

THE
TRAGEDY
OF
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark.

As it is now Acted at his Highness the
Duke of *York's* Theatre.

BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:
Printed by *Andr. Clark*, for *J. Martyn*, and *H. Herringman*,
at the Bell in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, and at the Blue
Anchor in the lower Walk of the *New Exchange*, 1676.

To the Reader:

T*His Play being too long to be conveniently Acted, such places as might be least prejudicial to the Plot or Sense, are left out upon the Stage: but that we may no way wrong the incomparable Author, are here inserted according to the Original Copy with this Mark “*

The Persons Represented.

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|--|-----------------------|
| <i>Claudius</i> , King of <i>Denmark</i> , | <i>Mr. Crosby.</i> |
| <i>Hamlet</i> , Son to the former King, | <i>Mr. Betterton.</i> |
| <i>Horatio</i> , <i>Hamlet</i> 's Friend, | <i>Mr. Smith.</i> |
| <i>Marcellus</i> , an Officer, | <i>Mr. Lee.</i> |
| <i>Polonius</i> , Lord Chamberlain, | <i>Mr. Noake.</i> |
| <i>Voltimand.</i> | |
| <i>Cornelius.</i> | |
| <i>Laertes</i> , Son to <i>Polonius</i> , | <i>Mr. Young.</i> |
| <i>Reynaldo.</i> | |
| <i>Rosincraus</i> , | <i>Mr. Norris.</i> |
| <i>Guildestern</i> , } two Courtiers, | <i>Mr. Cademan.</i> |
| | <i>Cum aliis.</i> |
| <i>Lucianus.</i> | |
| <i>Fortinbrass</i> , King of <i>Norway</i> , | <i>Mr. Percival.</i> |
| <i>Ostrick</i> , a fantastical Courtier | <i>Mr. Jeuan.</i> |
| <i>Barnardo</i> , | <i>Mr. Rathband.</i> |
| <i>Francisco</i> , } two Centinels, | <i>Mr. Floyd.</i> |
| Ghost of <i>Hamlet</i> 's Father, | <i>Mr. Medburn.</i> |
| Two Grave-makers, | <i>Mr. Undril.</i> |
| | <i>Mr. Williams.</i> |
| <i>Gertrard</i> , Queen of <i>Denmark</i> , | <i>Mrs. Shadwel.</i> |
| <i>Ophelia</i> , in love with <i>Hamlet</i> | <i>Mrs. Betterton</i> |

T H E
T R A G E D Y
O F
H A M L E T
P R I N C E o f *DENMARK*.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

2 *Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Sentinels.* [B]

4 *Bar.* WHO's there?

5 *Fran.* Nay answer me, stand and unfold your

6 self.

7 *Bar.* Long live the King.

8 *Fran.* *Barnardo?*

9 *Bar.* He.

10 *Fran.* You come most carefully upon your hour.

11 *Bar.* 'Tis now strook twelve: get thee to bed *Francisco*.

12 *Fran.* For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,

13 And I am sick at heart.

14 *Bar.* Have you had quiet guard?

15 *Fran.* Not a Mouse stirring.

16 *Bar.* Well, good night:

16 If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,

17 The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

18 *Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

19 *Fran.* I think I hear them. Stand ho: who is there?

20 *Hora* Friends to this ground.

21 *Mar.* And Liegemen to the Dane.

22 *Fran.* Good night.

23 *Mar.* O farewell honest Souldiers; who has relieved you? [B]

24 *Fran.* *Barnardo* has my place: good night. *Exit. Fran.*

26 *Mar.* Holla *Barnardo*.

27 *Bar.* Say, what is *Horatio* there?

28 *Hora.* A piece of him.

29 *Bar.* Welcome *Horatio* welcome good *Marcellus*.

30 *Hora.* What, has this thing appeard again to night?

31 *Bar.* I have seen nothing.

32 *Mar.* *Horatio* says 'tis but a phantasie,

33 And will not let belief take hold of him,

34 Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us;

35 Therefore I have entreated him along,

36 With us to watch the minutes of this night,

37 "That if again this apparition come,

38 "He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

39 "*Hora.* 'Twill not appear.

40 *Bar.* Sit down a while,

41 And let us once again assail your ears

42 That are so fortified against our story,

43 What we have too nights seen.

44 *Hora.* Well, let's down,
45 And let us hear *Barnardo* speak of this.
46 *Bar.* Last night of all,
47 When yond same Star that's westward from the Pole,
48 Had made his course to enlighten that part of heaven
49 Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my self,
50 The bell then beating one.
51 *Enter Ghost.*
51 *Mar.* Peace, break thee off, look where it comes again.
53 *Bar.* In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
54 *Mar.* Thou art a Scholar, speak to it *Horatio*.
56 *Hor.* Most like, it startles me with fear and wonder.
57 *Bar.* It would be spoke to.
58 *Mar.* Speak to it *Horatio*.
59 *Hora.* What art thou that usurpest this time of night,
60 Together with that fair and warlike form,
61 In which the Majesty of buried *Denmark*
62 Did sometimes march? I charge thee speak.
63 *Mar.* It is offended.
64 *Bar.* See it stalks away.
65 *Hor.* Stay, speak, speak, I charge thee speak. *[Exit Ghost.*
67 *Mar.* 'Tis gone and will not answer.
68 *Bar.* How now *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale:
69 Is not this something more than phantasie?
70 What think you of it? *[B2*
71 *Hora.* I could not believe this,
72 Without the sensible and true avouch
73 Of mine own eyes.
74 *Mar.* Is it not like the King?
75 *Hor.* As thou art to thy self:
76 Such was the very armour he had on,
77 When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated.
78 " So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle
79 " He smote the sleaded Pollax on the ice.
80 'Tis strange.
81 *Mar.* Thus twice before, and at the same hour,
82 With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
83 *Hora.* In what particular thought to work I know not,
84 But in the scope of mine opinion,
85 This bodes some strange eruption to our State.
86 *Mar.* Pray sit down and tell me he that knows,
87 Why this same strict and most observant watch
88 So nightly toils the subject of the land,
89 " And with such daily cost of brasen Cannon,
90 " And foreign Mart for implements of war?
91 " Why such impress of ship-wrights, whose sore task
92 " Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
93 " What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
94 " Makes the night joynt labour with the day?
95 " Who is't that can inform me?
96 *Hora.* That can I:
97 " At least the whisper goes so. — Our last King,
98 Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
99 Was, as you know, by *Fortinbrass* of *Norway*,
100 " Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,
101 Dar'd to the combate; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
102 " For (so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
103 Did slay this *Fortinbrass*, who by a seal'd compact,
104 Well ratified by Law and Heraldry,
105 Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands,
106 " Which he stood seiz'd of, to the Conquerour:
107 " Against the which a moity competent

108 “ Was gaged by our King, which had returned
109 “ To the inheritance of *Fortinbrass*,
110 “ Had he been vanquisher: as by the same compact,
111 “ And carriage of the Articles design,
112 “ His fell to *Hamlet*: now sir, young *Fortinbrass*
113 “ Of unimproved metal, hot, and full,
114 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there [B2^v
115 Sharkt up a list of lawless resolute,
116 “ For food and diet to some enterprise
117 “ That hath a stomach in’t, which is no other
118 “ As it doth well appear unto our state,
119 “ But to recover of us by strong hand
120 “ and Terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
121 So by his Father lost: ” and this I take it
122 Is the main motive of our preparations,
123 “ The source of this our watch, and the chief head
124 “ Of this post haste, and romage in the land.
124+1 *Bar.* I think it be no other but even so:
124+2 Well may it sort that this portentous figure
124+3 Comes armed through our watch so like the King
124+4 That was and is the question of these wars.
124+5 “ *Hora.* A mote it is to trouble the minds eye.
124+6 “ In the most high and flourishing state of *Rome*,
124+7 “ A little e’re the mightiest *Julius* fell,
124+8 “ The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
124+9 “ Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* streets,
124+10 “ As Stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
124+11 “ Disasters in the Sun, and the moist Star,
124+12 “ Upon whose influence *Neptunes* Empire stands,
124+13 “ Was sick almost to Doomsday with eclipse,
124+14 “ And even the like precurse of fierce events,
124+15 “ As harbingers preceding still the fates
124+16 “ And Prologue to the *Omen* coming on,
124+17 “ Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
124+18 “ Unto our Climates and Countrymen. [Enter Ghost.
126 But soft, behold! lo where it comes again,
127 I’le cross it though it blast me: Stay illusion, [He spreads
128 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice, [his arms.
129 Speak to me: if there be any good thing to be done,
130 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
130 Speak to me.
131 If thou art privy to thy Countries fate,
132 Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
132 O speak:
133 Or if thou hast uphoorded in thy life
134 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
135 For which they say your spirits oft walk in death, [The Cock crows.
136 Speak of it, stay and speak; stop it *Marcellus*.
137 *Mar.* Shall I strike it with my Partisan?
138 *Hor.* Do if it will not stand.
139 *Bar.* ’Tis here. [B3
140 *Hor.* ’Tis here.
141 *Mar.* ’Tis gone. [Exit Ghost.
142 We do it wrong being so majestic,
143 To offer it the shew of violence:
144 It is ever as the air, invulnerable,
145 And our vain blows malicious mockery.
146 *Bar.* It was about to speak when the Cock crew.
147 *Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing
148 Upon a fearful s mmons: I have heard,
149 The Cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
150 Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat

151 Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
 152 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 153 Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
 154 To his confine; " and of the truth herein
 155 " This present object made probation.
 156 *Mar.* It faded at the crowing of the Cock.
 157 " Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes,
 158 " Wherein our Saviours birth is celebrated,
 159 " This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
 160 " And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad,
 161 " The nights are wholesome; then no Plannets strike,
 162 " No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm;
 163 " So hallowed, and so gracious is that time.
 164 '*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it:
 165 But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
 166 Walks o're the dew of yon high Eastward hill:
 167 Break we our watch up, and by my advice
 168 Let us impart what we have seen to night
 169 Unto young *Hamlet*; perhaps
 170 This spirit dumb to us will speak to him.
 171 " Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 172 " As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
 173 *Mar.* Lets do't I pray; and I this morning know
 174 Where we shall find him most convenient. [*Exeunt.*

176 *Flourish. Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrad the Queen,*
 177 *Council, as Polonius, and his Son Laertes, Hamlet, cum aliis.*

179 *King.* Though yet of *Hamlet* our dear brothers death
 180 The memory be green, and that it us befitted
 181 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
 182 To be contracted in one brow of woe:
 183 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature, [*B3^v*
 184 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 185 Together with remembrance of our selves:
 186 Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queen,
 187 Th'Imperial Jointress to this warlike State,
 188 Have we as 'twere with a defeated joy,
 189 " With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
 190 " With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 191 " In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
 192 Taken to wife, nor have we herein barr'd
 193 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 194 With this affair along (for all our thanks)
 195 " Now follows that you know young *Fortinbrass*,
 196 " Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
 197 " Or thinking by our late dear brothers death
 198 " Our state to be dis-joynt, and out of frame,
 199 " Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
 200 " He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 201 " Importing the surrender of those lands
 202 " Lost by his father, with all bands of Law,
 203 " To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
 205 " Now for our self, and for this time of meeting,
 206 " Thus much the business is, we have here writ
 207 " To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbrass*,
 208 " Who impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears
 209 " Of this his Nephews purpose, to suppress
 210 " His further gate herein, in that the levies,
 211 " The lists, and full proportions are all made
 212 " Out of his subjects: and we now dispatch
 213 " You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,

214 “ Ambassadors to old *Norway*,
 215 “ Who have no further personal power
 216 “ Of Treaty with the King, more than th escape
 217 “ Of these delated Articles allow.
 218 “ Farwel, and let your haste commend your duty.
 219 “ *Cor. Vo.* In that and all things will we shew our duty.
 220 “ *King.* We doubt it nothing: heartily farewel.
 222 Now *Laertes*, what’s the news with you?
 223 You told us of some suit, what is’t *Laertes*?
 224 “ You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 225 “ And lose your voice: what would’st thou beg *Laertes*?
 226 “ That shall not be my offer, not thy asking.
 227 “ The head is not more native to the heart,
 228 “ The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 229 “ Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy Father: [B4
 230 “ What would’st thou have *Laertes*?
 231 *Laer.* My dear Lord,
 232 Your leave and favour to return to *France*,
 233 From whence though willingly I came to *Denmark*,
 234 To shew my duty in your Coronation;
 235 Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
 236 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward *France*,
 237 “ And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
 238 *King.* Have you your fathers leave? what says *Polonius*?
 240 *Polo.* He hath, my Lord, wrung from me my slow leave,
 240+1 By laboursome petition; and at last,
 240+2 Upon his will I seal’d my hard consent.
 241 “ I do beseech you give him leave to go.
 242 *King.* Take thy fair hour *Laertes*, time be thine,
 243 And thy best graces; spend it at thy will.
 244 But now my cousin *Hamlet*, and my son.
 245 *Ham.* A little more than kin, and less then kin[d.][some missing on rt. side of pg.]
 246 *King.* How is it that the clouds still hang on y[ou.]
 247 *Ham.* Not so much my Lord, I am too much in [the son.]
 248 *Queen.* Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour o[ff]
 249 And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.
 250 Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
 251 Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
 252 Thou know’st ’tis common all that live must die,
 253 Passing through nature to eternity.
 254 *Ham.* I Madam, it is common.
 255 *Queen.* If it be,
 256 Why seems it so particular with thee?
 257 *Ham.* Seems Madam, nay it is, I know not see[ms,]
 258 ’Tis not alone this mourning cloke could smother,
 259 “ Nor customary sutes of solemn black,
 260 “ Nor windy suspiration of forc’d breath,
 261 “ No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 262 “ Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
 263 Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
 264 That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
 265 “ For they are actions that a man might play:
 266 But I have that within which passes shew,
 267 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
 268 *King.* ’Tis sweet and commendable in your natu[re *Hamlet*,]
 270 To give these mourning duties to your father.
 271 But you must know your father lost a father;
 272 That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
 273 In filial obligation for some term [B4^v
 274 To do obsequious sorrow, but to persevere
 275 In obstinate condolment, dares express
 276 An impious stubbornness, ’tis unmanly grief,

277 “ It shews a will most incorrect to heaven,
 278 “ A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,
 279 “ An understanding simple and unschool’d:
 280 “ For what we know must be, and is as common
 281 “ As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 282 “ Why should we in our peevish opposition
 283 “ Take it to heart? fie, ’tis a fault to heaven
 284 “ A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 285 “ To reason most absurd, whose common theam
 286 “ Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried
 287 “ From the first coarse till he that died to day,
 288 “ This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
 289 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 290 As of a father: and let the world take note
 291 You are the most immediate to our throne,
 292 “ And with no less nobility of love
 293 “ Than that which dearest father bears his son
 294 “ Do I impart toward you for your intent
 295 “ In going back to School in *Wittenberg*;
 296 “ It is most retrograde to our desire,
 297 “ And we beseech you bend you to remain
 298 “ Here in the chear and comfort of our eye,
 299 Our chiefest Courtier, cousin, and our son.
 300 *Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her prayers *Hamlet.*
 301 I pray thee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*
 302 *Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you Madam.
 303 *King.* ’Tis a loving and a fair reply.
 304 Be as our self in *Denmark.* Madam come,
 305 This gentle and unforc’d accord of *Hamlet*
 306 Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
 307 No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to day
 308 But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
 309 “ And the Kings rowse the heaven shall bruit again,
 310 Respeaking earthly thunder: Come away. [*Flourish. Exeunt all*
 311 *Ham.* O that this too too solid flesh would melt, [*but Hamlet.*
 312 Thaw and resolve it self into a dew,
 313 Or that the everlasting had not fixt
 314 His Cannon ‘gainst self slaughter!
 315 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 316 Seem to mee all the uses of this world?
 317 ’Tis an unweeded Garden [*C1*
 318 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
 319 Possess it meerly: that it should come thus,
 320 But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
 321 So excellent a King,
 322 So loving to my mother,
 323 That he permitted not the winds of heaven
 324 Visit her face too roughly:
 325 She used to hang on him,
 326 As if increase of appetite had grown
 327 By what it fed on; and yet within a month,
 328 Let me not think on’t, frailty thy name is woman,
 329 “ A little month: or e’re those shooes were old,
 330 “ With which she followed my poor fathers body,
 331 “ Like *Niobe* all tears, why she,
 332 “ Heaven? a beast that wants discourse of reason
 333 “ Would have mourn’d longer, ” married with my uncle,
 334 My fathers brother; but no more like my father
 335 Than I to *Hercules*: within a month,
 336 “ E’re yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 337 “ Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 338 “ She married? O most wicked speed to post
 339
 340

341 “ With such dexterity to incestuous sheets;
 342 “ It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 343 “ But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.
 344 *Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.*
 345 *Hor.* Hail to your Lordship.
 346 *Ham.* I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I forget my self.
 348 *Hora.* The same my Lord, and your poor servant ever.
 350 *Ham.* Sir my good friend, I’le change that name with you;
 352 And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
 353 *Marcellus.*
 354 *Mar.* My good Lord.
 355 *Ham.* I am very glad to see you (good even Sir.)
 356 But what make you from *Wittenberg*?
 357 *Hora.* A truant disposition, my good Lord.
 358 *Ham.* I would not hear your enemy say so,
 359 Nor shall you do my ear that violence
 360 To be a witness of your own report
 361 Against your self; I know you are no truant;
 362 But what is your affair in *Elsenour*?
 363 Wee’l teach you here to drink e’re you depart.
 364 *Hora.* My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funeral.
 365 *Ham.* I prethee do not mock me fellow student.
 366 I think it was to my Mothers Wedding. [CIV
 367 *Hor.* Indeed my Lord it follow’d hard upon.
 368 *Ham.* Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the Funeral bak’d meats
 369 Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage tables.
 370 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
 371 E’re I had seen that day *Horatio*.
 372 My father, methinks I see my father.
 373 *Hora.* Where my Lord?
 374 *Ham.* In my minds eye *Horatio*.
 375 *Hora.* I saw him once, he was a goodly King.
 376 *Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,
 377 I shall not look upon his like again.
 378 *Hora.* My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
 379 *Ham.* Saw who?
 380 *Hora.* My Lord, the King your father.
 381 *Ham.* The King my father!
 382 *Hora.* Defer your admiration but a while
 383 With an attentive ear, till I may deliver
 384 Upon the witness of these Gentlemen
 385 This wonder to you.
 386 *Ham.* Pray let me hear.
 387 *Hor.* Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
 388 *Marcellus* and *Barnardo*, on their watch,
 389 “ In the dead vast and middle of the night
 390 Been thus encountred: a figure like your father,
 391 And armed exactly, *Cap ape*,
 392 Appears before them, and with solemn march
 393 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walkt
 394 By their opprest and fear surprized eyes
 395 Within this truncheons length, whilst they distill’d
 396 Almost to gelly with their fear,
 397 Stand dumb and speak not to him: this to me
 398 They did impart in dreadful secresie,
 399 And I with them the third night kept the watch,
 400 Where as they had delivered, both in time,
 401 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 402 The apparition comes: “ I knew your father,
 403 “ These hands are not more like.
 404 *Ham.* But where was this?
 405 *Mar.* My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.

