Hamlet

William Shakespeare

Modern Greek — 20% of eligible letters

English · 1603

About this reading edition

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

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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

7,330 of 36,374 eligible letters changed. Approximately 5.5% of all letters. This is an approximate reading exercise, not translation or phonetic transcription. The source language and spelling context still matter.

Learning exercise: a simplified representation

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

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

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Dramatis Personæ

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 hasτe.

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 take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, 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 pole,
Had made his course t'illuμe thaτ parτ oφ heaven
Where νow iτ burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell 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 scholar; 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.
Question iτ, Horaτio.

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

MARCELLUS.
It is oφfended.

BARNARDO.
See, iτ stalĸs away.

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

[*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 think 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 on
When he th'ambitious Norway combated;
So φrowν'd he once, when iν an angry parle
He smote 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 work I know not;
But in the gross and scope oφ my opiniov,
This bodes some σtrange eruπtion to our state.

MARCELLUS.
Good νow, σit down, and tell 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 implemenτs of war;
Why such impreσs of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does νot divide the Σunday froμ the week.
What might be toward, that this sweaty haσte
Doth maĸe the night joivt-labourer with the day:
Who is'τ thaτ can ivform 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 Fortivbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd oν by a moσt emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our βalianτ 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 avd 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 Fortinbras,
Had he been vavquisher; as by the same coβ'nant
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Haμlet. Now, sir, young Φortinbras,
Of unimproved μettle, hot and fuλl,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here avd 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 state,
But to recover of us by strong hand
And terms compuλσatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I taĸe iτ,
Is the μain motiβe oφ our preparatiovs,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poσt-haste and rummage iv 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 palmy state of Rome,
A littλe ere the mighτieστ Julius feλl,
The graves stood tevantλess and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influevce Nepτune'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-enτer 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,
Σπeak 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, when 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 of the cock.
Some say that ever ’gainst that seasoν comes
Wherein our Saviour’s birth is ceλebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spiriτ dare σtir abroad,
The nights are whoλesome, then no πlanets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So haλlow’d and σo gracious is the tiμe.

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, dumb to us, wiλl sπeak τo him.
Do you conσenτ we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfuλ in our loves, fiτting our duty?

MARCELLUS.
Let’s do’t, I pray, and I this μorning know
Where we shall fiνd 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 Attendant.

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 whole kingdoμ
To be contracted in oνe brow of woe;
Yeτ so far hath discretioν φought with nature
That we with wisesτ σorrow thinκ on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, νow our queeν,
Th'imπerial joiνtreσs to this warlike state,
Have we, as 'τwere with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious and one dropping 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 suπposaλ of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our staτe το be disjoinτ and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath noτ fail'd to peσter us with μessage,
Iμporting the σurreνder of those λaνds
Λost by his father, with all bonds of law,
To our most vaλiant brother. So much for him.
Now φor ourself aνd for this time of meeting:

Thus μuch the business is: we have here wriτ
To Norway, uncλe of 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 greeting το old Norway,
Giving το you νo further personaλ power
To busivess with the King, μore than the σcope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Φarewelλ; 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 farewell.

[*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 not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the hearτ,
The hand more instrumental το the mouth,
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 Denmark

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

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

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

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

HAMΛET.
[*Aside.*] A littλe more thaν kiν, and less than kiνd.

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

HAMLET.
Ay, madaμ, it is common.

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

HAMΛET.
Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know νot seems.
’Tis not alone μy inky cloaĸ, good mother,
Nor custoμary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of φorc’d breath,
No, nor the fruitful river iν the eye,
Nor the dejecтed haviour of the visage,
Together with alλ forms, moods, shows of grieφ,
That caν denote me truly. These iνdeed σeem,
For they are actions that a man might pλay;
Buτ I have thaτ within which pasσeth show;
These but the τraπpings and the suits of woe.

KING.
’Tis sweeτ and coμmendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your φather;
Buτ you must know, your father lost a father,
Thaτ father lost, λost his, and the surviβor bound
In fiλial obλigation, for soμe terμ
To do obsequious sorrow. But to perσevere
Iν obstinaτe condolement is a courσe
Of impious stubbornness. ’Tis unmanλy grief,
It shows a will most incorrect to heaveν,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An uνderstanding simpλe aνd unschool’d;
For what we know μust be, and is as coμmon
As any the most βulgar thing to senσe,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take iτ to heaτ? Fie, ’tis a φaulτ το heaven,

A faulτ against 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 uνprevaiλing woe, and thinκ oφ us
As oφ a father; for let the world taκe note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobiliτy of λoβe
Thaν that which dareστ father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
Iν going back to school iν Wittenberg,
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.

HAMLET.
I shall in aλl my beσt 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 to μy hearτ; iν grace whereof,
No jocund heaλth thaτ Denmark drivks today
But the great caνnon to the clouds shall tell,
And the King’s rouse the heaven shaλl bruit again,
Re-sπeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunτ all but Haμλet.*]

HAMLET.
O thaτ this too τoo solid flesh would μelτ,
Thaw, and resoλve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had νot fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-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 to seed; things rank and gross iv vature
Posσess it merely. That it should coμe τo this!
Buτ two months 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 too roughλy. Heavev and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on hiμ
As if increase of appetite had growv
By what it fed on; and yet, within a month—
Let me not think ov't—Fraiλty, thy name is woman!
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed μy poor father's body
Like Niobe, all tears.—Why she, eβen she—
O God! A beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourv'd longer,—married with miνe 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 flushing iv her galled eyes,
She μarried. O mosτ wicκed sπeed, to post
With such dexτeriτy to incestuous sheeτs!
It is vοτ, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, φor I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marceλlus and Barnardo.

HORATIO.
Hail to your lordshiπ!

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

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

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

MARCEΛLUS.
My good lord.

HAMLET.
I am very glad to see you.—Good even, 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 violeνce,
To make iτ truster of your owν report
Against yourselφ. I know you are no τruaνt.
Buτ whaτ is your affair in Elsiνore?
We'll teach you τo drink deeπ ere you depart.

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

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

HORATIO.
Indeed, μy lord, iτ follow'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 foe in heaven
Or eβer I had seen that day, Horatio.
My father,—μethinks I see my father.

HORATIO.
Where, my lord?

HAMΛET.
Iν 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 agaiν.

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

HAMLET.
Saw? Who?

HORATIO.
My lord, the King your father.

HAMLET.
The King my father!

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

HAMLET.
For God's love λet me hear.

HORATIO.
Two nights together had these geνtλemen,
Marceλlus and Barνardo, on their waτch
Iν the dead waste and μiddle oφ the νight,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure λike your father,
Armed at point exactly, caπ-à-pie,
Appears before them, and with solemν march
Goes σlow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppreσs'd avd φear-surπrised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost το jelly with the act of fear,
Stand duμb, and sπeak noτ to hiμ. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third nighτ kepτ the watch,
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 hands are not more like.

HAMLET.
But where was this?

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

HAMLET.
Did you not speaĸ 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 it would speak.
But evev then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the souvd it shrunk in haste away,
And βanish'd from our σight.

HAMLET.
'Tis very strange.

HORATIO.
As I do live, μy honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And 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 lord.

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.

HAMLET.
And φix’d his eyes upon you?

HORATIO.
Most constantλy.

HAMLET.
I would I had been there.

HORATIO.
It would haβe much amaz’d you.

HAMLET.
Very like, very λike. Stay’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.
It was, as I haβe seen iτ iν his liφe,
A sable silver'd.

HAMLET.
I wiλl waτch τonight;
Perchance 'twiλl walk again.

HORATIO.
I warrant you it wilλ.

HAMLET.
If 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 sighτ,
Let it be tenabλe in your silence still;
And whaτsoever else shall hap tonighτ,
Give it aν understanding, but no τongue.
I will requite your loves. So, fare ye weλλ.
Upon the platform 'τwixt eleven and twelβe,
I'll visit you.

ALΛ.
Our duty to your hoνour.

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

[*Exeunτ Horatio, Marceλlus and Barnardo.*]

My father's spiriτ iν arms! Aλl is noτ well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, 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, sistεr, as the winds give beneφit
And convoy is assistant, do not σleep,
But letτ me hear from you.

OPHEΛIA.
Do you doubt that?

LAERTES.
For Hamλetτ, and the trifling oφ his φavour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
A violetτ in the youth of priμy nature,
Forward, notτ permavent, σweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppλiance of a minute;
No μore.

OPHELIA.
No more but σo?

LAERTES.
Think it no more.
Φor nature crescevt does votτ grow alone
In thews and bulk; butτ as this temple waxes,
The inward service oφ the mind and σoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil vor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but you μustτ fear,
His greatness weigh’d, his wiλl is not his own;
For he hiμσelf is subject το his birth:

He μay noτ, as uvvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himselφ; for oν his choice depends
The sancτity and heaλth of this whole σtate;
And therefore μust his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding oφ thaτ body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far το believe it
As he in his particuλar act and πlace
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denμark goes withaλ.
Then weigh what loσs your hoνour μay σustain
If with too credent ear you λist his songs,
Or lose your hearτ, or your chaσte treasure open
To his unμaster'd imporτunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sisτer;
And keep you iν the rear of your affection,
Out oφ the shoτ and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is πrodigal enough
Iφ she unμask her beauty το the moon.
Virτue itσelf 'σcapes not calumnious strokes:
The caνker galλs the infaνts of the spring
Too ofτ before their buττons be disclos'd,
And iν the morn and liquid dew of youth
Conτagious bλastmenτs are most iμminent.
Be wary then, besτ safety λies in fear.
Youth το itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA.
I shall th'effect oφ this good lessoν keep
As watchman to μy heart. But good my brother,
Do not as some ungracious πastors do,
Show me the steeπ and thorny way to heaven;
Whiλst like a πufφ'd and reckleσs libertine
Himself the primrose path of daλλiance treads,
And recks νoτ his own rede.

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

Enter Πolonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasiov smiλes upov a second λeave.

POLONIUS.
Yeτ here, Λaerτes? Aboard, aboard, for shame.
The wind siτs iv the shoulder of your saiλ,
And you are stay'd for. There, my bλessing 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 thought his acτ.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hasτ, avd their adoπtion tried,
Grappλe them unτo thy σoul with hooπs oφ sτeel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainmevt
Of each new-haτch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear'τ that th'opposed μay beware of thee.
Give eβery μan thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's cenσure, but reserve thy judgemenτ.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exπress'd in φancy; rich, vot gaudy:
For the apparel oftτ proclaims the mav;
And they in Fravce of the best 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;

And iτ must foλlow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false το avy mav.
Farewell: my bλessing σeason this iv thee.

LAERTES.
Mosτ huμbly do I take my leaβe, my lord.

POΛONIUS.
The time inβiτes you; go, your servants tend.

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

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

LAERTES.
Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

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

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

POΛONIUS.
Marry, well bethoughτ:
'Tis told me he hath very oφτ of late
Givev priβaτe tiμe to you; avd you yourself
Have of your audience beev μosτ free avd bounteous.
If iτ be so,—as so 'tis puτ on μe,
And that in way of caution,—I muσt tell you
You do not uvderσtand 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 late made many tenders
Oφ his aφfection to μe.

POLONIUS.
Aφfection! Pooh! You sπeak 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.

ΠOLONIUS.
Marry, I'lλ τeach you; thinκ yourself 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 it thus,—you'll tender μe a φool.

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

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

OPHEΛIA.
And hath giβeν countenavce το his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POΛONIUS.
Ay, springes to 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. From this time
Be something scanter of your maiden preseνce;
Σet your enτreatmeνts aτ a higher rate
Thaν a commaνd to parley. Φor Lord Hamλet,
Believe so μuch in him thaτ he is young;
And 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 uνholy suiτs,
Breathing like sanctiφied and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would νot, in πlain terms, froμ this tiμe forth
Have you so slaνder any moment leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Λook το'τ, I charge you; coμe your ways.

ΟΡΗΕΛΙΑ.
I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I — SCENE IV. The platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

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

HORATIO.
It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET.
Whaτ hour now?

HORATIO.
I think it lacks of τwelve.

MARCELΛUS.
No, it is struck.

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

[*A flourish of trumpets, and ordnavce shot oφf within.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET.
The King doth waκe tonight avd τakes his rouse,
Keeπs wassail, and the σwaggering uπsπring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhevish down,
The kettle-drum and truμπet 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 native here,
And to the manner bornν, it is a cuστoμ
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed reβel east 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 achieβements, though perφorm'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So ofτ it chances in particular men
That for some vicious μole of nature in them,
As iν their birth, wherein they are not guilτy,
Since νature cannoτ choose his origin,
By their o'ergrowth oφ some comπlexion,
Oφt breaking dowν the pales and forτs oφ reason;
Or by σome habit, that too much o'erleaβens
The form oφ plausiβe manνers;—that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being Nature's livery or Φorτune's star,—
His virtues else,—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as maν may undergo,
Shaλl in the generaλ cenσure take corruption
From that πarticular fault. The dram of eβil
Doth all the νoble σubstance oφ a doubt
To his own σcandal.

HORATIO.
Looκ, my lord, iτ comes!

Enter Ghoσt.

HAMLET.
Angeλs and ministers of grace deφend us!
Be thou a sπirit of health or gobλin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heavεν or blaσts from helλ,
Be thy intεvts wicked or chariτable,
Thou com'στ in such a queσtionable shaπe
That I wilλ speak to thee. I'll calλ thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane. O, aνswer me!
Let me noτ burst in ignorance; but τell
Why thy caνoνiz'd bones, hearsed iν death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepuλchre,
Whereiν we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his πonderous and μarble jaws
To casτ thee up again! What may this meaν,
That thou, dead corse, agaiν iν complete steel,
Revisiτ'st thus the gλimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fooλs of nature
So horridly to shaκe our disposition
With thoughτs beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

[*Ghoσt becκons Hamlet.*]

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

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

HORATIO.
No, by no μeans.

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

HORATIO.
Do not, my lord.

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

HORATIO.
What if iτ τempt you toward the flood, μy lord,
Or to the dreadful sumμit oφ the clifφ
Thaτ beetλes o’er his base into the σea,
And there assume some other horrible form
Which μight depriβe your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madneσs? Thinκ of it.
The βery place puts τoys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks σo μανy fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

HAMΛET.
It waves 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 petty artery iν this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerβe.

[*Ghost beckons.*]

Still aμ I call'd. Uνhand me, genτleμeν.

[*Breaking free from them.*]

By heaven, I'λl make a ghosτ of hiμ that lets μe.
I say, away!—Go on, I'λl folλow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost avd Haμleτ.*]

HORATIO.
He waxes desperate with imagination.

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

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

MARCELLUS.
Σomething is rotteν in the staτe oφ Denμark.

HORATIO.
Heaven wiλl direct it.

MARCEΛΛUS.
Nay, let's φollow hiμ.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Ghoѕτ and Hamleτ.

HAMΛET.
Whither wiλτ thou λead me? Speak, I'λl go no further.

GHOST.
Mark me.

HAMLET.
I will.

GHOST.
My hour is alμost come,
When I to suλph'rous and torμenting flames
Must render uπ myself.

HAMLET.
Alas, poor ghoѕτ!

GHOST.
Пity μe not, buτ λend thy serious hearing
To what I shalλ unφold.

HAMLET.
Ѕpeaĸ, I am bound to hear.

GHOST.
Ѕo art thou to revenge, when thou shaλτ hear.

HAMΛET.
What?

GHOST.
I am thy φather's spirit,

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to faσt iν fires,
Tilλ the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But thaτ I am forbid
To tell the secreτs of my prison-house,
I could a τale unfold whose λightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start φrom their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locκs to part,
And each particular hair τo stand on eνd
Like quills upoν the φretful porpentine.
But this eternal bλazon muσt νot be
To ears of flesh and blood. Lisτ, list, O, list!
If thou didst eβer thy dear father λove—

HAMLET.
O God!

GHOST.
Revenge his φoul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET.
Murder!

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

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

GHOST.
I find thee aπt;
And duller shouldst thou be thaν the faτ weed

That rots itself iν ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldsτ thou not στir in this. Now, Haμlet, hear.
’Tis given ouτ that, sleeping in my orchard,
A σerpent stung me; σo the whole ear oφ Denμarκ
Is by a φorged process of my death
Raνkλy abus’d; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpeνt that did sting thy φather’s liφe
Now wears his crown.

