

**CIHM/ICMH  
Microfiche  
Series.**

**CIHM/ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches.**



**Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques**

**© 1984**

# Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☒ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.
- ☐ Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- ☐ Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☒ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- ☒ Showthrough/  
Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary material/  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- ☐ Only edition available/  
Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata  
slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to  
ensure the best possible image/  
Les pages totalement ou partiellement  
obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure,  
etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à  
obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
			✓								

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

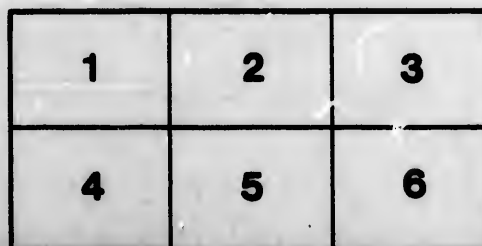
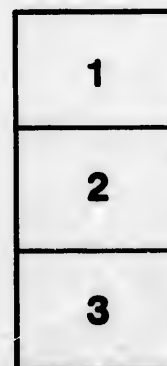
D.B. Weldon Library  
University of Western Ontario

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

D.B. Weldon Library  
University of Western Ontario

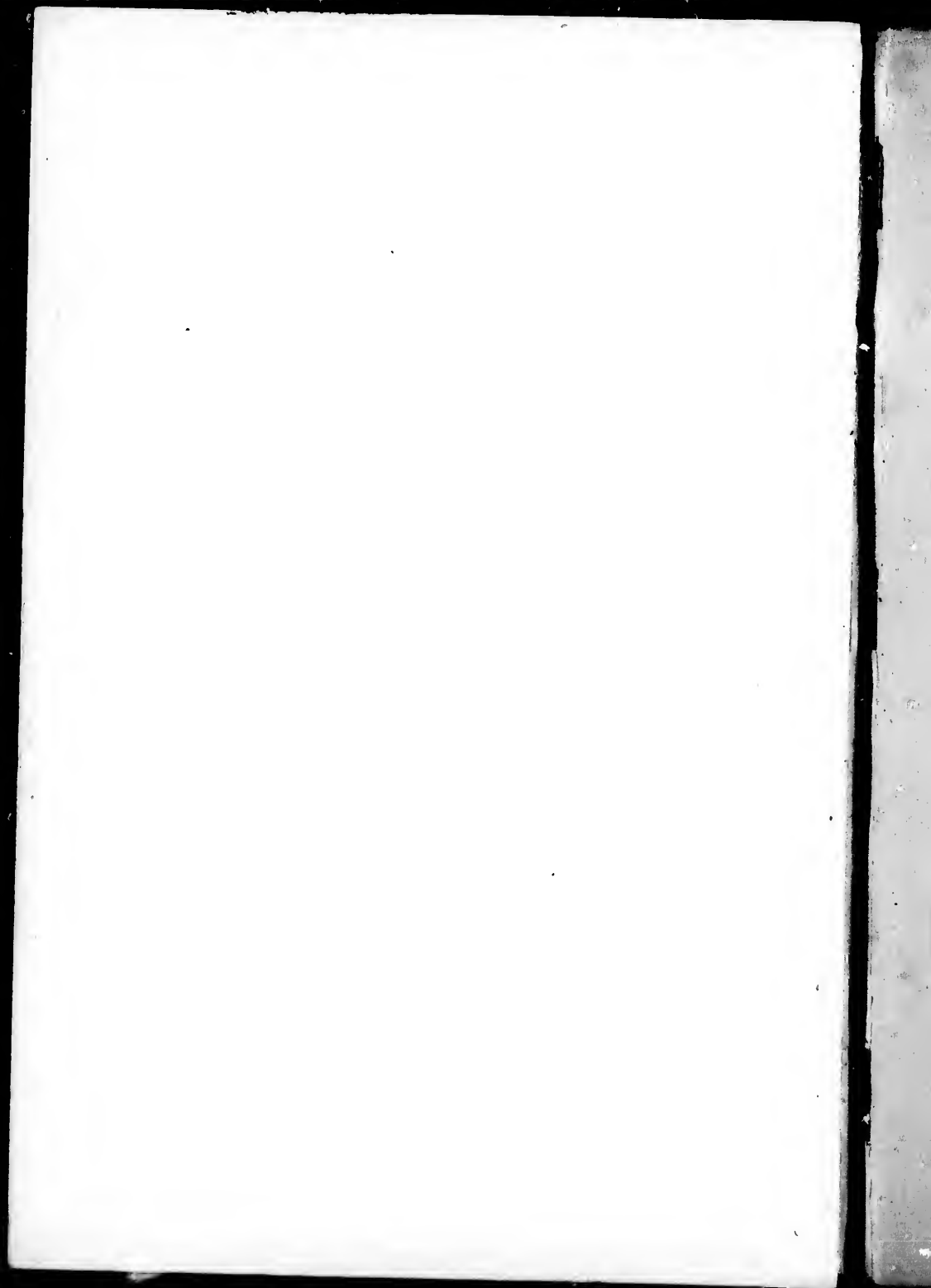
Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.





Clafs.

*School Books Published by Dawson Bros.*

---

By PROFESSOR ANDREW,  
*Of the University of McGill College.*

**The New Dramatic Reader ;** Comprising a Selection of Pieces for Practice in Elocution, with introductory hints to Readers. Price, 75 cents.

---

By J. D. MORELL, LL.D.,  
*H. M. Inspector of Schools, England.*

**A Complete Manual of Spelling on the Principles of Contrast and Comparison ;** with numerous Exercises. Price, 30 cents.

---

By F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.,  
*Inspector of Schools in the Province of Quebec.*

**The Art of Teaching :** A Manual for the use of Teachers and School Commissioners. Price 50 cents.

---

**Canadian Elementary School Atlas ;** For the use of Junior Classes, containing 16 Maps. Price, 25 cents.

A cheap and yet very complete elementary Atlas. The Maps, which are similar to those in Keith Johnston's elementary Atlases, are clear and attractive.

---

**Lonnie's English Grammar**.....10¢  
**Carpenter's Spelling**.....

**The Spencerian Series of Copy Books ;** A System of Penmanship very extensively used in the United States and the Dominion of Canada. The System is comprised in twelve Numbers, and divided into four distinct Series, viz :—

- Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 & 5,.....Common School Series.
- Nos. 6 & 7,.....Business Series.
- Nos. 8 & 9,.....Ladies' Series.
- Nos. 10, 11 & 12 .....Exercise Series.

Words to be united

1st ady. & nouns,

note, while 2 or more ady's  
precede a n. n. the last only  
goes with the n. n. the rest are  
separated as

1. large healthy convenient house

2. prep and their Dy't's.

3. nouns and verbs and their Dy't's.

4. copulating cony. with the latter  
noun as James and John.

Words to be separated

the noun from the verb.

except where the noun is a pron.

J. Davis Barnett.

12-1911.

# 32970.

improved

's  
only  
are  
and hand  
to  
itter  
chew  
nd  
4  
7

# SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY

OF

## HAMLET.

Arranged for Reading in Schools,

WITH NOTES.

BY

JOHN ANDREW,

Instructor in Elocution in McGill University and Normal School, and in  
the High Schools of Montreal.

---

Montreal:

DAWSON BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

1881.

8364  
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.

HAMLET, son to the former, and nephew to the present king.

POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.

HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.

LAERTES, son to Polonius.

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRIC,

A Gentleman,

A Priest.

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO,

FRANCISCO, a soldier.

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.

Players.

Two Clowns, grave-diggers.

FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway.

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.

OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE — *Elsinore; except in the fourth scene of the fourth act, where it is a plain in Denmark.*

resent

HAMLET,  
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platform before the castle.*

FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.

BER. Who's there ?

FRAN. Nay, answer *me* : stand, and unfold yourself :

BER. Long live the king ! <sup>2</sup>

FRAN. Bernardo ?

BER. He.

FRAN. You come most carefully upon your hour.

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

FRAN. For this relief much thanks : 'tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.

BER. Have you had quiet guard ?

FRAN.

Not a mouse stirring.

BER. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals <sup>3</sup> of my watch, bid them make haste.

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

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

HOR. Friends to this ground.

<sup>1</sup> The sentinel challenges.

<sup>2</sup> The watchword.

<sup>3</sup> *Rivals* are associates or partners. A brook, rivulet, or river, *rivus*, being a natural boundary between different proprietors, was owned by them in common : that is, they were *partners* in the right and use of it. From the strifes thus engendered, the *partners* came to be *contenders* : hence the ordinary sense of *rival*.

MAR. And liegemen to the Dane.<sup>1</sup>

FRAN. Give you good night.<sup>2</sup>

MAR. O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath reliev'd you?

FRAN. Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night.

[Exit.

MAR. Holla! Bernardo!

BER. Say,—

What, is Horatio there?

HOR. A piece of him.<sup>3</sup>

BER. Welcome, Horatio:—welcome, good Marcellus.

MAR. What,<sup>4</sup> has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BER. I have seen nothing.

MAR. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,<sup>5</sup>

And will not let belief take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:

Therefore I have entreated him along

With us to watch the minutes of this night;

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes,<sup>6</sup> and speak to it.

HOR. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BER. Sit down awhile;

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

HOR. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BER. Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one,—

MAR. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

*Enter Ghost.*

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

MAR. Thou art a scholar;<sup>7</sup> speak to it, Horatio.

<sup>1</sup> The chief Dane: the king.    <sup>2</sup> God give you good night.

<sup>3</sup> Said jestingly, a German editor finds a deeper meaning.

<sup>4</sup> An exclamation.

<sup>5</sup> Imagination

<sup>6</sup> Assure himself of what we have seen.

<sup>7</sup> *i. e.* able to speak Latin; in which language the formulæ of exorcism prescribed by the Church was written.



## SCENE I]

## HAMLET.

3

BER. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

HOR. Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.

BER. It would be spoke to.<sup>1</sup>

MAR. Question it, Horatio.

HOR. What art thou, that usurp'st<sup>2</sup> this time of night,  
Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark<sup>3</sup>

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

MAR. It is offended.

BER. See, it stalks away!

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

[Exit Ghost.

MAR. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

BER. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale:  
Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

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

MAR. Is it not like the king?

HOR. As thou art to thyself:  
Such was the very armour he had on  
When he th' ambitious Norway<sup>4</sup> combated;  
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,<sup>5</sup>  
He smote the sledded Polacks<sup>6</sup> on the ice.  
'Tis strange.

MAR. Thus twice before, and jump<sup>7</sup> at this dead hour,  
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

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

MAR. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,  
Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils<sup>8</sup> the subject<sup>9</sup> of the land;  
And why such daily cast<sup>10</sup> of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart<sup>11</sup> for implements of war;

<sup>1</sup> There was, and is, a notion that ghosts cannot speak till spoken to. <sup>2</sup> Takest. <sup>3</sup> The late King of Denmark.

<sup>4</sup> The King of Norway. So "France, Austria, Bohemia," for the kings of these countries.

<sup>5</sup> Parley.

<sup>6</sup> Polanders on sledges.

<sup>7</sup> Exactly. The folios have "just." <sup>8</sup> Causes to toil.

<sup>9</sup> Subjects: the people. <sup>10</sup> Casting. <sup>11</sup> Market: purchasing.

Why such impress<sup>1</sup> of shipwrights, whose sore task  
Does not divide<sup>2</sup> the Sunday from the week ;  
What might be toward,<sup>3</sup> that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day :  
Who is 't that can inform me ?

HOR.

That can I ;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto prick'd on<sup>4</sup> by a most emulate<sup>5</sup> pride,  
Dar'd to the combat ; in which our valiant Hamlet—  
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—  
Did slay this Fortinbras ; who, by a seal'd compact,  
Well ratified by law and heraldry,<sup>6</sup>  
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands  
Which he stood seiz'd of<sup>7</sup> to the conqueror :  
Against the which, a moiety competent<sup>8</sup>  
Was gaged by our king ; which had return'd  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher ; as, by the same covenant,  
And carriage of the article design'd,<sup>9</sup>  
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,  
Of unimprov'd mettle<sup>10</sup> hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,  
Shark'd up<sup>11</sup> a list of lawless resolute<sup>12</sup>,  
For food and diet,<sup>13</sup> to some enterprise  
That hath a stomach in't,<sup>14</sup> which is no other—  
As it doth well appear unto our state—  
But to recover of us, by strong hand  
And terms compulsative,<sup>15</sup> those foresaid lands  
So by his father lost : and this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations,  
The source of this our watch, and the chief head

<sup>1</sup> Impressment.

<sup>2</sup> Distinguish.

<sup>3</sup> Near at hand. Coming on. <sup>4</sup> Spurred on.

<sup>5</sup> Emulous.

<sup>6</sup> Civil law and the law of arms.

<sup>7</sup> Possessed of.

<sup>8</sup> Portion of territory equivalent.

<sup>9</sup> By the import of the article drawn up.

<sup>10</sup> Undisciplined courage.

<sup>11</sup> Scared up. "To shark" is "to thieve."

<sup>12</sup> Desperadoes:

<sup>13</sup> For no pay but their keep.

<sup>14</sup> Some enterprise that requires stomach, i. e. courage.

<sup>15</sup> Compulsory.

Of this post-haste and romage<sup>1</sup> in the land.

BER. I think it be no other but e'en so:  
Well may it sort<sup>2</sup> that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king  
That was and is the question of these wars.

HOR. A mote<sup>3</sup> it is to trouble the mind's eye.  
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber<sup>4</sup> in the Roman streets:  
As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,<sup>5</sup>  
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,<sup>6</sup>  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to doomsday<sup>7</sup> with eclipse:  
And even the like precurse of fierce events—  
As harbingers preceding still the fates,  
And prologue to the omen<sup>8</sup> coming on—  
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
Unto our climature<sup>9</sup> and countrymen.—  
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

*Re-enter Ghost.*

I'll cross it, though it blast me.<sup>10</sup>—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<sup>11</sup> to me,  
Speak to me:  
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
Which, happily,<sup>12</sup> foreknowing may avoid,<sup>13</sup>  
O, speak!  
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
Extorted treasure<sup>14</sup> in the womb of earth,

<sup>1</sup> Disturbance.

<sup>2</sup> Fit, suit or agree.

<sup>3</sup> A small matter.

<sup>4</sup> To utter inarticulate sounds.

<sup>5</sup> It is supposed a line has been omitted here.

<sup>6</sup> The moon.

<sup>7</sup> The Day of Judgment.

<sup>8</sup> Here used for the calamity which the omen indicated.

<sup>9</sup> Possibly those who live under the same climate.

<sup>10</sup> To cross the path of a spectre was supposed to subject a person to its malignant influence.

<sup>11</sup> Good turn, kindness.

<sup>12</sup> Happily. <sup>13</sup> Which perhaps our foreknowing it may enable us to avoid.

<sup>14</sup> Treasure obtained by injustice.

For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,  
[Cock crows.]

Speak of it:—stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

MAR. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?<sup>1</sup>

HOR. Do, if it will not stand.

BER. 'Tis here!

HOR. 'Tis here!

MAR. 'Tis gone!  
[Exit Ghost.]

