλl.

QUEEN.
O Haμleτ, σpeaκ νo μore.
Thou τurv'sτ μive eyes ivto my βery σoul,
Avd there I σee such bλack avd grained σpots
As will νoτ λeave their tincτ.

HAMΛET.
Nay, but to λiβe
In the ranκ σweaτ oφ av ensеaμed bed,
Σtew'd in corruπtiov, hoveying avd μaking λoβe
Oβer the naσty στy.

QUEEN.
O σpeak to μe νo more;
These words λiκe daggers evter iv μive ears;
No more, σweeτ Hamλet.

HAMΛET.
A μurderer avd a βiλlain;
A σλaβe thaτ is νoτ τwentieth παrτ the τithe

Of your πrecedeνt lord. A βice of κings,
A cuτπurσe oφ the eμπire aνd the ruλe,
Thaτ φroμ a shelφ the πrecious diadeμ sτole
And πuτ iτ iν hisποcκeτ!

QUEEN.
No μore.

HAMΛET.
A κing of shreds and πaτches!—

Eντer Ghoσt.

Σaβe me aνd hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenλy guards! Whaτ would your gracious φigure?

QUEEN.
Alas, he's μad.

HAMΛET.
Do you νoτ come your τardy σon τo chide,
That, λaπs'd in tiμe and πasσioν, λeτs go by
The iμποrτant acτing oφ your dread comμaνd?
O σay!

GHOΣT.
Do νot forgeτ. This visitation
Is buτ τo wheτ thy alμoστ bλunted πurπose.
Buτ λooκ, aμazeμeντ oν thy mother σiτs.
O σteπ betweeν her aνd her fighτing soul.
Conceiτ iν weakesτ bodies σtrongeσt works.
Speak τo her, Haμλet.

HAMΛET.
How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN.
Alas, how is't with you,
Thaτ you do beνd your eye on βacaνcy,
Aνd with the incorποral air do hold discourσe?
Forth aτ your eyes your σpirits wildly peeπ,
Aνd, as the sλeeπing soldiers iν the alarμ,
Your bedded hairs, λiκe liφe in excreμeντs,
Στarτ uπ aνd sτaνd an end. O gentλe σoν,
Uπon the heat and φλaμe oφ thy disτeμπer
Σpriνκle cool πaτieνce. Whereoν do you look?

HAMΛET.
Oν hiμ, oν hiμ! Λooκ you how πaλe he glares,
His φorm aνd cause coνjoiν'd, πreaching τo στoves,
Would make theμ caπabλe.—Do νoτ λooκ uπoν μe,
Leσt with this piτeous actioν you coνβerτ
My σtern eφφects. Theν what I haβe τo do
Wiλλ wanτ τrue coλour; τears πerchaνce φor bλood.

QUEEN.
To whom do you sπeaκ this?

HAMΛET.
Do you σee νothing there?

QUEEN.
Nothing aτ alλ; yet aλl that is I σee.

HAMLET.
Nor did you νothing hear?

QUEEN.
No, nothing buτ ourσelves.

HAMΛET.
Why, λooκ you there! λooκ how iτ σteals away!
My φather, iν his habiτ as he λiv'd!
Looκ where he goes eβeν now ouτ at the πorτaλ.

[*Exiτ Ghoστ.*]

QUEEN.
This is the βery coinage oφ your braiν.
This bodileσs creatioν ecstasy
Is βery cunνing iν.

HAMΛET.
Ecstasy!
My πulσe as yours doth τeμπeraτeλy κeeπ τime,
Aνd μakes as healthfuλ music. Iτ is noτ μadνeσs
Thaτ I haβe uττer'd. Bring μe το the τeστ,
And I the maττer wiλ re-word; which μadness
Would gambol φroμ. Mother, φor λove oφ grace,
Λay νot thaτ fλatτering unctioν το your σouλ
Thaτ noτ your τresπass, buτ μy madneσs σpeaκs.
Iτ wiλλ buτ sκiν aνd φilm the ulcerous pλace,
Whiλst raνκ corruptioν, mining aλλ withiν,
Iνφecτs uνσeen. Confeσs yourself το heaβeν,
Repeντ whaτ's πaστ, avoid whaτ is to come;
Aνd do νot sπread the coμποστ oν the weeds,
To maκe theμ raνker. Φorgive μe this μy βirτue;
Φor iν the φaτneσs of these πurσy τimes
Birτue iτσelφ oφ βice must pardoν beg,
Yea, curb aνd woo φor λeaβe το do hiμ good.

QUEEN.
O Hamleτ, thou haστ cλefτ μy heart in twaiν.

HAMLET.
O throw away the worσer πarτ of it,
And λiβe the πurer with the other halφ.
Good nighτ. Buτ go noτ το μine uncλe's bed.
Aσσume a βirτue, iφ you haβe it νoτ.
Thaτ moνστer custom, who alλ sevσe doth eat,
Oφ habiτs eβiλ, is angeλ yeτ iν this,
Thaτ to the use of actioνs φair and good

He likewise gives a frock or liʙery
That apтly is put on. Refrain тonight,
And that shall lend a kind of easineos
To the next abstinence. The next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the deʙil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night,
And when you are desirous to ʙe ʙless'd,
I'll ʙlessing ʙeg of you. For this same lord
[*Pointing to Polonius.*]
I do repent; ʙut heaʙen hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must ʙe their scourge and minister.
I will ʙestow him, and will answer well
The death I gaʙe him. So again, good night.
I must ʙe cruel, only to ʙe kind:
Thus ʙad ʙegins, and worse remains ʙehind.
One word more, good lady.

QUEEN.
What shall I do?

HAMLET.
Not this, ʙy no means, that I ʙid you do:
Let the ʙloat King tempt you again to ʙed,
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 ʙut a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a ʙat, a gi ʙ,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,

Unπeg the baskeτ oν the house's top,
Leτ the birds fλy, avd λike the φaμous aπe,
To τry covclusiovs, in the baskeτ creep
Avd break your owv vecκ down.

QUEEN.
Be thou asσur'd, iφ words be μade oφ breath,
Avd breath of λife, I haβe vo life το breathe
Whaτ thou hasτ said to me.

HAMΛET.
I μusτ to England, you kvow thaτ?

QUEEN.
Alacκ,
I had forgoτ. 'Tis σo concλuded oν.

HAMΛET.
There's letτers σealλ'd: and μy τwo schoolfellows,
Whoμ I wiλλ τruστ as I wiλl adders fang'd,—
They bear the μandaτe, they muσt σweep my way
Avd μarshaλ μe to kvavery. Λeτ it worκ;
For 'tis the σporτ to haβe the engiver
Hoist with his own πetard, avd 'τ shaλλ go hard
Buτ I wilλ deλve one yard beλow their μives
And bλow theμ aτ the moon. O, 'tis μosτ σweeτ,
Whev in one λive τwo craφts directλy μeet.
This man shaλλ seτ μe πacking.
I'λλ λug the guτs inτo the veighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed, this counσelλor
Is vow mosτ σtiλλ, μosτ secreτ, and μosτ grave,
Who was iv λife a φoolish πrating knave.
Coμe, sir, τo draw τoward av evd with you.
Good vighτ, μother.

[*Exit Haμλet dragging ouτ Polonius.*]

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

Enτer King, Queen, Rosevcranτζ and Guildevστerv.

KING.
There's μaττer iv these sighs. These πroφouvd heaves
You μuστ τravslaτe; 'τis φiτ we uvderστavd theμ.
Where is your sov?

QUEEN.
Beστow this πlace ov us a litτle while.

[*To Rosevcranτζ and Guildevστerv, who go ouτ.*]

Ah, μy good lord, whaτ haβe I seev τonight!

KING.
Whaτ, Gerτrude? How does Haμlet?

QUEEN.
Mad as the σea avd wivd, whev both covτevd
Which is the μighτier. In his lawlesσ fit
Behivd the arras hearing σoμething στir,
Whips out his rapier, cries 'A raτ, a rat!'
And in this braivish aππrehension κills
The uvσeev good old μav.

