
**THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET,
PRINCE OF DENMARK
Draft Text (A) – September 15, 2008**

Location: Elsinore Castle and environs

Date: February 1-2 and 13-14, 1086 CE

Playing Time: 2 hours plus one 15-minute intermission

Dramatis Personae (Requires 14 Actors)

- 1) Ghost, Slain King of Denmark
- 2) Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, Son to the Slain King
- 3) Claudius, King of Denmark
- 4) Gertrude, Queen of Denmark
- 5) Polonius, Counselor to the King
- 6) Ophelia, Daughter to Polonius
- 7) Laertes, Son to Polonius
- 8) Horatio, Scholar and Friend to Hamlet
- 9) Rosencrantz, Student and Friend to Hamlet
- 10) Guildenstern, Student and Friend to Hamlet
- 11) Marcellus, A Soldier
- 12) Barnardo, A Noble Courtier
- 13) Osric, A Merchant Courtier
- 14) Gravedigger
- 15) Gravedigger's Apprentice
- 16) Player King
- 17) Player Queen
- 18) Player Prince
- 19) Player Princess
- 20) Player Fool
- 21) Attendants

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TEXT (TLN, ACT/SCENE)	UNIT	NOTES
ACT I		
SCENE I. Elsinore. A platform before the castle. (1, 1.1)		
<i>Enter HORATIO</i>	1	
HORATIO Who's there?		
<i>Enter GHOST</i>	2	
ALL [<i>within</i>] Who's there? <i>Exeunt</i>		
SCENE II. A room of state in the castle. (179, 1.2)		
<i>Enter CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, and Attendants</i>	3	
CLAUDIUS Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death The memory be green, Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature That we with wisest sorrow think on him, Together with remembrance of ourselves. Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen, The imperial jointress to this warlike state, Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy -- With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage, Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone With this affair along. For all, our thanks.		
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes? You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, And loose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes, That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? The head is not more native to the heart, The hand more instrumental to the mouth, Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. What wouldst thou have, Laertes?	4	
LAERTES My dread lord, Your leave and favour to return to France; From whence though willingly I came to Denmark, To show my duty in your coronation, Yet now, I must confess, that duty done, My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France.		Trumpets

<p>CLAUDIUS Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?</p>	5	
<p>POLONIUS He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave By laboursome petition, and at last I do beseech you, give him leave to go.</p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine, And thy best graces spend it at thy will!</p>		
<p>But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,--</p>	6	
<p>HAMLET [<i>Aside</i>] A little more than kin, and less than kind.</p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS How is it that the clouds still hang on you?</p>	7	
<p>HAMLET Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off, And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark. Do not for ever with thy vailèd lids Seek for thy noble father in the dust. Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die, Passing through nature to eternity.</p>	8	
<p>HAMLET Ay, madam, it is common.</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE If it be, Why seems it so particular with thee?</p>		
<p>HAMLET Seems, madam! nay it is; I know not seems. 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, Nor customary suits of solemn black, Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage, Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief, That can denote me truly: these indeed seem, For they are actions that a man might play: But I have that within which passeth show; These but the trappings and the suits of woe.</p>		

<p>CLAUDIUS 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet, To give these mourning duties to your father: But, you must know, your father lost a father; That father lost, lost his. But to persever In obstinate condolement is a course Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief.</p>	9	
<hr/> <p>We pray you, throw to earth This unprevailing woe, and think of us As of a father. For let the world take note, You are the most immediate to our throne. For your intent to school in Wittenberg, It is most retrograde to our desire, And we beseech you, bend you to remain Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye, Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.</p>	10	
<hr/> <p>GERTRUDE Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet: I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.</p>	11	
<p>HAMLET I shall in all my best obey you, madam.</p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply: Be as ourself in Denmark.</p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">Madam, come; This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof, No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day, But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell, And the king's rouse the heavens all bruit again, Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away. <i>Exeunt all but HAMLET</i></p>	12	
<hr/> <p>HAMLET O, that this too too solid flesh would melt Thaw and resolve itself into a dew! Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God! How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, Seem to me all the uses of this world! Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden, That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature Possess it merely. That it should come to this! But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two: So excellent a king; that was, to this,</p>	13	

Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on: and yet, within a month--
 Let me not think on't--Frailty, thy name is woman!--
 A little month, or ere those shoes were old
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears:--why she, even she--
 O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer--married with my uncle,
 My father's brother, but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month:
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galléd eyes,
 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not nor it cannot come to good:
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS

14

HORATIO

Hail to your lordship!

HAMLET

I am glad to see you well:
 Horatio,--or I do forget myself!

HORATIO

The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET

Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

Marcellus?

15

MARCELLUS

My good lord--

HAMLET

I am very glad to see you.

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

16

HORATIO

A truant disposition, good my lord.

<p>HAMLET I would not hear your enemy say so. But what is your affair in Elsinore? We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.</p>		
<p>HORATIO My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.</p>	17	
<p>HAMLET I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student; I think it was to see my mother's wedding.</p>		
<p>HORATIO Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!</p>		
<p>My father!--methinks I see my father.</p>	18	
<p>HORATIO Where, my lord?</p>		
<p>HAMLET In my mind's eye, Horatio.</p>		
<p>HORATIO I saw him once; he was a goodly king.</p>		
<p>HAMLET He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.</p>		
<p>HORATIO My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.</p>	19	
<p>HAMLET Saw? who?</p>		
<p>HORATIO My lord, the king your father.</p>		
<p>HAMLET The king my father!</p>		

<p>HORATIO Season your admiration for awhile With an attent ear, till I may deliver, Upon the witness of this gentleman, This marvel to you.</p> <p>HAMLET For God's love, let me hear.</p>	20	
<p>HORATIO Two nights together has this gentleman, In the dead vast and middle of the night, Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father, Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe, Appears before him, and with solemn march Goes slow and stately by him: thrice he walk'd By his oppress'd and fear-surprisèd eyes, Within his truncheon's length; whilst he, distilled Almost to jelly with the act of fear, Stands dumb and speaks not to him. This to me In dreadful secrecy impart he did; And I with him the third night kept the watch; Where, as he had deliver'd, both in time, Form of the thing, each word made true and good, The apparition comes: I knew your father; These hands are not more like.</p>	21	
<p>HAMLET But where was this?</p> <p>MARCELLUS My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.</p> <p>HAMLET Did you not speak to it?</p>	22	
<p>HORATIO My lord, I did; But answer made it none: yet once methought It lifted up its head and did address Itself to motion, like as it would speak; But even then the morning cock crew loud, And at the sound it shrunk in haste away, And vanish'd from our sight.</p> <p>HAMLET 'Tis very strange.</p>	23	

<p>HORATIO As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true; And we did think it writ down in our duty To let you know of it.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Indeed, indeed, sir, but this troubles me.</p>		
<hr/> <p>Hold you the watch to-night?</p>	24	
<p>MARCELLUS I do, my lord.</p>		
<hr/> <p>HAMLET Arm'd, say you?</p>	25	
<p>MARCELLUS Arm'd, my lord.</p>		
<p>HAMLET From top to toe?</p>		
<p>MARCELLUS My lord, from head to foot.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Then saw you not his face?</p>		
<p>HORATIO O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.</p>		
<p>HAMLET I would I had been there.</p>		
<p>HORATIO It would have much amazed you.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?</p>		
<p>HORATIO While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.</p>		
<p>MARCELLUS Longer, longer.</p>		
<p>HORATIO Not when I saw't.</p>		

<p>HAMLET His beard was grizzled--no?</p> <p>HORATIO It was, as I have seen it in his life, A sable silver'd.</p>		
<p>HAMLET I will watch to-night; Perchance 'twill walk again.</p> <p>HORATIO I warrant it will.</p> <p>HAMLET If it assume my noble father's person, I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight, Let it be tenable in your silence still; And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, Give it an understanding but no tongue. I will requite your loves. So, fare you well. Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve, I'll visit you.</p> <p>MARCELLUS My duty to your honour.</p>	26	
<p>HAMLET Your love, as mine to you: farewell. <i>Exeunt all but HAMLET</i></p> <hr/> <p>My father's spirit in arms! all is not well; I doubt some foul play: would the night were come! 'Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise, Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. <i>Exit</i></p>	27	
<p>SCENE III. A room in Polonius' house. (460, 1.3) <i>Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA</i></p> <p>LAERTES My necessaries are embark'd: farewell: And, sister, as the winds give benefit And convoy is assistant, do not sleep, But let me hear from you.</p> <p>OPHELIA Do you doubt that?</p>	28	

LAERTES

For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature --

OPHELIA

No more but so?