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

BER. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

HOR. And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,  
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
Th' extravagant and erring<sup>2</sup> spirit hies  
To his confine: and of the truth herein  
This present object made probation.<sup>3</sup>

MAR. It faded on the crowing of the cock.<sup>4</sup>  
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:  
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,<sup>5</sup>  
No fairy takes,<sup>6</sup> nor witch hath power to charm;  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

HOR. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.  
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:  
Break we our watch up: and, by my advice,  
Let us impart what we have seen to-night  
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,  
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:  
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MAR. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know  
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt.]

<sup>1</sup> Halberd.

<sup>2</sup> Wandering and straying.

<sup>3</sup> Proof.

<sup>4</sup> A very ancient superstition. <sup>5</sup> Blast or smite with disease.

<sup>6</sup> Practically=' Strikes,' as in line before.

crows.

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in the castle.**Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

Ghost.

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;<sup>1</sup>  
 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,  
 Th' imperial jointress<sup>2</sup> of this warlike state,  
 Have we, as 'twere with a defeated<sup>3</sup> joy, ~~gone~~  
 With one auspicious,<sup>4</sup> and one dropping eye,  
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,  
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,<sup>5</sup>—  
 Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd<sup>6</sup>  
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
 With this affair along:—for all, our thanks.  
 Now foliows, that you know,<sup>7</sup> young Fortinbras,  
 Holding a weak supposal<sup>8</sup> of our worth,  
 Or thinking by our late dear brother's death  
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,  
 Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,<sup>9</sup>  
 He<sup>10</sup> hath not fail'd to pester<sup>11</sup> us with message,  
 Importing<sup>12</sup> the surrender of those lands  
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,  
 To our most valiant brother. So much for him.  
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:  
 Thus much the business is:—we have here writ  
 To Norway, uncle of young Fontinbras,—  
 Who, impotent<sup>13</sup> and bed-rid, scarcely hears  
 Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress  
 His further gait<sup>14</sup> herein; in that the levies,  
 The lists, and full proportions, are all made

<sup>1</sup> Mourning brow.<sup>2</sup> Joint possessor.<sup>3</sup> Disfigured, marred.<sup>4</sup> Cheerful.<sup>5</sup> Grief.<sup>6</sup> Excluded.<sup>7</sup> That which you already know.<sup>8</sup> Notion.<sup>9</sup> Imagining also that he will make something out of it<sup>10</sup> The pronoun is superfluous.<sup>11</sup> Trouble.<sup>12</sup> Having for import.<sup>13</sup> Invalid.<sup>14</sup> Advance.

cunt.

of.  
case.

Out of his subject :—and we here dispatch  
 You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,  
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway ;  
 Giving to you no further personal power  
 To business with the king, more than the scope  
 Of these dilated<sup>1</sup> articles allow.<sup>2</sup>

Farewell ; and let your haste commend your duty.

COR. VOL. 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 ?  
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,  
 And lose your voice : <sup>3</sup> what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,  
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking ?  
 The head is not more native to the heart,  
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.  
 What wouldst thou have, Laertes ?

LAER. Dread my lord,  
 Your leave and favour to return to France :  
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,  
 To show my duty in your coronation ;  
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,  
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,  
 And bow them to your gracious leave <sup>4</sup> and pardon.

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

POL. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave  
 By laboursome <sup>5</sup> petition ; and, at last,  
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent :  
 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 ! <sup>6</sup>—  
 But now, my cousin <sup>7</sup> Hamlet, and my son,—

<sup>1</sup> Dilate or delate, to speak at large. <sup>2</sup> Should be "allows."

<sup>3</sup> Speak in vain.

<sup>4</sup> i. e., Leave to depart.

<sup>5</sup> Laborious.

<sup>6</sup> Let your best accomplishments employ the time as you please.

<sup>7</sup> This word was used to denote "uncle" and "aunt," "nephew" and "niece," as well as in the modern sense.

HAM. [*aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.<sup>1</sup>

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

HAM. 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.<sup>2</sup>

Do not for ever with thy vailèd<sup>3</sup> lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 'tis common,—all that live must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAM. Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN.

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAM. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not "seems."

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected haviour<sup>4</sup> of the visage,

Together with all forms, modes, 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<sup>5</sup> sorrow: but to perséver

In obstinate condolment,<sup>6</sup> is a course

Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;

An understanding simple and unschool'd:

For what we know must be, and is as common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,

<sup>1</sup> He is more than kinsman on account of his marriage with Hamlet's mother, and less than kind because his marriage is out of kind, or unnatural.

<sup>2</sup> The king of Denmark.

<sup>3</sup> Cast down.

<sup>4</sup> Aspect.

<sup>5</sup> Pertaining to funeral obsequies.

<sup>6</sup> Grief.



Why should we, in our peevish opposition,  
 Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,  
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
 To reason most absurd; whose common theme  
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
 From the first corse till he that died to-day,  
 "This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth  
 This unprevailing<sup>1</sup> 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 toward you. For your intent  
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,  
 It is most retrograde to our desire:  
 And we beseech you, bend you to remain  
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

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

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

KING. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:  
 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;  
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet  
 Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,  
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;  
 And the king's rouse<sup>2</sup> the heavens shall bruit<sup>3</sup> again,  
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

*[Exeunt all except Hamlet.]*

HAM. O, that this too-too<sup>4</sup> solid flesh would melt,  
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!  
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
 His canon<sup>5</sup> 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!  
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
 Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature

<sup>1</sup> Unavailing.

<sup>2</sup> Draught to one's health.

<sup>3</sup> To bruit is to noise: "to bruit again" is to echo.

<sup>4</sup> A common reduplication.

<sup>5</sup> Law enforced by religious sanction.

[ACT I

Possess it merely.<sup>1</sup> 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<sup>2</sup> to a satyr : so loving to my mother,  
 That he might not beteem<sup>3</sup> 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 follow'd my poor father's body,  
 Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even she—  
 O God ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,<sup>4</sup>  
 Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle,  
 My father's brother ; but no more like my father  
 Than I to Hercules : within a month ;  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her galled<sup>5</sup> eyes,  
 She married :—  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good ;  
 But break, my heart, — for I must hold my tongue !

Hamlet :

*Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.*

HOR. Hail to your lordship !

HAM. I'm glad to see you well :  
 Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

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

HAM. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with  
 you :<sup>6</sup>

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—  
 Marcellus ?

MAR. My good lord,—

HAM. I'm very glad to see you.—Good even, sir.—  
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

HOR. A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAM. I would not hear your enemy say so ;  
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence

<sup>1</sup> Entirely.    <sup>2</sup> A Homeric name for Apollo.    <sup>3</sup> Permit.

<sup>4</sup> The reasoning faculty.    <sup>5</sup> Sore with weeping.

<sup>6</sup> You shall be my friend, and I will be your servant.—*Clark and Wright.* The following reading is suggested : " Sir, my good friend ; I'll change *that* name with you."

ture

health.

To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.  
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

HOR. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAM. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;  
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HOR. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.<sup>1</sup>

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

Would I had met my dearest<sup>2</sup> foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—

My father,—methinks I see my father.

HOR. O, where, my lord?

HAM. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HOR. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

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

HOR. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAM. Saw who?

HOR. My lord, the king your father.

HAM. The king my father!

HOR. Season<sup>4</sup> your admiration<sup>4</sup> for a while

With an attent<sup>5</sup> ear; till I may deliver,<sup>6</sup>

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

HAM. For God's love, let me hear.

HOR. Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night,

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,

Armèd at point, exactly,<sup>7</sup> cap-à-pé,<sup>8</sup>

Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprisèd eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd<sup>9</sup>

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart they did;

<sup>1</sup> Used adverbially.

<sup>2</sup> Direst, extremest.

<sup>3</sup> Qualify.

<sup>4</sup> Astonishment.

<sup>5</sup> Attentive.

<sup>6</sup> Relate.

<sup>7</sup> At all points.

<sup>8</sup> Cap-à-pied, from head to foot.

<sup>9</sup> Melted.

And I with them the third night kept the watch :  
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
The apparition comes : I knew your father ;  
These hands are not more like.

HAM. But where was this ?

MAR. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

HAM. Did you not speak to it ?

HOR. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once methought  
It lifted up its head, and did address  
Itself to motion, like as<sup>1</sup> it would speak :  
But even then the morning cock crew loud ;  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,  
And vanish'd from our sight.

HAM. 'Tis very strange.

HOR. 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.

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

MAR. BER. We do, my lord.

HAM. Arm'd, say you ?

MAR. BER. Arm'd, my lord.

HAM. From top to toe ?

MAR. BER. My lord, from head to foot.

HAM. Then saw you not his face ?

HOR. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver<sup>2</sup> up.

HAM. What, look'd he frowningly ?

HOR. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAM. Pale or red ?

HOR. Nay, very pale.

HAM. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

HOR. Most constantly.<sup>3</sup>

HAM. I would I had been there.

HOR. It would have much amaz'd you.

HAM. Very like,<sup>4</sup> very like. Stay'd it long ?

HOR. While one with moderate haste might tell<sup>5</sup> a  
hundred.

MAR. BER. Longer, longer.

HOR. Not when I saw't.

<sup>1</sup> As if.    <sup>2</sup> The movable front of the helmet.

<sup>4</sup> Likely.

<sup>3</sup> Steadily.

<sup>5</sup> Count.

HAM. His beard was grizzled,—no ?

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

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

HOR. I warrant it will.

HAM. 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 ;<sup>1</sup>  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an 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.

HAM. Your loves, as mine to you :<sup>2</sup> farewell.

[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*]

My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well ;  
I doubt<sup>3</sup> 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.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A room in POLONIUS' house.*

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

LAER. My necessities are embark'd : farewell :  
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,  
And convoy is assistant,<sup>4</sup> do not sleep,  
But let me hear from you.

OPH. Do you doubt that ?

LAER. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,  
Hold it a fashion,<sup>5</sup> and a toy in blood ;<sup>6</sup>  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,<sup>7</sup>  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

<sup>1</sup> Regard it as a secret which ought to be kept.

<sup>2</sup> Hamlet disclaims the rank of master.

<sup>3</sup> Suspect.

<sup>4</sup> Conveyance is ready.

<sup>5</sup> Something changeable and temporary.

<sup>6</sup> A caprice.

<sup>7</sup> Nature in its spring-time.

d,—no ?

The perfume and suppli-ance of a minute ;<sup>1</sup>  
No more.

OPH. No more but so ?

LAER.

Think it no more :

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
In thews<sup>2</sup> and bulk ; but, as this temple waxes,  
The inward service of the mind and soul  
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now ;  
And now no soil nor cautel<sup>3</sup> doth besmirch  
The virtue of his will :<sup>4</sup> 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 unvalu'd<sup>5</sup> persons do,  
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends  
The safety and the health of the whole state ;  
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd  
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,  
Whereof he is the head.<sup>6</sup> Then if he says he loves you,  
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,  
As he in his particular act and place  
May give his saying deed ;<sup>7</sup> which is no further  
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.  
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,  
If with too credent<sup>8</sup> ear you list his songs ;  
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister ;  
And keep you in the rear of your affection,  
Out of the shot and danger of desire.  
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
If she unmask her beauty to the moon :  
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes :  
The canker<sup>9</sup> galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons<sup>10</sup> be disclos'd ;  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
Be wary, then ; best safety lies in fear :  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPH. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,

<sup>1</sup> What supplies, or fills up, a minute.    <sup>2</sup> Sinews.    <sup>3</sup> Deceit.

<sup>4</sup> His virtuous intention.

<sup>5</sup> Of no worth:

<sup>6</sup> His choice must be approved of by his people.

<sup>7</sup> Believe his promises only so far as his position allows him to fulfil them.

<sup>8</sup> Credulous.

<sup>9</sup> Canker worm.

<sup>10</sup> Buds.

As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,  
Do not, as some ungracious<sup>1</sup> 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,  
And recks not his own rede.<sup>2</sup>

LAER. O, fear me not.<sup>3</sup>  
I stay too long :—but here my father comes.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

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

POL. Yet here, Laertes ! aboard, aboard, for shame !  
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with thee !  
*[Laying his hand on Laertes' head.]*

And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou charácter.<sup>4</sup> Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd<sup>5</sup> thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar,  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,<sup>6</sup>  
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.<sup>7</sup> Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but being in,  
Bear't, that th' opposéd<sup>8</sup> may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice :  
Take each man's censure,<sup>9</sup> but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy :  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man ;  
And they in France of the best rank and station  
Are most select and generous, chief in that.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be :  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend ;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.<sup>10</sup>  
This above all—to thine ownself be true ;

<sup>1</sup> Graceless.

<sup>2</sup> Regards not his own lesson.

<sup>3</sup> Fear not for me.

<sup>4</sup> Engrave.

<sup>5</sup> Unsuitable.

<sup>6</sup> And whose adoption thou hast tried.

<sup>7</sup> Do not blunt thy feeling by admitting every new acquaintance to the intimacy of a friend.

<sup>8</sup> Opponent.

<sup>9</sup> Opinion.

<sup>10</sup> Economy.



And it must follow as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell; my blessing season<sup>1</sup> this in thee!

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

POL. The time invites you; go, your servants tend<sup>2</sup>.

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

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

LAER. Farewell.

[Exit.

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

OPH. So please you, something touching the Lord  
Hamlet.

POL. 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,<sup>3</sup>  
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.

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

POL. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,  
Unsifted<sup>4</sup> in such perilous circumstance.  
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

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

POL. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;  
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,  
Which are not sterling. Tender<sup>5</sup> yourself more dearly;  
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,  
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

OPH. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love  
In honourable fashion.

POL. Ay, fashion you may call't; go to, go to.<sup>6</sup>

OPH. And hath given countenance to his speech, my  
lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POL. Ay, springes<sup>7</sup> to catch woodcocks. I do know,

<sup>1</sup> Ripen.      <sup>2</sup> Wait.      <sup>3</sup> Impressed upon me.

<sup>4</sup> Inexperienced.      <sup>5</sup> Regard.

<sup>6</sup> An exclamation of contempt and impatience.      <sup>7</sup> Snares.

When the blood burns, how prodigal<sup>1</sup> the soul  
 Lends the tongue vows : these blazes, daughter,  
 Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,  
 Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—  
 You must not take for fire. From this time  
 Be somewhat scater of your maiden presence ;  
 Set your entreatments<sup>2</sup> at a higher rate  
 Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,  
 Believe so much in him, that he is young ;  
 And with a larger tether may he walk  
 Than may be given you : in few,<sup>3</sup> Ophelia,  
 Do not believe his vows ; for they are brokers,<sup>4</sup>—  
 Not of that dye which their investments<sup>5</sup> show,  
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,  
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,  
 The better to beguile. This is for all,—  
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,  
 Have you so slander<sup>6</sup> any moment's leisure  
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.  
 Look to't, I charge you : come your ways.

OPH. I shall obey, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. The platform before the castle.*

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*

HAM. The air bites shrewdly ;<sup>7</sup> it is very cold.

HOR. It is a nipping and an eager<sup>8</sup> air.

HAM. What hour now ?

HOR. I think it lacks of twelve.

MAR. No, it is struck.

