

William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

William Shakespeare (1564-1616) needs no introduction. He is considered by many to be the greatest writer who ever lived. He wrote 37 plays in addition to a sonnet sequence and other poems. *Hamlet* was written between 1599 and 1602. Through the years, it has been Shakespeare's most produced play.

ACT I

Scene I. Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo

Bernardo: Who's there?

Francisco: Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Bernardo: Long live the king!

Francisco: Bernardo?

Bernardo: He.

Francisco: You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bernardo: 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Francisco: For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Bernardo: Have you had quiet guard? 10

Francisco: Not a mouse stirring.

Bernardo: Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Francisco: I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

Horatio: Friends to this ground.

Marcellus: And liegemen to the Dane.

Francisco: Give you good night.

Marcellus: O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you? 20

Francisco: Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night.

Exit Bernardo

Marcellus: Holla! Bernardo!

Bernardo: Say, What, is Horatio there?

Horatio: A piece of him.

Bernardo: Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

Marcellus: What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Bernardo: I have seen nothing.

Marcellus: Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him

30

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night;

That if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Horatio: Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Bernardo: Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story

What we have two nights seen.

40

Horatio: Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo. Speak of this.

Bernardo: Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course to illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost

Marcellus: Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Bernardo: In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Marcellus: Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

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Bernardo: Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Horatio: Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Bernardo: It would be spoke to.

Marcellus: Question it, Horatio.

Horatio: What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Marcellus: It is offended.

Bernardo: See, it stalks away!

60

Horatio: Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

Exit Ghost

Marcellus: 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bernardo: How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

Horatio: Before my God, I might not this believe
 Without the sensible and true avouch
 Of mine own eyes.

Marcellus: Is it not like the king?

Horatio: As thou art to thyself: 70
 Such was the very armour he had on
 When he the ambitious Norway combated;
 So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
 He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
 'Tis strange.

Marcellus: Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
 With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Horatio: In what particular thought to work I know not;
 But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
 This bodes some strange eruption to our state. 80

Marcellus: Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
 Why this same strict and most observant watch
 So nightly toils the subject of the land,
 And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
 And foreign mart for implements of war;
 Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
 Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
 What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
 Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
 Who is't that can inform me? 90

Horatio: That can I;
 At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
 Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
 Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
 Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
 Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
 For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
 Did slay this Fortinbras; who by a seal'd compact,
 Well ratified by law and heraldry,
 Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands 100
 Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror:
 Against the which, a moiety competent
 Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
 To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
 Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,
 And carriage of the article design'd,
 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
 Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
 For food and diet, to some enterprise 110

That hath a stomach in't; which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

Bernardo: I think it be no other but e'en so. 120

Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Horatio: A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star 130
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:
And even the like precursor of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—
But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice, 140
Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me: [*Cock crows*]
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid, O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus. 150

Marcellus: Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Horatio: Do, if it will not stand.

Bernardo: 'Tis here!

Horatio: 'Tis here!

Marcellus: 'Tis gone!

Exit Ghost

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Bernardo: It was about to speak, when the cock crew. 160

Horatio: And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Marcellus: It faded on the crowing of the cock. 170

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

Horatio: So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill: 180

Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Marcellus: Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

Exeunt

Scene II. A room of state in the castle.

**Enter King Claudius, Queen Gertrude, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius,
Lords, and Attendants**

Claudius: Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
 The memory be green, and that it us befitted
 To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe,
 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,— 10
 With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
 With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
 Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
 Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
 Or thinking by our late dear brother's death 20
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
 Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,
 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
 Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:
 Thus much the business is: we have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears 30
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His further gait herein; in that the levies,
 The lists and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subject: and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the king, more than the scope
 Of these delated articles allow.
 Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.
 Cornelius Voltimand: In that and all things will we show our duty. 40
 Claudius: We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

Exit Voltimand and Cornelius

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? 50

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
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

Claudius: Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?
 Polonius: He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
 By laboursome petition, and at last 60
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

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

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

Claudius: How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
 Hamlet: Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Gertrude: Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark. 70
 Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
 Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
 Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity.

Hamlet: Ay, madam, it is common.

Gertrude: If it be,
 Why seems it so particular with thee?

Hamlet: Seems, madam! nay it is; I know not 'seems.'
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black, 80
 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 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.

Claudius: 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet, 90
 To give these mourning duties to your father:
 But, you must know, your father lost a father;
 That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
 In filial obligation for some term
 To do obsequious sorrow: but to persever
 In obstinate condolement is a course
 Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
 A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
 An understanding simple and unschool'd:
 For what we know must be and is as common 100
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we in our peevish opposition
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd: whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse till he that died to-day,
 'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us 110
 As of a father: for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne;
 And with no less nobility of love
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back 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.

Gertrude: Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet. 120
 I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Hamlet: I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

Claudius: Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
 Be as ourself in Denmark. 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,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. 130

Exeunt all but Hamlet

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: 140
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,
 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, 150
 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 galled eyes,
 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not nor it cannot come to good: 160
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo

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?
 Marcellus: My good lord—
 Hamlet: I am very glad to see you. Good even, sir.
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg? 170
 Horatio: A truant disposition, good my lord.
 Hamlet: I would not hear your enemy say so,
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,

To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore?
 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
 Horatio: My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
 Hamlet: I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding. 180
 Horatio: Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
 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!
 My father!—methinks I see my father.
 Horatio: Where, my lord?
 Hamlet: In my mind's eye, Horatio.
 Horatio: I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
 Hamlet: He was a man, take him for all in all, 190
 I shall not look upon his like again.
 Horatio: My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
 Hamlet: Saw? who?
 Horatio: My lord, the king your father.
 Hamlet: The king my father?
 Horatio: Season your admiration for awhile
 With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
 Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
 This marvel to you.
 Hamlet: For God's love, let me hear. 200
 Horatio: Two nights together had these gentlemen,
 Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
 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 them, and with solemn march
 Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
 Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear, 210
 Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
 And I with them the third night kept the watch;
 Where, as they 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.
 Hamlet: But where was this?
 Marcellus: My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Hamlet: Did you not speak to it? 220

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.

Hamlet: 'Tis very strange.

Horatio: As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty 230
 To let you know of it.

Hamlet: Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night?

Marcellus Bernardo:
 We do, my lord.

Hamlet: Arm'd, say you?

Marcellus Bernardo: Arm'd, my lord.

Hamlet: From top to toe?

Marcellus Bernardo: My lord, from head to foot.

Hamlet: Then saw you not his face? 240

Horatio: O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Hamlet: What, look'd he frowningly?

Horatio: A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet: Pale or red?

Horatio: Nay, very pale.

Hamlet: And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Horatio: Most constantly.

Hamlet: I would I had been there.

Horatio: It would have much amazed you.

Hamlet: Very like, very like. Stay'd it long? 250

Horatio: While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Marcellus Bernardo: Longer, longer.

Horatio: Not when I saw't.

Hamlet: His beard was grizzled—no?

Horatio: It was, as I have seen it in his life,
 A sable silver'd.

Hamlet: I will watch to-night;
 Perchance 'twill walk again.

Horatio: I warrant it will.

Hamlet: If it assume my noble father's person, 260
 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.

All: Our duty to your honour.

270

Hamlet: Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

Exeunt all but Hamlet

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.

Exit Hamlet

Scene III. A room in Polonius' house.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia

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.

Ophelia: Do you doubt that?

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,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute; No more.

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Ophelia: No more but so?

