

Act I**Scene I**

[*Elsinore. A platform before the castle*]

BERNARDO Stand, ho! Who's there?

HORATIO Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS And liegemen to the Dane, good captain Bernardo

BERNARDO Say, Marcellus,

What, is Horatio there?

HORATIO A piece of him.

BERNARDO Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

HORATIO 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

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us;

HORATIO Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BERNARDO Last night of all,

The bell then beating one, Marcellus and myself-

Enter GHOST

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

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

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!

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? Is it not like the King?

HORATIO As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated.

MARCELLUS This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

HORATIO Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;
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, for this enterprise:
to now recover of us, by strong hand
Those foresaid lands so by his father lost.
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.

Re-enter GHOST

HORATIO

But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me;

If there be any good thing to be done

That may to thee do ease and grace to me,

Speak to me;

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,

O speak!

(Cock crows.)

Stop it, Marcellus.

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.

BERNARDO It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

MARCELLUS And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons.

HORATIO 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.

Exeunt.

Act I

Scene II

[A room of state in the castle]

Flourish. Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, OPHELIA, Lords, and Attendants

KING. 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 of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—
 With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
 Taken to wife. For all, our thanks.
 Now follows that you know: young Fortinbras,
 Thinking by our late dear brother's death
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
 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.

Enter VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS

Now for ourself : we have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
 Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress
 His further gait herein, and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway.

[Giving a paper.

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

VOLTIMAND. In that and all things will we show our duty.

KING We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.

Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?

The head is not more native to the heart,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

LAERTES. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France.

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

POLONIUS. He hath, my lord,
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

KING. 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.

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

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

QUEEN. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever 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.

QUEEN. 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 the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour_of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father.
 But, you must know, your father lost a father;
 That father lost, lost his; 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,
 We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 As of a father; for, let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne,
 And with no less nobility of love
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart towards 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.

QUEEN. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet,
 I prithee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

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

KING. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.
 This gentle and unforc'd 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 shall bruit_ again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. *Flourish. 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!
 That it should come to this!

But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not two.
 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 e'er those shoes were old
 With which she followed my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears,—why she, even she—
 O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine 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 of 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.—
 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. [*To BER.*] Good even, sir.—
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

What is your affair in Elsinore?

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.

HORATIO Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

HAMLET. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak'd-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!

My father!—methinks I see my father.

HORATIO Oh, where, my lord?

HAMLET. In my mind's eye, Horatio,

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 Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encount' red. A figure like your father,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Again the apparition comes. I knew your father—
These hands are not more like.

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
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. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
 Let it be tenable in your silence still;
 And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
 Give it av understanding, but no tongue.
 I will requite your loves. So, fare ye well.
 Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 I'll visit you.

ALL. Our duty to your honour.

HAMLET. Your love, 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.*

Act I

Scene III

[A room in Polonius's house]

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA

LAERTES. My necessaries are embark'd, farewell;
 And, sister, do not sleep,
 But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA. Do you doubt that?

LAERTES. For Hamlet and the trifling of his favours,
 Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
 A violet in the youth of primy_ nature,
 The [perfume and] suppliance_of a minute;
 No more.

OPHELIA. No more but so?

LAERTES. Think it no more:
 Perhaps he loves you now, 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.
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 unmas'tred importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
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,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
LAERTES. O, fear me not.

Enter POLONIUS

I stay too long: but here my father comes.
POLONIUS. Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame!
There; my blessing with you!
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The 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, unfledg'd comrade.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,

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

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

POLONIUS. The time invites 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.

LAERTES. Farewell. *Exit.*

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

OPHELIA. My lord, he hath importun'd 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,
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows. 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. 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. Exeunt.

Act I

Scene IV

[The platform]

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and BERNARDO

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.

BERNARDO 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 two pieces go off [within].*

What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET. The King doth wake to-night 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, it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

Enter GHOST

HORATIO Look, my lord, it comes!

HAMLET. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father; royal Dane, O, answer me!

What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel

Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous, and we fools of nature

So horridly to shake our disposition

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do? GHOST *beckons* HAMLET.

HORATIO It beckons you to go away with it,

As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone.

BERNARDO But do not go with it.

HORATIO No, by no means.

HAMLET. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee,

And for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again.

Go on, I'll follow thee.

BERNARDO You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET. Hold off your hand.

HORATIO Be rul'd; you shall not go.

HAMLET. My fate cries out,

Unhand me, gentlemen.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!

I say, away!—Go on, I'll follow thee. *Exeunt* GHOST and HAMLET.