LAERTES

Think it no more;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA

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

LAERTES

O, fear me not.
I stay too long: but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS

POLONIUS

Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

29

30

This above all: to thine ownself be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

LAERTES

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POLONIUS

The time invites you; go; your servants tend.

31

LAERTES

Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
 What I have said to you.

OPHELIA

'Tis in my memory lock'd,
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAERTES

Farewell.

Exit

32

POLONIUS

What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

OPHELIA

So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

POLONIUS

Marry, well bethought.

33

What is between you? Give me up the truth.

OPHELIA

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me. In honourable fashion --

POLONIUS

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

OPHELIA

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

<p>POLONIUS Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">From this time</p> <p>Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence. I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth, Have you so slander any moment leisure, As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet. Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.</p> <p>OPHELIA I shall obey, my lord. <i>Exeunt</i></p>	34	
<p>SCENE IV. The platform. (603, 1.4)</p> <hr/> <p><i>Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS</i></p> <p>HAMLET The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.</p> <p>HORATIO It is a nipping and an eager air.</p> <p>HAMLET What hour now?</p> <p>HORATIO I think it lacks of twelve.</p> <p>HAMLET No, it is struck.</p> <p>HORATIO Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.</p>	35	
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>A flourish of trumpets and canons within</i></p> <p>What does this mean, my lord?</p> <p>HAMLET The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse, Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels; And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down, The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out The triumph of his pledge.</p> <p>HORATIO Is it a custom?</p>	36	

<p>HAMLET Ay, marry, is't: But to my mind, though I am native here And to the manner born, it is a custom More honour'd in the breach than the observance.</p>	37	
<p>HORATIO Look, my lord, it comes! <i>Enter Ghost</i></p>		
<p>HAMLET Angels and ministers of grace defend us!</p>	38	
<p>Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd, Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell, Be thy intents wicked or charitable, Thou comest in such a questionable shape That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet, King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!</p>		
<p>What may this mean, That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon, Making night hideous; and we fools of nature So horridly to shake our disposition With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?</p>	39	
<p><i>Ghost beckons HAMLET</i></p>	40	
<p>MARCELLUS Look, with what courteous action It waves you to a more removèd ground: But do not go with it.</p>		
<p>HORATIO No, by no means.</p>		
<p>HAMLET It will not speak; then I will follow it.</p>		
<p>HORATIO Do not, my lord.</p>		

<p>HAMLET Why, what should be the fear? I do not set my life in a pin's fee; And for my soul, what can it do to that, Being a thing immortal as itself? It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.</p>		
<hr/> <p><i>[they hold him back]</i></p>	41	
<p>HAMLET Hold off your hands.</p>		
<p>HORATIO Be ruled; you shall not go.</p>		
<p>HAMLET My fate cries out, Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen. By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me! I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee. <i>Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET</i></p>		
<hr/> <p>HORATIO He waxes desperate with imagination.</p>	42	
<p>MARCELLUS Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.</p>		
<p>HORATIO Have after. To what issue will this come?</p>		
<p>MARCELLUS Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.</p>		
<p>HORATIO Heaven will direct it.</p>		
<p>MARCELLUS Nay, let's follow him. <i>Exeunt</i></p>		
<hr/> <p>SCENE V. Another part of the platform. (682, 1.5)</p>		
<p><i>Enter GHOST and HAMLET</i></p>	43	
<p>HAMLET Where wilt thou lead me? Speak; I'll go no further.</p>		

GHOST	Mark me.		
HAMLET	Speak; I am bound to hear.	44	
GHOST	So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.		
HAMLET	What?	45	
GHOST	I am thy father's spirit, Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, And for the day confined to fast in fires, Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature Are burnt and purged away. List, list, O, list! If thou didst ever thy dear father love--		
HAMLET	O God!	46	
GHOST	Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.		
HAMLET	Murder!	46	
GHOST	Murder most foul, as in the best it is; But this most foul, strange and unnatural.		
HAMLET	Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift As meditation or the thoughts of love, May sweep to my revenge.	47	
GHOST	I find thee apt.		
Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard, A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark Is by a forged process of my death Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth, The serpent that did sting thy father's life Now wears his crown.	47		

HAMLET	48	
O my prophetic soul! My uncle!		
GHOST	48	
Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast, With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,-- O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power So to seduce!--won to his shameful lust The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen: O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!		
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air; Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard, My custom always of the afternoon, Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial, And in the porches of my ears did pour The leperous distilment. Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd.	49	
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not; Let not the royal bed of Denmark be A couch for luxury and damnèd incest. But, howsoever thou pursuest this act, Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive Against thy mother aught: Fare thee well at once! The glow-worm shows the matin to be near, Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. <i>Exit</i>	50	
HAMLET	51	
O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else? And shall I couple hell? Remember thee! Yea, from the table of my memory I'll wipe away all trivial fond records, And thy commandment all alone shall live Within the book and volume of my brain, Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!		
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain; At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word; It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.' I have sworn 't.	52	
MARCELLUS & HORATIO	53	
[<i>Within</i>] My lord, my lord,--		

<p>MARCELLUS [<i>Within</i>] Lord Hamlet,--</p> <p>HORATIO [<i>Within</i>] Heaven secure him!</p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS</i></p> <p>MARCELLUS How is't, my noble lord?</p> <p>HORATIO What news, my lord?</p> <p>HAMLET O, wonderful!</p> <p>HORATIO Good my lord, tell it.</p> <p>HAMLET No; you'll reveal it.</p> <p>HORATIO Not I, my lord, by heaven.</p> <p>MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord.</p> <p>HAMLET There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark But he's an arrant knave.</p> <p>HORATIO There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave To tell us this.</p> <p>HAMLET Why, right; you are i' the right; And so, without more circumstance at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands and part: You, as your business and desire shall point you; For every man has business and desire, Such as it is; and for mine own poor part, Look you, I'll go pray.</p>	54	
<hr/> <p>HORATIO These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.</p>	55	

<p>HAMLET I'm sorry they offend you, heartily; Yes, 'faith heartily.</p> <p>HORATIO There's no offence, my lord.</p> <p>HAMLET Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, And much offence too.</p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">Touching this vision here, It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you: For your desire to know what is between us, O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends, As you are friends, scholar and soldier, Give me one poor request.</p> <p>HORATIO What is't, my lord? we will.</p> <p>HAMLET Never make known what you have seen tonight.</p> <p>HORATIO & MARCELLUS My lord, we will not.</p> <p>HAMLET Nay, but swear't. Upon my sword.</p>	56	
<hr/> <p>GHOST <i>[Beneath]</i> Swear.</p> <p>HORATIO O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!</p> <p>HAMLET And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.</p> <p>GHOST <i>[Beneath]</i> Swear.</p> <p>HAMLET There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.</p>	57	
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">But come;</p> <p>Here, as before, never, so help you mercy, How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,</p>	58	

<p>As I perchance hereafter shall think meet To put an antic disposition on, That you, at such times seeing me, never shall, With arms encumber'd thus, or this headshake, Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would,' Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,' Or such ambiguous giving out, to note That you know aught of me: this not to do, So grace and mercy at your most need help you, swear.</p>		
<hr/> <p>GHOST <i>[Beneath]</i> Swear.</p>	59	
<p>HAMLET Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit!</p>		
<hr/> <p>So, gentlemen, With all my love I do commend me to you: And what so poor a man as Hamlet is May do, to express his love and friending to you, God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together; And still your fingers on your lips, I pray. <i>[aside]</i> The time is out of joint: O cursèd spite, That ever I was born to set it right! Nay, come, let's go together. <i>Exeunt</i></p>	60	
<p>SCENE VI. A room in POLONIUS' house. (970, 2.1)</p>		
<hr/> <p><i>Enter POLONIUS THEN OPHELIA</i></p>	61	
<p>POLONIUS How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?</p>		
<p>OPHELIA O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!</p>		
<p>POLONIUS With what, i' the name of God?</p>		
<hr/> <p>OPHELIA My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced; No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd, Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle; Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other; And with a look so piteous in purport As if he had been loosed out of hell To speak of horrors,--he comes before me.</p>	62	

<p>POLONIUS Mad for thy love?</p> <p>OPHELIA My lord, I do not know; But truly, I do fear it.</p> <p>POLONIUS What said he?</p> <p>OPHELIA He took me by the wrist and held me hard; Then goes he to the length of all his arm; And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow, He falls to such perusal of my face As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so; At last, a little shaking of mine arm And thrice his head thus waving up and down, He raised a sigh so piteous and profound As it did seem to shatter all his bulk And end his being.</p>	63	
<p>POLONIUS I will go seek the king. This is the very ecstasy of love, Whose violent property fordoes itself Have you given him any hard words of late?</p> <p>OPHELIA No, my good lord, but, as you did command, I did repel his fetters and denied His access to me.</p> <p>POLONIUS That hath made him mad. I am sorry. Come, go we to the king: This must be known. <i>Exeunt</i></p>	64	
<p>SCENE VII. A room in the castle. (1020, 2.2)</p> <p><i>Enter CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants</i></p> <p>CLAUDIUS Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!</p>	65	
<p>Something have you heard</p>	66	

Of Hamlet's transformation; I entreat you both,
 That, being of so young days brought up with him,
 And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and havior,
 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
 Some little time: so by your companies
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
 So much as from occasion you may glean,
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

GERTRUDE

Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
 And sure I am two men there are not living
 To whom he more adheres.