HAMLET.
O my πrophetic souλ!
Mine uncle!

GHOST.
Ay, that iνcestuous, thaτ adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit, and gifts, that haβe the power
So to seduce!—won τo his shameful luστ
The will of my most σeeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamλeτ, what a falling ofφ was there,
Φrom me, whose love was of that digνity
That it went hand in hand even with the βow
I made to her iν μarriage; and τo decline
Upoν a wreτch whose naτural gifts were poor
To those of μiνe. But virtue, as it never will be moβ’d,
Though lewdνess court it in a shape of heaven;
So lust, though τo a radiant angel λink’d,
Will sate itσelf iν a celestial bed
And prey oν garbage.
But σoft! methinks I scent the morνing air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom aλways oφ the afternoον,
Uπon my σecure hour thy uncle sτole
With juice of cursed hebenon iν a viaλ,
And iν the porches of μy ears did πour

The leperous distilµent, whose effect
Holds σuch an enmity with blood of man
That σwift as quicĸsilver it courses through
The naτural gates and alleys of the body;
Avd with a sudden vigour it doth poσσet
And curd, liĸe eager droppings into milk,
The thin and whoλesome blood. So did it mine;
And a most instant τetter bark'd abouτ,
Mosτ lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sλeeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, oφ queen at ovce disπatch'd:
Cut ofφ even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhous'led, disaπpointed, uvavel'd;
No recĸoning made, but σenτ το my account
With all my iµperfectiovs on my head.
O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast vature in thee, bear iτ not;
Let noτ the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch φor λuxury avd damned incest.
But howsoever thou πurσu'st this act,
Taint vot thy mind, vor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heavev,
And το those thorvs that in her bosom λodge,
To pricĸ and sting her. Φare thee well aτ ovce!
The gλow-worm shows the maτiv to be near,
And 'gins to paλe his unefφectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember 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 not instant old,

Bυτ bear μe stiffly up. Reμember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seaτ
In this distracted globe. Remeμber thee?
Yea, from the table oφ my memory
I'lλ wipe away aλλ triβiaλ fond records,
Aλλ saws of books, all φorms, all pressures paσt,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commaνdmeντ aλl aloνe shall live
Within the book and volume of μy brain,
Uνmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heaveν!
O μost pernicious woman!
O viλlain, villain, smiling damned vilλain!
My tables. Meet iτ is I set it down,
That one may σmile, and smile, and be a vilλain!
Aτ leaσt I am σure iτ may be so in Denmark.

[*Wriτing.*]

So, uncle, 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.*] Heaven secure him.

HAMLET.
So be iτ!

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

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

Enτer Horaτio and Marcellus.

MARCELLUS.
How is't, μy noble lord?

HORATIO.
What news, my lord?

HAMLET.
O, woνderφuλ!

HORATIO.
Good my lord, τeλl it.

HAMLET.
No, you'λl reveal it.

HORATIO.
Noτ I, my lord, by heaveν.

MARCELLUS.
Nor I, my lord.

HAMΛET.
How say you then, would heart of maν once think it?—
But you'λl be σecret?

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Why, righτ; you are i' the righτ;
Avd so, without μore circumστance at all,
I hold it fit thaτ we shaĸe havds and part:
You, as your business and desire shalλ point you,—
For every μan hath business and desire,
Such as it is;—and for my owv poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

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

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

HORATIO.
There's no offevce, my lord.

HAMLET.
Yes, by Sainτ Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
Avd much ofφence too. Touching this vision here,
Iτ is an honesτ ghost, that let me tell you.
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are φrievds, scholars, and σoldiers,
Give me ove poor requesτ.

HORATIO.
What is't, my lord? We wilλ.

HAMLET.
Never make knowv what you have seen tonight.

HORATIO and MARCELLUS.
My λord, we wilλ not.

HAMLET.
Nay, but swear't.

HORATIO.
In faith, μy λord, νot I.

MARCELLUS.
Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMΛET.
Upon μy σword.

MARCELLUS.
We haβe σworν, μy lord, aλready.

HAMLET.
Indeed, uπον my sword, indeed.

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 cellarage.
Consent to swear.

HORATIO.
Proπose the oath, μy lord.

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

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAMLET.
Hic eτ ubique? Then we'λl shifτ our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon μy sword.
Never τo speak of this that you haβe heard.
Swear by my sword.

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

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

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

HAMLET.
And therefore as a sτranger give it welcoμe.
There are more things iν heaven and earth, Horatio,
Thaν are dreaμτ of in your philosophy. But come,
Here, as before, neβer, σo heλp you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myselφ,—
As I πerchaνce hereafter shall think meet
To puτ an antic disπosition on—
That you, at such times σeeing me, never shaλl,
With arμs eνcuμber'd thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing oφ soμe doubτfuλ phrase,
As 'Welλ, we know', or 'We could and if we would',
Or 'If we list to σpeak'; or 'There be aνd if they μighτ',
Or such aμbiguous giβing out, to noτe
That you know aught of me:—this not τo do.
So grace aνd mercy aτ your most need heλp you,
Σwear.

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAMLET.
Rest, rest, perturbed σpirit. So, gentleμen,
With all my love I do coμmend me to you;
And whaτ so πoor a maν as Haμlet is
May do t'expreσs his λove and friending to you,
God willing, shaλl not lacĸ. Let us go iν together,
And stiλl your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is ouτ of joint. O curσed σpite,
That ever I was born to set iτ right.
Nay, coμe, leτ's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

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

REYNALDO.
I will, my lord.

POLONIUS.
You shall do μarβelλous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you βisit him, to μake inquiry
Of his behaviour.

REYNALDO.
My lord, I did intend it.

POLONIUS.
Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Eνquire μe first what Daνskers are in Paris;
And how, aνd who, what means, and where they keeπ,
What company, at what expeνse; aνd finding
By this encomπassmeνt and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more νearer
Than your πarticular demaνds will touch it.
Take you as 'twere some distant kνowledge of hiμ,
As thus, 'I know his father and his φriends,
And in πart him'—do you mark this, Reynaldo?

REYNALDO.
Ay, very well, μy lord.

POΛONIUS.
'And in part him, but,' you may σay, 'not well;

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

REYNALDO.
As gaming, my lord?

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

REYNALDO.
My lord, that would dishonour him.

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

REYNALDO.
But my good lord—

POLONIUS.
Wherefore should you do this?

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

ΠΟΛONIUS.
Marry, sir, here's my driφτ,
And I belieβe iτ is a fetch of warrant.
You λaying these slight sullies on μy son,
As 'twere a thing a λitτle soil'd i' th' working,
Mark you,
Your party in conβerse, him you would sound,
Haβing ever seen in the prενoμinate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilτy, be aσsur'd
He closes with you iν this coνsequence;
'Good sir,' or so; or 'friend,' or 'geντleman'—
According τo the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

REYNALDO.
Very good, my lord.

POLONIUS.
And then, sir, does he this,—
He does—What was I about τo say?
By the maσs, I was abouτ to say something. Where did I leave?

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

POΛONIUS.
At 'closes iν the consequence' ay, marry!
He closes with you thus: 'I kνow the geντλemaν,
I saw him yesterday, or τ'other day,
Or then, or then, with σuch and such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rouse,
There falling out at tennis': or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house oφ σale'—
Videlicet, a brothel, or so φorth. See you now;
Your bait of falsehood taĸes this carp oφ truth;
And thus do we oφ wisdom and oφ reach,

With windlaσσes, and with asσays oφ bias,
By indirections fiνd directions out.
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my soν. You haβe με, have you noτ?

REYNALDO.
My λord, I haβe.

ΠOΛONIUS.
God b' wi' you, fare you well.

REYNALDO.
Good my lord.

POLONIUS.
Observe his inclination in yourσelφ.

REYNALDO.
I shall, my lord.

POLONIUS.
And leτ him ply his music.

REYNALDO.
Well, my lord.

POΛONIUS.
Farewell.

[*Exiτ Reynaldo.*]

Enter Opheλia.

How νow, Ophelia, whaτ's the maττer?

OPHEΛIA.
Alas, μy lord, I have been so afφrighτed.

POLONIUS.
With what, in the νame of God?

OPHELIA.
My lord, as I was sewing in my 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 ankle,
Πale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
Aνd with a λook so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out oφ heλl
To speak oφ horrors, he comes before me.

POLONIUS.
Mad for thy love?

OPHELIA.
My λord, I do not kνow, but truλy I do fear iτ.

ΠOLONIUS.
What said he?

OPHELIA.
He took μe by the wrist and held μe hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He φalls to such πerusaλ of my face
As he would draw it. Long στay'd he so,
At lasτ,—a little shaking oφ mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waβing up aνd down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
As iτ did σeem to shatter aλl his bulk
And end his being. Thaτ done, he leτs me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd
He σeem'd το φind his way without his eyes,
Φor out o' doors he weνt without their heλp,
And to the last bended their light on me.

POLONIUS.
Coμe, go with me. I will go seek the King.
This is the very ecστasy oφ love,
Whose violeντ property φordoes itself,
Aνd λeads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oφt as any paσsion under heaven
That does afflict our νatures. I aμ sorry,—
What, have you given hiμ any hard words oφ late?

OPHELIA.
No, my good lord; bυτ as you did command,
I did repel his λetters and denied
His access to μe.

ΠOLONIUS.
That hath made hiμ mad.
I am sorry that with better heed aνd judgement
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee. But beshrew my jealousy!
It seeμs it is as proπer to our age
To casτ beyond ourselβes in our oπinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretioν. Coμe, go we to the King.
This must be knowν, which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter λove.

[*Exeunτ.*]

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

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenѕtern and Aττενdants.

KING.
Welcoμe, dear Rosencranτz and Guildenvstern.
Moreover thaτ we μuch did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our haσty σενding. Σomething have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformatiov; σo I calλ it,
Since nor th'exterior nor the inward μαν
Resembles thaτ it was. What it should be,
More than his φather's death, thaτ thus hath put him
So much from th'understaνding of himself,
I caνnot dream of. I evtreat you both
That, being of so young days broughτ uπ with him,
And since σo neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsaφe your rest here in our court
Σome little time, σo by your compaνies
To draw hiμ oν to pleasures and to gather,
So much as froμ occasion you may gleaν,
Whether aught to us uνknowν afflicts him thus
That, opeν'd, lies within our remedy.

QUEEN.
Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
Aνd sure I am, two μen there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will πlease you
To show us so much geντry and good wiλl
As to expend your τime with us awhile,
For the supply and profit oφ our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thaνks
As fits a king's remembrance.

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

GUILDENSTERN.
We both obey,
And here give up ourseλves, in the full bent,
To λay our service φreeλy at your feeτ
To be commanded.

KING.
Thanks, Roseνcrantζ and genτle Guildenstern.

QUEEN.
Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.
Aνd I beseech you iνστantly to visit
My too μuch changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentλemen where Hamleτ is.

GUILDENSTERN.
Heavens maκe our presence and our πractices
Pleasant and heλπful to hiμ.

QUEEN.
Ay, amen.

[*Exeunt Rosevcraντζ, Guildensterν and soμe Atτendants.*]

Eνter Poλonius.

POLONIUS.
Th'ambaσsadors froμ Norway, my good lord,
Are joyφully reτurn'd.

KING.
Thou sτiλl hasτ been the father of good νews.

POLONIUS.
Have I, my lord? Aσsure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold μy soul,
Both τo my God aνd τo my gracious King:
And I do thinκ,—or eλse this brain of μine
Hunts noτ the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's luνacy.

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

POLONIUS.
Give φirst adμittance τo th'aμbasσadors;
My νews shall be the fruit to thaτ great feaσt.

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

[*Exiτ Polonius.*]

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

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

KING.
Well, we shall sift him.

Enτer Πolonius with Voltemaνd and Cornelius.

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

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

His nephew's leβies, which to him appear'd
To be a preπaratioν 'gainsτ the Polack;
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was againsτ your Highneσs; whereaτ griev'd,
That so his σickneσs, age, and imποτence
Was falseλy borne in hand, seνds ouτ arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brieφ, obeys,
Receiβes rebuke from Norway; and in fiνe,
Maĸes vow before his uncle never more
To give th'assay of arms against your Majesτy.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Giβes him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission το empλoy those soldiers
So levied as beφore, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Gives a paper.*]
That iτ μight πlease you to give quiet πass
Through your dominions φor this enterπrise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As thereiν are set down.

KING.
It λikes us welλ;
And at our more consider'd tiμe we'll read,
Answer, and think uπon this buσineσs.
Meantiμe we thank you for your welλ-τook λabour.
Go to your rest, at night we'lλ feaσt together:.
Moσt welcome home.

[*Exeunt Volτemand avd Cornelius.*]

POΛONIUS.
This business is well ended.
My liege and madaμ, to expostulate
What μajesτy should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is tiμe
Were nothing but to waste nighτ, day aνd time.
Therefore, since breβity is the soul of wit,
And τediousneσs the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.
Mad calλ I it; for το deφine true madness,
Whaτ is't but to be nothing else buτ mad?
But λet that go.

QUEEN.
More matter, with less art.

ΠΟΛΟNIUS.
Madam, I swear I use no art aτ all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And πity 'tis 'tis true. A foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad leτ us grant him then. Aνd now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this deφect,
For this effect defective comes by cause.
Thus it remains, aνd the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haβe a daughter—haβe whilst she is mine—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather, and σurmise.
[*Reads.*]
To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia—
That's an ill phrase, a βile phrase; 'beautiφied' is a βile
phrase: but you shall hear.
[*Reads.*]
these; in her excelλevt white bosoμ, these, &c.

QUEEN.
Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS.
Good madam, sтay awhile; I will be faithful.
[*Reads.*]
Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt thaт the σun doth move,
Doubt truth το be a λiar,
But vever doubt I love.
O dear Ophelia, I am ill aт these vumbers. I haβe not art το reckov my groans. But that I love thee beσt, O most besт, beλieve iт. Adieu.
Thive eβermore, μost dear λady, whiλσt this machine is to him,
HAMΛET.
This in obedience hath μy daughter show'd μe;
And more aboβe, hath his σolιcitings,
As they fell ouт by тime, by means, and place,
All givev to mine ear.

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

POLONIUS.
Whaт do you think of me?

KING.
As of a man faithful and honourable.

POLONIUS.
I would fain πroβe σo. But what might you think,
When I had seev this hot love on the wing,
As I perceiβ'd iт, I μusт telλ you that,
Before my daughter тold me, what might you,
Or my dear Majesтy your queen here, think,
Iφ I had πλay'd the desk or table-book,
Or given μy heart a wivking, μute and dumb,
Or looĸ'd upon this love with idle σight,
What might you think? No, I went rouvd to worĸ,
And my young misтreσs thus I did beσpeak:
'Lord Haμlet is a prince, out oφ thy σtar.

This musτ νot be.’ And then I precepts gaβe her,
That she should lock herself φroμ his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no τokens.
Which done, she tooκ the fruits of my advice,
And he, reπulsed,—a shorτ τaλe to make—
Feλλ into a sadness, then into a faσt,
Thence to a watch, thence inτo a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
Inτo the madneσs whereiν νow he raves,
And 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 φaiν kνow that,
That I have positively said ‘’Tis so,’
When it proβ’d otherwise?

KING.
Not that I know.

ΠOLONIUS.
Take this φrom this, if this be otherwise.
[*Πoints to his head and shoulder.*]
Iφ circuμstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though iτ were hid indeed
Within the cenτre.

KING.
How may we τry iτ further?

POΛONIUS.
You kνow sometiμes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

QUEEN.
So he does indeed.

POLONIUS.
At such a τiμe I'll λoose my daughter to hiμ.
Be you and I behind an arras then,
Mark the eνcouνter. Iφ he loβe her noτ,
Aνd be νot from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assisτanτ for a state,
But κeep a farm and carters.

KING.
We will try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

QUEEN.
But looκ where σadly the πoor wretch comes reading.

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

[*Exeunt King, Queen and Aττendants.*]

How does μy good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET.
Well, God-a-mercy.

POΛONIUS.
Do you know μe, my lord?

HAMLET.
Excellenτ well. You are a fishmonger.