HOR. Indeed ? I heard it not : then it draws near the  
 season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

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

What does this mean, my lord ?

HAM. The king doth wake<sup>9</sup> to-night, and takes his  
 rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;<sup>10</sup>  
 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

<sup>1</sup> Adjective for adverb.

<sup>2</sup> Solicitations.

<sup>3</sup> In short.

<sup>4</sup> Go-betweens.

<sup>5</sup> Vesture, dress.

Misuse.

<sup>7</sup> Keenly.

<sup>8</sup> Sharp.

<sup>9</sup> Feast late.

<sup>10</sup> Holds a revel, and reels through the swaggering dance.

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.<sup>1</sup>

HOR.

Is it a custom?

HAM. Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,  
And to the manner born,—it is a custom  
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.  
This heavy-headed revel east and west  
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd<sup>2</sup> of other nations:  
They clepe<sup>3</sup> us drunkards, and with swinish phrase  
Soil our addition;<sup>4</sup> and, indeed, it takes  
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,<sup>5</sup>  
The pith and marrow of our attribute.<sup>6</sup>  
So, oft it chanceth in particular men,  
That, for some vicious mole of nature<sup>7</sup> in them,  
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,  
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—  
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,  
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;  
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens  
The form of plausible<sup>8</sup> manners;—that these men,—  
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,  
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,<sup>9</sup>—  
Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,  
As infinite as man may undergo<sup>10</sup>—  
Shall in the general censure<sup>11</sup> take corruption  
From that particular fault: the dram of evil  
Doth all the noble substance oft debase  
To his own scandal.

HOR.

Look, my lord, it comes!

*Enter Ghost.*

HAM. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—  
Be thou a spirit of health<sup>12</sup> or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

<sup>1</sup> The universal acceptance of his pledge.    <sup>2</sup> Censured.

<sup>3</sup> Call.    <sup>4</sup> Title.    Stain our name by calling us swine.

<sup>5</sup> To the utmost.

<sup>6</sup> The best part of the praise that would be otherwise attributed to us.    <sup>7</sup> Natural blemish.    <sup>8</sup> Pleasing.

<sup>9</sup> A defect which is either natural or accidental.

<sup>10</sup> Endure.    <sup>11</sup> Opinion.    <sup>12</sup> A saved spirit.

Thou com'st in such a questionable<sup>1</sup> shape,  
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,  
 King, father; royal Dane, O, answer me!  
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
 Why thy canóniz'd<sup>2</sup> bones, hearsèd in death,  
 Have burst their cerements;<sup>3</sup> why the sepulchre,  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,<sup>4</sup>  
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws  
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,  
 That thou, dead corse, again, in còmplete steel,  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature<sup>5</sup>  
 So horridly to shake our disposition  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
 Say, why is this? wherefóre? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

HOR. It beckons you to go away with it,  
 As if it some impartment<sup>6</sup> did desire  
 To you alone.

MAR. Look, with what courteous action  
 It waves you to a more removed<sup>7</sup> ground:  
 But do not go with it.

HOR. No, by no means.

HAM. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

HOR. Do not, my lord.

HAM. Why, what should be the fear?  
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;<sup>8</sup>  
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
 Being a thing immortal as itself?  
 It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

HOR. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,  
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff  
 That beetles<sup>9</sup> o'er his base into the sea,  
 And there assume some other horrible form,  
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,<sup>10</sup>  
 And draw you into madness? think of it:

<sup>1</sup> Inviting question.      <sup>2</sup> Sainted.

<sup>3</sup> From a Latin word meaning *wax*, and was so applied from the use of wax or pitch in sealing up coffins.      <sup>4</sup> Interred.

<sup>5</sup> Playthings of nature, who are completely under her influence.      <sup>6</sup> Communication.      <sup>7</sup> Retired.

<sup>8</sup> A pin's worth.      <sup>9</sup> Projects.

<sup>10</sup> The control which reason exercises over a sane mind.

The very place puts toys<sup>1</sup> of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain,  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.

HAM. It waves me still.—

Go on; I'll follow thee.

MAR. You shall not go, my lord.

HAM. Hold off your hands.

HOR. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

HAM. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.—<sup>2</sup> [*Ghost beckons.*

Still am I call'd :—unhand me, gentlemen ;—

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me :<sup>3</sup>—

I say, away !—Go on; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

HOR. He waxes desperate with imagination.

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

HOR. Have after.—To what issue will this come ?

MAR. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HOR. Heaven will direct it.<sup>4</sup>

MAR. Nay, let's follow him.<sup>5</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A more remote part of the platform.*

*Enter Ghost and HAMLET.*

HAM. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

GHOST. Mark me.

HAM. I will.

GHOST. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

HAM. Alas, poor ghost!

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

HAM. Speak; I am bound to hear.

<sup>1</sup> Idle fancies.    <sup>2</sup> Muscle.    <sup>3</sup> Hinders me.

<sup>4</sup> i. e., the issue.

<sup>5</sup> Let us not leave it to heaven, but do something ourselves.

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

HAM. 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. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres ;  
Thy knotted and combin'd locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine :<sup>1</sup>  
But this eternal blazon<sup>2</sup> must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O, list !—  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

HAM. O God !

GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAM. Murder !

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

HAM. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift  
As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST. I find thee apt ;  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :  
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forg'd process of my death  
Rankly<sup>3</sup> abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

HAM. O my prophetic soul !  
My uncle ?

GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—  
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power

<sup>1</sup> Porcupine.

<sup>2</sup> Revelation of eternity.

<sup>3</sup> Grossly.

shalt hear.

rbid

blood;  
spheres;

al murder.

is;

s as swift

hear:

mark

east,

rossly.

So to seduce!—won to his shameful love  
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen  
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!  
From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
made to her in marriage; and to decline  
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
To<sup>1</sup> those of mine!

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;  
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within my orchard,  
My custom always in the afternoon,  
Upon my sécure<sup>2</sup> hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursèd hebenon<sup>3</sup> 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,<sup>4</sup> it doth posset  
And curd, like eager<sup>5</sup> droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most instant<sup>6</sup> tetter<sup>7</sup> bark'd about,  
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust  
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:  
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousell'd,<sup>8</sup> disappointed,<sup>9</sup> unanell'd;<sup>10</sup>  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head.

HAM. O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

GHOST. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.  
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

<sup>1</sup> Compared to.      <sup>2</sup> Unsuspicious.

<sup>3</sup> Supposed to mean *henbane*.

<sup>4</sup> Rapid and violent action.      <sup>5</sup> French, *aigre*, sour.

<sup>6</sup> Instantaneous.      <sup>7</sup> Eruption like ringworm.

<sup>8</sup> Without the Eucharist.      <sup>9</sup> Unprepared.

<sup>10</sup> Without having received extreme unction.



Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,  
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge  
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
 The glow-worm shows the matin<sup>1</sup> to be near,  
 And gins to pale his uneffectual fire:  
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit.

HAM. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?  
 And shall I couple hell?—O, fie!—Hold, my heart;  
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant<sup>2</sup> old,  
 But bear me stiffly up.—Remember thee!  
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
 In this distracted globe.<sup>3</sup> Remember thee!  
 Yea, from the table<sup>4</sup> of my memory  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond<sup>5</sup> records,  
 All saws<sup>6</sup> of books, all forms, all pressures<sup>7</sup> past,  
 That youth and observation copied there;  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live  
 Within the book and volume of my brain,  
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!—  
 O most pernicious woman!  
 O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!  
 My tables,<sup>8</sup>—meet it is I set it down,  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,  
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: [Writing.  
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;<sup>9</sup>  
 It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me:"  
 I have sworn't.

HOR. [within] My lord, my lord,—

MAR. [within] Lord Hamlet,—

HOR. [within] Heaven secure him!

MAR. [within] So be it!

HOR. [within] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

HAM. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.<sup>10</sup>

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

MAR. How is't, my noble lord?

HOR. What news, my lord?

<sup>1</sup> Morning.

<sup>2</sup> Instantly.

<sup>3</sup> Here Hamlet puts his hand upon his head. <sup>4</sup> Tablet.

<sup>5</sup> Foolish. <sup>6</sup> Sayings, proverbs. <sup>7</sup> Impressions.

<sup>8</sup> Memorandum-book. <sup>9</sup> Watchword.

<sup>10</sup> The call of the falconer to his hawks.

HAM. O, wonderful!

HOR. Good my lord, tell it.

HAM. No; you'll reveal it.

HOR. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MAR. Nor I, my lord.

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

But you'll be secret?

HOR. MAR. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

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

HOR. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave

To tell us this.

HAM. Why, right; you're r' the right; And so, without more circumstance<sup>1</sup> at all, I hold it fit that we shake hands and part: You, as your business and desire shall point you.— For every man hath business and desire, Such as it is;—and for mine own poor part, Look you, I'll go pray.

HOR. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

HAM. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily; Yes, faith, heartily.

HOR. There's no offence, my lord.

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

HOR. What is't, my lord? we will.

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

HOR. MAR. My lord, we will not.

HAM. Nay, but swear 't.

HOR. In faith,

My lord, not I.

MAR. Nor I, my lord, in faith,

HAM. Upon my sword.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Circumlocution.

<sup>2</sup> Because the hilt of his sword was in the form of a cross.

MAR. We've sworn, my lord, already.

HAM. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

GHOST. [*beneath*] Swear.

HAM. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny?—

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—

Consent to swear.

HOR. Propose the oath, my lord.

HAM. Never to speak of this that you have seen,  
Swear by my sword.

GHOST. [*beneath*] Swear.

HAM. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.—  
Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword.

GHOST. [*beneath*] Swear.

HAM. Well said, old mole! canst work i' th' earth so  
fast?

A worthy pioner!<sup>1</sup>—Once more remove, good friends.

HOR. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

HAM. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.<sup>2</sup>  
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic<sup>3</sup> disposition on,<sup>4</sup>—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd<sup>5</sup> thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As "Well, well, we know," or "We could, an if we would,"

Or "If we list to speak," or "There be, an if they might,"

Or such ambiguous giving out,<sup>6</sup> to note

---

<sup>1</sup> Pioneer. The levity displayed by Hamlet is at once the natural expression of a mind oppressed with horror (like the jests of dying men and hysterical laughter), and is also a cunning device to deceive his friends as to the purport of his communication with the ghost.—*Clarke & Wright*.

<sup>2</sup> And therefore receive it without doubt or question.

<sup>3</sup> Disguised. <sup>4</sup> Put on: assume. <sup>5</sup> Folded. <sup>6</sup> Indication.

ord, already.

thou there,

ge,—

seen,

ground.—

That you know aught of me :—this not to do,  
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,  
Swear.

GHOST. [*beneath*] Swear.

HAM. Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit !—So, gentlemen,  
With all my love I do commend me to you :  
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
May do t' express his love and friending<sup>1</sup> 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 cursèd spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right !—  
Nay, come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in POLONIUS' house.*

*Enter POLONIUS<sup>2</sup> and REYNALDO.*

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

REY. I will, my lord,

h' earth so  
friends.  
strange !  
elcome.<sup>3</sup>  
oratio,

POL. You shall<sup>3</sup> do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,  
Before you visit him, to make inquiry  
Of his behaviour.

REY. My lord, I did intend it.

e,  
ve would,"  
y might,"

POL. Marry, well said ; very well said. Look you, sir,  
Inquire me first what Danskers<sup>4</sup> are in Paris ;  
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,<sup>5</sup>  
What company, at what expense ; and finding,  
By this encompassment and drift<sup>6</sup> of question,  
That they do know my son, come you more nearer  
Than your particular demands will touch it :  
Take<sup>7</sup> you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him,  
As thus, "I know his father and his friends,  
And in part him ;"—do you mark this, Reynaldo ?

<sup>1</sup> Friendliness.

<sup>2</sup> "Polonius is a man bred in courts, exercised in business, stored with observation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. \* \* \* The idea of dotage encroaching upon wisdom will solve all the phenomena of the character of Polonius."—*Johnson.*

<sup>3</sup> We should now say "will." <sup>4</sup> Danes. <sup>5</sup> Live.

<sup>6</sup> Scope and tendency. <sup>7</sup> Assume.

REY. Ay, very well, my lord.

POL. "And in part him;—but," you may say, "not well:

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

REY. As gaming, my lord.

POL. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling:—  
You may go so far.

REY. My lord, that would dishonour him.

POL. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.  
You must not put another scandal on him,  
That he is open to incontinency;  
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults so quaintly,  
That they may seem the taints<sup>1</sup> of liberty;  
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;  
A savageness in unreclaimèd<sup>2</sup> blood,  
Of general assault.<sup>3</sup>

REY. But, my good lord,—

POL. Wherefore should you do this?

REY.

Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

POL.

Marry, sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight sullies on my son,  
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,  
Mark you,

Your party in converse,<sup>4</sup> him<sup>5</sup> you would sound,  
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes

The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd

He closes with you in this consequence;

"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentleman,"—

According to the phrase, or the addition,<sup>6</sup>

Of man and country.

REY.

Very good, my lord.

<sup>1</sup> Blemishes. <sup>2</sup> Untamed. <sup>3</sup> Such as generally attack youth.

<sup>4</sup> Conversation.

<sup>5</sup> He whom.

<sup>6</sup> Title.

POL. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—  
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was  
About to say something:—where did I leave?<sup>1</sup>

REY. At “closes in the consequence,”  
At “friend or so,” and “gentleman.”

POL. At “closes in consequence,”—ay, marry;  
He closes with you thus; “I know the gentleman;  
I saw him yesterday, or t’other day,  
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,  
There was he gaming; there o’ertook in’s rouse;<sup>2</sup>  
There falling out at tennis:”—or so forth.—

See you now;  
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:  
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,<sup>3</sup>  
With windlasses<sup>4</sup> and with assays of bias,<sup>5</sup>  
By indirections<sup>6</sup> find directions out:  
So, by my former lecture and advice,  
Shall you my son. You have me,<sup>7</sup> have you not?

REY. My lord, I have.

POL. God b’ wi’ you! fare you well.

REY. Good my lord!

POL. Observe his inclination in yourself.<sup>8</sup>

REY. I shall, my lord.

POL. And let him ply his music.

REY.

Well, my lord.

POL. Farewell!

[Exit Reynaldo.]

*Enter OPHELIA.*

How now, Ophelia! what’s the matter?

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

POL. With what, i’ the name of God?

OPH. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,  
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac’d;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leave off.

<sup>2</sup> *i. e.* by intoxication.

<sup>3</sup> Far-sighted.

<sup>4</sup> Windings and circuitous ways.

<sup>5</sup> A metaphor from the game of bowls, in which the player does not aim directly, but in a curve, so that the bias or weight on one side brings the ball round.

<sup>6</sup> Indirect methods. We find out indirectly what we wish to know directly.

<sup>7</sup> You understand me?

<sup>8</sup> Observe him for yourself as well as learn from others.

<sup>9</sup> Unfastened.

No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,  
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyvéd to his ancle ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;  
 And with a look so piteous in purpórt  
 As if he had been looséd out of hell  
 To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

POL. Mad for thy love ?