ROSENCRANTZ

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

GUILDENSTERN

But we both obey,
 And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
 To lay our service freely at your feet,
 To be commanded.

CLAUDIUS

Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

GERTRUDE

Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:
 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changèd son.

GUILDENSTERN

Heavens make our presence and our practises
 Pleasant and helpful to him!

GERTRUDE

Ay, amen!

Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN

Enter POLONIUS

POLONIUS

Here my lord I assure my good liege,
 I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
 Both to my God and to my gracious king:
 And I do think, or else this brain of mine
 Hunts not the trail of policy so sure

67

68

<p>As it hath used to do, that I have found The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.</p> <p>CLAUDIUS O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.</p>		
<hr/> <p>[<i>Aside</i>] He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found The head and source of all your son's distemper.</p> <p>GERTRUDE I doubt it is no other but the main; His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.</p> <p>CLAUDIUS Well, we shall sift him.</p>	69	
<hr/> <p>POLONIUS My liege, and madam, to expostulate What majesty should be, what duty is, Why day is day, night night, and time is time, Were nothing but to waste night, day and time. Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit, And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, I will be brief: your noble son is mad: Mad call I it; for, to define true madness, What is't but to be nothing else but mad? But let that go.</p> <p>GERTRUDE More matter, with less art.</p> <p>POLONIUS Madam, I swear I use no art at all. That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity; And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure; But farewell it, for I will use no art.</p>	70	
<hr/> <p>I have a daughter--have while she is mine-- Who, in her duty and obedience, mark, Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise. [<i>Reads</i>] <i>'Doubt thou the stars are fire; Doubt that the sun doth move; Doubt truth to be a liar; But never doubt I love. 'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu. 'Thine evermore most dear lady, whilst</i></p>	71	

this machine is to him, HAMLET.'

CLAUDIUS

But how hath she received his love?

POLONIUS

What do you think of me?

CLAUDIUS

As of a man faithful and honourable.

POLONIUS

I would fain prove so.

I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;

This must not be!' and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;

And he, repulsed--a short tale to make--

Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,

Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves,

And all we mourn for.

CLAUDIUS

Do you think 'tis this?

GERTRUDE

It may be, very likely.

POLONIUS

[Pointing to his head and shoulder]

Take this from this, if this be otherwise:

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

CLAUDIUS

How may we try it further?

POLONIUS

You know, sometimes he walks four hours together

Here in the lobby.

GERTRUDE

So he does indeed.

POLONIUS

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

CLAUDIUS

We will try it.

GERTRUDE

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

POLONIUS

Away, I do beseech you, both away:
 I'll board him presently.

Exeunt CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE

Enter HAMLET, reading

O, give me leave:
 How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET

Well, God-a-mercy.

POLONIUS

Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET

Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

POLONIUS

Not I, my lord.

HAMLET

Then I would you were so honest a man.

POLONIUS

Honest, my lord!

HAMLET

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

POLONIUS

<p>That's very true, my lord.</p> <p>HAMLET Have you a daughter?</p> <p>POLONIUS I have, my lord.</p> <p>HAMLET Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.</p> <p>POLONIUS [<i>Aside</i>] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter.</p>		
<hr/> <p>HAMLET Words, words, words.</p> <p>POLONIUS What is the matter, my lord?</p> <p>HAMLET Between who?</p> <p>POLONIUS I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.</p> <p>HAMLET Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down, for yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.</p> <p>POLONIUS [<i>Aside</i>] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.</p>	77	
<hr/> <p>My honorable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.</p> <p>HAMLET You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.</p> <p>POLONIUS</p>	78	

<p>Fare you well, my lord.</p> <p>HAMLET These tedious old fools!</p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN</i></p> <p>POLONIUS You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.</p> <p>ROSENCRANTZ [<i>To POLONIUS</i>] God save you, sir! <i>Exit POLONIUS</i></p>	79	
<hr/> <p>GUILDENSTERN My honoured lord!</p> <p>ROSENCRANTZ My most dear lord!</p> <p>HAMLET My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?</p> <p>ROSENCRANTZ As the indifferent children of the earth.</p> <p>GUILDENSTERN Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.</p> <p>HAMLET Nor the soles of her shoe?</p> <p>ROSENCRANTZ Neither, my lord.</p> <p>HAMLET Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?</p> <p>GUILDENSTERN 'Faith, her privates we.</p> <p>HAMLET In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?</p>	80	

<p>ROSENCRANTZ None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Then is doomsday near:</p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">but your news is not true.</p> <p>Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?</p>	81	
<p>GULDENSTERN Prison, my lord!</p>		
<p>HAMLET Denmark's a prison.</p>		
<p>ROSENCRANTZ Why then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.</p>		
<p>HAMLET O God, I could be bounded in a nut shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.</p>		
<p>GULDENSTERN Which dreams indeed are ambition.</p>		
<hr/> <p>HAMLET Now, in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at Elsinore?</p>	82	
<p>ROSENCRANTZ To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.</p>		
<p>GULDENSTERN My lord, we were sent for.</p>		
<p>HAMLET I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather.</p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">I have of late--but</p>	83	

wherefore I know not--lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me:

no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

84

ROSENCRANTZ

My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

HAMLET

Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

85

ROSENCRANTZ

To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

HAMLET

He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me. What players are they?

ROSENCRANTZ

Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Flourish of trumpets within

86

GUILDENSTERN

There are the players.

HAMLET

Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore.

But my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

87

<p>GUILDENSTERN In what, my dear lord?</p> <p>HAMLET I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.</p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter POLONIUS</i></p>	88	
<p>POLONIUS My lord, I have news to tell you.</p>		
<p>HAMLET My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,--</p>		
<p>POLONIUS The actors are come hither, my lord. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light...</p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter Players</i></p>	89	
<p>HAMLET [<i>interrupting</i>] You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! thy face is valenced since I saw thee last. We'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.</p>		
<p>PLAYER KING What speech, my lord?</p>		
<p>HAMLET I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Aeneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see-- "The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast, '-- it is not so:--it begins with Pyrrhus:-- "The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms..." So, proceed you.</p>		
<hr/>		

<p>PLAYER KING “Anon he finds him Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword, Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls, Repugnant to command: unequal match'd, Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide; But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium, Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword, Which was declining on the milky head Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick: So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood, And like a neutral to his will and matter, Did nothing.</p>	90	
<p>But, as we often see, against some storm, A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still, The bold winds speechless and the orb below As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder Doth rend the region, so, after Pyrrhus' pause, Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work; And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall On Mars's armour forged for proof eterne With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword Now falls on Priam.</p>	91	
<p>Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods, In general synod 'take away her power; Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel, And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven, As low as to the fiends!”</p>	92	
<p>POLONIUS This is too long.</p> <p>HAMLET It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps: say on: come to Hecuba.</p>	93	
<p>PLAYER KING 'But who, O, who had seen the moblèd queen--'</p> <p>HAMLET 'The moblèd queen?'</p> <p>POLONIUS That's good; 'moblèd queen' is good.</p>	94	

PLAYER KING	95	
<p>'Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe, About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins, A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up; Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd, 'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced.</p>		
<p>But if the gods themselves did see her then When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs, The instant burst of clamour that she made, Unless things mortal move them not at all,</p> <p>Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven, And passion in the gods.'</p>	96	
POLONIUS	97	
<p>Look, whether he has not turned his colour and has tears in's eyes. Pray you, no more.</p>		
HAMLET	98	
<p>'Tis well: I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.</p>		
<p>Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. After your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.</p>		
POLONIUS		
<p>My lord, I will use them according to their desert.</p>		
HAMLET		
<p>God's bodkins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity. Take them in.</p>		
POLONIUS		
<p>Come, sirs.</p>		
HAMLET		
<p>Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. <i>Exit POLONIUS with Players excluding PLAYER KING</i></p>		