Laertes: Think it no more;

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,

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It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal. 30

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

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.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes: 40

The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

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; 50
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

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

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! 60

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
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. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,

Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee. 70
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. 80
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.
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. 90
Laertes: Farewell.

Exit Laertes

Polonius: What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Ophelia: So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
Polonius: Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:
If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly 100
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Ophelia: He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Polonius: Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Ophelia: I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
Polonius: Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay, 110
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.
Ophelia: My lord, he hath importuned me with love
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.
Polonius: Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know, 120
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scanted of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia, 130
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I 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.
Ophelia: I shall obey, my lord. 140

Exeunt

Scene IV. The platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus

Hamlet: The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Horatio: It is a nipping and an eager air.
Hamlet: What hour now?
Horatio: I think it lacks of twelve.
Hamlet: No, it is struck.
Horatio: Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

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

What does this mean, my lord?
Hamlet: The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels; 10
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Horatio: Is it a custom?
Hamlet: Ay, marry, is't:
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.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations: 20
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chanceth in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason, 30
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausible manners, that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo—
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt 40
To his own scandal.

Horatio: Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost

Hamlet: Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring 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!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell 50
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? 60
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Ghost beckons Hamlet

Horatio: It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Marcellus: Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Horatio: No, by no means.

Hamlet: It will not speak; then I will follow it. 70

Horatio: Do not, my lord.

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.

Horatio: What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form, 80
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Hamlet: It waves me still.
Go on; I'll follow thee.

Marcellus: You shall not go, my lord.

Hamlet: Hold off your hands. 90

Horatio: Be ruled; you shall not go.

Hamlet: My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
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.

Exit Ghost and Hamlet

Horatio: He waxes desperate with imagination.
Marcellus: Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him. 100
Horatio: Have after. To what issue will this come?
Marcellus: Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Horatio: Heaven will direct it.
Marcellus: Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt

Scene V. Another part of the platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet

Hamlet: Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.
Ghost: Mark me.
Hamlet: I will.
Ghost: My hour is almost come,
 When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
 Must render up myself.
Hamlet: Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost: Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
 To what I shall unfold.
Hamlet: Speak; I am bound to hear. 10
Ghost: So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Hamlet: What?
Ghost: I am thy father's spirit,
 Doom'd for a certain term to 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. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, 20
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love—
Hamlet: O God!

Ghost: Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
 Hamlet: Murder! 30
 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.
 Ghost: I find thee apt;
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard, 40
 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.
 Hamlet: O my prophetic soul! My uncle!
 Ghost: Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
 O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power 50
 So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:
 O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
 Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine!
 But virtue, as it never will be moved,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven, 60
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.
 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; whose effect 70
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body,
 And with a sudden vigour doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,

The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd: 80
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive 90
 Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

Exit Ghost

Hamlet: O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
 And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee! 100
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
 O most pernicious woman! 110
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is I set it down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing]

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

Marcellus Horatio

[*Within*]: My lord, my lord,—

Marcellus [*Within*]: Lord Hamlet,—

Horatio [*Within*]: Heaven secure him!

Hamlet: So be it!

Horatio[*Within*]: Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

Hamlet: Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

120

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

Marcellus: How is't, my noble lord?

Horatio: What news, my lord?

Hamlet: O, wonderful!

Horatio: Good my lord, tell it.

Hamlet: No; you'll reveal it.

Horatio: Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Marcellus: Nor I, my lord.

Hamlet: How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?

But you'll be secret?

Horatio Marcellus: Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Hamlet: There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

Horatio: There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave

To tell us this.

Hamlet: Why, right; 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.

Horatio: These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Hamlet: I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;

Yes, 'faith heartily.

Horatio: There's no offence, my lord.

Hamlet: Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,

And much offence too. 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, scholars and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

Horatio: What is't, my lord? we will.

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Hamlet: Never make known what you have seen to-night.
 Horatio Marcellus: My lord, we will not.
 Hamlet: Nay, but swear't. 160
 Horatio: In faith,
 My lord, not I.
 Marcellus: Nor I, my lord, in faith.
 Hamlet: Upon my sword.
 Marcellus: We have sworn, my lord, already.
 Hamlet: Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
 Ghost [*Beneath*]: Swear.
 Hamlet: Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?
 Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—
 Consent to swear. 170
 Horatio: Propose the oath, my lord.
 Hamlet: Never to speak of this that you have seen,
 Swear by my sword.
 Ghost [*Beneath*]: Swear.
 Hamlet: Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground.
 Come hither, gentlemen,
 And lay your hands again upon my sword:
 Never to speak of this that you have heard,
 Swear by my sword.
 Ghost [*Beneath*]: Swear. 180
 Hamlet: Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
 A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.
 Horatio: O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
 Hamlet: And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
 There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come;
 Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
 As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antic disposition on, 190
 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.
 Ghost [*Beneath*]: Swear.
 Hamlet: Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They swear*] 200
 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.
The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together.

Exeunt

ACT II

Scene I. A room in Polonius' house.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo

Polonius: Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Reynaldo: I will, my lord.

Polonius: You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquire
Of his behavior.

Reynaldo: My lord, I did intend it.

Polonius: Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep, 10
What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,
And in part him: ' do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Reynaldo: Ay, very well, my lord.

Polonius: 'And in part him; but' you may say 'not well:
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so:' and there put on him 20
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Reynaldo: As gaming, my lord.

Polonius: Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing: you may go so far.

Reynaldo: My lord, that would dishonour him.

Polonius: 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge 30
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly

That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Reynaldo: But, my good lord,—

Polonius: Wherefore should you do this?

Reynaldo: Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

40

Polonius: Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And I believe, it is a fetch of wit:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working, Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes

The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured

He closes with you in this consequence;

'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'

According to the phrase or the addition

Of man and country.

50

Reynaldo: Very good, my lord.

Polonius: And then, sir, does he this—he does—what was I

about to say? By the mass, I was about to say

something: where did I leave?

Reynaldo: At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend or so,'

and 'gentleman.'

Polonius: At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry;

He closes thus: 'I know the gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,

Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,

There was a' gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse;

There falling out at tennis:' or perchance,

'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'

Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlasses and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out:

So by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

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Reynaldo: My lord, I have.

Polonius: God be wi' you; fare you well.

Reynaldo: Good my lord!

Polonius: Observe his inclination in yourself.

Reynaldo: I shall, my lord.

Polonius: And let him ply his music.

Reynaldo: Well, my lord. 80
Polonius: Farewell!

Exit Reynaldo

Enter Ophelia

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?
Ophelia: O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Polonius: With what, i' the name of God?
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 ancle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport 90
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.
Polonius: Mad for thy love?
Ophelia: My lord, I do not know;
But truly, I do fear it.
Polonius: What said he?
Ophelia: He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face 100
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: that done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me. 110
Polonius: Come, go with me: I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What, have you given him any hard words of late?
Ophelia: No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
I did repel his fetters and denied
His access to me. 120

Polonius: That hath made him mad.

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

130

Exeunt

Scene II. A room in the castle.

Enter King Claudius, Queen Gertrude, Rosencrantz:, Guildenstern, and Attendants

Claudius: Welcome, dear Rosencrantz: and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so call it,
Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, 10
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,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
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 20
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Rosencrantz:: Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,

Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty. 30

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 changed son. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guildenstern: Heavens make our presence and our practises 40
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Gertrude: Ay, amen!