OPH.

My lord, I do not know ;

But, truly, I do fear it.

POL.

What said he ?

OPH. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;  
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;  
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
 He falls to such perusal<sup>2</sup> of my face  
 As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;  
 At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,  
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—  
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,  
 And end his being : that done, he lets me go :  
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;  
 For out o' doors he went without their help,  
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

POL. Come, go with me : I will go seek the king.

This is the very ecstasy<sup>3</sup> of love ;

Whose violent property fordoes<sup>4</sup> itself,

And leads the will to desperate undertakings,

As oft as any passion under heaven

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—

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

OPH. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters, and denied

His access<sup>5</sup> to me.

POL.

That hath made him mad,—

I'm sorry that with better heed and judgment

I had not quoted<sup>6</sup> him : I fear'd he did but trifle,

<sup>1</sup> Hanging like gyves, or fetters, about his ancle.

<sup>2</sup> Examination.

<sup>3</sup> Madness.

<sup>4</sup> Destroys.

<sup>5</sup> Shakespere accents this word sometimes on the first and sometimes on the second syllable.

<sup>6</sup> Observed.

And meant to wreck thee ; but, beshrew my jealousy !<sup>1</sup>  
 It seems it is as proper to our age  
 To cast<sup>2</sup> beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
 As it is common for the younger sort  
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king :  
 This must be known ; which, being kept close, might move  
 More grief to hide than hate to utter love.<sup>3</sup>  
 Come.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *The same. A room in the castle.*

*Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.*

KING. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern !  
 Moreover that we much did long to see you,  
 The need we have to use you did provoke  
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
 Of Hamlet's transformation ; so I call it,  
 Since nor th' exterior nor the inward man  
 Resembles that it was. What it should be,  
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him  
 So much from th' understanding of himself,  
 I cannot dream of : I entreat you both,  
 That, being of so young days brought up with him  
 And since so neighbour'd<sup>4</sup> to his youth and humour,  
 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court  
 Some little time : so by your companies  
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,  
 So much as from occasion you may glean,  
 Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,  
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

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 show us so much gentry<sup>5</sup> and good will  
 As to expend your time with us awhile,  
 For the supply and profit of our hope,

<sup>1</sup> Suspicion.<sup>2</sup> Plan.

<sup>3</sup> This passage is obscure. The sense seems to be—Hamlet's mad conduct might cause more grief if it were hidden, than the revelation of his love for Ophelia would cause hatred.

<sup>4</sup> Intimately associated.<sup>5</sup> Courtesy.



Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
As fits a king's remembrance.

ROS. Both your majesties  
Might, by the sovereign power you have of<sup>1</sup> us,  
Put your dread pleasures more into command  
Than to entreaty.

GUIL. But we both obey,  
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,  
To lay our service 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.—Go, some of you,  
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

GUIL. Heavens make our presence and our practices  
Pleasant and helpful to him!

QUEEN. Ay, amen!

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

*Enter* POLONIUS.

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

KING. Thou still<sup>2</sup> hast been the father of good news.

POL. 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—or else this brain of mine  
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
As it hath us'd to do—that I have found  
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

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

POL. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors;  
My news shall be the fruit<sup>3</sup> to that great feast.

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

[*Exit Polonius.*]

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

QUEEN. I doubt it is no other but the main;<sup>4</sup>—  
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

KING. Well, we shall sift him.

<sup>1</sup> Over.

<sup>2</sup> Constantly.

<sup>3</sup> Desert.

<sup>4</sup> Main cause.

*Re-enter* POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends !

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway ?

VOLT. Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first,<sup>1</sup> he sent out to suppress

His nephew's levies ; which to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack ;

But, better look'd into, he truly<sup>2</sup> found

It was against your highness : whereat griev'd,—

That so his sickness, age, and impotence,

Was falsely borne in hand,<sup>3</sup> — sends out arrests

On Fortinbras ; which he, in brief, obeys :

Receives rebuke from Norway ; and, in fine,

Makes vow before his uncle never more

To give th' assay of arms<sup>4</sup> against your majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee ;

And his commission to employ those soldiers,

So levied as before, against the Polack :

With an entreaty, herein further shown, *[Gives a paper.]*

That it might please you to give quiet pass<sup>5</sup>

Through your dominions for this enterprise,

On such regards of safety and allowance<sup>6</sup>

As therein are set down.

KING.

It likes us well ;

And at our more consider'd time<sup>7</sup> we'll read,

Answer, and think upon this business.

Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour :

Go to your rest ; at night we'll feast together :

Most welcome home ! *[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]*

POL.

This business is well ended.—

My liege, and madam,—to expostulate<sup>8</sup>

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.

<sup>1</sup> Upon the first expression of our request.

<sup>2</sup> This adverb belongs to "was," not to "found."

<sup>3</sup> Deluded.

<sup>4</sup> To put the quarrel to the test of war.

<sup>5</sup> Passage.

<sup>6</sup> Terms securing the safety of the country and regulating the passage of troupes through it.

<sup>7</sup> When we have more leisure.

<sup>8</sup> Discuss freely.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,<sup>1</sup>  
 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.

POL. 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.<sup>2</sup>

I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,—  
 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
 Hath given me this : now gather, and surmise. [Reads.  
 “To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beautified  
 Ophelia,”—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—“beautified” is a vile  
 phrase : but you shall hear. Thus : [Reads.

“In her excellent-white bosom, these,” &c.—

QUEEN. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

POL. Good madam, stay awhile : I will be faithful.

[Reads.

“Doubt<sup>3</sup> thou the stars are fire ;  
 Doubt that the sun doth move ;  
 Doubt truth to be a liar ;  
 But never doubt I love.”

“Oh dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I have  
 not art to reckon my groans : but that I love thee best,  
 O most best, believe it. Adieu.

“Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine  
 is to him,<sup>4</sup> HAMLET.”

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me :  
 And more above, hath his solicitings,  
 As they fell out by time, by means, and place,

<sup>1</sup> Knowledge.

<sup>2</sup> Suspect.

<sup>3</sup> Consider

<sup>4</sup> Whilst this body belongs to him.

All given to mine ear.

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

POL. What do you think of me?

KING. As of a man faithful and honourable.

POL. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,  
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—

As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,  
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,  
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,  
If I had play'd the desk or table-book;<sup>1</sup>

Or given my heart a winking,<sup>2</sup> mute and dumb;  
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;—

What might you think? No, I went round<sup>3</sup> to work,  
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:<sup>4</sup>

"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;<sup>5</sup>  
This must not be:" and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,  
Admit no messenger, receive no tokens.

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;<sup>6</sup>

And he, repuls'd,—a short tale to make,—

Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;

Thence to a watch;<sup>7</sup> thence into a weakness;

Thence to a lightness;<sup>8</sup> and, by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves,

And<sup>9</sup> all we mourn for.

KING. Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN It may be, very likely.

POL. Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—  
That I have positively said, "'Tis so,"

When it prov'd otherwise?

KING. Not that I know.

POL. [*pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take this  
from this, if this be otherwise:

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed

Within the centre.

<sup>1</sup> If I had been the agent of their correspondence.

<sup>2</sup> Connivance.

<sup>3</sup> Direct.

<sup>4</sup> Address.

<sup>5</sup> Probably "above the position in which fortune has placed you."

<sup>6</sup> *i.e.*, Took my advice with its consequences.

<sup>7</sup> Want of sleep. <sup>8</sup> Light-headedness. <sup>9</sup> Supply "which."

KING. How may we try it further?

POL. You know, sometimes he walks four<sup>1</sup> hours together Here in the lobby.

QUEEN. So he does, indeed.

POL. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him :  
Be you and I behind an arras<sup>2</sup> then ;  
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,  
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon  
Let me be no assistant for a state,  
But keep a farm and carters.

KING. We will try it.

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

POL. Away, I do beseech you, both away :  
I'll board<sup>3</sup> him presently :—O, give me leave.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*]

*Enter HAMLET reading.*

How does my good Lord Hamlet ?

HAM. Well, God-a-mercy.

POL. Do you know me, my lord ?

HAM. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.

POL. Not I, my lord.

HAM. Then I would you were so honest a man.

POL. Honest, my lord !

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

POL. That's very true, my lord.

HAM. "For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god-kissing carrion,"<sup>4</sup>—Have you a daughter ?

POL. I have, my lord.

HAM. Let her not walk i' the sun : friend, look to 't.

POL. [*aside*] How say you by that ? Still harping on my daughter :—yet he knew me not at first ; he said I was a fishmonger : he is far gone, far gone : and truly in

<sup>1</sup> "For" in some editions.

<sup>2</sup> Tapestry ; so called because the most famous factory was at the town of Arras.

<sup>3</sup> Accost.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Staunton is the authority for printing this as a quotation from the book Hamlet is reading.

my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

HAM. Words, words, words.

POL. What is the matter,<sup>1</sup> my lord?

HAM. Between who?

POL. I mean the matter that you read, my lord?

HAM. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging<sup>2</sup> thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

POL. [*aside*] ~~Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.~~—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAM. Into my grave?

POL. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness<sup>3</sup> that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAM. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal,—except my life, except my life, except my life.

POL. Fare you well, my lord.

HAM. These tedious old fools!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

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

ROS. [*to Polonius*] God save you, sir! [*Exit Polonius.*]

GUIL. My honoured lord!

ROS. My most dear lord!

HAM. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

<sup>1</sup> Hamlet purposely misunderstands the word to mean "cause of dispute."

<sup>2</sup> Discharging.

<sup>3</sup> Felicity of expression.

ROS. As the indifferent children of the earth.

GUIL. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;  
On Fortune's cap we're not the very button.

HAM. Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROS. Neither, my lord.

HAM. Then you live about her waist, or in the middle  
of her favours? What's the news?

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

HAM. Then is doomsday near: but your news is not  
true. Let me question more in particular: what have  
you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune,  
that she sends you to prison hither?

GUIL. Prison, my lord!

HAM. Denmark's a prison.

ROS. Then is the world one.

HAM. A goodly one; in which there are many confines,<sup>1</sup>  
wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

ROS. We think not so, my lord.

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

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

HAM. O God, I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and  
count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I  
have bad dreams.

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

HAM. A dream itself is but a shadow.

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

HAM. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs  
and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we  
to the court? for, by my fay,<sup>2</sup> I cannot reason.

ROS. GUIL. We'll wait upon you.

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

<sup>1</sup> Places of confinement.

<sup>2</sup> Probably a corruption of the French *foi*; or an abbreviation  
of "faith."



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

HAM. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks ; but I thank you : and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for ? It is your own inclining ? Is it a free visitation ? Come, deal justly with me : come, come ; nay, speak.

GUIL. What should we say, my lord ?

HAM. Why, any thing—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.

ROS. To what end, my lord ?

HAM. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer<sup>1</sup> could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no ?

ROS. [*aside to Guil.*] What say you ?

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

GUIL. My lord, we were sent for.

HAM. I will tell you why ; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moults no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises ; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestic roof fretted<sup>2</sup> 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 man ! how noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form and moving how express<sup>3</sup> and admirable ! in action how like an angel ! in apprehension how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon<sup>4</sup> of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this

<sup>1</sup> One who has greater power of exposition.

<sup>2</sup> In architecture, a fret is an ornament consisting of small fillets intersecting each other at right angles.

<sup>3</sup> Exact, fitted to its purpose.

<sup>4</sup> Perfection.



quintessence<sup>1</sup> of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

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

HAM. Why did you laugh, then, when I said "man delights not me?"

ROS. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten<sup>2</sup> entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted<sup>3</sup> them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

HAM. He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere;<sup>4</sup> and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't.—What players are they?

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

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

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

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

ROS. No, indeed, they are not.

HAM. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

ROS. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery<sup>5</sup> of children, little eyases,<sup>6</sup> that cry out on the top of question,<sup>7</sup> and are most tyrannically clapped<sup>8</sup> for 't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages,—so they call them,—that many wear-

<sup>1</sup> A term in alchemy, signifying the subtle essence which remained after the four elements, earth, air, fire, and water, had been removed from any substance.

<sup>2</sup> Meagre like the fare proper to Lent.

<sup>3</sup> Came up with.

<sup>4</sup> Sere is the catch of a gunlock which keeps the hammer on half or full cock and is released by the trigger. "Lungs tickle o' the sere" are therefore lungs easily moved to laughter, like a gun that goes off with the least touch.

<sup>5</sup> Nest of hawks: a young brood.

<sup>6</sup> Unfledged birds.

<sup>7</sup> Means probably that they speak in a high key.

<sup>8</sup> Violently applauded.

ot me; no, nor rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce  
g you seem to come thither.

HAM. What, are they children? who maintains 'em?  
ow are they escoted?<sup>1</sup> Will they pursue the quality  
o longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards,  
they should grow themselves to common players,—as it  
s most like, if their means are no better,—their writers  
o them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own  
uccession?

ROS. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides;  
and the nation holds it no sin to tarre<sup>2</sup> them to contro-  
versy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument,  
unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the ques-  
tion.

HAM. Is't possible?

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

HAM. Do the boys carry it away?<sup>3</sup>

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

HAM. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of  
Denmark, and those that would make mows<sup>4</sup> at him while  
my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred du-  
cats a-piece for his picture in little.<sup>5</sup> 'Sblood,<sup>6</sup> there is  
something in this more than natural, if philosophy could  
find it out.

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*]

GUIL. There are the players.

HAM. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your  
hands, come: the appurtenance<sup>7</sup> of welcome is fashion  
and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb;<sup>8</sup> lest  
my extent<sup>9</sup> to the players, which, I tell you, must show  
fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment  
than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and  
aunt-mother are deceived.

GUIL. In what, my dear lord?

<sup>1</sup> Paid for.

<sup>2</sup> Set on to fight.

<sup>3</sup> Gain the victory.

<sup>4</sup> Mouths.

<sup>5</sup> Miniature.

<sup>6</sup> God's blood, one of the many forms of oath by the elements  
of the Eucharist.

<sup>7</sup> Proper accompaniment.

<sup>8</sup> Use ceremony with you in this fashion.

<sup>9</sup> Condescension.

HAM. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind  
is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.<sup>1</sup>

*Enter* POLONIUS.

POL. Well be with you, gentlemen!

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

ROS. Happily<sup>2</sup> he's the second time come to them; for  
they say an old man is twice a child.

HAM. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the play-  
ers; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning;  
'twas then, indeed.

POL. My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAM. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Ros-  
cius was an actor in Rome,—

POL. The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAM. Buz, buz!<sup>3</sup>

POL. Upon mine honour,—

HAM. Then came each actor on his ass,—<sup>4</sup>

POL. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy,  
comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pas-  
toral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pas-  
toral, scene individable,<sup>5</sup> or poem unlimited:<sup>6</sup> Seneca  
cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law  
of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

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

POL. What treasure had he my lord?

HAM. Why,

“One fair daughter, and no more,  
The which he lovèd passing well.”

POL. [*aside*] Still on my daughter.

HAM. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

<sup>1</sup> A corruption of “heronshaw:” a heron.

<sup>2</sup> Haply.