HORATIO Let's after. To what issue will this come?

BERNARDO Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HORATIO Heaven will direct it.

BERNARDO Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

Act I

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.

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 confin'd to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purg'd away. List, Hamlet, O, list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

HAMLET. O God!

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET. Murder!

GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

It's given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,

A serpent stung me; but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life

Now wears his crown.

HAMLET. O my prophetic soul!

Mine uncle!

GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,

Won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
 But, soft! methinks I scent the morning's air.
 Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 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 it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
 Of life, of crown, and queen, at once dispatch'd;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 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
 Against thy mother aught. 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.*
HAMLET. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
 And shall I couple hell? Remember thee!
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, yes, by heaven!

O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;

It is "Adieu, adieu! remember me."

I have sworn 't.

BERNARDO & HORATIO (Within.) My lord, my lord!

BERNARDO [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

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

Enter HORATIO and BERNARDO

BERNARDO How is 't, my noble lord?

HORATIO What news, my lord?

HAMLET. O, wonderful!

HORATIO Good my lord, tell it.

HAMLET. How say you, then, would heart of man once think it?—

But you'll be secret?

HORATIO & BERNARDO 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.

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,

Give me one poor request.

HORATIO What is 't, my lord? We will.

HAMLET. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

HORATIO & BERNARDO My lord, we will not.

HAMLET. Nay, but swear 't.

HORATIO In faith,

My lord, not I.

BERNARDO Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMLET. Upon my sword.

BERNARDO We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAMLET. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

GHOST. Swear! *GHOST cries under the stage.*

HAMLET. Come on; you hear this fellow in the cellarage.

Consent to swear.

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.

GHOST. Swear.

HAMLET. 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—

That you, at such time seeing me, never shall 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.*] 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's house]

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO

POLONIUS. Give my son 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 inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, what company they keep,
and finding you out by this drift of question
That they do know my son,
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, "I know his father and his friends,
And in part him and there put on him
such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty as drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Whoring; you may go so far.

REYNALDO. My lord, that would dishonour him.

POLONIUS. Faith, no as you may season it in the charge.
Here's my drift,
You, laying these slight sullies on my son,
Your party in converse him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty.
See you now,
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.

POLONIUS. God buy you; fare you well.

REYNALDO. Good my lord.

Exit REYNALDO.

Enter OPHELIA

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

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

POLONIUS. With what, in the name of God?

OPHELIA. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,
 Lord Hamlet,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other
 And with a look so piteous in purport
 As if he had been loosed out of hell
 To speak of horrors,— he comes before me.

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;
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face
 As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so.
 At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
 And end his being.

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
 What, have you given him any hard words of late?

OPHELIA. No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters and deny'd
 His access to me.

POLONIUS. That hath made him mad.
 I fear'd he did but trifle
 And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!
 Come, go we to the King.

[Come.] *Exeunt.*

Act II

Scene II

[A room in the castle]

Flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, with others

KING. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; I entreat you both,
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 occasions you may glean,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

QUEEN. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
to expend your time with us a while
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

ROSENCRANTZ We both obey.

GUILDENSTERN And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

KING. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

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

Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and some Attendants].

Enter POLONIUS, VOLTIMAND, and CORNELIUS

POLONIUS. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
have joyfully writ back.

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

POLONIUS. Have I, my lord? Assure you, 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, that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

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

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

POLONIUS. Let your ears attend first the news of the ambassadors.
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

KING. Say, good Voltimand, loyal Cornelius, 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, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your Majesty.

CORNELIUS. Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack;
With an entreaty, herein further shown, [*Giving a paper.*]
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for his enterprise.

KING. It likes us well.

POLONIUS. This business is well ended. *Exeunt VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS*
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time;
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that go.

QUEEN. 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,

For this effect defective comes by cause.

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpend.

I have a daughter—

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise. [*Reads*] *the letter.*

“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:

“In her excellent white bosom, these.”

QUEEN. Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS. Good madam, stay a while. 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.

Thine evermore, most dear lady,

Whilst this machine is to him,

HAMLET.”

This in obedience hath my daughter show’d me.

KING. But how hath she

Receiv’d his love?

POLONIUS. What do you think of me?

KING. As of a man faithful and honourable.

POLONIUS. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,

Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think,

If I had 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,
 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 wail for.

KING. Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN. It may be, very likely.

KING. How may we try it further?

POLONIUS. You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
 Here in the lobby.

QUEEN. So he has, indeed.

POLONIUS. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.

Be you and I behind an arras then;

Mark the encounter.