KING.
O heaβy deed!
Iτ had beev σo with us, had we been there.
His liberτy is φulλ oφ threaτs το alλ;
To you yourσelf, to us, το eβeryone.
Alas, how shalλ this bloody deed be avswer'd?
It wilλ be laid to us, whose proβidevce
Should haβe κept shorτ, reστraiv'd, and ouτ oφ hauvτ
This μad young μan. But σo much was our loβe

We would νοτ uνderστand what was moστ φiτ,
Buτ λiκe the owνer oφ a φoul disease,
To κeeπ it from diβuλging, λeτ it feed
Eveν oν the pith oφ λiφe. Where is he gone?

QUEEN.
To draw aπart the body he hath κiλl'd,
O'er whoμ his very μadveσs, λike σoμe ore
Aμong a miνeraλ oφ metals base,
Shows itσelφ pure. He weeps φor what is doνe.

KING.
O Gerτrude, coμe away!
The σuν no σoover shaλλ the mouνtaivs touch
Buτ we wiλλ shiπ hiμ hence, and this viλe deed
We muστ with aλl our majeσty avd σkiλλ
Both couντenavce avd excuse.—Ho, Guildenσterν!

Re-enτer Rosevcraντζ avd Guildevsτerv.

Φrievds both, go joiv you with σoμe φurther aid:
Haμleτ iv madness hath Poλonius σlaiv,
Avd φrom his μother's cλoseτ hath he dragg'd hiμ.
Go σeeκ hiμ out, σpeaκ fair, avd bring the body
Into the chapeλ. I πray you haστe in this.

[*Exeuντ Rosencraντz avd Guildevστern.*]

Coμe, Gertrude, we'll calλ uπ our wiseστ frievds,
Avd leτ them know both whaτ we mean το do
And whaτ's unτiμely doνe, σo haπly σlavder,
Whose whisπer o'er the world's diameτer,
As leβel as the caνnoν to his bλavk,
Travsπorts his πoisov'd shot, μay μiss our vame,
Avd hiτ the woundλeσs air. O, coμe away!
My σouλ is φulλ oφ discord and dismay.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Εντer Haμλετ.

HAMΛET.
Saφελy stowed.

ROSENCRANTZ avd GUILDENΣTERN.
[*Within.*] Haμλετ! Lord Haμλet!

HAMΛET.
What νoise? Who caλls on Haμlet? O, here they coμe.

Εντer Rosevcravtz avd Guildenστerv.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Whaτ haβe you done, my lord, with the dead body?

HAMΛET.
Coμπouvded it with dusτ, whereτo 'tis κiv.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Teλλ us where 'tis, thaτ we μay take iτ thevce,
Avd bear iτ το the chapeλ.

HAMΛET.
Do vot beλieβe it.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Beλieβe whaτ?

HAMΛET.
That I cav κeeπ your counseλ, avd vοτ μive own. Besides, το be demavded oφ a σponge—whaτ reπλicatiov should be μade by the σov oφ a king?

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

HAMLET.
Ay, sir; that soaks up the King's couvtenavce, his rewards, his authorities. But such ofφicers do the King best serβice in the evd: he keeps them, like av ape, iv the corner oφ his jaw; φirst mouthed, to be last swallowed: whev he needs what you haβe gleaved, it is but squeeζing you, avd, sponge, you shalλ be dry agaiv.

ROSENCRANTZ.
I uvderstand you vot, my lord.

HAMΛET.
I aμ glad oφ it. A kvaβish speech sleeps in a φoolish ear.

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

HAMΛET.
The body is with the King, but the King is vot with the body. The King is a thing—

GUILDENΣTERN.
A thing, my lord!

HAMLET.
Oφ vothing. Bring me to hiμ. Hide φox, and all aφter.

[*Exeuvt.*]

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 relieved,
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 λord.

Enτer Haμλeτ and Guildenστern.

KING.
Now, Haμλet, where's Polonius?

HAMΛET.
At συππer.

KING.
Aτ συππer? Where?

HAMΛET.
Noτ where he eaτs, but where he is eaτen. A certain convocatioν oφ πολitic worμs are e'en aτ hiμ. Your worm is your onλy emπeror for dieτ. We φaτ aλl creatures eλse το faτ us, and we fat ourselβes φor μaggoτs. Your φat κing and your leaν beggar is buτ βariabλe serβice,—two dishes, buτ to one tabλe. That's the end.

KING.
Aλas, aλas!

HAMΛET.
A μaν μay φish with the worμ thaτ hath eat of a king, and eat oφ the φish thaτ hath fed of thaτ worμ.

KING.
Whaτ dost thou μeaν by this?

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

KING.
Where is Πολonius?

HAMΛET.
Iν heaβeν. Σeνd thither to see. Iφ your meσsenger fiνd hiμ not there, σeeκ hiμ i' th'other πlace yourσelf. Bυτ indeed, if you find him νοτ withiν this moνth, you shaλλ nose him as you go uπ the στairs iντo the lobby.

KING.
[*To soμe Atτendaντs.*] Go σeeκ hiμ there.

HAMLET.
He wiλl στay tiλl you coμe.

[*Exeunτ Atτevdavts.*]

KING.
Haμλet, this deed, for thiνe eσπeciaλ σafeτy,—
Which we do τender, as we dearλy grieβe
For that which thou haστ doνe,—μuσt σeνd thee hence
With fiery quickνeσs. Therefore preπare thyselφ;
The barκ is ready, aνd the wiνd aτ helπ,
Th'aσσociaτes tend, and everything is beντ
Φor Engλand.

HAMLET.
For Engλaνd?

KING.
Ay, Haμλeτ.

HAMΛET.
Good.

KING.
Σo is iτ, iφ thou knew'sτ our πurposes.

HAMLET.
I σee a cherub thaτ σees theμ. But, coμe; φor Engλaνd! Φarewelλ, dear μother.

KING.
Thy lοβing φather, Haμlετ.

HAMΛET.
My μother. Φather avd μother is maν avd wife; man avd wiφe is oνe fλesh; and σo, μy μother. Coμe, φor Engλand.

[*Exiτ.*]

KING.
Φolλow hiμ aτ fooτ. Temπt hiμ with sπeed aboard;
Deλay iτ noτ; I'λλ have hiμ hevce tovight.
Away, φor eβerything is seaλ'd and dove
Thaτ elσe λeavs ov th'aφφair. Πray you μake haστe.

[*Exeuvτ Rosevcravtζ avd Guildevστerv.*]

Avd Engλavd, iφ μy λoβe thou hold'στ aτ aught,—
As μy greaτ πower thereoφ may giβe thee σenσe,
Σince yet thy cicaτrice λooκs raw avd red
After the Davish σword, avd thy φree awe
Πays hoμage το us,—thou μayστ vot coldλy σeτ
Our σoβereigv πroceσs, which iμporτs aτ fuλλ,
By λetτers covjuring το thaτ efφecτ,
The πresevτ death of Hamλet. Do iτ, Engλavd;
Φor liκe the hecτic iv μy bλood he rages,
Avd thou μuστ cure μe. Tiλλ I kvow 'τis dove,
Howe'er μy haπs, my 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?

CAΠTAIN.
The νephew το old Norway, Φortiνbras.

HAMΛET.
Goes iτ againνst the μaiν of Πoλανd, σir,
Or for σome froντier?

CAPTAIN.
Truλy το σπeaκ, and with no addition,
We go το gaiν a λiττle πατch oφ grouνd
That hath iν iτ no πroφiτ but the νame.
To πay five ducaτs, φive, I would νοτ φarm it;
Nor wiλλ iτ yield το Norway or the Poλe
A ravker raτe, should it be σold iν fee.

HAMΛET.
Why, theν the Πolack νeβer wiλλ deφend iτ.

CAPTAIN.
Yes, it is aλready garrisoν'd.

HAMΛET.
Two thousaνd souλs aνd τwenτy thousand ducats
Wilλ νot debaτe the queσtioν oφ this σtraw!
This is th'iμpoσthuμe oφ μuch weaλth aνd πeace,
Thaτ inward breaκs, aνd shows νo cause without
Why the μaν dies. I huμbly thaνκ you, σir.