Exit Rosencrantz:, Guildenstern, and some Attendants

Enter Polonius

Polonius: The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

Claudius: Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Polonius: Have I, 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 50
As it hath used to do, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

Claudius: O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Polonius: Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

Claudius: Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

Exit Polonius

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Gertrude: I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage. 60

Claudius: Well, we shall sift him.

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Voltimand: Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age and impotence 70
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway, and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [*Giving a paper*] 80
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

Claudius: It likes us well;

And at our more consider'd time well read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home! 90

Exit Voltimand and Cornelius

Polonius: This business is well ended.

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? 100
But let that go.

Gertrude: More matter, with less art.

Polonius: Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 Or rather say, the cause of this defect, 110
 For this effect defective comes by cause:
 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend.
 I have a daughter—have while she is mine—
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise. [*Reads*]
 'To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most
 beautified Ophelia,'—
 That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified' is
 a vile phrase: but you shall hear. Thus: [*Reads*]
 'In her excellent white bosom, these, & c.'
 Gertrude: Came this from Hamlet to her? 120
 Polonius: Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful. [*Reads*]
 'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
 Doubt that the sun doth move;
 Doubt truth to be a liar;
 But never doubt I love.
 'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers;
 I have not art to reckon my groans: but that
 I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.
 'Thine evermore most dear lady, whilst
 this machine is to him, Hamlet.' 130
 This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me,
 And more above, hath his solicitings,
 As they fell out by time, by means and place,
 All given to mine ear.
 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. But what might you think,
 When I had seen this hot love on the wing— 140
 As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
 Before my daughter told me—what might you,
 Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
 If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
 Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
 What might you think? No, 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, 150
 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? 160

Gertrude: It may be, very likely.

Polonius: Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—
That I have positively said 'Tis so,'
When it proved otherwise?

Claudius: Not that I know.

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. 170

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. 180

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.

Exit King Claudius, Queen Gertrude, and Attendants

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. 190

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: That's very true, my lord.

Hamlet: For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a
god kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Polonius: I have, my lord.

Hamlet: Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a
blessing: but not as your daughter may conceive. 200
Friend, look to 't.

Polonius: [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my
daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I
was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and
truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for
love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.
What do you read, my lord?

Hamlet: Words, words, words.

Polonius: What is the matter, my lord?

Hamlet: Between who? 220

Polonius: I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

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. 230

Polonius: [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method
in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Hamlet: Into my grave.

Polonius: Indeed, that is out o' the air. [*Aside*]
How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness
that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity
could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will
leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of
meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable
lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you. 240

Hamlet: You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will
more willingly part withal: except my life, except
my life, except my life.

Polonius: Fare you well, my lord.

Hamlet: These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

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

Rosencrantz: [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir!

Exit Polonius

Guildenstern: My honoured lord!

Rosencrantz: My most dear lord!

Hamlet: My excellent good friends! How dost thou, 250

Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz: Good lads, how do ye both?

Rosencrantz: As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guildenstern: Happy, in that we are not over-happy;

On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Hamlet: Nor the soles of her shoe?

Rosencrantz: Neither, my lord.

Hamlet: Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of
her favours?

Guildenstern: 'Faith, her privates we.

Hamlet: In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she 260
is a strumpet. What's the news?

Rosencrantz: None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Hamlet: Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true.

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?

Guildenstern: Prison, my lord!

Hamlet: Denmark's a prison.

Rosencrantz: Then is the world one.

Hamlet: A goodly one; in which there are many confines, 270
wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Rosencrantz: We think not so, my lord.

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

Rosencrantz: Why then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too
narrow for your mind.

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. 280

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

Hamlet: A dream itself is but a shadow.

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

Hamlet: Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and
outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we
to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Rosencrantz: Guildenstern: We'll wait upon you.

Hamlet: No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest
of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest
man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the
beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore? 290

Rosencrantz: To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

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? Is it
your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,
deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guildenstern: What should we say, my lord? 300

Hamlet: Why, anything, but to the purpose. You were sent
for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks
which your modesties have not craft enough to colour:
I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Rosencrantz: To what end, my lord?

Hamlet: That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by
the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of
our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved
love, and by what more dear a better proposer could
charge you withal, be even and direct with me,
whether you were sent for, or no? 400

Rosencrantz: [*Aside to Guildenstern*] What say you?

Hamlet: [*Aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If you
love me, hold not off.

Guildenstern: My lord, we were sent for.

Hamlet: I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation
prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king
and queen moult no feather. I have of late—but
wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all
custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily
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 majestic 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. 410
420

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

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

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. 430

Hamlet: He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty
shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight
shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not
sigh gratis; the humourous man shall end his part
in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose
lungs are tickled o' the sere; and the lady shall
say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt
for't. What players are they?

Rosencrantz: Even those you were wont to take delight in, the
tragedians of the city. 440

Hamlet: How chances it they travel? their residence, both
in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

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

Hamlet: Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was
in the city? are they so followed?

Rosencrantz: No, indeed, are they not.

Hamlet: How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Rosencrantz: Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but
there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases,
that cry out on the top of question, and are most
tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the
fashion, and so berattle the common stages—so they
call them—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of
goose-quills and dare scarce come thither. 450

Hamlet: What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are
they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no
longer than they can sing? will they not say
afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common
players—as it is most like, if their means are no
better—their writers do them wrong, to make them
exclaim against their own succession? 460

Rosencrantz: 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and
the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to
controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid
for argument, unless the poet and the player went to
cuffs in the question.

Hamlet: Is't possible?

Guildenstern: O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Hamlet: Do the boys carry it away? 470

Rosencrantz: Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.

Hamlet: It is not very strange; for mine uncle is king of
Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while
my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an
hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little.
'Sblood, there is something in this more than
natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of trumpets within]

Guildenstern: There are the players.

Hamlet: Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands,
come then: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion
and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb,
lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you,
must show fairly outward, should more appear like
entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my
uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived. 480

Guildenstern: In what, my dear lord?

Hamlet: I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is
southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius

Polonius: Well be with you, gentlemen!

Hamlet: Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too: at each ear a
hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet
out of his swaddling-clouts. 490

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

Hamlet: I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players;
mark it. You say right, sir: o' Monday morning;
'twas so indeed.

Polonius: My lord, I have news to tell you.

Hamlet: My lord, I have news to tell you.
When Roscius was an actor in Rome,— 500

Polonius: The actors are come hither, my lord.

Hamlet: Buz, buz!

Polonius: Upon mine honour,—

Hamlet: Then came each actor on his ass,—

Polonius: 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. For the law of writ and the
liberty, these are the only men. 510
Hamlet: O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!
Polonius: What a treasure had he, my lord?
Hamlet: Why,
'One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well.'
Polonius: [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.
Hamlet: Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?
Polonius: If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter
that I love passing well. 520
Hamlet: Nay, that follows not.
Polonius: What follows, then, my lord?
Hamlet: Why,
'As by lot, God wot,'
and then, you know,
'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—
the first row of the pious chanson will show you
more; for look, where my abridgement comes.

[*Enter four or five Players*]

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: 530
comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young
lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is
nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the
altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like
apiece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the
ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en
to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see:
we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste
of your quality; come, a passionate speech. 540
First Player: What speech, my lord?
Hamlet: I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was
never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the
play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas
caviare to the general: but it was—as I received
it, and others, whose judgments in such matters
cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well
digested in the scenes, set down with as much
modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there
were no sallets in the lines to make the matter
savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might
indict the author of affectation; but called it an 550

honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Aeneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in 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:—

560

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their lord's murder: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

570

So, proceed you.