<p>Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?</p>	99	
<p>PLAYER KING Ay, my lord.</p>		
<p>HAMLET We'll ha't tomorrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?</p>		
<p>PLAYER KING Ay, my lord.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. <i>Exit PLAYER KING</i></p>		
<p>My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.</p>	100	
<p>ROSENCRANTZ Good my lord!</p>		
<p>HAMLET Ay, so, God be wi' ye; <i>Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN</i></p>		
<p>O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous that this player here, But in a fiction, in a dream of passion, Could force his soul so to his own conceit That from her working all his visage wann'd, Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function suiting With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing! For Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her? What would he do, Had he the motive and the cue for passion That I have? He would drown the stage with tears And cleave the general ear with horrid speech, Make mad the guilty and appall the free, Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I, the son of a dear father murder'd, Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell, Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words, And fall a-cursing, like a very drab.</p>	101	

Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard
 That guilty creatures sitting at a play
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
 I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
 May be the devil: and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such spirits,
 Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds
 More relative than this: the play 's the thing
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

Exit

SCENE VIII. A room in the castle. (1678, 3.1)

Enter CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, POLONIUS, OPHELIA

102

CLAUDIUS

Sweet Gertrude, leave us now;
 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
 Affront Ophelia:
 Her father and myself, lawful espials,
 Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,
 We may of their encounter frankly judge,
 And gather by him, as he is behaved,
 If 't be the affliction of his love or no
 That thus he suffers for.

GERTRUDE

I shall obey you.
 And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
 That your good beauties be the happy cause
 Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues
 Will bring him to his wonted way again,
 To both your honours.

OPHELIA

Madam, I wish it may.

Exit GERTRUDE

103

POLONIUS

Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,

We will bestow ourselves.
 I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.
Exeunt CLAUDIUS, POLONIUS & OPHELIA

Enter HAMLET

104

HAMLET

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

Soft you now!

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

105

OPHELIA

Good my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?

<p>HAMLET I humbly thank you; well, well, well.</p> <p>OPHELIA My lord, I have remembrances of yours, That I have longed long to re-deliver; I pray you, now receive them.</p> <p>HAMLET No, not I; I never gave you aught.</p> <p>OPHELIA My honour'd lord, you know right well you did; And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed As made the things more rich: their perfume lost, Take these again; for to the noble mind Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. There, my lord.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Ha, ha! are you honest?</p> <p>OPHELIA My lord?</p> <p>HAMLET Are you fair?</p> <p>OPHELIA What means your lordship?</p> <p>HAMLET That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.</p> <p>OPHELIA Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?</p> <p>HAMLET Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.</p>	106	
<p style="text-align: center;">I did love you once.</p> <p>OPHELIA Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.</p>	107	

<p>HAMLET You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.</p> <p>OPHELIA I was the more deceived.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.</p>	108	
<p>Where's your father?</p> <p>OPHELIA At home, my lord.</p>	109	
<p>HAMLET Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.</p> <p>OPHELIA O, help him, you sweet heavens!</p>		
<p>HAMLET If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.</p> <p>OPHELIA O heavenly powers, restore him!</p>	110	
<p>HAMLET I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and</p>	111	

nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness
your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath
made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages:
those that are married already, all but one, shall
live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a
nunnery, go.

Exit

OPHELIA

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

112

Re-enter CLAUDIUS and POLONIUS

113

CLAUDIUS

Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute

POLONIUS

It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his grief: let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

<p>CLAUDIUS It shall be so: Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. <i>Exeunt</i></p>		
SCENE IX. A hall in the castle. (1848, 3.2)		
<i>Enter HAMLET and Players</i>		
<p>HAMLET [<i>distributing masks to the players</i>] Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness.</p> <p>PLAYER KING I warrant your honour.</p>	114	
<p>HAMLET Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature. Now this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.</p> <p>PLAYER KING I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.</p>	115	
<p>HAMLET O, reform it altogether.</p> <hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. <i>Exeunt Players</i></p>	116	

<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN</i></p> <p>How now, my lord! Will the king hear this piece of work?</p>	117	
<p>POLONIUS And the queen too, and that presently.</p> <p>HAMLET Bid the players make haste. <i>Exit POLONIUS</i></p>		
<hr/> <p>Will you two help to hasten them?</p> <p>ROSENCRANTZ GUILDENSTERN We will, my lord. <i>Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN</i></p>	118	
<hr/> <p>HAMLET What ho! Horatio! <i>Enter HORATIO</i></p>	119	
<p>HORATIO Here, sweet lord, at your service.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation coped withal.</p>		
<p>HORATIO O, my dear lord,--</p>		
<hr/> <p>HAMLET Nay, do not think I flatter; For what advancement may I hope from thee That no revenue hast but thy good spirits, To feed and clothe thee? For thou hast been As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing, A man that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks. Give me that man That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee.--Something too much of this.-- There is a play to-night before the king; One scene of it comes near the circumstance Which I have told thee of my father's death: I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe mine uncle.</p>	120	
<p>HORATIO Well, my lord:</p>		

<p>If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing, And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.</p> <p>HAMLET They are coming to the play; I must be idle: Get you a place.</p>		
<hr/> <p><i>A flourish. Enter CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, ATTENDANTS</i></p>	121	
<p>CLAUDIUS How fares our cousin Hamlet?</p>		
<p>HAMLET Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.</p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.</p>		
<p>HAMLET No, nor mine now. [To POLONIUS]</p>		
<hr/> <p>My lord, you played once i' the university, you say? POLONIUS That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.</p>	122	
<p>HAMLET What did you enact?</p>		
<p>POLONIUS I did enact Julius Caesar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.</p>		
<p>HAMLET It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.</p>		
<hr/> <p>Be the players ready?</p>	123	
<p>ROSENCRANTZ Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.</p>		
<hr/> <p>GERTRUDE Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.</p>	124	

HAMLET No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.	125	
<hr/>		
POLONIUS [To CLAUDIUS] O, ho! do you mark that?	126	
<hr/>		
HAMLET Lady, shall I lie in your lap? <i>Lying down at OPHELIA's feet</i>		
OPHELIA No, my lord.		
HAMLET I mean, my head upon your lap?		
OPHELIA Ay, my lord.		
HAMLET Do you think I meant country matters?		
OPHELIA I think nothing, my lord.		
HAMLET That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.		
OPHELIA What is, my lord?		
HAMLET Nothing.		
<hr/>		
OPHELIA You are merry, my lord.	127	
HAMLET Who, I?		
OPHELIA Ay, my lord.		
HAMLET O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.		

<p>OPHELIA Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.</p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Music. The dumb-show enters</i></p> <p>[Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts: she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.]</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Exeunt</i></p>	128	
<p>OPHELIA What means this, my lord?</p>	129	
<p>HAMLET Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.</p>		
<p>OPHELIA Belike this show imports the argument of the play.</p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter Prologue</i></p> <p>PROLOGUE For us, and for our tragedy, Here stooping to your clemency, We beg your hearing patiently.</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Exit</i></p>	130	
<p>HAMLET Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?</p>	131	
<p>OPHELIA 'Tis brief, my lord.</p>		
<p>HAMLET As woman's love.</p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter two Players, King and Queen</i></p> <p>PLAYER KING Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground, And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen About the world have times twelve thirties been,</p>	132	

<p>Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands Unite commutual in most sacred bands.</p>		
<p>PLAYER QUEEN So many journeys may the sun and moon Make us again count o'er ere love be done!</p>		
<p>But, woe is me, you are so sick of late, So far from cheer and from your former state, That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust, Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must: For women's fear and love holds quantity; In neither aught, or in extremity. Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know; And as my love is sized, my fear is so: Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear; Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.</p>	133	
<p>PLAYER KING 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too; My operant powers their functions leave to do: And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, Honour'd, beloved; and haply one as kind For husband shalt thou--</p>		
<p>PLAYER QUEEN O, confound the rest! Such love must needs be treason in my breast: In second husband let me be accurst! None wed the second but who kill'd the first.</p>		
<p>HAMLET [<i>aside</i>] Wormwood, wormwood.</p>	134	
<p>PLAYER QUEEN The instances that second marriage move Are base respects of thrift, but none of love: A second time I kill my husband dead, When second husband kisses me in bed.</p>	135	
<p>PLAYER KING I do believe you think what now you speak; But what we do determine oft we break. So think thou wilt no second husband wed; But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.</p>		
<p>PLAYER QUEEN Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light! Sport and repose lock from me day and night! To desperation turn my trust and hope!</p>		