KING. We will try it.

Enter HAMLET, reading on a book

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

POLONIUS. Away, I do beseech you, both away.

I'll board him presently. *Exeunt KING, QUEEN [and Attendants].*

O, give me leave,

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET. Well, God-a-mercy.

POLONIUS. Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

POLONIUS. Not I, my lord.

HAMLET. Then I would you were so honest a man—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. 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. 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?

POLONIUS. I mean, the matter you read, my lord.

HAMLET. Slanders, sir; for the satirical slave says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with 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 you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

POLONIUS. [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAMLET. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal,—[*Aside*] except my life, my life.

POLONIUS. Fare you well, my lord.

HAMLET. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN

POLONIUS. You go to seek my Lord Hamlet? There he is.

ROSENCRANTZ. [*To POLONIUS.*] God save you, sir! [*Exit POLONIUS.*]

GUILDENSTERN. Mine honour'd lord!

ROSENCRANTZ. My most dear lord!

HAMLET. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern?

Oh, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

ROSENCRANTZ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUILDENSTERN. Happy, in that we are not the 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 favour?

GUILDENSTERN. Faith, her privates we.

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

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

HAMLET. Then is doomsday near. But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

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

HAMLET. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks, but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me. Come, come. Nay, speak.

GUILDENSTERN What should we say, my lord?

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. Be even and direct with me.

ROSENCRANTZ. [*Aside to GUIL*] 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 your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercise; 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 majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! 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.

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. hither are they coming to offer you service.

HAMLET. He that plays the king shall be welcome *Flourish for the Players.*

GUILDENSTERN Here come the players.

HAMLET. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceiv’d.

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! The actors are come hither, my lord. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, 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.

Enter four or five Players

You’re welcome, masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well. Welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Thy face is valanc’d since I saw thee last; com’st thou to beard me in Denmark? What, my young lady and mistress! Masters, you are all welcome. We’ll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

1. 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, pleas’d not the million; ’twas caviare to the general; but it was—as I receiv’d it, an excellent play. One speech in it I chiefly lov’d; ’twas Æneas’ tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of his uncle Priam’s slaughter at the hand of Pyrrhus, and of the wrack of Troy. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see— It begins with Achilles’ son Pyrrhus, seeking Priam, whose son killed Achilles’ father, that he might Priam kill, and so be exactly revenged for his father’s death.

Head to foot

Is Pyrrhus total gore, horribly trick'd
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
 Bak'd and impasted with the burning streets
 Roasted in wrath and fire,
 The hellish Pyrrhus Old grandsire Priam seeks."

[So, proceed you.]

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

I. PLAYER.

"Anon he finds him
 Striking too short at Greeks. Unequal match,
 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.
 But, as we often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heavens, 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 his armour forg'd for proof eterne
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
 Now falls on Priam.
 Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods,
 In general synod take away her power!

POLONIUS. This is too long.

HAMLET. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on; he's for a sitcom or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

I. PLAYER. “But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen”—

HAMLET. “The mobled queen.”

POLONIUS. That’s good; “mobled queen” is good.

I. PLAYER.

“Run barefoot up and down, threat’ning the flame
 With streaming tears, a gash upon that head
 Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,
 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 pronounc’d.
 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 milk the burning eyes of heaven,
 And passion in the gods.”

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

HAMLET. ’Tis well; I’ll have thee speak out the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow’d? Do ye hear?

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

HAMLET. God’s bodykins, man, better. Use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

POLONIUS. Come, sirs. [*Exit.*]

I. 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! *Exeunt* [*ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

HAMLET. Ay, so, God buy ye.—Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
 Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit
 That from her working all his visage wann’d,
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in’s aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her? What would he do,
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
 Make mad the guilty and appall the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
 The very faculties of eyes and ears.

I have heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play
 Have by the very cunning of the scen
 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;
 If he do blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
 May be the devil; and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 As he is very potent with such spirits,
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More relative than this. The play's the thing
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the KING. *Exit.*

Act III

Scene I

[*A room in the castle*]

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN

KING. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,

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

QUEEN. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We overtook on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it, 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.

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

ROSENCRANTZ. We shall, my lord.
Exeunt [ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.

QUEEN. I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness. *Exit* QUEEN.]

POLONIUS. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please ye,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To* OPHELIA.] Read on this book,
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.