Polonius: 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

First Player: 'Anon he finds him

Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes 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.

580

590

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 600
 Now falls on Priam.
 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!'

Polonius: This is too long.

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. 610

First Player: 'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—'

Hamlet: 'The mobled queen?'

Polonius: That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Player: 'Run barefoot up and down, 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 620
 pronounced:
 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,
 Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
 And passion in the gods.'

Polonius: Look, whether he has not turned his colour and has
 tears in's eyes. Pray you, no more. 630

Hamlet: 'Tis well: I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.
 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.

Polonius: My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet: God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man
 after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?
 Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less 640
 they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.
 Take them in.

Polonius: Come, sirs.

Hamlet: Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.

Exit Polonius with all the Players but the First

Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the
Murder of Gonzago?

First Player: Ay, my lord.

Hamlet: We'll ha't to-morrow 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? 650

First Player: Ay, my lord.

Hamlet: Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him
not.

Exit First Player

My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are
welcome to Elsinore.

Rosencrantz: Good my lord!

Hamlet: Ay, so, God be wi' ye;

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here, 660
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 670
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward? 680
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain! 690
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play 700
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 710
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

ACT III

Scene I. A room in the castle.

Enter King Claudius, Queen Gertrude, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz:, and Guildenstern

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

Rosencrantz: He does confess he feels himself distracted;
 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guildenstern: Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
 But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
 When we would bring him on to some confession
 Of his true state. 10

Gertrude: Did he receive you well?

Rosencrantz: Most like a gentleman.

Guildenstern: But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosencrantz: Niggard of question; but, of our demands,
 Most free in his reply.

Gertrude: Did you assay him?
 To any pastime?

Rosencrantz: Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
 We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him;
 And there did seem in him a kind of joy 20
 To hear of it: they are about the court,
 And, as I think, they have already order
 This night to play before him.

Polonius: 'Tis most true:
 And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
 To hear and see the matter.

Claudius: With all my heart; and it doth much content me
 To hear him so inclined.
 Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
 And drive his purpose on to these delights. 30

Rosencrantz: We shall, my lord.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Claudius: Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
 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 40
 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 Queen Gertrude

Polonius: Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia*] 50
Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

Claudius: [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it 60
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

Polonius: I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

Exeunt King Claudius and Polonius

Enter Hamlet

Hamlet: To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end 70
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, 80
The pangs of despised 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 90
 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.

Ophelia: Good my lord, 100
 How does your honour for this many a day?
 Hamlet: I humbly thank you; well, well, well.
 Ophelia: My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 I pray you, now receive them.
 Hamlet: No, not I;
 I never gave you aught.
 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, 110
 Take these again; for to the noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
 There, my lord.

Hamlet: Ha, ha! are you honest?
 Ophelia: My lord?
 Hamlet: Are you fair?
 Ophelia: What means your lordship?
 Hamlet: That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should
 admit no discourse to your beauty.
 Ophelia: Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than 120
 with honesty?
 Hamlet: Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner
 transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the
 force of honesty can translate beauty into his
 likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the
 time gives it proof. I did love you once.
 Ophelia: Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet: You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot
so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of
it: I loved you not. 130

Ophelia: I was the more deceived.

Hamlet: Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a
breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest;
but yet I could accuse me of such things that it
were better my mother had not borne me: I am very
proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at
my beck than I have thoughts to put them in,
imagination to give them shape, or time to act them
in. What should such fellows as I do crawling
between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves,
all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.
Where's your father? 140

Ophelia: At home, my lord.

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

Ophelia: O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Hamlet: If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for
thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as
snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a
nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou 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. 150

Ophelia: O heavenly powers, restore him!

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
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. 160

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,
170

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!

Re-enter Claudius and Polonius

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 180
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
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Polonius: It shall do well: but yet do I believe 190
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 200
Your wisdom best shall think.

Claudius: It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt

SCENE II. A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Players

Hamlet: 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. O, it
offends me to the soul to hear a robustious
periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to
very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who
for the most part are capable of nothing but
inexplicable dumbshows and noise: I would have such
a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it
out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it. 10

First Player: I warrant your honour.

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 anything 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; to show virtue her own feature,
scorn her own image, and the very age and body of
the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone,
or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful
laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the
censure of the which one must in your allowance
o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be
players that I have seen play, and heard others
praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely,
that, neither having the accent of Christians nor
the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so
strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of
nature's journeymen had made men and not made them
well, they imitated humanity so abominably. 20 30

First Player: I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Hamlet: O, reform it altogether. 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. 40

Exeunt Players

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern

How now, my lord! Will the king hear this piece of work?
Polonius: And the queen too, and that presently.
Hamlet: Bid the players make haste.

Exit Polonius

Will you two help to hasten them?
Rosencrantz: Guildenstern: We will, my lord. 50

Exeunt Rosencrantz: and Guildenstern

Hamlet: What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio

Horatio: Here, sweet lord, at your service.
Hamlet: Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.
Horatio: O, my dear lord,—
Hamlet: Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd? 60
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger 70
To sound what stop she please. 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: if his occulted guilt 80
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Horatio: Well, my lord:

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

90

Hamlet: They are coming to the play; I must be idle:
Get you a place. [*Danish march. A flourish.*]

**Enter King Claudius, Queen Gertrude, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,
Guildenstern, and others**

Claudius: How fares our cousin Hamlet?

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

Claudius: I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words
are not mine.

Hamlet: No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*]

My lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

Polonius: That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

100

Hamlet: What did you enact?

Polonius: I did enact Julius Caesar: I was killed i' the
Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Hamlet: It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf
there. Be the players ready?

Rosencrantz: Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Gertrude: Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Hamlet: No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Polonius: [*To King Claudius*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Hamlet: Lady, shall I lie in your lap? [*Lying down at Ophelia's feet*]

120

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.

Ophelia: You are merry, my lord.

Hamlet: Who, I?

130

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.

Ophelia: Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

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

140

[*Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters*]

Enter a King and a Queen very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, 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.

Exeunt

Ophelia: What means this, my lord?

Hamlet: Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

Ophelia: Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

[*Enter Prologue*]

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

Ophelia: Will he tell us what this show meant?

Hamlet: Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you
ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

150

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

Prologue: For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently. [*Exit*]

Hamlet: Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Ophelia: 'Tis brief, my lord.

Hamlet: As woman's love.

[*Enter two Players, King and Queen*]

Player King: Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen

160

About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

Player Queen: So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done!

But, 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.

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—

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.

Hamlet: [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

Player Queen: The instances that second marriage move

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:

A second time I kill my husband dead,

When second husband kisses me in bed.

Player King: I do believe you think what now you speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory,

Of violent birth, but poor validity;

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange

That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

170

180

190

200

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.
 The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
 The poor advanced makes friends of enemies. 210
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
 For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run
 That our devices still are overthrown;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
 So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
 But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead. 220

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

Player King: 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile; 230
 My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps*]
Player Queen: Sleep rock thy brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit*]
 Hamlet: Madam, how like you this play?
 Gertrude: The lady protests too much, methinks.
 Hamlet: O, but she'll keep her word.
 Claudius: Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?
 Hamlet: No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence
 i' the world. 240

Claudius: What do you call the play?
 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. [*Enter Lucianus*]
 This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Ophelia: You are as good as a chorus, my lord. 250
 Hamlet: I could interpret between you and your love, if I
 could see the puppets dallying.
 Ophelia: You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Hamlet: It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Ophelia: Still better, and worse.