<p>An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope! Each opposite that blanks the face of joy Meet what I would have well and it destroy! Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife, If, once a widow, ever I be wife!</p>		
<hr/> <p>HAMLET If she should break it now!</p>	136	
<hr/> <p>PLAYER KING 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile; My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile The tedious day with sleep. <i>Sleeps</i></p>	137	
<hr/> <p>PLAYER QUEEN Sleep rock thy brain, And never come mischance between us twain! <i>Exit</i></p>	138	
<hr/> <p>HAMLET Madam, how like you this play?</p>	139	
<p>GERTRUDE The lady protests too much, methinks.</p>		
<p>HAMLET O, but she'll keep her word.</p>		
<hr/> <p>CLAUDIUS Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?</p>	140	
<p>HAMLET No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.</p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS What do you call the play?</p>		
<p>HAMLET The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.</p>		
<hr/> <p><i>Enter PLAYER VILLAIN</i> This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.</p>	141	

<hr/> OPHELIA You are as good as a chorus, my lord. <hr/>	142	
PLAYER VILLAIN Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing; Confederate season, else no creature seeing; Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected, With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected, Thy natural magic and dire property, On wholesome life usurp immediately. <i>Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears</i> <hr/>	143	
HAMLET He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.	144	
GERTRUDE How fares my lord?		
POLONIUS Give o'er the play.		
CLAUDIUS Give me some light: away!		
ALL Lights, lights, lights! <i>Exeunt all but HAMLET</i> <hr/>		
HAMLET Why, let the stricken deer go weep, The hart ungallèd play; For some must watch, while some must sleep: So runs the world away. <i>Exit</i> <hr/>	145	
INTERMISSION		

ACT II		
SCENE I. A hall in the castle as before. (2158, 3.2)		
<i>Enter HORATIO then HAMLET</i>		146
HAMLET	O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?	
HORATIO	Very well, my lord.	
HAMLET	Upon the talk of the poisoning?	
HORATIO	I did very well note him.	
HAMLET	Ah, ha!	
<hr/>		
	Come, some music! come, the recorders! For if the king like not the comedy, Why then, belike, he likes it not, perdy. Come, some music!	147
<hr/>		
<i>Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN</i>		148
GUILDENSTERN	Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.	
HAMLET	Sir, a whole history.	
GUILDENSTERN	The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.	
HAMLET	You are welcome.	
<hr/>		
GUILDENSTERN	Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment.	149
HAMLET	Sir, I cannot.	

<p>GUILDENSTERN What, my lord?</p>		
<p>HAMLET Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother.</p>		
<p>ROSENCRANTZ She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.</p>	150	
<p>HAMLET We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.</p>		
<p>Have you any further trade with us?</p>	151	
<p>ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you once did love me.</p>		
<p>HAMLET So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.</p>		
<p>ROSENCRANTZ Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Sir, I lack advancement.</p>		
<p>ROSENCRANTZ How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?</p>		
<p>HAMLET Ay, but sir, 'While the grass grows,'--the proverb is something musty.</p>		
<p><i>Re-enter Players with recorders</i> O, the recorders! let me see one. Will you play upon this pipe?</p>	152	
<p>GUILDENSTERN My lord, I cannot.</p>		
<p>HAMLET I pray you.</p>		

<p>GUILDENSTERN Believe me, I cannot.</p> <p>HAMLET I do beseech you.</p> <p>GUILDENSTERN I know no touch of it, my lord.</p> <p>HAMLET 'Tis as easy as lying: Look you, these are the stops.</p> <p>GUILDENSTERN But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.</p>		
<p>HAMLET 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 the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?</p>	153	
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter POLONIUS</i></p> <p>POLONIUS My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.</p> <p>HAMLET Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?</p> <p>POLONIUS By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.</p> <p>HAMLET Methinks it is like a weasel.</p> <p>POLONIUS It is backed like a weasel.</p> <p>HAMLET Or like a whale?</p> <p>POLONIUS Very like a whale.</p>	154	

<p>HAMLET Then I will come to my mother by and by.</p>		
<p>POLONIUS I will say so.</p>		
<p>HAMLET By and by is easily said. <i>Exit POLONIUS</i></p>		
<hr/> <p>Leave me, friends. <i>Exeunt all but HAMLET</i></p> <hr/>	155	
<p>Let me be cruel, not unnatural: I will speak daggers to her, but use none! <i>Exit</i></p>	156	
<hr/> <p>SCENE II. A room in the castle. (2302, 3.3) <i>Enter CLAUDIUS followed by Polonius</i></p> <hr/>	157	
<p>POLONIUS My lord, he's going to his mother's closet: Behind the arras I'll convey myself, To hear the process; and warrant she'll tax him home: And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother, Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege: I'll call upon you ere you go to bed, And tell you what I know.</p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS Thanks, dear my lord. <i>Exit POLONIUS</i></p> <hr/>	158	
<p>O, my offence is rank it smells to heaven; It hath the primal eldest curse upon't, A brother's murder. Pray can I not, Though inclination be as sharp as will: My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent; And, like a man to double business bound, I stand in pause where I shall first begin, And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand Were thicker than itself with brother's blood, Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy But to confront the visage of offence? And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,</p>		

To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder'?
 That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
 O limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe!
 All may be well.

Retires and kneels

Enter HAMLET

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HAMLET

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

Exit

<p>CLAUDIUS <i>[Rising]</i> My words fly up, my thoughts remain below: Words without thoughts never to heaven go. <i>Exit</i></p>	160	
SCENE III. The Queen's closet. (2375, 3.4)		
<p><i>Enter GERTRUDE and POLONIUS</i></p> <p>POLONIUS He will come straight. Look you lay home to him: Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with, And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here. Pray you, be round with him.</p>	161	
<p>GERTRUDE I'll warrant you, Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming. <i>POLONIUS hides behind the arras</i></p>		
<hr/>		
<p><i>Enter HAMLET</i></p>	162	
<p>HAMLET Now, mother, what's the matter?</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Mother, you have my father much offended.</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE Why, how now, Hamlet!</p>		
<p>HAMLET What's the matter now?</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE Have you forgot me?</p>		
<p>HAMLET No, by the rood, not so:</p>		

<p>You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; And--would it were not so!--you are my mother.</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.</p>	163	
<p>HAMLET Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge; You go not till I set you up a glass Where you may see the inmost part of you.</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?</p>		
<p>Help, help, ho!</p>	164	
<p>POLONIUS <i>[Behind]</i> What, ho! help, help, help!</p>		
<p>HAMLET <i>[Drawing]</i> How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead! <i>Makes a pass through the arras</i> <i>POLONIUS Falls and dies</i></p>		
<p>GERTRUDE O me, what hast thou done?</p>	165	
<p>HAMLET Nay, I know not: Is it the king?</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!</p>		
<p>HAMLET A bloody deed!</p>		
<p>almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother.</p>	166	
<p>GERTRUDE As kill a king!</p>		
<p>HAMLET Ay, lady, 'twas my word.</p>		
<p><i>Lifts up the arras and discovers POLONIUS</i> Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell! I took thee for thy better.</p>	167	

<p>Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down, And let me wring your heart; for so I shall, If it be made of penetrable stuff, If damned custom have not brass'd it so That it is proof and bulwark against sense.</p> <p>GERTRUDE What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue In noise so rude against me?</p> <p>HAMLET Such an act That blurs the grace and blush of modesty, Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose From the fair forehead of an innocent love And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows As false as dicers' oaths.</p> <p>GERTRUDE Ay me, what act, That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?</p>	168	
<p>HAMLET Look here, upon this picture, and on this, The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See, what a grace was seated on this brow; Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself; An eye like Mars, to threaten and command; A station like the herald Mercury New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill. This was your husband. Look you now, what follows: Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear, Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?</p>	169	
<p>You cannot call it love; for at your age The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment Would step from this to this?</p>	170	
<p>O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell, If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones, To flaming youth let virtue be as wax, And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame When the compulsive ardour gives the charge, Since frost itself as actively doth burn And reason panders will.</p>	171	

<p>GERTRUDE O Hamlet, speak no more: Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul; And there I see such black and grainèd spots As will leave their tinct.</p> <p>HAMLET Nay, but to live In the rank sweat of an enseamèd bed, Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love Over the nasty sty,--</p> <p>GERTRUDE O, speak to me no more; These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears; No more, sweet Hamlet!</p>	172	
<p>HAMLET A murderer and a villain; A slave that is not twentieth part the tithè Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings; A cutpurse of the empire and the rule, That from a shelf the precious diadem stole, And put it in his pocket!</p> <p>GERTRUDE No more!</p> <p>HAMLET A king of shreds and patches,--</p>	173	
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter Ghost</i></p> <p>Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings, You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?</p> <p>GERTRUDE Alas, he's mad!</p>	174	
<p>HAMLET Do you not come your tardy son to chide, That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by The important acting of your dread command? O, say!</p> <p>GHOST Do not forget: this visitation Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose. But, look, amazement on thy mother sits: O, step between her and her fighting soul: Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works: Speak to her, Hamlet.</p>	175	