POLONIUS. I hear him coming. Let's withdraw, my lord. *Exeunt* [KING and *POLONIUS.*]

Enter HAMLET

HAMLET. To be, or not to be: that is the question.
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them. To die; to sleep;
 No more; and by a sleep to say we end
 The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; to sleep;—
 To sleep? Perchance to dream! Ay, there 's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffl'd off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life.
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
 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 undiscovered country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And 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!

OPHELIA. Good my Lord,
 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, no;
I never gave you aught.

OPHELIA. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did,
And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts 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 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. I did love you once.

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

HAMLET. You should not have believ'd me, I loved you not.

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. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPHELIA. At home, my lord.

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

OPHELIA. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAMLET. 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!

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. *Exit.*

OPHELIA. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
 The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh;
 That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
 Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me,
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS

KING. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. 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,
 What think you on't?

POLONIUS. It shall do well; but yet do I believe
 The origin and commencement of this 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 griefs. Let her be round with him,
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference. If she find him not,
 To England send him, or confine him where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

KING. It shall be so.
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. *Exeunt.*

Act III

Scene II

[A hall in the castle]

Enter HAMLET and Players

HAMLET. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. 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. Go, make you ready. *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.

HAMLET. What ho! Horatio.

Enter HORATIO

HORATIO Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAMLET.

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 a-foot,

Even with the very comment of thy soul

Observe mine uncle. If his occulted guilt

Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen,

And my imaginations are as foul

As Vulcan's smithy. Give him heedful note;

HORATIO Well, my lord.

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,

And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and other Lords attendant, with the guard carrying torches

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

KING. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAMLET. Excellent, i' faith, I eat the air, promise-cramm'd. You cannot feed capons so.

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

HAMLET. No, nor mine now. [*To* POLONIUS.]

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

HAMLET. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive. [*Lying down at OPHELIA'S feet.*]

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

HAMLET. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

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. You are merry, my lord.

HAMLET. Who, I?

OPHELIA. Ay, my lord.

HAMLET. O God, your only joke-maker. What should a man do but be merry? For look you how cheerfully my mother looks and my father died within's two hours.

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

HAMLET. So long? 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;

Hautboys play. The Prologue enters.

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 a King and his Queen

PLAYER KING. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,

Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands

Unite communal 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,

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, belov'd; and haply one as kind.

For husband shalt thou—

PLAYER QUEEN. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast!
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
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 a while.

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?

QUEEN. The lady protests too much, methinks.

HAMLET. O, but she'll keep her word.

KING. 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.

KING. What do you call the play?

HAMLET. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Trapically. 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.

Enter LUCIANUS

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king. Begin, murderer.

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

Thou mixture rank, thy black and deadly property

His wholesome life usurp immediately. *Pours the poison in [to 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, frighted with false fire?

QUEEN. How fares my lord?

POLONIUS. Give o'er the play.

KING. Give me some light. Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights! *Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.*

HAMLET.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep,—

So runs the world away.

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

HORATIO. Very well, my lord.

HAMLET. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

HORATIO. I did very well note him.

Enter POLONIUS

God bless you, sir.

POLONIUS. My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

HAMLET. Do you see that cloud that's almost in shape like a camel?

POLONIUS. By the mass, and it's like a camel, indeed.

HAMLET. Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS. It is back'd like a weasel.

HAMLET. Or like a whale?

POLONIUS. Very like a whale.

HAMLET. Then will I come to my mother by and by. [*Aside.*]

They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

POLONIUS. I will say so. *Exit.*

HAMLET. "By and by" is easily said. 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,

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! *Exit.*

Act III

Scene III

[*A room in the castle*]
Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN

KING. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
 To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you.
 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall along with you.

GUILDENSTERN We will ourselves provide.

KING. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
 For we will fetters put upon this fear,
 Which now goes too free-footed.

ROSENCRANTZ. & GUILDENSTERN We will haste us. *Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

KING. O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
 A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will.
 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? 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?

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!
 O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay
 Bow, stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born 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 reveng'd. That would be scann'd.
 A villain kills my father, and for that,
 I, do this same villain send to heaven.
 Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 But in our circumstance and course of thought
 'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 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,
 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.*

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

Act III

Scene IV

[*The Queen's closet*]
 Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS

POLONIUS. He will come straight. I'll silence me e'en here.

Pray you, be round with him.

HAMLET. (*Within.*) Mother, mother, mother!

QUEEN. I'll warrant you, fear me out. Withdraw, I hear him coming. [POLONIUS *hides behind the arras.*]

Enter HAMLET

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

QUEEN. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET. Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

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

QUEEN. Have you forgot me?

HAMLET. No, by the rood, not so.

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And would you were not so, you are my mother.