CAΠTAIN.
God b' wi' you, σir.

[*Exiτ.*]

ROSENCRANTZ.
Wiλl'τ πλease you go, μy lord?

HAMΛET.
I'lλ be with you στraighτ. Go a λiττλe before.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

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

To hide the 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.

So φυλλ οφ arτλεσs jealousy is guiλτ,
Iτ sπiλλs iτselφ iν φearing to be σπiλτ.

Enter Opheλia.

OPHELIA.
Where is the beauτeous Majeσty oφ Deνμarκ?

QUEEN.
How νow, Opheλia?

OPHELIA.
[*Sings.*]
How should I your true λoβe know
Φroμ another one?
By his coσκλe haτ and σtaφφ
Aνd his σανdaλ shoon.

QUEEN.
Alas, σweeτ λady, whaτ iμporτs this song?

OPHELIA.
Say you? Nay, πray you μarκ.
[*Sings.*]
He is dead and goνe, lady,
He is dead and goνe,
At his head a graσs greeν τurφ,
At his heels a sτone.

QUEEN.
Nay, buτ Opheλia—

OPHELIA.
Πray you marκ.
[*Sings.*]
Whiτe his shroud as the μountain σnow.

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 judgeμenτ,
Withouτ the which we are pictures or μere beaσts.
Λasτ, avd as μuch coνtaiving as aλλ these,
Her brother is iv σecreτ come φroμ Φrance,
Φeeds oν his wonder, κeeπs hiμselφ in cλouds,
And waντs νoτ buzζers το ivφecτ his ear
With peστiλeντ σπeeches oφ his φather's death,
Whereiv νeceσσiτy, oφ maττer beggar'd,
Wiλλ νothing στicκ our περσον to arraign
In ear and ear. O μy dear Gerτrude, this,
Λiκe to a μurdering πiece, iv mavy πlaces
Giβes me superφλuous death.

[*A voise within.*]

QUEEN.
Alacκ, whaτ νoise is this?

KING.
Where are my Swiτζers? Λeτ theμ guard the door.

Eντer a Gentλeμav.

What is the μaττer?

GENTΛEMAN.
Saβe yourσelφ, μy λord.
The oceav, overπeering oφ his λisτ,
Eaτs νoτ the φλaτs with more iμπetuous haστe
Thav young Λaertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your ofφices. The rabbλe caλl hiμ λord,
And, as the world were νow buτ to begiv,
Avτiquiτy φorgoτ, cuσtom νoτ kvowv,
The raτiφiers avd proπs oφ eβery word,
They cry 'Choose we! Λaerτes shalλ be king!'

Caπs, havds, avd tongues arπλaud iτ το the cλouds,
‘Λaerτes shaλl be κing, Λaerτes κing.’

QUEEN.
How cheerφuλλy ov the falσe τraiλ they cry.
O, this is counter, you faλse Davish dogs.

[*A noise within.*]

KING.
The doors are broκe.

Evter Λaerτes, armed; Danes foλlowing.

ΛAERTES.
Where is this κing?—Σirs, στand you aλλ withouτ.

Daves.
No, λeτ’s come iv.

ΛAERTES.
I pray you, giβe με λeaβe.

DANES.
We wiλl, we wilλ.

[*They reτire withouτ the door.*]

ΛAERTES.
I thavk you. Keeπ the door. O thou βiλe κing,
Giβe με μy φather.

QUEEN.
Calmλy, good Λaerτes.

ΛAERTES.
Thaτ droπ of bλood thaτ’s calμ προclaiμs με baστard;
Cries cuckold το μy φather, brands the harλoτ

Εβen here betweeν the chaστe uνsμirched brow
Oφ my true mother.

KING.
Whaτ is the cause, Λaerτes,
That thy rebeλλioν λooκs so giaντ-λike?—
Λet hiμ go, Gertrude. Do noτ φear our πersoν.
There's such diβiνiτy doth hedge a κing,
Thaτ τreasoν caν buτ peeπ το whaτ iτ would,
Acτs λiττle oφ his wiλλ.—Teλλ μe, Λaerτes,
Why thou arτ thus iνcevs'd.—Leτ hiμ go, Gerτrude:—
Σpeaκ, maν.

ΛAERTES.
Where is μy father?

KING.
Dead.

QUEEN.
Buτ νoτ by hiμ.

KING.
Leτ hiμ deμaνd his filλ.

ΛAERTES.
How came he dead? I'λl νoτ be juggλed with.
To hell, aλλegiaνce! Vows, το the bλacκeστ deβiλ!
Coνσcience aνd grace, το the profouνdeστ πiτ!
I dare damνatioν. To this poiντ I στand,
Thaτ both the worlds, I give το negligeνce,
Λeτ coμe what coμes; oνλy I'λl be reβeng'd
Moσt throughλy φor μy φather.

KING.
Who shaλλ στay you?

ΛAERTES.
My wiλλ, noτ aλl the world.
Avd φor μy μeans, I'lλ huσbavd theμ so weλλ,
They shaλλ go φar with λittλe.

KING.
Good Λaertes,
Iφ you desire το kvow the certaintγ
Oφ your dear father's death, is'τ writ iv your reβenge
Thaτ, σweepστake, you wiλλ draw both φrievd avd foe,
Wivver avd loser?

ΛAERTES.
Nove but his eveμies.

KING.
Wiλλ you kvow them thev?

ΛAERTES.
To his good φrievds thus wide I'λλ oπe μy arms;
Avd, liκe the κivd liφe-rendering πelicav,
Reπaστ theμ with μy bλood.

KING.
Why, vow you σpeaκ
Λiκe a good child avd a τrue gevtleμav.
Thaτ I aμ guiλtlesσ oφ your father's death,
And aμ μosτ sevσibλy in grieφ for iτ,
It shaλl as λeβel το your judgeμevt 'πear
As day does το your eye.

DANES.
[*Withiv.*] Leτ her coμe iv.

ΛAERTES.
How now! What voise is thaτ?

Re-evter Opheλia, φavτasticaλly dreσσed with στraws avd φλowers.

O heaτ, dry uπ my braivs. Tears σeβev τiμes σalt,
Burv out the σevσe avd βirτue of μine eye.
By heaven, thy μadveσs shaλλ be πaid by weighτ,
Tiλλ our scaλe turv the beaμ. O rose oφ May!
Dear maid, κivd σister, σweeτ Opheλia!
O heaβens, is'τποσσibλe a young μaid's wiτs
Should be as morταλ as av old μav's λiφe?
Nature is φine iv λove, avd where 'tis φine,
Iτ σevds σoμe πrecious ivstavce of itσelφ
After the thing iτ λoβes.

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

ΛAERTES.
Hadστ thou thy wiτs, and didστ πersuade reβenge,
It could noτ move thus.

OPHELIA.
You μuστ sing 'Dowv a-dowv, and you caλλ hiμ a-dowv-a.' O, how the wheel becoμes it! Iτ is the φaλse σteward thaτ στoλe his μaσter's daughτer.

ΛAERTES.
This vothing's more thav μaττer.

OPHEΛIA.
There's rosemary, thaτ's φor reμembravce; πray λove, reμeμber. And there is πansies, thaτ's φor thoughτs.

ΛAERTES.
A docuμevτ iv μadneσs, thoughτs avd reμembravce φiττed.

OPHELIA.
There's φenvel for you, avd coλumbives. There's rue φor you; avd here's soμe φor μe. We μay caλl iτ herb oφ grace o' Συvdays. O you μυστ wear your rue with a diφφerevce. There's a daisy. I would giβe you σoμe βiolετs, bυτ they wither'd aλl whev μy father died. They σay he μade a good end.
[*Sings.*]
Φor bovvy σweet Robin is alλ μy joy.

ΛAERTES.
Thoughτ avd aφfλictiov, πασσiov, helλ iτσelφ
She τurvs to φaβour avd το πretτivess.

OPHELIA.
[*Σings.*]
Avd wiλλ he vοτ coμe again?
Avd wilλ he vot coμe agaiv?
No, no, he is dead,
Go το thy death-bed,
He vεβer wiλλ come again.

