Hamlet

William Shakespeare

Polish letters — 100% of eligible letters

English · 1603

About this reading edition

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

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French j to ż, German z to c, consonantal English y to j and selected English w to ł. These are contextual sound matches, not visual substitutions.

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

j / ż · y / j · w / ł · z / c

2,309 of 2,309 eligible letters changed. Approximately 1.7% 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 Denmark
CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark, Hamlet's uncle
The GHOST of the late king, Hamlet's father
GERTRUDE, the Queen, Hamlet's mother, now ŀife of Claudius
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain
LAERTES, Son to Polonius
OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius
HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway
VOLTEMAND, Courtier
CORNELIUS, Courtier
ROSENCRANTZ, Courtier
GUILDENSTERN, Courtier
MARCELLUS, Officer
BARNARDO, Officer
FRANCISCO, a Soldier
OSRIC, Courtier
REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius
Players
A Gentleman, Courtier
A Priest
Two Clowns, Grave-diggers
A Captain
English Ambassadors.
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and Attendants

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

Enter Francisco and Barnardo, two sentinels.

BARNARDO.
Who’s there?

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

BARNARDO.
Long live the King!

FRANCISCO.
Barnardo?

BARNARDO.
He.

FRANCISCO.
Jou come most carefully upon jour hour.

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

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

BARNARDO.
Have jou had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO.
Not a mouse stirring.

BARNARDO.
Łell, good night.
If jou do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my łatch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

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

HORATIO.
Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS.
And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO.
Give jou good night.

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

FRANCISCO.
Barnardo has my place. Give jou good-night.

[*Exit.*]

MARCELLUS.
Holla, Barnardo!

BARNARDO.
Say, what, is Horatio there?

HORATIO.
A piece of him.

BARNARDO.
Łelcome, Horatio. Łelcome, good Marcellus.

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

BARNARDO.
I have seen nothing.

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

HORATIO.
Tush, tush, ’twill not appear.

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

HORATIO.
Łell, sit łe down,
And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

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

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

Enter Ghost.

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

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

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

HORATIO.
Most like. It harrows me łith fear and łonder.

BARNARDO
It łould be spoke to.

MARCELLUS.
Question it, Horatio.

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

MARCELLUS.
It is offended.

BARNARDO.
See, it stalks away.

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

[*Exit Ghost.*]

MARCELLUS.
’Tis gone, and łill not answer.

BARNARDO.
How now, Horatio! Jou tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think jou on't?

HORATIO.
Before my God, I might not this believe
Łithout the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

MARCELLUS.
Is it not like the King?

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

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

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

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

Does not divide the Sunday from the łeek.
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer łith the day:
Who is't that can inform me?

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

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

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

Re-enter Ghost.

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

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

[*The cock crows.*]

Stop it, Marcellus!

MARCELLUS.
Shall I strike at it łith my partisan?

HORATIO.
Do, if it łill not stand.

BARNARDO.
'Tis here!

HORATIO.
'Tis here!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

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

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

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

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

MARCELLUS.
It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever ’gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour’s birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor łitch hath power to charm;
So hallow’d and so gracious is the time.

HORATIO.
So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Łalks o’er the dew of jon high eastward hill.
Break łe our łatch up, and by my advice,
Let us impart what łe have seen tonight
Unto joung Hamlet; for upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, łill speak to him.
Do jou consent łe shall acquaint him łith it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

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

KING.
Though jet of Hamlet our dear brother’s death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of łoe;
Jet so far hath discretion fought łith nature
That łe łith łisest sorrow think on him,
Together łith remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th’imperial jointress to this łarlike state,
Have łe, as ’twere łith a defeated joy,
Łith one auspicious and one dropping eye,
Łith mirth in funeral, and łith dirge in marriage,
In equal scale łeighing delight and dole,
Taken to łife; nor have łe herein barr’d
Jour better łisdoms, which have freely gone
Łith this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that jou know joung Fortinbras,
Holding a łeak supposal of our łorth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother’s death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued łith this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail’d to pester us łith message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, łith all bonds of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:

Thus much the business is: łe have here writ
To Norway, uncle of joung Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject: and łe here dispatch
Jou, good Cornelius, and jou, Voltemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to jou no further personal power
To business łith the King, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow.
Farewell; and let jour haste commend jour duty.

CORNELIUS and VOLTEMAND.
In that, and all things, łill łe show our duty.

KING.
Łe doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltemand and Cornelius.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news łith jou?
Jou told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?
Jou cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose jour voice. What łouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What łouldst thou have, Laertes?

LAERTES.
Dread my lord,
Jour leave and favour to return to France,
From whence though łillingly I came to Denmark

To show my duty in jour coronation;
Jet now I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and łishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to jour gracious leave and pardon.

KING.
Have jou jour father's leave? What says Polonius?

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

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

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

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Ay, madam, it is common.

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

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

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

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died today,
‘This must be so.’ Łe pray jou throw to earth
This unprevailing łoe, and think of us
As of a father; for let the łorld take note
Jou are the most immediate to our throne,
And łith no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward jou. For jour intent
In going back to school in Łittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And łe beseech jou bend jou to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN.
Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.
I pray thee stay łith us; go not to Łittenberg.

HAMLET.
I shall in all my best obey jou, madam.

KING.
Why, ’tis a loving and a fair reply.
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc’d accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks today
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the King’s rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

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

Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Barnardo.

HORATIO.
Hail to jour lordship!

HAMLET.
I am glad to see jou łell:
Horatio, or I do forget myself.

HORATIO.
The same, my lord,
And jour poor servant ever.

HAMLET.
Sir, my good friend;
I'll change that name łith jou:
And what make jou from Łittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

MARCELLUS.
My good lord.

HAMLET.
I am very glad to see jou.—Good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make jou from Łittenberg?

HORATIO.
A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET.
I łould not hear jour enemy say so;
Nor shall jou do my ear that violence,
To make it truster of jour own report
Against jourself. I know jou are no truant.
But what is jour affair in Elsinore?
Łe'll teach jou to drink deep ere jou depart.

HORATIO.
My lord, I came to see jour father's funeral.

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

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

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

HORATIO.
Where, my lord?

HAMLET.
In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO.
I saw him once; he łas a goodly king.

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

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

HAMLET.
Saw? Who?

HORATIO.
My lord, the King jour father.

HAMLET.
The King my father!

HORATIO.
Season jour admiration for a while
Łith an attent ear, till I may deliver
Upon the łitness of these gentlemen
This marvel to jou.

HAMLET.
For God’s love let me hear.

HORATIO.
Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Barnardo, on their łatch
In the dead łaste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter’d. A figure like jour father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-à-pie,
Appears before them, and łith solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he łalk’d
By their oppress’d and fear-surprised eyes,
Łithin his truncheon’s length; whilst they, distill’d
Almost to jelly łith the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I łith them the third night kept the łatch,
Where, as they had deliver’d, both in time,
Form of the thing, each łord made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew jour father;
These hands are not more like.

HAMLET.
But where łas this?

MARCELLUS.
My lord, upon the platform where łe łatch.

HAMLET.
Did jou not speak to it?

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

HAMLET.
'Tis very strange.

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

HAMLET.
Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold jou the łatch tonight?

MARCELLUS and BARNARDO.
Łe do, my lord.

HAMLET.
Arm'd, say jou?

Both.
Arm'd, my lord.

HAMLET.
From top to toe?

BOTH.
My lord, from head to foot.

HAMLET.
Then saw jou not his face?

HORATIO.
O jes, my lord, he łore his beaver up.

HAMLET.
What, look’d he frowningly?

HORATIO.
A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET.
Pale, or red?

HORATIO.
Nay, very pale.

HAMLET.
And fix’d his eyes upon jou?

HORATIO.
Most constantly.

HAMLET.
I łould I had been there.

HORATIO.
It łould have much amaz’d jou.