<p>HAMLET How is it with you, lady?</p> <p>GERTRUDE Alas, how is't with you, To whom do you speak?</p> <p>HAMLET Do you see nothing there?</p> <p>GERTRUDE Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.</p> <p>HAMLET Nor did you nothing hear?</p> <p>GERTRUDE No, nothing but ourselves.</p>	176	
<p>HAMLET Why, look you there! look, how it steals away! My father, in his habit as he lived! Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! <i>Exit Ghost</i></p> <p>GERTRUDE This the very coinage of your brain: This bodiless creation ecstasy Is very cunning in.</p> <p>HAMLET Ecstasy! My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time, And makes as healthful music: it is not madness That I have utter'd: bring me to the test, And I the matter will re-word; which madness Would gambol from.</p>	177	
<p>Mother, for love of grace, Lay not that mattering unction to your soul, That not your trespass, but my madness speaks: It will but skin and film the ulcerous place, Whilst rank corruption, mining all within, Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven; Repent what's past; avoid what is to come; And do not spread the compost on the weeds, To make them ranker.</p>	178	

<p>GERTRUDE O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.</p>		
<p>HAMLET O, throw away the worser part of it, And live the purer with the other half.</p>		
<p>Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed; Assume a virtue, if you have it not. Refrain to-night, And that shall lend a kind of easiness To the next abstinence. Once more, good night: And when you are desirous to be bless'd, I'll blessing beg of you.</p>	179	
<p style="text-align: center;">For this same lord, <i>Pointing to POLONIUS</i> I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so, To punish me with this and this with me, That I must be their scourge and minister.</p>	180	
<p>So, again, good night. I must be cruel, only to be kind: Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.</p>	181	
<p>One word more, good lady.</p>	182	
<p>GERTRUDE What shall I do?</p>		
<p>HAMLET I must to England; you know that?</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE Alack, I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.</p>		
<p>HAMLET There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows, Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd, They bear the mandate. This man shall set me packing: I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room. Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor Is now most still, most secret and most grave, Who was in life a foolish prating knave. Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you. Good night, mother. <i>Exeunt severally; HAMLET dragging POLONIUS</i></p>		

<p>SCENE IV. A room in the castle. (2662, 4.3)</p>		
<p><i>Enter CLAUDIUS</i></p> <p>CLAUDIUS I have sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's loved of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; And where tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown By desperate appliance are relieved, Or not at all.</p>	183	
<p><i>Enter ROSENCRANTZ</i></p> <p>How now! what hath befall'n?</p> <p>ROSENCRANTZ Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.</p> <p>CLAUDIUS But where is he?</p> <p>ROSENCRANTZ Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.</p> <p>CLAUDIUS Bring him before us.</p> <p>ROSENCRANTZ Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.</p>	184	
<p><i>Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN</i></p> <p>CLAUDIUS Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?</p> <p>HAMLET At supper.</p> <p>CLAUDIUS At supper! where?</p> <p>HAMLET Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain</p>	185	

convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

CLAUDIUS

Alas, alas!

HAMLET

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

CLAUDIUS

What dost you mean by this?

HAMLET

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

CLAUDIUS

Where is Polonius?

186

HAMLET

In heaven; send hither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

CLAUDIUS

Go seek him there.

HAMLET

He will stay till ye come.

Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN

CLAUDIUS

Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,--
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,--must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

187

HAMLET

For England!

<p>CLAUDIUS Ay, Hamlet.</p> <p>HAMLET Good.</p> <p>CLAUDIUS So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.</p> <p>HAMLET I see a cherub that sees them. <i>[Looks at portrait, shadow of King is seen upstage]</i></p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">But, come; for England! <i>Enter ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN at door</i> Farewell, dear mother.</p> <p>CLAUDIUS Thy loving father, Hamlet.</p> <p>HAMLET My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England! <i>Exit HAMLET</i> <i>[Claudius hands letters to Rosencrantz]</i> <i>Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN</i></p>	188	
<hr/> <p>CLAUDIUS England, if my love thou hold'st at aught-- As my great power thereof may give thee sense, Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red After the Danish sword, and thy free awe Pays homage to us--thou mayst not coldly set Our sovereign process; which imports at full, By letters congruing to that effect, The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England; For like the hectic in my blood he rages, And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done, Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. <i>Exit</i></p> <p>SCENE V. Elsinore. A room in the castle. (2745, 4.5)</p>	189	
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter GERTRUDE, and HORATIO</i></p> <p>GERTRUDE I will not speak with her.</p>	190	

<p>HORATIO She is importunate, indeed distract: Her mood will needs be pitied. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE Let her come in. <i>Exit HORATIO</i></p>		
<hr/> <p>To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is, Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss: So full of artless jealousy is guilt, It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.</p>	191	
<hr/> <p><i>Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA</i></p>	192	
<p>OPHELIA Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE How now, Ophelia!</p>		
<hr/> <p>OPHELIA <i>[Sings]</i> How should I your true love know From another one? By his cockle hat and staff, And his sandal shoon.</p>	193	
<hr/> <p>GERTRUDE Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?</p>	194	
<p>OPHELIA Say you? nay, pray you, mark.</p>		
<hr/> <p><i>[Sings]</i> He is dead and gone, lady, He is dead and gone; At his head a grass-green turf, At his heels a stone.</p>	195	
<hr/> <p>GERTRUDE Nay, but, Ophelia,--</p>	196	
<p>OPHELIA Pray you, mark.</p>		

<p>[Sings] White his shroud as the mountain snow,-- <i>Enter CLAUDIUS</i></p>	197	
<p>GERTRUDE Alas, look here, my lord.</p>	198	
<p>OPHELIA [Sings] Larded with sweet flowers Which bewept to the grave did go With true-love showers.</p>	199	
<p>CLAUDIUS How do you, pretty lady?</p>	200	
<p>OPHELIA Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!</p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS Conceit upon her father.</p>		
<p>OPHELIA Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:</p>		
<p>[Sings] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day, All in the morning betime, And I a maid at your window, To be your Valentine. Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes, And dupp'd the chamber-door; Let in the maid, that out a maid Never departed more.</p>	201	
<p>CLAUDIUS Pretty Ophelia!</p>	202	
<p>OPHELIA Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:</p>		
<p>[Sings] By Gis and by Saint Charity, Alack, and fie for shame! Young men will do't, if they come to't;</p>	203	

<p>By cock, they are to blame. Quoth she, before you tumbled me, You promised me to wed. So would I ha' done, by yonder sun, An thou hadst not come to my bed.</p>		
<hr/> <p>CLAUDIUS How long hath she been thus?</p>	204	
<hr/> <p>OPHELIA I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. <i>Exit</i></p>	205	
<hr/> <p>CLAUDIUS Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. <i>Exit HORATIO</i></p>	206	
<hr/> <p>O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude, When sorrows come, they come not single spies But in battalions.</p>	207	
<hr/> <p><i>A noise within</i></p>	208	
<p>GERTRUDE Alack, what noise is this?</p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS Attend! Attend! Guard the door!</p>		
<hr/> <p><i>Enter BARNARDO drawn</i> What is the matter?</p>	209	
<p>BARNARDO Save yourself, my lord: The ocean, overpeering of his list, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste Than young Laertes, in a riotous head, O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord; And, as the world were now but to begin, Antiquity forgot, custom not known, The ratifiers and props of every word, They cry 'Choose we: Laertes shall be king!'</p>		

<p>Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds: 'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>Noise within</i></p> <p>CLAUDIUS The doors are broke.</p>	210	
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter LAERTES armed</i></p> <p>LAERTES O thou vile king, Give me my father!</p> <p>GERTRUDE Calmly, good Laertes.</p> <p>LAERTES That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard, Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow Of my true mother.</p> <p>CLAUDIUS What is the cause, Laertes, That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?</p>	211	
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>[Gertrude steps between them]</i></p> <p>Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person: There's such divinity doth hedge a king, That treason can but peep to what it would, Acts little of his will.</p> <p>LAERTES Where is my father?</p> <p>CLAUDIUS Dead.</p> <p>GERTRUDE But not by him.</p> <p>CLAUDIUS Let him demand his fill.</p>	212	