406 *Ham.* Did you not speak to it?
 407 *Hor.* My Lord, I did,
 408 But answer made it none: yet once methought
 409 It lifted up its head, and did address
 410 It self to motion, as it would speak; [C2
 411 But even then the morning Cock crew loud,
 412 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 413 And vanisht from our sight.
 414 *Ham.* 'Tis very strange.
 415 *Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true,
 416 And we did think it then our duty
 417 To let you know it.
 418 *Ham.* Indeed Sirs but this troubles me,
 419 Hold you the watch to night?
 420 *All.* We do my Lord.
 421 *Ham.* Arm'd say you?
 422 *All.* Arm'd my Lord.
 423 *Ham.* From top to toe?
 424 *All.* From head to foot.
 425 *Ham.* Then saw you not his face?
 426 *Hora.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beaver up.
 427 *Ham.* What? look't he frowningly?
 428 *Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
 429 *Ham.* Pale or red?
 430 *Hor.* Nay very pale.
 431 *Ham.* And fixt his eyes upon you?
 432 *Hor.* Most constantly.
 433 *Ham.* I would I had been there.
 434 *Hor.* It would have much amaz'd you.
 435 *Ham.* Very like: staid it long?
 436 *Hor.* While one with moderate haste might tell an hundred.
 437 *Both.* Longer, longer.
 438 *Hor.* Not when I saw't.
 439 *Ham.* His beard was grisled?
 440 *Hor.* It was as I have seen it in his life,
 441 A sable silver'd.
 442 *Ham.* I will watch to night,
 442 Perchance 'twill walk again.
 443 *Hor.* I warn't it will.
 444 *Ham.* If it assume my noble fathers person
 445 I'll speak to it though hell it self should gape
 446 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 447 If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
 448 Let it require your silence still,
 449 And whatsoever else shall hap to night,
 450 Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
 451 I will requite your loves: So fare you well,
 452 Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
 453 I'll visit you. [C2^v
 454 *All.* Our duty to your honour. [Exeunt.
 455 *Ham.* Your loves as mine to you; farwel. [Manet Hamlet.
 456 My fathers spirit in arms, all is not well.
 457 I doubt some foul play, would the night were come:
 458 Till then sit still my soul, foul deeds will rise,
 459 Though all the earth o'rewhelm them from mens eyes. [Exit.
 461 *Enter* Laertes, and Ophelia his Sister.
 462 *Laer.* My necessaries are inbark't, farewell,
 463 And sister, as the winds give benefit
 464 "And convey in assistant," do not sleep,
 465 But let me hear from you.
 466 *Ophel.* Do you doubt that?
 467 *Laert.* For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,

468 Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
 469 A violet in the youth and prime of nature,
 470 Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting,
 471 The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
 471 No more.
 472 *Ophel.* No more but so.
 473 *Laer.* Think it no more.
 474 “For nature cressant does not grow alone,
 475 “In thews and bulks, but as this Temple waxes,
 476 “The inward service of the mind and soul
 477 “Grows wide withal: perhaps he loves you now,
 478 “And now no soil nor cautel doth besmerch
 479 “The virtue of his will; but you must fear
 480 His greatness weigh’d, his will is not his own.
 482 He may not, as inferiour persons do,
 483 Bestow himself: for on his choice depends
 484 The safety and health of this whole state,
 485 “And therefore must his choice be circumscrib’d
 486 “Unto the voice and yielding of that body
 487 “Whereof he is the head, then if he says he loves you,
 488 “It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 489 “As he in his particular act and place
 490 “May give his saying deed; which is no further
 491 “Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
 492 Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
 493 If with your credulous ear you hear his songs,
 494 “Or loose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
 495 “To his unmastred importunity.
 496 Fear it *Ophelia*, fear it my dear sister,
 497 “And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 498 “Out of the shot and danger of desire: [C3
 499 “The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 500 “If she unmask her beauty to the Moon:
 501 “Virtue it self scapes not calumnious strokes;
 502 “The canker galls the infant of the Spring
 503 “Too oft before their buttons be disclos’d,
 504 “And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 505 “Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 506 “Be wary then, best safety lies in fear,
 507 “Youth to it self rebells though none else near.
 508 *Ophel.* I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
 509 About my heart: But good brother
 510 Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,
 511 Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
 512 Whiles like a Libertine,
 513 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 514 “And reaks not his own reed, [Enter Polonius.
 515 *Laer.* O fear me not;
 517 I stay too long: “but here my father comes.
 518 “A double blessing is a double grace,
 519 “Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
 520 *Polo.* Yet here *Laertes*? aboard, aboard for shame,
 521 “The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 522 “And you are staid for. There, my blessing with thee,
 523 “And these few precepts in thy memory
 524 “Look thou character: Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 525 “Nor any unproportion’d thought his act:
 526 “Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
 527 “Those friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
 528 “Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel,
 529 “But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 530 “Of each new hatch’t, unfledg’d courage: beware

531 “ Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
532 “ Bear’t that th’ opposer may beware of thee:
533 “ Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
534 “ Take each mans censure, but reserve thy judgment:
535 “ Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
536 “ But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy;
537 “ For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
538 “ And they in *France* of the best rank and station,
539 “ Are of a most select and generous, chief in that:
540 “ Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
541 “ For love oft loses both it self and friend,
542 “ And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. [catch word: This is]
543 “ This above all, to thine own self be true, [C3^v]
544 “ And it must follow as the night to day,
545 “ Thou canst not then be false to any man.
546 “ Farwel, my blessing season this in thee.
547 *Laer.* Most humbly I do take my leave my Lord.
548 *Pol.* The time invests you, go, your servants tend.
549 *Laer.* Farwel *Ophelia*, and remember well
550 What I have said to you.
551 *Ophel.* ’Tis in my memory lockt,
552 And you your self shall keep the key of it.
553 *Laer.* Farwel. [Exit *Laertes*.]
554 *Pol.* What is’t *Ophelia* he hath said to you?
555 *Ophel.* So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.
556 *Pol.* Marry well bethought.
557 ’Tis told me he hath very oft of late
558 Given private time to you: and you your self
559 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
560 If it be so, as so ’tis put on me,
561 And that in way of caution, I must tell you
562 You do not understand your self so clearly
563 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
564 What is between you? give me up the truth.
565 *Ophel.* He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
566 Of his affection to me.
567 *Pol.* Affection! puh, you speak like a green girl,
568 Unsifted in such perillous circumstance:
569 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
570 *Ophel.* I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.
571 *Pol.* Marry I will teach you, think your self a baby,
572 That you have ta’n these tenders for true pay,
573 Which are not sterling: tender your self more dearly,
574 Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)
575 Wrong it thus, you’l tender me a fool.
576 *Ophel.* My Lord, he hath importun’d me with love
577 In honourable fashion.
578 *Pol.* I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.
579 *Ophel.* And hath given countenance to his speech,
580 My Lord with almost all the holy vows of heaven.
581 *Pol.* I, springes to catch Wood-cocks; I know
582 When the blood burns how prodigally the soul
583 Lends the tongue vows, “ these blazes daughter
584 “ Giving more light than heat; extinct in both,
585 “ Even in their promise, as it is a making,
586 “ You must not tak’t for fire: from this time
587 “ Be something scanter of your maiden presence, [C4
588 “ Set your entreatments at a higher rate
589 “ Than a command to parley; for Lord *Hamlet*,
590 “ Believe so much in him, that he is young,
591 “ And with a larger tedder may he walk
592 “ Than may be given you: in few *Ophelia*,

593 “ Do not believe his vows, for they are Brokers,
594 “ Not of that dye which their investments shew,
595 “ But meer implorators of unholy suits,
596 “ Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
597 “ The better to beguile: this is for all,
598 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
599 Have you so slander any moments leisure,
600 As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*,
601 Look to’t I charge you, come your ways.
602 *Ophel.* I shall obey my Lord. [Exeunt.
603 *Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*
604 *Ham.* The air bites shrewdly, it is very cold.
605 *Hora.* It is a nipping, and an eager air.
606 *Ham.* What hour now?
607 *Hora.* I think it lacks of twelve.
608 *Mar.* No, it is strook.
609 *Hora.* I heard it not: it then draws near the season
610 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. [A flourish of Trum-
611 What does this mean my Lord? [pets and Guns.
612 *Ham.* The King doth walk to night, and takes his rowse,
613 “ Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up spring reels,
614 And as he takes his draughts of Rhenish down,
615 The Kettle Drum and Trumpet thus proclaim
616 The triumph of his pledge.
617 *Hora.* Is it a custom?
618 *Ham.* I marry is’t,
619 But to my mind, though I am native here
620 And to the manner born, it is a custom
621 More honour’d in the breach than the observance:
621+1 “ This heavy-headed revel East and West
621+2 “ Makes us traduc’d and taxed of other Nations;
621+3 “ They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish phrase
621+4 “ Soil our addition: and indeed it takes
621+5 “ From our atchievements, though perform’d at height,
621+6 “ The pith and marrow of our attribute:
621+7 “ So oft it chanches in particular men,
621+8 “ That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
621+9 “ As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
621+10 “ (Since nature cannot choose his origin) [C4v
621+11 “ By their o’re-growth of some complexion,
621+12 “ Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
621+13 “ Or by some habit that too much o’re-leavens
621+14 “ The form of plausible manners, that these men
621+15 “ Carrying I say the stamp of one defect,
621+16 “ Being Natures livery, or Fortunes star,
621+17 “ His virtues else be they as pure as grace,
621+18 “ As infinite as man may undergo,
621+19 “ Shall in the general censure take corruption
621+20 “ From that particular fault: the dram of ease
621+21 “ Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
621+22 “ To his own scandal. [Enter Ghost.
623 *Hor.* Look my Lord, where it comes.
624 *Ham.* Angels and Ministers of grace defend us!
625 “ Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn’d,
626 “ Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
627 “ Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
628 “ Thou com’st in such a questionable shape
629 “ That I will speak to thee; I’ll call thee *Hamlet*,
630 ‘, King, Father, royal *Dane*: O answer me,
631 ‘ Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
632 “ Why thy canoniz’d bones hearsed in death
633 “ Have burst their cerements: why the Sepulchre,

634 “ Wherein we saw thee quietly interr’d,
635 “ Has op’t his ponderous and marble jaws,
636 “ To cast thee up again: ” what may this mean
637 That thou dead coarse again in complete steel
638 Revisit’st, thus the glimpses of the Moon,
639 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
640 So horribly to shake our disposition
641 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
642 Say why is this? wherefore? what should we do? [Beckens.
643 *Hora.* It beckons you to go away with it,
644 As if it some impartment did desire
645 To you alone.
646 *Mar.* Look with what courteous action
647 It waves you to a remote ground,
648 But do not go with it.
649 *Hora.* No, by no means.
650 *Ham.* It will not speak, then I will follow it.
651 *Hora.* Do not my Lord.
652 *Ham.* Why? what should be the fear?
653 I do not value my life:
654 And for my soul what can it do to that, [D1
655 Being a thing immortal as it self?
656 It waves me forth again, I’ll follow it.
657 *Hora.* What if it tempt you toward the floods my Lord,
658 Or to the dreadful border of the cliff,
659 “ That bettels o’re his base into the Sea,
660 And there assume some other form,
661 “ Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
662 And draw you into madness? “ think of it,
663 “ The very place puts toys of desperation
663+1 “ Without more motive, into every brain,
663+2 “ That looks so many fadoms to the Sea,
663+3 “ And hears it roar beneath.
663+4 *Ham.* It waves me still,
664 “ Go on, I’ll follow thee.
665 *Mar.* You shall not go my Lord.
666 *Ham.* Hold off your hands.
667 *Hora.* Be rul’d, you shall not go.
668 *Ham.* My fate cries out,
669 And makes each petty artery in this body
670 As hardy as the *Nemean* Lions nerve:
671 Still I am call’d; unhand me Gentlemen,
672 I’ll make a Ghost of him that lets me:
673 I say away: Go on I’ll follow thee. [Exit Ghost and Hamlet.
674 *Hor.* He grows desperate with imagination.
675 *Mar.* Let’s follow, ’tis not fit thus to obey him.
676 *Hora.* To what issue will this come?
677 *Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of *Denmark*.
678 *Hora.* Heaven will discover it.
679 “ *Mar.* Nay let’s follow him. [Exeunt.
680 *Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*
681 *Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I’ll go no further.
682 *Ghost.* Mark me.
683 *Ham.* I will.
684 *Ghost.* My hour is almost come,
685 When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
686 Must render up my self.
687 *Ham.* Alas poor Ghost.
688 *Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
689 To what I shall unfold,
690 *Ham.* Speak, I am bound to hear
691 *Ghost.* So art thou to revenge what thou shalt hear.
692

693 *Ham.* What?
 694 *Ghost.* I am thy fathers spirit,
 695 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, [D1v
 696 And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
 697 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature
 698 Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
 699 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 700 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 701 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
 702 Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
 703 Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
 704 And each particular hair to stand an end
 705 Like quills upon the fearful Porcupine:
 706 But this eternal blazon must not be
 707 To ears of flesh, and blood: list, list, O list,
 708 If thou didst ever thy dear father love.
 709 *Ham.* O Heayen!
 710 *Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
 711 *Ham.* Murder.
 712 *Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
 713 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
 714 *Ham.* Haste me to know't, that I with wings as swift
 716 As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
 717 May flie to my revenge.
 718 *Ghost.* I find thee apt;
 719 " And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
 720 " That roots it self in ease on *Lethe's* wharf,
 721 " Would'st thou not stir in this: " now *Hamlet* hear,
 722 'Tis given out, that sleeping in my Garden
 723 A Serpent stung me: so the whole ear of *Denmark*
 724 Is by a forged process of my death
 725 Rankly abused: but know thou, noble Youth,
 726 The Serpent that did sting thy fathers heart
 727 Now wears his Crown.
 728 *Ham.* O my Prophetick soul, my Uncle?
 729 *Ghost.* I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 730 " With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
 731 " O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
 732 " So to seduce! " won to his shameful lust
 733 The will of my most seeming vertuous Queen.
 734 O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there
 735 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 736 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 737 I made to her in marriage? and to decline
 738 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 739 To those of mine " but vertue, as it never will be mov'd
 740 " Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven, [D2
 741 " So but though to a radiant angle link't,
 742 ' Will sort it self in a celestial bed,
 742 " And prey on garbage.
 743 But soft, methinks I sent the morning air,
 744 Brief let me be: sleeping in my Garden,
 745 My custom always of the afternoon,
 746 Upon my secure hour thy Uncle to me stole
 747 With joyce of cursed *Hebona* in a Vial,
 748 And in the porches of my ears did pour
 749 The leprous distilment, whose effects
 750 Hold such an enmity with blood of man,
 751 That swift as Quick-silver it courses through
 752 The natural gates and allies of the body,
 753 And with a sudden vigour it doth possess
 754 " And curd, like eager droppings into milk,

755 The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
756 And a most instant Tetter barked about
757 Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
758 All my smooth body.
759 Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
760 "Of life of Crown, of Queen at once dispatch,
761 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
762 "Unnuzled, disappointed, un-aneald,
763 "No reckoning made, but sent to my account
764 "With all my imperfections on my head.
765 "O horrible, O horrible, most horrible,
766 If thou hast nature in thee bear it not,
767 Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
768 A couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
769 But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
770 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul design
771 Against thy mother ought, leave her to heaven,
772 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
773 To prick and sting her: fare thee well at once,
774 The Glowworm shews the morning to be near,
775 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
776 Farewel, remember me.
777 " *Ham.* O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
778 "And shall I couple hell? O fie! " hold hold my heart,
779 And you my sinews grow not instant old,
780 But bear me strongly up; remember thee!
781 I thou poor Ghost, whiles memory holds a seat
782 In this distracted Globe: remember thee!
783 Yea, from the table of my memory [D2^v]
784 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
785 All Registers of books, all forms, and pressures past,
786 That youth and observation copied there,
787 And thy commandment all alone shall live
788 Within the book and volume of my brain,
789 Unmixt with baser matter; yes by heaven.
790 O most pernicious woman!
791 O villain, villain, smiling villain!
792 My tables, meet it is I set down,
793 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
794 At least I am sure it may be so in *Denmark*.
795 So Uncle there you are: now to my word,
796 It is farewel, remember me.
797 I have sworn't. [Enter Horatio and Marcellus.]
798 *Hora.* My Lord, my Lord.
799 *Mar.* Lord *Hamlet*.
800 *Hora.* Heavens secure him.
801 *Ham.* So be it.
802 *Mar.* Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
803 *Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho boy, come and come.
804 *Mar.* How is't my noble Lord?
805 *Ham.* O, wonderful!
806 *Hor.* Good my Lord tell it.
807 *Ham.* No, you will reveal it.
808 *Hora.* Not I my Lord.
809 *Mar.* Nor I my Lord.
810 *Ham.* How say you then, would heart of man once think it?
811 But you'll be secret.
812 *Both.* As death, my Lord.
813 *Ham.* There's never a villain
814 Dwelling in all *Denmark*
815 But he's an arrant knave.
816 *Hora.* There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the grave

817 To tell us this.
 818 *Ham.* Why right, you are in the right,
 819 And so without more circumstance at all
 820 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
 821 You as your business and desire shall point you,
 822 For every man hath business and desire,
 823 Such as it is, and for my own poor part
 824 I will go pray.
 825 *Hora.* These are but wild and windy words my Lord.
 826 *Ham.* I am sorry they offend you heartily,
 827 Yes faith heartily. [D3
 828 *Hora.* There's no offence my Lord.
 829 *Ham.* Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
 830 And much offence too: touching this vision here,
 831 It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;
 832 For your desire to know what is between us
 833 O're-mastr't as you may: and now good friends,
 834 As you are friends, Scholars, and Souldiers
 835 Give me one poor request.
 836 *Hora.* What is't my Lord, we will.
 837 *Ham.* Never make known what you have seen to night.
 838 *Both.* My Lord we will not.
 839 *Ham.* Nay but swear't.
 840 *Hora.* In faith my Lord not I.
 841 *Mar.* Nor I my Lord in faith.
 842 *Ham.* Upon my sword.
 843 " *Mar.* We have sworn my Lord already.
 844 " *Ham.* Indeed upon my sword, indeed.
 845 [*Ghost cries under the Stage.*
 845 *Ghost.* Swear.
 846 *Ham.* Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so? art thou there true penny?
 847 Come on, you hear this fellow in the Selleridge,
 848 Consent to swear
 849 *Hora.* Propose the oath my Lord.
 850 *Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have seen,
 851 Swear by my sword.
 852 *Ghost.* Swear
 853 *Ham.* *Hic & ubique*, then we'll shift our ground:
 854 Come hither Gentlemen
 855 And lay your hands again upon my sword:
 857 Swear by my sword.
 856 Never to speak of this that you have heard.
 858 *Ghost.* Swear by his sword.
 859 *Ham.* Well said old Mole, canst work i'th earth so fast?
 860 A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends.
 861 *Hora.* O day and night! but this is wondrous strange.
 862 *Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome:
 863 There are more things in heaven and earth *Horatio*
 864 Than are dream't of in your Philosophy: but come,
 865 Here as before; never so help you mercy,
 866 (How strange or odd so e're I bear my self,
 867 As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,
 868 To put an antick disposition on,
 869 That you at such times seeing me, never shall
 870 With arms encumbred thus, or head thus shak't, [D3^v
 871 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 872 As, well, well, we know, or we could and if we would,
 873 Or if we list to speak, or there be, or if they might,
 874 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)
 875 That you know ought of me, this you must swear,
 876 " So grace and mercy at your most need help you.
 878 *Ghost.* Swear.