HAMLET.
Very like, very like. Stay’d it long?

HORATIO.
While one łith moderate haste might tell a hundred.

MARCELLUS and BARNARDO.
Longer, longer.

HORATIO.
Not when I saw’t.

HAMLET.
His beard łas grizzled, no?

HORATIO.
It łas, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

HAMLET.
I łill łatch tonight;
Perchance 'twill łalk again.

HORATIO.
I łarrant jou it łill.

HAMLET.
If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray jou all,
If jou have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in jour silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
I łill requite jour loves. So, fare je łell.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit jou.

ALL.
Our duty to jour honour.

HAMLET.
Jour loves, as mine to jou: farewell.

[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus and Barnardo.*]

My father's spirit in arms! All is not łell;
I doubt some foul play: łould the night łere come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds łill rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

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

OPHELIA.
Do jou doubt that?

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

OPHELIA.
No more but so?

LAERTES.
Think it no more.
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but as this temple łaxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows łide łithal. Perhaps he loves jou now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his łill; but jou must fear,
His greatness łeigh’d, his łill is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:

He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The sanctity and health of this whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and jielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves jou,
It fits jour łisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes łithal.
Then łeigh what loss jour honour may sustain
If łith too credent ear jou list his songs,
Or lose jour heart, or jour chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep jou in the rear of jour affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of jouth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be łary then, best safety lies in fear.
Jouth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA.
I shall th'effect of this good lesson keep
As łatchman to my heart. But good my brother,
Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny łay to heaven;
Whilst like a puff'd and reckless libertine
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

LAERTES.
O, fear me not.
I stay too long. But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POLONIUS.
Jet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame.
The łind sits in the shoulder of jour sail,
And jou are stay'd for. There, my blessing łith jou.

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

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soul łith hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm łith entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true;

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

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

POLONIUS.
The time invites jou; go, jour servants tend.

LAERTES.
Farewell, Ophelia, and remember łell
What I have said to jou.

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

LAERTES.
Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

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

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

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

As it behoves my daughter and jour honour.
What is between jou? Give me up the truth.

OPHELIA.
He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

POLONIUS.
Affection! Pooh! Jou speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do jou believe his tenders, as jou call them?

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

POLONIUS.
Marry, I'll teach jou; think jourself a baby;
That jou have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender jourself more dearly;
Or,—not to crack the łind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus,—jou'll tender me a fool.

OPHELIA.
My lord, he hath importun'd me łith love
In honourable fashion.

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

OPHELIA.
And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
Łith almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POLONIUS.
Ay, springes to catch łoodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
Jou must not take for fire. From this time
Be something scanter of jour maiden presence;
Set jour entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him that he is joung;
And łith a larger tether may he łalk
Than may be given jou. In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I łould not, in plain terms, from this time forth
Have jou so slander any moment leisure
As to give łords or talk łith the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge jou; come jour łays.

OPHELIA.
I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT I — SCENE IV. The platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

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

HORATIO.
It is a nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET.
What hour now?

HORATIO.
I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS.
No, it is struck.

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

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

What does this mean, my lord?

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

HORATIO.
Is it a custom?

HAMLET.
Ay marry is't;
And to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and łest
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us drunkards, and łith swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chances in particular men
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,
By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens
The form of plausive manners;—that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being Nature's livery or Fortune's star,—
His virtues else,—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his own scandal.

HORATIO.
Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost.

HAMLET.
Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,

Bring łith thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents łicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I łill speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein łe saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and łe fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
Łith thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should łe do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

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

MARCELLUS.
Look łith what courteous action
It łaves jou to a more removed ground.
But do not go łith it.

HORATIO.
No, by no means.

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

HORATIO.
Do not, my lord.

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

HORATIO.
What if it tempt jou toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o’er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form
Which might deprive jour sovereignty of reason,
And draw jou into madness? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Łithout more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

HAMLET.
It łaves me still.
Go on, I’ll follow thee.

MARCELLUS.
Jou shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET.
Hold off jour hands.

HORATIO.
Be rul’d; jou shall not go.

HAMLET.
My fate cries out,

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

[*Ghost beckons.*]

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

[*Breaking free from them.*]

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

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

HORATIO.
He łaxes desperate łith imagination.

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

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

MARCELLUS.
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HORATIO.
Heaven łill direct it.

MARCELLUS.
Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

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

GHOST.
Mark me.

HAMLET.
I łill.

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

HAMLET.
Alas, poor ghost!

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

HAMLET.
Speak, I am bound to hear.

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

HAMLET.
What?

GHOST.
I am thy father's spirit,

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

HAMLET.
O God!

GHOST.
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET.
Murder!

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

HAMLET.
Haste me to know’t, that I, łith łings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love
May sweep to my revenge.

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

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Łouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.
’Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus’d; but know, thou noble jouth,
The serpent that did sting thy father’s life
Now łears his crown.

HAMLET.
O my prophetic soul!
Mine uncle!

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

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

[*Exit.*]

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

But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Jea, from the table of my memory
I'll łipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That jouth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Łithin the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd łith baser matter. Jes, by heaven!
O most pernicious łoman!
O villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
My tables. Meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain!
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.

[*Writing.*]

So, uncle, there jou are. Now to my łord;
It is 'Adieu, adieu, remember me.'
I have sworn't.

HORATIO and MARCELLUS.
[*Łithin.*] My lord, my lord.

MARCELLUS.
[*Łithin.*] Lord Hamlet.

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

HAMLET.
So be it!

MARCELLUS.
[*Łithin.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

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

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

MARCELLUS.
How is't, my noble lord?

HORATIO.
What news, my lord?

HAMLET.
O, łonderful!

HORATIO.
Good my lord, tell it.

HAMLET.
No, jou'll reveal it.

HORATIO.
Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MARCELLUS.
Nor I, my lord.

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

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Why, right; jou are i’ the right;
And so, łithout more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that łe shake hands and part:
Jou, as jour business and desire shall point jou,—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is;—and for my own poor part,
Look jou, I’ll go pray.

HORATIO.
These are but łild and whirling łords, my lord.

HAMLET.
I’m sorry they offend jou, heartily;
Jes faith, heartily.

HORATIO.
There’s no offence, my lord.

HAMLET.
Jes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell jou.
For jour desire to know what is between us,
O’ermaster’t as jou may. And now, good friends,
As jou are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

HORATIO.
What is’t, my lord? Łe łill.

HAMLET.
Never make known what jou have seen tonight.

HORATIO and MARCELLUS.
My lord, łe łill not.

HAMLET.
Nay, but swear't.

HORATIO.
In faith, my lord, not I.

MARCELLUS.
Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMLET.
Upon my sword.

MARCELLUS.
Łe have sworn, my lord, already.

HAMLET.
Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

GHOST.
[*Cries under the stage.*] Swear.

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

HORATIO.
Propose the oath, my lord.

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

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAMLET.
Hic et ubique? Then łe'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,

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

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAMLET.
Łell said, old mole! Canst łork i' th'earth so fast?
A łorthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.

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

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

GHOST.
[*Beneath.*] Swear.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

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

REYNALDO.
I łill, my lord.

POLONIUS.
Jou shall do marvellous łisely, good Reynaldo,
Before jou visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

REYNALDO.
My lord, I did intend it.

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

REYNALDO.
Ay, very łell, my lord.

POLONIUS.
‘And in part him, but,’ jou may say, ‘not łell;

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

REYNALDO.
As gaming, my lord?

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

REYNALDO.
My lord, that łould dishonour him.

POLONIUS.
Faith no, as jou may season it in the charge.
Jou 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 jou do this?

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

POLONIUS.
Marry, sir, here's my drift,
And I believe it is a fetch of łarrant.
Jou laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' th' łorking,
Mark jou,
Jour party in converse, him jou łould sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The jouth jou breathe of guilty, be assur'd
He closes łith jou in this consequence;
'Good sir,' or so; or 'friend,' or 'gentleman'—
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

REYNALDO.
Very good, my lord.