<p>LAERTES How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with: To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!</p> <p>CLAUDIUS Good Laertes, If you desire to know the certainty Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge, That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe, Winner and loser?</p>		
<p>LAERTES None but his enemies.</p> <p>CLAUDIUS Why, now you speak Like a good child and a true gentleman. That I am guiltless of your father's death, And am most sensible in grief for it, It shall as level to your judgment pierce As day does to your eye.</p>	213	
<p>[<i>Noise within</i>]</p>	214	
<p>LAERTES How now! what noise is that?</p> <p><i>Re-enter OPHELLA</i></p> <p>O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt, Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye! By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight, Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!</p>	215	
<p>Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits Should be as mortal as an old man's life? Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine, It sends some precious instance of itself After the thing it loves.</p>	216	
<p>OPHELLA [<i>Sings</i>] They bore him barefaced on the bier; Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny; And in his grave rain'd many a tear:-- Fare you well, my dove! O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.</p>	217	

LAERTES This nothing's more than matter.	218	
OPHELIA There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies. that's for thoughts.	219	
LAERTES A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.		
OPHELIA There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb-grace o' Sundays: O you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy: I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died: they say he made a good end,--	220	
[Sings] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.	221	
LAERTES Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favour and to prettiness.	222	
OPHELIA [Sings] And will he not come again? And will he not come again? No, no, he is dead: Go to thy death-bed: He never will come again. His beard was as white as snow, All flaxen was his poll: He is gone, he is gone, And we cast away moan: God ha' mercy on his soul! And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be wi' ye. <i>Exit</i>	223	
LAERTES Do you see this, O God?	224	
CLAUDIUS Laertes, I must commune with your grief, Or you deny me right. Go but apart, Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will. And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:		

<p>I pray you, go with me. <i>Exeunt</i></p> <hr/>		
<p>SCENE VI. Another room in the castle. (2986, 4.6)</p>		
<p><i>Enter HORATIO</i></p> <p>HORATIO [<i>reads</i>] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give their deliverer some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. 'He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.' <i>Exit</i></p>	225	
<p>SCENE VII. Another room in the castle.</p>		
<p><i>Enter CLAUDIUS and LAERTES</i></p> <p>CLAUDIUS I loved your father, and we love ourself; And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine--</p> <hr/>	226	
<p><i>Enter BARNARDO</i></p> <p>How now! what news?</p>	227	
<p>BARNARDO Letters, my lord, from Hamlet: This to your majesty; this to the queen.</p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS From Hamlet! who brought them?</p>		
<p>BARNARDO Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not: They were given me by Marcellus; he received them Of him that brought them.</p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS Laertes, you shall hear them. Leave us. <i>Exit BARNARDO</i></p> <hr/>		
<p>[<i>Reads</i>] 'High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on</p>	228	

<p>your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return. 'HAMLET.'</p>		
<hr/> <p>What should this mean?</p> <p>LAERTES I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come; It warms the very sickness in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, 'Thus didest thou.'</p> <p>CLAUDIUS If it be so, Laertes-- Will you be ruled by me?</p> <p>LAERTES Ay, my lord; So you will not o'errule me to a peace.</p>	229	
<hr/> <p>CLAUDIUS Two months since, Here was a gentleman of Normandy.</p> <p>LAERTES Upon my life, Lamond.</p> <p>CLAUDIUS The very same.</p> <p>LAERTES I know him well: he is the brooch indeed And gem of all the nation.</p>	230	
<hr/> <p>CLAUDIUS He made confession of you, And gave you such a masterly report For art and exercise in your defence And for your rapier most especially, That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed, If one could match you.</p> <p>LAERTES What out of this, my lord?</p> <p>CLAUDIUS Hamlet is back: what would you undertake, To show yourself your father's son in deed More than in words?</p>	231	

<p>LAERTES To cut his throat i' the church.</p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS Will you do this, keep close within your chamber. Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home: We'll put on those shall praise your excellence And set a double varnish on the fame The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together And wager on your heads. He, being remiss, Most generous and free from all contriving, Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease, Or with a little shuffling, you may choose A sword unbated, and in a pass of practise Requite him for your father.</p>	232	
<p>LAERTES I will do't: And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword. I bought an unction of a mountebank, So mortal that, if I touch my point With this contagion, and gall him slightly, It may be death.</p>	233	
<p>CLAUDIUS Let's further think of this--</p>		
<p style="text-align: center;">I ha't.</p> <p>When in your motion you are hot and dry-- As make your bouts more violent to that end-- And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping, If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck, Our purpose may hold there.</p>	234	
<p style="text-align: center;"><i>Enter GERTRUDE</i> How now, sweet queen!</p>	235	
<p>GERTRUDE One woe doth tread upon another's heel, So fast they follow; your sister's drown'd, Laertes.</p>		
<p>LAERTES Drown'd! O, where?</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE There is a willow grows aslant a brook, That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;</p>	236	

There with fantastic garlands did she come
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
 There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
 When down her weedy trophies and herself
 Fell in the weeping brook.

Her clothes spread wide;
 And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
 Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes;
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and indued
 Unto that element:

but long it could not be
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

LAERTES

Alas, then, she is drown'd?

GERTRUDE

Drown'd, drown'd.

LAERTES

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
 And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
 It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
 Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
 The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord:
 I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
 But that this folly douts it.

Exit

CLAUDIUS

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

Exeunt

<p>SCENE VIII. A churchyard. (3252, 5.1)</p> <p><i>Enter GRAVEDIGGERS, with spades, & c</i> <i>Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance</i></p> <p>GRAVEDIGGER <i>[sings]</i> In youth, when I did love, did love, Methought it was very sweet, To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove, O, methought, there was nothing meet.</p> <p><i>[sings]</i> But age, with his stealing steps, Hath claw'd me in his clutch, And hath shipped me intil the land, As if I had never been such. <i>Throws up a skull</i></p> <p><i>[sings]</i> A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, For and a shrouding sheet: O, a pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet. <i>Throws up another skull</i></p>	241	
<p>HAMLET I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?</p> <p>GRAVEDIGGER Mine, sir. <i>[sings]</i> O, a pit of clay for to be made For such a guest is meet.</p>	242	
<p>HAMLET I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.</p> <p>GRAVEDIGGER You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.</p> <p>HAMLET 'Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.</p> <p>GRAVEDIGGER 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away gain, from me to you.</p>	243	
<p>HAMLET What man dost thou dig it for?</p> <p>GRAVEDIGGER For no man, sir.</p>	244	

<p>HAMLET What woman, then?</p> <p>GRAVEDIGGER For none, neither.</p> <p>HAMLET Who is to be buried in't?</p> <p>GRAVEDIGGER One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.</p>		
<p>HAMLET How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?</p> <p>GRAVEDIGGER Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Norway's King.</p>	245	
<p>HAMLET How long is that since?</p> <p>GRAVEDIGGER Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.</p>	246	
<p>HAMLET Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?</p> <p>GRAVEDIGGER Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.</p> <p>HAMLET Why?</p> <p>GRAVEDIGGER 'Twill, a not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.</p>	247	
<p style="text-align: center;">Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.</p> <p>HAMLET Whose was it?</p>	248	

<p>GRAVEDIGGER A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?</p> <p>HAMLET Nay, I know not.</p> <p>GRAVEDIGGER A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.</p> <p>HAMLET This?</p>		
<p>GRAVEDIGGER E'en that.</p> <p>HAMLET Let me see. <i>Takes the skull</i> Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rims at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.</p>	249	
<p style="text-align: center;">Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that.</p>	250	
<p style="text-align: center;">Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.</p>	251	
<p>HORATIO What's that, my lord?</p>		
<p>HAMLET Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?</p>		
<p>HORATIO E'en so.</p>		

HAMLET And smelt so? pah! <i>Puts down the skull</i>		
HORATIO E'en so, my lord.		
HAMLET To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?	252	
HORATIO 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.		
HAMLET No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall to expel the winter flaw!		
But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.	253	
<i>Enter masked procession; with Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES; CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE Exeunt Gravediggers</i>	254	
The queen -- who is this they follow? And with such maimed rites? <i>Retiring with HORATIO</i>	255	
LAERTES Lay her i' the earth: And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring! A ministering angel shall my sister be, When thou liest howling.	256	
HAMLET What, the fair Ophelia!	257	
GERTRUDE Sweets to the sweet: farewell! <i>Scattering flowers</i> I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;	258	