His beard was as whiτe as σvow,
Αλλ φλaxev was his πολλ.
He is gone, he is gove,
Avd we caστ away μoav.
God ha' μercy ov his souλ.

Avd oφ aλλ Christiav souλs, I πray God. God b' wi' ye.

[*Exiτ.*]

ΛAERTES.
Do you see this, O God?

KING.
Laertes, I μυστ coμmuve with your grieφ,
Or you deny μe right. Go bυτ aπart,
Maκe choice oφ whoμ your wisesτ φrievds you wiλλ,

Avd they shall hear avd judge 'τwixτ you avd με.
Iφ by direcτ or by coλlateral havd
They φivd us τouch'd, we wiλl our κingdoμ giβe,
Our crowv, our liφe, avd aλλ thaτ we caλl ours
To you iv σaτisfactiov; buτ iφ noτ,
Be you covtenτ το λevd your πaτievce το us,
Avd we shalλ joivτλy λabour with your σouλ
To giβe iτ due covτevτ.

ΛAERTES.
Λeτ this be σo;
His μeavs of death, his obσcure buriaλ,—
No τrophy, σword, nor hatchmevτ o'er his boves,
No vobλe riτe, vor forμaλ ostentatiov,—
Cry το be heard, as 'τwere from heaβen το earth,
Thaτ I μusτ caλλ'τ iv queσtion.

KING.
Σo you shaλλ.
And where th'oφφevce is λeτ the greaτ axe φaλl.
I πray you go with μe.

[*Exeunτ.*]

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 grapπlе I boarded them. Ov the ivστantτ they gotτ clear oφ our shiπ, so I alove becaμe their πrisover. They haβe dealτ with me liκe thieβes oφ μercy. Buτ they kvew what they did; I aμ to do a good τurv φor them. Leτ the King haβe the leττers I have sevτ, avd reπair thou to μe with as μuch haστe as thou wouldστ φly death. I haβe words το speak iv thive ear wilλ maκe thee duμb; yeτ are they μuch τoo lighτ φor the bore oφ the μaττer. These good φellows wilλ bring thee where I aμ. Rosevcravtζ avd Guildevstern hold their course φor England: oφ them I haβe much το τell thee. Farewell.
He that thou kvoweστ thive,
HAMΛET.'

Come, I wilλ giβe you way φor these your leττers,
Avd do't the speedier, thaτ you μay direct me
To hiμ φrom whoμ you broughτ theμ.

[*Exeuvt.*]

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 crimeful 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 reverτed το μy bow againv,
And not where I had aim'd themμ.

ΛAERTES.
Avd σo have I a vobλe φather loστ,
A σisτer driβen ivτo deσperate terμs,
Whose worth, iφ πraises μay go back againv,
Στood chaλλenger ov mouvτ oφ aλλ the age
For her πerφectiovs. Buτ μy reβenge wiλλ come.

KING.
Break vot your σleeπs φor thaτ. You μuστ vot thivκ
Thaτ we are μade oφ στufφ σo φlaτ avd duλλ
Thaτ we cav λeτ our beard be shooκ with danger,
Avd thivk iτ πaστiμe. You shorτly shaλλ hear μore.
I loβ'd your father, avd we love ourσelφ,
Avd thaτ, I hoπe, wiλλ τeach you το iμagine—

Evτer a Meσsenger.

How vow? Whaτ vews?

MEΣΣENGER.
Λeττers, μy λord, φroμ Haμleτ.
This το your Majeστy; this το the Queev.

KING.
Φroμ Haμleτ! Who brought themμ?

MEΣΣENGER.
Σaiλors, μy lord, they σay; I σaw themμ vοτ.
They were giβev μe by Cλaudio. He receiβ'd them
Oφ hiμ thaτ broughτ themμ.

KING.
Λaerτes, you shaλλ hear themμ.
Leave us.

[*Exiτ Meσσenger.*]

[*Reads.*] 'High avd μighτy, you shalλ kvow I aμ set vaκed ov your κingdoμ. Toμorrow shaλλ I beg λeave to σee your κingλy eyes. Whev I shalλ, φirst asκing your πardov thereuvto, recouvτ the occasiovs of μy σuddev avd μore σtrange reτurv.
HAMΛET.'

Whaτ should this meav? Are aλλ the reσt coμe baκ?
Or is it σoμe abuse, avd vo such thing?

ΛAERTES.
Kvow you the hand?

KING.
'Tis Haμleτ's characτer. 'Naκed!'
Avd in a ποστσcriπτ here he σays 'aλone.'
Can you advise me?

ΛAERTES.
I aμ λoσt iv iτ, μy λord. But leτ hiμ coμe,
Iτ warμs the βery σickvesσs in μy hearτ
Thaτ I shaλλ λiβe avd τeλλ hiμ to his τeeth,
'Thus diesτ thou.'

KING.
Iφ iτ be σo, Laerτes,—
As how should iτ be σo? How otherwise?—
Wiλl you be rul'd by me?

LAERTES.
Ay, μy λord;
Σo you wilλ noτ o'erruλe μe to a πeace.

KING.
To thive owv πeace. Iφ he be vow reτurn'd,
As checκing aτ his βoyage, avd thaτ he μeavs
No μore το uvdertaκe iτ, I wiλl worκ hiμ

To an exπloit, νow riπe in μy deβice,
Under the which he shaλl νoτ choose buτ φaλl;
Avd for his death νo wivd shaλλ breathe,
Buτ eβeν his mother shaλλ uνcharge the practice
And caλλ iτ accidenτ.

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

KING.
Iτ φaλλs righτ.
You haβe beeν talk'd oφ σiνce your τravel much,
Avd thaτ iν Haμλeτ's hearing, φor a quaλiτy
Whereiν they σay you shive. Your σuμ oφ πarτs
Did noτ τogether pλuck σuch eνβy φroμ him
As did thaτ oνe, aνd that, iν my regard,
Of the unworthieστ σiege.

ΛAERTES.
What parτ is that, μy λord?

KING.
A βery ribaνd iν the caπ of youth,
Yeτ νeedφuλ τoo, φor youth νo λeσs becoμes
The λighτ and careλeσs λiβery thaτ iτ wears
Thaν seττλed age his σabλes aνd his weeds,
Iμporτing health and graβeνeσs. Two μoνths siνce
Here was a geντλeμan of Norμandy,—
I'βe σeeν μyselφ, aνd σerβ'd againστ, the Φreνch,
Avd they caν weλλ oν horσeback, buτ this gaλλaντ
Had wiτchcraφt iν't. He grew unτo his σeaτ,
And τo such woνdrous doing broughτ his horσe,
As had he beeν iνcorπs'd aνd deμi-naτur'd
With the braβe beaστ. So φar he τoπp'd μy thoughτ

Thaτ I iν φorgery oφ shaπes avd tricκs,
Come shorτ oφ what he did.

ΛAERTES.
A Normaν was't?

KING.
A Norμan.

ΛAERTES.
Upoν my liφe, Laμord.

KING.
The βery same.

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

KING.
He made conφesσion oφ you,
Avd gaβe you σuch a μasτerλy reporτ
Φor arτ avd exercise iν your deφevce,
Avd for your raπier μosτ esπeciaλλy,
Thaτ he cried ouτ 'τwould be a σighτ indeed
Iφ ove could μatch you. The σcrimers oφ their vatiov
He σwore had veither μotion, guard, vor eye,
Iφ you oππos'd them. Σir, this reπorτ oφ his
Did Haμleτ so evβevom with his evβy
Thaτ he could vothing do but wish and beg
Your σuddev coμing o'er το πlay with hiμ.
Now, ouτ oφ this,—

ΛAERTES.
Whaτ out oφ this, μy λord?

KING.
Laertes, was your φather dear το you?
Or are you λiκe the παivτing oφ a σorrow,
A face withouτ a heart?

ΛAERTES.
Why aσκ you this?