<sup>3</sup> Blackstone says “Buz used to be an interjection at Oxford  
when any one began a story that was generally known before.”

<sup>4</sup> Probably a line from a ballad.

<sup>5</sup> A play where the unity of place is observed, and

<sup>6</sup> Where no such restriction is imposed.

POL. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

HAM. Nay, that follows not.

POL. What follows, then, my lord?

HAM. Why,

"As by lot, God wot,"

and then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was,"—

the first row of the pious chanson<sup>1</sup> will show you more; or look, where my abridgment<sup>2</sup> comes.

*Enter four or five Players.*

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all; I am glad to see ye well; welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! thy face is valanced<sup>3</sup> since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress!<sup>4</sup> 'By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine.<sup>5</sup> Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.<sup>6</sup>—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate<sup>7</sup> speech.

FIRST PLAY. What speech, my lord?

HAM. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was

<sup>1</sup> The first "row" or stanza of the "pious chanson" is as follows:

*'Have you not heard these many years ago  
Jephthah was judge of Israel?  
He had one only daughter and no mo,  
The which he loved passing well:  
And, as by lott,  
God wot,  
It so came to pass,  
As God's will was,  
That great wars there should be,  
And none should be chosen chief but he.'*

<sup>2</sup> Means "a dramatic performance."

<sup>3</sup> Fringed with a beard. Valance means the hangings of a bed, except the curtain.

<sup>4</sup> A boy. The first woman who ever appeared on the English stage played Desdemona, 1660. <sup>5</sup> A high cork shoe.

<sup>6</sup> Become too manly for the performance of female characters.

<sup>7</sup> Full of feeling.

never acted ; or, if it was, not above once ; for the play, remember, pleased not the million ; 'twas caviare <sup>1</sup> to the general : <sup>2</sup> but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine <sup>3</sup>—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallats <sup>4</sup> in the lines to make the matter savoury nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of <sup>5</sup> affection : <sup>6</sup> but called it an honest method, as whole some as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved : 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido ; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter : if it live in your memory, begin at this line ;—let me see, let me see ;

“The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast,” <sup>7</sup>  
—'tis not so ;—it begins with Pyrrhus ;

“The rugged Pyrrhus,—he whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble  
When he lay couchèd in the ominous <sup>8</sup> horse,—  
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd  
With heraldry more dismal ; head to foot  
Now is he total gules ; <sup>9</sup> horridly trick'd <sup>10</sup>  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,  
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,  
That lend a tyrannous and damnèd light  
To their vile murders : roasted in wrath and fire,  
And thus o'er-sizèd <sup>11</sup> with coagulate gore,  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks.”—

So, proceed you.

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

FIRST PLAY.

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

<sup>1</sup> A dish of sturgeon's roes. <sup>2</sup> Public. <sup>3</sup> Of superior authority.

<sup>4</sup> Sallads made with fragrant herbs. <sup>5</sup> For. <sup>6</sup> Affectation.

<sup>7</sup> The tiger. <sup>8</sup> Fatal. <sup>9</sup> Heraldic word for 'red.'

<sup>10</sup> In heraldry, a 'trick' is a description in drawing, opposed to 'blazon,' a description in words.

<sup>11</sup> "Size" is a kind of glue.

for the play,  
caviare<sup>1</sup> to th  
others, whos  
of mine<sup>2</sup>—a  
set down with  
one said there  
atter savoury  
dict the autho  
god, as whole  
andsome than  
s Æneas' tale  
ere he speaks  
nory, begin at

a beast,"?

arms,  
mble  
horse,—  
ion smear'd  
ot  
do

rs, sons,  
reets,

and fire,  
e,  
rrhus

th good ac-

ls him  
sword,

vide;

authority.  
ffectation.  
r 'red.'  
, opposed

But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
Th' unnervèd 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' th' air to stick:  
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;  
And, like a neutral<sup>1</sup> to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,  
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
Arousèd 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, upon thee, Fortune! All you gods,  
In general synod, take away her power;  
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,  
As low as to the fiends!"

POL. This is too long.

HAM. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—  
Prithee, say on:—he's for a jig,<sup>2</sup> or he sleeps:—say on;  
come to Hecuba.

FIRST PLAY. "But who, O, who had seen the mobled<sup>3</sup>  
queen—"

HAM. "The mobled queen?"

POL. That's good; "mobled queen" is good.

FIRST PLAY. "Run barefoot up and down, threatening  
the flames

With bisson<sup>4</sup> rheum; a clout upon that head  
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,  
About her lank and all o'er-teemèd loins,  
A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;—  
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,

<sup>1</sup> Indifferent to both.

<sup>2</sup> A ballad sung to the fiddle.

<sup>3</sup> Probably a corruption of 'muffled.'

<sup>4</sup> Blinding.

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:

But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,  
The instant<sup>1</sup> burst of clamour that she made—  
Unless things mortal move them not at all—  
Would have made milch<sup>2</sup> the burning eyes of heaven,  
And passion in the gods."

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

HAM. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

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

HAM. God's bodykins, man, better: use every man after his desert,<sup>3</sup> and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

POL. Come, sirs.

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

[Exit Polonius with all the Players except the First.

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

FIRST PLAY. Ay, my lord.

HAM. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

FIRST PLAY. Ay, my lord.

HAM. 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.

ROS. Good my lord!

HAM. Ay, so, God b' wi' ye! [Exunt Rosen. and Guil.]

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!  
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,

<sup>1</sup> Instantaneous.

<sup>2</sup> Milk-giving, thence 'moist.'

<sup>3</sup> According to his desert.



n have pro-

then,  
sport  
s limbs,  
made—  
all—  
es of heaven,

colour, and

e rest of this  
ers well be-  
for they are  
: after your  
an their ill

their desert.  
every man  
ing? Use  
ess they de-  
e them in.

to-morrow.  
pt the First.  
he Murder

ould, for a  
teen lines,  
ou not?

look you  
d friends,  
sinore.

and Guil.]

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' aspect,  
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting  
With forms to his conceit?<sup>1</sup> 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 appal the free,<sup>2</sup>  
Confound the ignorant; and amaze,<sup>3</sup> indeed,  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,<sup>4</sup>  
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,<sup>5</sup>  
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property<sup>6</sup> and most dear life  
A damn'd defeat<sup>7</sup> was made. Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,  
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this, ha?  
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot be  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall<sup>8</sup>  
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal:—bloody, bloody villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless<sup>9</sup> villain!  
O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,  
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must fall a-cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!

<sup>1</sup> Idea of the character.    <sup>2</sup> The innocent.    <sup>3</sup> Confound

<sup>4</sup> Pine away.

<sup>5</sup> Having no living thoughts within relating to my cause.

<sup>6</sup> Kingly right.    <sup>7</sup> Destruction.    <sup>8</sup> Courage.    <sup>9</sup> Unnatural.



Fie upon't! foh!—About,<sup>1</sup> my brain! I've heard  
 That guilty creatures sitting at a play  
 Have by the very cunning of the scene  
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently<sup>2</sup>  
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions;<sup>3</sup>  
 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak  
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players  
 Play something like the murder of my father  
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
 I'll tent<sup>4</sup> him to the quick: if he but blench,<sup>5</sup>  
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
 May be the devil: and the devil hath power  
 T'assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps  
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,  
 As he is very potent with such spirits,  
 Abuses<sup>6</sup> me to damn me: I'll have grounds  
 More relative<sup>7</sup> than this:—the play's the thing  
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. [Exit.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

*Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ and  
 GUILDENSTERN.*

KING. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,<sup>8</sup>  
 Get from him why he puts on this confusion,<sup>9</sup>  
 Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

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

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

QUEEN. Did he receive you well?

ROS. Most like a gentleman.

---

<sup>1</sup> Set to work.    <sup>2</sup> Immediately.

<sup>3</sup> Heywood, in his "Apology for Actors," gives two examples of murder being discovered in this way.

<sup>4</sup> Probe.    <sup>5</sup> Flinch.    <sup>6</sup> Deceives.    <sup>7</sup> To the purpose.

<sup>8</sup> Roundabout method.    <sup>9</sup> Confusion of mind.

GUIL. But with much forcing of his disposition.<sup>1</sup>  
 ROS. Niggard of question; but, of our demands,  
 Most free in his reply.

QUEEN. Did you assay him,  
 To any pastime?<sup>2</sup>

ROS. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players  
 We o'er-raught<sup>3</sup> on the way: of these we told him;  
 And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
 To hear of it: they are about the court;  
 And, as I think, they have already order  
 This night to play before him.

POL. '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,<sup>4</sup>  
 And drive his purpose on to these delights.

ROS. We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;  
 For we have closely<sup>5</sup> sent for Hamlet hither,  
 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here  
 Affront<sup>6</sup> Ophelia:  
 Her father and myself—lawful espials<sup>7</sup>—  
 Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen,  
 We may of their encounter frankly judge;  
 And gather by him, as he is behav'd,  
 If 't be th' affliction of his love or no  
 That thus he suffers for.

QUEEN. I shall obey you:—  
 And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish  
 That your good beauties be the happy cause  
 Of Hamlet's wildness:<sup>8</sup> so shall I hope your virtues  
 Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
 To both your honours.

OPH. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

POL. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious,<sup>9</sup> so please  
 you,

<sup>1</sup> Mood.    <sup>2</sup> Did you try him by the test of any pastime?

<sup>3</sup> Overtook.    <sup>4</sup> Whet him on.    <sup>5</sup> Secretly.

<sup>6</sup> Confront, meet.    <sup>7</sup> Spies.    <sup>8</sup> Madness.

<sup>9</sup> Addressed to the king.

We will bestow ourselves.—[*To Ophelia*] Read on this book;

That show of such an exercise may colour  
Your loneliness.—We're off to blame in this,—  
'Tis too much prov'd,<sup>1</sup>—that with devotion's visage  
And pious action we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

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

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

[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*]

*Enter HAMLET.*

HAM. 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;<sup>2</sup>  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,<sup>3</sup>  
Must give us pause: there's the respect<sup>4</sup>  
That makes calamity of so long life;<sup>5</sup>  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd<sup>7</sup> love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,<sup>8</sup>  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin?<sup>6</sup> who would fardels<sup>10</sup> bear,

<sup>1</sup> Proved by too frequent examples.

<sup>2</sup> A term at bowls, meaning a collision hindering the bowl in its course.

<sup>3</sup> Entanglement, turmoil.

<sup>4</sup> Consideration.

<sup>5</sup> So long-lived.

<sup>6</sup> The times.

<sup>7</sup> Some editions have "disprized."

<sup>8</sup> Puts up with.

<sup>9</sup> An old word for dagger.

<sup>10</sup> Burdens.

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death,—  
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn<sup>1</sup>  
 No traveller returns, —puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue<sup>2</sup> of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;<sup>3</sup>  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.—Soft you now!<sup>4</sup>  
 The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons<sup>5</sup>  
 Be all my sins remember'd.

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

HAM. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

OPH. My lord, I have remembrances<sup>6</sup> of yours,  
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
 I pray you, now receive them.

HAM. No, not I  
 I never gave you aught.

OPH. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did;  
 And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd  
 As made the things more rich: their perfume<sup>7</sup> lost,  
 Take these again; for to the noble mind  
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
 There, my lord.

HAM. Ha, ha! are you honest?<sup>8</sup>

OPH. My lord?

HAM. Are you fair?

OPH. What means your lordship?

HAM. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty  
 should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPH. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce<sup>9</sup>  
 than with honesty?

HAM. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner  
 transform honesty from what it is, than the force of  
 honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this

<sup>1</sup> Boundary. <sup>2</sup> Natural colour. <sup>3</sup> Care. <sup>4</sup> Hush, be quiet.

<sup>5</sup> Prayers. <sup>6</sup> Mementos. <sup>7</sup> The perfume of the words.

<sup>8</sup> Virtuous.

<sup>9</sup> Conversation.

was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

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

HAM. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it:<sup>1</sup> I loved you not.

OPH. I was the more deceived.

HAM. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent<sup>2</sup> honest: but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPH. At home, my lord.

HAM. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

OPH. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAM. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry,—be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

OPH. O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAM. 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 nickname<sup>3</sup> 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.]

OPH. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword; Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Retain a trace of it.

<sup>2</sup> Fairly.

<sup>3</sup> A nickname is originally 'an eke name'—an additional name. It means misname in the text.

<sup>4</sup> Chief flower and ornament of the state.

es it proof.

e so.

for virtue  
l relish of

thou be a  
onest: but  
were better  
d, revenge-  
eck than I  
give them  
uch fellows  
We are ar-  
ways to a

at he may  
arewell.

plague for  
e as snow,  
a nunnery,  
arry a fool;  
s you make  
Farewell.

ell enough;  
yourselves  
nickname<sup>8</sup>  
your ignor-  
e me mad.  
e that are  
rest shall  
[Exit.

wn!  
, sword;

airly.  
tional name.

The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
Th' observ'd of all observers,—quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject<sup>1</sup> and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me  
T'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. There's something in his soul,  
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;<sup>2</sup>  
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose  
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,  
I have in quick determination  
Thus set it down:—he shall with speed to England,  
For the demand of our neglected tribute:  
Haply, the seas, and countries different,  
With variable<sup>3</sup> objects, shall expel  
This something-settled matter in his heart;  
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus  
From fashion of himself.<sup>4</sup> What think you on't?

POL. It shall do well: but yet do I believe  
The origin and commencement of his grief  
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!  
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;  
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;  
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,  
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him  
To show his grief: let her be round with him;  
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear  
Of all their conference. If she find him not,<sup>5</sup>  
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.*

<sup>1</sup> Dejected. <sup>2</sup> Brooding. <sup>3</sup> Various. <sup>4</sup> Ordinary habits.

<sup>5</sup> If she does not discover his secret.

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in the same.**Enter HAMLET and several Players.*

HAM. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief<sup>1</sup> the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated<sup>2</sup> fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings,<sup>3</sup> who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise; I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant;<sup>4</sup> it out-herods Herod:<sup>5</sup> pray you, avoid it.

FIRST PLAY. I warrant your honour.

HAM. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from<sup>6</sup> the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off,<sup>7</sup> though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure<sup>8</sup> of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely,<sup>9</sup> that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait

<sup>1</sup> From the Saxon *loef*, dear.

<sup>2</sup> Periwigs were worn by actors, not as yet commonly by gentlemen.

<sup>3</sup> Those who stood on the ground in the pit of the theatre. It seems they paid one penny for admission.

<sup>4</sup> A deity supposed to be worshipped by the Saracens.

<sup>5</sup> A favourite character in the mystery plays, and of course a furious tyrant.

<sup>6</sup> Contrary to.

<sup>7</sup> Feebly represented.

<sup>8</sup> Judgment.

<sup>9</sup> The profanity of alluding to Christians.



of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bel-  
lowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen  
had made men,<sup>1</sup> and not made them well, they imitated  
humanity so abominably.

FIRST PLAY. I hope we have reformed that indiffer-  
ently with us, sir.