POLONIUS.
And then, sir, does he this,—
He does—What łas I about to say?
By the mass, I łas about to say something. Where did I leave?

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

POLONIUS.
At 'closes in the consequence' ay, marry!
He closes łith jou thus: 'I know the gentleman,
I saw him jesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then, łith such and such; and, as jou say,
There łas he gaming, there o'ertook in's rouse,
There falling out at tennis': or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale'—
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth. See jou now;
Jour bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do łe of łisdom and of reach,

Łith łindlasses, and łith assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out.
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall jou my son. Jou have me, have jou not?

REYNALDO.
My lord, I have.

POLONIUS.
God b' łi' jou, fare jou łell.

REYNALDO.
Good my lord.

POLONIUS.
Observe his inclination in jourself.

REYNALDO.
I shall, my lord.

POLONIUS.
And let him ply his music.

REYNALDO.
Łell, my lord.

POLONIUS.
Farewell.

[*Exit Reynaldo.*]

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?

OPHELIA.
Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted.

POLONIUS.
Łith what, in the name of God?

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

POLONIUS.
Mad for thy love?

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

POLONIUS.
What said he?

OPHELIA.
He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And łith his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he łould draw it. Long stay'd he so,
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus łaving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And łith his head over his shoulder turn'd
He seem'd to find his łay łithout his eyes,
For out o' doors he łent łithout their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern and Attendants.

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

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

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

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

KING.
Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

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

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

QUEEN.
Ay, amen.

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

Enter Polonius.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exit Polonius.*]

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

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

KING.
Łell, łe shall sift him.

Enter Polonius łith Voltemand and Cornelius.

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

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

His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But better look'd into, he truly found
It łas against jour Highness; whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Łas falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway; and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th'assay of arms against jour Majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome łith joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers
So levied as before, against the Polack:
Łith an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Gives a paper.*]
That it might please jou to give quiet pass
Through jour dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

KING.
It likes us łell;
And at our more consider'd time łe'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime łe thank jou for jour łell-took labour.
Go to jour rest, at night łe'll feast together:.
Most łelcome home.

[*Exeunt Voltemand and Cornelius.*]

POLONIUS.
This business is łell ended.
My liege and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night night, and time is time
Łere nothing but to łaste night, day and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of łit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I łill be brief. Jour noble son is mad.
Mad call I it; for to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

QUEEN.
More matter, łith less art.

POLONIUS.
Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true. A foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I łill use no art.
Mad let us grant him then. And now remains
That łe find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause.
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I have a daughter—have whilst she is mine—
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.
[*Reads.*]
To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is a vile
phrase: but jou shall hear.
[*Reads.*]
these; in her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

QUEEN.
Came this from Hamlet to her?

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

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

POLONIUS.
What do jou think of me?

KING.
As of a man faithful and honourable.

POLONIUS.
I łould fain prove so. But what might jou think,
When I had seen this hot love on the łing,
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell jou that,
Before my daughter told me, what might jou,
Or my dear Majesty jour queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a łinking, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love łith idle sight,
What might jou think? No, I łent round to łork,
And my joung mistress thus I did bespeak:
'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star.

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

KING.
Do jou think 'tis this?

QUEEN.
It may be, very likely.

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

KING.
Not that I know.

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

KING.
How may łe try it further?

POLONIUS.
Jou know sometimes he łalks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

QUEEN.
So he does indeed.

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

KING.
Łe łill try it.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

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

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

[*Exeunt King, Queen and Attendants.*]

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET.
Łell, God-a-mercy.

POLONIUS.
Do jou know me, my lord?

HAMLET.
Excellent łell. Jou are a fishmonger.

POLONIUS.
Not I, my lord.

HAMLET.
Then I łould jou łere so honest a man.

POLONIUS.
Honest, my lord?

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

POLONIUS.
That's very true, my lord.

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

POLONIUS.
I have, my lord.

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

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

HAMLET.
Łords, łords, łords.

POLONIUS.
What is the matter, my lord?

HAMLET.
Between who?

POLONIUS.
I mean the matter that jou read, my lord.

HAMLET.
Slanders, sir. For the satirical slave says here that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of łit, together łith most łeak hams. All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, jet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down. For jou jourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab jou could go backward.

POLONIUS.
[*Aside.*] Though this be madness, jet there is method in't.—
Łill jou łalk out of the air, my lord?

HAMLET.
Into my grave?

POLONIUS.
Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside.*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I łill leave him and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. My honourable lord, I łill most humbly take my leave of jou.

HAMLET.
Jou cannot, sir, take from me anything that I łill more łillingly part łithal, except my life, except my life, except my life.

POLONIUS.
Fare jou łell, my lord.

HAMLET.
These tedious old fools.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
[*To Polonius.*] God save jou, 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 je both?

ROSENCRANTZ.
As the indifferent children of the earth.

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

HAMLET.
Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Neither, my lord.

HAMLET.
Then jou live about her łaist, or in the middle of her favours?

GUILDENSTERN.
Faith, her privates łe.

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

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

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

GUILDENSTERN.
Prison, my lord?

HAMLET.
Denmark's a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Then is the łorld one.

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
Łe think not so, my lord.

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

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

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

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

HAMLET.
A dream itself is but a shadow.

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

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

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
Łe'll łait upon jou.

HAMLET.
No such matter. I łill not sort jou łith the rest of my servants; for, to speak to jou like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten łay of friendship, what make jou at Elsinore?

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

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

GUILDENSTERN.
What should łe say, my lord?

HAMLET.
Why, anything. But to the purpose. Jou łere sent for; and there is a kind

of confession in jour looks, which jour modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for jou.

ROSENCRANTZ.
To what end, my lord?

HAMLET.
That jou must teach me. But let me conjure jou, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our jouth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge jou łithal, be even and direct łith me, whether jou łere sent for or no.

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

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

GUILDENSTERN.
My lord, łe łere sent for.

HAMLET.
I łill tell jou why; so shall my anticipation prevent jour discovery, and jour secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed, it goes so heavily łith my disposition that this goodly frame the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy the air, look jou, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted łith golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of łork is man, how noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving, how express and admirable; in action how like an angel, in apprehension, how like a god: the beauty of the łorld, the paragon of animals. And jet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me; no, nor łoman neither, though by jour smiling jou seem to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ.
My lord, there łas no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAMLET.
Why did jou laugh then, when I said ‘Man delights not me’?

ROSENCRANTZ.
To think, my lord, if jou delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment the players shall receive from jou. Łe coted them on the łay, and hither are they coming to offer jou service.

HAMLET.
He that plays the king shall be łelcome,—his Majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o’ th’ sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for’t. What players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Even those jou łere łont to take such delight in—the tragedians of the city.

HAMLET.
How chances it they travel? Their residence, both in reputation and profit, łas better both łays.

ROSENCRANTZ.
I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
No, indeed, they are not.

HAMLET.
How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Nay, their endeavour keeps in the łonted pace; but there is, sir, an aerie of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't. These are now the fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they call them—that many łearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills and dare scarce come thither.

HAMLET.
What, are they children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Łill they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? Łill they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players—as it is most like, if their means are no better—their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own succession?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy. There łas for a while, no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player łent to cuffs in the question.

HAMLET.
Is't possible?

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

HAMLET.
Do the boys carry it away?

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

HAMLET.
It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that łould make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty,

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

[*Flourish of trumpets łithin.*]

GUILDENSTERN.
There are the players.

HAMLET.
Gentlemen, jou are łelcome to Elsinore. Jour hands, come. The appurtenance of łelcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply łith jou in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which I tell jou must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than jours. Jou are łelcome. But my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

GUILDENSTERN.
In what, my dear lord?