<p>I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid, And not have strew'd thy grave.</p>		
<p>LAERTES O, treble woe Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head, Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth awhile, Till I have caught her once more in mine arms: <i>Leaps into the grave</i> Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,</p>	259	
<p>HAMLET <i>[Advancing]</i> What is he whose grief Bears such an emphasis? This is I, Hamlet the Dane. <i>Leaps into the grave</i></p>		
<p>LAERTES The devil take thy soul! <i>Grappling with him</i></p>	260	
<p>CLAUDIUS Pluck them asunder.</p>	261	
<p>GERTRUDE Hamlet, Hamlet!</p>		
<p>HORATIO Good my lord, be quiet. <i>The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave</i></p>		
<p>HAMLET Why I will fight with him upon this theme Until my eyelids will no longer wag.</p>	262	
<p>GERTRUDE O my son, what theme?</p>	263	
<p>HAMLET I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers Could not, with all their quantity of love, Make up my sum.</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE This is mere madness: And thus awhile the fit will work on him.</p>	264	
	265	

<p>HAMLET Hear you, sir; What is the reason that you use me thus? I loved you ever: but it is no matter; Let Hercules himself do what he may, The cat will mew and dog will have his day. <i>Exit</i></p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him. <i>Exit HORATIO</i></p>	266	
<p>[<i>To LAERTES</i>] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech; We'll put the matter to the present push. Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son. This grave shall have a living monument: An hour of quiet shortly shall we see; Till then, in patience our proceeding be. <i>Exeunt</i></p>	267	
<p>SCENE IX. A hall in the castle. (3512, 5.2) <i>Enter HAMLET and HORATIO</i></p>	268	
<p>HAMLET Up from my cabin, My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark Groped I to find out them; had my desire. Finger'd their packet, where I found, Horatio,-- O royal knavery!--an exact command, That, on the supervise, no leisure bated, No, not to stay the grinding of the axe, My head should be struck off.</p>		
<p>HORATIO Is't possible?</p>		
<p>HAMLET Here's the commission: read it at more leisure. But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?</p>	269	
<p>HORATIO I beseech you.</p>		
<p>HAMLET Being thus be-netted round with villainies,-- Ere I could make a prologue to my brains, They had begun the play--I sat me down, Devised a new commission, wrote it fair: That, on the view and knowing of these contents,</p>	270	

Without debatement further, more or less, He should the bearers put to sudden death, Not shriving-time allow'd.		
HORATIO So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't?	271	
HAMLET Why, man, they did make love to this employment; They are not near my conscience. But I am very sorry, good Horatio, That to Laertes I forgot myself; For, by the image of my cause, I see The portraiture of his.		
HORATIO Peace! who comes here? <i>Enter OSRIC</i>	272	
OSRIC Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.		
HAMLET I humbly thank you, sir.		
Dost know this water-fly?	273	
HORATIO No, my good lord.		
HAMLET Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.		
OSRIC Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.	274	
HAMLET I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit.		
Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.	275	
OSRIC I thank your lordship, it is very hot.		

<p>HAMLET No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.</p>		
<p>OSRIC It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.</p>		
<p>HAMLET But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.</p>		
<p>OSRIC Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,--as 'twere,--I cannot tell how.</p>		
<hr/> <p style="text-align: center;">But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head: sir, this is the matter,--</p>	276	
<p>HAMLET I beseech you, remember-- <i>HAMLET moves him to put on his hat</i></p>		
<p>OSRIC Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith.</p>		
<hr/> <p>Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman.</p>	277	
<p>HAMLET What imports the nomination of this gentleman?</p>		
<p>OSRIC Of Laertes?</p>		
<hr/> <p>HORATIO His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.</p>	278	
<hr/> <p>HAMLET Of him, sir.</p>	279	
<p>OSRIC I know you are not ignorant--</p>		
<p>HAMLET I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?</p> <hr/>		

<p>OSRIC You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is-- I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.</p> <p>HAMLET What's his weapon?</p> <p>OSRIC Rapier and dagger.</p> <p>HAMLET That's two of his weapons: but, well.</p>	280	
<p>OSRIC The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.</p> <p>HAMLET Six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?</p> <p>OSRIC The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.</p>	281	
<p>HAMLET How if I answer 'no'?</p> <p>OSRIC I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.</p>	282	
<p>HAMLET Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.</p>	283	

<p>OSRIC Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?</p> <p>HAMLET To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.</p> <p>OSRIC I commend my duty to your lordship.</p> <p>HAMLET Yours, yours. <i>Exit OSRIC</i></p>		
<p>HORATIO You will lose this wager, my lord.</p> <p>HAMLET I do not think so: since he went into France, I have been in continual practise: I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.</p> <p>HORATIO Nay, good my lord,--</p> <p>HAMLET It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.</p>	284	
<p>HORATIO If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.</p> <p>HAMLET Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?</p>	285	
<p><i>Enter CLAUDIUS, GERTRUDE, LAERTES, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils</i></p> <p>CLAUDIUS Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. <i>CLAUDIUS puts LAERTES' hand into HAMLET's</i></p>	286	

<p>HAMLET Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong; But pardon't, as you are a gentleman. This presence knows -- And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honour and exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.</p>	287	
<p>LAERTES I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most To my revenge: but in my terms of honour I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation, Till by some elder masters, of known honour, I have a voice and precedent of peace, To keep my name ungor'd.</p>		
<p>HAMLET I embrace it freely; And will this brother's wager frankly play.</p>		
<hr/> <p>Give us the foils. Come on.</p>	288	
<p>LAERTES Come, one for me.</p>		
<hr/> <p>HAMLET Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.</p>	289	
<p>CLAUDIUS I do not fear it; I have seen you both: But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.</p>		
<hr/> <p>LAERTES This is too heavy, let me see another.</p>	290	
<p>HAMLET This likes me well. These foils have all a length? <i>They prepare to play</i></p>		
<p>OSRIC Ay, my good lord.</p>		
<hr/> <p>CLAUDIUS Set me the stoops of wine upon that table. If Hamlet give the first or second hit, The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath; And in the cup an union shall he throw,</p>	291	

<p>The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.</p> <p>HAMLET Good madam!</p>		
<p>CLAUDIUS Gertrude, do not drink.</p> <p>GERTRUDE I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me. <i>[she drinks, then offers it to Hamlet]</i></p>	297	
<p>HAMLET I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.</p> <p>GERTRUDE Come, let me wipe thy face.</p>	298	
<p>LAERTES My lord, I'll hit him now.</p> <p>CLAUDIUS I do not think't.</p>	299	
<p>LAERTES <i>[Aside]</i> And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.</p>	300	
<p>HAMLET Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally; I pray you, pass with your best violence; I am afeard you make a wanton of me.</p> <p>LAERTES Say you so?</p>	301	
<p> come on. <i>They play</i></p> <p>OSRIC Nothing, neither way.</p>	302	
<p>LAERTES Have at you now! <i>LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then in scuffling, they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES</i></p>	303	
<p>CLAUDIUS Part them; they are incensed.</p>	304	

<p>HAMLET Nay, come, again. <i>GERTRUDE falls</i></p> <hr/>		
<p>OSRIC Look to the queen there, ho!</p> <hr/>	305	
<p>HORATIO They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?</p> <hr/>	306	
<p>OSRIC How is't, Laertes?</p>	307	
<p>LAERTES Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrice; I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.</p> <hr/>		
<p>HAMLET How does the queen?</p>	308	
<p>CLAUDIUS She swounds to see them bleed.</p>		
<p>GERTRUDE No, no, the drink, the drink,--O my dear Hamlet,-- The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. <i>Dies</i></p> <hr/>		
<p>HAMLET O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd: Treachery! Seek it out.</p>	309	
<p>LAERTES It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain; No medicine in the world can do thee good; In thee there is not half an hour of life; The treacherous instrument is in thy hand, Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practise Hath turn'd itself on me lo, here I lie, Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd: I can no more: the king, the king's to blame.</p> <hr/>		
<p>HAMLET The point!--envenom'd too! Then, venom, to thy work. <i>Stabs CLAUDIUS</i></p> <hr/>	310	
<p>CLAUDIUS O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.</p>	311	

<p>HAMLET Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane, Drink off this potion. Is thy union here? Follow my mother. <i>CLAUDIUS dies</i></p>		
<p>LAERTES He is justly served; It is a poison temper'd by himself. Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet: Mine and my father's death come not upon thee, Nor thine on me. <i>Dies</i></p>	312	
<p>HAMLET Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee. I am dead, Horatio. Thou livest; report me and my cause aright To the unsatisfied.</p>	313	
<p>HORATIO Never believe it: I am more an antique Roman than a Dane: Here's yet some liquor left.</p>	314	
<p>HAMLET As thou'rt a man, Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have't.</p>		
<p>O good Horatio, what a wounded name, Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me! If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart Absent thee from felicity awhile, And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain, To tell my story.</p>	315	
<p>I die, Horatio; The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit: The rest is silence. [O,O,O,O.] <i>Dies</i></p>	316	
	317	
	318	

HORATIO

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night sweet prince:
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

Then let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

The End