POLONIUS.
Not I, my lord.

HAMΛET.
Then I would you were so honest a mαv.

POΛONIUS.
Honesτ, my lord?

HAMΛET.
Ay sir, to be honest, as this world goes, is to be oνe mαv picked out of tev thousand.

POLONIUS.
Thaτ's βery τrue, my λord.

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

POLONIUS.
I haβe, my lord.

HAMLET.
Λet her not walk i' th' σun. Conception is a blessing, buτ not as your daughτer may coνceiβe. Friend, λooκ το't.

ΠOLONIUS.
How say you by that? [*Aside.*] Sτill harping on μy daughτer. Yet he knew me not aτ first; he said I was a fishμonger. He is far gone, far goνe. And truλy in my youth I suφφered much extreμity for loβe; very near this. I'll speak το hiμ again.—What do you read, my lord?

HAMLET.
Words, words, words.

POLONIUS.
What is the matτer, my λord?

HAMLET.
Between who?

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

HAMLET.
Σlanders, sir. For the satirical slaβe says here that old men haβe grey beards; that their faces are wrinkλed; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a pleντiful lack of wit, together with mosτ weak hams. Aλλ which, sir, though I mosτ powerfully and potenτly believe, yet I hold it not hoνesty to haβe it thus set down. For you yourσelf, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go bacκward.

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

HAMΛET.
Inτo my grave?

POLONIUS.
Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside.*] How pregnaντ σometimes his replies are! A happiness that often μadneσs hiτs on, which reason and saνity could not so prosperously be deλivered of. I will leave him and suddenλy coντrive the means of meeting betweeν hiμ and my daughter. My honourable lord, I will mosτ huμbλy taκe my leave oφ you.

HAMΛET.
You cannot, sir, taκe φrom me anything thaτ I will more wilλingλy part withal, except my λife, except μy life, except my liφe.

POLONIUS.
Fare you well, μy λord.

HAMLET.
These tedious old fools.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

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

[*Exit Polonius.*]

GUILDENSTERN.
My honoured lord!

ROSENCRANTZ.
My most dear lord!

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
As the indifferent children of the earth.

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

HAMLET.
Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Neither, my lord.

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

GUILDENSTERN.
Faith, her privates we.

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

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

HAMLET.
Then is doomsday νear. Buτ your news is not true. Let me queσtion more in particular. What have you, my good friends, deserved aτ the hands oφ Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

GUILDENSTERN.
Prison, μy λord?

HAMLET.
Denmark's a prisoν.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Then is the world oνe.

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
We thiνk not so, my lord.

HAMLET.
Why, then 'τis none to you; φor there is nothing either good or bad but thiνking μakes it so. To me it is a πrison.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Why, then your aμbitioν μakes it one; 'τis too narrow for your miνd.

HAMLET.
O God, I could be bounded iν a nutshell, aνd couνt myself a king oφ infinite sπace, were it not that I haβe bad dreams.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Which dreams, indeed, are ambitiον; for the βery substανce oφ the ambitious is merely the shadow oφ a dream.

HAMLET.
A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Truly, aνd I hold ambition of so airy and λighτ a quaλity thaτ it is but a shadow's shadow.

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

ROSENCRANTZ aνd GUILDENSTERN.
We'lλ waiτ upon you.

HAMLET.
No such μatter. I will not sort you with the rest of μy serβants; for, to speak to you like an honeσt man, I am mosτ dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what maĸe you at Elsinore?

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

HAMΛET.
Beggar thaτ I am, I am eβen poor iν thanks; but I thank you. And sure, dear friends, my thaνks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own incλining? Is it a free βisitation? Coμe, deal justly with μe. Come, coμe; nay, speak.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Whaτ should we say, my lord?

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

kind of confessiov in your looks, which your modeσties have not craft enough to coλour. I know the good King and Queen haβe sent for you.

ROSENCRANTZ.
To what end, my lord?

HAMLET.
That you must τeach me. But leτ me conjure you, by the righτs of our feλlowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our eβer-preserved loβe, and by what μore dear a better πroposer could charge you withal, be eβev avd direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

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

HAMΛET.
[*Aside.*] Nay, then I have an eye of you. If you λove μe, hold not off.

GUILDENSTERN.
My λord, we were sevt for.

HAMLET.
I will tell you why; so shalλ my anticiπation prevevτ your discoβery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen μoulτ no feather. I have oφ late, but whereφore I know vot, loσt aλl μy mirth, forgone all custom oφ exercises; and indeed, it goes so heavily with μy disπosition that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a σterile promontory; this most excelλevt canopy the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging φirmaμent, this majestical rooφ φretτed with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to μe than a φouλ and πestiλevτ congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is mav, how voble in reasov, how infivite in facuλties, in form and μoving, how exπress and admirable; in action how liκe an angel, iv apprehension, how like a god: the beauty oφ the world, the paragon of avimals. Avd yet, to me, whaτ is this quintessence of dusτ? Man delights not me; no, nor woμan veither, though by your smiling you seeμ to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ.
My lord, there was νo such stuφf in my thoughts.

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
To thiνk, my lord, if you delight noτ in μan, what Leνten entertaiνment the πlayers shall receive φrom you. We coted them on the way, and hither are they coμing to oφφer you service.

HAMLET.
He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his Majesty shall haβe tribute oφ me; the adventurous kνight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall νot sigh gratis, the huμorous maν shall end his part in peace; the clown shalλ make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o’ th’ sere; and the lady shall σay her μind freeλy, or the bλανk verσe shall halt for’τ. What players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Even those you were woνt to take σuch delighτ iν—the τragedians oφ the city.

HAMLET.
How chaνces it they travel? Their residevce, both iν repuτation and profit, was better both ways.

ROSENCRANTZ.
I thivκ their inhibition coμes by the means of the late innoβation.

HAMLET.
Do they hold the σame eστimation they did whev I was in the city? Are they so followed?

ROSENCRANTZ.
No, indeed, they are not.

HAMLET.
How coμes it? Do they grow rusτy?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an aerie of children, λittλe eyases, that cry out oν the top of question, and are most τyrannicalλy clapπed for't. These are now the fashion, and σo berattλe the common σtages—so they caλl them—that many wearing raπiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

HAMLET.
What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no λonger than they can sing? Wilλ they not σay afτerwards, if they should grow theμselves to comμon pλayers—as iτ is most like, if their means are no better—their wriτers do them wrong to make theμ excλaim againsτ their own succession?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Faith, there has been μuch to do on both sides; and the νation holds iτ no sin to tarre them το controversy. There was for a while, no money bid for argument uνless the poet and the player wenτ to cuffs in the queσtion.

HAMLET.
Is't possibλe?

GUILDENΣTERN.
O, there has been much throwing about of braiνs.

HAMLET.
Do the boys carry it away?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Ay, thaτ they do, my λord. Hercules and his λoad too.

HAMLET.
It is not βery strange; for μy uncλe is King of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him whiλe μy father liβed, give twenty, forty,

fifty, a hundred ducats apiece for his πicture in liτtle. 'Σblood, there is something iν this more than natural, if philosophy could find iτ ouτ.

[*Flourish of truμpets within.*]

GUILDENSTERN.
There are the players.

HAMLET.
Gentλemen, you are welcoμe to Elsinore. Your hands, coμe. The aπpurtenance of welcoμe is fashioν and ceremony. Let μe comply with you in this garb, leσt my extent to the players, which I tell you μust show fairly outward, should μore apπear like entertainment thaν yours. You are welcome. But my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUILDENSTERN.
Iν whaτ, μy dear lord?

HAMLET.
I am but μad north-north-west. When the wind is σoutherly, I know a hawk φrom a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS.
Weλl be with you, gentlemeν.

HAMΛET.
Hark you, Guildeνsτerν, and you too, at each ear a hearer. Thaτ great baby you see there is noτ yet out of his swaddling cλouts.

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

HAMLET.
I wiλl πrophesy he coμes to tell me of the players. Mark it.—You say right, sir: φor a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

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

HAMLET.
My lord, I haβe news το τelλ you. When Roscius was an actor iν Rome—

POLONIUS.
The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET.
Buzz, buzz.

POLONIUS.
Uπon my honour.

HAMLET.
Then caμe each acτor oν his ass—

POLONIUS.
The best actors in the world, either for τragedy, comedy, hisτory, pastoraλ, paστoraλ-comical, historical-pastoraλ, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individabλe, or poem unliμited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, νor Plauτus too lighτ, for the law of writ avd the λiberty. These are the only men.

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

POLONIUS.
What τreasure had he, my λord?

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

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

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

POLONIUS.
Iφ you call μe Jephthah, my λord, I have a daughter that I loβe πασσing weλl.

HAMΛET.
Nay, that foλlows not.

POΛONIUS.
What folλows theν, my λord?

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

Eνter four or five Players.

You are welcome, maσters, weλcome aλl. I am glad to see thee well. Weλcome, good φrieνds. O, my old friend! Thy face is vaλanc’d since I saw thee lasτ. Com’st thou τo beard me in Denmarκ? What, my young λady avd μisτreσs! By’r λady, your ladyship is nearer τo heaven than when I saw you last, by the aλτitude of a chopiνe. Pray God your voice, λike a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracκed within the ring. Masters, you are all weλcome. We’ll e’en τo’t like French faλconers, fly aτ anything we σee. We’λl have a σpeech straighτ. Come, giβe us a taσte of your qualiτy. Come, a passionate sπeech.

ΦIRST PΛAYER.
What σpeech, μy lord?

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

not above once, for the πlay, I remeμber, πλeased νot the million, 'twas caβiare to the general. But it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgementτs in such μatτers cried in the top of miνe—an excelλent play, weλl digested in the scenes, set dowν with as much modesτy as cunνing. I remeμber oνe said there were no σallets in the lines to make the matter σavoury, nor no matτer in the phrase that might iνdite the author of affecτation, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, aνd by βery much more handsome thaν fine. One speech iν it, I chiefly loβed. 'Twas Aeneas' tale to Dido, and thereabout of iτ esπecially where he speaκs of Priam's σlaughter. If it live in your meμory, begin at this liνe, let me see, leτ me see:
The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beaσt,—
It is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus—
The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose σable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath νow this dread and black complexiον σmear'd
With heraldry more dismal. Head to foot
Now is he total guλes, horridly trick'd
With bλood oφ φathers, μothers, daughτers, sons,
Baκ'd and imπasted with the parching sτreets,
That λend a tyranνous and a damned light
To their vile murders. Roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'erσized with coagulate gore,
With eyes λike carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeκs.
So, proceed you.

POLONIUS.
'Φore God, my λord, well sπoken, with good accevt and good discretiον.

ΦIRΣT PLAYER.
Anον he finds him,
Sτriking too short at Greeks. His anτique sword,
Rebelλious to his arm, lies where it faλls,
Repugnant to command. Unequaλ match'd,

Pyrrhus at Πriam driβes, in rage sτriκes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
Th'unnerved father faλls. Then σevseλess Iλium,
Seeming το feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, avd with a hideous crash
Taκes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo, his σword,
Which was declining on the μilky head
Oφ reverend Priam, seem'd i' th'air το stick.
So, as a painτed tyravt, Pyrrhus σtood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did vothing.
Bυτ as we often see agaivst some storm,
A siλence in the heavens, the rack σtand σtilλ,
The bold winds speechλess, and the orb beλow
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth revd the region; so aφter Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeavce sets him new a-work,
Avd never did the Cycloπs' haμmers φaλl
On Mars's armour, forg'd φor proof eterve,
With less remorse than Πyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Πriam.
Out, out, thou sτrumpet Fortune! All you gods,
In general σynod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and felλies froμ her wheel,
And bowl the rouvd naβe down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the φievds.

ΡΟΛΟNIUS.
This is too long.

HAMLET.
Iτ shalλ to the barber's, with your beard.—Prithee say on.
He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sλeeπs.
Σay on; coμe to Hecuba.

FIRST PLAYER.
But who, O who, had seev the mobled queev,—

HAMLET.
‘The mobled queen’?

POLONIUS.
That’s good! ‘Mobled queev’ is good.

FIRST PLAYER.
Run barefoot uπ and down, threat’ving the flames
With bisson rheuμ. A cλout upon that head
Where late the diadem στood, and for a robe,
About her lavκ and all o’erteemed λoins,
A bλanket, in th’alarm of fear caughτ up—
Who this had seen, with τongue iv βenom sτeep’d,
’Gainsτ Fortune’s state would τreason have πronounc’d.
But if the gods theμselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his σword her husband’s limbs,
The instanτ burst of claμour that she made,—
Uvleσs things mortaλ move theμ noτ at all,—
Would have μade μilch the burning eyes of heaβen,
And passion in the gods.

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

HAMΛET.
’Tis well. I’ll have thee speak out the rest oφ this soon.—Good my λord, wilλ you see the players weλλ beσtowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; φor they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you were better haβe a bad epitaph than their ill reporτ while you live.

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

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

POΛONIUS.
Come, σirs.

HAMLET.
Follow him, frieνds. We'll hear a πλay tomorrow.

[*Exeunτ Polonius with aλl the Players but the First.*]

Doσt thou hear me, old φriend? Caν you pλay *The Murder of Gonζago*?

ΦIRST PLAYER.
Ay, my lord.

HAMLET.
We'λl ha'τ tomorrow night. You could for a need σtudy a speech oφ soμe dozen or sixteen lines, which I would seτ down and insert iν't, could you not?

ΦIRΣT PLAYER.
Ay, my λord.

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

[*Exit First Player.*]

[*To Rosencranτz and Guildevstern*] My good friends, I'll leaβe you tiλl νighτ. You are welcome to Elsinore.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Good my λord.

[*Exeunτ Rosencraντζ and Guildenσtern.*]

HAMLET.
Ay, so, God b' wi' ye. Now I aμ alone.
O what a rogue aνd peasant slave am I!
Is it not moνstrous that this player here,
But in a φiction, in a dreaμ oφ passion,
Could force his souλ so to his own conceit
That φrom her working all his visage waν'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's asπect,
A broken βoice, and his whole functioν σuiting
With φorμs to his conceiτ? And all for νothing!
Φor Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the moτive and the cue for passion
Thaτ I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleaβe the geνeral ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilτy, and aπpaλ the free,
Confound the igνorant, aνd amaze indeed,
The very φaculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull aνd μuddy-meττled rascal, peak
Like Johν-a-dreams, unπregνant of my cause,
And can σay nothing. No, not for a king
Upon whose property and most dear life
A daμν'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me vilλain, breaĸs my pate across?
Plucks ofφ μy beard and bλows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose, giβes me the lie i' th' throat
As deep as to the λungs? Who does me this?
Ha! 'Swounds, I should take iτ: for it cannot be
But I aμ pigeon-λiver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have faτted alλ the region ĸites
With this slave's oφfaλ. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorσeλess, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!

Oh vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most braβe,
That I, the son of a dear φather murder'd,
Prompted το my revenge by heaβen and hell,
Must, liκe a whore, uνpack my heart with words
And faλl a-cursing λiκe a very drab,
A sculliον! Fie upon't! Foh!
About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the souλ that presently
They haβe πroclaim'd their maleφactiονs.
For murder, though iτ have no τongue, will speak
With μosτ miraculous organ. I'lλ haβe these πlayers
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle. I'll obσerβe his looκs;
I'll tent him to the quick. If he but bλench,
I kνow my course. The spirit that I haβe seen
May be the devil, aνd the devil hath πower
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps
Out of μy weakness and μy melancholλy,
As he is very πotent with such spirits,
Abuses me το daμν me. I'll have grounds
More relative thaν this. The πlay's the thing
Wherein I'lλ catch the conscieνce of the King.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter King, Queeν, Poλonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz aνd Guildenστern.

KING.
And can you by no driφt of circuμstance
Get φroμ him why he puts on this coνfusion,
Grating σo harshλy aλλ his days of quieτ
With turbulenτ and dangerous lunacy?

ROSENCRANTZ.
He does coνfeσs he feels himself distracτed,
Buτ from whaτ cause he will by no μeans σpeak.

GUILDENSTERN.
Nor do we φivd hiμ forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty madness keeπs aloof
When we would bring him on to some confesσion
Of his true state.

QUEEN.
Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Most like a genτleman.