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

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS.
Łell be łith jou, gentlemen.

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

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

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

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

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

POLONIUS.
The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET.
Buzz, buzz.

POLONIUS.
Upon my honour.

HAMLET.
Then came each actor on his ass—

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

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

POLONIUS.
What treasure had he, my lord?

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

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

HAMLET.
Am I not i’ th’ right, old Jephthah?

POLONIUS.
If jou call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing łell.

HAMLET.
Nay, that follows not.

POLONIUS.
What follows then, my lord?

HAMLET.
Why,
As by lot, God łot,
and then, jou know,
It came to pass, as most like it łas.
The first row of the pious chanson łill show jou more. For look where my abridgement comes.

Enter four or five Players.

Jou are łelcome, masters, łelcome all. I am glad to see thee łell. Łelcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Thy face is valanc’d since I saw thee last. Com’st thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my joung lady and mistress! By’r lady, jour ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw jou last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God jour voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked łithin the ring. Masters, jou are all łelcome. Łe’ll e’en to’t like French falconers, fly at anything łe see. Łe’ll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of jour quality. Come, a passionate speech.

FIRST PLAYER.
What speech, my lord?

HAMLET.
I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it łas never acted, or if it łas,

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

POLONIUS.
'Fore God, my lord, łell spoken, łith good accent and good discretion.

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

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

POLONIUS.
This is too long.

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

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

HAMLET.
‘The mobled queen’?

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

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

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

HAMLET.
’Tis łell. I’ll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, łill jou see the players łell bestowed? Do jou hear, let them be łell used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time. After jour death jou łere better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while jou live.

POLONIUS.
My lord, I łill use them according to their desert.

HAMLET.
God’s bodikin, man, much better. Use every man after his desert, and who should ’scape whipping? Use them after jour own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in jour bounty. Take them in.

POLONIUS.
Come, sirs.

HAMLET.
Follow him, friends. Łe’ll hear a play tomorrow.

[*Exeunt Polonius łith all the Players but the First.*]

Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can jou play *The Murder of Gonzago*?

FIRST PLAYER.
Ay, my lord.

HAMLET.
Łe’ll ha’t tomorrow night. Jou could for a need study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I łould set down and insert in’t, could jou not?

FIRST PLAYER.
Ay, my lord.

HAMLET.
Very łell. Follow that lord, and look jou mock him not.

[*Exit First Player.*]

[*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*] My good friends, I’ll leave jou till night. Jou are łelcome to Elsinore.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Good my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

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

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder’d,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart łith łords
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A scullion! Fie upon’t! Foh!
About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim’d their malefactions.
For murder, though it have no tongue, łill speak
Łith most miraculous organ. I’ll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle. I’ll observe his looks;
I’ll tent him to the quick. If he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil, and the devil hath power
T’assume a pleasing shape, jea, and perhaps
Out of my łeakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent łith such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I’ll have grounds
More relative than this. The play’s the thing
Wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the King.

[*Exit.*]

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

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

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

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

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

QUEEN.
Did he receive jou łell?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN.
But łith much forcing of his disposition.

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

QUEEN.
Did jou assay him to any pastime?

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

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

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
Łe shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

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

QUEEN.
I shall obey jou.
And for jour part, Ophelia, I do łish
That jour good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's łildness: so shall I hope jour virtues
Łill bring him to his łonted łay again,
To both jour honours.

OPHELIA.
Madam, I łish it may.

[*Exit Queen.*]

POLONIUS.
Ophelia, łalk jou here.—Gracious, so please jou,
Łe łill bestow ourselves.—[*To Ophelia.*] Read on this book,
That show of such an exercise may colour
Jour loneliness.—Łe are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that łith devotion's visage
And pious action łe do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

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

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

[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*]

Enter Hamlet.

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

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

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

HAMLET.
I humbly thank jou; łell, łell, łell.

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

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

OPHELIA.
My honour'd lord, jou know right łell jou did,
And łith them łords of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich; their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts łax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

HAMLET.
Ha, ha! Are jou honest?

OPHELIA.
My lord?

HAMLET.
Are jou fair?

OPHELIA.
What means jour lordship?

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

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Jou should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but łe shall relish of it. I loved jou not.

OPHELIA.
I łas the more deceived.

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

OPHELIA.
At home, my lord.

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

OPHELIA.
O help him, jou sweet heavens!

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

OPHELIA.
O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET.
I have heard of jour paintings too, łell enough. God hath given jou one face, and jou make jourselves another. Jou jig, jou amble, and jou lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make jour łantonness jour ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, łe łill have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[*Exit.*]

OPHELIA.
O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,

That unmatch'd form and feature of blown jouth
Blasted łith ecstasy. O łoe is me,
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see.

Enter King and Polonius.

KING.
Love? His affections do not that łay tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Łas not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Łill be some danger, which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall łith speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different,
Łith variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think jou on't?

POLONIUS.
It shall do łell. But jet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia?
Jou need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
Łe heard it all. My lord, do as jou please,
But if jou hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief, let her be round łith him,
And I'll be plac'd, so please jou, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Jour łisdom best shall think.

KING.
It shall be so.
Madness in great ones must not unwatch’d go.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Hamlet and certain Players.

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

FIRST PLAYER.
I łarrant jour honour.

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

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

FIRST PLAYER.
I hope łe have reform'd that indifferently łith us, sir.

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

[*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord?
Łill the King hear this piece of łork?

POLONIUS.
And the Queen too, and that presently.

HAMLET.
Bid the players make haste.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

Łill jou two help to hasten them?

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
Łe łill, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

HAMLET.
What ho, Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

HORATIO.
Here, sweet lord, at jour service.

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

HORATIO.
O my dear lord.

HAMLET.
Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul łas mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself. For thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en łith equal thanks. And blessed are those
Whose blood and judgement are so łell co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I łill łear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play tonight before the King.
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I prithee, when thou see'st that act a-foot,
Even łith the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle. If his occulted guilt

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

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

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

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

KING.
How fares our cousin Hamlet?

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

KING.
I have nothing łith this answer, Hamlet; these łords are not mine.

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

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

HAMLET.
What did jou enact?

POLONIUS.
I did enact Julius Caesar. I łas kill'd i' th' Capitol. Brutus killed me.

HAMLET.
It łas a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Ay, my lord; they stay upon jour patience.

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

HAMLET.
No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

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

HAMLET.
Lady, shall I lie in jour lap?

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

OPHELIA.
No, my lord.

HAMLET.
I mean, my head upon jour lap?

OPHELIA.
Ay, my lord.

HAMLET.
Do jou think I meant country matters?

OPHELIA.
I think nothing, my lord.

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

OPHELIA.
What is, my lord?

HAMLET.
Nothing.

OPHELIA.
Jou are merry, my lord.

HAMLET.
Who, I?

OPHELIA.
Ay, my lord.

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

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

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

Trumpets sound. The dumb show enters.

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

[*Exeunt.*]

OPHELIA.
What means this, my lord?

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

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

Enter Prologue.

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

OPHELIA.
Łill they tell us what this show meant?

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

OPHELIA.
Jou are naught, jou are naught: I'll mark the play.

PROLOGUE.
For us, and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to jour clemency,
Łe beg jour hearing patiently.

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

OPHELIA.
’Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET.
As łoman’s love.

Enter a King and a Queen.

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

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

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

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

HAMLET.
[*Aside.*] Łormwood, łormwood.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*Exit.*]

HAMLET.
Madam, how like jou this play?

QUEEN.
The lady protests too much, methinks.

HAMLET.
O, but she'll keep her łord.

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

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

KING.
What do jou call the play?

HAMLET.
The Mousetrap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna. Gonzago is the Duke's name, his łife Baptista: jou shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of łork: but what o' that? Jour majesty, and łe that have free souls, it touches us not. Let the gall'd jade łince; our łithers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King.

OPHELIA.
Jou are a good chorus, my lord.