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

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.

QUEEN. 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! *Kills POLONIUS* [*through the arras.*]

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

QUEEN. O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET. Nay, I know not.

Is it the King?

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

HAMLET. A bloody deed! Almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

QUEEN. As kill a king!

HAMLET. Ay, lady, 'twas my word. [*Lifts up the arras 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.
 —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,

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

HAMLET. Such an act
 That makes marriage-vows
 As false as dicers' oaths; 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.

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

HAMLET. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow:
 Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
 An eye like Mars, to threaten or command,
 This was your husband. Look you now what follows:
 Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love, for at your age
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgement; and what judgement
 Would step from this to this? What devil was 't
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
 O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire.

QUEEN. O Hamlet, speak no more!

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
 And there I see such black and grained spots
 As will not leave their tinct.

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

QUEEN. O, speak to me no more!
 These 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,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem hath stole,
 And put it in his pocket!

QUEEN. No more!

Enter GHOST

HAMLET. A king of shreds and patches,—
 Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

QUEEN. Alas, he's mad!

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

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

HAMLET. How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN. Alas, how is 't with you,
 That you do bend your eye on vacancy

And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,

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

My stern effects; then what I have to do

Will want true colour, tears perchance for blood.

QUEEN. To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET. Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

HAMLET. Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN. 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! *Exit GHOST.*

QUEEN. This is 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 uttered. 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 flattering ointment to your soul,

That not your trespass, but my madness speaks.

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 the ranker.

QUEEN. 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.
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord, [*Pointing to POLONIUS.*]
 I do repent; but Heaven hath pleas'd 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.

QUEEN. What shall I do?

HAMLET. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 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.

QUEEN. Be thou assur'd, 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?

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

HAMLET. There's letters sealed, and my two school-fellows,
 Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
 They bear the mandate. They must sweep my way,
 And marshal me to knavery.
 This man shall set me packing.
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
 Mother, good-night. Indeed this counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.

Good-night, mother. *Exeunt* [severally,] HAMLET *tugging in* POLONIUS.

Act IV

Scene I

[A room in the castle]

Enter KING [QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN]

KING. Now Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN. Mad as the seas and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, "A rat, a rat!"
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

KING. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man. O Gertrude, come away!
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.
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
To 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. *Exeunt*.

Act IV

Scene II

[Another room in the castle]
Enter HAMLET

HAMLET. Safely stowed.

ROSENCRANTZ. & 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. 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.*

Act IV**Scene III**

[Another room in the castle]
Enter KING [and two or three]

KING.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the strong law on him.

He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes.

Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN

KING. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET. At Supper.

KING. At supper? Where?

HAMLET. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. a certain convocation of politic 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 worms.

KING. Alas, alas.

HAMLET. A man may fish with the worm that have eaten of a King, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

KING. What dost thou mean by this?

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

KING. Where is Polonius?

HAMLET. In heaven; send thither to see. If 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.

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

HAMLET. He will stay till ye come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*]

KING. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety,—
—must send thee hence, therefore prepare thyself.

The bark is ready, and everything is bent

For England.

HAMLET. For England?

KING. Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET. Good.

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

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

KING. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET. My mother. Father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England! [*Exit.*]

KING. Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard.

Away! for everything is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair. Pray you, make haste. [*Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—

thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

By letters conjuring to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. *Exit.*

Act IV

Scene IV

[*A plain in Denmark*]

Enter FORTINBRAS, [*a Captain,*] *and army,* [*marching*]

FORTINBRAS. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king.
 Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
 Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

CAPTAIN. I will do 't, my lord Fortinbras.

FORTINBRAS. Go softly on. *Exeunt* FORTINBRAS [*and Soldiers*].

Act IV

Scene V

[*Elsinore. A room in the castle*]

Enter QUEEN, HORATIO [*and a Gentleman*]

QUEEN. I will not speak with her.

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

QUEEN. 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. These take from her
 Thoughts nothing sure, yet sure unhappy most once thought.
 Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

QUEEN. Let her come in. [*Exit Gentleman.*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Enter OPHELIA, distracted

OPHELIA. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN. 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.”

QUEEN. 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.”

Enter KING

QUEEN. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

OPHELIA. Pray you, mark. [*Sings.*]

“White his shroud as the mountain snow,”—

QUEEN. Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA. [*Sings.*]

“Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did not go
With true-love showers.”

KING. How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA. Well, God ild you! They say the owl was a lass with body willing, but with spirit weak. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

KING. Conceit upon her father.