879 *Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So Gentlemen
880 With all my love I do commend me to you,
881 And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is
882 May do t'express his love and friendship to you
883 Shall never fail, let us go in together,
884 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray,
885 The time is out of joynt, O cursed spight
886 That ever I was born to set it right!
887 Nay come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

889 *Enter Polonius with his Man.*

890 “*Pol.* Give him this money, and these two notes *Reynaldo*.
891 “*Rey.* I will my Lord.
892 “*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynaldo*,
893 “ Before you visit him to make inquiry
894 “ Of his behaviour
895 “ *Rey.* My Lord I did intend it.
896 “ *Pol.* Marry well said, very well said, look you Sir,
898 “ Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*,
899 “ And how, and who, what means and where they keep,
900 “ What company, at what expence: and finding
901 “ By this encompassment and drift of question,
902 “ That they do know my son, come you more near
903 “ Then your particular demands will touch it,
904 “ Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
905 “ As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
906 “ And in part him: Do you mark this *Reynaldo*?
907 “ *Rey.* I very well my Lord.
908 “ *Pol.* And in part him, but you may say not well,
909 “ But if it be he I mean he's very wild,
910 “ Addicted so and so, and there put on him
911 “ What forgeries you please, marry none so rank [*D4*
912 “ As may dishonour him, take heed of that;
913 “ But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
914 “ As are companions noted and most known
915 “ To youth and liberty.
916 “ *Rey.* As gaming my Lord.
917 “ *Pol.* I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
918 “ Quarrelling, drabbing, you may go so far.
919 “ *Rey.* My Lord, that would dishonour him.
920 “ *Pol.* Faith as you may season it in the charge.
921 “ You must not put another scandal on him,
922 “ That he is open to incontinency,
923 “ That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quaintly,
924 “ That they may seem the taints of liberty,
925 “ The flash and out-break of a fiery mind,
926 “ A savageness in unreclaimed blood
926 “ Of general assault.
927 “ *Rey.* But my good Lord.
928 “ *Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?
929 “ *Rey.* I my Lord, I would know that.
930 “ *Pol.* Marry Sir, here's my drift,
931 “ And I believe it is a fetch of wit.
932 “ You laying these slight sullies on my son,
933 “ As 'twere a thing a little soil'd with working,
934 “ Mark you, your party in converse, he you would sound,

935 “ Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
 936 “ The youth you breath of guilty, be assur’d
 937 “ He closes with you in this consequence;
 938 “ Good Sir (or so) or friend, or Gentleman,
 939 “ According to the phrase or the addition
 940 “ Of man and Country.
 941 “ *Rey.* Very good my Lord.
 942 “ *Pol.* And then Sir does he this, he does: what was I about to say?
 944 “ By the Mass I was about to say something,
 944 “ Where did I leave?
 945 “ *Rey.* At closes in the consequence.
 947 *Pol.* At closes in the consequence; I marry,
 948 “ He closes thus, I know the Gentleman,
 949 “ I saw him yesterday, or th’ other day,
 950 “ Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you say,
 951 “ There was he gaming there, or took in’s rowse,
 952 “ There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
 953 “ I saw him enter such and such a house of sale,
 954 “ *Videlicet*, a Brothel, or so forth. See you now,
 955 “ Your bait of falshood takes this carp of truth, [D4^v
 956 “ And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
 957 “ With windlesses, and with essays of byas,
 958 “ By indirects find directions out:
 959 “ So by my former Lecture and advice
 960 “ Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
 961 “ *Rey.* My Lord I have.
 962 “ *Pol.* God buy ye, fare ye well.
 963 “ *Rey.* Good my Lord.
 964 “ *Pol.* Observe his inclination in your self.
 965 “ *Rey.* I shall my Lord.
 966 “ *Pol.* And let him ply his Musick.
 967 “ *Rey.* Well my Lord. [Exit Rey. Enter Ophelia.
 969 “ *Pol.* Farewel. ’ How now *Ophelia*, what’s the matter?
 971 *Oph.* O my Lord, my Lord, I have been so affrighted.
 972 *Pol.* With what?
 973 *Oph.* My Lord as I was reading in my closet,
 974 Prince *Hamlet* with his doublet all unbrac’d,
 975 No hat upon his head, his stockings loose,
 976 “ Ungartred, and down gyved to his ankle,
 977 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
 978 And with a look so piteous
 979 As if he had been sent from hell
 980 To speak of horrors, he comes before me.
 981 *Pol.* Mad for thy love?
 982 *Oph.* My lord I do not know,
 982 But truly I do fear it.
 983 *Pol.* What said he?
 984 *Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,
 985 Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
 986 And with his other hand thus o’re his brow
 987 He falls to such perusal of my face
 988 As he would draw it: long staid he so,
 989 At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
 990 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
 991 He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
 992 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 993 And end his being: that done he lets me go,
 994 And with his head over his shoulders turn’d
 995 He seem’d to find his way without his eyes;
 996 For out of doors he went without their helps,
 997 And to the last bended their light on me.
 998 *Pol.* Come, go with me, I will go seek the King,

999 This is the very extasie of love,
 1000 “ Whose violent property foregoes it self, [E1
 1001 “ And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 1002 “ As oft as any passion under heaven
 1003 “ That does afflict our natures: I am sorry;
 1004 What? have you given him any hard words of late?
 1005 *Oph.* No my good Lord, but as you did command,
 1006 I did repel his letters, and deny’d
 1007 His access to me.
 1008 *Pol.* That hath made him mad:
 1009 “ I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
 1010 “ I had not coated him; I fear’d he did but trifle,
 1011 “ And meant to wrack thee, but beshrew my jealousy;
 1012 “ By heaven it is as proper to our age
 1013 “ To cast beyond our selves in our opinions,
 1014 “ As it is common for the younger sort
 1015 “ To lack discretion: ” Come, go with me to the King,
 1016 This must be known, which being kept close might move
 1017 More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
 1017 Come. [Exeunt.
 1019 *Flourish. Enter King, Queen, Rosencreaus and Guildenstern.*
 1021 *King.* Welcome good *Rosencreaus* and *Guildenstern*,
 1022 Besides, that we did long to see you,
 1023 The need we have to use you did provoke
 1024 Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
 1025 Of *Hamlet*’s transformation, so call it;
 1026 Sith nor th’ exterior, nor the inward man
 1027 Resembles that it was: what it should be
 1028 More than his fathers death, that thus hath put him
 1029 So much from the understanding of himself
 1030 I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
 1031 That being of so young days brought up with him,
 1032 “ And sith so neighboured to his youth and haviour,
 1033 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our Court
 1034 Some little time, so by your companies
 1035 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
 1036 So much as from occasion you may glean,
 1036+1 Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,
 1037 That lies within our remedy.
 1038 *Queen.* Good Gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
 1039 And sure I am two men there are not living
 1040 To whom he more adheres; if it will please you
 1041 To shew us so much gentleness and good will,
 1042 As to employ your time with us a while
 1043 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 1044 Your visitation shall receive such thanks [E1^v
 1045 As fits a Kings remembrance.
 1046 *Ros.* Both your Majesties
 1047 Might by the Sovereign power you have over us
 1048 Put your dread pleasures more into command
 1049 Than to intreaty.
 1050 *Guil.* But we both obey,
 1051 And here give up our selves in the full bent
 1052 To lay our service freely at your feet.
 1054 *King.* Thanks *Rosencreaus* and gentle *Guildenstern*.
 1055 “ *Queen.* Thanks *Guildenstern* and gentle *Rosencreaus*.
 1056 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 1057 My too much changed son: go some of you
 1059 And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
 1060 *Guil.* Heavens make our presence and our practices
 1061 Pleasant and helpful to him.
 1062 *Queen.* Amen. [Exeunt *Ros. and Guil.*

1063 *Enter Polonius.*
1064 “*Pol.* Th’ Embassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
1065 “Are joyfully return’d.
1066 “*King.* Thou still hast been the father of good news.
1067 “*Pol.* Have I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
1068 “I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
1069 “Both to my God, and to my gracious King:
1070 “And ” I do think, or else this brain of mine
1071 Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
1072 As it has us’d to do, that I have found
1073 The very cause of *Hamlet*’s lunacy.
1074 “*King.* O speak of that, that I do long to hear.
1075 “*Pol.* Give first admittance to the Embassadors.
1076 “My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
1077 “*King.* Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in.
1078 “He tells me, my dear *Gertrud*, he hath found
1079 “The head and source of all your sons distemper.
1080 “*Queen.* I doubt it is no other but the main,
1081 “His fathers death, and our hasty marriage.
1082 *Enter Embassadors.*
1083 “*King.* Well, we shall sift him: welcome my good friends:
1084 “Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
1085 “*Vol.* Most fair return of greetings and desires:
1086 “Upon our first he sent out to suppress
1087 “His Nephews levies, which to him appear’d
1088 “To be a preparation ‘gainst the *Pollack*,
1089 “But better lookt into, he truly found
1090 “It was against your Highness; whereat griev’d [E2
1091 “That so his sickness, age, and impotence
1092 “Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
1093 “On *Fortinbrass*, which he in brief obeys,
1094 “Receives rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
1095 “Makes vow before his Uncle never more
1096 “To give th’ assay of arms against your Majesty:
1097 “Whereon old *Norway* overcome with joy
1098 “Gives him threescore thousand Crowns in annual fee,
1099 “And his Commission, to imploy those Souldiers
1100 “So levied as before, against the *Pollack*,
1101 “With an entreaty herein further shown,
1102 “That it might please you to give quiet pass
1103 “Through your Dominions for this enterprize
1104 “On such regards of safety and allowance
1105 “As herein are set down.
1106 “*King.* It likes us well,
1107 “And at our more considered time we’ll read,
1108 “Answer, and think upon this business:
1109 “Mean time we thank you for your well took labour,
1110 “Go to your rest, at night we’ll feast together:
1111 “Most welcome home. [Exeunt Embassadors.
1112 “*Pol.* This business is well ended.
1113 My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
1114 What Majesty should be, what duty is,
1115 Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
1116 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;
1117 Therefore brevity is the soul of wit,
1118 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes:
1119 I will be brief: your noble son is mad,
1120 Mad call I it? for to define true madness,
1121 What is’t but to be nothing else but mad?
1122 But let that go.
1123 “*Queen.* More matter with less art.
1124 “*Pol.* Madam, I swear I use no art at all,

1125 That he's mad, 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity,
 1126 And pity 'tis 'tis true, a foolish figure,
 1127 But farewell it, for I will use no art:
 1128 Mad let us grant him then, and now remains
 1129 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 1130 Or rather say the cause of this defect,
 1131 For this effect defective comes by cause:
 1132 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
 1133 Consider.
 1134 I have a daughter, have while she is mine, [E2^v]
 1135 Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
 1136 Hath given me this; now gather and surmise. [Reads.]
 1137 *To the Celestial and my souls Idol, the most beautified Ophelia.*
 1138 *That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; beautified is a vile phrase: but you*
 1139 *shall hear, thus in her excellent white bosom, These, &c.*
 1140 *Queen.* Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
 1141 *Pol.* Good Madam stay a while, I will be faithful.
 1142 *Doubt thou the Stars are fire,* *Letter.*
 1143 *Doubt that the Sun doth move,*
 1144 *Doubt truth to be a liar,*
 1145 *But never doubt I love.*
 1146 *O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I have not art to reckon*
 1147 *my groans; but that I love thee best, O most best believe it: adieu.*
 1148 *Thine evermore most dear Lady, whilst this machine is to him,*
 1149 *Hamlet.*
 1150 *Pol.* This in obedience hath my daughter shown me,
 1151 And more concerning his solicitings,
 1152 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
 1153 "All given to mine ear.
 1154 *King.* But how hath she receiv'd his love?
 1155 *Pol.* What do you think of me?
 1156 *King.* As of a man faithful and honourable.
 1157 *Pol.* I would fain prove so; but what might you think
 1158 "When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
 1159 "As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)
 1160 "Before my daughter told me; what might you
 1161 Or my dear Majesty your Queen here think,
 1162 If I had plaid the Desk, or Table-book,
 1163 "Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
 1164 Or lookt upon this love with idle sight,
 1165 What might you think? no, I went round to work,
 1166 And my young Mistriss thus I charg'd:
 1167 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince above thy sphere,
 1168 This must not be: and then I precepts gave her,
 1169 That she should lock her self from his resort,
 1170 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
 1171 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
 1172 And he repell'd, a short tale to make,
 1173 Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
 1174 "Thence to a watch, then into a weakness,
 1175 Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
 1176 Into the madness wherein he now raves,
 1177 And all we mourn for.
 1178 *King.* Do you think 'tis this? [E3]
 1179 *Queen.* It may be very likely.
 1180 *Pol.* Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
 1181 That I have positively said, 'tis so,
 1182 When it prov'd otherwise?
 1183 *King.* Not that I know.
 1184 *Pol.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise,
 1185 If circumstances lead me, I will find
 1186 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 1187

1190 Within the centre.
 1191 *King.* How may we try it further?
 1192 *Pol.* Sometimes he walks four hours together
 1193 Here in the Lobby.
 1195 *Queen.* So he does indeed,
 1196 *Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him,
 1197 Be you and I behind the Arras then,
 1198 Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
 1199 And be not from his reason fal'n thereon,
 1200 Let me be no assistant for a State,
 1201 But keep a Farm and Carters.
 1202 *King.* We will try it. [Enter Hamlet.
 1204 *Queen.* But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
 1206 *Pol.* Away, I do beseech you both away, [Exit King and Queen.
 1207 I'll board him presently. Oh give me leave.
 1208 "How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?
 1209 "*Ham.* Excellent well.
 1210 *Pol.* Do you know me, my Lord?
 1211 *Ham.* Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.
 1212 *Pol.* Not I my Lord.
 1213 *Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.
 1214 *Pol.* Honest my Lord?
 1215 *Ham.* I Sir, to be honest as this world goes
 1215 Is to be one man pickt out of ten thousand.
 1217 *Pol.* That's very true my Lord.
 1218 *Ham.* For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good
 1219 kissing carrion. Have you a daughter?
 1221 *Pol.* I have my Lord.
 1222 *Ham.* Let her not walk i'th Sun, conception is a blessing,
 1223 But as your daughter may conceive, friend look to't.
 1225 *Pol.* How say you by that? still harping on my Daughter, yet he
 1226 knew me not at first, but said I was a fish-monger, he is far gone; and
 1227 truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love, very near this:
 1229 I'll speak to him again. What do you read my Lord?
 1230 *Ham.* Words, words, words.
 1231 *Pol.* What is the matter my Lord? [E3v
 1232 *Ham.* Between who?
 1233 *Pol.* I mean the matter that you read my Lord.
 1234 *Ham.* Slanders Sir; for the Satyrical Rogue says here, that old
 1235 men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes pur-
 1236 ging thick Amber, & Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a plen-
 1237 tiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams, all which Sir
 1238 though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not ho-
 1240 nesty to have it thus set down, for your self Sir shall grow old, as I
 1241 am, if like a crab you could go backward.
 1243 *Pol.* Though this be madness, yet there is method in't, will you
 1244 walk out of the air my Lord?
 1246 *Ham.* Into my grave.
 1247 *Pol.* Indeed that's out of the air; how pregnant sometimes his
 1248 replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, "which rea-
 1251 "son and sanctity could not so happily be delivered of." I will
 1253 leave him and my daughter. My Lord I will take my leave of you.
 1258 *Ham.* You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more
 1259 willingly part withal, except my life, except my life, except my life.
 1260 *Enter Guildenstern and Rosencraus.*
 1261 *Pol.* Fare you well my Lord.
 1262 *Ham.* These tedious old fools.
 1263 *Pol.* You go to seek the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.
 1266 *Ros.* Save you Sir.
 1267 *Guil.* My honoured Lord.
 1268 *Ros.* My most dear Lord.
 1269 *Ham.* My excellent good friends, how dost thou *Guildenstern*?

1270 Ah *Rosencraus*, good lads, how do you both?
1272 “*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.
1273 “*Guil.* Happy in that we are not ever happy on fortunes cap,
1274 “We are not the very button.
1275 “*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shooe.
1276 “*Ros.* Neither my Lord.
1277 “*Ham.* Then you live about her wast, or in the middle of her
1279 “*Guil.* Faith her privates we. (favours.
1280 “*Ham.* In the secret parts of fortune, oh most true, she is a strum-,
1281 “pet. ” What news?
1282 *Ros.* None my Lord, but the world’s grown honest.
1284 *Ham.* Then is Dooms-day near: sure your news is not true.
1316 But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsenour*?
1318 *Ros.* To visit you my Lord no other occasion.
1319 *Ham.* Begger that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank
1320 you, “ and sure dear friends my thanks are too dear a half peny: ”
1321 were you not sent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free visita-
1322 tion? come, come, deal justly with me, come, come, nay speak. [E4
1324 *Guil.* What should we say my Lord?
1325 *Ham.* Any thing, but toth’ purpose you were sent for, and there
1326 is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have
1327 not craft enough to colour: I know the good King and Queen
1328 have sent for you.
1329 *Ros.* To what end my Lord?
1330 *Ham.* That you must teach me: but let me conjure you by the
1331 rights of our fellowships, by the consonancy of our youth, by the
1332 obligation of our ever preferred love, and by what more dear a
1333 better proposer can charge you withal, be even and direct with me
1334 whether you were sent for or no.
1336 *Ros.* What say you?
1337 *Ham.* Nay then I have an eye of you, if you love me hold not off.
1339 *Guil.* My Lord we were sent for.
1340 *Ham.* I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your
1341 discovery, and your secresie to the King and Queen moult no fea-
1342 ther: I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth,
1343 forgone all custom of exercises; “ and indeed it goes so heavily
1344 “ with my disposition, ” that this goodly frame the earth seems to
1344 me a steril promontory; this most excellent Canopy the air look
1347 you, this brave o’re-hanged firmament, this majestical roof fretted
1348 with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pe-
1349 stilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! how
1350 noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving
1351 how express and admirable! in action how like an Angel! in ap-
1353 prehension, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals; and
1354 yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me,
1356 nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.
1358 *Ros.* My Lord there was no such stuff in my thoughts.
1360 *Ham.* Why did ye laugh then, when I said man delights not me?
1362 *Ros.* To think my Lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten
1363 entertainment the Players shall receive from you, we met them on
1364 the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.
1366 *Ham.* He that plays the King shall be welcome, his Majesty shall
1367 have tribute of me, the adventerous Knight shall use his foil and
1368 target, the lover shall not sigh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end
1369 his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her mind freely, or the
1372 blank verse shall halt for’t. What Players are they?
1374 *Ros.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the
1375 Tragedians of the City.
1376 *Ham.* How chanches it they travel? their residence both in repu-
1377 tation and profit was better both ways.
1379 *Ros.* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late in- [E4v
1380 novation.

1381 *Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in
1382 the City? are they so followed?
1383 *Ros.* No indeed they are not.
1409 *Ham.* It is not very strange; for my Uncle is King of *Denmark*,
1410 and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived,
1411 give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a piece for his picture
1412 in little: there is something in this more than natural, if Philoso-
1413 phy could find it out. [A Flourish.]
1416 *Guil.* Shall we call the Players?
1417 *Ham.* Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsenour*, your hands:
1418 come then, th' appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony,
1419 let me comply with you in this garb, "lest my extent to the Play-
1420 "ers, which I tell you must shew fairly outwards, should more ap-
1421 "pear like entertainment than yours; you are welcome:" but
1422 my Uncle-father, and Aunt-mother are deceived.
1424 *Guil.* In what my dear Lord?
1425 *Ham.* I am but mad North-North-west, when the wind is Sou-
1426 therly I know a hawk from a hand-saw. [Enter Polonius.]
1428 *Pol.* Well be with you Gentlemen.
1429 *Ham.* Hark you *Guildenstern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer,
1430 that great baby as you see is not yet out of his swadling clouts.
1432 *Ros.* Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an
1433 old man is twice a child.
1434 *Ham.* I will prophesie that he comes to tell me of the Players,
1435 mark it: You say right Sir, a Munday morning 'twas then indeed.
1437 *Pol.* My Lord I have news to tell you.
1438 *Ham.* My Lord I have news to tell you: when *Rossius* was an
1439 Actor in *Rome*.
1440 *Pol.* The Actors are come hither my Lord.
1441 *Ham.* Buz, buz.
1442 *Pol.* Upon mine honour.
1443 *Ham.* Then came each Actor on his Ass.
1444 *Pol.* The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedy, Comedy,
1445 History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral Scene, indivi-
1447 dable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus*
1449 too light for the law of wit and the liberty; these are the only men.
1451 *Ham.* O *Jeptha* Judge of *Israel* what a treasure hadst thou?
1453 *Pol.* What a treasure had he my Lord?
1454 *Ham.* Why one fair daughter and no more, the which he loved
1455 passing well.
1456 *Pol.* Still on my daughter.
1457 *Ham.* Am I not i'th right old *Jeptha*?
1461 *Pol.* What follows then my Lord? [F1
1462 "Ham. Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to
1463 "pass, as most like it was:" the first row of the Rubrick will
1464 shew you more, for look where my abridgement comes.
1466 *Enter Players.*
1467 *Ham.* You are welcome masters, welcome all, "I am glad to see
1468 "thee well, welcome good friends;" oh old friend! why thy face
1469 is valanc'd since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Den-*
1470 *mark*? what my young Lady and Mistriss! my Lady your Ladiship
1471 is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a
1472 Chopine, I wish your voice, like a piece of uncurrant gold, be not
1473 crackt within the ring: masters you are all welcome, we'll e'ne to't
1475 like friendly Faulkeners, fly at any thing we see, we'll have a speech
1476 strait, come give us a taste of your quality, come a passionate
1477 [s]peech. ["s" not visible in our copy]
1478 *Player.* What speech my good Lord?
1479 *Ham.* I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never act-
1480 ed, or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleased
1481 not the million, 'twas a caviary to the general, "but it was as I re-
1482 "ceived it and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in

1483 “ the top of mine, an excellent Play, well digested in the Scenes, set
 1484 “ down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said
 1486 “ there were no sallets in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor
 1487 “ no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection,
 1488 “ but call’d it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very
 1488+1 “ much more handsome than fine; ” one speech in’t I chiefly loved,
 1489 ’twas *Aeneas* talk to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially when he
 1490 speaks of *Priams* slaughter, if it live in your memory begin at this
 1492 line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th’Hircanian Beast,
 1493 ’tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose sa-
 1494 ble arms,
 1495 Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
 1496 “ When he lay couched in th’ ominous horse,
 1497 “ Hath now his dread and black complexion smear’d
 1498 “ With Heraldry more dismal head to foot:
 1499 “ Now is he total Gules, horridly trickt
 1500 “ With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
 1501 “ Bak’d and embasted with the parching streets,
 1502 “ That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
 1503 “ To their Lords murder, roasted in wrath and fire,
 1504 “ And thus o’re-cised with coagulate gore,
 1505 “ With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
 1506 “ Old grandsire *Priam* seeks; so proceed you.
 1507 *Pol.* My Lord well spoken, with good accent and good discretion. [FIV
 [1507+1] So proceed.
 1509 *Play.* Anon he finds him
 1510 Striking too short at Greeks, his antick sword
 1511 Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
 1512 Repugnant to command; unequal matcht,
 1513 *Pyrrhus* at *Priam* drives, in rage strikes wide,
 1514 But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
 1515 Th’ unnerved father falls.
 1516 “ Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
 1517 “ Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
 1518 “ Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* ear: for loe his sword,
 1519 “ Which was declining on the milky head
 1520 “ Of reverend *Priam* seem’d i’ th air to stick,
 1521 “ So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
 1522 “ Like a neutral to his will and matter,
 1522 “ Did nothing:
 1523 But as we often see against some storm,
 1524 A silence in the heavens, the racks stand still,
 1525 The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
 1526 As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
 1527 Doth rend the region: so after *Pyrrhus* pawse,
 1528 A rowsed vengeance sets him new awork,
 1529 And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
 1530 On *Mars* his armour, forg’d for proof etern,
 1531 With less remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
 1532 Now falls on *Priam*.
 1533 Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! “ all you gods
 1534 “ In general Synod take away her power,
 1535 “ Break all the spokes and feloes from her wheel,
 1536 “ And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
 1537 “ As low as to the fiends.
 1538 *Pol.* This is too long.
 1539 *Ham.* It shall to the Barbers with your beard: prethee say on,
 1540 he’s for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps; say on, come to
 1541 *Hecuba*.
 1542 *Pla.* But who alas had seen the mobled Queen.
 1543 *Ham.* The mobled Queen!
 1544 *Pol.* That’s good.