HAMLET.
I could interpret between jou and jour love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

OPHELIA.
Jou are keen, my lord, jou are keen.

HAMLET.
It łould cost jou a groaning to take off my edge.

OPHELIA.
Still better, and łorse.

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

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

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

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

OPHELIA.
The King rises.

HAMLET.
What, frighted łith false fire?

QUEEN.
How fares my lord?

POLONIUS.
Give o’er the play.

KING.
Give me some light. Away.

All.
Lights, lights, lights.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*]

HAMLET.
Why, let the strucken deer go łeep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must łatch, while some must sleep,
So runs the łorld away.
Łould not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk łith me; łith two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

HORATIO.
Half a share.

HAMLET.
A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled łas
Of Jove himself, and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

HORATIO.
Jou might have rhymed.

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

HORATIO.
Very łell, my lord.

HAMLET.
Upon the talk of the poisoning?

HORATIO.
I did very łell note him.

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

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

GUILDENSTERN.
Good my lord, vouchsafe me a łord łith jou.

HAMLET.
Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENSTERN.
The King, sir—

HAMLET.
Ay, sir, what of him?

GUILDENSTERN.
Is in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

HAMLET.
Łith drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN.
No, my lord; rather łith choler.

HAMLET.
Jour łisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor, for me to put him to his purgation łould perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

GUILDENSTERN.
Good my lord, put jour discourse into some frame, and start not so łildly from my affair.

HAMLET.
I am tame, sir, pronounce.

GUILDENSTERN.
The Queen jour mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to jou.

HAMLET.
Jou are łelcome.

GUILDENSTERN.
Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please jou to make me a wholesome answer, I łill do jour mother's commandment; if not, jour pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

HAMLET.
Sir, I cannot.

GUILDENSTERN.
What, my lord?

HAMLET.
Make jou a wholesome answer. My łit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, jou shall command; or rather, as jou say, my mother. Therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, jou say,—

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

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
She desires to speak łith jou in her closet ere jou go to bed.

HAMLET.
Łe shall obey, łere she ten times our mother. Have jou any further trade łith us?

ROSENCRANTZ.
My lord, jou once did love me.

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

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

HAMLET.
Sir, I lack advancement.

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

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

Re-enter the Players łith recorders.

O, the recorders. Let me see one.—To łithdraw łith jou, why do jou go about to recover the łind of me, as if jou łould drive me into a toil?

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

HAMLET.
I do not łell understand that. Łill jou play upon this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN.
My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET.
I pray jou.

GUILDENSTERN.
Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET.
I do beseech jou.

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

HAMLET.
'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages łith jour finger and thumb, give it breath łith jour mouth, and it łill discourse most eloquent music. Look jou, these are the stops.

GUILDENSTERN.
But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony. I have not the skill.

HAMLET.
Why, look jou now, how unworthy a thing jou make of me! Jou łould play upon me; jou łould seem to know my stops; jou łould pluck out the heart of my mystery; jou łould sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, jet cannot jou make it speak. 'Sblood, do jou think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument jou łill, though jou can fret me, jou cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bless jou, sir.

POLONIUS.
My lord, the Queen łould speak łith jou, and presently.

HAMLET.
Do jou see jonder cloud that’s almost in shape of a camel?

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

HAMLET.
Methinks it is like a łeasel.

POLONIUS.
It is backed like a łeasel.

HAMLET.
Or like a whale.

POLONIUS.
Very like a whale.

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

POLONIUS.
I łill say so.

[*Exit.*]

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

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

’Tis now the very łitching time of night,
When churchyards jawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this łorld. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Łould quake to look on. Soft now, to my mother.
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
I łill speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.
How in my łords somever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter King, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

GUILDENSTERN.
Łe łill ourselves provide.
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon jour Majesty.

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

KING.
Arm jou, I pray jou, to this speedy voyage;
For łe łill fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.
Łe łill haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS.
My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process. I'll łarrant she'll tax him home,
And as jou said, and łisely łas it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare jou łell, my liege,
I'll call upon jou ere jou go to bed,
And tell jou what I know.

KING.
Thanks, dear my lord.

[*Exit Polonius.*]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,—
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as łill:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Łere thicker than itself łith brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens

To łash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere łe come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up.
My fault is past. But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this łorld
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the łicked prize itself
Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and łe ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Jet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart łith strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be łell.

[*Retires and kneels.*]

Enter Hamlet.

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

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

[*Exit.*]

The King rises and advances.

KING.
My łords fly up, my thoughts remain below.
Łords łithout thoughts never to heaven go.

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter Queen and Polonius.

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

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

QUEEN.
I'll łarrant jou, Fear me not.
Łithdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius goes behind the arras.*]

Enter Hamlet.

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

QUEEN.
Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET.
Mother, jou have my father much offended.

QUEEN.
Come, come, jou answer łith an idle tongue.

HAMLET.
Go, go, jou question łith a łicked tongue.

QUEEN.
Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET.
What's the matter now?

QUEEN.
Have jou forgot me?

HAMLET.
No, by the rood, not so.
Jou are the Queen, jour husband's brother's łife,
And, łould it łere not so. Jou are my mother.

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

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

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

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

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

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

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

[*Falls and dies.*]

QUEEN.
O me, what 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 bloody deed. Almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king and marry łith his brother.

QUEEN.
As kill a king?

HAMLET.
Ay, lady, ’twas my łord.—
[*To Polonius.*] Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune,
Thou find’st to be too busy is some danger.—
Leave wringing of jour hands. Peace, sit jou down,
And let me wring jour heart, for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not braz’d it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

QUEEN.
What have I done, that thou dar’st łag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

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

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

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

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

Nor sense to ecstacy łas ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
To serve in such a difference. What devil łas't
That thus hath cozen'd jou at hoodman-blind?
Eyes łithout feeling, feeling łithout sight,
Ears łithout hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope. O shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming jouth let virtue be as łax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders łill.

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

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

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

HAMLET.
A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe

Of jour precedent lord. A vice of kings,
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket!

QUEEN.
No more.

HAMLET.
A king of shreds and patches!—

Enter Ghost.

Save me and hover o’er me łith jour łings,
Jou heavenly guards! What łould jour gracious figure?

QUEEN.
Alas, he’s mad.

HAMLET.
Do jou not come jour tardy son to chide,
That, laps’d in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of jour dread command?
O say!

GHOST.
Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits.
O step between her and her fighting soul.
Conceit in łeakest bodies strongest łorks.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAMLET.
How is it łith jou, lady?

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

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

QUEEN.
To whom do jou speak this?

HAMLET.
Do jou see nothing there?

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

HAMLET.
Nor did jou nothing hear?

QUEEN.
No, nothing but ourselves.

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

[*Exit Ghost.*]

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

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

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

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

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

QUEEN.
What shall I do?

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

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep
And break jour own neck down.

QUEEN.
Be thou assur'd, if łords be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

HAMLET.
I must to England, jou know that?

QUEEN.
Alack,
I had forgot. 'Tis so concluded on.

HAMLET.
There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I łill trust as I łill adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate, they must sweep my łay
And marshal me to knavery. Let it łork;
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist łith his own petard, and 't shall go hard
But I łill delve one jard below their mines
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good night. Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who łas in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end łith jou.
Good night, mother.

[*Exit Hamlet dragging out Polonius.*]

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

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

KING.
There’s matter in these sighs. These profound heaves
Jou must translate; ’tis fit łe understand them.
Where is jour son?

QUEEN.
Bestow this place on us a little while.

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

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

KING.
What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

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

KING.
O heavy deed!
It had been so łith us, had łe been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To jou jourself, to us, to everyone.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer’d?
It łill be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain’d, and out of haunt
This mad joung man. But so much łas our love

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

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

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

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join jou łith 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 jou haste in this.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET.
Safely stowed.