OPHELIA. Pray you, let’s have no words of this, but when they ask you what it 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.

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

KING. Pretty Ophelia!

OPHELIA. Indeed, la, without an oath I’ll make an end on’t.

“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 promis’d me to wed.’
‘So would I ha’ done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.’ ”

KING. 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; and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good-night, ladies; good-night, sweet ladies; good-night, good-night. *Exit.*

KING. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exeunt Gentleman.*]

O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions. First, her father slain;
 Next, your son gone; 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 judgement,
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death.

A noise within.

Enter Messenger 1

QUEEN. Alack, what noise is this?

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

MESSENGER Save yourself, my lord!

The ocean, Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
 Than young Laertes, o'erbears your officers.
 The rabble call him lord; they cry, "Choose we!
 Laertes shall be king!"

Enter LAERTES [armed; MOB OF DANES following]

KING. The doors are broke. *Noise within.*

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

Mob of Danes. No, let's come in.

LAERTES. I pray you, give me leave.

Mob of Daness. We will, we will.

LAERTES. I thank you; keep the door. O thou vile king,
 Give me my father!

QUEEN. Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,
 Brands the harlot even here, between the chaste
 Unsmirched brows of my true mother.

KING. 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,
 Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go, Gertrude.
 Speak, man.

LAERTES. Where's my father?

KING. Dead.

QUEEN. But not by him.

KING. Let him demand his fill.

LAERTES. How came he dead? I'll not be juggl'd with.

To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!

I dare damnation. Only I'll be reveng'd

Most throughly for my father.

KING. Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgement pierce

As day does to your eye.

We hear Ophelia Singing, she is stopped at he door.

Let her come in.

Re-enter OPHELIA

LAERTES. How now! what noise is that?

O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!

O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Exuent Mob of Danes.

OPHELIA. [*Sings.*]

"They bore him barefac'd on the bier;

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;

And on his grave rains many a tear,"—

Fare you well, my dove!

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

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

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

OPHELIA. There's a flattering fennel for you, and horned columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father died. They say he made a good end,— [*Sings.*]

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

OPHELIA. [*Sings.*]

“His beard 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 buy ye. *Exit.*

LAERTES. Do you see this, you gods?

KING. 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,

To you in satisfaction; but if not,

Be you content to lend your patience to us,

LAERTES. Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure burial—

Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,

That I must call 't in question.

KING. So you shall;

And where the offence is let the great axe fall.

I pray you, go with me. *Exeunt.*

Act IV**Scene VI**

[Another room in the castle]
Enter severally HORATIO and an ATTENDANT

ATTENDANT. Good sir, Horatio. A letter for you.

HORATIO God bless you sir. *[Exit Attendant.]*

I do not know from what part of the world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

[HORATIO] (Reads.) “Horatio, know that I am returned to Denmark., having by Pirates been captured at sea, who having me, let our ship crippled continue to England, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern aboard her still. They dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Thou remeberest , I think, our schoolmate’s house where we first met. Repair thou to me thither with as much haste as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in your ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. Fare-well.

“He that thou knowest thine,

HAMLET.”
 My lord, I will be with the straight. *Exeunt.*

Act IV**Scene VII**

[Another room in the castle]
Enter KING and LAERTES

KING. Now must you 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. And so have I a noble father lost,
 A sister driven into desperate terms,
 But my revenge will come.

KING. Break not your sleeps for that.
 I lov’d your father, and we love ourself,

And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger with letters

How now! What news?

MESSENGER Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.

This to your Majesty; this to the Queen.

KING. From Hamlet! Laertes, you shall hear them.

Leave us. *Exit Messenger.*

[*Reads.*] “High and mighty, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when I shall recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet.”

What should this mean?
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 diest thou.”

KING. If it be so, Laertes,—

Will you be rul’d by me?

LAERTES. [Ay, my lord,]

So you’ll not o’errule me to a peace.

KING. To thine own peace. I will work him

To an exploit, now ripe in my device,

Under the which he shall not choose but fall;

And even his mother shall uncharge the practice

And call it accident.

[*LAERTES.* My lord, I will be rul’d;

The rather, if you could devise it so

That I might be the organ.

KING. Two months since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy;—

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. Sir, this report of you
 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?

KING. Laertes, was your father dear to you?

LAERTES. Why ask you this?

KING. Not that I think you did not love your father.

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.

KING. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
 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
 A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
 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,
 can save the thing from death
 That is but scratch'd withal. I'll touch my point
 With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
 It may be death.