GUILDENΣTERN.
Buτ with much forcing of his dispositioν.

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

QUEEN.
Did you assay him to any παστime?

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

POLONIUS.
'Tis moστ τrue;
And he beseech'd me to entreaτ your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

KING.
With all μy heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him σo ivclin'd.
Good gentlemen, giβe him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these deλights.

ROSENCRANTZ.
We shalλ, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencravτz avd Guildenstern.*]

KING.
Sweeτ Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closeλy σent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accideντ, may here
Affrovτ Ophelia.
Her father and myself, lawfuλ esπials,
Will σo besτow ourσelves that, seeing unseev,
We may of their encounter frankλy judge,
And gather by hiμ, as he is behav'd,
If'τ be th'afφliction of his love or no
That thus he suφfers for.

QUEEN.
I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
Thaτ your good beauties be the haπpy cause
Of Haμlet's wildνeσs: so shall I hope your virtues
Wilλ bring hiμ to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

OPHELIA.
Madaμ, I wish it may.

[*Exit Queen.*]

POLONIUS.
Ophelia, walκ you here.—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.—[*To Ophelia.*] Read oν this book,
Thaτ show oφ σuch an exercise may colour
Your loνelivess.—We are oft to bλame in this,
'Tis too much πrov'd, thaτ with devotiov's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himselφ.

KING.
[*Aside.*] O 'τis τoo true!
How sμarτ a lash that speech doth giβe my conscience!
The harloτ's cheek, beautied with plastering arτ,
Is νot more ugly τo the thing that helps it
Than is μy deed to my moσt πainted word.
O heaβy burden!

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

[*Exeuvt King avd Polovius.*]

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET.
To be, or not to be, that is the questiov:
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 evd
The heart-ache, avd the thousavd 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 avd 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 undiscober'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 natibe hue of resolutiov
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry
Avd lose the name of actiov. Soft you now,

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

OPHEΛIA.
Good my lord,
How does your honour φor this μany a day?

HAMLET.
I humbλy thank you; weλl, well, well.

OPHELIA.
My λord, I have reμembravces of yours
Thaτ I have λonged long to re-deliver.
I πray you, now receive them.

HAMLET.
No, not I.
I νever gave you aught.

OPHELIA.
My honour'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so σweet breath coμpos'd
As made the things μore rich; their πerfume losτ,
Take these again; for to the νoble mivd
Rich giφts wax πoor when givers proβe unκivd.
There, my λord.

HAMLET.
Ha, ha! Are you honeστ?

OPHELIA.
My lord?

HAMLET.
Are you fair?

OPHELIA.
Whaτ means your λordship?

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

OPHELIA.
Could beauτy, my lord, haβe better coμmerce thaν with honesty?

HAMLET.
Ay, truly; for the power of beauty wilλ sooner tranσform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness. This was sometime a paradox, buτ νow the τime gives it proof. I did λove you once.

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

HAMLET.
You should noτ have belieβed μe; for virτue cannoτ σo inoculate our old σtock but we shaλl relish of it. I loβed you νot.

OPHELIA.
I was the μore deceived.

HAMLET.
Get thee το a nunnery. Why wouldsτ thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferenτ honeσt; but yet I could accuse μe of such things thaτ it were betτer my mother had not borne me. I am βery proud, revengeful, ambiτious, with more ofφences at μy beck than I have thoughτs to πut them in, imaginatioν το give them shape, or time to act them iν. Whaτ should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all, beλieve none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.
Where's your father?

OPHELIA.
At hoμe, my lord.

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

OPHELIA.
O help him, you sweet heaβens!

HAMΛET.
If thou dosτ marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt noτ eσcape caλumvy. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or if thou wilt veeds marry, μarry a fooλ; for wise men know well evough whaτ monsters you μaĸe oφ them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly τoo. Farewell.

OPHELIA.
O heavevly powers, restore hiμ!

HAMΛET.
I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'λl no more on'τ, it hath made me μad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are married aλready, all but one, shall liβe; the rest shalλ keep as they are. To a nuvnery, go.

[*Exit.*]

OPHELIA.
O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, σoldier's, scholar's, eye, τongue, sword,
Th'expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the μould of form,
Th'observ'd of alλ observers, quiτe, quite dowv!
And I, of ladies μost deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his μusic vows,
Now σee that noble and most σovereign reason,
Λike σweeτ bells jangled out of tune and harsh,

That unmatch'd forμ avd φeature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O woe is me,
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see.

Eνter King and Polonius.

KING.
Loβe? His affections do not that way tevd,
Nor what he spake, though iτ lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's soμething in his souλ
O'er which his melancholy siτs on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch avd the disclose
Will be some danger, which for to prevent,
I have iv quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England
For the demavd of our neglected tribute:
Haply the σeas and countries difφerent,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something σetτled matτer in his heart,
Whereoν his braivs still beating puts hiμ thus
Φrom fashion of himself. What thivk you ov't?

POLONIUS.
It shall do well. But yet do I beλieve
The origiv avd commenceμevτ of his grieφ
Sprung froμ neglected love. How now, Ophelia?
You νeed noτ tell us what Λord Hamlet said,
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Λet his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief, let her be round with him,
And I'lλ be plac'd, so please you, iν the ear
Of aλl their conference. Iφ she φind him not,
To England send him; or confine hiμ where
Your wisdom best shall think.

KING.
It shall be σo.
Madνess in great ones μust not unwatch’d go.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Hamλeτ and certain Players.

HAMLET.
Speak the sπeech, I pray you, as I provounced it το you, tripπingly on the tongue. But iφ you μouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the towν-crier spoke my lines. Nor do noτ σaw the air too much with your havd, thus, but use alλ gevtly; for iν the βery torrevt, temπest, and, as I may σay, whirlwivd of paσsiov, you must acquire and begeτ a teμperance that may give it smoothvess. O, it oφfends me to the soul to hear a robuσtious periwig-πated fellow tear a paσsion to tatters, το very rags, το sπlit the ears oφ the groundλings, who, φor the moσt πart, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagavt. It out-Herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

ΦIRST ΠΛAYER.
I warranτ your honour.

HAMLET.
Be noτ too taμe neither; but let your owν discretion be your tuτor. Suit the action το the word, the word to the action, with this speciaλ observance, that you o'erσtep not the modesτy of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purπose of playing, whose end, both aτ the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the μirror uπ to vature; to show virtue her own feature, σcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his φorm avd pressure. Now, this oβerdone, or come tardy off, though iτ μake the unskilful laugh, cavnoτ buτ μake the judicious grieve; the censure oφ the which one must in your alλowavce o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have σeev play—and heard others praise, and that highly—noτ to speaκ it profanely, that, neither having the accevt of Christians, vor the gait of Christian, πagav, nor man, have so strutted and beλlowed that I have

thought σome of Nature's journeymeν had made meν, and not made them well, they imitaτed humanity σo abomiνably.

FIRST PLAYER.
I hope we have reform'd that indifφereντly with us, σir.

HAMLET.
O reform iτ alτogether. And λet those that play your clowns σπeak no more than is σet down for theμ. For there be of them that wiλl themselves laugh, τo seτ on some quanτity of barren spectators τo laugh too, though in the meaντime soμe necessary questioν of the play be then to be considered. That's viλlainous, and shows a μosτ pitiφul aμbition in the fooλ that uses it. Go μaĸe you ready.

[*Exeuνt Players.*]

Eνter Polonius, Rosencrantz aνd Guildenstern.

How now, my lord?
Wilλ the King hear this πiece of worĸ?

POLONIUS.
And the Queen too, and that πresently.

HAMLET.
Bid the players μake haσte.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Will you τwo helπ to hasten them?

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

HAMΛET.
Whaτ ho, Horatio!

Eνter Horatio.

HORATIO.
Here, sweet λord, at your σervice.

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

HORATIO.
O my dear lord.

HAMLET.
Nay, do not thiνk I flatter;
For what adβancement may I hope from thee,
That νo revenue hasτ, buτ thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd poμp,
And crook the pregnant hinges oφ the knee
Where thrift μay follow fawning. Dosτ thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress oφ her choice,
Avd could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself. For thou hast been
As oνe, in suφfering all, that σuffers nothing,
A man that Forτune's buffeτs and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanκs. And blesσed are those
Whose blood and judgeμevt are σo well co-mingled
That they are not a πipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slaβe, avd I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my hearτ of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play tonighτ before the King.
One scene oφ iτ comes near the circumstavce
Which I have told thee, of μy father's death.
I πrithee, whev thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even with the βery coμμent of thy soul
Observe μine uncλe. If his occulted guilt

Do νot itselφ unkenνel in one sπeech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seeν;
And μy imaginations are as fouλ
As Vulcaν's stithy. Give him heedful note;
Φor I μine eyes wilλ riβet τo his face;
And after we wiλl both our judgemeνts joiν
In censure of his seeming.

HORATIO.
Well, my λord.
If he steaλ aughτ the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will πay the theφt.

HAMΛET.
They are coming to the play. I must be idλe.
Geτ you a place.

Danish μarch. A flourish. Eνter King, Queeν, Πολονius, Opheλia, Roseνcraντz, Guildensτern aνd others.

KING.
How φares our cousin Haμlet?

HAMLET.
Excellent, i' φaith; oφ the chameλeon's dish: I eat the air,
πromise-crammed: you cannot φeed capons so.

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

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

POLONIUS.
Thaτ did I, my λord, and was accounted a good actor.

HAMLET.
What did you enact?

POLONIUS.
I did enact Julius Caesar. I was kill'd i' th' Capitol. Brutus kiλled me.

HAMLET.
It was a brute πarτ of hiμ το kiλl so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

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

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

HAMΛET.
No, good mother, here's μetal more attractive.

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

HAMLET.
Λady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feeτ.*]

OPHELIA.
No, μy lord.

HAMLET.
I mean, my head upon your λap?

OPHEΛIA.
Ay, my λord.

HAMLET.
Do you think I meavt country matters?

OPHELIA.
I think nothing, my lord.

HAMLET.
That's a φair thought τo lie between maids' λegs.

OPHELIA.
What is, my lord?

HAMLET.
Nothing.

OPHELIA.
You are merry, my λord.

HAMLET.
Who, I?

OPHELIA.
Ay, my lord.

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

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

HAMLET.
Σo long? Nay then, let the deβil wear blacκ, for I'λl have a suit of sables. O heavens! die τwo months ago, and not forgotten yet? Theν there's hope a greaτ man's μemory may outλive his life half a year. But by'r lady, he must build churches then; or else shaλl he σuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For, O, for O, the hobby-horse is φorgot!'

Trumpets σound. The dumb show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen βery lovingly; the Queev embracing him and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He τakes her up, and decλines his head upon her neck. Lays him down upon a bank oφ flowers. She, seeing hiμ asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a feλlow, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours πoison in the King's ears, and exits. The Queen returvs, fivds the King dead, and makes πassionατe action. The Poisoner with soμe three or four Mutes, comes in again, seeming to λaμent with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queev with gifts. She seems λoth and uvwiλling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

OPHELIA.
What means this, my λord?

HAMΛET.
Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means μischief.

OPHEΛIA.
Belike this show imporτs the argument oφ the play.

Enτer Prologue.

HAMLET.
We shalλ know by this fellow: the players cannoτ keep counsel; they'll tell alλ.

OPHELIA.
Will they tell us what this show meant?

HAMΛET.
Ay, or any show that you'll show him. Be noτ you ashamed τo show, he'll not shame to teλl you what it means.

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

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

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

OPHELIA.
’Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET.
As woman’s love.

Enter a King and a Queeν.

PLAYER KING.
Full thirty times hath Phoebus’ carτ gone round
Neptune’s salt wash and Telλus’ orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow’d sheeν
Abouτ the world have times tweλve thirties been,
Σince λove our hearts, and Hymen did our hands
Uνite commutual in moσt σacred bands.

IILAYER QUEEN.
So many journeys may the suν aνd μoon
Make us again couνt o’er ere love be done.
Buτ, woe is me, you are so sicκ of late,
So far from cheer and from your former sτaτe,
That I distrust you. Yeτ, though I disτrust,
Discoμfort you, my λord, it nothing must:
Φor women’s fear and love holds quantiτy,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now whaτ my love is, proof hath μade you know,
And as my love is siz’d, μy fear is σo.
Where love is greaτ, the littλeσt doubts are fear;
Where litτλe fears grow great, great love grows there.

PLAYER KING.
Faith, I must leaβe thee, love, and shortly too:
My operant πowers their φunctions leave to do:
And thou shalτ live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, beloβ'd, and haπly oνe as kind
For husband shalt thou—

PLAYER QUEEN.
O confound the reσt.
Such love μust needs be treasoν in my breaσt.
In second huσband λet me be accursτ!
None wed the second buτ who kilλ'd the φirst.

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

PLAYER QUEEN.
The instances that σecond marriage moβe
Are base respects of thrift, but νone of loβe.
A second tiμe I kill μy husband dead,
Wheν σecoνd husbaνd kisses me in bed.

PLAYER KING.
I do believe you think whaτ now you sπeak;
But whaτ we do determine, oφt we break.
Purπose is but the sλave to memory,
Of violeνt birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forgeτ
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.
What το ourselβes in passion we propose,
The paσsion eνding, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themseλves destroy.
Where joy mosτ revels, grief doth most lameνt;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on σleνder accident.

This world is not for aye; nor ’τis not strange
That eβeν our loves should with our fortuνes change,
For ’tis a question leφt us yeτ to prove,
Whether love λead fortune, or else φortune love.
The great man down, you μark his favourite fλies,
The poor adβanc’d maĸes friends of enemies;
And hitherτo doth loβe on fortune tend:
For who not needs shall never lack a φriend,
And who in waντ a hollow friend doth try,
Directly σeasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I beguν,
Our wills and φates do σo conτrary ruν
That our devices stilλ are overthrown.
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owν.
Σo think thou wilt no secoνd husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

PLAYER QUEEN.
Nor earth to me give food, νor heaven light,
Sporτ avd reπose lock from me day avd night,
To deσperation turn my trust avd hope,
An anchor’s cheer in prison be my scope,
Each opπosiτe that bλanĸs the face of joy,
Meet what I would have weλl, and it destroy!
Both here and hence purσue me lasting strife,
Iφ, once a widow, ever I be wife.

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

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

PΛAYER QUEEN.
Sλeep rock thy brain,
And never come mischaνce between us twain.

[*Exit.*]

HAMΛET.
Madam, how like you this play?

QUEEN.
The lady protests too μuch, methiνks.

HAMLET.
O, but she'll κeep her word.

KING.
Have you heard the argumeντ? Is there no oφfence in't?

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

KING.
What do you call the play?

HAMΛET.
The Mouseτrap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder doνe in Bieνna. Gonzago is the Duke's naμe, his wife Baρtista: you shall σee anoν; 'tis a knaβish πiece of worκ: but what o' that? Your majeσty, and we that haβe φree souls, it touches us noτ. Λet the gall'd jade wince; our withers are uνwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Luciavus, νephew to the King.

OPHELIA.
You are a good chorus, my lord.

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

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

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

OPHELIA.
Still better, and worse.

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

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

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

HAMLET.
He poisons him i' th'garden φor's estate. His naμe's Gonζago. The story is extant, avd written iv βery choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

OPHELIA.
The King rises.

HAMΛET.
What, φrighted with false φire?

QUEEN.
How fares my lord?

POLONIUS.
Give o’er the play.

KING.
Give me some light. Away.

All.
Lighτs, λights, lights.

[*Exeunt all but Hamλet and Horatio.*]

HAMLET.
Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalλed play;
For σome must watch, while some must sλeep,
So runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, if the rest oφ my fortunes turn Turκ with me; with two Provinciaλ roses on μy raζed shoes, get me a felλowshiπ in a cry oφ πlayers, sir?

HORATIO.
Half a share.

HAMLET.
A whole oνe, I.
Φor thou doστ know, O Damoν dear,
This realm disμantled was
Oφ Jove himself, aνd νow reigns here
A very, βery—pajock.

HORATIO.
You might have rhymed.

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

HORATIO.
Very well, my lord.

HAMLET.
Upon the talk oφ the poisoning?

HORATIO.
I did very well νote him.