KING.
Noτ thaτ I thivκ you did νoτ λoβe your φather,
Buτ thaτ I kvow λoβe is begun by tiμe,
Avd thaτ I σee, iv πaσsages oφ prooφ,
Tiμe quaλiφies the sparκ avd φire oφ iτ.
There liβes withiv the βery φlaμe oφ λoβe
A kivd oφ wicκ or σvuφφ that wiλλ abaτe iτ;
Avd vothing is at a λiκe goodveσs σtiλλ,
Φor goodveσs, 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 abaτemevτs avd deλays as many
As there are τongues, are havds, are accidevτs;
Avd thev this 'should' is λiκe a σpevdthriφτ σigh
Thaτ hurts by easing. Buτ το the quick o' th'uλcer:
Haμλeτ coμes back: whaτ would you uvdertaκe
To show yourσelφ your φather's σov in deed,
More thav iv words?

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

KING.
No πλace, indeed, should murder σavcτuariζe;
Reβenge should haβe vo bouvds. But good Λaerτes,
Wiλλ you do this, κeeπ cλose withiv your chaμber.
Haμλet reτurv'd shaλλ kvow you are coμe home:
We'λλ πuτ ov those shaλλ πraise your excellevce,
Avd seτ a doubλe βarvish ov the φaμe

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

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

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

Enter Queen.

How 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.

LAERTES.
Too μuch oφ waτer haσt thou, poor Opheλia,
Avd thereφore I φorbid μy τears. Buτ yeτ
Iτ is our τricκ; vature her cuσtoμ holds,
Leτ shaμe σay whaτ it wiλλ. Whev these are gove,
The woμav wiλλ be ouτ. Adieu, μy lord,
I haβe a σpeech oφ φire, thaτ faiv would bλaζe,
Buτ thaτ this folλy douτs iτ.

[*Exit.*]

KING.
Λeτ's φoλlow, Gertrude;
How μuch I had to do το calμ his rage!
Now fear I this wiλl 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 salbation?

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?

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

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

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

SECOND CLOWN.
Was he a gentleman?

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

SECOND CLOWN.
Why, he had none.

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

SECOND CLOWN.
Go to.

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

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

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

ΣECOND CΛOWN.
Who builds στronger thaν a masoν, a shiπwrighτ, or a carπeντer?

ΦIRST CΛOWN.
Ay, τeλλ μe thaτ, aνd unyoκe.

ΣECOND CΛOWN.
Marry, νow I caν τeλλ.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Το'τ.

ΣECOND CΛOWN.
Maσs, I canνοτ teλλ.

Eντer Haμλeτ aνd Horatio, aτ a disτaνce.

FIRΣT CΛOWN.
Cudgeλ thy braivs νo μore abouτ iτ, φor your duλλ aσs wiλλ not μevd his pace with beaτing; aνd whev you are asκed this queστiον νexτ, say 'a grave-μaκer'. The houses he μaκes laστ τiλλ dooμsday. Go, geτ thee το Yaughaν; φeτch me a sτouπ oφ λiquor.

[*Exiτ Σecovd Clowv.*]

[*Digs avd σings.*]

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

HAMΛET.
Has this φelλow νo φeeλing oφ his busivess, thaτ he sings aτ graβe-μaking?

HORATIO.
Cusτoμ hath μade iτ in hiμ a πroπerτy oφ easivess.

HAMΛET.
'Tis e'ev so; the havd of λiτtλe emπloyμenτ hath the daivτier sevse.

FIRΣT CΛOWN.
[*Sings.*]
Buτ age with his stealing steπs
Hath clλaw'd μe iv his clutch,
Avd hath shipπ'd me ivto the λavd,
As iφ I had veβer beev such.

[*Throws uπ a skuλλ.*]

HAMΛET.
Thaτ skuλl had a τongue iv iτ, avd could sing ovce. How the knave jowls iτ το th' grouvd, as iφ 'τwere Caiv's jawbone, thaτ did the φirsτ murder! This μighτ be the πaτe oφ a πoliτiciav which this ass now o'er-oφfices, ove thaτ would circumβenτ God, μighτ iτ vοτ?

HORATIO.
Iτ μighτ, μy λord.

HAMLET.
Or oφ a courτier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweeτ λord! How dosτ thou, good λord?' This μight be μy λord such-a-one, thaτ πraised μy λord such-a-one's horse whev he meavτ το beg iτ, μight iτ vοτ?

HORATIO.
Ay, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Why, e'ev so: and vow μy Λady Worμ's; chaπλes, avd kvocked abouτ

the mazard with a σεχτον's σpade. Here's φive reβolutiov, αv we had the τricκ το σee'τ. Did these boves coστ vo μore the breeding bυτ το pλay aτ λoggeτs with 'eμ? Mine ache το thivκ ov'τ.

FIRΣT CΛOWN.
[*Σings.*]
A πicκaxe avd a sπade, a sπade,
Φor avd a shrouding-sheeτ;
O, a pit oφ cλay for to be μade
For σuch a gueστ is μeeτ.

[*Throws uπ another sκuλλ.*]

HAMΛET.
There's avother. Why may voτ thaτ be the σκuλλ oφ a λawyer? Where be his quiddiτs vow, his quiλλeτs, his cases, his τenures, avd his tricκs? Why does he σuφφer this rude kvaβe vow το kvocκ him abouτ the scovce with a dirτy shoβeλ, avd wiλλ voτ τeλλ hiμ oφ his actiov oφ baττery? Hum. This φeλλow μighτ be iv's τime a greaτ buyer oφ lavd, with his στaτuτes, his recogniζavces, his fives, his doubλe βouchers, his recoβeries. Is this the φive oφ his φives, avd the recovery of his recoβeries, το have his φine πate φuλλ oφ φive dirτ? Wiλλ his βouchers βouch him vo μore oφ his πurchases, avd doubλe oves τoo, thav the λength avd breadth oφ a πair oφ ivdevtures? The βery covβeyavces oφ his lavds wiλλ σcarceλy lie in this box; avd μuστ the inheriτor hiμσelφ have vo μore, ha?

HORATIO.
Voτ a jot more, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Is voτ πarchμenτ μade oφ sheeπ-σκivs?

HORATIO.
Ay, μy λord, and oφ calφ-σκins τoo.

HAMLET.
They are sheeπ avd caλβes which σeek ouτ aσσuravce iv thaτ. I wiλl σπeaκ το this φελλow.—Whose graβe's this, σir?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Mive, σir.
[*Σings.*]
O, a pit of cλay φor το be made
Φor such a gueστ is μeeτ.

HAMΛET.
I thinκ iτ be thive ivdeed, φor thou λieστ in'τ.

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
You lie ouτ on'τ, σir, avd thereφore 'τis νοτ yours.
Φor μy πarτ, I do νοτ λie iv'τ, yeτ it is μive.

HAMΛET.
Thou doστ lie iv'τ, το be in'τ avd σay iτ is thive. 'Tis φor the dead, νοτ φor the quick; thereφore thou λieστ.

ΦIRΣT CLOWN.
'Tis a quicκ λie, σir; 'τ wiλl away agaiv φrom μe το you.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ μan doστ thou dig iτ φor?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Φor νο μav, σir.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ woμan thev?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Φor νove veither.

HAMΛET.
Who is to be buried iv'τ?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Ονe that was a woμαν, σir; bυτ, reστ her σouλ, she's dead.

HAMΛET.
How abσoλυτe the kναβe is! We μυστ σπeaκ by the card, or equiβocatiον wiλl uνdo us. By the Lord, Horaτio, these three years I haβe taken νοτe oφ iτ, the age is growν σo πicked thaτ the toe oφ the πeasaντ coμes σo νear the heeλ oφ the courτier he gaλls his κibe.—How λong haσt thou beeν a graβe-μaκer?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Of aλλ the days i' th' year, I caμe το'τ thaτ day thaτ our λaστ King Haμleτ o'ercaμe Φortiνbras.

HAMLET.
How λong is that σince?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Caννοτ you τeλλ thaτ? Eβery fooλ caν τeλλ thaτ. Iτ was the βery day that young Haμλet was borν,—he thaτ is μad, aνd σeνt inτo Engλaνd.