1545 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatening the flames,
1547 A clout upon that head
1548 Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
1549 About her lank and all o're-teamed loyns,
1550 A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up.
1551 Who this had seen, with tongue in venome steept, [F2
1552 'Gainst fortunes state would Treason have pronounc'd:
1553 " But if the gods themselves did see her then,
1554 " When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
1555 " In mincing with his sword her husbands limbs,
1556 " The instant burst of clamour that she made,
1557 " Unless things mortal move them not at all,
1558 " Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
1559 " And passion in the gods.
1560 *Pol.* Look where he has not turned his colour, and has tears
1561 in's eyes: prethee no more.
1562 *Ham.* 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.
1563 Good my Lord will you see the Players well bestowed, do you hear,
1564 let them be well used, for they are the abstract and brief Chronicles
1565 of the time; after your death you were better have a bad Epitaph,
1566 than their ill report while you live.
1567 *Pol.* My Lord I will use them according to their desert.
1568 *Ham.* Much better, use every man after his desert, and who shall
1569 scape whipping? use them after your own honour and dignity, the
1570 less they deserve the more merit is in your bounty: Take them in.
1571 *Pol.* Come sirs.
1572 *Ham.* Follow him friends; we'll hear a Play to morrow; doest
1573 thou hear me old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago*?
1574 *Play.* I my Lord.
1575 *Ham.* We'll have't to morrow night: you could for need study
1576 a speech of some dosen lines, which I would set down and insert
1577 in't, could you not?
1578 *Pol.* I my Lord.
1579 *Ham.* Very well: follow that Lord, and look you mock him
1580 not. My good friends, I'le leave you till night, you are welcome to
1581 *Elsenour.* [Exeunt *Pol.* and *Players.*
1582 *Ros.* Good my Lord. [Exit.
1583 " *Ham.* I so, God buy to you; now am I alone.
1584 O what a rogue and pesant slave am I!
1585 Is it not monstrous that this Player here
1586 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
1587 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
1588 That from her working all the visage wand,
1589 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
1590 A broken voice, and his whole function suting
1591 With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,
1592 For *Hecuba*?
1593 What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
1594 That he should weep for her? what wo uldhe do
1595 Had he the motive, and that for passion [F2^v
1596 That I have? he would " drown the stage with tears,
1597 " And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
1598 Make mad the guilty and appeal the free,
1599 " Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
1600 " The very faculties of eyes and ears; yet I,
1601 " A dull and muddy metled raskal, peak
1602 " Like *John*-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
1603 " And can say nothing, no not for a King,
1604 " Upon whose property and most dear life
1605 " A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?
1606 " Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across,
1607 " Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,

1614 “ Twekes me by th’ nose, gives me the lye i’th throat
 1615 “ As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
 1616 “ Hah? s’wounds I should take it, for it cannot be
 1617 But I am pigeon liver’d, and lack gall
 1618 To make oppression bitter, or e’re this
 1619 I should have fatted all the region Kites
 1620 With this slaves offal: “ bloody, bawdy villain,
 1621 “ Remorsless, trecherous, lecherous, kindless villain.
 1623 “ Why what an ass am I? this is most brave,
 1624 “ That I the son of a dear father murdered,
 1625 “ Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
 1626 “ Must like a whore unpack my heart with words,
 1627 “ And fall a cursing like a very drab, stallion, fie upon’t, foh.
 1628 “ About my brains, ” hum, I have heard
 1629 That guilty creatures sitting at a Play,
 1630 Have by the very cunning of the Scene
 1631 Been strook so to the soul, that presently
 1632 They have proclaim’d their malefactions:
 1633 For murther though it have no tongue will speak
 1634 “ With most miraculous organ. ” I’ll have these Players
 1635 Play something like the murther of my father
 1636 Before mine Uncle: I’ll observe his looks,
 1637 “ I’ll tent him to the quick, if he do blench
 1638 “ I know my course. ” The spirit that I have seen
 1639 May be a Devil, and the Devil hath power
 1640 T’assume a pleasing shape, “ yea and perhaps
 1641 “ Out of my weakness and my melancholly,
 1642 “ As he is very potent with such spirits,
 1643 “ Abuses me to damn me: ” I’ll have grounds
 1644 More relative than this, the Play’s the thing
 1645 Wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the King. [Exit.]

ACT III. SCENE I. [F3]

1646 *Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus,*
 1647 *Guildestern, Lords.*

1648 *King.* AND can you by no drift of conference
 1649 Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
 1650 “ Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
 1651 “ With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
 1652 *Ros.* He does confess he feels himself distracted,
 1653 But from what cause he will by no means speak.
 1654 *Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
 1655 But with a crafty madness keeps aloof
 1656 “ When we would bring him on to some confession
 1657 “ Of his true estate.
 1658 *Queen.* Did he receive you well?
 1659 *Ros.* Most civilly.
 1660 *Guil.* But with much forcing of his disposition.
 1661 *Ros.* Unapt to question; but of our demands
 1662 Most free in his reply.
 1663 *Queen.* Did you invite him to any pastime?
 1664 *Ros.* Madam, it so fell out that certain Players
 1665 We o’re-took on the way: of these we told him,
 1666 And there did seem in him a kind of joy
 1667 To hear of it; they are here about the Court,
 1668 And as I think they have already order
 1669 This night to play before him.

1670 *Pol.* 'Tis most true,
1671 And he beseecht me to entreat your Majesties
1672 To hear and see the matter.
1673 *King.* With all my heart,
1673 And it doth much content me
1674 To hear him so inclin'd:
1674 Good Gentlemen give him a further edge,
1675 And urge him to these delights.
1677 *Ros.* We shall my Lord. [Exeunt *Ros. and Guild.*
1678 *King.* Sweet *Gertrard* leave us two,
1679 For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
1680 That he as 'twere by accident may meet
1681 *Ophelia* here; her father and my self,
1682 Will so bestow our selves, that seeing and unseen
1683 We may of their encounter judge, [F3v
1684 " And gather by him as he is behav'd.
1685 If t be the affliction of his love or no
1686 " That thus he suffers for.
1687 *Queen.* I shall obey you:
1688 And for my part *Ophelia* I do wish
1689 That your good beauties be the happy cause
1690 Of *Hamlets* wildness, so shall I hope your vertues
1691 Will bring him to his wonted way again,
1692 To both your honours.
1693 *Ophel.* Madam, I wish it may.
1694 *Pol.* *Ophelia* walk you here whilst we
1695 (If so your Majesty shall please) retire conceal'd; " read on this
1696 " That shew of such an exercise may colour (Book,
1697 " Your loneliness: we are oft to blame in this,
1698 "'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions visage,
1699 " And pious action we do sugar o're
1700 " The Devil himself.
1701 " *King.* O 'tis too true:
1702 " How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
1703 " The harlots cheek beautied with plastring art,
1704 " Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
1705 " Than is my deed to my most painted word:
1706 " O heavy burden! [Enter *Hamlet.*
1707 *Pol.* I hear him coming, withdraw my Lord.
1710 *Ham.* To be or not to be, that is the question,
1711 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
1712 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
1713 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
1714 And by opposing end them: to die to sleep
1715 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
1716 The heart-ake, and the thousand natural shocks
1717 That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation,
1718 Devoutly to be wisht, to dye to sleep,
1719 To sleep perchance to dream, I there's the rub,
1720 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
1721 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
1722 Must give us pause, there's the respect
1723 That makes calamity of so long life:
1724 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
1725 Th' oppressors wrong, the proud mans contumely,
1726 The pangs of despised love, and the laws delay,
1727 The insolence of office, and the spurns
1728 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
1729 When as himself might his *Quietus* make [F4
1730 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
1731 To groan and sweat under a weary life?
1732 But that the dread of something after death,

1733 The undiscover'd Country, from whose born
1734 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
1735 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
1736 Than flie to others that we know not of.
1737 Thus conscience does make cowards,
1738 And thus the healthful face of resolution
1739 Shews sick and pale with thought:
1740 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
1741 With this regard their currents turn awry,
1742 And lose the name of action. Soft you now,
1743 The fair *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy Orizons
1744 Be all my sins remembred?
1745 *Ophel.* Good my Lord,
1746 How does your honour for this many a day?
1747 *Ham.* I humbly thank you, well.
1748 *Ophel.* My Lord I have remembrances of yours,
1749 That I have longed to re-deliver,
1750 I pray you now receive them.
1751 *Ham.* No, not I, I never gave you ought.
1752 *Ophel.* My honoured Lord, you know right well you did,
1753 And with them words of so sweet breath composed
1754 As made these things more rich: their perfume lost,
1755 Take these again, for to the noble mind
1756 Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
1757 There my Lord.
1758 *Ham.* Ha, ha, are you honest?
1759 *Ophel.* My Lord.
1760 *Ham.* Are you fair?
1761 *Ophel.* What means your Lordship?
1762 *Ham,* That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no dis-
1763 course to your beauty.
1764 *Ophel.* Could beauty my Lord have better commerce
1765 Than with honesty.
1766 *Ham.* I truly, for the power of beauty will sooner transform ho-
1767 nesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can tran-
1768 slate beauty to his likeness: this was sometime a Paradox, but now
1769 the time gives it proof. I did love you once.
1771 *Ophel.* Indeed my Lord you made me believe so.
1772 *Ham.* You should not have believed me, for vertue cannot so
1773 evacuate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.
1775 *Ophel.* I was the more deceived. [F4^v
1776 *Ham.* Get thee to a Nunnery, why wouldest thou be a breeder
1777 of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse
1778 me of such things, that it were better my mother had not born me:
1779 I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my
1780 beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them
1782 shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellows as I do
1783 crawling between earth and heaven? we are arrant knaves, believe
1784 none of us, go thy ways to a Nunnery? Where's your father?
1786 *Ophel.* At home my Lord.
1787 *Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him,
1787 That he may play the fool no where but in's own house:
1788 Farewel.
1789 *Ophel.* O help him you sweet heavens.
1790 *Ham.* If thou doest marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dow-
1791 ry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape
1792 calumny, get thee to a Nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs mar-
1793 ry, marry a fool, for wisemen know well enough what monsters you
1795 make of them: to a Nunnery go, and quickly too, farewell.
1797 *Ophel.* Heavenly powers restore him.
1798 *Ham.* I have heard of your paintings well enough: nature hath
1799 given you one face, and you make your selves another, you jig and

1800 amble, and you lisp, you nick-name heavens creatures, and make
1801 your wantonness your ignorance; go to, I'll no more on't, it hath
1802 made me mad: I say we will have no more marriages, those that
1803 are married already all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they
1805 are: to a Nunnery go. [Exit.]

1806 *Ophel.* O what a noble mind is here o'rethrown!
1807 The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, eye, tongue, sword,
1808 Th' expectation and Rose of the fair state,
1809 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
1810 Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down,
1811 And I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
1812 " That suckt the honey of his Musick vows;
1813 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
1814 Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh,
1815 That unmatcht form and stature of blown youth
1816 Blasted with extasie. O woe is me
1817 T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see! [Exit.]

1818 *Enter King and Polonius.*

1819 *King.* Love! his affections do not that way tend,
1820 For what he spake, though it lack form a little,
1821 Was not like madness, there's something in his soul
1822 O're which his melancholly sits on brood,
1823 And I doubt the hatch and the disclose [GI
1824 Will be some danger, which to prevent
1825 I have in quick determination
1826 Thus set down: he shall with speed to *England*,
1827 For the demand of our neglected tribute:
1828 Haply the Seas and Countries different,
1829 With variable objects shall expel
1830 This something settled matter in his heart,
1831 Whereon his brains still beating,
1831 Puts him thus from fashion of himself
1832 What think you on't?

1833 *Pol.* It shall do well:
1833 But yet I do believe the origen and commencement of it
1835 Sprung from neglected love: how now *Ophelia*?
1836 You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
1837 We heard it all: my Lord do as you please,
1838 But if you hold it fit, after the Play
1839 Let his Queen-mother all alone entreat him
1840 To shew his grief; " let her be round with him, "
1841 And I'll be plac'd (so please you) in the ear
1842 Of all their conference: if she find him not,
1843 To *England* send him, or confine him where
1844 Your wisdom best shall think.

1845 *King.* It shall be so,
1846 Madness in great ones must not unwatcht go. [Exeunt.]

1848 *Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.*

1849 " *Ham.* Speak the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you
1850 " smoothly from the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our
1851 " Players do, I had as lieve the Town-crier spoke my lines: nor do
1852 " not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently;
1853 " for in the very torrent tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of
1854 " your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may
1856 " give it smoothness: O it offends me to the soul to hear a robusti-
1857 " ous Perwig-pated fellow tear a passion to very rags, to split the
1859 " ears of the ground-lings, who for the most part are capable of
1860 " nothing but inexplicable dumb shews and noise: I would have
1861 " such a fellow whipt for ore-doing *Termagant*, it out-*Herods Herod*,
1862 " pray you avoid it.

1863 " *Pla.* I warrant your honour.

1864 " *Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be

1865 “ your tutor; sute the action to the word, the word to the action,
 1866 “ with this special observance, that you o’re-step not the modesty of
 1867 “ Nature: for any thing so o’re-done is from the purpose of Play-
 1868 “ ing, whose end both at first, and now, was, and is, to hold as ’twere
 1870 “ the mirror up to nature, to shew vertue her feature, scorn her own [G1]
 1871 “ image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pres-
 1872 “ sure: now this over-done, or come tardy of, though it makes the
 1873 “ unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure
 1875 “ of which one must in your allowance o’re-weigh a whole Theatre
 1876 “ of others. O there be Players that I have seen play, and heard
 1877 “ others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that nei-
 1878 “ ther having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pa-
 1879 “ gan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought
 1881 “ some of Natures journey-men had made men, and not made them
 1882 “ well, they imitated humanity so abominably.
 1884 “ *Play.* I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.
 1886 “ *Ham.* O reform it altogether, and let those that play your
 1887 “ Clowns speak no more than is set down for them, for there be of
 1888 “ them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren
 1889 “ spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary
 1890 “ question of the Play be then to be considered: that’s villanous,
 1891 “ and shews a most pitiful ambition in the Fool that uses it: go,
 1893 “ make you ready. ” How now my Lord? will the King hear this
 1895 piece of work?
 1894 *Enter Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencraus.*
 1897 *Pol.* And the Queen too, and that presently. (them.
 1898 *Ham.* Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten
 1900 *Ros.* I my Lord. [Exeunt those two.
 1902 *Ham.* What ho, *Horatio*? [Enter Horatio.
 1903 *Hora.* Here my Lord, at your service.
 1904 *Ham, Horatio,* thou art e’en as just a man
 1905 As e’re my conversation met withal.
 1906 *Hora.* O my dear Lord.
 1907 *Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter,
 1908 For what advancement may I hope from thee
 1909 That hast no revenue but thy good spirits
 1910 To feed and cloath thee? why should the poor be flattered?
 1911 “ No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
 1912 “ And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
 1913 “ Where thrift may follow fawning, doest thou hear?
 1914 Since my dear soul was Mistress of her choice,
 1915 And could of men distinguish her election,
 1916 Sh’ath seal’d thee for her self: for thou hast been
 1917 As one in suffering all that suffers nothing;
 1918 “ A man that fortunes buffets and rewards
 1919 “ Hast ta’n with equal thanks: and blest are those
 1920 “ Whose blood and judgment are so well commedled
 1921 “ That they are not a pipe for fortunes finger,
 1922 “ To sound what stop she please: ” give me that man [G2
 1923 That is not passions slave, and I will wear him
 1924 In my hearts core, I, in my heart of hearts
 1925 As I do thee. Something too much of this:
 1926 There is a Play to night before the King,
 1927 One Scene of it comes near the circumstance
 1928 Which I have told thee of my fathers death;
 1929 I prethee when thou seest that Act on foot
 1930 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 1931 Observe my Uncle: if then his hidden guilt
 1932 Do not it self discover in one speech,
 1933 It is a damned Ghost that we have seen,
 1934 “ And my imaginations are as foul
 1935 “ As *Vulcan*’s stithy: ” give him heedful note,

1936 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
 1937 And after we will both our judgments joyn
 1938 In censure of his seeming.
 1939 *Hora.* Well my Lord,
 1940 If he steal ought the whilst this Play is playing
 1941 And scape detection, I will pay the theft.
 1942 *Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums, King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia.*
 1946 *Ham.* They are coming to the Play, I must be idle.
 1947 Get you a place.
 1948 *King.* How fares our Cousin *Hamlet*.
 1949 *Ham.* Excellent ifaith,
 1949 Of the Cameleons dish, I eat the air,
 1950 Promise-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.
 1951 *King.* I have nothing with this answer *Hamlet*,
 1951 These words are not mine.
 1953 *Ham.* No, nor mine now my Lord.
 1953 You play'd once in the University you say.
 1955 *Pol.* That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.
 1957 *Ham.* What did you enact?
 1958 *Pol.* I did enact *Julius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th Capitol,
 1959 *Brutus* kill'd me.
 1960 *Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.
 1961 Be the Players ready?
 1962 *Ros.* I my Lord, they wait upon your patience.
 1963 *Gert.* Come hither my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.
 1964 *Ham.* No good mother, here's metel more attractive.
 1965 *Pol.* O ho, do you mark that?
 1966 *Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
 1967 *Ophel.* No my Lord.
 1970 *Ham.* Do you think I mean Country matters?
 1971 " *Ophel.* I think nothing my Lord. [G2^v
 1972 " *Ham.* That's a fair thought to lie between maids legs.
 1973 " *Ophel.* What is my Lord?
 1974 " *Ham.* Nothing.
 1975 *Ophel.* You are merry my Lord.
 1976 *Ham.* Who I?
 1977 *Ophel.* I my Lord.
 1978 *Ham.* Your only Jig-maker, what should a man do but be mer-
 1979 ry: for look you how chearfully my mother looks, and my father
 1980 died within's two hours.
 1982 *Ophel.* Nay, 'tis twice two months my Lord.
 1983 *Ham.* So long! nay then let the Devil wear black, for I'le have
 1984 a sute of sables: O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgot-
 1985 ten yet! then there's hope a great mans memory may out-live his
 1986 life half a year; but he must build Churches then, " or else shall he
 1988 " suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is,
 1989 for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.
 1990 *The Trumpets sound. Dumb shew follows.*
 1991 *Enter a King and a Queen, the Queen embracing him, and he her, he*
 1993 *takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck, he lies him down*
 1994 *upon a bank of flowers she seeing him asleep, leaves him: anon comes*
 1995 *in another man, takes off his Crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleep-*
 1996 *ers ears, and leaves him; the Queen returns, finds the King dead,*
 1998 *makes passionate action; the poisoner with some three or four comes in*
 1999 *again, seem to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the*
 2000 *poisoner woes the Queen with gifts, she seems harsh a while, but in*
 2002 *the end accepts love.*
 2003 *Ophel.* What means this my Lord?
 2004 *Ham.* It is munching *Mallico*, it means mischief.
 2006 *Ophel.* Belike this shew imports the argument of the Play.
 2008 " *Ham.* We shall know by this fellow. [Enter Prologue.
 2008 The Players cannot keep, they'l shew all straight.