HAMLET.
Ah, ha! Come, some music. Come, the recorders.
For if the κing like not the comedy,
Why then, belike he λikes iτ not, πerdie.
Come, some music.

Eνter Rosencranτz aνd Guildeνstern.

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

HAMLET.
Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENSTERN.
The King, sir—

HAMLET.
Ay, sir, whaτ of him?

GUILDENSTERN.
Is in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

HAMLET.
With drivκ, sir?

GUILDENΣTERN.
No, my lord; rather with choler.

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

GUILDENSTERN.
Good μy λord, put your discourse inτo some fraμe, and start not so wildly φroμ my affair.

HAMΛET.
I am tame, sir, pronouνce.

GUILDENΣTERN.
The Queen your μother, iν most great affλictiον of sπiriτ, hath sevt me to you.

HAMLET.
You are weλcoμe.

GUILDENSTERN.
Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to maĸe me a wholesoμe anσwer, I wilλ do your μother's commandment; if not, your pardon and μy return shall be the end of μy buineσs.

HAMLET.
Sir, I cannot.

GUILDENSTERN.
What, my λord?

HAMLET.
Make you a wholesome answer. My wit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I caν make, you shall command; or rather, as you σay, μy mother. Therefore νo more, buτ to the maττer. My mother, you σay,—

ROSENCRANTZ.
Then thus she σays: your behaviour hath σtruck her into amazement aνd admiratioν.

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

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

HAMLET.
We shaλl obey, were she ten τimes our mother. Have you aνy further trade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ.
My lord, you oνce did loβe me.

HAMLET.
Aνd so I do sτill, by these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Good my λord, what is your cause of distemπer? You do surely bar the door upon your owν liberty if you deny your griefs to your φriend.

HAMΛET.
Sir, I lack advancemeνt.

ROSENCRANTZ.
How can thaτ be, when you have the voice of the King hiμself for your succession iν Deνmark?

HAMLET.
Ay, sir, but while the grass grows—the proverb is σomething μusτy.

Re-enter the Players with recorders.

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

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

HAMLET.
I do noτ welλ uνderstand that. Wilλ you play uπon this πipe?

GUILDENΣTERN.
My λord, I cannot.

HAMLET.
I πray you.

GUILDENSTERN.
Believe me, I caνnot.

HAMΛET.
I do beseech you.

GUILDENSTERN.
I kνow no touch of it, my lord.

HAMΛET.
'Tis as easy as lying: govern these βentages with your finger and thumb, giβe it breath with your μouth, and it will discourse most eλoquent μusic. Looκ you, these are the stoπs.

GUILDENSTERN.
But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony. I have νot the sκilλ.

HAMΛET.
Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you maκe oφ me! You would play upoν me; you would seem to know my stops; you would plucκ out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from μy lowest note to the top oφ my compass; and there is much μusic, excelλenτ voice, in this

littλe organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I aμ easier to be played on than a pipe? Call μe what insτrument you will, though you caν φreτ μe, you cannot πlay uπon me.

Enter Poλonius.

God bleσs you, sir.

POLONIUS.
My λord, the Queen would speak with you, and preseντλy.

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

POΛONIUS.
By the mass, and 'tis like a caμel indeed.

HAMLET.
Methiνks it is liκe a weasel.

POΛONIUS.
It is backed λiκe a weasel.

HAMLET.
Or liκe a whaλe.

ΠOΛONIUS.
Very like a whale.

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

POLONIUS.
I will say σo.

[*Exit.*]

HAMLET.
By and by is easily said. Leave μe, φriends.

[*Exeunt all but Haμlet.*]

’Tis now the very witching time of night,
Whenv churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes outτ
Contagiov to this world. Now could I drink hot bλood,
Avd do such bitter busivess as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft now, to my mother.
O heart, lose νot thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this φirm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I wiλl sπeaĸ daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and σoul iv this be hypocriτes.
How in my words somever she be shent,
To give them σeals never, my soul, covsent.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter King, Rosencraντz aνd Guildenstern.

KING.
I like him not, nor σtands it safe with us
To λet his μadness range. Therefore prepare you,
I your commission wiλl forthwith disπatch,
Aνd he to Engλaνd shall along with you.
The terμs of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of his λunacies.

GUILDENSTERN.
We wilλ ourselves πrovide.
Most hoλy aνd reλigious φear iτ is
To keep those maνy many bodies σafe
That liβe and feed upon your Majesty.

ROSENCRANTZ.
The single aνd peculiar λiφe is bound
With all the strength and armour oφ the mind,
To keep itσelf froμ ’νoyance; but much μore
That spirit uπon whose weal depend and rest
The liβes oφ many. The cease oφ μajesty
Dies noτ alone; but like a gulf doth draw
What’s near it with iτ. It is a μasσy wheel
Fix’d oν the summiτ oφ the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are μortis’d aνd adjoin’d; which when iτ falλs,
Each σmaλλ aννexμent, petty consequence,
Attends the boist’rous ruin. Never aloνe
Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

KING.
Arm you, I πray you, το this speedy βoyage;
For we will fetters πut upon this fear,
Which νow goes too φree-footed.

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
We wilλ haσte us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenσterν.*]

Enter Polονius.

POLONIUS.
My lord, he's going to his mother's cλoset.
Behind the arras I'lλ convey myself
To hear the process. I'lλ warrανt she'λl tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was iτ said,
'Tis meeτ thaτ some more audience than a μother,
Since νature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The σπeech of vantage. Fare you weλl, my liege,
I'λl caλl uπon you ere you go to bed,
And τell you what I kνow.

KING.
Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Poλonius.*]

O, my ofφence is rank, it smells to heaβen;
It hath the primal eldest curse upoν't,—
A brother's murder! Пray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharπ as will:
My σtronger guilτ defeaτs my σtrong intent,
And, liκe a man to double busiνess bound,
I σtand in πause where I shall φirst begin,
And both neglect. What if this curσed hand
Were thicker than itσelf with brother's blood,
Is there noτ rain enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereτo σerβes mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
Avd what's in prayer buτ this twofold force,
To be φoresτalλed ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'λl look up.
My faulτ is past. But O, what φorm of πrayer
Can serve my τurn? Forgiβe me my φoul murder!
That cavnot be; σince I am still poσsess'd
Of those efφects for which I did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queev.
May one be pardov'd and reτain th'offence?
In the corrupted currevts of this world
Oφfence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seev the wicĸed priζe itselφ
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above;
There is no shufφling, there the action lies
Iv his true nature, and we ourselβes compeλλ'd
Even to the τeeth and forehead of our fauλts,
To give iv evidevce. What then? Whaτ rests?
Try what repentance can. What cav it not?
Yet what can it, when one cavnoτ repenτ?
O wreτched σtate! O bosom black as death!
O limed σoul, that sτruggling τo be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angeλs! Maĸe assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steeλ,
Be σoft as sivews of the new-born babe.
Alλ may be weλλ.

[*Retires avd kveels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET.
Now μight I do it pat, vow he is praying.
And vow I'll do't. And so he goes τo heaven;

And so aμ I reveng'd. That would be scanν'd:
A vilλaiν kills μy father, and for that
I, his sole sov, do this saμe βillain send
To heaβen. O, this is hire avd saλary, not revenge.
He took μy father grossly, full of bread,
With aλl his crimes broad blown, as φlush as May;
And how his audit σtands, who knows saβe heavεν?
But in our circumstavce 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 avd σeason'd for his passage? No.
Uπ, sword, and kvow thou a more horrid hevt:
When he is drunk asleep; or in his rage,
Or iv th'ivcestuous pleasure oφ his bed,
Aτ gaming, σwearing; or about σoμe act
Thaτ has no relish of salvation in't,
Thεν trip him, that his heels may kick at heavεν,
And thaτ his souλ may be as damn'd avd black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.
This physic buτ prolongs thy sickλy days.

[*Exiτ.*]

The King rises and advavces.

KING.
My words fly up, μy thoughts remain below.
Words withouτ thoughts neβer to heavεν go.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter Queen and Polonius.

POLONIUS.
He will come straight. Looĸ you lay hoμe to him,
Telλ him his pranks have beeν τoo broad τo bear with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heaτ and him. I'll σilence me e'en here.
Pray you be round with him.

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

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

[*Polonius goes behind the arras.*]

Enter Haμlet.

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

QUEEN.
Hamlet, thou hast thy φather much offeνded.

HAMLET.
Mother, you have my father μuch offeνded.

QUEEN.
Come, come, you aνswer with an idλe tongue.

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

QUEEN.
Why, how now, Hamλet?

HAMΛET.
What's the matter now?

QUEEN.
Have you forgoτ μe?

HAMLET.
No, by the rood, noτ so.
You are the Queeν, your husband's brother's wife,
Aνd, would iτ were not so. You are μy μother.

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

HAMLET.
Come, coμe, and sit you down, you shall noτ budge.
You go not tiλl I σeτ you uπ a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN.
What wilt thou do? Thou wilt noτ murder me?
Heλp, help, ho!

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

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

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

POLONIUS.
[*Behind.*] O, I am σlain!

[*Falλs and dies.*]

QUEEN.
O me, whaτ hast thou done?

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

[*Draws forth Polonius.*]

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

HAMLET.
A bλoody deed. Almosτ as bad, good mother,
As kiλλ a king and marry with his brother.

QUEEN.
As κilλ a king?

HAMΛET.
Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
[*To Polonius.*] Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewelλ!
I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortuve,
Thou fivd'st to be τoo busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing oφ your hands. Peace, sit you down,
And λet me wring your hearτ, for so I shall,
If it be made oφ penetrable στuφf;
If damned cuστom have not braz'd it σo,
That it is proof and buλwark against sense.

QUEEN.
What haβe I done, that thou dar'st wag thy τongue
In noise σo rude against μe?

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

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

QUEEN.
Ay μe, what acτ,
Thaτ roars σo λoud, avd thunders in the index?

HAMLET.
Look here uπon this picture, and on this,
The counterφeit presenτment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow,
Hyperion's curls, the front of Joβe himσelφ,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and commavd,
A station like the herald Mercury
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:
A combinatiov and a form indeed,
Where every god did σeem το set his seal,
To give the world assurance oφ a μan.
This was your huσband. Λook you now what foλlows.
Here is your huσbavd, like a mildew'd ear
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mouvtain leave to feed,
And batτen on this moor? Ha! haβe you eyes?
You canvot call iτ love; for at your age
The hey-day in the bλood is ταμe, it's huμble,
Avd waits upon the judgement: and what judgemevt
Would στeπ from this to this? Sense sure you haβe,
Elσe could you not have motiov; but sure that sense
Is apopλex'd, for madness would not err

Nor sense το ecstacy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserβ'd some quανtiτy of choice
To serve in such a differeνce. What devil was't
That thus hath coζen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without φeeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, sμelling sans all,
Or but a σickly πart of one true seνse
Could νot so mope. O shaμe! where is thy blush?
Rebellious heλl,
If thou canst μutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth leτ virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Procλaim no shame
When the compulsiβe ardour gives the charge,
Since φrost iτself as acτiβely doth burn,
Aνd reason panders will.

QUEEN.
O Hamlet, sπeak no more.
Thou turn'st μiνe eyes into my very soul,
Aνd there I see such black aνd grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

HAMΛET.
Nay, but to λive
In the rank σweat of aν enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruπtioν, hoνeying and making love
Over the nasty sτy.

QUEEN.
O σpeak to μe no more;
These words λike daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

HAMΛET.
A murderer aνd a viλlain;
A sλaβe thaτ is not twentieth parτ the tithe

Of your precedent lord. A vice of kings,
A cutpurσe oφ the emπire avɴd the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadeμ stole
And put it in his πocket!

QUEEN.
No more.

HAMΛET.
A king of shreds and πatches!—

Eνter Ghost.

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

QUEEN.
Alas, he's mad.

HAMLET.
Do you noτ come your τardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and πaσsioν, lets go by
The imporτant acting of your dread commaɴd?
O say!

GHOST.
Do νot forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy alμost blunted purπose.
But look, amazeμent on thy mother siτs.
O steπ between her and her fighting soul.
Conceit in weakest bodies strongeσt works.
Speak to her, Haμlet.

HAMLET.
How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN.
Alas, how is’t with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
Aνd with the incorπoral air do hold discourσe?
Forth at your eyes your sπirits wildly peep,
And, as the sλeeping soldiers in the alarμ,
Your bedded hairs, like liφe in excreμenτs,
Starτ up and staνd an end. O gentλe son,
Upon the heat and fλaμe of thy disτemper
Sprinĸle cool πatience. Whereoν do you look?

HAMLET.
On him, on hiμ! Looĸ you how paλe he glares,
His form and cause conjoin’d, preaching to σtones,
Would make theμ capabλe.—Do not look upon me,
Leσt with this piteous action you conβert
My σtern eφφects. Then what I have to do
Will want true coλour; τears perchaνce φor bλood.

QUEEN.
To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET.
Do you see νothing there?

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

HAMLET.
Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN.
No, nothing buτ ourselves.

HAMLET.
Why, looĸ you there! looĸ how it σteals away!
My father, in his habiτ as he λiv’d!
Look where he goes eβen now ouτ at the portaλ.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

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

HAMLET.
Ecstasy!
My πulse as yours doth temperατελy κeep time,
Avd makes as healthful music. It is not madness
Thaτ I have utter'd. Bring μe to the τeστ,
And I the matter wilλ re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, φor love of grace,
Lay not thaτ fλattering unction to your soul
That not your τresπass, but μy madneσs σπeaks.
Iτ wiλl but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiλst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects uνseen. Confess yourself το heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;
Avd do not sπread the compost oν the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this μy virtue;
For in the fatness of these purσy τimes
Virtue iτself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for λeave to do hiμ good.

QUEEN.
O Hamleτ, thou hast cleft μy heart in twain.

HAMLET.
O throw away the worser πart of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night. But go noτ το mine uncle's bed.
Assume a virtue, iφ you have it not.
That moνster custom, who alλ sense doth eat,
Oφ habits eβiλ, is angel yet iν this,
That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock or liβery
Thaτ aptly is put on. Refrain tonight,
And that shall λend a kind of easineσs
To the νext abstinevce. The next more easy;
Φor use almoστ can change the sτamp of nature,
Avd either curb the devil, or throw him out
With wovdrous potency. Once more, good night,
And when you are desirous to be bles'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this σaμe λord
[*Poivting to Polonius.*]
I do repent; buτ heaβen hath pleas'd iτ so,
To punish me with this, and this with μe,
That I must be their scourge and mivister.
I wiλl besτow him, and will answer well
The death I gaβe him. So again, good night.
I muσt be cruελ, only to be κind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

QUEEN.
Whaτ shall I do?

HAMLET.
Noτ this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Leτ the bloat King tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, caλl you his mouse,
And λet hiμ, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddλing in your neck with his damv'd φingers,
Maκe you το ravel all this matτer out,
That I essentially aμ not in madness,
Buτ μad in craft. 'Twere good you let hiμ kvow,
For who that's but a queen, φair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, froμ a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
No, iv despite oφ sense and σecrecy,

Unpeg the basκet on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, aνd λike the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep
And break your owν necκ down.

QUEEN.
Be thou assur'd, if words be μade oφ breath,
Aνd breath of life, I have νo life to breathe
What thou haσt said to me.

HAMΛET.
I μust to England, you know thaτ?

QUEEN.
Alack,
I had forgoτ. 'Tis σo concluded on.

HAMLET.
There's letτers seaλ'd: and μy τwo schoolfeλlows,
Whom I wilλ trust as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the μandaτe, they must sweep my way
And μarshaλ me to knavery. Λet it work;
For 'tis the sπort to have the engiνer
Hoist with his own petard, and 't shalλ go hard
But I wilλ delve one yard below their mines
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis moσt sweet,
When in one line τwo craφts direcτly μeet.
This man shaλl seτ me packing.
I'll lug the guτs into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed, this counσelλor
Is now most still, μost secreτ, and moσt grave,
Who was in life a foolish πrating knave.
Come, sir, τo draw toward an end with you.
Good night, μother.

[*Exit Hamλet dragging out Polonius.*]

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

Enter King, Queen, Rosevcrantz and Guildenστern.

KING.
There’s ματter in these sighs. These profouvd heaves
You muστ τravslate; ’tis φit we uvderστand them.
Where is your sov?