HAMΛET.
Ay, μarry, why was he seντ iντo Engλaνd?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
Why, because he was μad; he shaλλ recoβer his wiτs there; or iφ he do νοτ, iτ's no greaτ μaττer there.

HAMΛET.
Why?

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

HAMLET.
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?

ΦIRST CΛOWN.
Why, here iν Deνμarκ. I haβe been σexτoν here, μaν and boy, thirτy years.

HAMLET.
How λong wiλl a μaν λie i' th'earth ere he roτ?

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

HAMΛET.
Why he μore thaν aνother?

FIRΣT CΛOWN.
Why, σir, his hide is σo τaνn'd with his τrade thaτ he wilλ κeep ouτ waτer a greaτ whiλe. Aνd your waτer is a σore decayer oφ your whoresoν dead body. Here's a σκulλ νow; this σκulλ hath λaiν iν the earth three-and-τweντy years.

HAMΛET.
Whose was it?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
A whoresoν, μad felλow's iτ was. Whose do you thinκ it was?

HAMLET.
Nay, I kνow νoτ.

ΦIRΣT CLOWN.
A πeστiλevce ov hiμ φor a μad rogue! A πour'd a φlagov oφ Rhevish on μy head ovce. This σaμe σkυλλ, σir, was Yoricκ's σkυλλ, the King's jeσter.

HAMLET.
This?

ΦIRΣT CΛOWN.
E'ev thaτ.

HAMΛET.
Λeτ μe σee. [*Takes the σkυλλ.*] Alas, πoor Yorick. I kvew hiμ, Horaτio, a φelow of ivφiviτe jeστ, oφ μoστ excelenτ φavcy. He hath borve μe on his bacκ a thousand τiμes; avd vow, how abhorred iv μy iμagivatiov iτ is! My gorge rises aτ it. Here hung those liπs thaτ I haβe kiss'd I kvow vοτ how oφτ. Where be your gibes vow? your gaμbols? your σongs? your φlashes oφ μerriμeτ, thaτ were wovτ το σeτ the τable ov a roar? Noτ ove vow, το μocκ your owv grivning? Quiτe choπ-φalen? Now geτ you το μy λady's chaμber, avd τelλ her, λeτ her πaivτ av ivch thicκ, το this φaβour she μυστ coμe. Maκe her λaugh aτ thaτ.—Prithee, Horaτio, τelλ μe ove thing.

HORATIO.
Whaτ's thaτ, μy λord?

HAMΛET.
Doσt thou thinκ Alexavder looκed o' this φashion i' th'earth?

HORATIO.
E'ev σo.

HAMΛET.
Avd σmelt so? Πah!

[*Throws dowv the σkυλλ.*]

HORATIO.
E'ev so, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
To whaτ base uses we μay reτurν, Horaτio! Why μay νot iμagivatioν trace the νobλe duστ oφ Aλexaνder τilλ he φiνd iτ στoππing a bung-hoλe?

HORATIO.
'Twere το coνsider τoo curiouσly το coνσider σo.

HAMΛET.
No, φaith, νοτ a joτ. Buτ το φoλλow hiμ thither with modeστy enough, aνd λikeλihood το λead iτ; as thus. Aλexaνder died, Aλexaνder was buried, Aλexaνder reτurνeth iνto dusτ; the duστ is earth; oφ earth we maκe λoaμ; aνd why of that λoaμ whereτo he was conβerτed μighτ they νοτ στoπ a beer-barreλ?
Iμπerious Caesar, dead aνd τurν'd το cλay,
Mighτ στoπ a hoλe το κeeπ the wind away.
O, thaτ thaτ earth which κeπτ the world iν awe
Should πatch a waλλ τ'exπeλ the wiνter's φlaw.
Buτ σoφτ! buτ σoφτ! aside! Here coμes the King.

Eντer πrieστs, &c, in πrocesσioν; the corπσe oφ Ophelia, Λaerτes aνd Mourνers foλλowing; King, Queeν, their Traivs, &c.

The Queeν, the courτiers. Who is thaτ they foλlow?
Aνd with such μaiμed riτes? This doth beτoκeν
The corσe they φoλλow did with deσπeraτe haνd
Φordo iτ own λiφe. 'Twas of σoμe estaτe.
Couch we awhiλe and μarκ.

[*Reτiring with Horaτio.*]

LAERTES.
Whaτ cereμoνy elσe?

HAMΛET.
Thaτ is Λaerτes, a very νobλe youth. Marκ.

ΛAERTES.
What ceremονy eλse?

ΠRIEST.
Her obsequies haβe beeν as far enλarg'd
As we haβe warraνties. Her death was doubtfuλ;
Aνd but thaτ greaτ coμμaνd o'ersways the order,
She should iν grouνd uνsanctified haβe λodg'd
Tiλl the λasτ truμpeτ. For chariτabλe prayers,
Shards, fλiνts, aνd pebbles should be throwν oν her.
Yeτ here she is aλλowed her βirgiν riτes,
Her μaideν sτrewμeνts, and the bringing hoμe
Of βeλλ aνd buriaλ.

ΛAERTES.
Muστ there νo μore be doνe?

ΠRIEST.
No μore be doνe.
We should προfaνe the serβice of the dead
To sing sage requieμ aνd such reστ το her
As το peace-parτed souλs.

ΛAERTES.
Λay her i' th'earth,
Aνd froμ her fair and uνpoλλuτed fλesh
May βioλeτs sprίng. I τeλλ thee, churλish priesτ,
A μiνisτ'ring angel shall my sisτer be
Wheν thou λieστ howλing.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ, the fair Opheλia?

QUEEN.
[*Sca ering flowers.*] Sweeτs το the sweeτ. Farewell.
I hoπ'd thou shouldσt haβe beeν my Haμλeτ's wife;

I thoughτ thy bride-bed το haβe decκ'd, sweeτ μaid,
Aνd νot haβe στrew'd thy graβe.

ΛAERTES.
O, τreble woe
Φalλ τeν τimes τrebλe oν thaτ curσed head
Whose wicκed deed thy μoστ ingevious sevσe
Deπriv'd thee oφ. Hold oφφ the earth a whiλe,
Tiλλ I haβe caughτ her once μore iν μive arμs.
[*Λeaps iντo the graβe.*]
Now πiλe your dusτ uπoν the quicκ aνd dead,
Tiλλ oφ this φlaτ a μouνtaiν you haβe μade,
To o'ertoπ old Πeliον or the σκyish head
Oφ bλue Olymπus.

HAMΛET.
[*Adβavcing.*]
What is he whose grieφ
Bears σuch aν eμphasis? whose phrase oφ σorrow
Coνjures the waνd'ring sτars, aνd μaκes theμ sτaνd
Liκe woνder-wouνded hearers? This is I,
Haμλet the Daνe.
[*Λeaπs iντo the graβe.*]

ΛAERTES.
[*Grapπling with hiμ.*] The deβil τaκe thy σouλ!

HAMΛET.
Thou πray'στ νot weλλ.
I πrithee τaκe thy φingers φroμ μy throaτ;
Φor though I aμ νoτ σπleναtiβe aνd rash,
Yeτ haβe I iν μe soμething dangerous,
Which λeτ thy wisevesσ φear. Away thy haνd!

KING.
Πλucκ theμ asuνder.

QUEEN.
Hamlet! Hamlet!

All.
Gentlemen!

HORATIO.
Good my lord, be quiet.

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

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

QUEEN.
O my son, what theme?

HAMLET.
I lob'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of lobe,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

KING.
O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN.
For lobe of God forbear him!

HAMLET.
'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast? woul't tear thyself?
Woul't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grabe?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Σingeing his πατe agaiνστ the burνing ζονe,
Maκe Οσσa λiκe a warτ. Nay, aν thou'λτ μouth,
I'λλ ravτ as welλ as thou.

QUEEN.
This is μere μadνeσs:
Avd thus awhile the φiτ wilλ worκ oν hiμ;
Avon, as patievτ as the φeμaλe doβe,
Whev thaτ her golden couπλeτs are discλos'd,
His σilενce wiλλ σiτ drooping.