2010 *Ophel.* Will he shew us what this shew meant?
2011 *Ham.* I, or any shew that you will shew him, be not you asham'd
2012 to shew, he'l not shame to tell you what it means.
2014 *Ophel.* You are naught, you are naught, I'l mark the Play.
2017 *Prologue.* For us and for our Tragedy,
2018 Here stooping to your clemency,
2019 We beg your hearing patiently.
2020 *Ham.* Is this a Prologue, or the poesie of a Ring?
2021 *Ophel.* 'Tis brief my Lord.
2022 *Ham.* As womans love.
2023 *Enter King and Queen.*
2024 *King.* Full thirty times hath *Phoebus* Cart gone round
2025 "*Neptunes* salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground, [G3
2026 "And thirty dozen Moons with borrowed sheen
2027 "About the world have twelve times thirty been,
2028 Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
2029 Unite infolding them in sacred bands.
2030 *Queen.* So many journies may the Sun and Moon
2031 Make us again count o're e're love be done:
2032 But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
2033 So far different from your former state,
2034 That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
2035 Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.
2035+1 For women fear too much, even as they love,
2036 "And womens fear and love hold quantity,
2037 "Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity.
2038 Now what my love has been proof makes you know,
2039 And as my love is great my fear is so:
2039+1 Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fear;
2039+2 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
2040 *King.* I must leave thee Love, and shortly too,
2041 My working powers their functions leave to do,
2042 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
2043 Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
2044 For husband shalt thou.--
2045 *Queen.* O confound the rest!
2046 Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
2047 In second husband let me be accurst,
2048 None wed the second but who kill'd the first: [Ham. That's
2050 The instances that second marriage move [wormwood.
2051 Are base respects of thrift but none of love:
2052 "A second time I kill my husband dead
2053 "When second husband kisses me in bed.
2054 *King.* I do believe you think what now you speak,
2055 But what we do determine oft we break,
2056 Purpose is but the slave to memory,
2057 Of violent birth and poor validity;
2058 Which now like fruits unripe sticks on the tree,
2059 But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
2060 Most necessary 'tis that we forget
2061 To pay our selves what to our selves is debt:
2062 What to our selves in passion we propose,
2063 The passion ending doth the purpose lose;
2064 "The violence of either grief or joy
2065 "Their own enactures with themselves destroy;
2066 "Where joy most revels grief doth most lament:
2067 "Grief joy, joy grieves on slender accident. [G3v
2068 This world is not for aye, nor is it strange,
2069 That even our loves should with our fortunes change:
2070 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
2071 Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
2072 "The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,

2073 “ The poor advanc’d makes friends of enemies:
 2074 “ And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
 2075 “ For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
 2076 “ And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 2077 “ Directly seasons him his enemy.
 2078 “ But orderly to end where I begun,
 2079 “ Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 2080 “ That our devices still are overthrown:
 2081 “ Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
 2082 Think still thou wilt no second husband wed
 2083 But thy thoughts dye when thy first Lord is dead.
 2084 *Queen.* Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
 2085 Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
 2085+1 “ To desperation turn my trust and hope,
 2085+2 “ And Anchors cheer in prison be my scope,
 2086 “ Each opposite that blanks the face of joy,
 2087 “ Meet what I would have well, and it destroy;
 2088 Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife, [Ham. If he should
 2089 If once I widow be, and then a wife. [break it now.
 2091 *King.* ’Tis deeply sworn: sweet leave me here a while,
 2093 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 2094 The tedious day with sleep.
 2095 *Queen.* Sleep rock thy brain,
 2096 And never come mischance between us twain. [Exeunt
 2097 *Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?
 2098 *Queen.* The Lady doth protest too much methinks.
 2099 *Ham.* O but she’ll keep her word.
 2100 *King.* Have you heard the argument? is there no offence in’t?
 2102 *Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence.
 2104 *King.* What do you call the Play?
 2105 *Ham.* The Mouse-trap; marry how? tropically. This Play is
 2106 the image of a murder done in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name,
 2107 his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon, ’tis a knavish piece of work,
 2108 but what of that? your Majesty and we shall have free souls, it
 2109 touches not us; let the galled jade winch, our withers are unwrung.
 2112 This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King. [Enter *Lucianus*.
 2113 *Ophel.* You are as good as a *Chorus* my Lord.
 2114 *Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love
 2115 If I could see the puppets dallying. [G4
 2116 “ *Ophel.* You are keen my Lord, you are keen.
 2117 *Ham.* It would cost you a groaning to take off mine edge.
 2119 *Ophel.* Still worse and worse.
 2120 “ *Ham.* So you mistake your husbands. ” Begin murtherer,
 2121 “ leave thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croaking Raven
 2122 “ doth bellow for revenge.
 2124 *Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
 2126 Considerate season, and no creature seeing,
 2127 Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
 2128 With *Hecats* bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
 2129 Thy natural magick, and dire property,
 2130 On wholesome life usurps immediately.
 2132 *Ham.* He poisons him i’t’h Garden for his estate, his name’s *Gon-*
 2133 *zago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you
 2134 shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago*’s Wife.
 2136 *Ophel.* The King rises.
 2138 *Queen.* How fares my Lord?
 2139 *Pol.* Give o’re the Play.
 2140 *King.* Give me some light, away.
 2141 *Pol.* Lights, lights, lights. [Exeunt all but Hamlet and Hora.
 2143 *Ham.* Why let the stricken Deer go weep,
 2144 The Hart ungalled go play,
 2145 For some must watch while some must sleep,

2146 Thus runs the world away. “ Would not this sir, and a forrest of
 2147 “ feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with pro-
 2148 “ vincial Roses on my raz’d shooes, get me a fellowship in a City of
 2150 Players?
 2151 ‘ *Hora.* Half a share.
 2152 “ *Ham.* A whole one I
 2153 ‘ , For thou doest know O *Damon* dear
 2154 “ This Realm dismantled was
 2154 “ Of *Jove* himself, and now reigns here
 2156 “ A very very Paicock.
 2157 *Hora.* You might have rim’d.
 2158 *Ham.* O good *Horatio*, I’ll take the Ghosts word for a thousand
 2159 pound. Didst perceive?
 2160 *Hora.* Very well my Lord.
 2161 *Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning.
 2162 *Hora.* I did very well note him.
 2164 *Ham.* Ah ha, come some musick, come the Recorders,
 2165 “ For if the King likes not the Comedy,
 2166 “ Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
 2167 “ Come, some musick.
 2168 *Enter Rosencaus and Guildenstern.* [G4^v]
 2168 *Guil.* Good my Lord vouchsafe me a word with you.
 2169 *Ham.* Sir a whole History.
 2170 *Guil.* The King Sir.
 2171 *Ham.* I Sir, what of him?
 2172 *Guil.* Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.
 2173 *Ham.* With drink Sir?
 2174 *Guil.* No my Lord, with choler.
 2175 *Ham.* Your wisdom should shew it self richer to signifie this to
 2176 the Doctor; for for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps
 2177 plunge him into more choler.
 2179 *Guil.* Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
 2180 And start not so wildly from my business.
 2181 *Ham.* I am tame Sir, pronounce.
 2182 *Guil.* The Queen your mother in most great affliction of spirit
 2183 hath sent me to you.
 2184 *Ham.* You are welcome.
 2185 *Guil.* Nay good my Lord this courtesie is not of the right breed,
 2186 if it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer; I will do your
 2187 Mothers commandment, if not, your pardon and my return shall
 2188 be the end of the business.
 2190 *Ham.* Sir I cannot.
 2191 *Ros.* What my Lord?
 2192 *Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer, my wit’s diseas’d, but Sir,
 2193 such answer as I can make you shall command, or rather as you say,
 2194 my mother; therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you
 2195 say.
 2196 *Ros.* Then thus she says, your behaviour hath strook her into
 2197 amazement and admiration.
 2198 *Ham.* O wonderful son that can thus astonish a mother! but is
 2199 there no sequel at the heels of this mothers admiration? impart.
 2201 *Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her Closet e’re you go to bed.
 2203 *Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times our mother; have you
 2204 any further trade with us?
 2205 *Ros.* My Lord you once did love me.
 2206 *Ham.* And do still by these pickers and stealers.
 2207 *Ros.* Good my Lord what is the cause of your distemper? you
 2208 do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your
 2209 griefs to your friend.
 2210 *Ham.* Sir I lack advancement.
 2211 *Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the King him-
 2212 self for your succession in *Denmark*?

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Enter the Players with Recorders,

Ham. I Sir, but while the grass grows; the proverb is something musty: oh the Recorders, let me see one, to withdraw with you; why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

[H1]

Guil. O my Lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that, will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My Lord I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it my Lord.

Ham. It is as easie as lying; govern these ventages with your fingers and the thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick: look you these are the stops.

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

Ham. Why look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me, you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to my compass, and there is much musick, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, do you think I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me you cannot play upon me. *[Enter Polonius.]*

Pol. My Lord the Queen would speak with you, and presently,

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. 'Tis like a Camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a Wezel.

Pol. It is black like a Wezel.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by; They fool me to the top of my bent. ' I will come by and by; " Leave me friends.

" I will say so. By and by is easily said.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When Church-yards yawn, and hell it self breaths out

Contagion to the world: now could I drink hot blood,

And do such business as day it self

Would 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 will speak daggers to her, but use none,

[H1]^v

" My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;

" How in my words soever she be shent,

" To give them seals never my soul consent.

[Exit.]

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

To let his madness range; therefore prepare you,

I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he to *England* shall along with you,

The terms of our estate may not endure

Hazzard so near us as doth hourly grow

Out of his brows.

Guil. We will our selves provide;

Most holy and religious fear it is

To keep those many bodies safe

That live and feed upon your majesty.

2283 “ *Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound
 2285 “ With all the strength and armour of the mind
 2286 “ To keep it self from noyance, but much more
 2287 “ That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
 2288 “ The lives of many: the cess of Majesty
 2289 “ Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
 2290 “ What’s near it with it: or it is a massie wheel,
 2291 “ Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
 2292 “ To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
 2293 “ Are morteist and adjoyn’d, which when it falls,
 2294 “ Each small annexment, petty consequence
 2295 “ Attends the boistrous rain, never alone
 2296 “ Did the King sigh, but a general grone.
 2297 *King.* Arm you I pray you to this speedy voyage,
 2298 For we will fetters put about this fear
 2299 Which now goes too free footed.
 2300 *Ros.* We will make haste. [*Exeunt Gent.*
 2301 *Enter* Polonius,
 2302 *Pol.* Sir, he’s going to his mothers closet,
 2303 Behind the Arras I’ll convey my self
 2304 To hear the Process, I’ll warrant she’ll tax him home;
 2305 And as you said, and wisely was it said,
 2306 ’Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
 2307 Since nature makes them partial, should o’re-hear
 2308 Their speech; fare you well my Liege,
 2309 I’ll call upon you e’re you go to bed,
 2310 And tell you what I hear. *Exit.*
 2311 *King.* Thanks dear my Lord.
 2312 O my offence is rank, it smells to heaven, [*H2*
 2313 It hath the primal eldest curse upon’t;
 2314 A brothers murder: pray I cannot,
 2315 Though inclination be as sharp as will,
 2316 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 2317 And like a man to double business bound,
 2318 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 2319 And both neglect: what if this cursed hand
 2320 Were thicker than it self with brothers blood?
 2321 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 2322 To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
 2323 But to confront the visage of offence?
 2324 And what’s in prayer, but this twofold force,
 2325 To be forestalled e’re we come to fall,
 2326 Or pardon’d being down? then I’ll look up:
 2327 My fault is past: but oh! what form of prayer
 2328 Can serve my turn? forgive me my foul murther?
 2329 That cannot be, since I am still possest
 2330 Of those effects for which I did the murther,
 2331 My Crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen:
 2332 May one be pardoned and retain th’ offence?
 2333 “ In the corrupted currents of this world
 2334 “ Offences guided hand may shew by justice,
 2335 And oft ’tis seen the wicked prize it self
 2336 Buyes out the Law; but ’tis not so above,
 2337 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 2338 In his true nature, and we our selves compell’d
 2339 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
 2340 To give in evidence: what then? what rests?
 2341 Try what repentance can; what can it not?
 2342 Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
 2343 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 2344 O limed soul! that struggling to be free,
 2345 Art more ingaged! help Angels, make assay,

2346 Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel
 2347 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe,
 2348 All may be well. [Enter Hamlet.
 2350 *Ham.* Where is this murderer, he kneels and prays,
 2351 And now I'll do't, and so he goes to heaven,
 2352 And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd;
 2353 He kill'd my father, and for that
 2354 I his sole son send him
 2355 To heaven:
 2355 Why, this is a reward, — not revenge:
 2356 He took my father grosly, full of bread, [H2^v
 2357 With all his crimes broad blown as flush as May,
 2358 And how his audit stands who knows save heaven:
 2359 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 2360 'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd
 2361 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 2362 When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
 2362 No,
 2363 Up sword, and know thou a more horrid time,
 2364 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
 2365 Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed,
 2366 At game, a swearing, or about some act
 2367 That has no relish of salvation in't,
 2368 "Then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven,
 2369 "And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
 2370 "As hell whereto it goes:" my mother stays,
 2371 This Physick but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.
 2372 *King.* My words flie up, my thoughts remain below,
 2373 Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [Exit.
 2374 *Enter Queen and Polonius.*
 2375 *Pol.* He will come strait, look you lay home to him,
 2377 Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
 2378 And that your grace hath stood between
 2379 Much heat and him. I'll here conceal my self,
 2380 Pray you be round. [Enter Hamlet.
 2382 *Qu.* I'll warrant you, fear me not,
 2383 Withdraw, I hear him coming.
 2385 *Ham.* Now mother, what's the matter?
 2386 *Qu.* *Hamlet* thou hast thy father much offended.
 2387 *Ham.* Mother you have my father much offended.
 2388 *Qu.* Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
 2389 *Ham.* Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
 2390 *Qu.* Why how now *Hamlet*?
 2391 *Ham.* What's the matter now?
 2392 *Qu.* Have you forgot me?
 2393 *Ham.* No by the Rood not so,
 2394 You are the Queen, your husbands brothers wife,
 2395 And would it were not so, you are my mother.
 2396 *Qu.* Nay then I'll set those to you that can speak.
 2397 *Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not budge,
 2399 You go not till I set you up a glass
 2400 Where you may see the utmost part of you.
 2401 *Qu.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
 2402 Help ho.
 2403 *Pol.* What hoe help. [H3
 2404 *Ham.* How now, a Rat, dead for a Ducket, dead.
 2405 *Pol.* O I am slain.
 2406 *Qu.* O me, what hast thou done?
 2407 *Ham.* Nay I know not, is it the King?
 2408 *Qu.* O what a rash and bloody deed is this!
 2409 *Ham.* A bloody deed, almost as bad good mother
 2410 As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

2411 *Qu.* As kill a King.
 2412 *Ham.* I Lady, it was my word.
 2413 Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell,
 2414 I took thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
 2415 Thou findest to be too busie is some danger.
 2416 Leave wringing of your hands, peace, sit you down,
 2417 And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
 2418 If it be made of penetrable stuff,
 2419 “ If damned custom have not braz’d it so,
 2420 “ That it be proof and bulwark against sense.
 2421 *Qu.* What have I done that thou dar’st wag thy tongue
 2422 In noise so rude against me?
 2423 *Ham.* Such an act
 2424 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
 2425 Calls vertue hypocrite, takes off the Rose
 2426 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 2427 And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
 2428 As false as Dicers oaths: oh such a deed
 2429 As from the body of contraction plucks
 2430 The very soul, and sweet Religion makes
 2431 A rapsody of words, “ heavens face does glow
 2432 “ Yea this solidity and compound mass
 2433 “ With heated visage as against the doom,
 2434 “ Is thought sick at the act.
 2434+1 *Ah me that act.*
 2435 *Qu.* Ay me, what act?
 2435 *Ham.* That roars so loud, and thunders in the Index:
 2437 Look here upon this picture, and on this,
 2438 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;
 2439 See what a grace was seated on this brow,
 2440 *Hiperions* curls, the front of *Jove* himself,
 2441 An eye like *Mars* to threaten and command,
 2442 “ A station like the Herald *Mercury*
 2443 “ New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
 2444 A combination and form indeed
 2445 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 2446 To give the world assurance of a man. [H3^v
 2447 This was your husband: look you now what follows,
 2448 Here is your husband, like a mildew’d ear,
 2449 Blasting his wholesome brother: have you eyes?
 2450 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 2451 And batten on this moor? ha! have you eyes?
 2452 You cannot call it love, for at your age
 2453 The heyday of the blood is tame, it’s humble,
 2454 And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
 2455 Would step from this to this? sense sure you have,
 2455+1 Else could you not have motion, but sure that sense
 2455+2 Is apoplext, for madness would not err,
 2455+3 Nor sense to ecstasie was ne’er so thrall’d,
 2455+4 But it reserv’d some quantity of choice
 2455+5 To serve in such a difference: “ what Devil was’t
 2456 “ That thus hath couzen’d you at hodman blind?
 2456+1 “ Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 2456+2 “ Ears without hands, or eyes, smelling sans all,
 2456+3 “ Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 2456+4 “ Could not so mope, ” Oh shame! where is thy blush?
 2457 Rebellious hell,
 2458 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones
 2459 To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax
 2460 And melt in her own fire, proclaim no shame
 2461 When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
 2462 Since frost it self as actively doth burn,

2463 And reason pardons will.
 2464 *Qu.* O *Hamlet* speak no more,
 2465 Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soul,
 2466 " And there I see such black and grieved spots
 2467 " As will leave there their tinct.
 2468 *Ham.* Nay but to live
 2469 In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
 2470 Stew'd in corruption, " honeying and making love
 2471 " Over the nasty sty.
 2472 *Qu.* O speak to me no more,
 2473 These words like daggers enter in mine ears,
 2474 No more sweet *Hamlet*.
 2475 *Ham.* A murderer and a villain,
 2476 A slave that's not the twentieth part the tythe
 2477 Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
 2478 A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
 2479 That from a shelf the precious Diadem stole:
 2480 And put it in his pocket. [Enter Ghost.
 2483 *Ham.* A King of shreds and patches. [H4
 2484 Save me and hover o're me with your wings
 2485 You heavenly guards: what would your gracious sire?
 2486 *Qu.* Alas he's mad.
 2487 *Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide.
 2488 That lap'st in time, and person lets go by
 2489 Th'important acting of your dead command? O say!
 2490 *Ghost.* Do not forget: this visitation
 2491 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 2492 But look, amazement on thy mother sits,
 2493 O step between her and her sighing soul!
 2494 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
 2495 Speak to her *Hamlet*.
 2496 *Ham,* How is it with you Lady?
 2497 *Qu.* Alas how is't with you,
 2498 That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
 2499 And with th'incorporeal air do hold discourse?
 2500 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
 2501 And as the sleeping Souldiers in th' alarm,
 2502 Your hair
 2503 Starts up and stands an end: O gentle son!
 2504 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 2505 Sprinkle cool patience: whereon do you look?
 2506 *Ham.* On him, on him, look you how pale he gleres,
 2507 His form and cause conjoyn'd, preaching to stones
 2508 Would make them capable; do not look upon me,
 2509 Lest with this piteous action you convert
 2510 My stern effects; then what I have to do
 2511 Will want true colour, tears perchance for blood.
 2512 *Qu.* To whom do you speak this?
 2513 *Ham.* Do you see nothing there?
 2514 *Qu.* Nothing at all, yet all that is here I see.
 2515 *Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?
 2516 *Qu.* No nothing but our selves.
 2517 *Ham.* Why look you there, look how it steals away,
 2518 My father in his habit as he liv'd,
 2519 Look where he goes, even now out at the portal, [Exit Ghost.
 2520 *Qu.* This is the very coinage of your brain,
 2521 This bodiless creation extasie is very cunning in.
 2523 *Ham.* My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time,
 2524 And makes as healthful musick: it is not madness
 2525 That I have uttered, bring me to the test,
 2526 And I the matter will re-word, which madness
 2527 Cannot do Mother, for love of grace

[H4^v]