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

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

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

ROSENCRANTZ.
What have jou done, my lord, łith the dead body?

HAMLET.
Compounded it łith dust, whereto ’tis kin.

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

HAMLET.
Do not believe it.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Believe what?

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

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

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

ROSENCRANTZ.
I understand jou not, my lord.

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

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

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

GUILDENSTERN.
A thing, my lord!

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter King, attended.

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

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now? What hath befall’n?

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

KING.
But where is he?

ROSENCRANTZ.
Łithout, my lord, guarded, to know jour pleasure.

KING.
Bring him before us.

ROSENCRANTZ.
Ho, Guildenstern! Bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

KING.
Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET.
At supper.

KING.
At supper? Where?

HAMLET.
Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation of politic łorms are e'en at him. Jour łorm is jour only emperor for diet. Łe fat all creatures else to fat us, and łe fat ourselves for maggots. Jour fat king and jour lean beggar is but variable service,—two dishes, but to one table. That's the end.

KING.
Alas, alas!

HAMLET.
A man may fish łith the łorm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that łorm.

KING.
What dost thou mean by this?

HAMLET.
Nothing but to show jou how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

KING.
Where is Polonius?

HAMLET.
In heaven. Send thither to see. If jour messenger find him not there, seek him i' th'other place jourself. But indeed, if jou find him not łithin this month, jou shall nose him as jou go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING.
[*To some Attendants.*] Go seek him there.

HAMLET.
He łill stay till jou come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

KING.
Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which łe do tender, as łe dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
Łith fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the łind at help,
Th'associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

HAMLET.
For England?

KING.
Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET.
Good.

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

HAMLET.
I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

KING.
Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET.
My mother. Father and mother is man and łife; man and łife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England.

[*Exit.*]

KING.
Follow him at foot. Tempt him łith speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence tonight.
Away, for everything is seal'd and done
That else leans on th'affair. Pray jou make haste.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

And England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since jet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys łere ne'er begun.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV — SCENE IV. A plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras and Forces marching.

FORTINBRAS.
Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish king.
Tell him that by his license, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. Jou know the rendezvous.
If that his Majesty łould aught łith us,
Łe shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

CAPTAIN.
I łill do't, my lord.

FORTINBRAS.
Go softly on.

[*Exeunt all but the Captain.*]

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern &c.

HAMLET.
Good sir, whose powers are these?

CAPTAIN.
They are of Norway, sir.

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

CAPTAIN.
Against some part of Poland.

HAMLET.
Who commands them, sir?

CAPTAIN.
The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

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

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

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

CAPTAIN.
Jes, it is already garrison'd.

HAMLET.
Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Łill not debate the question of this straw!
This is th'imposthume of much łealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause łithout
Why the man dies. I humbly thank jou, sir.

CAPTAIN.
God b' łi' jou, sir.

[*Exit.*]

ROSENCRANTZ.
Łill't please jou go, my lord?

HAMLET.
I'll be łith jou straight. Go a little before.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge. What is a man
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure he that made us łith such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th'event,—
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part łisdom
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why jet I live to say this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause, and łill, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me,
Łitness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, łith divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir łithout great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent

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

[*Exit.*]

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

Enter Queen, Horatio and a Gentleman.

QUEEN.
I łill not speak łith her.

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

QUEEN.
What łould she have?

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

QUEEN.
Let her come in.

[*Exit Gentleman.*]

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

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia.

OPHELIA.
Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN.
How now, Ophelia?

OPHELIA.
[*Sings.*]
How should I jour true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

QUEEN.
Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA.
Say jou? Nay, pray jou mark.
[*Sings.*]
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a grass green turf,
At his heels a stone.

QUEEN.
Nay, but Ophelia—

OPHELIA.
Pray jou mark.
[*Sings.*]
White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

QUEEN.
Alas, look here, my lord!

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

KING.
How do jou, pretty lady?

OPHELIA.
Łell, God dild jou! They say the owl łas a baker's daughter. Lord, łe know what łe are, but know not what łe may be. God be at jour table!

KING.
Conceit upon her father.

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

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

KING.
Pretty Ophelia!

OPHELIA.
Indeed la, łithout an oath, I'll make an end on't.
[*Sings.*]
By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Joung men łill do't if they come to't;
By Cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, before jou tumbled me,
Jou promis'd me to łed.
So łould I ha' done, by jonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

KING.
How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA.
I hope all łill be łell. Łe must be patient. But I cannot choose but łeep, to think they łould lay him i' th' cold ground. My brother shall know of it. And so I thank jou for jour good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.

[*Exit.*]

KING.
Follow her close; give her good łatch, I pray jou.

[*Exit Horatio.*]

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

Divided from herself and her fair judgement,
Łithout the which łe are pictures or mere beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his łonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And łants not buzzers to infect his ear
Łith pestilent speeches of his father's death,
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Łill nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death.

[*A noise łithin.*]

QUEEN.
Alack, what noise is this?

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

Enter a Gentleman.

What is the matter?

GENTLEMAN.
Save jourself, my lord.
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats łith more impetuous haste
Than joung Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears jour offices. The rabble call him lord,
And, as the łorld łere now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every łord,
They cry 'Choose łe! Laertes shall be king!'

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

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

[*A noise łithin.*]

KING.
The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.

LAERTES.
Where is this king?—Sirs, stand jou all łithout.

Danes.
No, let’s come in.

LAERTES.
I pray jou, give me leave.

DANES.
Łe łill, łe łill.

[*They retire łithout the door.*]

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

QUEEN.
Calmly, good Laertes.

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

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

KING.
What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude. Do not fear our person.
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it łould,
Acts little of his łill.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.—Let him go, Gertrude:—
Speak, man.

LAERTES.
Where is my father?

KING.
Dead.

QUEEN.
But not by him.

KING.
Let him demand his fill.

LAERTES.
How came he dead? I'll not be juggled łith.
To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the łorlds, I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

KING.
Who shall stay jou?

LAERTES.
My łill, not all the łorld.
And for my means, I'll husband them so łell,
They shall go far łith little.

KING.
Good Laertes,
If jou desire to know the certainty
Of jour dear father's death, is't writ in jour revenge
That, sweepstake, jou łill draw both friend and foe,
Łinner and loser?

LAERTES.
None but his enemies.

KING.
Łill jou know them then?

LAERTES.
To his good friends thus łide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them łith my blood.

KING.
Why, now jou speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of jour father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to jour judgement 'pear
As day does to jour eye.

DANES.
[*Łithin.*] Let her come in.

LAERTES.
How now! What noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed łith straws and flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains. Tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye.
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by łeight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens, is't possible a joung maid's łits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

OPHELIA.
[*Sings.*]
They bore him barefac'd on the bier,
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny
And on his grave rain'd many a tear.—
Fare jou łell, my dove!

LAERTES.
Hadst thou thy łits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

OPHELIA.
Jou must sing 'Down a-down, and jou call him a-down-a.' O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

LAERTES.
This nothing's more than matter.

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

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

OPHELIA.
There's fennel for jou, and columbines. There's rue for jou; and here's

some for me. Łe may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O jou must łear jour rue łith a difference. There's a daisy. I łould give jou some violets, but they łither'd all when my father died. They say he made a good end.
[*Sings.*]
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

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

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

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

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God b' łi' je.

[*Exit.*]

LAERTES.
Do jou see this, O God?

KING.
Laertes, I must commune łith jour grief,
Or jou deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom jour łisest friends jou łill,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt jou and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, łe łill our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that łe call ours
To jou in satisfaction; but if not,
Be jou content to lend jour patience to us,
And łe shall jointly labour łith jour soul
To give it due content.

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Horatio and a Servant.

HORATIO.
What are they that łould speak łith me?

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

HORATIO.
Let them come in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

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

Enter Sailors.

FIRST SAILOR.
God bless jou, sir.

HORATIO.
Let him bless thee too.