HAM. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play  
your clowns<sup>2</sup> speak no more than is set down for them:  
for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on  
some quantity of barren<sup>3</sup> spectators to laugh too; though,  
in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be  
then to be considered: that's villanous, and shows a most  
pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you  
ready.  
[*Exeunt Players.*]

*Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

POL. And the queen too, and that presently.

HAM. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*]  
Will you two help to hasten them?

ROS. GUIL. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

HAM. What, ho, Horatio!

*Enter HORATIO.*

HOR. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAM. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation<sup>4</sup> cop'd withal.<sup>5</sup>

HOR. O, my dear lord,—

HAM. Nay, do not think I flatter.  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revénue hast, but thy good spirits,  
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flat-  
ter'd?

No, let the candied<sup>6</sup> tongue lick absurd pomp;  
And crook the pregnant<sup>7</sup> hinges of the knee

<sup>1</sup> "Had made them," or "had made the men," is suggested.

<sup>2</sup> In the infancy of the English drama, the clown made fun  
for the audience by extemporized buffoonery.

<sup>3</sup> Foolish. <sup>4</sup> Converse, intercourse. <sup>5</sup> Encountered with.

<sup>6</sup> Flattering. <sup>7</sup> The opposite of stubborn.



Where thrift<sup>1</sup> may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?  
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
 And could of men distinguish, her election  
 Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been  
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
 A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those  
 Whose blood and judgment<sup>2</sup> are so well commingled,  
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man  
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—  
 There is a play to-night before the king;  
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance  
 Which I have told thee of my father's death:  
 I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,  
 Even with the very comment of thy soul<sup>3</sup>  
 Observe my uncle: if his occulted<sup>4</sup> guilt  
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  
 It is a damn'd ghost that we have seen;  
 And my imaginations are as foul  
 As Vulcan's stithy.<sup>5</sup> Give him heedful note:  
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;  
 And, after, we will both our judgments join  
 In censure<sup>6</sup> of his seeming.<sup>7</sup>

HOR. Well, my lord:  
 If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,  
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.<sup>8</sup>

HAM. They're coming to the play; I must be idle.<sup>9</sup>  
 Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS,  
 OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

KING. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAM. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's<sup>10</sup> dish: I  
 eat the air, promise-crammed: you cannot feed capons so.

<sup>1</sup> Gain. <sup>2</sup> Passion and reason.

<sup>3</sup> With all thy powers of observation. <sup>4</sup> Concealed.

<sup>5</sup> Smithy, forge. <sup>6</sup> Judgment, opinion.

<sup>7</sup> Appearance. <sup>8</sup> Pay the thing stolen.

<sup>9</sup> Light-headed, crazy; a sense in which it is still used in Suffolk.

<sup>10</sup> This animal was popularly believed to live on air.

you hear?  
oice,

been  
g;

are those  
mmingled,  
r  
hat man  
him

e  
a:

e:

ng,

st be idle.<sup>9</sup>

n, POLONIUS.  
nd others.

n's <sup>10</sup> dish: I  
d capons so.

ncealed.

still used in

a air.

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

HAM. No, nor mine now.—[*To Polonius*] My lord, you played once i' the university,<sup>1</sup> you say?

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

HAM. And what did you enact?<sup>2</sup>

POL. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

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

ROS. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

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

HAM. No, good mother; here's metal more attractive.

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

POL. [*to the King*] O, ho! do you mark that?

OPH. You are merry, my lord.

HAM. Who, I?

OPH. Ay, my lord.

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

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

HAM. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on,<sup>3</sup> with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, "For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse<sup>4</sup> is forgot."

*Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.*

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

<sup>1</sup> The halls of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge were the scenes of theatrical performances on special occasions.

<sup>2</sup> Perform. <sup>3</sup> Remembrance.

<sup>4</sup> A figure in the country morris-dances and May-games.

*Queen returns ; finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts : she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt*

OPH. What means this, my lord

HAM. Marry, this is miching mallecho ;<sup>1</sup> it means mischief.

OPH. Belike<sup>2</sup> this show imports the argument<sup>3</sup> of the play.

*Enter Prologue.*

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

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

HAM. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring ?<sup>4</sup>

OPH. 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAM. As woman's love.

*Enter a King and a Queen.*

P. KING. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart<sup>5</sup> gone round

Neptune's salt wash<sup>6</sup> and Tellus' orbèd<sup>7</sup> ground,  
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen<sup>8</sup>  
About the world have times twelve thirties been,  
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. QUEEN. So many journeys may the sun and moon  
Make us again count o'er ere love be done !  
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,  
So far from cheer and from your former state,  
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must :  
For women's fear and love hold quantity ;  
In neither aught, or in extremity.  
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know ;  
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so :  
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear ;

<sup>1</sup> Sneaking or skulking mischief. <sup>2</sup> Perhaps. <sup>3</sup> Plot.

<sup>4</sup> The motto on a ring. <sup>5</sup> Chariot. <sup>6</sup> The Sea.

<sup>7</sup> Round, spherical. <sup>8</sup> Lustre.

There little fears grow great, great love grows there.  
 P. 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  
 A husband shalt thou—

P. QUEEN. O, confound the rest!  
 Much love must needs be treason in my breast:

A second husband let me be accurst!  
 None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

HAM. [*aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

P. QUEEN. The instances that second marriage move  
 Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

P. KING. I do believe you think what now you speak;  
 But what we do determine oft we break.

My purpose is but the slave to memory;

[*Exit*] Of violent birth, but poor validity:

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

But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 'tis that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

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

That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,

Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:

For who not needs shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try,

Directly seasons<sup>1</sup> him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—

Our wills and fates do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:

<sup>8</sup> Plot.  
<sup>9</sup> The Sea.

<sup>1</sup> Ripens, brings to maturity his true character.

So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;  
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. QUEEN. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light  
Sport and repose lock from me day and night !  
To desperation turn my trust and hope !  
An anchor's cheer<sup>1</sup> in prison be my scope !<sup>2</sup>  
Each opposite,<sup>3</sup> that blanks<sup>4</sup> the face of joy,  
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy !  
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,  
If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

HAM. If she should break it now !

P. KING. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here  
awhile ;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleep.

[Sleeps.]

P. QUEEN. Sleep rock thy brain ;  
And never come mischance between us twain ! [Exit.]

HAM. Madam, how like you this play ?

QUEEN. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

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

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

HAM. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest ; no  
offence i' the world.

KING. What do you call the play ?

HAM. The Mouse-trap, Marry, how ? Tropically.<sup>5</sup> This  
play is the image of a murder done in Vienna : Gonzago  
is the duke's name ; his wife, Baptista : you shall see anon ;  
'tis a knavish piece of work : but what o' that ? your  
majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not :  
let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter* LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

OPH. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

HAM. I could interpret between you and your love, if I  
could see the puppets dallying.

OPH. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

<sup>1</sup> Anchorite's fare.

<sup>2</sup> Utmost aim.

<sup>3</sup> Opponent.

<sup>4</sup> Blanches.

<sup>5</sup> Figuratively. By a trope or "a figure in rhetoric."

<sup>6</sup> The withers of a horse is the part between the shoulders.

HAM. Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

LUC. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate<sup>1</sup> season, else no creature seeing;  
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,  
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy natural magic and dire property,  
On wholesome<sup>2</sup> life usurp immediately.

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

HAM. 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.

OPH. The king rises.

HAM. What, frighted with false fire!

QUEEN. How fares my lord?

POL. Give o'er the play.

KING. Give me some light:—away!

ALL. Lights, lights, lights!

*[Exeunt all except Hamlet and Horatio.]*

HAM. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The heart ungalléd play,

For some must watch, while some must sleep;

So runs the world away.—

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk,<sup>3</sup> with me,—with two Provincial roses<sup>4</sup> on my razed shoes,<sup>5</sup> get me a fellowship in a cry<sup>6</sup> of players, sir?

HOR. Half a share.<sup>7</sup>

HAM. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was

<sup>1</sup> The opportunity conspiring to assist the murderer.

<sup>2</sup> Healthy.

<sup>3</sup> To change completely, as from a Christian to an infidel.

<sup>4</sup> Rosettes of ribbon in the shape of roses of Provence.

<sup>5</sup> Shoes slashed or streaked in patterns. <sup>6</sup> Company.

<sup>7</sup> An actor in Shakespeare's time had not a salary as at present, but had one or more shares in the profits of the theatre, according to his merit.

Of Jove himself ; and now reigns here

A very, very—pajock.<sup>1</sup>

HOR. You might have rhymed.

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

HOR. Very well, my lord.

HAM. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

HOR. I did very well note him.

HAM. Ah, ha !—Come, some music ! come, the recorders !<sup>2</sup>—

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—<sup>3</sup>

Come, some music !

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

GUIL. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAM. Sir, a whole history.

GUIL. The king, sir,—

HAM. Ay, sir, what of him ?

GUIL. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.<sup>4</sup>

HAM. With drink, sir ?

GUIL. No, my lord, with choler.<sup>5</sup>

HAM. Your wisdom should<sup>6</sup> show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor ; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

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

HAM. I am tame, sir ;—pronounce.

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

HAM. You are welcome.

GUIL. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome<sup>7</sup> answer, I will do your mother's commandment : if not, your pardon<sup>8</sup> and my return shall be the end of my business.

HAM. Sir, I cannot.

GUIL. What, my lord ?

HAM. Make you a wholesome answer ; my wit's dis-

<sup>1</sup> Probably "peacock."

<sup>2</sup> A kind of flageolet.

<sup>3</sup> Corrupted from *par Dieu*.

<sup>4</sup> Disordered in mind.

<sup>5</sup> Anger.

<sup>6</sup> For "would." <sup>7</sup> Sane, sensible. <sup>8</sup> Permission to leave.



ased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

ROS. Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into amazement<sup>1</sup> and admiration.

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

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

HAM. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade<sup>2</sup> with us?

ROS. My lord, you once did love me.

HAM. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.<sup>3</sup>

ROS. Good, my lord, what is your cause of distemper?<sup>4</sup> you do, surely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAM. Sir, I lack advancement.

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

HAM. Ay, sir, but "While the grass grows,"<sup>5</sup>—the proverb is something musty.

*Re-enter Players with recorders.*

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me,<sup>6</sup> as if you would drive me into a toil?

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

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

GUIL. My lord, I cannot.

HAM. I pray you.

GUIL. Believe me, I cannot.

HAM. I do beseech you.

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

HAM. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages<sup>7</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Perturbation of mind. <sup>2</sup> Business. <sup>3</sup> Hands; which the Church Catechism admonishes us to keep from "picking and stealing."

<sup>4</sup> The cause of your disorder.

<sup>5</sup> "While grass doth growe, the silly horse he starves."

<sup>6</sup> A hunting term, signifying to get to windward of the game, so as to startle it and make it run in the direction of the toil.

<sup>7</sup> The holes of the instrument.



with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

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

HAM. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret<sup>1</sup> me, you cannot play upon me.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

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

HAM. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in the shape of a camel?

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

HAM. Methinks it is like a weasel.

POL. It is backed like a weasel.

HAM. Or like a whale?

POL. Very like a whale.

HAM. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.<sup>2</sup>—I will come by and by.

POL. I will say so.

HAM. By and by is easily said. [*Exit Polonius*].—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt Ros., Guil., Hor., and Players*].

'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world: now I could drink hot blood,  
And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.—  
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
The soul of Nero<sup>3</sup> enter this firm bosom:

<sup>1</sup> Frets on a lute or guitar are pieces of wire fastened on the body of the instrument to serve as guides to the fingers.

<sup>2</sup> To the height of my inclination.

<sup>3</sup> The murderer of his mother Agrippina.

ath with you let me be cruel, not unnatural:  
 music. Look will speak daggers to her, but use none;  
 any utterance my tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,—  
 how in my words soever she be shent,<sup>1</sup>  
 to give them seals<sup>2</sup> never, my soul, consent!

[Exit.

SCENE III. *A room in the same.**Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

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

GUIL. We will ourselves provide:  
 with you, and Most holy and religious fear it is  
 To keep those many many bodies safe  
 s almost in the That live and feed upon your majesty.

indeed. ROS. The single and peculiar life<sup>3</sup> is bound,  
 With all the strength and armour of the mind,  
 To keep itself from noyance,<sup>4</sup> but much more  
 That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest  
 The lives of many. The cease of majesty<sup>5</sup>  
 Dies not alone; but, like a gulf,<sup>6</sup> doth draw  
 by and by.—What's near it with it: 'tis a massy<sup>7</sup> wheel,  
 ll come by and Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things  
 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,  
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
 colonius]—Leave Attends the boisterous ruin. Ne'er alone  
 for., and Players Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

reathes out KING. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;  
 k hot blood, For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
 y mother.—Which now goes too free-footed.

ROS. GUIL.

We will haste us.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

<sup>1</sup> Rebuked. Shamed.<sup>2</sup> To give seals to, or confirm his words, by action, would be  
 o use daggers as well as speak them.<sup>3</sup> The private individual. <sup>4</sup> Harm.<sup>5</sup> The king dying. <sup>6</sup> Whirlpool. <sup>7</sup> Massive.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

POL. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet :  
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
To hear the process ; I'll warrant she'll tax him home :<sup>1</sup>  
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,  
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear  
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my liege :  
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

KING.

Thanks, dear my lord.

*[Exit Polonius.]*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven ;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,—  
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will :  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy  
To confront the visage of offence ?<sup>2</sup>  
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,—  
To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up ;  
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn ? "Forgive me my foul murder ?"—  
That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,—  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence ?<sup>3</sup>  
In the corrupted 'currents of this world  
Offence's gilded hand may shove-by justice ;  
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law : but 'tis not so above ;  
There is no shuffling,—there the action lies  
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell'd,

<sup>1</sup> Thoroughly.

<sup>2</sup> To oppose directly, and so to break down, the

<sup>3</sup> Retain the advantages gained by the offence.

s closet : Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests? <sup>1</sup>  
 x him home : <sup>1</sup> Try what repentance can : what can it not?  
 Yet what can it when one can not repent?  
 mother, O wretched state! O bosom black as death!  
 'erhear O limèd soul,<sup>2</sup> that, struggling to be free,  
 y liege : Art more engag'd!<sup>3</sup> Help, angels! Make assay :  
 Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,  
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!  
 y lord. All may be well. *[Retires and kneels.]*

*[Exit Polonius.]*

*Enter HAMLET.*

HAM. Now might I do it pat,<sup>4</sup> 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:<sup>5</sup>  
 A villain kills my father; and, for that,  
 his sole son, do this same villain send  
 To heaven.  
 O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
 He took my father grossly, full of bread;  
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;  
 And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?  
 But, in our circumstance and course of thought,<sup>6</sup>  
 '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?  
 No.  
 Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:<sup>7</sup>  
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;  
 At gaming, swearing; or about some act  
 That has no relish of salvation in 't;—  
 Then trip<sup>8</sup> 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.<sup>9</sup>

*[Exit.]*

*[The King rises and advances.]*

<sup>1</sup> Remains. <sup>2</sup> Caught with birdlime. <sup>3</sup> Hampered. <sup>4</sup> Now.

<sup>5</sup> Ought to be closely examined.

<sup>6</sup> From our human point of view and according to our line of thought.