2528 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
2529 That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
2530 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
2531 Whiles rank corruption mining all within
2532 Infects unseen: confess your self to heaven,
2533 Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
2534 " And do not spread the compost on the weeds
2535 " To make them ranker: forgive me this my vertue,
2536 " For in the fatness of these pursie times
2537 " Vetrue it self of vice must pardon beg,
2538 " Yea curb and woove for leave to do him good.
2539 *Qu.* O *Hamlet*, thou hast cleft my heart.
2541 *Ham.* Then throw away the worser part of it,
2542 And leave the purer with the other half.
2543 Goodnight, but go not to my Uncles bed,
2544 Assume a vertue if you have it not. Once more goodnight.
2544+1 " That monster custom, who all sense doth eat,
2544+2 " of habits devil, is Angel yet in this,
2544+3 " That to the use of actions fair and good
2544+4 " He likewise gives a frock or livery
2544+5 " That aptly is put on: refrain to night,
2545 " And that shall lend a kind of easiness
2546 " To the next abstinence, the next more easie;
2546+1 " For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
2546+2 " And master the Devil, or throw him out
2546+3 " With wonderous potency: Once more good night,
2547 And when you are desirous to be blest,
2548 I'll blessing beg of you: for this same Lord
2549 I do repent, but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
2550 To punish me with this, and this with me,
2551 That I must be their scourge and minister,
2552 I will bestow him, and will answer well
2553 The death I gave him; so again good night.
2554 I must be cruel only to be kind,
2555 Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
2555+1 One word more good Lady
2556 *Qu.* What shall I do?
2557 " *Ham.* Not this by no means that I bid you do,
2558 Let not the King tempt you to bed again,
2559 " Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his Mouse,
2560 " And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
2561 " Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
2562 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
2563 That I essentially am not in madness,
2564 But mad in craft; "'twere good you let him know
2565 " For who that's but Queen, fair, sober, wise,
2566 " Would from a paddock, from a Bat, a Gib,
2567 " Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
2568 " No, in despite of sense and secresie
2569 " Unpeg the basket on the houses top,
2570 " Let the birds flie, and like the famous Ape,
2571 " To try conclusions in the basket creep,
2572 " And break your own neck down.
2573 *Qu.* Be thou assur'd if words be made of breath,
2574 And breath of life, I have no life to breath
2575 What thou hast said to me.
2576 *Ham.* I must to *England*, you know that.
2577 *Qu.* Alack I had forgot,
2577 'Tis so concluded on.
2577+1 " *Ham.* There's letters seal'd, and my two School-fellows,
2577+2 " Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
2577+3 " They bear the mandate, they must sweep my way,

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2577+4 “ And marshal me to knavery; let it work,
 2577+5 “ For ’tis the sport to have the Engineer
 2577+6 “ Hoist with his own petar, and’t shall go hard
 2577+7 “ But I will delve one yard below their Mines,
 2577+8 “ And blow them at the Moon: O ’tis most sweet
 2577+9 “ When in one line two crafts directly meet.
 2578 This man will set me packing,
 2579 I’ll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
 2580 Mother good night indeed, this Counsellor
 2581 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 2582 Who was in’s life a most foolish prating knave.
 2583 Come Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 2584 Good night mother. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

2586 *Enter King and Queen with Rosencraus and Guildenstern.*
 2587 *King.* There’s matter in these sighs, these profound heaves,
 2588 You must translate, ’tis fit we understand them:
 2590 Where is your son?
 2590+1 *Qu.* Bestow this place on us a little while. [Exeunt Ros. and Guild.
 2591 Ah mine own Lord, what have I seen to night?
 2592 *King.* What *Gertrard*, how does *Hamlet*?
 2593 *Qu.* Mad as the sea and wind when both contend [III^v
 2594 Which is the mightier in his lawless fit,
 2595 Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
 2596 Whips out his Rapier, cries a Rat, a Rat,
 2597 And in this brainish apprehension kills
 2598 The unseen good old man.
 2599 *King.* O heavy deed!
 2600 It had been so with us had we been there,
 2601 His liberty is full of threats to all,
 2602 To you your self, to us, to every one.
 2603 Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
 2604 It will be laid to us, whose providence
 2605 Should have restrain’d
 2606 This mad young man: but so much was our love
 2607 We would not understand what was most fit,
 2608 But like the owner of a foul disease,
 2609 To keep it from divulging, let it feed
 2610 Even on the pith of life: where is he gone?
 2611 *Qu.* To draw apart the body he hath kill’d,
 2612 O’re whom his very madness, like some Ore
 2613 Among a mineral of metal base,
 2614 Shews it self pure, he weeps for what is done.
 2615 *King.* *Gertrard* come away,
 2616 The Sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
 2617 But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
 2618 We must with all our Majesty and skill [Enter Ros. and Guild.
 2619 Both countenance and excuse. Ho *Guyldenstern*,
 2621 Friends both, go joyn with you some further aid,
 2622 *Hamlet* in madness hath *Polonius* slain,
 2623 And from his mothers closet hath he drag’d him,
 2624 Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
 2625 Into the Chappel; I pray you haste in this:
 2626 Come *Gertrard* we’ll call up our wisest friends,
 2627 And let them know both what we mean to do,
 2628 And what’s untimely done,

2628+1 Whose whisper o're the worlds Diameter,
2628+2 As level as the Cannon to his blank
2628+3 " Transports his poisoned shot, may miss our name,
2628+4 " And hit the woundless air: O come away,
2629 " My soul is full of discord and dismay. [Exeunt.

2630 *Enter Hamlet, Rosencaus, and others.*

2633 *Ham.* Safely stow'd: what noise? who calls *Hamlet*?
2634 O here they come,
2635 *Ros.* What have you done my Lord with the dead body? [12
2636 *Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto it is a kin.
2637 *Ros.* Tell us where 'tis that we may take it thence,
2638 And bear it to the Chappel.
2639 *Ham.* Do not believe it.
2640 *Ros.* Believe what?
2641 *Ham.* That I can keep your counsel and not mine own; besides,
2642 to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by
2643 the son of a King?
2644 *Ros.* Take you me for a sponge my Lord?
2645 *Ham.* I Sir, that sokes up the Kings countenance, his rewards, his
2646 authorities: but such Officers do the King best service in the end,
2647 he keeps them like an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouth'd
2648 to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is
2649 but squeeing you, and sponge you shall be dry again.
2651 *Ros.* I understand you not my Lord.
2652 *Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.
2654 *Ros.* My Lord you must tell us where the body is, and go with
2655 us to the King.
2656 " *Ham.* The body is with the King, but the King is not with the
2657 " body: the King is a thing.
2658 " *Guil.* A thing my Lord?
2659 " *Ham.* Of nothing, " bring me to him. [Exeunt.

2661 *Enter King and two or three.*

2662 *King.* I have sent to seek him, and to find the body;
2663 How dangerous is it that this man goes loose?
2664 Yet must we not put the strong law on him,
2665 He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
2666 Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes,
2667 And where 'tis so, th' offenders scourge is weigh'd,
2668 But never the offence: to bear all smooth and even,
2669 This sudden sending him away must seem
2670 Deliberate pause; diseases desperate grown
2671 By desperate appliance are reliev'd
2672 Or not at all.

2672+1 *Enter Rosencaus, and all the rest.*

2673 " *King* How now? what hath befallen?
2674 *Ros* Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord
2675 We cannot get from him.
2676 *King.* But where is he?
2677 *Ros.* Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.
2679 *King.* Bring him before us.
2680 *Ros.* Ho, bring in the Lord *Hamlet.* [They enter.
2682 *King.* Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?
2683 *Ham.* At supper. [12'
2684 *King.* At supper; where?
2685 *Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain convo-
2686 cation of politick worms are e'en at him: " your worm is your only
2687 " Emperour for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat our
2688 " selves for maggots, your fat King and your lean beggar is but va-
2689 " riable service, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.
2690+1 *King.* Alas alas!
2690+2 *Ham.* A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a King,

2690+3 “ eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
2691 “ *King*. What doest thou mean by this?
2692 “ *Ham*. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a progress
2693 “ through the guts of a beggar.
2694 *King*. Where is *Polonius*?
2695 *Ham*. In heaven, send thither to see, if your messenger find him
2696 not there, seek him i th’ other place your self: but indeed if you
2697 find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up
2698 the stairs into the Lobby.
2699 *King*. Go seek him there.
2700 *Ham*. He will stay till you come.
2701 *King*. *Hamlet* this deed for thine especial safety,
2702 Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
2703 For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence:
2704 Therefore prepare thy self,
2705 The Bark is ready, and the wind sits fair,
2706 “ Th’ associates tend, and every thing is bent
2707 For *England*.
2708 *Ham*. For *England*?
2709 *King*. I *Hamlet*.
2710 *Ham*. Good.
2711 *King*. So is it if thou knew’st our purposes.
2712 *Ham*. I see a Cherub that sees them: but come, for *England*:
2713 Farewel dear mother
2714 *King*. Thy loving father *Hamlet*.
2715 *Ham*. My mother, father and mother is man and wife,
2716 Man and wife is one flesh, and so my mother.
2716 Come, for *England*. [Exit.
2718 *King*. Follow him
2719 Tempt him with speed aboard,
2720 Delay it not, I’ll have him hence to night:
2721 Away, for every thing is seal’d and done
2722 That else leans on the affair; “ pray you make haste:
2723 “ And *England*, if my present love thou holdst at ought,
2724 “ As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
2725 “ Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red [13
2726 “ After the *Danish* Sword, and thy free awe
2727 “ Pays homage to us, thou maist not coldly set
2728 “ Our Sovereign process, which imports at full
2729 “ By Letters congruing to that effect
2730 “ The present death of *Hamlet*, do it *England*,
2731 “ For like the Hectick in my blood he rages,
2732 “ And thou must cure me: till I know ’tis done,
2733 “ How e’re my haps, my joys will ne’er begin. [Exit.
2734 *Enter Fortinbrass with his Army over the Stage.*
2735 “ *Fort*. Go Captain, from me greet the *Danish* King,
2736 “ Tell him that by his license *Fortinbrass*
2737 “ Craves the conveyance of a promis’d march
2738 “ Over his Kingdom; you know the rendezvous,
2739 “ If that his Majesty would ought with us
2740 “ We shall express our duty in his eye,
2741 “ And let him know so.
2742 “ *Capt*. I will do’t my Lord.
2743 “ *Fort*. Go softly on.
2743+1 *Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.*
2743+2 “ *Ham*. Good Sir whose powers are these?
2743+3 “ *Capt*. They are of *Norway* Sir.
2743+4 “ *Ham*. How propos’d Sir I pray you?
2743+5 “ *Capt*. Against some part of *Poland*.
2743+6 “ *Ham*. Who commands them Sir?
2743+7 “ *Capt*. The Nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbrass*.
2743+8 “ *Ham*. Goes it against the main of *Poland* Sir,

2743+9 “ Or for some frontier?
2743+10 “ *Capt.* Truly to speak, and with no addition,
2743+11 “ We go to gain a little patch of ground
2743+12 “ That hath in it no profit but the name,
2743+13 “ To pay five duckets, five I would not farm it,
2743+14 “ Nor will it yield to *Norway* or the *Pole*
2743+15 “ A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
2743+16 “ *Ham.* Why then the *Pollock* never will defend it.
2743+17 “ *Capt.* Nay ’tis already garrison’d.
2743+18 “ *Ham.* Two thousand souls, and 20000 duckets
2743+19 “ Will not debate the question of this straw;
2743+20 “ This is th’ imposthume of much wealth and peace,
2743+21 “ That inward breaks and shews no cause without
2743+22 “ Why the man dies. I humbly thank you Sir.
2743+23 “ *Capt.* God b’w’ye Sir.
2743+24 “ *Ros.* Wil’t please you go my Lord?
2743+25 “ *Ham.* I’ll be with you straight, go a little before. [13^v]
2743+26 “ How all occasions do inform against me,
2743+27 “ And spur my dull revenge? What is a man,
2743+28 “ If his chief good and market of his time
2743+29 “ Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
2743+30 “ Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
2743+31 “ Looking before and after, gave us not
2743+32 “ That capability and God-like reason
2743+33 “ To fust in us unus’d: now whether it be
2743+34 “ Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
2743+35 “ Of thinking too precisely on th’ event,
2743+36 “ A thought which quarter’d hath but one part wisdom,
2743+37 “ And ever three parts coward: I do not know
2743+38 “ Why yet I live to say this thing’s to do,
2743+39 “ Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
2743+40 “ To do’t: examples gross as earth exhort me,
2743+41 “ Witness this army of such mass and charge,
2743+42 “ Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
2743+43 “ Whose spirit with divine ambition puffs,
2743+44 “ Makes mouths at the invisible event,
2743+45 “ Exposing what is mortal and unsure
2743+46 “ To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
2743+47 “ Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
2743+48 “ Is not to stir without great argument,
2743+49 “ But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
2743+50 “ When honour’s at the stake. How stand I then,
2743+51 “ That have a father kill’d, a mother stain’d,
2743+52 “ Excitements of my reason and my blood,
2743+53 “ And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
2743+54 “ The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
2743+55 “ That for a fantasie and trick of fame
2743+56 “ Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
2743+57 “ Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
2743+58 “ Which is not tomb enough and continent
2743+59 “ To hide the slain? O from this time forth,
2743+60 “ My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [Exit.]
2744 “ *Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.*
2745 “ *Qu.* I will not speak with her.
2746 “ *Gent.* She is importunate,
2747 “ Indeed distracted and deserves pity.
2748 “ *Qu.* What would she have?
2749 “ *Gent.* She speaks much of her father, says she hears
2750 “ There’s tricks i’th’ world, and hems, and beats her heart,
2751 “ Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt
2752 “ That carry but half sense, her speech is nothing,
2753 “ Yet the unshaped use of it doth move [14

2754 The hearers to collection, “ they yawn at it,
 2755 “ And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts,
 2756 “ Which as winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
 2757 “ Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
 2758 “ Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily,
 2759 *Hora.* ’Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
 2760 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
 2761 Let her come in. [Enter Ophelia.]
 2762 *Qu.* “ To my sick soul, as sins true nature is,
 2763 “ Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss,
 2764 “ So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 2765 “ It spills it self in fearing to be spilt.
 2766 *Ophel.* Where is the beauteous Majesty of *Denmark*?
 2767 *Qu.* How now *Ophelia*? [She sings.]
 2768 *Ophel.* How should I your true love know from another one?
 2769 By his cockle hat and staff, and by his sendal shoon.
 2770 *Qu.* Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?
 2771 *Ophel.* Say you, nay pray you mark.
 2772 He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, [Song.]
 2773 At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone.
 2774 O ho.
 2775 *Qu.* Nay but *Ophelia*.
 2776 *Oph.* Pray you mark. White his shrowd as the mountain snow.
 2777 *Enter King.*
 2778 *Qu.* Alas, look here my Lord.
 2779 *Ophel.* Larded all with sweet flowers, [Song.]
 2780 Which bewept to the ground did not go,
 2781 With true love showers.
 2782 *King.* How do you pretty Lady?
 2783 *Ophel.* Well, good dild you, they say the Owl was a Bakers
 2784 daughter: we know what we are, but know not what we may
 2785 be.
 2786 *King.* Conceit upon her father.
 2787 *Ophel.* Pray let’s have no words of this, but when they ask you
 2788 what it means, say you this.
 2789 To morrow is S. *Valentines* day [Song.]
 2790 All in the morning betime,
 2791 And I a Maid at your window
 2792 To be your Valentine.
 2793 “ Then up he rose and dond his clothes, and dupt the Chamber door,
 2794 “ Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.
 2795 *King.* Pretty *Ophelia*.
 2796 *Ophel.* Indeed, without an oath, I’ll make an end on’t.
 2797 By gis and by Saint Charity, [14^v]
 2798 alack and fie for shame,
 2799 Young men will do’t if they come to’t,
 2800 by cock they are to blame.
 2801 “ Quoth she, before you tumbled me you promis’d me to wed.
 2802 “ (He answers.) So should I have done, by yonder Sun
 2803 And thou hadst not come to my bed.
 2804 *King.* How long hath she been thus;
 2805 *Oph.* I hope all will be well, we must be patient; but I cannot
 2806 chuse but weep to think they would lay him i’t cold ground; my
 2807 brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel.
 2808 Come my coach, good night Ladies, good night,
 2809 Sweet Ladies good night, good night.
 2810 *King.* Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you.
 2811 O this is the poison of deep grief, it springs all from her fathers
 2812 death: and now behold O *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,
 2813 When sorrows come they come not single spies,
 2814 But in battalians: first, her father slain,
 2815 Next, your son gone, and he most violent author
 2816
 2817

2818 Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
 2819 Thick and unwholsome in thoughts and whispers
 2820 For good *Polonius* death, and we have done but
 2821 Obscurely to interr him; poor *Ophelia*
 2822 Divided from her self and her fair judgment,
 2823 Without which we are but pictures or meer beasts.
 2824 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 2825 Her brother is in secret come from *France*,
 2826 Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 2827 And wants not whispers to infect his ear
 2828 With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
 2829 “ Wherein necessity of matter beggerd
 2830 “ Will nothing stick our person to arraign
 2831 “ In ear and ear: ” O my dear *Gertrard*, this
 2832 Like to a murdering-piece in many places
 2833 Gives me superfluous death. [A noise within.
 2834 *Enter Messengers.*
 2836 *King*, Where are my Swissers? let them guard the door,
 2837 What is the matter?
 2838 *Messen.* Save your self my Lord.
 2839 The Ocean over-peering of his list
 2840 Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
 2841 Than young *Laertes* in a riotous head
 2842 O’-re-bears your Officers; the rabble call him Lord,
 2843 And as the world were now but to begin,
 2844 Antiquity forgot, custom not known, [K1
 2845 The ratifiers and props of every word,
 2846 They cry chuse we *Laertes* for our King,
 2847 Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
 2848 *Laertes* shall be King.
 2849 “ *Qu.* How chearfully on the false tail they cry, A noise within.
 2850 “ O this is counter you false *Danish* doggs.
 2851 *Enter Laertes with others.*
 2852 *King.* The doors are broke.
 2853 *Laer.* Where is this King? Sirs stand you all without.
 2854 *All.* No lets come in.
 2855 *Laer.* I pray you give me leave.
 2856 *All.* We will, we will.
 2857 *Laer.* I thank you, keep the door. O thou vile King
 2858 Give me my father.
 2859 *Qu.* Calmly good *Laertes*.
 2860 *Laer.* That drop of blood that’s calm proclaims me bastard,
 2862 Cries Cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
 2863 Even here between the chaste brows
 2864 Of my true mother.
 2865 *King.* What is the cause *Laertes*
 2866 That thy rebellion looks so Giant-like?
 2867 Let him go *Gertrard*, do not fear our person,
 2868 There’s such divinity doth hedge a King,
 2869 That treason dares not reach at what it would,
 2870 Acts little of his will: tell me *Laertes*
 2871 Why thou art thus incenst: let him go *Gertrard*,
 2872 Speak man.
 2873 *Laer;* Where is my father?
 2874 *King.* Dead.
 2875 *Qu.* But not by him.
 2876 *King.* Let him demand his fill.
 2877 *Laer.* How came he dead? I’ll not be jugled with:
 2878 To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest Devil,
 2879 “ Conscience and grace to the profoundest pit,
 2880 “ I dare damnation, ” to this point I stand,
 2881 That both the worlds I give to negligence,

2882 Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd
 2883 Most throughly for my father.
 2884 *King.* Who shall stay you?
 2885 *Laer.* My will, not all the worlds:
 2886 And for my means I'll husband them so well
 2887 They shall go far with little.
 2890 *King.* Will you in revenge of your
 2891 Dear fathers death destroy both friend and foe? [K1^v
 2893 *Laer.* None but his enemies.
 2894 *King.* Will you know them then?
 2895 *Laer.* To this good friends thus wide Ile ope my arms,
 2896 And like the kind life-rendring Pelican
 2897 Relieve them with my blood.
 2898 *King.* Why now you speake
 2899 Like a good childe, and a true Gentleman.
 2900 That I am guiltless of your fathers death,
 2901 And am most sensible in grief for it,
 2902 It shall as level to your judgement lye
 2903 As day does to your eye. [A noise within
 2905 *Enter Ophelia.*
 2904 *Laer.* Let her come in.
 2906 "How now? what noise is that?"
 2907 "O heat dry up my brains, tears seven times salt
 2908 "Burn out the sense and vertue of mine eye:
 2909 By heaven " thy madness shall be paid with weight
 2910 Till our scale turn the beam. O Rose of *May!*
 2911 Dear maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia!*
 2912 O heavens! is't possible a young maids wits
 2913 Should be as mortal as a sick mans life!
 2917 *Ophel.* They bore him bare-fac'd on the Beer, [Song.
 2919 And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
 2920 Fare you well my Dove.
 2921 *Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst perswade revenge
 2922 It could not move thus.
 2923 *Ophel.* You must sing a down, a down,
 2923 And you call him a down a. O how the wheel becomes it,
 2924 It is the false steward that stole his Masters daughter.
 2926 *Laer.* This nothing is much more than matter.
 2927 *Ophel.* There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance, pray you
 2928 love remember, and there's Pancies, that's for thoughts.
 2930 *Laer.* A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.
 2932 *Ophel.* There's Fennel for you, and Columbines, there's Rew
 2933 for you and here's some for me, we may call it herb of Grace a
 2934 *Sundays*, you may wear your Rew with a difference; there's a
 2935 *Dasie*: I would give you some Violets, but they withered all when
 2936 my Father died; they say he made a good end.
 2938 For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
 2939 *Laer.* Thoughts and afflictions, passion, hell it self
 2940 She turns to favour and to prettiness.
 2941 *Ophel.* And will he not come again, [Song.
 2942 "And will he not come again?"
 2943 No, no, he is dead, go to thy death bed, [K2
 2944 He never will come again.
 2945 His beard was as white as snow,
 2946 Flaxen was his pole,
 2947 He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moane,
 2948 And peace be with his soul and with all Lovers souls.
 2952 *King, Laertes* I must share in your grief,
 2953 Or you deny me right; go but a part.
 2954 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
 2955 And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me,
 2956 If by direct, or by collateral hand