Hamlet: So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer;
pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:
'the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.'

Lucianus: Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing; 260
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.

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

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.

Ophelia: The king rises.

Hamlet: What, frightened with false fire! 270

Gertrude: How fares my lord?

Polonius: Give o'er the play.

Claudius: Give me some light: away!

All: Lights, lights, lights!

Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio

Hamlet: Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers— if
the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two 280
Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a
fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Horatio: Half a share.

Hamlet: A whole one, I.
“For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.”

Horatio: You might have rhymed.

Hamlet: O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a 290
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! 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!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Guildenstern: Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Hamlet: Sir, a whole history.

300

Guildenstern: The king, sir,—

Hamlet: Ay, sir, what of him?

Guildenstern: Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Hamlet: With drink, sir?

Guildenstern: No, my lord, rather with choler.

Hamlet: Your wisdom should show itself more richer to
signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him
to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far
more choler.

Guildenstern: Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame
and start not so wildly from my affair.

310

Hamlet: I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guildenstern: The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of
spirit, hath sent me to you.

Hamlet: You are welcome.

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: if not, your pardon and my return
shall be the end of my business.

320

Hamlet: Sir, I cannot.

Guildenstern: What, my lord?

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: therefore no
more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

Rosencrantz: Then thus she says; your behavior hath struck her
into amazement and admiration.

Hamlet: O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But
is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's
admiration? Impart.

330

Rosencrantz: She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you
go to bed.

Hamlet: We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have
you any further trade with us?

Rosencrantz: My lord, you once did love me.

Hamlet: So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

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.

340

Hamlet: Sir, I lack advancement.

Rosencrantz: How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Hamlet: Ay, but sir, 'While the grass grows,'—the proverb is something musty.

Re-enter Players with recorders

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

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

350

Hamlet: I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guildenstern: My lord, I cannot.

Hamlet: I pray you.

Guildenstern: Believe me, I cannot.

Hamlet: I do beseech you.

Guildenstern: I know no touch of it, my lord.

Hamlet: 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

360

Guildenstern: But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

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? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

370

Enter Polonius

God bless you, sir!

Polonius: My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Hamlet: Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Polonius: By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Hamlet: Methinks it is like a weasel.

Polonius: It is backed like a weasel.

380

Hamlet: Or like a whale?

Polonius: Very like a whale.

Hamlet: Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool
me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Polonius: I will say so.

Hamlet: By and by is easily said.

Exit Polonius

Leave me, friends.

Exeunt all but Hamlet

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

390

Exit

SCENE III. A room in the castle.

Enter King Claudius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern

Claudius: I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

Guildenstern: We will ourselves provide:
Most holy and religious fear it is

To keep those many many bodies safe 10
That live and feed upon your majesty.
Rosencrantz: The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount, 20
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.
Claudius: Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern: We will haste us.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Enter Polonius

Polonius: My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself, 30
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.
Claudius: Thanks, dear my lord.

Exit Polonius

O, my offence is rank it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't, 40
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 cursed 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? 50
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder'?
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world 60
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death! 70
O limed 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

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 80
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! 90

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

Claudius [*Rising*]: My words fly up, my thoughts remain below: 100
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Exit

SCENE IV. The Queen's closet.

Enter Queen Gertrude and Polonius

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.

Hamlet [*Within*]: Mother, mother, mother!

Gertrude: I'll warrant you,
Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius hides behind the arras*]

Enter Hamlet

Hamlet: Now, mother, what's the matter?

Gertrude: Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended. 10

Hamlet: Mother, you have my father much offended.

Gertrude: Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Hamlet: Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Gertrude: Why, how now, Hamlet!

Hamlet: What's the matter now?

Gertrude: Have you forgot me?

Hamlet: No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

Gertrude: Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak. 20

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.

Gertrude: What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
 Help, help, ho!

Polonius: [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!

Hamlet: [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!
 [*Makes a pass through the arras*]

Polonius: [*Behind*] O, I am slain!
 [*Falls and dies*]

Gertrude: O me, what hast thou done?

Hamlet: Nay, I know not: 30
 Is it the king?

Gertrude: O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Hamlet: A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
 As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Gertrude: As kill a king!

Hamlet: Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
 [*Lifts up the array and discovers Polonius*]
 Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
 I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;
 Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger. 40
 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.

Gertrude: What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
 In noise so rude against me?

Hamlet: Such an act
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
 Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love
 And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows 50
 As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul, and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow:
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Gertrude: Ay me, what act,
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

Hamlet: Look here, upon this picture, and on this, 60
 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;
 A combination and a form indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man:
 This was your husband. Look you now, what follows: 70
 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?
 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? Sense, sure, you have,
 Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
 Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err, 80
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
 But it reserved some quantity of choice,
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.
 O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones, 90
 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.

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

Hamlet: Nay, but to live 100
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
 Over the nasty sty,—

Gertrude: O, speak to me no more;
 These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;
 No more, sweet Hamlet!

Hamlet: A murderer and a villain;
 A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe

Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule, 110
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Gertrude: No more!

Hamlet: A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost

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

Gertrude: Alas, he's mad!

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! 120

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.

Hamlet: How is it with you, lady?

Gertrude: Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse? 130
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Hamlet: On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert 140
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Gertrude: To whom do you speak this?

Hamlet: Do you see nothing there?

Gertrude: Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Hamlet: Nor did you nothing hear?

Gertrude: No, nothing but ourselves.

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! 150

Exit Ghost

Gertrude: This the very coinage of your brain:

This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

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. 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. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pury times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

160

170

Gertrude: O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Hamlet: O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
[*Pointing to Polonius*]
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.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind:

180

190

Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.

One word more, good lady.

Gertrude: What shall I do?

Hamlet: Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses, 200

Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,

That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,

Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?

No, in despite of sense and secrecy,

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape, 210

To try conclusions, in the basket creep,

And break your own neck down.

Gertrude: Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe

What thou hast said to me.

Hamlet: I must to England; you know that?

Gertrude: Alack,

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Hamlet: There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd, 220

They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petard: and 't shall go hard

But I will delve one yard below their mines,

And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet,

When in one line two crafts directly meet.

This man shall set me packing:

I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.

Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor 230

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.

Exeunt severally, Hamlet dragging in Polonius

ACT IV

SCENE I. A room in the castle.

Enter King Claudius, Queen Gertrude, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern

Claudius: There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:

You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.

Where is your son?

Gertrude: Bestow this place on us a little while.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

Claudius: What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Gertrude: Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,

Behind the arras hearing something stir,

Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat!'

10

And, in this brainish apprehension, kills

The unseen good old man.

Claudius: O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all;

To you yourself, to us, to everyone.

Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrain'd and out of haunt,

20

This mad young man: but so much was our love,

We would not understand what was most fit;

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of Life. Where is he gone?

Gertrude: To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore

Among a mineral of metals base,

Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

Claudius: O Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,

30

But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guildenstern!

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

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

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

40

Exeunt

SCENE II. Another room in the castle.

Enter Hamlet

Hamlet: Safely stowed.
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern [*Within*]: Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Hamlet: What noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Rosencrantz: What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Hamlet: Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Rosencrantz: Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.
Hamlet: Do not believe it.
Rosencrantz: Believe what?
Hamlet: That I can keep your counsel and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what
replication should be made by the son of a king?
Rosencrantz: Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
Hamlet: Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his
rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the
king best service in the end: he keeps them, like
an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to
be last swallowed: when he needs what you have
gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you
shall be dry again.
Rosencrantz: I understand you not, my lord.
Hamlet: I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a
foolish ear.