<sup>7</sup> Grip; Hamlet, as he leaves hold of his sword, bids it wait for a more terrible occasion to be grasped again. <sup>8</sup> Trip up.

<sup>9</sup> This forbearance of mine is like a medicine that merely delays the fatal end of the disease.

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

SCENE IV. *Another room in the same.*

*Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.*

POL. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him :

Tell him his pranks have been too broad<sup>1</sup> to bear with,  
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between  
Much heat and him. I'll sconce<sup>2</sup> me even here.  
Pray you, be round with him.

HAM *[within]* Mother, mother, mother!

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

*[Polonius goes behind the arras.]*

*Enter HAMLET.*

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

QUEEN. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAM. Mother, you have my father much offended.

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

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

QUEEN. Why, how now, Hamlet!

HAM.

What's the matter now?

QUEEN. Have you forgot me?

HAM.

No, by the rood,<sup>3</sup> not so

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

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

HAM. Come, come, and sit you down ; you shall not  
budge ;<sup>4</sup>

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 !

POL. *[behind]* What, ho ! help, help, help !

HAM. *[drawing]* How now ! a rat ? Dead for a ducat,  
dead ! *[Makes a pass through the arras.]*

POL. *[behind]* O, I am slain ! *[Falls and dies.]*

QUEEN. O me, what hast thou done ?

HAM.

Nay, I know not

Is it the king ?

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

<sup>1</sup> Unrestrained.

<sup>2</sup> Conceal.

<sup>3</sup> Cross.

<sup>4</sup> Stir.

ain below :

[*Exit*

me.

lay home to

o bear with,

d between

here.

warrant you

g.  
hind the arras.

ch offended.

offended.

idle tongue.

l tongue.

e matter now

rood,<sup>8</sup> not so

s wife ;

other.

at can speak

you shall no

t murder me

o !

d for a ducat

ough the arras

Falls and dies.

y, I know not

is this !

<sup>4</sup> Stir.

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

QUEEN. As kill a king !

HAM.

Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—

[*Lifts up the arras, and sees 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 ;

If damned custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.<sup>1</sup>

QUEEN. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy  
tongue

In noise so rude against me ?

HAM.

Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;

Calls virtue hypocrite ; takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And sets a blister there ; makes marriage-vows

As false as dicers' oaths : O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction<sup>2</sup> plucks

The very soul ; and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words : heaven's face doth glow

Yea, this solidity and compound mass,<sup>3</sup>

With tristful<sup>4</sup> visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick<sup>5</sup> at the act.

QUEEN.

Ay me, what act,

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?<sup>6</sup>

HAM. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment<sup>7</sup> of two brothers.

See, what a grace was seated on this brow ;

Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;

An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;

A station<sup>8</sup> like the herald Mercury

New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;

<sup>1</sup> Feeling.

<sup>2</sup> The making of the marriage contract.

<sup>3</sup> The earth.

<sup>4</sup> Sorrowful.

<sup>5</sup> Sick with anxiety.

<sup>6</sup> The index was usually prefixed to the book in Shakespeare's time. Hence what Hamlet has said is termed the index or preface to his coming speech.

<sup>7</sup> Pictured representation.

<sup>8</sup> Attitude in standing. ]

A combination and a form indeed,  
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
 To give the world assurance of a man :  
 This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows :  
 Here is your husband ; like a mildew'd ear,  
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?  
 Could you on this fair mountain leave<sup>1</sup> to feed,  
 And batten on this moor ? Ha ! have you eyes ?  
 You cannot call it love ; for at your age  
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
 And waits upon the judgment : and what judgment  
 Would step from this to this ? Sense,<sup>2</sup> sure, you have,  
 Else could you not have motion : but, sure, that sense  
 Is apoplex'd : for madness would not err ;<sup>3</sup>  
 Nor sense to ecstasy<sup>4</sup> was ne'er so thrall'd  
 But it reserv'd some quantity<sup>5</sup> of choice,  
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't  
 That thus hath cozen'd<sup>6</sup> you at hoodman-blind ?<sup>7</sup>—  
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,  
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense  
 Could not so mope.<sup>8</sup>  
 O shame ! where is thy blush ?

QUEEN. O Hamlet, speak no more :  
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul ;  
 And there I see such black and grainéd<sup>9</sup> spots  
 As will not leave their tinct.<sup>10</sup>

HAM. Nay, but to live  
 In the rank sweat of an enseaméd life.

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

HAM. A murderer and a villain ;  
 A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe  
 Of your précèdent lord ; a vice of kings ;<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leave off.<sup>2</sup> Feeling.<sup>3</sup> Would not err so.<sup>4</sup> Madness.

Portion.

<sup>6</sup> Cheated.<sup>7</sup> Blind man's buff.<sup>8</sup> Be stupid.<sup>9</sup> Dyed in grain.<sup>10</sup> Dye.

<sup>11</sup> A buffoon king. The 'vice' in a play was the clown, the name being handed down from the moralities, when virtues and vices were personified.



A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,  
That from a shelf<sup>1</sup> the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

QUEEN.

No more!

HAM. A king of shreds and patches,—

*Enter Ghost.*

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

QUEEN. Alas, he's mad!

HAM. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,  
That, laps'd in time and passion,<sup>2</sup> lets go by  
Th' important<sup>3</sup> 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,—  
Conceit<sup>4</sup> in weakest bodies strongest works,—  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAM. How is it with you lady?

QUEEN. Alas, how is't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And, with th' incorporal<sup>5</sup> air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;  
And as th' sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,  
Your bedded<sup>6</sup> hair, like life in excrements,<sup>7</sup>  
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

HAM. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!  
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capable.<sup>8</sup>—Do not look upon me;  
Lest with this piteous action you convert  
My stern effects:<sup>9</sup> then what I have to do  
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

QUEEN. To whom do you speak this?

HAM. Do you see nothing there?

<sup>1</sup> He stole the crown "from the shelf," and had not the courage to take it by violence.

<sup>2</sup> The indulgence of mere passion has diverted him from the execution of his purpose. <sup>3</sup> Urgent. <sup>4</sup> Imagination.

<sup>5</sup> Incorporeal. <sup>6</sup> Matted. <sup>7</sup> Excrescences, outgrowths.

<sup>8</sup> Of feeling: <sup>9</sup> The accomplishment of my stern purposes.

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

HAM. Did you nothing hear ?

QUEEN. No, nothing but ourselves.

HAM. Why, look you there ! look, how it steals away !  
My father, in his habit as he liv'd !

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

[Exit Ghost.]

QUEEN. This is the very coinage of your brain :  
This bodiless creation, ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

HAM. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,  
And makes as healthful music : 'tis not madness  
That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word ;<sup>1</sup> which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks :  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven ;  
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue ;  
For in the fatness of these pursy<sup>2</sup> times  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea, curb and woo<sup>3</sup> for leave to do him good.

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

HAM. O throw away the worser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half. Good night  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.  
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,  
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery,  
That aptly is put on.<sup>4</sup> Once more, good night  
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Repeat word for word.

<sup>2</sup> Swelled with pampering.

<sup>3</sup> Bend and truckle.

<sup>4</sup> The meaning seems to be : That monster, custom, who destroys all sensibility (or sensitiveness), the evil genius of our habits (that is, bad ones) is yet an angel in this respect, that it tends to give to our good actions also the ease and readiness of habit. *Rolfe.*

<sup>5</sup> Repentant.

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,<sup>1</sup>  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.—  
I must be cruel, only to be kind:  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—  
One word more, good lady.

QUEEN.

What shall I do?

HAM. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:  
Let the king ravel all this matter out,<sup>2</sup>  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;  
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
Would from a paddock,<sup>3</sup> from a bat, a gib,<sup>4</sup>  
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?  
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,  
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,  
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,  
To try conclusions,<sup>5</sup> in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down.<sup>6</sup>

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.

HAM. I must to England; you know that?

QUEEN.

Alack,

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

HAM. There's letters seal'd: and my two schoofellows—  
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,—  
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,  
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;  
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petar:<sup>7</sup> and 't shall go hard  
But I will delve one yard below their mines,

<sup>1</sup> To punish me by making me the instrument of this man's death, and to punish this man by my hand.

<sup>2</sup> To unravel, as a tangled skein. <sup>3</sup> Toad. <sup>4</sup> Tom-cat.

<sup>5</sup> To make experiments as to what the result will be.

<sup>6</sup> The reference must be to some fable.

<sup>7</sup> Petard. An engine made like a bell or mortar wherewith strong gates are burst open.

And blow them at the moon : O, 'tis most sweet  
 When in one line two crafts directly meet.—  
 This man shall set me packing :<sup>1</sup>  
 I'll lug the body to the neighbour<sup>2</sup> 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 dragging in Polonius.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

*Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

KING. There's matter in these sighs, these profound  
 heaves :

You must translate : 'tis fit we understand them.  
 Where is your son ?

QUEEN. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who exeunt.*]

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

KING. What, Gertrude ? How does Hamlet ?

QUEEN. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend  
 Which is the mightier : in his lawless fit,  
 Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
 Whips out his rapier, cries "A rat, a rat !" —  
 And, in his brainish<sup>3</sup> apprehension, kills  
 The unseen good old man.

KING. O heavy deed !  
 It had been so with us, had we been there :  
 His liberty is full of threats to all ;  
 To you yourself, to us, to every one.  
 Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?  
 It will be laid to us, whose providence  
 Should have kept short,<sup>4</sup> restrain'd, and out of haunt<sup>5</sup>  
 This mad young man : but so much was our love,  
 We would not understand what was most fit ;  
 But, like the owner of a foul disease,  
 To keep it from divulging,<sup>6</sup> let it feed

<sup>1</sup> Contriving, plotting.

<sup>2</sup> Neighbouring.

<sup>3</sup> Imaginary.

<sup>4</sup> Kept under control ; opposed to 'loose.'

<sup>5</sup> Away from the haunts of men.

<sup>6</sup> Being divulged.

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

QUEEN. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore<sup>1</sup>

Among a mineral of metals base,

Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

KING. O Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,

But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed

With all our majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern!

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him

Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

*[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;

And let them know, both what we mean to do,

And what's untimely done: so, haply slander—

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,<sup>2</sup>

Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our name,

And hit the woundless air.<sup>3</sup>—O, come away!

My soul is full of discord and dismay.

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter HAMLET.*

HAM. Safely stowed.

ROS. GUIL. *[within]* Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

HAM. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

ROS. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

HAM. Compounded it with the dust, whereto 'tis kin.

ROS. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,  
And bear it to the chapel.

HAM. Do not believe it.

ROS. Believe what?

<sup>1</sup> Precious metal.

<sup>2</sup> The *white* mark at which shot or arrows were aimed.

<sup>3</sup> Invulnerable air.

HAM. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!—what replication<sup>1</sup> should be made by the son of a king?

ROS. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAM. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance,<sup>2</sup> his rewards, his authorities.<sup>3</sup> But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

ROS. I understand you not, my lord.

HAM. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

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

HAM. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body.<sup>4</sup> The king is a thing—

GUIL. A thing, my lord!

HAM. Of nothing:<sup>5</sup> bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.<sup>6</sup>

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter King, attended.*

*King.* I've sent to seek him, and to find the body. How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgement, but their eyes; And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd, But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate pause:<sup>7</sup> diseases desperate grown By desperate appliance are reliev'd, Or not at all.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ.*

How now! what hath befall'n?

ROS. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.

<sup>1</sup> Reply.    <sup>2</sup> Favour.    <sup>3</sup> Offices of authority.

<sup>4</sup> Hamlet is talking nonsense designedly.

<sup>5</sup> Of no value.    <sup>6</sup> A children's game like "Hide and Seek."

<sup>7</sup> A matter of deliberate arrangement.

do not mine  
—what repli-  
?

ountenance,<sup>2</sup>  
cers do the  
like an ape,  
be last swal-  
ed, it is but  
again.

sleeps in a  
body is, and  
king is not

hide fox, and  
[*Exeunt.*

a the same.

he body.  
e!

yes;  
weigh'd,  
and even,

n

?  
ny lord,

de and Seek.'

KING. But where is he? [ure.

ROS. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleas-

KING. Bring him before us.

ROS. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

KING. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAM. At supper.

KING. At supper! where?

HAM. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, —two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

KING. Alas, alas!

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

KING. What dost thou mean by this?

HAM. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through a beggar.

KING. Where is Polonius?

HAM. 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<sup>1</sup> him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

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

HAM. He will stay till ye come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

KING. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—Which we do tender, as we dearly<sup>2</sup> grieve For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence With fiery quickness: <sup>3</sup> therefore prepare thyself; The bark is ready, and the wind at help, Th' associates tend,<sup>4</sup> and everything is bent For England.

HAM. For England!

KING. Ay, Hamlet.

HAM. Good.

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

<sup>1</sup> Smell.

<sup>2</sup> Heartily.

<sup>3</sup> With hot haste.

<sup>4</sup> Wait.



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

KING. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAM. 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;<sup>1</sup> tempt him with speed aboard;

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:

Away! for every thing is seal'd and done

That else leans on th' affair: pray you, make haste.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,<sup>2</sup>

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

Since yet thy cicatrice<sup>3</sup> looks raw and red

After the Danish sword,—and thy free awe<sup>4</sup>

Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set<sup>5</sup>

Our sovereign process;<sup>6</sup> which imports at full,

By letters conjuring<sup>7</sup> 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,<sup>8</sup> my joys were ne'er begun.<sup>9</sup> [Exit.

#### SCENE IV. A plain in Denmark.

*Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Forces, marching.*

FORT. 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.

If that his majesty would aught with us,

We shall express our duty in his eye;<sup>10</sup>

And let him know so.

CAP. I will do't, my lord.

FORT. Go softly on.<sup>11</sup> [Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.

<sup>1</sup> Close to his steps.

<sup>2</sup> At any value.

<sup>3</sup> Scar of a wound.

<sup>4</sup> Awe still felt though no longer enforced by the presence of Danish armies.

<sup>5</sup> Treat with indifference.

<sup>6</sup> Procedure, action. <sup>7</sup> "Congruing" in some editions.

<sup>8</sup> Johnson conjectured 'hopes.'

<sup>9</sup> 'Will ne'er begin,' in some editions.

<sup>10</sup> In his presence.

<sup>11</sup> Slowly.

*Enter HAMLET ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and others.*

HAM. Good sir, whose powers<sup>1</sup> are these?

CAP. They of Norway, sir.

HAM. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

CAP. Against some part of Poland.

HAM. Who commands them, sir?

CAP. The nephew to old Norway,<sup>2</sup> Fortinbras.

HAM. Goes it against the main<sup>3</sup> of Poland, sir,  
Or for some frontier?

CAP. Truly to speak, sir, and with no addition,

We go to gain a little patch of ground

That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;<sup>4</sup>

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole

A ranker<sup>5</sup> rate, should it be sold in fee.<sup>6</sup>

HAM. Why, then, the Polack never will defend it.

CAP. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

HAM. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw:

This is th' imposthume<sup>7</sup> of much wealth and peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without

Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

CAP. God b' wi' you, sir.