KING. 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!
 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 prepar'd him
 A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
 Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter QUEEN

How, sweet queen!

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

LAERTES. Drown'd! O, where?

QUEEN. 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.
 There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
 Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
 When down her weedy trophies and herself
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
 And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
 Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and indued
 Unto that element. But long it could not be
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death

LAERTES. 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;
Exit.

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

Act V

Scene I

[*A churchyard*]
Enter two GRAVEDIGGERS [with spades and pickaxes]

1. *GRAVEDIGGER.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?
 2. *GRAVEDIGGER.* I tell thee she is, and therefore make her grave straight. The crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1. *GRAVEDIGGER.* How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?
 2. *GRAVEDIGGER.* Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

1. *GRAVEDIGGER.* 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 gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession. Nay, answer me this first -What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

"Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?"

1. *GRAVEDIGGER.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.
 2. *GRAVEDIGGER.* Marry, now I can tell.
 1. *GRAVEDIGGER.* To 't.
 2. *GRAVEDIGGER.* Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, afar off

1. *GRAVEDIGGER.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, and, when you are ask'd this question next, say "a grave-maker"; the houses that he makes lasts till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor. [*Exit Second GRAVEDIGGER.*] [*He digs, and] sings.*

GRAVEDIGGER. "In youth, when I did love, did love,
 Methought it was very sweet,

To lie with the lassies in the grassies

O, methought, there-a was nothing-a 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.

I. GRAVEDIGGER. (*Sings.*)

“But age, with his stealing steps,

Hath claw’d me in the crutch,

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’erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

HORATIO It might, my lord.

HAMLET. Why, e’en so; and now my Lady Worm’s; chapless, and knock’d about the mazzard with a sexton’s spade. Here’s fine revolution, if 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.

I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave ’s this, sir?

I. GRAVEDIGGER. Mine, sir. [*Sings.*]

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

I. GRAVEDIGGER. You lie out on ’t, sir, and therefore it is not yours. For my part, I do not lie in ’t, and yet it is mine.

HAMLET. Thou dost lie in ’t, to be in ’t and say ’tis thine. ’Tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest.

I. GRAVEDIGGER. ’Tis a quick lie, sir; ’twill away again, from me to you.

HAMLET. What man dost thou dig it for?

I. GRAVEDIGGER. For no man, sir.

HAMLET. What woman, then?

I. GRAVEDIGGER. For none, neither.

HAMLET. Who is to be buried in ’t?

I. GRAVEDIGGER. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she’s dead.

HAMLET. How absolute the knave is! How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

I. GRAVEDIGGER. Of all the days i’ the year, I came to ’t that day that our last king Hamlet o’ercame Fortinbras.

HAMLET. How long is that since?

I. GRAVEDIGGER. Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that was mad, and sent into England.

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

I. GRAVEDIGGER. Why, because 'a was mad. He shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

HAMLET. Why?

I. GRAVEDIGGER. Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

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

I. GRAVEDIGGER. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last you some eight year or nine year. Here 's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

HAMLET. Whose was it?

I. GRAVEDIGGER. A whoreson mad fellow's it was. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'A pour'd a pint of pilsener on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

HAMLET. This?

I. GRAVEDIGGER. E'en that. *Exit*

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 kiss'd 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 chopfallen? 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. But soft! but soft! *Aside!* Here comes the King,

Enter [*Priests, etc., in procession;*] KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant

The Queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow?

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate hand

Fordo it own life. 'Twas of some estate.

Couch we a while, and mark. [*Retiring with HORATIO.*]

LAERTES. What ceremony else?

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

LAERTES. What ceremony else?

PRIEST. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have warrantise. Her death was doubtful;

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

Till the last trumpet;

LAERTES. Must there no more be done?

PRIEST. No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead

To sing such 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 minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
 When thou liest howling

HAMLET. What, the fair Ophelia!

QUEEN. Sweets to the sweet; farewell! [*Scattering flowers.*]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife.
 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid
 And not to have strew'd thy grave.

LAERTES. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms. *Leaps in the grave.*
 Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made
 To o'ertop the Matterhorn, or the skyish head
 Of mount Olympus.

HAMLET. [*Advancing.*] What is he whose grief
 Conjures the wand'ring stars and makes them stand
 Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
 Hamlet, the Dane! [*Leaps into the grave.*]

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

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. Away thy hand!

KING. Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN. Hamlet, Hamlet!

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

KING. O, he is mad, Laertes.

QUEEN. For love of God, forbear him.

HAMLET. show me what thou 'lt do.