10

20

Rosencrantz: My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go
with us to the king.

Hamlet: The body is with the king, but the king is not with
the body. The king is a thing—

Guildenstern: A thing, my lord!

Hamlet: Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Another room in the castle.

Enter King Claudius, attended

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.

10

Enter Rosencrantz:

How now! what hath befall'n?

Rosencrantz: Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,

We cannot get from him.

Claudius: But where is he?

Rosencrantz: Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

Claudius: Bring him before us.

Rosencrantz: Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern

Claudius: Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Hamlet: At supper.

20

Claudius: At supper! where?

Hamlet: Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain
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 eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. 30

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?

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. 40

Claudius: Go seek him there. [*To some Attendants*]

Hamlet: He will stay till ye come.

Exeunt Attendants

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 everything is bent
For England.

Hamlet: For England!

Claudius: Ay, Hamlet. 50

Hamlet: Good.

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

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

Claudius: Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Hamlet: My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man
and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England!

Exit

Claudius: Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:
Away! for everything is seal'd and done 60
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since 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.

70

Exit

SCENE IV. A plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, a Captain, and Soldiers, marching

Fortinbras: Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves the conveyance of a promised march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Captain: I will do't, my lord.

Fortinbras: Go softly on.

Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others

Hamlet: Good sir, whose powers are these? 10

Captain: They are of Norway, sir.

Hamlet: How purposed, sir, I pray you?

Captain: Against some part of Poland.

Hamlet: Who commands them, sir?

Captain: The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Hamlet: Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Captain: Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name. 20
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Hamlet: Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Captain: Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Hamlet: Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

30

Captain: God be wi' you, sir.

Exit

Rosencrantz: Wilt please you go, my lord?

Hamlet: I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

Exeunt all except Hamlet

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

40

50

60

Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Exit

SCENE V. Elsinore. A room in the castle.

Enter Queen Gertrude, Horatio, and a Gentleman

Gertrude: I will not speak with her.

Gentleman: She is importunate, indeed distract.

Her mood will needs be pitied.

Gertrude: What would she have?

Gentleman: She speaks much of her father; says she hears

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move

The hearers to collection; they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;

Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,

Indeed would make one think there might be thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Horatio: 'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Gertrude: Let her come in.

10

Exit Horatio

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.

20

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia

Ophelia: Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Gertrude: How now, Ophelia!

Ophelia [*Sings*]:

“How should I your true love know

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon.”

Gertrude: Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Ophelia: Say you? nay, pray you, mark. [*Sings*]

“He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.”

30

Gertrude: Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Ophelia: Pray you, mark. [*Sings*]

“White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King Claudius

Gertrude: Alas, look here, my lord.

Ophelia [*Sings*]:

“Larded with sweet flowers
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.”

40

Claudius: How do you, pretty lady?

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!

Claudius: Conceit upon her father.

Ophelia: Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this: [*Sings*]

“To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

50

“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.”

Claudius: Pretty Ophelia!

Ophelia: Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't. [*Sings*]

“By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.”

60

He answers:

“So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.”

Claudius: How long hath she been thus?

Ophelia: I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I
cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him
i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: 70
and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my
coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies;
good night, good night.

Exit

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

Exit Horatio

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies
But in battalions. First, her father slain:
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author 80
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France;
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear 90
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. [*A noise within*]
Gertrude: Alack, what noise is this?
Claudius: Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter another Gentleman

What is the matter?
Gentleman: Save yourself, my lord: 100
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'rbears 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:'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds—
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!' 110
Gertrude: How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!
Claudius: The doors are broke. [*Noise within*]

Enter Laertes, armed, Danes following

Laertes: Where is this king? Sirs, stand you all without.
Danes: No, let's come in.
Laertes: I pray you, give me leave.
Danes: We will, we will.

They retire without the door

Laertes: I thank you. keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my father!
Gertrude: Calmly, good Laertes. 120
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.
Claudius: What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes, 130
Why thou art thus incensed. Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man.
Laertes: Where is my father?
Claudius: Dead.
Gertrude: But not by him.
Claudius: Let him demand his fill.
Laertes: How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand, 140
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.
Claudius: Who shall stay you?

Laertes: My will, not all the world:

And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

Claudius: Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge, 150
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laertes: None but his enemies.

Claudius: Will you know them then?

Laertes: To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;

And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

Claudius: Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death, 160
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Danes [*Within*]: Let her come in.

Laertes: How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter Ophelia

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!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia! 170
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as moral as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Ophelia [*Sings*]:

“They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear—
Fare you well, my dove!”

Laertes: Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge, 180
It could not move thus.

Ophelia [*Sings*]:

“You must sing a-down a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.”
O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false
steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laertes: This nothing's more than matter.

Ophelia: There's rosemary, that's for remembrance—pray you,
love, remember. And there is pansies. That's for thoughts.

Laertes: A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophelia: There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue 190
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. [*Sings*]
“For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.”

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

Ophelia [*Sings*]:

“And will he not come again?
And will he not come again? 200
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' you.

Exit

Laertes: Do you see this, O God? 210

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:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we can ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul 220
To give it due content.

Laertes: Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation—

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

Claudius: So you shall;

And where the offence is let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me.

230

Exeunt

SCENE VI. Another room in the castle.

Enter Horatio and a Servant

Horatio: What are they that would speak with me?

Servant: Sailors, sir. They say they have letters for you.

Horatio: Let them come in.

Exit Servant

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

Enter Sailors

First Sailor: God bless you, sir.

Horatio: Let him bless thee too.

First Sailor: He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for
you, sir; it comes from the ambassador that was
bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am
let to know it is.

10

Horatio [*Reads*]: "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked
this, give these fellows some means to the king:
they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old
at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us
chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on
a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded
them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so
I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with
me like thieves of mercy: but they knew what they
did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king
have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me
with as much speed as thou wouldst fly death. I
have words to speak in thine ear will make thee
dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of
the matter. These good fellows will bring thee
where I am. Rosencrantz: and Guildenstern hold their
course for England: of them I have much to tell

20

thee. Farewell. He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.”
Come, I will make you way for these your letters; 30
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exeunt

SCENE VII. Another room in the castle.

Enter King Claudius and Laertes

Claudius: Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laertes: It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up. 10

Claudius: O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go, 20
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laertes: And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age 30
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

Claudius: Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:

I loved your father, and we love ourself;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger

How now! what news?

Messenger: Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.

This to your majesty; this to the queen.

40

Claudius: From Hamlet! who brought them?

Messenger: Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not.

They were given me by Claudio; he received them

Of him that brought them.

Claudius: Laertes, you shall hear them. Leave us.

Exit Messenger

[Reads] "High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on
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."

50

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laertes: Know you the hand?

Claudius: 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked!"

And in a postscript here, he says "alone."

Can you advise me?

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."

60

Claudius: If it be so, Laertes—

As how should it be so? how otherwise?—

Will you be ruled by me?

Laertes: Ay, my lord;

So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

Claudius: To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,

As checking at his voyage, and that he means

No more to undertake it, I will work him

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,

Under the which he shall not choose but fall:

70

And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,

But even his mother shall uncharge the practise

And call it accident.

Laertes: My lord, I will be ruled;

The rather, if you could devise it so
 That I might be the organ.