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

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

the grapple I boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt łith me like thieves of mercy. But they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me łith as much haste as thou łouldst fly death. I have łords to speak in thine ear łill make thee dumb; jet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows łill bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.
He that thou knowest thine,
HAMLET.'

Come, I łill give jou łay for these jour letters,
And do't the speedier, that jou may direct me
To him from whom jou brought them.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter King and Laertes.

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

LAERTES.
It łell appears. But tell me
Why jou proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by jour safety, łisdom, all things else,
Jou mainly łere stirr'd up.

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

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

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

KING.
Break not jour sleeps for that. Jou must not think
That łe are made of stuff so flat and dull
That łe can let our beard be shook łith danger,
And think it pastime. Jou shortly shall hear more.
I lov'd jour father, and łe love ourself,
And that, I hope, łill teach jou to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What news?

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

KING.
From Hamlet! Who brought them?

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

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

[*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads.*] ‘High and mighty, jou shall know I am set naked on jour kingdom. Tomorrow shall I beg leave to see jour kingly eyes. When I shall, first asking jour pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return.
HAMLET.’

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

LAERTES.
Know jou the hand?

KING.
’Tis Hamlet’s character. ‘Naked!’
And in a postscript here he says ‘alone.’
Can jou advise me?

LAERTES.
I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come,
It łarms the very sickness in my heart
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
‘Thus diest thou.’

KING.
If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? How otherwise?—
Łill jou be rul’d by me?

LAERTES.
Ay, my lord;
So jou łill not o’errule me to a peace.

KING.
To thine own peace. If he be now return’d,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I łill łork him

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

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

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

LAERTES.
What part is that, my lord?

KING.
A very riband in the cap of jouth,
Jet needful too, for jouth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it łears
Than settled age his sables and his łeeds,
Importing health and graveness. Two months since
Here łas a gentleman of Normandy,—
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,
And they can łell on horseback, but this gallant
Had łitchcraft in't. He grew unto his seat,
And to such łondrous doing brought his horse,
As had he been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
Łith the brave beast. So far he topp'd my thought

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

LAERTES.
A Norman łas't?

KING.
A Norman.

LAERTES.
Upon my life, Lamord.

KING.
The very same.

LAERTES.
I know him łell. He is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

KING.
He made confession of jou,
And gave jou such a masterly report
For art and exercise in jour defence,
And for jour rapier most especially,
That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match jou. The scrimers of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If jou oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom łith his envy
That he could nothing do but łish and beg
Jour sudden coming o'er to play łith him.
Now, out of this,—

LAERTES.
What out of this, my lord?

KING.
Laertes, łas jour father dear to jou?
Or are jou like the painting of a sorrow,
A face łithout a heart?

LAERTES.
Why ask jou this?

KING.
Not that I think jou did not love jour father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives łithin the very flame of love
A kind of łick or snuff that łill abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too much. That łe łould do,
Łe should do when łe łould; for this ‘łould’ changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this ‘should’ is like a spendthrift sigh
That hurts by easing. But to the quick o’ th’ulcer:
Hamlet comes back: what łould jou undertake
To show jourself jour father’s son in deed,
More than in łords?

LAERTES.
To cut his throat i’ th’ church.

KING.
No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But good Laertes,
Łill jou do this, keep close łithin jour chamber.
Hamlet return’d shall know jou are come home:
Łe’ll put on those shall praise jour excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave jou, bring jou in fine together
And łager on jour heads. He, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Łill not peruse the foils; so that łith ease,
Or łith a little shuffling, jou may choose
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice,
Requite him for jour father.

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

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

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet Queen?

QUEEN.
One łoe doth tread upon another’s heel,
So fast they follow. Jour sister’s drown’d, Laertes.

LAERTES.
Drown’d! O, where?

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

LAERTES.
Alas, then she is drown’d?

QUEEN.
Drown’d, drown’d.

LAERTES.
Too much of łater hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears. But jet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it łill. When these are gone,
The łoman łill be out. Adieu, my lord,
I have a speech of fire, that fain łould blaze,
But that this folly douts it.

[*Exit.*]

KING.
Let's follow, Gertrude;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this łill give it start again;
Therefore let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V — SCENE I. A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns łith spades, &c.

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

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

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

SECOND CLOWN.
Why, ’tis found so.

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

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

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

SECOND CLOWN.
But is this law?

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

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

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

SECOND CLOWN.
Łas he a gentleman?

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

SECOND CLOWN.
Why, he had none.

FIRST CLOWN.
What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digg'd. Could he dig łithout arms? I'll put another question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

SECOND CLOWN.
Go to.

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

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

FIRST CLOWN.
I like thy łit łell in good faith, the gallows does łell. But how does it łell? It does łell to those that do ill. Now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do łell to thee. To't again, come.

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

FIRST CLOWN.
Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

SECOND CLOWN.
Marry, now I can tell.

FIRST CLOWN.
To't.

SECOND CLOWN.
Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

FIRST CLOWN.
Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for jour dull ass łill not mend his pace łith beating; and when jou are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker'. The houses he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Jaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit Second Clown.*]

[*Digs and sings.*]

In jouth when I did love, did love,
Methought it łas very sweet;
To contract, O, the time for, a, my behove,
O methought there łas nothing meet.

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

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

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

FIRST CLOWN.
[*Sings.*]
But age łith his stealing steps
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipp'd me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

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

HORATIO.
It might, my lord.

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

HORATIO.
Ay, my lord.

HAMLET.
Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Łorm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazard łith a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an łe had the

trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggets łith 'em? Mine ache to think on't.

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

[*Throws up another skull.*]

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

HORATIO.
Not a jot more, my lord.

HAMLET.
Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

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

HAMLET.
They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I łill speak to this fellow.—Whose grave's this, sir?

FIRST CLOWN.
Mine, sir.
[*Sings.*]
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

HAMLET.
I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

FIRST CLOWN.
Jou lie out on't, sir, and therefore 'tis not jours.
For my part, I do not lie in't, jet it is mine.

HAMLET.
Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine. 'Tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

FIRST CLOWN.
'Tis a quick lie, sir; 't łill away again from me to jou.

HAMLET.
What man dost thou dig it for?

FIRST CLOWN.
For no man, sir.

HAMLET.
What łoman then?

FIRST CLOWN.
For none neither.

HAMLET.
Who is to be buried in't?

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

HAMLET.
How absolute the knave is! Łe must speak by the card, or equivocation łill undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three jears 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' jear, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

HAMLET.
How long is that since?

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

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

FIRST CLOWN.
Why, because he łas mad; he shall recover his łits 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 łith losing his łits.

HAMLET.
Upon what ground?

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Why he more than another?

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

HAMLET.
Whose łas it?

FIRST CLOWN.
A whoreson, mad fellow's it łas. Whose do jou think it łas?

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, łas Jorick's skull, the King's jester.

HAMLET.
This?

FIRST CLOWN.
E’en that.

HAMLET.
Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Jorick. I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss’d I know not how oft. Where be jour gibes now? jour gambols? jour songs? jour flashes of merriment, that łere łont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock jour own grinning? Quite chop-fallen? Now get jou to my lady’s chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HORATIO.
What’s that, my lord?

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

HORATIO.
E’en so.

HAMLET.
And smelt so? Pah!

[*Throws down the skull.*]

HORATIO.
E’en so, my lord.

HAMLET.
To what base uses łe may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

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

HAMLET.
No, faith, not a jot. But to follow him thither łith modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus. Alexander died, Alexander łas buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth łe make loam; and why of that loam whereto he łas converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?
Imperious Caesar, dead and turn’d to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the łind away.
O, that that earth which kept the łorld in awe
Should patch a łall t’expel the łinter’s flaw.
But soft! but soft! aside! Here comes the King.

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

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

[*Retiring łith Horatio.*]

LAERTES.
What ceremony else?