2957 They find us toucht, we will our Kingdom give,
 2958 “ Our Crown, our life and all that we call ours
 2959 To you in satisfaction; but if not,
 2960 Be you content to lend your patience to us,
 2961 And we shall jointly labour with your soul
 2962 To give it due content.
 2963 *Laer.* Let this be so.
 2964 His means of death, his obscure funeral,
 2965 No Trophey, sword, nor Hatchment ore his bones,
 2966 No noble right, nor formal ostentation
 2967 Cry to be heard as ’twere from earth to heaven,
 2968 That I must call’t in question.
 2969 *King.* So you shall,
 2970 And where th’ offence is let the great axe fall.
 2971 I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*]
 2972 *Enter Horatio and others.*
 2973 *Hora.* What are they that would speake with me?
 2974 *Gen.* Sea-fairing men Sir, they say they have Letters for you.
 2975 *Hora.* Let them come in.
 2976 I do not know from what part of the world
 2977 I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.* [*Enter Saylers.*]
 2978 *Say.* Save you Sir.
 2981 *Say* There’s a Letter for you Sir, it came from the Embassador
 2982 that was bound for *England*, if your name be Horatio, as I am let
 2984 to know it is.
 2986 *Hor. Horatio.* when thou shalt have over-look’t this, give these
 2987 fellows some means to the King, they have Letters for him. Ere
 2988 we were two days old at Sea, a Pirat of very warlike appointment
 2989 gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of sail, we put on a
 2990 compelled valor and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant
 2991 they got cleer of our Ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They
 2992 have dealt with me like Thieves of mercy, but they knew what
 2993 they did; I am to do a turn for them. Let the King have the
 2994 Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much speed as [*K2^v*]
 2995 thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine Ear will
 2996 make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter, these
 2998 good fellows will bring thee where I am. *Rosencraus* and *Guilden-*
 2999 *stern* hold their course for *England*, of them I have much to tell thee.
 3000 Farewel. *Hamlet.*
 3003 *Hora.* Come, I will make you way for these your Letters,
 3004 And do’t the speedier that you may direct me
 3005 To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*]
 3006 *Enter King and Laertes.*
 3007 *King.* Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
 3008 And you must put me in your heart for friend,
 3009 Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
 3010 That he who hath your noble father slain
 3011 Pursued my life.
 3012 *Laer.* It well appears: but tell me
 3013 Why you proceed not against these feats
 3014 So criminal and so capital in nature,
 3015 As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
 3016 You mainly were stirr’d up.
 3017 *King.* For two special reasons,
 3018 Which may perhaps to you seem weak,
 3019 But yet to me they’re strong: the Queen his mother
 3020 Lives almost by his looks, and for my self,
 3021 My virtue or my plague, be it either,
 3022 She is so precious to my life and soul,
 3023 That as the Star moves not but in his Sphere,
 3024 I could not but by her: the other motive
 3025 Why to a publick count I might not go,

3026 Is the great love the people bear him,
 3027 Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
 3028 Work like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
 3029 " Convert his gyves to graces so that my arrows
 3030 " Too slightly timbered for so loved arms,
 3031 " Would have reverted to my bow again,
 3032 " But not where I have aim'd them.
 3033 *Laer.* And so I have a noble father lost,
 3034 A sister driven into desperate terms,
 3035 Whose worth if praises may go back again,
 3036 Stood challenger on the mount of all the age
 3037 For her perfections: but my revenge will come.
 3038 *King.* Break not your sleeps for that, you must not think
 3040 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 3041 That we can let our beards be shook with danger,
 3042 And think it pastime: you shortly shall hear more. [K3
 3043 I lov'd your father, and we love our self,
 3044 " And that I hope will teach you to imagine
 3045 *Enter a Messenger with Letters.*
 3047 *Mess.* These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.
 3049 *King.* From *Hamlet*? who brought them?
 3050 *Mess.* Saylor's my Lord they say, I saw them not,
 3051 They were given me by *Claudio*, he received them
 3051+1 Of him that brought them.
 3052 *King.* *Laertes* you shall hear them: leave us. [Exeunt.
 3054 High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your King-
 3055 dom: to morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly eyes, when
 3056 I shall [first asking you pardon) thereunto recount the occasion of
 3057 my sudden return.
 3059 *King.* What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
 3060 Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?
 3061 *Laer.* Know you the hand?
 3062 *King.* 'Tis *Hamlet*'s character. Naked!
 3062 And in a postscript here he says alone,
 3063 Can you advise me?
 3064 *Laer.* I am lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
 3065 It warms the very sickness in my heart,
 3066 That I live, and tell him to his teeth,
 3067 Thus didst thou
 3068 *King.* If it be so *Laertes*,
 3068 As how should it be so, how otherwise?
 3069 Will you be rul'd by me?
 3070 *Laer.* I my Lord, so you will not o're-rule me to a peace.
 3071 *King.* To thine own peace: if he be now returned
 3072 As liking not his voyage, and that he means
 3073 No more to undertake it, I will work him
 3074 To an exploit now ripe in my device,
 3075 Under the which he shall not chuse but fall,
 3076 And for his death no wind of blame shall breath,
 3077 But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
 3078 And call it accident.
 3078+1 *Laer.* My Lord I will be rul'd,
 3078+2 The rather if you could devise it so
 3078+3 That I might be the instrument.
 3078+4 *King.* It falls right:
 3078+5 You have been talkt of since your travel much,
 3078+6 And that in *Hamlet*'s hearing, for a quality
 3078+7 Wherein they say you shine; your sum of parts
 3078+8 Did not together pluck such envy from him
 3078+9 " As did that one, and that in my regard [K3^v
 3078+10 " Of the unworthiest siege.
 3078+11 *Laer.* What part is that my Lord?

3078+12 *King.* A very feather in the cap of youth,
 3078+13 “ Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
 3078+14 “ The light and careless livery that it wears,
 3078+15 “ Than settled age his sables, and his weeds,
 3078+16 “ Importing health and graveness: ” two months since
 3079 Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
 3080 I have seen my self, and serv'd against the *French*,
 3081 And they can well on horse-back; but this Gallant
 3082 Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his seat,
 3083 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
 3084 As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
 3085 With the brave beast; so far he topt my thought,
 3086 That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
 3087 Come short of what he did.
 3088 *Laer.* A Norman was't?
 3089 *King.* A Norman.
 3090 *Laer.* Upon my life *Lamord*.
 3091 *King.* The very same.
 3092 *Laer.* I know him well, he is indeed
 3093 The gem of all the Nation.
 3094 *King.* He made confession of you,
 3095 And gave you such a masterly report
 3096 For art and exercise in your defence,
 3097 And for your Rapier most especially,
 3098 That he cry'd out, 'twould be a sight indeed
 3099 If one could match you: the Fencers of their Nation
 3099+1 He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye
 3099+2 If you oppos'd them: Sir this report of his
 3100 Did *Hamlet* so envenome with his envy,
 3101 That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
 3102 Your sudden coming o're to play with you.
 3103 Now out of this.
 3104 *Laer.* What out of this my Lord?
 3105 *King.* *Laertes*, was your father dear to you?
 3106 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 3107 A face without a heart?
 3108 *Laer.* Why ask you this?
 3109 *King.* Not that I think you did not love your father
 3110 “ But that I know love is begun by time,
 3111 “ And that I see in passages of proof,
 3112 “ Time qualifies the spark and fire of it;
 3112+1 “ There lives within the very flame of love
 3112+2 “ A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
 3112+3 “ And nothing is at a like goodness still;
 3112+4 “ For goodness growing to a pleurisie,
 3112+5 “ Dies in his own too much, that we would do,
 3112+6 “ We should do when we would: for this *would* changes,
 3112+7 “ And hath abatements and delays as many
 3112+8 “ As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents,
 3112+9 “ And then this *Should* is like a spend-thrift sigh,
 3112+10 “ That hurts by easing: ” but to the quick of th' ulcer,
 3113 *Hamlet* comes back, what would you undertake
 3114 To shew your self indeed your fathers son
 3115 More than in words?
 3116 *Laer.* To cut his throat i'th' Church.
 3117 *King.* No place indeed should protect a murderer,
 3118 Revenge should have no bounds: but good *Laertes*
 3119 Keep close within your chamber,
 3120 *Hamlet* return'd shall know you are come home,
 3121 We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
 3122 And set a double varnish on the fame
 3123 The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,

3124 And wager o're your heads; he being remiss,
 3125 Most generous and free from all contriving,
 3126 Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
 3127 Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
 3128 A sword unbated, and in a pace of practice
 3129 Requite him for your father.
 3130 *Laer.* I will do't;
 3131 And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword:
 3132 I bought an Unction of a Mountebank
 3133 So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
 3134 Where it draws blood, no Cataplasm so rare
 3135 Collected from all Simples that have vertue
 3136 Under the Moon, can save the thing from death
 3137 That is but scratcht withal; I'll touch my point
 3138 With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly it may be death.
 3140 *King.* Let's further think of this,
 3141 "Weigh what conveyance both of time and means,
 3142 "May fit us to our shape if this should fail,
 3143 "And that our drift look through our bad performance
 3144 "'Twere better not assay'd. Therefore this project
 3145 "Should have a back or second, that might hold
 3146 "If this did blast in proof: " soft, let me see,
 3147 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,
 3148 I hav't, when in your motion you are hot and dry, [K4^v]
 3149 As make your bouts more violent to that end,
 3150 And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
 3151 A Chalice for the purpose, whereon but tasting,
 3152 If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
 3153 Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise? [Enter Queen.]
 3155 *Qu.* One woe doth tread upon anothers heel,
 3156 So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd *Laertes*.
 3157 *Laer.* Drown'd! O where?
 3158 *Qu.* There is a willow growing o're a Brook,
 3159 That shews his hoary leaves in the glassie stream,
 3160 Near which fantastick garlands she did make
 3161 Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
 3162 "That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
 3163 "But our culcold maids do dead mens fingers call them,
 3164 There on the boughs her Coronet weeds
 3165 Clambring to hang, an envious shiver broke,
 3166 When down her weedy trophies and her self
 3167 Fell in the weeping Brook, "her clothes spred wide,
 3168 "And Mermaid-like a while they bore her up,
 3169 "Which time she chanted remnants of old lauds,
 3170 As one incapable of her own distress,
 3171 Or like a creature native and indued
 3172 Unto that element, but long it could not be
 3173 Till that her garments heavy with their drink
 3174 Pull'd the gentle maid from her melodious lay
 3175 To muddy death.
 3176 *Laer,* Alas, then is she drown'd?
 3177 *Qu.* Drown'd, drown'd.
 3178 *Laer.* Too much of water hast thou poor *Ophelia*,
 3179 And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet
 3180 It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
 3181 Let shame say what it will; "when these are gone
 3182 "The woman will be out. " Adieu my Lord,
 3183 I have a fire that fain would blase,
 3184 But that this folly drowns it. [Exit.]
 3185 *King.* Let's follow *Gertrard*;
 3186 How much I had to do to calm his rage!
 3187 Now I fear this will give it start again,

 ACT V. SCENE I.

[*L*]

3189

Enter two Clowns with Spades and Mattocks.

3190 *Clown.* IS she to be buried in Christian burial, when she wilfully
3191 seeks her own salvation?

3192 *Oth.* I tell thee she is, therefore make her grave straight, the
3193 Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian burial.

3195 *Clow.* How can that be, unless she drown'd her self in her own
3196 defence?

3197 *Oth.* Why 'tis found so.

3198 *Clow.* It must be so offended, it cannot be else; for here lies the
3199 point, if I drown my self wittingly it argues an act; and an act
3200 hath three branches, it is to act, to do, and to perform, or all; she
3201 drown'd her self wittingly.

3203 *Oth.* Nay but hear you goodman delver.

3204 *Clow.* Give me leave, here lies the water, good, here stands the
3205 man, good; if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is
3206 will he nill he; he goes, mark you that: but if the water come to
3207 him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal he that is not
3209 guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

3210 *Oth.* But is this law?

3211 *Clow.* I marry is't, Crowners quest law.

3212 *Clow.* Will you have the truth on't, if this had not been a Gen-
3213 tlewoman she should have been buried without Christian burial.

3215 *Clow.* Why there thou sayest, and the more pity that great folk
3216 should have countenance in this world to drown or hang them-
3217 selves more than we: Come my spade, there is no ancient Gentle-
3218 men but Gardeners, Ditchers, and Grave-makers, they hold up
3220 *Adams* profession.

3221 *Oth.* Was he a Gentleman?

3222 *Clown.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

3226 I'll put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the
3227 purpose, confess thy self.

3229 *Oth.* Go to.

3230 *Clow.* What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason,
3231 the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

3232 *Oth.* The Gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand tenants.

3234 *Clow.* I like thy wit well, the gallows does well, but how does it
3235 well? it does well to those that do ill, now thou doest ill to say
3236 the Gallows is built stronger than the Church: argal the Gallows
3238 may do well to thee. To't again, come.

[*L*]^v

3239 *Oth.* Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a
3240 Carpenter?

3241 *Clow.* I, tell me that and unyoke.

3242 *Oth.* Marry now I can tell.

3243 *Clow.* To't.

3244 *Oth.* Mass I cannot tell.

3246 *Clow.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will
3247 not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this questi-
3248 on next, say a Grave-maker, the houses he makes last till Dooms-
3249 day. Go get thee in and fetch me a stoop of liquor.

3252 In youth when I did love did love,

[*Song.*]

3253 Methought it was very sweet

3254 To contract O the time for a my behove,

3255 O methought there was nothing a meet.

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Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling in his business? he sings in
Grave-making.

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness. (sense.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so, the hand of little employment hath the daintier

Clow. But age with his stealing steps [Song.

hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

as if I had never been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how
the knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere *Cains* jaw-bone, that
did the first murder: this might be the pate of a Politician which
this asse now o're-reaches, one that would circumvent Heaven,
might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, good morrow my
Lord, how doest thou sweet Lord? this might be my Lord such a
one, that praised my Lord such a ones horse when he meant to beg
him, might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ham. Why e'en so, and now my Lady worms Choples, and
"knockt about the mazer with a Sextons Spade;" here's a fine
revolution, and we had the trick to see't; did these bones cost no
more the breeding but to play at loggits with them? mine ake to
think on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade,

for and a shrowding sheet,

O a pit of clay for to be made

for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skul of a Law- [L2
yer? where be his quiddities now, his quilities, his cases, his tenures,
and his tricks? why does he suffer this mad knave now to knock
him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of
his actions of battery? hum: this fellow might be in's time a great
buyer of Land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his
double vouchers, his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine
dirt: will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and dou-
bles, than the length and bredth of a pair of Indentures? the very
conveyances of his land will scarcely lie in this box, and must th'
inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hora. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. "Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?"

Hora. "I my Lord, and of calve-skins too."

Ham. "They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in
that." I will speak to this fellow: Whose grave's this sirrah?

Clow. Mine Sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I think it's thine indeed, for thou ly'st in't.

Clow. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my
part I do not lye in't, yet it's mine.

Ham. Thou doest lye in't, to be in't and say it is thine, 'tis for the
dead, not for the quick, therefore thou lye'st.

Clow. 'Tis a quick lye Sir, 'twill again from me to you.

Ham. What man doest thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman Sir, but rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is, we must speak by the card, or
equivocation will undo us. *Horatio* this three years I have took no-
tice of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the Pesant comes
so near the heel of the Courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast

3333 thou been a Grave-maker?
3334 *Clow.* Of all the days i'th' year I came to't that day that our last
3335 King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbrass*.
3336 *Ham.* How long is that since?
3337 *Clow.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was that
3338 very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad and sent into
3339 *England*.
3340 *Ham.* I marry, why was he sent into *England*?
3341 *Clow.* Why? because he was mad, he shall recover his wits
3342 there, or if he do not 'tis no great matter there.
3343 *Ham.* Why?
3344 *Clow.* 'Twill not be seen in him there, there the men are as mad as he.^{[L2^v}
3345 *Ham.* How came he mad?
3346 *Clow.* Very strangely they say.
3347 *Ham.* How strangely?
3348 *Clow.* Faith e'en with losing his wits.
3349 *Ham.* Upon what ground?
3350 *Clow.* Why here in *Denmark*: where I have been Sexton, man
3351 and boy thirty years.
3352 *Ham.* How long will a man lie i'th' earth e're he rot?
3353 *Clow.* Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many
3354 pocky coarses that will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you
3355 some eight years, or nine years: a Tanner will last you nine years.
3356 *Ham.* Why he more than another?
3357 *Clow.* Why Sir his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will
3358 keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of
3359 your whorson dead body: here's a skull now hath lien you i'th'
3360 earth three and twenty years.
3361 *Ham.* Whose was it?
3362 *Clow.* A whorson mad fellow's it was, whose do you think it was?
3363 *Ham.* Nay I know not.
3364 *Clow.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flaggon
3365 of Rhenish on my head once; this same skull Sir, was Sir *Yorick*'s
3366 skull the Kings Jester.
3367 *Ham.* This?
3368 *Clow.* E'en that.
3369 *Ham.* Alas poor *Yorick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite
3370 jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath bore me on his back a thousand
3371 times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is? my gorge
3372 rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kist I know not how
3373 oft: where be your jibes now, your jests, your songs, your flashes of
3374 merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? not one now
3375 to mock your own grinning? quite chopfaln? Now get you to
3376 my Ladies table, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this fa-
3377 vour she must come; make her laugh at that,
3378 Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.
3379 *Hora* What's that my Lord?
3380 *Ham.* Dost thou think *Alexander* lookt on this fashion i'th' earth?
3381 *Hora.* E'en so.
3382 *Ham.* And smelt so? pah.
3383 *Hora.* E'en so my Lord.
3384 *Ham.* To what base uses we may return *Horatio*! why may not
3385 imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander* till he find it stop-
3386 ping a bung-hole.
3387 *Hora.* 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.
3388 *Ham.* No faith not a jot, but to follow him thither with mode-^{[L3}
3389 sty enough, and likelihood to lead it. *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was
3390 buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we
3391 make lome, and why of that lome whereto he was converted might
3392 they not stop a Beer-barrel?
3393 Imperious *Cæsar* dead and turn'd to clay
3394 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
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3402 O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
 3403 Should patch a wall t'expel the waters flaw!
 3404 But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King, [Enter King,
 3407 The Queen, the Courtiers: who is this they follow, [Queen, La-
 3408 And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken, [ertes, and
 3409 The coarse they follow did with desperate hand [the coarse.
 3410 Fordo it own life, 'twas of some estate:
 3411 Stand by a while and mark.
 3412 *Laer.* What Ceremony else?
 3413 *Ham.* That is *Laertes* a very noble youth.
 3414 *Laer.* What Ceremony else?
 3415 *Doct.* Her obsequies have been as far inlarg'd
 3416 As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
 3417 And but that great command o're-sways the order,
 3418 She should in ground unsanctified been lodg'd:
 3419 For charitable prayers,
 3420 Flints and pebbles should be thrown on her,
 3421 Yet here she is allow'd her virgin rites,
 3422 Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
 3423 Of bell and burial.
 3424 *Laer.* Must there no more be done?
 3425 *Doct.* No more:
 3426 We should profane the service of the dead
 3427 To sing a *Requiem* and such rest to her
 3428 As to peace-parted souls.
 3429 *Laer.* Lay her i'th' earth,
 3430 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 3431 May violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest
 3432 A ministring Angel shall my sister be
 3433 When thou liest howling.
 3434 *Ham.* What? the fair *Ophelia*?
 3435 *Qu.* Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
 3436 I hop'd thou should'st have been my *Hamlet*'s wife,
 3437 I thought thy bride bed to have deckt sweet maid,
 3438 And not have strew'd thy grave.
 3439 *Laer.* O treble woe!
 3440 Fall ten times double on that cursed head,
 3441 Whose wicked deeds deprived thee of [L3v
 3441 Thy most ingenuous sense: hold off the earth a while,
 3443 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
 3445 Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
 3446 Till of this flat a mountain you have made
 3447 T'oretop old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
 3448 Of blew *Olympus*.
 3449 *Ham.* What is he whose grief
 3450 Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
 3451 Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them stand
 3452 Like wonder-wounded hearers? 'tis I,
 3453 *Hamlet* the *Dane*.
 3454 *Laer.* Perdition catch thee.
 3455 *Ham.* Thou pray'st not well: I prethee take thy fingers from
 3457 For though I am not spleenative and rash, (my throat,
 3458 Yet have I in me something dangerous,
 3459 Which let thy wisdom fear; hold off thy hand.
 3460 *King.* Pluck them asunder.
 3461 *Queen.* *Hamlet, Hamlet.*
 3461+1 *All.* Gentlemen.
 3462 *Hora.* Good my Lord be quiet.
 3463 *Ham.* Why I will fight with him upon this theam
 3464 Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.
 3465 *Qu.* O my son, what theam?
 3466 *Ham.* I lov'd *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers

3467 Could not with all their quantity of love
 3468 Make up my sum: What wilt thou do for her?
 3469 *King.* O he is mad *Laertes*.
 3470 *Qu.* Forbear him.
 3471 *Ham.* Shew me what thou't do,
 3472 Wilt weep, wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt tear thy self,
 3473 Wilt drink up Esil, eat a Crocodile?
 3474 I'll do't; doest thou come here to whine?
 3475 To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
 3476 Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
 3477 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 3478 Millions of acres on us, till our ground
 3479 Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
 3480 Make *Ossa* like a wart; nay, and thou'lt mouth
 3481 I'll rant as well as thou.
 3482 *Qu.* This is meer madness,
 3483 And thus a while the fit will work on him;
 3484 Anon as patient as a female Doe,
 3485 When first her golden couplets are disclos'd,
 3486 His silence will sit drooping. [L
 3487 *Ham.* Hear you Sir,
 3488 What is the reason that you use me thus?
 3489 I lov'd you ever, but it is no matter,
 3490 Let *Hercules* himself do what he may
 3491 The Cat will mew, a Dog will have his day. [Exit Hamlet
 3492 *King.* I pray thee good *Horatio* wait upon him. [and Horatio.
 3493 Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
 3494 We'll put the matter to the present push.
 3495 Good *Gertrard* set some watch over your son,
 3496 This Grave shall have a living monument,
 3497 " An hour of quiet thereby shall we see,
 3498 " Till then in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt.
 3499 *Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*
 3500 *Ham.* So much for this Sir you shall now see the other:
 3501 You do remember all the circumstance.
 3502 *Hora* Remember it my Lord?
 3503 *Ham.* Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
 3504 That would not let me sleep, " methought I lay
 3505 " Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
 3506 " And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know
 3507 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
 3508 When our deep plots do fall, and that should learn us,
 3509 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 3510 Rough hew them how we will.
 3511 *Hora.* That is most certain.
 3512 *Ham.* Up from my Cabin,
 3513 My Sea-gown wrapt about me, in the dark
 3514 I grop'd to find out them, had my desire,
 3515 Reach'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
 3516 To mine own room again, making so bold
 3517 (My fears forgetting manners to unfold
 3518 Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
 3519 An exact command,
 3520 " Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
 3521 " Importing *Denmarks* health, and *Englands* too,
 3522 " With hoe such Bugs and Goblins in my life,
 3523 " That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
 3524 " No not to stay the grinding of the ax,
 3525 My head should be strook off.
 3526 *Hora.* Is't possible;
 3527 *Ham.* Here's the Commission, read it at more leasure:
 3528 But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

3529 *Hora.* I beseech you.
 3530 *Ham.* Being thus be-netted round with villains, [L4^v
 3531 E're I could make a Prologue to my brains
 3532 They had begun the Play: I sate me down,
 3533 Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair:
 3534 I once did hold it, as our Statists do,
 3535 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
 3536 How to forget that learning; but Sir now
 3537 It did me Yeomans service; wilt thou know
 3538 Th'effect of what I wrote?
 3539 *Hora* I good my Lord.
 3540 *Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the King,
 3541 As *England* was his faithful tributary,
 3542 As love between them like the Palm might flourish,
 3543 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
 3544 " And stand a *Comma* 'tween their amities,
 3545 " And many such like, as Sir of great charge,
 3546 That on the view of these contents,
 3547 Without debatement further more or less
 3548 He should those bearers put to sudden death,
 3549 " Not shriving time allow'd.
 3550 *Hora.* How was this seal'd?
 3551 *Ham,* Why even in that was heaven ordinant:
 3552 I had my fathers Signet in my purse,
 3553 Which was the model of that *Danish Seal*,
 3554 Folded the Writ up in the form of th other,
 3555 Subscrib'd it, gav't th' impression, plac'd it safely,
 3556 The changling never known; now the next day
 3557 Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
 3558 Thou know'st already.
 3559 *Hora.* So *Guildenstern* and *Rosencraus* went to't.
 3560 *Ham.* They are not near my conscience, their defeat
 3561 Does by their own insinuation grow;
 3562 "'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
 3563 " Between the pass and fell incensed point.
 3564 " Of mighty opposites.
 3565 *Hor.* Why what a King is this!
 3566 *Ham.* Does it not, think you, stand me now upon?
 3567 He that hath kill d my King, and whor'd my mother,
 3568 Stept in between th'election and my hopes,
 3569 Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
 3570 And with such cosenage, is't not perfect conscience? [Enter a Courtier.
 3571 *Court.* Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.
 3572 *Ham.* I humble thank you Sir,
 3573 Doest know this water flie?
 3574 *Hora.* No my good Lord. [M1
 3575 *Ham.* Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him;
 3576 he hath much land and fertil, let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his
 3577 crib shall stand at the Kings mess; 'tis a chough, but as I say, spa-
 3578 cious in the possession of dirt.
 3579 *Court.* Sweet Lord, If your Lordship were at leisure, I should im-
 3580 part a thing to you from his Majesty.
 3581 *Ham.* I will receive it, Sir, with all diligence of spirit; your bon-
 3582 net to his right use, 'tis for the head.
 3583 *Cour.* I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.
 3584 *Ham.* No believe me 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.
 3585 *Court.* It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.
 3586 *Ham.* But yet methinks it is very soultry and hot, for my com-
 3587 plexion.
 3588 *Court.* Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I can-
 3589 not tell how. My Lord, his Majesty bad me signifie unto you, that
 3590 he has laid a great wager on your head, Sir this is the matter.

3609 *Ham.* I beseech you remember.

3610 *Cour.* Nay good my Lord, for my ease. Sir here is newly come
3610+1 to Court *Laertes*, believe me an absolute Gentleman, full of most
3610+2 excellent differences, of very soft society, and great shew: in-
3610+3 deed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the Card or Kalendar of Gen-
3610+4 try, for you shall find in him the substance of what part a Gentle-
3610+5 man would see.

3610+6 *Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no loss in you, though I know
3610+7 to divide him inventorially, would dizzy th' arithmetick of memo-
3610+8 ry, and yet but raw neither in respect of his quick sail; but in the
3610+9 verity of extolment I take him to be a soul of great article, and his
3610+10 infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of
3610+11 him, his semblable is his mirrour, and who else would trace him,
3610+11 his umbrage, nothing more.

3610+13 *Court.* Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

3610+14 *Ham.* The concernancy Sir, why do we wrap the Gentleman in
3610+15 our rawer breath?

3610+16 *Cour.* Sir.

3610+17 *Hora.* Is't not possible to understand in another tongue, you will
3610+18 do't Sir really

3610+19 *Ham.* What imports the nomination of this Gentleman?

3610+20 *Court.* Of *Laertes*?

3610+21 *Ham.* His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

3610+22 *Ham.* Of him Sir.

3610+23 *Cour.* I know you are not ignorant.

3610+24 *Ham.* I would you did Sir, yet if you did it would not much
3610+25 approve me: well Sir.

3611 *Court.* You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is. [M]^v

3612+1 *Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in
3612+2 excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself.

3612+3 *Court.* I mean Sir for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on
3612+4 him by them in his meed he's unfellowed.

3613 *Ham.* What's his weapon?

3614 *Court.* Single Rapier.

3616 The King Sir hath wager'd with him six *Barbery* horses, against the
3617 which he has impawn'd as I take it six *French* Rapiers and Poniards,
3618 with their assigns, as Girdle, Hanger, and so: three of the carriages
3619 are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate
3621 carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

3622 *Ham.* What call you the carriages?

3622+1 *Hora.* I knew you must be edified by the margin e're you had
3622+2 done.

3623 *Court.* The carriages Sir are the hangers.

3624 *Ham.* The phrase would be more german to the matter if we
3625 could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it be might hangers till
3626 then: but on, six *Barbery* horses against six *French* swords, their
3627 assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages, that's the *French* bet
3628 against the *Danish*, why is this all you call it?

3630 *Court.* The King Sir, hath laid Sir, that in a dozen passes between
3631 your self and him he shall not exceed you three hits, he hath laid
3632 on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your
3633 Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

3635 *Ham.* How if I answer no?

3636 *Court.* I mean my Lord the opposition of your person in trial.

3638 *Ham.* Sir I will walk here in the Hall, if it please his Majesty, it
3639 is the breathing time of the day with me, let the foils be brought,
3640 the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win
3641 for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the
3642 odd hits.

3643 *Court.* Shall I deliver you so?

3644 *Ham.* To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

3646 *Court.* I commend my duty to your Lordship.

3647 *Ham.* Yours does well to commend it self, there are no tongues
3648 else for his turn.

3649 *Hora.* This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

3651 *Ham.* “ He did so Sir with his dug before he sucked it; ” thus
3652 has he and many more of the same breed that I know, the drossie age
3653 dotes on, only get the tune of the time, and out of an habit of in-
3654 counter, a kind of misty collection, which carries them through and
3655 through the most profane and renowned opinions; and do but
3656 blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

3657+1 *Enter a Lord.* [M2

3657+2 *Lord.* My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young
3657+3 *Ostrick*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he
3657+4 sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that
3657+5 you will take longer time?

3657+6 *Ham.* I am constant to my purposes, they follow the Kings plea-
3657+7 sure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, pro-
3657+8 vided I be so able as now.

3657+9 *Lord.* The King and Queen and all are coming down.

3657+10 *Ham.* In happy time.

3657+11 *Lord.* The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to
3657+12 *Laertes* before you go to play.

3657+13 *Ham.* She well instructs me.

3658 *Hora.* You will lose my Lord.

3659 *Ham.* I do not think so, since he went into *France* I have been in
3660 continual practice; I shall win at the odds: thou wouldest not
3661 think how ill all’s here about my heart, but it is no matter.

3663 *Hora.* Nay good my Lord.

3664 *Ham.* It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of boding as would
3665 perhaps trouble a woman.

3666 *Hora.* If your mind dislike any thing obey it, I will forestal their
3667 repair hither, and say you are not fit.

3668 *Ham.* Not a whit, we defie Augury, “ there is special provi-
3669 dence in the fall of a Sparrow: if it be, ’tis not to come; if it be
3670 “ not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come,
3671 “ the readiness is all, since no man of ought he leaves knows what
3672 “ ’tis to leave betimes, let be.

3674 *A Table prepared, Drums, Trumpets, and Officers with cushions,*
3674 *King, Queen, and all the State, Foils, Daggers, and Laertes.*

3677 *King.* Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

3678 *Ham.* Give me your pardon Sir, I have done you wrong,
3679 But pardon’t as you are a Gentleman: this presence knows,
3681 And you must needs have heard how I am punisht
3682 With a sore distraction; what I have done
3683 That might your nature, honour, and exception
3684 Roughly awake, I hear proclaim was madness.
3685 Was’t *Hamlet* wrong’d *Laertes*? never *Hamlet*.;
3686 If *Hamlet* from himself be ta’en away,
3687 And when he’s not himself does wrong *Laertes*,
3688 Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
3689 Who does it then? his madness: if’t be so,
3690 *Hamlet* is of the faction that is wronged,
3691 His madness is poor *Hamlet*’s enemy;
3693 Let my disclaiming from a purpos’d evil
3694 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
3695 That I have shot my arrow o’re the house,
3696 And hurt my brother. [M2’

3697 *Laer.* I am satisfied in nature,
3698 Whose motive in this case should stir me most
3699 To my revenge, “ but in my terms of honour
3700 “ I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
3701 “ Till by some elder Masters of known honour
3702 “ I have a voice and president of peace

3703 “ To my name ungor’d: but all that time ”
3704 I do receive your offered love like love,
3705 And will not wrong it.
3706 *Ham.* I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
3707 Frankly play.
3708 Give us the foils.
3709 *Laer.* Come, one for me.
3710 *Ham* I’ll be your foil *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
3711 Your skill shall like a star i’th darkest night
3712 Appear.
3713 *Laer.* You mock me Sir.
3714 *Ham.* No on my honour.
3715 *King.* Give them the foils young *Ostrick*: cousin *Hamlet*,
3716 You know the wager.
3717 *Ham.* Very well my Lord:
3718 Your Grace has laid the odds o’th’ weaker side.
3719 *King.* I do not fear it, I have seen you both,
3720 But since he is better we have therefore odds.
3721 *Laer.* This is too heavy, let me see another.
3722 *Ham* This likes me well, these foils have all a length.
3723 *Ostr* I my good Lord.
3724 *King.* Set me the stoops of wine upon that table;
3725 If *Hamlet* give the first or second hit,
3726 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
3727 Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire;
3728 The King shall drink to *Hamlet*’s better breath,
3729 And in the cup an Onyx shall he throw
3730 Richer than that which four successive Kings
3731 In *Denmarks* Crown have worn. Give me the cups,
3732 And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speak,
3733 The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
3734 The Cannons to the Heavens the Heavens to Earth.
3735 Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*: come begin, [Trumpets
3736 And you the Judges bear a wary eye. [the while.
3737 *Ham.* Come on Sir.
3738 *Laer.* Come my Lord. [M3
3739 *Ham.* One.
3740 *Laer.* No.
3741 *Ham.* Judgment.
3742 *Ostr.* A hit, a very palpable hit. [Drums, Trumpets, and Shot,
3743 *Laer.* Well again. [Flourish, a Piece goes off.
3744 *King.* Stay, give me drink, *Hamlet* this pearl is thine,
3745 Here’s to thy health: give him the cup.
3746 *Ham.* I’ll play this bout first, set it by a while.
3747 Come, another hit, what say you?
3748 *Laer.* I do confess’t.
3749 *King.* Our son shall win.
3750 *Queen.* He’s fat and scant of breath.
3751 Here *Hamlet*, take my Handkerchief, wipe thy brows:
3752 The Queen salutes thy fortune *Hamlet*.
3753 *Ham.* Good Madam.
3754 *King.* *Gertrard* do not drink.
3755 *Qu.* I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
3756 *King.* It is the poisoned cup, it is too late.
3757 *Ham.* I dare not drink yet Madam, by and by.
3758 *Qu.* Come let me wipe thy face.
3759 *Laer.* My Lord I’ll hit him now.
3760 *King.* I do not think’t.
3761 *Laer.* And yet it is almost against my conscience.
3762 *Ham.* Come, for the third *Laertes*, you do but dally,
3763 I pray you pass with your best violence,
3764 I am sure you make a wanton of me.
3765

3774 *Laer.* Say you so? come on.
 3775 *Ostr.* Nothing neither way.
 3776 *Laer.* Have at you now.
 3778 *King.* Part them, they are incens't.
 3779 *Ham.* Nay come again.
 3780 *Ostr.* Look to the Queen there ho.
 3781 *Hora* They bleed on both sides, how is't my Lord?
 3782 *Ostr.* How is't *Laertes*?
 3783 *Laer.* Why as a Woodcock in mine own sprindge *Ostrick*,
 3785 I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
 3786 *Ham.* How does the Queen?
 3787 *King.* She swoons to see them bleed.
 3788 *Qu.* No no the drink, the drink, O my dear *Hamlet*,
 3789 The drink, the drink, I am poisoned.
 3791 *Ham.* O villain! ho let the door be lockt,
 3792 Treachery, seek it out.
 3793 *Laer.* It is here *Hamlet*; thou art slain,
 3795 No medicine in the world can do thee good, [M3^v
 3796 In thee there is not half an hours life,
 3797 The treacherous instrument is in my hand,
 3798 Unbated and envenom'd, the foul practice
 3799 Hath turn'd it self on me; lo here I lie
 3800 Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd,
 3801 I can no more, the King, the King's to blame.
 3802 *Ham.* The point envenom'd too, then venom to thy work.
 3805 *All.* Treason, treason.
 3806 *King.* O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
 3807 *Ham.* Hear thou incestuous *Dane*,
 3809 "Drink off this potion: is the Onyx here?
 3810 Follow my mother.
 3811 *Laert.* "He is justly serv'd, it is a poison temper'd by himself.
 3813 Exchange forgiveness with me noble *Hamlet*,
 3814 Mine and my fathers death come not upon thee,
 3815 Nor thine on me. [Dies.
 3816 *Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee:
 3817 I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen farewell.
 3818 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
 3819 That are but mutes or audience to this act,
 3820 Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant Death
 3821 Is strict in his arrest) O I could tell you;
 3822 But let it be: *Horatio* I am dead,
 3823 Thou livest, report me and my cause aright
 3824 To the unsatisfied.
 3825 *Hora.* Never believe it.
 3826 I am more an antick *Roman* than a *Dane*,
 3827 Here's yet some liquor left.
 3828 *Ham.* As th'art a man
 3828 Give me the cup, let go, I'll have't:
 3830 O *Horatio* what a wounded name,
 3831 Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me?
 3832 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 3833 Absent thee from felicity a while,
 3834 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain [A march a-
 3835 To tell my story: what warlike noise is this? [far off.
 3838 *Enter Ostrick.*
 3839 *Ostr.* Young *Fortinbrass* with conquest come from *Poland*,
 3840 Th' Embassadors of *England* give this warlike volley.
 3841 *Ham.* O I die *Horatio*,
 3842 The potent poison quite o'regrows my spirit;
 3843 I cannot live to hear the news from *England*,
 3844 But I do prophesie the election lights
 3845 On *Fortinbrass*; he has my dying voice, [M4

3846 So tell him, with th' occurments more and less
 3847 Which have solicited: the rest is silence.
 3848 *Hora.* Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet Prince,
 3850 And choires of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
 3851 Why does the drum come hither?
 3852 *Enter Fortinbrass with the Embassadors.*
 3854 *Fort.* Where is this sight?
 3855 *Hora.* What is it you would see?
 3856 If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search?
 3857 *Fort.* " This quarry cries on havock: " O proud death,
 3858 What feast is toward in thine infernal Cell,
 3859 That thou so many Princes at a shot
 3860 So bloodily hast strook?
 3861 *Embass.* The sight is dismal,
 3862 And our affairs from *England* come too late,
 3863 The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
 3864 To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
 3865 That *Rosencraus* and *Guildestern* are dead,
 3866 Where should we have our thanks?
 3867 *Hora.* Not from his mouth,
 3868 Had it th' ability of breath to thank you,
 3869 He never gave commandement for their death.
 3870 But since so apt upon this bloody question
 3871 You from the *Pollack* wars, and you from *England*
 3872 Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
 3873 High on a stage be placed to publick view,
 3874 And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world
 3875 How these things came about; so shall you hear
 3876 Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,
 3877 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
 3878 Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause,
 3879 And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
 3880 Fall'n on the inventors heads: all this can I
 3881 Truly deliver.
 3882 *Fort.* Let us haste to hear it,
 3883 And call the nobless to the audience:
 3884 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
 3885 I have some rights of memory in this Kingdom,
 3886 Which now to claim my interest doth invite me.
 3888 *Hora.* Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
 3889 And from his mouth whose voice will draw no more:
 3891 But let this same be presently perform'd,
 3892 Even while mens minds are wild, lest more mischance
 3894 On plots and errors happen. [M4^v
 3895 *Fort.* " Let four Captains
 3896 Bear *Hamlet* like a Souldier to the Stage,
 3897 For he was likely had he been put on,
 3898 T'have prov'd most royal: and for his passage,
 3900 The Souldiers Musick and the rights of War
 3901 Speak loudly for him.
 3902 Take up the bodies; such a sight as this
 3903 Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss.
 3904 " Go bid the Souldiers Shoot. [Exeunt.

FINIS.