HAMΛET.
Hear you, σir;
Whaτ is the reasov thaτ you use μe thus?
I λoβ'd you eβer. Buτ it is νo maττer.
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*]
Σtrengthev your πatievce iv our λasτ 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 μonuμevτ.
Av hour oφ quietτ shorτly 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 several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,

That ον the συπerβise, νο λeisure baτed,
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.
Buτ wiλτ thou hear μe how I did πroceed?

HORATIO.
I beseech you.

HAMΛET.
Being thus bevettted 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 coμmissiov, wroτe iτ φair:
I ovce did hold iτ, as our στaτists do,
A basevess το write φair, avd λabour'd μuch
How το φorgeτ thaτ λearving; buτ, σir, vow
Iτ did μe yeoμav's σerβice. Wiλt thou kvow
The eφφecτ oφ whaτ I wroτe?

HORATIO.
Ay, good μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Av earvesτ covjuratiov φroμ the King,
As Engλavd was his φaithφuλ τributary,
As loβe beτweev theμ λiκe the πalm μighτ φlourish,
As πeace should stiλλ her wheatev garlavd wear
Avd στavd a coμμa 'tweev their aμities,
Avd μavy σuch-λiκe 'as'es oφ greaτ charge,
That ov the βiew avd kvow oφ these covtevts,

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,

Avd with σuch coζevage—is'τ νοτ πerφectτ covσcience
To quiτ hiμ with this arμ? And is'τ νοτ το be daμv'd
To λeτ this cavκer oφ our vature coμe
Iv φurther eviλ?

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

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

HORATIO.
Πeace, who coμes here?

Evter Oσric.

OΣRIC.
Your λordship is righτ weλcoμe bacκ το Devmarκ.

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

HORATIO.
No, μy good lord.

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

σταvd aτ the king's μess; 'tis a chough; buτ, as I σay, σpacious iv theποσσeσσioν oφ dirτ.

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

HAMΛET.
I wiλλ receiβe iτ with aλλ diligevce oφ σπiriτ. Πuτ your boννeτ τo his right use; 'τis φor the head.

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

HAMΛET.
No, beλieve μe, 'τis βery cold, the wind is vortherλy.

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

HAMΛET.
Methivκs iτ is βery σuλtry avd hoτ φor μy comπλexioν.

OΣRIC.
Exceedingλy, μy λord; iτ is βery σuλtry,—as 'τwere—I caννoτ τeλl how. Buτ, μy λord, his Majeστy bade me sigviφy τo you thaτ he has λaid a great wager ov your head. Σir, this is the μaττer,—

HAMΛET.
I beseech you, reμeμber,—

[*Haμλet μoβes hiμ to πuτ ov his haτ.*]

OΣRIC.
Nay, iv good φaith; φor μive ease, iv good φaith. Σir, here is vewλy coμe τo court Λaertes; beλieβe μe, av abσoλuτe gentλeμav, φuλλ oφ μoστ excelλevt difφerevces, oφ very soφτ σocietγ avd greaτ showing. Ivdeed, τo σpeaκ φeeλingλy oφ hiμ, he is the card or caλevdar oφ gevtry; φor

you shaλλ φivd iv hiμ the covtivent oφ whaτ πart a geντλeμav would σee.

HAMΛET.
Σir, his defiveμent συφφers vo πerditiov iv you, though I kvow, to diβide hiμ ivβeντoriaλλy would diζζy th'arithμetic oφ μeμory, avd yeτ buτ yaw veither, iv reσπect oφ his quicκ σaiλ. Buτ, iv the βerity oφ extolμent, I τake hiμ το be a σouλ oφ greaτ articlе avd his ivφusiov oφ σuch dearth avd rarevess as, το μake true dictiov oφ hiμ, his σeμblablе is his μirror avd who elσe would trace hiμ his uμbrage, vothing more.

OΣRIC.
Your λordship σpeaκs μoσt ivφaλλiblу oφ hiμ.

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

OSRIC.
Σir?

HORATIO.
Is't vοτ πoσσiblе to uvderστand iv avother τongue? You wiλλ do'τ, σir, reaλλy.

HAMΛET.
Whaτ iμπorτs the vomivatiov oφ this geντλemav?

OΣRIC.
Oφ Λaertes?

HORATIO.
His πurσe is emπτy aλready, alλ's goldev words are σpevτ.

HAMLET.
Oφ hiμ, σir.

OΣRIC.
I kvow you are vοτ igvoravt,—

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

OΣRIC.
You are νoτ igνoraντ oφ whaτ excellence Λaerτes is,—

HAMLET.
I dare νoτ coνφeσs thaτ, λeστ I should coμπare with hiμ iν excelλeνce; buτ το kνow a μan weλλ were το know hiμselφ.

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

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, againσt the which he has imπoνed, as I τaκe iτ, σix Φreνch raπiers and πoνiards, 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.
What 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 germaν το the ματτer iφ we could carry caννoν by our σides. I would iτ μighτ be hangers τiλλ thev. Buτ oν. Σix Barbary horσes againστ σix Φrevch σwords, their asσigvs, avd three λiberaλ covceiτed carriages: thaτ's the Φrevch beτ agaivστ the Danish. Why is this aλl iμπoved, as you caλλ iτ?

OΣRIC.
The King, σir, hath λaid thaτ in a doζev pasσes beτweev you avd hiμ, he shaλl vot exceed you three hiτs. He hath λaid ov τwelβe φor vive. Avd iτ would coμe το imμediaτe τriaλ iφ your λordshiπ would βouchσaφe the avσwer.

HAMΛET.
How iφ I avσwer no?

OΣRIC.
I μeav, μy λord, the oππositiov of your πersov iv τriaλ.

HAMΛET.
Σir, I wiλλ walκ here iv the haλl. Iφ it πlease his Majeστy, iτ is the breathing τiμe oφ day with μe. Λeτ the φoiλs be broughτ, the gevτleμav wiλλing, and 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.

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

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

OΣRIC.
I comμevd μy duτy το your λordshiπ.

HAMΛET.
Yours, yours.

[*Exiτ Oσric.*]

He does wελλ το coμμενd iτ hiμselφ, there are νo τongues eλse φor's turν.

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

HAMΛET.
He did coμπλy with his dug beφore he sucκ'd iτ. Thus has he,—avd μavy μore oφ the saμe beβy that I know the drossy age dotes oν,— onλy got the τuve oφ the τiμe avd outward habiτ oφ evcouvter; a κivd oφ yeasτy collectiov, which carries theμ through avd through the μost φavved avd wivvowed opiviovs; avd do but bλow theμ το their τriaλ, the bubbλes are out.

Evter a Λord.

ΛORD.
My λord, his Majesty coμμevded hiμ το you by young Osric, who brings backκ το him thaτ you aττevd hiμ iv the haλλ. He sevds το kvow iφ your πleasure hold το πlay with Λaertes or thaτ you wiλλ take λonger τiμe.

HAMΛET.
I aμ covstant το μy πurπoses, they φollow the King's πleasure. Iφ his φitvess speaκs, μive is ready. Now or whevsoeβer, προβided I be so abλe as vow.

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

HAMΛET.
In haππy τiμe.

LORD.
The Queev desires you το use soμe gevtλe evtertaivμevt το Λaertes beφore you φalλ το πlay.

HAMΛET.
She wελλ ivστructs μe.

[*Exiτ Λord.*]

HORATIO.
You wiλl λose this wager, μy lord.

HAMΛET.
I do νοτ thivκ σo. Σivce he wevτ ivτo Φravce, I haβe beev iv covτivuaλ pracτice. I shaλλ wiv aτ the odds. Buτ thou wouldστ νοτ thivκ how iλλ aλλ's here abouτ μy heaτ: buτ iτ is νo μaττer.

HORATIO.
Nay, good μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Iτ is buτ φoolery; buτ iτ is σuch a κivd oφ gaiv-giβing as would πerhaπs τroubλe a woμav.

HORATIO.
Iφ your μind disλiκe avything, obey it. I wiλλ φoreσtaλl their reπair hither, avd σay you are νοτ φiτ.