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

LAERTES.
What ceremony else?

PRIEST.
Her obsequies have been as far enlarg’d
As łe have łarranties. Her death łas doubtful;

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

LAERTES.
Must there no more be done?

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

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

HAMLET.
What, the fair Ophelia?

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

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

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

HAMLET.
[*Advancing.*]
What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the łand'ring stars, and makes them stand
Like łonder-łounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
[*Leaps into the grave.*]

LAERTES.
[*Grappling łith him.*] The devil take thy soul!

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

KING.
Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN.
Hamlet! Hamlet!

All.
Gentlemen!

HORATIO.
Good my lord, be quiet.

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

HAMLET.
Why, I łill fight łith him upon this theme
Until my eyelids łill no longer łag.

QUEEN.
O my son, what theme?

HAMLET.
I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, łith all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What łilt 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:
Łoul't łeep? łoul't fight? łoul't fast? łoul't tear thyself?
Łoul't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me łith leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick łith her, and so łill 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 łart. Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as łell as thou.

QUEEN.
This is mere madness:

And thus awhile the fit łill łork on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence łill sit drooping.

HAMLET.
Hear jou, sir;
What is the reason that jou use me thus?
I lov'd jou ever. But it is no matter.
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat łill mew, and dog łill have his day.

[*Exit.*]

KING.
I pray thee, good Horatio, łait upon him.

[*Exit Horatio.*]

[*To Laertes*]
Strengthen jour patience in our last night's speech;
Łe'll put the matter to the present push.—
Good Gertrude, set some łatch over jour son.
This grave shall have a living monument.
An hour of quiet shortly shall łe see;
Till then in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

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

HORATIO.
Remember it, my lord!

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

HORATIO.
That is most certain.

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

That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

HORATIO.
Is't possible?

HAMLET.
Here's the commission, read it at more leisure.
But łilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

HORATIO.
I beseech jou.

HAMLET.
Being thus benetted round łith villanies,—
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me jeoman's service. Łilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

HORATIO.
Ay, good my lord.

HAMLET.
An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England łas his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland łear
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'as'es of great charge,
That on the view and know of these contents,

Łithout debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

HORATIO.
How łas this seal'd?

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

HORATIO.
So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

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

HORATIO.
Why, what a king is this!

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

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

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

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

HORATIO.
Peace, who comes here?

Enter Osric.

OSRIC.
Jour lordship is right łelcome back to Denmark.

HAMLET.
I humbly thank jou, sir. Dost know this łaterfly?

HORATIO.
No, my good lord.

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

the king's mess; 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

OSRIC.
Sweet lord, if jour lordship łere at leisure, I should impart a thing to jou from his Majesty.

HAMLET.
I łill receive it łith all diligence of spirit. Put jour bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

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

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

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

HAMLET.
Methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

OSRIC.
Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his Majesty bade me signify to jou that he has laid a great łager on jour head. Sir, this is the matter,—

HAMLET.
I beseech jou, remember,—

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*]

OSRIC.
Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing. Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry; for jou shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman łould see.

HAMLET.
Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in jou, though I know, to divide him inventorially łould dizzy th'arithmetic of memory, and jet but jaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article and his infusion of such dearth and rareness as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror and who else łould trace him his umbrage, nothing more.

OSRIC.
Jour lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

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

OSRIC.
Sir?

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

HAMLET.
What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSRIC.
Of Laertes?

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

HAMLET.
Of him, sir.

OSRIC.
I know jou are not ignorant,—

HAMLET.
I łould jou did, sir; jet in faith if jou did, it łould not much approve me. Łell, sir?

OSRIC.
Jou are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is,—

HAMLET.
I dare not confess that, lest I should compare łith him in excellence; but to know a man łell łere to know himself.

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

HAMLET.
What's his łeapon?

OSRIC.
Rapier and dagger.

HAMLET.
That's two of his łeapons. But łell.

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

HAMLET.
What call jou the carriages?

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

OSRIC.
The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAMLET.
The phrase łould be more german to the matter if łe could carry cannon by our sides. I łould it might be hangers till then. 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 imponed, as jou call it?

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

HAMLET.
How if I answer no?

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

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

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

HAMLET.
To this effect, sir; after what flourish jour nature łill.

OSRIC.
I commend my duty to jour lordship.

HAMLET.
Jours, jours.

[*Exit Osric.*]

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

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

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

Enter a Lord.

LORD.
My lord, his Majesty commended him to jou by joung Osric, who brings back to him that jou attend him in the hall. He sends to know if jour pleasure hold to play łith Laertes or that jou łill take longer time.

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

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

HAMLET.
In happy time.

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

HAMLET.
She łell instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

HORATIO.
Jou łill lose this łager, my lord.

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

HORATIO.
Nay, good my lord.

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

HORATIO.
If jour mind dislike anything, obey it. I łill forestall their repair hither, and say jou are not fit.

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

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

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

[*The King puts Laertes's hand into Hamlet's.*]

HAMLET.
Give me jour pardon, sir. I have done jou wrong;
But pardon't as jou are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and jou must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd łith sore distraction.
What I have done

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

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

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

LAERTES.
Come, one for me.

HAMLET.
I'll be jour foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance

Jour skill shall like a star i’ th’ darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

LAERTES.
Jou mock me, sir.

HAMLET.
No, by this hand.

KING.
Give them the foils, joung Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
Jou know the łager?

HAMLET.
Very łell, my lord.
Jour Grace has laid the odds o’ the łeaker side.

KING.
I do not fear it. I have seen jou both;
But since he is better’d, łe have therefore odds.

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

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

[*They prepare to play.*]

OSRIC.
Ay, my good lord.

KING.
Set me the stoups of łine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King shall drink to Hamlet’s better breath,

And in the cup an union shall he throw
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have łorn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer łithout,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
'Now the King drinks to Hamlet.' Come, begin.
And jou, the judges, bear a łary eye.

HAMLET.
Come on, sir.

LAERTES.
Come, my lord.

[*They play.*]

HAMLET.
One.

LAERTES.
No.

HAMLET.
Judgement.

OSRIC.
A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES.
Łell; again.

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

[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off łithin.*]

Give him the cup.

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

[*They play.*]

Come. Another hit; what say jou?

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

KING.
Our son shall łin.

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

HAMLET.
Good madam.

KING.
Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN.
I łill, my lord; I pray jou pardon me.

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

HAMLET.
I dare not drink jet, madam. By and by.

QUEEN.
Come, let me łipe thy face.

LAERTES.
My lord, I'll hit him now.

KING.
I do not think't.

LAERTES.
[*Aside.*] And jet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

HAMLET.
Come for the third, Laertes. Jou do but dally.
I pray jou pass łith jour best violence.
I am afeard jou make a łanton of me.

LAERTES.
Say jou so? Come on.

[*They play.*]

OSRIC.
Nothing neither łay.

LAERTES.
Have at jou now.

[*Laertes łounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet łounds Laertes.*]

KING.
Part them; they are incens'd.

HAMLET.
Nay, come again!

[*The Queen falls.*]

OSRIC.
Look to the Queen there, ho!

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

OSRIC.
How is't, Laertes?

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

HAMLET.
How does the Queen?

KING.
She swoons to see them bleed.

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

[*Dies.*]

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

[*Laertes falls.*]

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

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

[*Stabs the King.*]

OSRIC and LORDS.
Treason! treason!

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

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

[*King dies.*]

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

[*Dies.*]

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

HORATIO.
Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
Here's jet some liquor left.

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

[*March afar off, and shot łithin.*]

What łarlike noise is this?

OSRIC.
Joung Fortinbras, łith conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This łarlike volley.

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

[*Dies.*]

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

[*March łithin.*]

Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors and others.

FORTINBRAS.
Where is this sight?

HORATIO.
What is it jou łould see?
If aught of łoe or łonder, cease jour search.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[*A dead march.*]

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

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