Claudius: It falls right.
 You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
 And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
 Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts 80
 Did not together pluck such envy from him
 As did that one, and that, in my regard,
 Of the unworthiest siege.

Laertes: What part is that, my lord?

Claudius: A very riband in the cap of youth,
 Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
 The light and careless livery that it wears
 Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
 Importing health and graveness. Two months since, 90
 Here was a gentleman of Normandy:—
 I've seen myself, and served against, the French,
 And they can well on horseback: but this gallant
 Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat;
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
 As he had been incorpsed and demi-natured
 With the brave beast: so far he topp'd my thought,
 That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
 Come short of what he did.

Laertes: A Norman was't?

Claudius: A Norman. 100

Laertes: Upon my life, Lamond.

Claudius: The very same.

Laertes: I know him well: he is the brooch indeed
 And gem of all the nation.

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: the scrimers of their nation, 110
 He swore, had had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
 If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
 That he could nothing do but wish and beg
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
 Now, out of this,—

Laertes: What out of this, my lord?

Claudius: Laertes, was your father dear to you?
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
 A face without a heart? 120

Laertes: Why ask you this?

Claudius: Not that I think you did not love your father;
But that I know love is begun by time;
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too much: that we would do 130
We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:—
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laertes: To cut his throat i' the church.

Claudius: No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize; 140
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
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 150
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practise
Requite him for your father.

Laertes: I will do't.

And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point 160
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

Claudius: Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,

'Twere better not assay'd: therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see:
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings: I ha't. 170
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.

Enter Queen Gertrude

How now, sweet queen!
Gertrude: One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow; your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Laertes: Drown'd! O, where? 180
Gertrude: There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
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; 190
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. 200
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; 210
Therefore let's follow.

Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I. A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns, with spades.

First Clown: Is she to be buried in Christian burial that
wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Second Clown: I tell thee she is: and therefore make her grave
straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it
Christian burial.

First Clown: How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her
own defence?

Second Clown: Why, 'tis found so.

First Clown: It must be 'se offendendo;' it cannot be else. For
here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, 10
it argues an act: and an act hath three branches: it
is, to act, to do, to perform: argal, she drowned
herself wittingly.

Second Clown: Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

First Clown: Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here
stands the man; good; if the man go to this water,
and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he
goes,—mark you that; but if the water come to him
and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he
that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life. 20

Second Clown: But is this law?

First Clown: Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law.

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

First Clown: Why, there thou say'st: and the more pity that
great folk should have countenance in this world to
drown or hang themselves, more than their even
Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient
gentleman but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: 30
they hold up Adam's profession.

Second Clown: Was he a gentleman?

First Clown: He was the first that ever bore arms.

Second Clown: Why, he had none.

First Clown: What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says “Adam digged.” Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Second Clown: Go to.

40

First Clown: What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Second Clown: The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First Clown: I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do in: now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Second Clown: “Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?”

50

First Clown: Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Second Clown: Marry, now I can tell.

First Clown: To't.

Second Clown: Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance

First Clown: Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker: 'the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan: fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*He digs and sings*]

60

Exit Second Clown

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.

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

Horatio: Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet: 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

70

First Clown [*Sings*]: 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. [*Throws up a skull*]

Hamlet: That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once.
 How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were
 Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It
 might be the pate of a politician, which this ass
 now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God,
 might it not? 80

Horatio: It might, my lord.

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

Horatio: Ay, my lord.

Hamlet: Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and
 knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade:
 here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to
 see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding,
 but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on't. 90

First Clown [*Sings*]: 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. [*Throws up another skull*]

Hamlet: There's another: why may not that be the skull of a
 lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets,
 his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he
 suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the
 sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of
 his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be
 in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes,
 his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers,
 his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and
 the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine
 pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him
 no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than
 the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The
 very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in
 this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha? 100

Horatio: Not a jot more, my lord.

Hamlet: Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

Horatio: Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Hamlet: They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance
 in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose
 grave's this, sirrah? 120

First Clown: Mine, sir. [*Sings*]

O, a pit of clay for to be made
 For such a guest is meet.

Hamlet: I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't. 130

First Clown: 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.

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

First Clown: 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away gain, from me to
 you.

Hamlet: What man dost thou dig it for?

First Clown: For no man, sir.

Hamlet: What woman, then?

First Clown: For none, neither. 140

Hamlet: Who is to be buried in't?

First Clown: One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

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

First Clown: Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day
 that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras. 150

Hamlet: How long is that since?

First Clown: Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it
 was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that
 is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet: Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

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

Hamlet: Why?

First Clown: 'Twill, a not be seen in him there; there the men
 are as mad as he. 160

Hamlet: How came he mad?

First Clown: Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet: How strangely?

First Clown: Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet: Upon what ground?

First Clown: Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man
 and boy, thirty years.

Hamlet: How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

First Clown: I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die—as we
 have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce 170
 hold the laying in—he will last you some eight year
 or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet: Why he more than another?

First Clown: Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that
 he will keep out water a great while; and your water
 is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body.
 Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth
 three and twenty years.

Hamlet: Whose was it?

First Clown: A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you
 think it was? 180

Hamlet: Nay, I know not.

First Clown: 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.

Hamlet: This?

First Clown: E'en that.

Hamlet: Let me see. [*Takes the skull*]

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 rises at
 it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know
 not how oft. 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. Prithee, Horatio, tell
 me one thing. 190 200

Horatio: What's that, my lord?

Hamlet: Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i'
 the earth?

Horatio: E'en so.

Hamlet: And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull*]

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? 210

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, 220
Should patch a wall to expel the winter flaw!
But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

**Enter Priest and others in procession with the corpse of Ophelia, Laertes
and mourners following; King Claudius, Queen Gertrude, and their trains.**

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile and mark. [*Retiring with Horatio.*]
[*Ophelia's body is taken to the grave.*]

Laertes: What ceremony else?

Hamlet [*to Horatio*]: That is Laertes, 230
A very noble youth. Mark.

Laertes: What ceremony else?

Priest: Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments and the bringing home
Of bell and burial. 240

Laertes: Must there no more be done?

Priest: No more be done.
We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laertes: Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling. 250

Hamlet [*to Horatio*]: What, the fair Ophelia!

Gertrude [*Scattering flowers*]: Sweets to the sweet. Farewell!
I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife.
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laertes: O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed 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. 260

[*Laertes leaps into the grave and embraces Ophelia*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Hamlet [*Advancing*]: What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? Whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave and grapples
with Laertes*]

Laertes: The devil take thy soul!

270

Hamlet: Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear. Hold off thy hand.

Claudius: Pluck them asunder.

Gertrude: Hamlet, Hamlet!

All: Gentlemen,—

Horatio: Good my lord, be quiet.

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

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

280

Gertrude: O my son, what theme?

Hamlet: I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

Claudius: O, he is mad, Laertes.

Gertrude: For love of God, forbear him.

Hamlet: 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

290

I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I.

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Gertrude: This is mere madness.

And thus awhile the fit will work on him; 300
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.

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.

Exit Hamlet

Claudius: I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.

Exit Horatio

[*To Laertes*]
Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech. 310
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.

Exeunt

SCENE II. A hall in the castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Hamlet: So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

Horatio: Remember it, my lord?

Hamlet: Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And praised be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do pall: and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10
Rough-hew them how we will,—

Horatio: That is most certain.