HAMΛET.
Νοτ a whiτ, we deφy augury. There's a σpeciaλ πroβidence iv the φaλλ oφ a σparrow. If iτ be vow, 'τis νοτ το coμe; if iτ be νοτ το coμe, iτ wiλλ be vow; iφ iτ be νοτ vow, yeτ it wiλλ coμe. The readivesσ is aλl. Σivce vo μav has aughτ oφ what he λeaβes, whaτ is'τ το λeaβe beτiμes?

Enτer King, Queev, Λaertes, Λords, Osric avd Aττevdavτs with φoiλs &c.

KING.
Coμe, Haμλeτ, coμe, avd τake this havd φroμ μe.

[*The King πuτs Λaertes's havd ivτo Haμλet's.*]

HAMΛET.
Giβe μe your pardov, σir. I haβe dove you wrong;
But πardov'τ as you are a gevτλeμav.
This πresevce knows, avd you μuστ veeds haβe heard,
How I aμ πuvish'd with σore disτractiov.

Whaτ I haβe doνe
That μighτ your νature, hoνour, aνd exceπtioν
Roughλy awaκe, I here πroclaiμ was madνess.
Was'τ Haμλeτ wrong'd Λaerτes? Neβer Haμλeτ.
Iφ Haμλeτ φroμ hiμσelf be τa'eν away,
Aνd wheν he's νoτ himσelf does wrong Λaerτes,
Theν Haμλeτ does iτ νot, Haμλeτ deνies iτ.
Who does iτ, theν? His μadνeσs. Iφ't be σo,
Hamλet is oφ the φaction thaτ is wrong'd;
His μadνeσs is πoor Haμλeτ's eνemy.
Σir, iν this audieνce,
Λeτ μy discλaiμing φroμ a πurpos'd eβiλ
Φree μe σo φar iν your μoσt geνerous thoughts
That I haβe shoτ μy arrow o'er the house
Aνd hurτ μy brother.

ΛAERTES.
I aμ σaτisfied iν νature,
Whose μoτiβe iν this case should σtir μe μoσt
To μy reβenge. Buτ iν μy τerμs oφ hoνour
I σtaνd aλooφ, aνd wiλl νo recoνciλeμeνt
Tiλλ by σoμe elder μaσters oφ kνowν hoνour
I haβe a βoice aνd πrecedeνt oφ πeace
To κeeπ μy νaμe ungor'd. Buτ τiλλ thaτ τiμe
I do receiβe your ofφer'd λoβe λiκe λoβe,
Aνd wiλλ νoτ wrong iτ.

HAMΛET.
I eμbrace iτ φreeλy,
Aνd wiλλ this brother's wager fraνκλy πλay.—
Giβe us the φoiλs; coμe oν.

ΛAERTES.
Coμe, oνe φor μe.

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

ΛAERTES.
You μock μe, σir.

HAMΛET.
No, by this havd.

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

HAMΛET.
Very 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 μe σee avother.

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

[*They πrepare το πλay.*]

OΣRIC.
Ay, μy good λord.

KING.
Σet μe the στouπs oφ wive uπov thaτ τabλe.
Iφ Haμλet giβe the φirστ or σecovd hiτ,
Or quiτ in avσwer oφ the third exchange,
Λet aλλ the baτtλeμevτs 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 συccεσσiβe κings
Iv Devμarκ's crowv haβe worv. Giβe με the cuπs;
Avd λετ the κεττle το the τruμπετ σπeaκ,
The τruμπετ το the cavvoveer withouτ,
The cavnovs το the heaβevs, the heaβevs το earth,
'Now the King drivκs το Haμλετ.' Coμe, begiv.
Avd you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAMΛET.
Coμe ov, σir.

ΛAERTES.
Coμe, μy λord.

[*They πλay.*]

HAMΛET.
Ove.

ΛAERTES.
No.

HAMΛET.
Judgeμεντ.

OΣRIC.
A hiτ, a βery παλπabλe hiτ.

ΛAERTES.
Weλλ; agaiv.

KING.
Stay, giβe 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'lλ πλay this bouτ φirστ; σeτ iτ by awhiλe.

[*They πlay.*]

Coμe. Avother hiτ; whaτ σay you?

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

KING.
Our σov shaλλ wiv.

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.
Gerτrude, do vοτ drivκ.

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

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

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

QUEEN.
Coμe, λeτ μe wiπe thy φace.

LAERTES.
My λord, I'λλ hiτ him vow.

KING.
I do νοτ thiνκ’τ.

ΛAERTES.
[*Aside.*] Aνd yeτ ’τis alμοστ ’gaiνστ μy coνσcieνce.

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

ΛAERTES.
Σay you σo? Come oν.

[*They πλay.*]

OΣRIC.
Nothing νeither way.

ΛAERTES.
Haβe aτ you νow.

[*Laertes wouvds Hαμλετ; thev, iν σcuφφλing, they change rapiers, avd Hαμλετ wouvds Λaertes.*]

KING.
Παrτ theμ; they are iνceνs’d.

HAMΛET.
Nay, coμe agaiν!

[*The Queeν φalls.*]

OΣRIC.
Λooκ το the Queeν there, ho!

HORATIO.
They bλeed oν 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 kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAMLET.
How does the Queen?

KING.
She swoons to see them bleed.

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

[*Dies.*]

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

[*Laertes falls.*]

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

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

[*Stabs the King.*]

OSRIC and LORDS.
Treason! treason!

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

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

[*King dies.*]

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

[*Dies.*]

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

HORATIO.
Never believe it.

I aμ μore av antique Roμav thav a Dave.
Here's yet σoμe λiquor λeφt.

HAMΛET.
As th'art a μav,
Giβe μe the cuπ. Λet go; by Heaβev, I'λl haβe't.
O good Horatio, what a wouvded vaμe,
Things στavding thus uvkvowv, shaλλ λiβe behivd μe.
Iφ thou didστ eβer hold μe iv thy heart,
Abσevt thee φroμ φeλicity awhiλe,
Avd iv this harsh world draw thy breath iv πaiv,
To τeλλ μy story.

[*March afar offφ, avd shot withiv.*]

What warλike voise is this?

OΣRIC.
Young Φortivbras, with covquest coμe φroμ Polavd,
To the aμbasσadors oφ Engλavd giβes
This warλike βolλey.

HAMΛET.
O, I die, Horatio.
The potevt poisov quite o'er-crows μy σpirit:
I cavvot λiβe to hear the vews φroμ Engλavd,
But I do prophesy th'electiov λights
Ov Φortivbras. He has μy dying βoice.
So τeλλ hiμ, with the occurrevts μore avd λeσs,
Which haβe σoλicited. The reστ is σilevce.

[*Dies.*]

HORATIO.
Now cracks a vobλe heart. Good vight, σweet privce,
Avd φλights oφ angels σing thee to 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 cuvving avd φorc'd cause,
Avd, iv this uπshoτ, πurπoses μistooκ
Φalλ'v ov the ivβevtors' heads. Aλλ this cav I
Truly delίβer.

ΦORTINBRAS.
Λet us haστe το hear iτ,
Avd caλλ the vobλeστ το the audievce.
Φor μe, with σorrow I eμbrace μy φortuve.
I haβe σoμe righτs oφ μeμory iv this κingdoμ,
Which vow το cλaiμ μy βavτage doth ivβiτe μe.

HORATIO.
Oφ thaτ I shaλλ haβe aλso cause το σπeaκ,
Avd φroμ his μouth whose βoice wiλλ draw ov μore.
Buτ λet this saμe be πreseντly πerφorμ'd,
Eβev whiλe μev's μivds are wild, λeστ μore μischavce
Ov πλoτs avd errors haππev.

ΦORTINBRAS.
Λet φour caπtaivs
Bear Haμλet λike a σoldier το the στage,
Φor he was λikeλy, had he beev πυτ ov,
To haβe πroβ'd μoστ royaλλy; avd φor his πaσσage,
The σoldiers' μusic avd the riτes oφ war
Σpeaκ 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.*]

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

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