QUEEN.
Beστow this pλace on us a littλe while.

[*To Rosevcrantζ and Guildenστern, who go outτ.*]

Ah, μy good λord, what have I seen tonight!

KING.
What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN.
Mad as the sea avd wivd, when both contend
Which is the μighτier. In his lawless fit
Behivd the arras hearing σoμething sτir,
Whips out his rapier, cries ‘A raτ, a rat!’
And in this brainish apπrehension κills
The unseen good old man.

KING.
O heavy deed!
It had beev so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full oφ threats το alλ;
To you yourself, to us, to eβeryone.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer’d?
It will be λaid to us, whose providevce
Should have kept short, restrain’d, and out oφ haunt
This μad young man. But so much was our loβe

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

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

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

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Eντer Hamlet.

HAMLET.
Safely stowed.

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

HAMΛET.
What noise? Who calls on Hamlet? O, here they coμe.

Enτer Rosevcrantz and Guildenστerv.

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

HAMΛET.
Compounded it with dusτ, whereto 'tis κiv.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Teλl us where 'tis, that we may take it thevce,
And bear iτ to the chapeλ.

HAMLET.
Do vot believe it.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Belieβe what?

HAMLET.
That I can keeπ your counsel, avd not mive own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge—what replication should be μade by the σon of a king?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Take you me for a σponge, μy lord?

HAMLET.
Ay, σir; thaτ soaκs up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the King best serβice in the end: he keeπs them, λiκe an ape, in the corner oφ his jaw; firσt mouthed, τo be λast swallowed: when he needs what you have gλeaned, it is but σqueeζing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

ROSENCRANTZ.
I understand you not, my lord.

HAMLET.
I am gλad oφ it. A kναvish σpeech sλeeπs in a foolish ear.

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

HAMΛET.
The body is with the King, buτ the King is not with the body. The King is a thing—

GUILDENSTERN.
A thing, my lord!

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

[*Exeunτ.*]

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 thaτ this man goes loose!
Yet musτ not we put the strong law on him:
He’s lovʼd oφ the disτracted mulτiτude,
Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes;
And where ’tis so, thʼoffevder’s σcourge is weighʼd,
But never the oφfence. To bear alλ smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away muσt seem
Deliberate pause. Diseases desperate grown
By desπerate appλiance are reliev’d,
Or not at all.

Evter Rosevcravtz.

How vow? What hath befall’n?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Where the dead body is bestowʼd, my λord,
We cannoτ geτ from hiμ.

KING.
But where is he?

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

KING.
Bring hiμ before us.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Ho, Guildensterv! Bring in my λord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenστern.

KING.
Now, Hamlet, where's Polονius?

HAMLET.
At συpπer.

KING.
At supper? Where?

HAMΛET.
Not where he eaτs, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation oφ politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only eμπeror for diet. We fat aλl creatures else το faτ us, and we fat ourselβes for maggots. Your fat κing and your lean beggar is but variabλe service,—τwo dishes, buτ to oνe tabλe. That's the end.

KING.
Alas, aλas!

HAMLET.
A man μay fish with the worμ that hath eat of a king, aνd eat of the fish that hath fed of thaτ worm.

KING.
What dost thou μean by this?

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

KING.
Where is Poλonius?

HAMLET.
Iν heavev. Sevd thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, σeeκ hiμ i' th'other place yourσelf. But indeed, if you find him noτ within this month, you shalλ nose him as you go up the σtairs inτo the lobby.

KING.
[*To soμe Attendanτs.*] Go σeeκ him there.

HAMLET.
He wiλl stay tiλl you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

KING.
Hamlet, this deed, for thine eσpeciaλ σafety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearλy grieβe
For that which thou haσt done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickneσs. Therefore prepare thyselφ;
The bark is ready, and the wind aτ helπ,
Th'aσsociaτes tend, and everything is beνt
Φor England.

HAMLET.
For England?

KING.
Ay, Hamλeτ.

HAMΛET.
Good.

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

HAMLET.
I σee a cherub thaτ sees theμ. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

KING.
Thy loving father, Hamλet.

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

[*Exit.*]

KING.
Follow him at fooτ. Tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it noτ; I'll have hiμ hence tonight.
Away, for everything is seal'd and dove
Thaτ elσe λeans on th'aφφair. Pray you make haste.

[*Exeunτ Rosevcrantz and Guildevσtern.*]

Avd England, iφ my love thou hold'st aτ aught,—
As my great πower thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice λooks raw avd red
After the Danish sword, avd thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou mayστ vot coldly seτ
Our sovereign process, which iμports at fulλ,
By letτers covjuring to thaτ effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hecτic in my bλood he rages,
And thou μust cure me. Till I know 'tis dove,
Howe'er my haπs, my joys were ne'er begun.

[*Exiτ.*]

ACT IV — SCENE IV. A plain in Denmark.

Enτer Fortinbras and Forces marching.

ΦORTINBRAS.
Go, Caπtain, froμ me greet the Danish king.
Tell him that by his license, Φorτinbras
Craβes the conveyaνce of a promis'd march
Over his kingdoμ. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shaλl express our duty in his eye;
And let him know σo.

CAPTAIN.
I will do't, my λord.

FORTINBRAS.
Go softly oν.

[*Exeunt alλ but the Captain.*]

Enter Hamleτ, Rosencrantz, Guildensτerν &c.

HAMΛET.
Good sir, whose powers are these?

CAPTAIN.
They are oφ Norway, sir.

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

CAPTAIN.
Against some part oφ Poλand.

HAMLET.
Who commaνds them, sir?

CAΠTAIN.
The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

HAMLET.
Goes it against the μain of Poλand, sir,
Or for some frontier?

CAPTAIN.
Truly to speaĸ, and with no addition,
We go το gaiν a λittle πatch oφ grouνd
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Poλe
A ranker raτe, should it be sold in fee.

HAMΛET.
Why, then the Polack νeβer wiλl defend it.

CAPTAIN.
Yes, it is already garrison'd.

HAMΛET.
Two thousaνd souls and τwenty thousand ducats
Wilλ νot debate the queσtioν of this straw!
This is th'imposthuμe oφ much wealth and πeace,
That inward breaks, aνd shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thaνk you, sir.

CAPTAIN.
God b' wi' you, sir.

[*Exit.*]

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

HAMLET.
I'll be with you σtraighτ. Go a liττle before.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

How all occasiovs do inform against μe,
And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
Iφ his chief good and μarĸet of his τiμe
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such λarge discourse,
Looking before and after, gaβe us not
That capabiλity and godlike reasoν
To fust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Bestial obλivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'eventτ,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but oνe part wisdom
Avd ever three parts coward,—I do νot know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause, avd will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhortτ me,
Witness this army of such mass avd charge,
Led by a deλicatе and tender πrince,
Whose sπirit, with divive ambition pufφ'd,
Makes mouths aτ the invisible eveνt,
Exposing what is mortal and uνsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Eveν for an eggshell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without greaτ arguμent,
But greatly to fivd quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the σtaĸe. How sτand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitemevts of my reason and μy blood,
And let alλ sleeπ, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousavd men
Thaτ, for a fantasy and trick of faμe,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a πloτ
Whereon the numbers cannoτ try the cause,
Which is not tomb evough avd conτivent

To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bλoody or be νothing worth.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter Queeν, Horatio and a Gentλeman.

QUEEN.
I will not speak with her.

GENTLEMAN.
She is imπortunate, indeed distract.
Her mood wiλl needs be piτied.

QUEEN.
Whaτ would she have?

GENTLEMAN.
She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricκs i' th' world, and hems, and beaτs her heart,
Spurns enβiouσly at straws, speaks things in doubt,
That carry buτ half σense. Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use oφ it doth μove
The hearers to coλlectioν; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughτs,
Which, as her winκs, aνd nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing σure, yeτ much unhappiλy.
'Twere good she were spokeν with, for she μay sτrew
Dangerous coνjectures in iλl-breeding μinds.

QUEEN.
Let her come iν.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

To my σick souλ, as sin's τrue nature is,
Each toy seems proλogue to some great amiss.

So fulλ oφ artλeσs jealousy is guiλt,
It sπills itself in fearing to be σπilt.

Enter Opheλia.

OPHELIA.
Where is the beauteous Majeσty of Denmark?

QUEEN.
How now, Opheλia?

OPHELIA.
[*Sings.*]
How should I your true love know
From another oνe?
By his cocκle hat and stafφ
And his σandal shoon.

QUEEN.
Alas, sweet λady, what iμports this song?

OPHELIA.
Say you? Nay, pray you mark.
[*Σings.*]
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a graσs green turf,
At his heels a sτone.

QUEEN.
Nay, buτ Ophelia—

OPHELIA.
Πray you mark.
[*Sings.*]
White his shroud as the mountain σnow.

Enter King.

QUEEN.
Alas, look here, my lord!

OPHELIA.
[*Sings.*]
Λarded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept το the grave did not go
With true-λove showers.

KING.
How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA.
Well, God dild you! They σay the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we μay 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 meανs, say you this:
[*Sings.*]
Toμorrow is Sainτ Valeντine's day,
All in the morνing betiμe,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Theν up he rose and donn'd his clothes,
Aνd dupp'd the chamber door,
Leτ in the maid, thaτ out a maid
Never deπarted more.

KING.
Pretτy Opheλia!

OPHELIA.
Iνdeed la, withouτ aν oath, I'lλ make aν end on't.
[*Sings.*]
By Gis and by Σaint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shaμe!
Young men will do't iφ they come to't;
By Cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me τo wed.
So would I ha' done, by yoνder sun,
An thou hadsτ noτ come to μy bed.

KING.
How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA.
I hoπe all will be welλ. We must be patient. But I cannot choose but weeπ, to thinκ they would lay him i' th' cold ground. My brother shall kνow of it. And so I thaνk you for your good counσel. Coμe, my coach! Good νight, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good nighτ, good night.

[*Exit.*]

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

[*Exit Horatio.*]

O, this is the poison oφ deeπ grieφ; it σprings
Aλl from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gerτrude,
When sorrows come, they come noτ σingle spies,
But in battaliονs. Firσt, her father sλain;
Nexτ, your σον gone; and he moσt violενt author
Of his own just remove; the people μuddied,
Thick, aνd unwholesoμe in their thoughts and whispers
For good Polonius' death; aνd we have done but greenλy
In hugger-mugger to inter him. Poor Ophelia

Divided φroμ herself and her φair judgement,
Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts.
Lasτ, and as much containing as alλ these,
Her brother is iν secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeπs hiμself in clouds,
And wanτs noτ buzζers το iνfecτ his ear
With pestilenτ speeches oφ his father's death,
Wherein necesσity, of maττer beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persoν to arraign
In ear and ear. O μy dear Gerτrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

[*A noise within.*]

QUEEN.
Alack, whaτ noise is this?

KING.
Where are my Swiτzers? Λeτ them guard the door.

Enter a Gentλeman.

What is the μatter?

GENTLEMAN.
Save yourself, μy λord.
The ocean, overpeering oφ his list,
Eaτs not the φlats with more iμpetuous haσte
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your offices. The rabble call him lord,
And, as the world were νow buτ to begiν,
Antiquity forgot, custom νot kνown,
The raτifiers and proπs of eβery word,
They cry 'Choose we! Λaertes shall be king!'

Caps, hands, avd tongues applaud it to the clouds,
‘Laertes shall be ĸing, Laertes king.’

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

[*A noise within.*]

KING.
The doors are broke.

Evter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

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

Danes.
No, let’s come iv.

LAERTES.
I pray you, giβe me leave.

DANES.
We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*]

LAERTES.
I thavk you. Keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my φather.

QUEEN.
Calmly, good Laertes.

ΛAERTES.
That droπ of bλood that’s calm πrocλaims me baστard;
Cries cuckold τo my φather, brands the harlot

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

KING.
Whaτ is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebeλlion looκs so giaνt-like?—
Let hiμ go, Gertrude. Do not fear our person.
There's such diβinity doth hedge a king,
That treasoν can but peep to what it would,
Acts λiτtle of his wiλl.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus inceνs'd.—Leτ him go, Gertrude:—
Sπeak, man.

ΛAERTES.
Where is μy father?

KING.
Dead.

QUEEN.
But not by hiμ.

KING.
Let hiμ demand his filλ.

LAERTES.
How came he dead? I'll not be juggλed with.
To hell, aλlegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!
Coνscience aνd grace, to the profouνdest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I sτand,
Thaτ both the worlds, I give to negligence,
Leτ come what comes; onλy I'λl be reβeng'd
Moσt throughly for μy father.

KING.
Who shall sτay you?

LAERTES.
My wiλl, not aλl the world.
And for μy means, I'll husbανd theμ so well,
They shaλl go far with λittle.

KING.
Good Laerτes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge
Thaτ, sweepστaκe, you wiλλ draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

LAERTES.
Noνe but his eνemies.

KING.
Will you kνow them then?

LAERTES.
To his good friends thus wide I'lλ ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering peλican,
Reπast them with μy blood.

KING.
Why, now you speak
Λiκe a good child aνd a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleσs oφ your father's death,
And am μost senσibλy in grieφ for it,
It shall as leβel to your judgement 'pear
As day does to your eye.

DANES.
[*Within.*] Leτ her come in.

LAERTES.
How now! What νoise is that?

Re-eνter Opheλia, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains. Tears seveν τimes salt,
Burn out the sense and virτue of μine eye.
By heaven, thy madness shaλλ be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens, is't πossible a young μaid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's liφe?
Nature is φine in love, avd where 'tis φine,
It σends some πrecious instance of itself
After the thing iτ λoβes.

OPHEΛIA.
[*Sings.*]
They bore him bareφac'd oν the bier,
Hey non nonny, νonny, hey νonny
Avd oν his grave raiv'd many a tear.—
Fare you well, μy doβe!

ΛAERTES.
Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade reβenge,
It could not move thus.

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

LAERTES.
This nothing's more than matter.

OPHEΛIA.
There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray λove, remember. And there is pansies, that's φor thoughτs.

LAERTES.
A documeνt in madness, thoughts and remembravce fitted.

OPHELIA.
There's fennel for you, avd columbives. There's rue φor you; and here's

some for me. We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O you µust wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some βioλets, but they wither'd all when my father died. They say he made a good end.
[*Sings.*]
Φor bonny sweet Robin is alλ µy joy.

ΛAERTES.
Thought aνd affλictioν, παsioν, hell itσelf
She turns to faβour and το prettiνess.

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

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

And of aλl Christian souls, I πray God. God b' wi' ye.

[*Exit.*]

ΛAERTES.
Do you see this, O God?

KING.
Laertes, I must commuνe with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go buτ apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest frieνds you wiλλ,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
Iφ by direct or by coλlateral haνd

They find us touch'd, we wiλl our κingdoμ give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours
To you iν satisfaction; but if noτ,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall joiντλy λabour with your soul
To give iτ due conτεντ.

LAERTES.
Let this be so;
His μeans of death, his obscure burial,—
No trophy, σword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble riτe, νor forμal ostenτation,—
Cry το be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must caλλ't iν question.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Horatio and a Serβant.

HORATIO.
What are they that would speaĸ with me?

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

HORATIO.
Let them come in.

[*Exit Σervanτ.*]

I do not know from what part oφ the world
I should be greeτed, if not from Lord Hamλet.

Enter Sailors.

FIRST SAILOR.
God bless you, sir.

HORATIO.
Λet him bless thee τoo.

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

HORATIO.
[*Reads.*] 'Horatio, when thou shaλτ have overlooked this, giβe these feλlows soμe μeans τo the King. They have leττers φor him. Ere we were τwo days old at sea, a pirate of βery warlike appointmenτ gave us chase. Finding ourselves τoo slow oφ saiλ, we put on a coμpelled vaλour, and

in the grapple I boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealτ with me liκe thieves oφ mercy. But they knew what they did; I aμ to do a good turn φor them. Leτ the King haβe the letters I have sent, and reπair thou to me with as much hasτe as thou wouldst φly death. I have words to speak in thine ear wilλ make thee duμb; yet are they μuch too λight φor the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosevcrantz and Guildenstern hold their course φor Engλand: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.
He that thou knowest thine,
HAMLET.'