Woo 't weep? Woo 't fight? Woo 't tear thysel?
 Woo 't drink up eisel? Eat a crocodile?
 I'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?
 To outface me with leaping in her grave?
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
 And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 Make Everest like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
 I'll rant as well as thou.

[*QUEEN.*] This is mere madness,
 And thus a while the fit will work on him.
 Anon, as patient as the female dove,
 His silence will sit drooping.

HAMLET. Hear you, sir,
 What is the reason that you use me thus?
 I lov'd 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.*

KING. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him. [*Exit HORATIO.*]
 [*To LAERTES.*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
 We'll put the matter to the present push.
 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
 This grave shall have a lasting monument.
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
 Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Act V

Scene II

[*A hall in the castle*]
 Enter HAMLET and HORATIO

HAMLET.

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. Rashly,—
Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Pilfered'd I their packet; withdrew
To mine own room again, making so bold,
to unseal Their grand commission; where I found, an exact command,
Importing Denmark's health and England's too,
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.

HAMLET I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair:
An earnest conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful tributary,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

HORATIO Why, what a king is this!

HAMLET. Is 't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm?
But I am very sorry, good Horatio
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his. I'll court his favours.
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring passion.

HORATIO Peace! who comes here?

Enter Young OSRIC

OSRIC. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAMLET. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this waterfly?

HORATIO No, my good lord.

HAMLET. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him.

OSRIC. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

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

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

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

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

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

OSRIC. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 'twere,—I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his Majesty bade me signify to 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, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes, believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for 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. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

OSRIC. Sir?

HAMLET. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSRIC. Of Laertes?

HORATIO His purse is empty already. All 's golden words are spent.

HAMLET. Of him, sir.

OSRIC. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

HAMLET. What's his weapon?

OSRIC. Why, the rapier. The King, sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that 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 if I can; if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

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. [*Exit OSRIC.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

HORATIO This gosling runs away with the shell on his head.

HAMLET. He did comply with 's mother's tit before he suck'd it.

HORATIO You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAMLET. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice. 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 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.

Enter QUEEN, [OSRIC,] Lords, and other Attendants with foils and gauntlets; a table and flagons of wine on it

KING. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me. [*The KING puts LAERTES'S 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

With sore distraction. What I have done

That might your nature, honour, and exception

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd 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 reconciliation,

Till by some elder masters of known honour

I have a voice and precedent of peace,

To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,

I do receive 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.

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

HAMLET. Very well, my lord.

Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

LAERTES. This is too heavy, let me see the other.

HAMLET. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? *They prepare to play.*

OSR. Ay, my good lord.

KING. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table. *(Handing over the one he has poisoned)*

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,

And in the cup an union shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,

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. Judgement.

OSR. A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES. Well; again.

KING. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health! Give him the cup. *[Trumpets sound, and shot goes off within.]*

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

Come. *[They play.]* Another hit; what say you?

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

KING. Our son shall win.

QUEEN. He's scant of breath.

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

The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAMLET. Good madam!

KING. Gertrude, do not drink.

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

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

HAMLET. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

QUEEN. Come, let me wipe thy face.

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

KING. I do not think 't.

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

HAMLET. Come, for the third, Laertes; you but dally.

LAERTES. Say you so? Come on. *They play.*

Osr Nothing, neither way.

LAERTES. Have at you now! [*LAERTES wounds HAMLET; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers.*]

KING. Part them; they are incens'd.

HAMLET. Nay, come, again. [*HAMLET wounds LAERTES. The QUEEN falls.*]

OSRIC. Look to the Queen there! Ho!

HORATIO They bleed on both sides. How is 't, my lord!

OSRIC. How is 't, Laertes?

LAERTES. I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Exit Osr

HAMLET. How does the Queen?

KING. She swounds to see them bleed.

QUEEN. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*]

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

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 practice

Hath turn'd itself on me. 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. *Hurts the KING.*

All. Treason! treason!

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

HAMLET. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion! Is thy pearl here?

Follow my mother! *KING dies.*

LAERTES. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temp'red by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet,
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

HAMLET. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Then in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story. [*March afar off, and shot within.*]

What martial noise is this?

ATTENDANT 1 Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
gives This warlike greeting.

HAMLET. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit.
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.*

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

Enter FORTINBRAS and CAPTAIN

FORTINBRAS. Where is this sight?

HORATIO What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

FORTINBRAS. O proud Death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,

That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

HORATIO. 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 judgements, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fallen on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

FORTINBRAS. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, 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.

FORTINBRAS. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd 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.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