Hamlet: Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them; had my desire.
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold,

My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,—
 O royal knavery!—an exact command, 20
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons
 Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
 With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,
 That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
 No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
 My head should be struck off.

Horatio: Is't possible?

Hamlet: Here's the commission. Read it at more leisure.
 But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Horatio: I beseech you. 30

Hamlet: Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—
 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:
 I once did hold it, as our statist's do,
 A baseness to write fair and labour'd much
 How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
 It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know
 The effect of what I wrote?

Horatio: Ay, good my lord. 40

Hamlet: An earnest conjuration from the king,
 As England was his faithful tributary,
 As love between them like the palm might flourish,
 As peace should stiff her wheaten garland wear
 And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
 And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,
 That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
 Without debatement further, more or less,
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not shriving-time allow'd. 50

Horatio: How was this seal'd?

Hamlet: Why, even in that was heaven's ordinance.
 I had my father's signet in my purse,
 Which was the model of that Danish seal;
 Folded the writ up in form of the other,
 Subscribed it, gave't the impression, placed it safely,
 The changeling never known. Now, the next day
 Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
 Thou know'st already.

Horatio: So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't. 60

Hamlet: Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
 They are not near my conscience; their defeat
 Does by their own insinuation grow.

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Horatio: Why, what a king is this!

Hamlet: Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king and whored my mother,
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

70

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

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

80

Horatio: Peace! who comes here?

Enter Osric

Osric: Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Hamlet: I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly?

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.

90

Osric: Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I
should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Hamlet: I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of
spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Osric: I thank your lordship. It is very hot.

Hamlet: No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

100

Osric: It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Hamlet: But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osric: Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry—as
'twere—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his
majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a
great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter—

Hamlet: I beseech you, remember—

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

Osric: Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith.
Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe
me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent
differences, of very soft society and great showing: 110
indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or
calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the
continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Hamlet: Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;
though, I know, to divide him inventorially would
dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw
neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the
verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of
great article; and his infusion of such dearth and 120
rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his
semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace
him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osric: Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Hamlet: The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman
in our more rawer breath?

Osric: Sir?

Horatio: Is't not possible to understand in another tongue?
You will do't, sir, really.

Hamlet: What imports the nomination of this gentleman? 130

Osric: Of Laertes?

Horatio: His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

Hamlet: Of him, sir.

Osric: I know you are not ignorant—

Hamlet: I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did,
it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osric: You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Hamlet: I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with
him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to
know himself. 140

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

Hamlet: What's his weapon?

Osric: Rapier and dagger.

Hamlet: That's two of his weapons—but well.

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. 150

Hamlet: What call you the carriages?

Horatio [*to Hamlet*]: I knew you must be edified by the margin ere you had done.

Osric: The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Hamlet: The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides. I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this "imponed," as you call it? 160

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.

Hamlet: How if I answer no?

Osric: I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

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. 170

Osric: Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Hamlet: To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osric: I commend my duty to your lordship.

Hamlet: Yours, yours. He does well to commend it himself;

Exit Osric

there are no tongues else for's turn.

Horatio: This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head. 180

Hamlet: He did comply with his dug, before he sucked it.

Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy that I know the dressy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord

Lord: My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young

Osric, who brings back to him that you attend him in
the hall. He sends to know if your pleasure hold to
play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time. 190
Hamlet: I am constant to my purpose; they follow the king's
pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now
or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.
Lord: The king and queen and all are coming down.
Hamlet: In happy time.
Lord; The queen desires you to use some gentle
entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.
Hamlet: She well instructs me.

Exit Lord

Horatio: You will lose this wager, my lord. 200
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.
Horatio: Nay, good my lord,—
Hamlet: It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of
gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman.
Horatio: If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will
forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.
Hamlet: Not a whit, we defy augury. There's a special 210
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?

Enter King Claudius, Queen Gertrude, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and Attendants

Claudius: Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[King Claudius puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's]

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 220
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet.
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
 Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
 Who does it, then? His madness? If't be so,
 Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd.
 His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. 230
 Sir, in this audience,
 Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
 That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
 And hurt my brother.

Laertes: I am satisfied in nature,
 Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
 To my revenge. But in my terms of honour
 I stand aloof and will no reconcilment,
 Till by some elder masters, of known honour, 240
 I have a voice and precedent of peace,
 To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
 I do receive your offer'd love like love,
 And will not wrong it.

Hamlet: I embrace it freely;
 And will this brother's wager frankly play.
 Give us the foils. Come on.

Laertes: Come, one for me.

Hamlet: I'll be your foil, Laertes. In mine ignorance
 Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night, 250
 Stick fiery off indeed.

Laertes: You mock me, sir.

Hamlet: No, by this hand.

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

Hamlet: Very well, my lord.
 Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

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

Laertes: This is too heavy, let me see another. 260

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

[They prepare to play]

Osric: Ay, my good lord.

Claudius: Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
 Let all the battlements their ordnance fire:
 The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
 And in the cup an union shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups; 270
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
"Now the king dunks to Hamlet." Come, begin.
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Hamlet: Come on, sir.

Laertes: Come, my lord. [*They play*]

Hamlet: One.

Laertes: No.

Hamlet: Judgment. 280

Osric: A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laertes: Well; again.

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

[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within*]

Give him the cup.

Hamlet: I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile. Come. [*They play*]

Another hit; what say you?

Laertes: A touch, a touch, I do confess.

Claudius: Our son shall win.

Gertrude: He's fat, and scant of breath. 290

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Hamlet: Good madam!

Claudius: Gertrude, do not drink.

Gertrude: I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

Claudius [*Aside*]: It is the poison'd cup. It is too late.

Hamlet: I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Gertrude: Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laertes: My lord, I'll hit him now.

Claudius: I do not think't. 300

Laertes [*Aside*]: And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

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.

Laertes: Say you so? come on. [*They play*]

Osric: Nothing, neither way.

Laertes: Have at you now!

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

Claudius: Part them; they are incensed.

Hamlet: Nay, come, again.

[*Queen Gertrude falls*]

Osric: Look to the queen there, ho! 310

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

Osric: How is't, Laertes?

Laertes: Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric.

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Hamlet: How does the queen?

Claudius: She swoonds to see them bleed.

Gertrude: No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies*]

Hamlet: O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd.

Treachery! Seek it out. 320

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.

Hamlet: The point!—envenom'd too!

Then, venom, to thy work. 330

[*Stabs King Claudius*]

All: Treason! treason!

Claudius: O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Hamlet: Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?

Follow my mother.

[*King Claudius dies*]

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. [*Dies*] 340

Hamlet: Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Horatio: Never believe it. 350

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

Hamlet: As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup. Let go; by heaven, I'll have't.
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. 360

[March afar off, and shot within]

What warlike noise is this?

Osric: Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Hamlet: O, I die, Horatio.
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras. He has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited. The rest is silence. *[Dies]* 370

Horatio: Now cracks a noble heart. Good night sweet prince.
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?

[March within]

Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and others

Fortinbras: Where is this sight?

Horatio: What is it ye would see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fortinbras: This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck? 380

First Ambassador: The sight is dismal,

And our affairs from England come too late.
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz: and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Horatio: Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you.
He never gave commandment for their death. 390
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And 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 400
Fall'n on the inventors' reads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fortinbras: Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune.
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Horatio: Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more;
But let this same be presently perform'd, 410
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance
On plots and errors, happen.

Fortinbras: Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage.
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss. 420
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which a peal of ordnance is shot off]