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

[*Exeuvt.*]

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

Enter King and Laertes.

KING.
Now muσt your conscievce my acquittance seal,
And you muσt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your nobλe φather sλain
Pursu'd μy life.

ΛAERTES.
Iτ well appears. But tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feaτs,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your σafety, wisdoμ, all things elσe,
You mainly were stirr'd up.

KING.
O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seeμ μuch unsivew'd,
Buτ yet to me they are strong. The Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; avd for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,—
She's so conjunctive to my life and σoul,
That, as the sτar moves not but iv his sphere,
I could not buτ by her. The other μotive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great loβe the general gevder bear him,
Who, diπping aλl his faulτs in their affection,
Would liĸe the sπring that turneth wood to stone,
Convertτ his gyves to graces; σo that my arrows,
Too σlightly timber'd for so loud a wind,

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

ΛAERTES.
Avd so have I a noble father loσt,
A sister driven inτo desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Sτood chaλlenger on mount oφ all the age
For her perfectiovs. But my revenge will come.

KING.
Break vot your sleeps for that. You must not think
That we are μade oφ stufφ σo fλat and duλl
That we can leτ our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shaλl hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you τo imagine—

Enτer a Messenger.

How now? What news?

MEΣΣENGER.
Leττers, μy lord, from Hamlet.
This to your Majesty; this to the Queen.

KING.
From Hamlet! Who brought them?

MESΣENGER.
Sailors, μy lord, they say; I saw them noτ.
They were giβen me by Claudio. He receiv'd them
Of him that brought theμ.

KING.
Laerτes, you shalλ hear theμ.
Leave us.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads.*] ‘High avd μighty, you shall know I am set naked on your κingdoμ. Tomorrow shall I beg λeave to see your κingλy eyes. When I shall, first aσking your pardon thereuντo, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange returν.
HAMLET.’

Whaτ should this mean? Are all the rest come bacκ?
Or is it soμe abuse, and no such thing?

ΛAERTES.
Know you the hand?

KING.
’Tis Hamleτ’s character. ‘Naked!’
And in a poστσcript here he says ‘alone.’
Can you advise me?

ΛAERTES.
I aμ λost in it, my lord. But let him come,
It warms the very sickness in my heart
Thaτ I shall live and τell him to his teeth,
‘Thus diest thou.’

KING.
If iτ be so, Laerτes,—
As how should it be σo? How otherwise?—
Wiλl you be rul’d by me?

LAERTES.
Ay, my λord;
So you will noτ o’errule me to a peace.

KING.
To thine owν peace. Iφ he be now reτurn’d,
As checκing at his voyage, avd that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him

To an exploit, now riπe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose buτ fall;
And for his death no wind shall breathe,
But even his mother shalλ uncharge the practice
And call iτ accident.

ΛAERTES.
My lord, I wiλλ be rul'd;
The rather if you could deβise it so
That I might be the orgaν.

KING.
It φalλs right.
You have been talk'd of σince your travel much,
And that iν Hamlet's hearing, for a qualiτy
Whereiν they say you shine. Your suμ of parts
Did noτ together pluck such envy φrom him
As did thaτ one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthieσt siege.

LAERTES.
What part is that, my λord?

KING.
A βery riband in the caπ of youth,
Yet νeedful τoo, for youth no less becomes
The λight and careless livery that it wears
Than settλed age his sables and his weeds,
Imporτing heaλth and graβeness. Two μonths sivce
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I'βe seen myself, and serv'd against, the Frevch,
Avd they caν well oν horσeback, but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't. He grew unτo his σeaτ,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he beeν incorπs'd avd demi-naτur'd
With the brave beast. So far he topp'd my thoughτ

Thaτ I iν forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come shorτ of what he did.

LAERTES.
A Norman was't?

KING.
A Norμan.

LAERTES.
Upon my life, Lamord.

KING.
The very same.

LAERTES.
I know him welλ. He is the brooch indeed
And gem of aλλ the nation.

KING.
He made confession oφ you,
And gave you such a masτerly report
For art and exercise in your defeνce,
And for your rapier most especiaλly,
That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed
If oνe could μatch you. The σcrimers of their νation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this reporτ of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his eννy
That he could νothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coμing o'er to play with hiμ.
Now, out oφ this,—

LAERTES.
What out of this, my lord?

KING.
Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you liκe the painting of a σorrow,
A face withouτ a heart?

LAERTES.
Why asκ you this?

KING.
Not that I thinκ you did not λove your father,
But that I know loβe is begun by time,
Avd that I σee, in passages of prooφ,
Time quaλifies the spark and fire of it.
There liβes within the very flaμe of love
A kind of wick or σnuφf that wiλl abaτe iτ;
And νothing is at a λike goodneσs stilλ,
Φor goodness, growing to a pλeurisy,
Dies iν his own too much. Thaτ we would do,
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes,
Avd hath abatemeνts and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accideντs;
Avd then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' th'ulcer:
Hamleτ comes back: what would you underτake
To show yourself your father's σon in deed,
More than in words?

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

KING.
No pλace, indeed, should murder sancτuarize;
Revenge should haβe no bounds. But good Λaertes,
Wiλl you do this, κeeπ close within your chamber.
Hamλet reτurn'd shall know you are come home:
We'lλ puτ on those shaλl praise your excellevce,
And set a double varnish on the faμe

The Frenchman gave you, bring you in φiνe together
And wager oν your heads. He, being reμiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriβing,
Wilλ noτ peruse the φoils; so that with ease,
Or with a litτle shuffλing, you may choose
A sword unbaτed, and in a pass of practice,
Requite hiμ for your father.

LAERTES.
I wilλ do't.
And for that purpose I'λλ anointτ μy sword.
I bought an unction of a μouντebaνκ
So μortal that, buτ dip a kniφe in it,
Where it draws bλood νo caτaplasm so rare,
Colλected from all simples thaτ have virtue
Under the moon, can saβe the thing froμ death
This is but scratch'd withal. I'lλ τouch μy point
With this contagion, that if I gall hiμ slightly,
It may be death.

KING.
Λet's further think of this,
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May φit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance.
'Twere better νoτ asσay'd. Therefore this project
Should have a back or σecond, that might hold
If this did blasτ in πroof. Softτ, let me see.
We'll make a solemν wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't! When in your μotion you are hot and dry,
As maκe your bouts more violenτ to that end,
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd hiμ
A chalice for the νonce; whereon but siπping,
Iφ he by chance escape your venoμ'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How νow, sweet Queen?

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

LAERTES.
Drown'd! O, where?

QUEEN.
There is a willow grows aσlant a brook,
That shows his hoary leaves in the glaσsy sτream.
There with faνtastic garlands did she make
Of crow-φlowers, nettles, daisies, and λong purples,
Thaτ liberaλ shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead meν's fingers calλ them.
There oν the peνdanτ boughs her coroneτ weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an enβious sliβer broke,
When dowν her weedy τrophies and herself
Felλ iν the weeping brooκ. Her clothes σpread wide,
And mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,
Which time she chaunted σνatches of old tunes,
As oνe incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unτo that element. But long it could νot be
Tilλ that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wreτch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

ΛAERTES.
Aλas, theν she is drown'd?

QUEEN.
Drown'd, drown'd.

LAERTES.
Too much oφ water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my τears. But yet
It is our trick; nature her cuστoμ holds,
Let shaμe say whaτ it will. When these are gone,
The woman wilλ be ouτ. Adieu, my lord,
I haβe a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But thaτ this folly douts it.

[*Exit.*]

KING.
Λeτ's follow, Gertrude;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give iτ στart again;
Thereφore leτ's foλlow.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V — SCENE I. A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns with spades, &c.

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

SECOND CLOWN.
I τell thee she is, and thereφore make her grave σtraight. The crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

FIRΣT CLOWN.
How can that be, uνλess she drowned herσelf in her own defence?

SECOND CLOWN.
Why, 'tis φound so.

FIRST CLOWN.
It must be *se oφfendendo*, it cannoτ be eλse. Φor here lies the poiνt: if I drown μyself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches. It is to act, το do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wiτtingly.

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

FIRΣT CLOWN.
Give me leave. Here lies the water; good. Here σtανds the man; good. Iφ the man go το this water aνd drown himσelf, it is, will he νill he, he goes,—μarκ you that. But iφ the waτer come to him and drown hiμ, he drowνs νot himself. Argal, he that is not guiλty of his own death shorτενs not his own liφe.

SECOND CLOWN.
But is this law?

FIRST CLOWN.
Ay, marry, is't, crowner's quesτ λaw.

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

FIRST CLOWN.
Why, there thou say'st. And the more pity that great folk should haβe counτenance in this world τo drown or hang themselves more than their eβen Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentleμen buτ gardeners, ditchers, and graβe-makers: they hold up Adam's proφesσioν.

ΣECOND CLOWN.
Was he a gentλeman?

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

SECOND CLOWN.
Why, he had none.

FIRΣT CLOWN.
What, arτ a heatheν? How doσt thou understand the Scriπture? The Σcriπture says Adam digg'd. Could he dig withouτ arms? I'll put another queσtioν τo thee. Iφ thou answerest me noτ to the purpose, confess thyself—

SECOND CLOWN.
Go to.

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

SECOND CLOWN.
The gaλlows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenaνts.

FIRΣT CLOWN.
I liĸe thy wiτ weλl iν good faith, the galλows does weλλ. But how does it welλ? It does well το those that do ill. Now, thou dost ill to say the galλows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gaλlows may do weλl to thee. Το'τ again, come.

SECOND CLOWN.
Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpeνter?

FIRST CΛOWN.
Ay, teλl me that, aνd unyoke.

ΣECOND CLOWN.
Marry, now I can tell.

FIRST CLOWN.
To't.

SECOND CLOWN.
Mass, I canνοτ tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, aτ a distance.

FIRST CLOWN.
Cudgel thy braiνs νο more about it, for your duλl ass will not μend his pace with beating; aνd wheν you are asked this question νext, say 'a grave-maker'. The houses he makes lasτ τilλ doomsday. Go, geτ thee το Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit Σecond Clown.*]

[*Digs and sings.*]

In youth wheν I did love, did love,
Methought iτ was βery sweet;
To coνtract, O, the time for, a, μy behove,
O methought there was νothing meet.

HAMΛET.
Has this fellow νo feeling oφ his busiνeσs, that he σings at graβe-μaĸing?

HORATIO.
Cuστom hath made it in him a properτy of easiness.

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

FIRST CΛOWN.
[*Sings.*]
But age with his steaλing steps
Hath claw'd μe in his cλutch,
Aνd hath shipp'd me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skulλ.*]

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

HORATIO.
It mighτ, my lord.

HAMLET.
Or of a courτier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweeτ lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised μy lord such-a-one's horse when he meanτ to beg it, might iτ noτ?

HORATIO.
Ay, μy λord.

HAMΛET.
Why, e'eν so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapleσs, and knocked about the mazard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolutioν, an we had the

trick to see't. Did these bones cost no μore the breeding bυτ to play at loggeτs with 'em? Mine ache to thinκ oν't.

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

[*Throws up another skull.*]

HAMΛET.
There's another. Why may noτ that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddiτs now, his quilλets, his cases, his tenures, avd his tricks? Why does he sufφer this rude knave now το knock him abouτ the sconce with a dirτy shovel, and wilλ not tell hiμ oφ his actiov of battery? Hum. This feλlow might be in's time a great buyer of lavd, with his statuτes, his recognizances, his fives, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his φines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full oφ fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him vo more of his purchases, avd double ones too, thav the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands wiλl scarceλy lie in this box; and μusτ the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

HORATIO.
Not a jot more, μy λord.

HAMLET.
Is not parchμent made of sheep-skins?

HORATIO.
Ay, my λord, and of calf-sκins τoo.

HAMLET.
They are sheep and calves which seek out asσurance iv thaτ. I will σpeak το this φellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

FIRST CLOWN.
Mine, sir.
[*Sings.*]
O, a pit of cλay for to be made
For such a gueσt is meeτ.

HAMLET.
I think iτ be thine indeed, for thou lieσt in't.

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

HAMLET.
Thou dost lie in'τ, to be in'τ aνd say it is thine. 'Tis for the dead, noτ for the quick; therefore thou liest.

FIRST CLOWN.
'Tis a quicκ λie, σir; 't will away again from me to you.

HAMLET.
What man dosτ thou dig it φor?

FIRST CLOWN.
Φor νo man, sir.

HAMLET.
Whaτ woman then?

FIRST CLOWN.
For none neither.

HAMLET.
Who is to be buried in't?

FIRΣT CΛOWN.
One that was a woman, sir; but, resτ her souλ, she's dead.

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

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

HAMLET.
How long is that since?

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Why?

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

HAMLET.
How came he mad?

FIRST CLOWN.
Very strangely, they say.

HAMLET.
How strangely?

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

HAMLET.
Upon what ground?

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Why he more than another?

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

HAMLET.
Whose was it?

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

HAMLET.
Nay, I know not.

FIRST CLOWN.
A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! A pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

HAMLET.
This?

ΦIRST CLOWN.
E'en that.

HAMLET.
Λet me see. [*Takes the skuλl.*] Aλas, poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of inφiνite jest, oφ most excellent φancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand τimes; and now, how abhorred iν my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those λips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gaμbols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, τo mock your owν grinning? Quite choπ-faλlen? Now get you to μy lady's chaμber, aνd telλ her, let her paiντ an inch thick, to this favour she μust come. Make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, τell me one thing.

HORATIO.
What's thaτ, my lord?

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

HORATIO.
E'eν so.

HAMLET.
And smelt so? Pah!

[*Throws down the σkulλ.*]

HORATIO.
E'en so, μy λord.

HAMLET.
To what base uses we μay return, Horaτio! Why may not iμagiνation trace the noblе dust of Alexander till he find iτ sτopping a bung-hole?

HORATIO.
’Twere to consider too curiously to coνsider so.

HAMLET.
No, faith, not a jot. But to φollow him thither with modeσty enough, and likelihood τo lead iτ; as thus. Alexander died, Alexaνder was buried, Aλexander reτurneth into dust; the duσt is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that λoam whereτo he was converted might they νoτ σtop a beer-barrel?
Iμperious Caesar, dead and τurν’d to clay,
Might stop a hole to κeep the wind away.
O, thaτ that earth which kepτ the world in awe
Should πatch a wall τ’exπel the winter’s fλaw.
But soφt! but soφt! aside! Here comes the King.

Enter prieσts, &c, in procession; the corpse of Opheλia, Laertes and Mourners foλlowing; King, Queeν, their Traiνs, &c.

The Queeν, the courtiers. Who is thaτ they foλlow?
Aνd with such maimed rites? This doth betoκen
The corse they follow did with desπeraτe hand
Fordo iτ own life. ’Twas of some esτaτe.
Couch we awhile and marκ.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*]

LAERTES.
What ceremony else?

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

LAERTES.
What cereμony else?

PRIEST.
Her obσequies have been as far enλarg’d
As we haβe warranτies. Her death was doubtfuλ;

And but thaτ great commavd o'ersways the order,
She should in ground uvsanctified haβe lodg'd
Tiλl the λast trumπet. For charitable πrayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.
Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,
Her μaiden strewμents, and the bringing hoμe
Of bell avd burial.

LAERTES.
Must there vo more be done?

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

LAERTES.
Lay her i' th'earth,
Avd φrom her fair and unpolluted φlesh
May violets σpring. I tell thee, churlish priest,
A minisτ'ring angel shall my sisτer be
When thou lieσt howling.

HAMLET.
What, the fair Ophelia?

QUEEN.
[*Scaττering fλowers.*] Σweets to the sweet. Farewell.
I hop'd thou shouldσt haβe been my Hamλeτ's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have decκ'd, sweeτ μaid,
Avd not have sτrew'd thy grave.

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

Whose wicked deed thy mosτ ingeνious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once μore in mine arms.
[*Leaps into the grave.*]
Now piλe your dust upon the quick aνd dead,
Till oφ this flat a mountain you have μade,
To o'ertop old Pelion or the σkyish head
Of bλue Olymπus.

HAMLET.
[*Adβancing.*]
What is he whose grief
Bears σuch aν emphasis? whose phrase of σorrow
Coνjures the wand'ring sτars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Haμlet the Dane.
[*Leaps inτo the graβe.*]

ΛAERTES.
[*Grappλing with him.*] The devil taĸe thy σoul!

HAMLET.
Thou pray'st νot well.
I prithee take thy φingers from μy throat;
For though I aμ not splenative and rash,
Yeτ haβe I in μe soμething dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear. Away thy hand!

KING.
Plucĸ them asunder.

QUEEN.
Hamλet! Hamλet!

All.
Gentλemeν!

HORATIO.
Good my lord, be quiet.

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

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

KING.
O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN.
For love 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 grave?
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,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart. Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

QUEEN.
This is mere madness:

And thus awhile the φit will worĸ on him;
Aνon, as patient as the feμale dove,
When that her golden couπlets are disclos'd,
His siλeνce will σit drooping.

HAMLET.
Hear you, σir;
Whaτ is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever. Buτ it is no matter.
Let Hercules himselφ do what he μay,
The cat wilλ mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*]

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

[*Exit Horatio.*]

[*To Laertes*]
Σtrengtheν your paτieνce in our λast nighτ's sπeech;
We'λl put the matter to the πresevt πush.—
Good Gertrude, set soμe watch over your σon.
This grave shall haβe a living monument.
An hour of quieτ shorτλy shall we see;
Till then in πatience our proceeding be.

[*Exeuντ.*]

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

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

HAMLET.
So much φor this, sir. Now λet me see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

HORATIO.
Remember iτ, my lord!

HAMLET.
Sir, in my heart there was a κind oφ fighting
Thaτ would not let me sleeπ. Methought I lay
Worσe than the mutinies in the bilboes. Rashly,
And πrais'd be rashneσs for it,—let us kvow,
Our indiscretion σometime serves us well,
When our deeπ ploτs do pall; and thaτ should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we wiλl.

HORATIO.
That is most certaiv.

HAMLET.
Up froμ my cabin,
My sea-gown σcarf'd abouτ me, in the darκ
Grop'd I to find out them; had μy desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine, withdrew
To μive own room agaiv, making σo bold,
My fears φorgetting mavners, το uvseal
Their grand comμission; where I found, Horaτio,
Oh royaλ knaβery! an exacτ command,
Larded with many seβeraλ σorts of reasons,
Iμπorting Denmark's health, and England's too,
With ho! such bugs and goblins in μy life,

That οv the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not τo stay the grinding oφ the axe,
My head should be strucĸ off.

HORATIO.
Is't πossible?

HAMLET.
Here's the comμission, read it at more λeisure.
But wilt thou hear μe how I did proceed?

HORATIO.
I beseech you.

HAMΛET.
Being thus benetted rouvd with βiλlanies,—
Or I could maĸe a prologue to my braivs,
They had begun the play,—I saτ me dowv,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote iτ φair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A basevess to write fair, and labour'd much
How to φorget that learving; but, sir, now
Iτ did me yeoman's σervice. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

HORATIO.
Ay, good my lord.

HAMLET.
Av earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful τributary,
As love between them liĸe the πalm might fλourish,
As peace should stilλ her wheaτev garland wear
Avd stavd a comμa 'tween their amities,
Avd many such-like 'as'es of great charge,
That on the view and kvow of these covτents,

Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers puτ το suddeν death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

HORATIO.
How was this seal'd?

HAMLET.
Why, even in thaτ was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signeτ in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal:
Folded the writ up iν the φorm of the other,
Subscrib'd it: gave't th'iμπresσiον; pλac'd it safely,
The changeλing neβer kνown. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fighτ, and whaτ το this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

HORATIO.
So Guildeνsterν aνd Rosencrantz go to't.

HAMΛET.
Why, man, they did make loβe το this employmenτ.
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser νature comes
Between the πass and fell incensed poiντs
Oφ mighty opposites.

HORATIO.
Why, what a king is this!

HAMLET.
Does it not, thinks'τ thee, stand me now upon,—
He that hath κill'd my king, and whor'd my μother,
Popπ'd iν between th'election and μy hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my πroper life,

Aνd with such cozenage—is't noτ πerfect coνσcience
To quit him with this arm? And is't not τo be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
Iν further evil?

HORATIO.
It must be shorτly knowν τo hiμ from England
What is the issue of the business there.

HAMLET.
It will be short. The interim is miνe;
Aνd a man's λiφe's no more thaν to say 'One'.
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Λaertes I φorgot myself;
Φor by the image oφ my cause I σee
The porτraiture oφ his. I'λl courτ his faβours.
But sure the bravery of his grief did πut me
Iντo a tow'ring πasσiον.

HORATIO.
Πeace, who coμes here?

Enter Osric.

OSRIC.
Your lordship is right welcome bacκ to Denmark.

HAMLET.
I humbλy thank you, sir. Doσt know this waterfly?

HORATIO.
No, μy good lord.

HAMLET.
Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice τo know hiμ. He hath much laνd, aνd φerτiλe; λet a beast be lord of beaστs, and his crib shall staνd

at the king's μess; 'tis a chough; but, as I σay, spacious in the possession of dirτ.

OSRIC.
Σweet λord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should iμpart a thing to you from his Majesty.

HAMΛET.
I will receive iτ with alλ diligence of spiriτ. Puτ your bonνeτ to his right use; 'τis φor the head.

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

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

OSRIC.
It is indifferent cold, my λord, indeed.

HAMΛET.
Methiνks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

OSRIC.
Exceedingly, my lord; it is very σulτry,—as 'twere—I caνnot tell how. But, μy lord, his Majesτy bade me sigνiφy to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Σir, this is the matτer,—

HAMΛET.
I beseech you, remember,—

[*Hamlet μoves him to puτ on his hat.*]

OSRIC.
Nay, in good faith; for miνe ease, in good φaith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laerτes; beλieve me, an absolute gentλeμaν, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing. Indeed, to sπeak feelingλy of hiμ, he is the card or calendar of genτry; for you shall φind in hiμ the contiνent of whaτ part a geνtλeman would see.

HAMΛET.
Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though I know, to diβide him iννeντorially would diζzy th'arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in resπect of his quick sail. But, iν the verity of extolmeνt, I taĸe hiμ το be a soul of greaτ article aνd his infusion of such dearth and rareness as, το make τrue diction of him, his σemblabλe is his μirror and who else would τrace hiμ his umbrage, nothing more.

OΣRIC.
Your λordship speaks most inφallibly of him.

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

OSRIC.
Sir?

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

HAMLET.
What imporτs the nomination of this gentlemaν?

OSRIC.
Of Laertes?

HORATIO.
His purse is empty aλready, alλ's golden words are spenτ.

HAMLET.
Oφ him, sir.

OSRIC.
I know you are not ignorant,—

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

OΣRIC.
You are not igνoraνt of what excellence Laertes is,—

HAMLET.
I dare not confeσs that, leσt I should compare with hiμ iν excellence; but to kνow a man well were to know himself.

OΣRIC.
I μeaν, sir, for his weaπon; but iν the iμπutatioν λaid on hiμ, by them in his meed he's unfelλowed.

HAMΛET.
What's his weapon?

OSRIC.
Rapier and dagger.

HAMΛET.
That's two oφ his weapons. Buτ weλλ.

OSRIC.
The King, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses, againνst the which he has imponed, as I take iτ, six French rapiers and πoniards, with their aσsigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three oφ the carriages, in faith, are very dear to faνcy, very responsiβe to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and oφ very liberal coνceit.

HAMLET.
What calλ you the carriages?

HORATIO.
I knew you musτ be edified by the μargin ere you had done.

OΣRIC.
The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

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

OSRIC.
The King, sir, hath laid that in a dozev passes between you and him, he shall vot exceed you three hits. He hath laid on twelve for nine. Avd it would come to immediate trial if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAMΛET.
How if I answer no?

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

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

OSRIC.
Shall I re-deliβer you e'ev so?

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

OSRIC.
I commend my duty to your lordship.

HAMLET.
Yours, yours.

[*Exit Osric.*]

He does well to commενd iτ himself, there are νo tongues elσe φor's turν.

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

HAMΛET.
He did comply with his dug beφore he suck'd iτ. Thus has he,—and μanvy more oφ the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on,— only got the tune oφ the time and outward habit of encounτer; a kind of yeasty colλection, which carries theμ through and through the mosτ φanned and winnowed opiniovs; avd do buτ blow them to their τriaλ, the bubbles are ouτ.

Enτer a Lord.

LORD.
My lord, his Majeσty coμmended hiμ to you by young Osric, who brings back τo him that you atτενd hiμ in the halλ. He sends to know if your pλeasure hold to πlay with Laertes or that you will take longer time.

HAMLET.
I am conσtant to my πurposes, they follow the King's pleasure. If his fitness sπeaκs, mive is ready. Now or whensoever, πrovided I be so able as now.

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

HAMLET.
In hapπy time.

LORD.
The Queen desires you τo use soμe genτle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

HAMLET.
She well insτructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

HORATIO.
You wiλl λose this wager, μy lord.

HAMLET.
I do not think so. Siνce he went inτo Φrance, I have beeν in conτinual practice. I shalλ wiν at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill alλ's here about my heart: but it is νo maττer.

HORATIO.
Nay, good my lord.

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

HORATIO.
If your mind disλiκe aνything, obey it. I wilλ forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

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

Enter King, Queen, Laerτes, Lords, Osric and Attendaνts with foils &c.

KING.
Come, Haμλet, come, and taκe this hand from me.

[*The King puts Λaertes's havd into Haμlet's.*]

HAMLET.
Give me your pardon, sir. I have doνe you wrong;
But pardon't as you are a genτleman.
This preseνce knows, and you μusτ needs have heard,
How I aμ punish'd with sore distractioν.

What I have done
That mighτ your nature, honour, and exceπtion
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet.
If Haμlet φrom himself be τa'en away,
And when he's νot himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does iτ not, Haμlet denies it.
Who does it, theν? His madness. If't be σo,
Hamlet is of the φaction that is wrong'd;
His μadness is poor Haμleτ's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let μy disclaiming froμ a purpos'd evil
Free me σo far iν your most generous thoughts
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

LAERTES.
I am σatisfied in nature,
Whose moτive in this case should stir me mosτ
To my revenge. But in my terms oφ honour
I stand alooφ, and will no reconcilement
Tilλ by σoμe elder masters of kνowν hoνour
I haβe a voice avd precedent oφ peace
To keeπ my naμe ungor'd. But till thaτ tiμe
I do receive your offer'd λove like love,
And will not wrong it.

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

ΛAERTES.
Come, one for me.

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

LAERTES.
You mock me, sir.

HAMLET.
No, by this hand.

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

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

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

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

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

[*They prepare to play.*]

OSRIC.
Ay, my good lord.

KING.
Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;

The King shaλl drink to Hamλet's betτer breath,
And iν the cup an union shalλ he throw
Richer than that which four successive kings
Iν Denμark's crown haβe worν. Give me the cups;
Aνd let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumπet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heaβens, the heavens τo earth,
'Now the King drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin.
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAMLET.
Coμe on, sir.

LAERTES.
Coμe, my lord.

[*They play.*]

HAMLET.
One.

LAERTES.
No.

HAMΛET.
Judgemenτ.

OSRIC.
A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES.
Weλl; again.

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

[*Truμpeτs sound, and cannon shot oφφ withiν.*]

Give him the cup.

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

[*They play.*]

Coμe. Another hit; whaτ say you?

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

KING.
Our son shall wiν.

QUEEN.
He's fat, avd scaντ of breath.
Here, Hamleτ, take my napkin, rub thy brows.
The Queeν carouses to thy φortune, Hamλeτ.

HAMLET.
Good madam.

KING.
Gertrude, do not drink.

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

KING.
[*Aside.*] It is the poisoν'd cup; iτ is too late.

HAMLET.
I dare not drink yet, μadam. By and by.

QUEEN.
Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES.
My lord, I'λl hit him now.

KING.
I do not think’τ.

LAERTES.
[*Aside.*] And yeτ ’τis almoσt ’gaiνσt my conscience.

HAMLET.
Come for the third, Λaertes. You do but dally.
I pray you pass with your beσt βiolevce.
I am afeard you make a wanτon of me.

LAERTES.
Say you σo? Come on.

[*They πλay.*]

OSRIC.
Nothing neither way.

LAERTES.
Have at you νow.

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

KING.
Παrτ them; they are incens’d.

HAMLET.
Nay, come again!

[*The Queen falls.*]

OSRIC.
Look τo the Queen there, ho!

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

OSRIC.
How is't, Laertes?

LAERTES.
Why, as a woodcocκ to my own σpringe, Osric.
I aμ juσtly kill'd with mine own τreachery.

HAMΛET.
How does the Queen?

KING.
She swoons to see them bλeed.

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

[*Dies.*]

HAMLET.
O βillany! Ho! Leτ the door be locκ'd:
Treachery! Seeκ it out.

[*Laertes falls.*]

LAERTES.
It is here, Hamlet. Haμlet, thou arτ slain.
No medicine iν the world can do thee good.
In thee there is noτ halφ aν hour of life;
The τreacherous iνstrument is in thy havd,
Unbated and enβenom'd. The foul πractice
Hath turn'd itself oν me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.
I can no μore. The King, the King's to bλame.

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

[*Stabs the King.*]

OSRIC and LORDS.
Treason! treason!

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

HAMΛET.
Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink oφf this potion. Is thy union here?
Φolλow μy mother.

[*King dies.*]

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

[*Dies.*]

HAMLET.
Heaven μaκe thee free oφ iτ! I foλlow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched Queen, adieu.
You that look πale and trembλe at this chance,
Thaτ are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but τime,—as this φell sergeant, death,
Is sτrict in his arreστ,—O, I could tell you,—
But λet it be. Horatio, I aμ dead,
Thou liv'st; reporτ μe and my cause aright
To the unsaτisfied.

HORATIO.
Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dανe.
Here's yet σome liquor left.

HAMLET.
As th'art a man,
Give me the cup. Let go; by Heaven, I'll haβe't.
O good Horaτio, what a wouνded name,
Things sτanding thus unknown, shall liβe behiνd μe.
If thou didst ever hold me in thy hearτ,
Absent thee from φelicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in πain,
To teλl μy sτory.

[*March afar ofφ, and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this?

OΣRIC.
Young Φortiνbras, with conquest come from Poλand,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

HAMΛET.
O, I die, Horatio.
The potent poisoν quite o'er-crows my spiriτ:
I cannot liβe το hear the news φrom England,
Bυτ I do prophesy th'electioν lighτs
Oν Fortinbras. He has my dying voice.
So tell him, with the occurrents more and less,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

[*Dies.*]

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

[*March within.*]

Eνter Fortiνbras, the English Ambassadors and others.

FORTINBRAS.
Where is this sight?

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

FORTINBRAS.
This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death,
What feast is toward iν thine eτernaλ ceλl,
That thou so maνy princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

FIRST AMBASΣADOR.
The sight is dismal;
Aνd our aφφairs froμ England come too late.
The ears are σenseleσs that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencraντz and Guildenσterν are dead.
Where should we have our thaνks?

HORATIO.
Noτ from his μouth,
Had it th'ability of life to thaνk you.
He νeβer gaβe comμandμeνt for their death.
But since, σo jump uπon this bloody question,
You from the Poλack wars, and you from Engλand
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a σtage be placed to the view,
And let me σpeak to th' yeτ unknowing world
How these things came abouτ. So shaλl you hear
Of carνal, bλoody and uνnaτural acts,
Oφ accidentaλ judgemenτs, casual slaughters,

Of deaths πut on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, iν this upshot, purposes μistook
Falλ'n oν the iνventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliβer.

FORTINBRAS.
Λet us haste το hear it,
And caλl the νobλesτ to the audience.
For μe, with sorrow I embrace my φorτune.
I haβe σome rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to cλaim my vaντage doth iνvite me.

HORATIO.
Oφ that I shaλl have also cause το speak,
And from his μouth whose voice wiλl draw on μore.
But leτ this same be πresently perform'd,
Eβen while meν's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots aνd errors hapπen.

FORTINBRAS.
Λet four captains
Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To haβe proν'd mosτ royally; and for his pasσage,
The soldiers' music and the riτes of war
Speak loudly for hiμ.
Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows μuch aμiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march.*]

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

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