[*Exit.*]

ROS.

Will't please you go, my lord?

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

[*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*]

How all occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good and market of his time<sup>8</sup>

Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,<sup>9</sup>

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason

To fust<sup>10</sup> in us unus'd. Now, whether it be

Beastial oblivion, or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on th' event,—<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Forces. <sup>2</sup> The old King of Norway. <sup>3</sup> The chief power.

<sup>4</sup> 'I would not farm it on the condition of paying a rent of five ducats, only five.' <sup>5</sup> Richer. <sup>6</sup> With absolute possession.

<sup>7</sup> An abscess. <sup>8</sup> 'The business in which he employs his time.'

<sup>9</sup> Range of reasoning faculty. <sup>10</sup> Grow stale and mouldy.

<sup>11</sup> Issue.

A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,  
 And ever three parts coward,—I do not know  
 Why yet I live to say "This thing's to do;"  
 Sith<sup>1</sup> I have cause, and will, and strength, and means  
 To do't. Examples, gross<sup>2</sup> as earth, exhort me:  
 Witness this army, of such mass and charge,  
 Led by a delicate and tender prince;  
 Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
 Makes mouths at the invisible event;<sup>3</sup>  
 Exposing what is mortal and unsure<sup>4</sup>  
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great  
 Is not to stir without great argument,<sup>5</sup>  
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,  
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,<sup>6</sup>  
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see  
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
 That for a fantasy and trick of fame<sup>7</sup>  
 Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot<sup>8</sup>  
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
 Which is not tomb enough and continent<sup>9</sup>  
 To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,  
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

*Enter Queen and HORATIO.*

QUEEN. I will not speak with her.

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

QUEEN. What would she have?

HOR. She speaks much of her father; says she hears  
 There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her  
 heart;

Spurns enviously<sup>10</sup> at straws; speaks things in doubt,

<sup>1</sup> Since. <sup>2</sup> Large, obvious.

<sup>3</sup> Scorns the uncertainty of the result of the war.

<sup>4</sup> Insecure, uncertain.

<sup>5</sup> Matter in dispute. <sup>6</sup> Blood stirred with passion.

<sup>7</sup> A deceptive appearance or artifice which promises fame.

<sup>8</sup> Of ground. <sup>9</sup> That which holds or contains.

<sup>10</sup> Envy frequently means 'hatred,' 'malice.' In her distraction she conceives hatred of the most trivial and innocent things.

That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,  
 Yet the unshapèd use of it doth move  
 The hearers to collection ;<sup>1</sup> they aim<sup>2</sup> at it,  
 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts ;  
 Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,  
 Indeed would make one think there might be thought,  
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.<sup>3</sup>  
 'Twere good she were spoken with ; for she may strew  
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.<sup>4</sup>

QUEEN. Let her come in.

[*Exit Horatio.*]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss :<sup>5</sup>  
 So full of artless jealousy<sup>6</sup> is guilt,  
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.*

OPH. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark ?

QUEEN. How now, Ophelia !

OPH. *How should I your true-love know* [Sings.  
*From another one ?*

*By his cockle hat and staff,  
 And his sandal shoon.<sup>7</sup>*

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

OPH. Say you ? nay, pray you, mark.

*He is dead and gone, lady,* [Sings.  
*He is dead and gone ;  
 At his head a grass-green turf,  
 At his heels a stone.*

QUEEN. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

OPH. Pray you, mark.

*White his shroud as the mountain snow,* [Sings.

*Enter KING.*

QUEEN. Alas, look here, my lord.

---

<sup>1</sup> Attempt to gather meaning from her disjointed speech.

<sup>2</sup> Guess.

<sup>3</sup> 'Her words and gestures lead one to infer that some great misfortune has happened to her'

<sup>4</sup> Minds that conceive mischief.

<sup>5</sup> Each trifle seems prelude to some great disaster.

<sup>6</sup> Suspicion.

<sup>7</sup> Shoes.

OPH. *Larded<sup>1</sup> with sweet flowers ;* [Sings.  
*Which bewept to the grave did go*  
*With true-love showers.*

KING. How do you, pretty lady ?

OPH. Well, God 'ild you !<sup>2</sup> They say the owl was a baker's daughter.<sup>3</sup> Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table !

KING. Conceit<sup>4</sup> upon her father.

OPH. Pray you, let's have no words of this ; but when they ask you what it means, say you this :

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

KING. Pretty Ophelia !

OPH. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't :

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,* [Sings.  
*Alack, and fie for shame !*

KING. How long hath she been thus ?

OPH. 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. [Exit Horatio.

O, this is the poison of deep grief ; it springs  
 All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,  
 When sorrows come, they come not single spies,<sup>5</sup>  
 But in battalions ! First, her father slain  
 Next, your son gone ; and he most violent author  
 Of his own just remove :<sup>6</sup> the people mudded,<sup>7</sup>  
 Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,

<sup>1</sup> Garnished. <sup>2</sup> God reward you.

<sup>3</sup> She refers to a story how that the Saviour, asking for bread, was churlishly received by a baker's daughter, whom in punishment he transformed into an owl. <sup>4</sup> Thought, imagination.

<sup>5</sup> Scouts sent before an army. <sup>6</sup> Removal. <sup>7</sup> Stirred up.

For good Polonius' death; and we have done but  
greenly,<sup>1</sup>

In hugger-mugger<sup>2</sup> t' inter him : poor Ophelia  
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,  
Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts :  
Last, and as much containing<sup>3</sup> as all these,  
Her brother is in secret come from France ;  
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,<sup>4</sup>  
And wants not buzzers<sup>5</sup> to infect his ear  
With pestilent speeches of his father's death ;  
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,  
Will nothing stick our person to arraign  
In ear and ear.<sup>6</sup> O my dear Gertrude, this  
Like to a murdering-piece,<sup>7</sup> in many places  
Gives me superfluous death.

[A noise within.

QUEEN.

Alack, what noise is this ?

KING. Where are my Switzers ?<sup>8</sup> Let them guard the  
door.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

What is the matter ?

GENT.

Save yourself, my lord :

The ocean, overpeering of his list,<sup>9</sup>  
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste  
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,<sup>10</sup>  
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord ;  
And, as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,  
The ratifiers and props of every word,  
They cry, "Choose we ; Laertes shall be king !"   
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,  
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king !"

<sup>1</sup> Foolishly. <sup>2</sup> In secrecy, with hurried haste.

<sup>3</sup> As important. <sup>4</sup> Keeps his intentions secret.

<sup>5</sup> Whisperers, tale-bearers.

<sup>6</sup> 'In which pestilent speeches, the speakers, having no ground of truth, are forced to have recourse to fiction, and will not hesitate to accuse us by whispering in every ear.'

<sup>7</sup> A cannon loaded with bullets etc., so as to scatter death more widely.

<sup>8</sup> Body-guard.

<sup>9</sup> Boundary.

<sup>10</sup> 'A head' is an armed force.

QUEEN. How cheerfully on the false trail<sup>1</sup> they cry!  
O, this is counter,<sup>2</sup> you false Danish dogs!

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

*Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.*

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

DANES. No, let's come in.

LAER. I pray you, give me leave.

DANES. We will, we will. *[They retire without the door.]*

LAER. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,  
Give me my father!

QUEEN. Calmly, good Laertes.

KING. What's the cause, Laertes,  
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—  
Let him go,<sup>3</sup> 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.

LAER. Where is my father?

KING. Dead.

QUEEN. But not by him.

KING. Let him demand his fill.<sup>4</sup>

LAER. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.  
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!  
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!  
I dare damnation:—to this point I stand,—  
That both the worlds<sup>5</sup> I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd  
Most thoroughly<sup>6</sup> for my father.

KING. Who shall stay you?

LAER. My will,<sup>7</sup> not all the world:  
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little.

<sup>1</sup> False scent.

<sup>2</sup> Hounds are said to run 'counter' when they follow the scent in a wrong direction.

<sup>3</sup> The Queen throws herself between the King and Laertes, and clings round the latter.

<sup>4</sup> To his heart's content.

<sup>5</sup> This world and the next.

<sup>6</sup> Thoroughly. <sup>7</sup> Only my own will.



KING. Good Laertes,  
If you desire to know the certainty  
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge,  
That, swoopstake,<sup>1</sup> you will draw both friend and foe,  
Winner and loser?<sup>2</sup>

LAER. None but his enemies.

KING. Will you know them, then?

LAER. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,  
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,<sup>3</sup>  
Repast<sup>4</sup> them with my blood.

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<sup>5</sup> in grief for it,  
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear<sup>6</sup>  
As day does to your eye.

DANES. [*within*] Let her come in.

LAER. How now! what noise is that?

*Re-enter OPHELIA.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven-times salt,  
Burn out the sense and virtue<sup>7</sup> of mine eye!—  
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,  
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!  
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—  
O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits  
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?  
Nature is fine<sup>8</sup> in love; and, where 'tis fine,  
It sends some precious instance<sup>9</sup> of itself  
After the thing it loves.

OPH. *They bore him barefac'd on the bier;* [Sings.  
*Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;*  
*And in his grave rain'd many a tear,*

Fare you well, my dove!

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

<sup>1</sup> The metaphor is from a game of cards where the winner "sweeps" or draws the whole stake.

<sup>2</sup> 'Are you determined to involve both friend and foe in your revenge.'

<sup>3</sup> Alluding to the fable of the pelican piercing her own breast to feed her young. <sup>4</sup> Feed. <sup>5</sup> Feelingly.

<sup>6</sup> Sometimes 'pierce.'

<sup>7</sup> Power.

<sup>8</sup> Delicately tender.

<sup>9</sup> Sample.

OPH. You must sing, "Down a-down, and you call him a-down-a." O, how the wheel<sup>1</sup> becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.<sup>2</sup>

LAER. This nothing's more than matter.

OPH. There's rosemary,<sup>3</sup> that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.<sup>4</sup>

LAER. A document<sup>5</sup> in madness,—thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPH. There's fennel for you, and columbines:<sup>6</sup>—there's rue<sup>7</sup> for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herbgrace<sup>8</sup> o' Sundays:—O, you must wear your rue with a difference.<sup>9</sup>—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died:—they say he made a good end,—

*For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,*<sup>10</sup>— [Sings.

LAER. Thought<sup>11</sup> and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favour and to prettiness.

OPH. *And will he not come again?* [Sings.

*And will he not come again?*

*No, no, he is dead:*

*Go to thy death-bed:*

*He never will come again.*

*His beard was as white as snow,*

*All flaxen was his poll:*

*He is gone, he is gone,*

*And we cast away moan:*

*God, ha' mercy on his soul!*

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.—God b' wi' ye. [Exit.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the refrain or burden of the song, or a spinning-wheel to which the song might be sung.

<sup>2</sup> Nothing is known of this story.

<sup>3</sup> It was supposed to strengthen the memory.

<sup>4</sup> She gives rosemary and pansies to her brother.

<sup>5</sup> Instruction, precept. <sup>6</sup> She gives these to the king.

<sup>7</sup> Rue to the queen,

<sup>8</sup> To rue is to repent, therefore it was called *herb-grace*.

<sup>9</sup> A term in heraldry meaning the slight change made in a coat of arms to distinguish one member of a family from another. Ophelia means that the queen and she had different causes of ruth.

<sup>10</sup> A well-known ballad.

<sup>11</sup> Care.

LAER. Do you see this, O God ?

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

LAER. Let this be so ;  
His means of death,<sup>1</sup> his ob'scure burial,—  
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment <sup>2</sup> o'er his bones,  
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—  
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,  
That I must call't in question.

KING. So you shall ;  
And where th' offence is let the great axe fall.  
I pray you, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter HORATIO and a Servant.*

HOR. What are they that would speak with me ?

SERV. Sailors, sir : they say they have letters for you.

HOR. Let them come in.— [Exit Servant.

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

*Enter Sailors.*

FIRST SAIL. God bless you, sir,

HOR. Let him bless thee too.

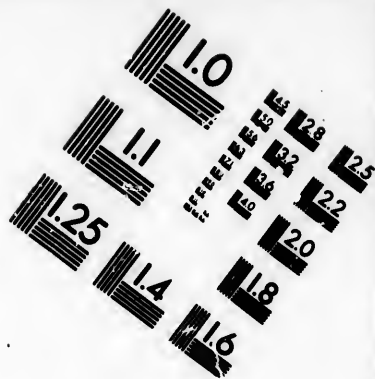
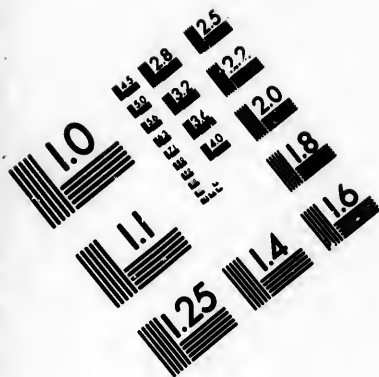
FIRST SAIL. He shall, sir, an't please him. There's a  
letter for you, sir,—it comes from the ambassador that  
was bound for England,—if your name be Horatio, as I  
am let to know <sup>3</sup> it is.

HOR. [reads] " Horatio, when thou shalt have over-

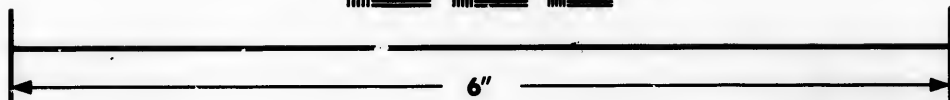
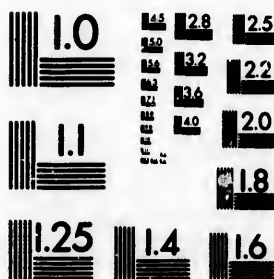
<sup>1</sup> The means of his death.

<sup>2</sup> An armorial escutcheon used at funerals.      <sup>3</sup> Informed.





# IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic  
Sciences  
Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET  
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580  
(716) 872-4503

18 20 22 25  
28 32 36

10

looked this, give these fellows some means to the king:<sup>1</sup> they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment<sup>2</sup> gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy:<sup>3</sup> but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as<sup>4</sup> thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter.<sup>5</sup> These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."  
Come, I will make you way for these your letters;  
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *The same Another room in the same.*

*Enter King and LAERTES.*

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

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

KING. O, for two special reasons;  
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,<sup>6</sup>  
But yet to me they're strong. The queen his mother  
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,—

<sup>1</sup> Means of access to the king.

<sup>2</sup> Equipment.

<sup>3</sup> Merciful thieves.

<sup>4</sup> As though.

<sup>5</sup> A metaphor from a gun-barrel which in proportion to the size of its bore requires a heavier charge.

<sup>6</sup> Weak.



My virtue or my plague, be 't either which,<sup>1</sup>—  
 She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,  
 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,  
 I could not but by her. The other motive,  
 Why to a public count<sup>2</sup> I might not go,  
 Is the great love the general gender<sup>3</sup> bear him;  
 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,  
 Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,<sup>4</sup>  
 Convert his gyves<sup>5</sup> to graces; so that my arrows,  
 Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,  
 Would have reverted to my bow again,  
 And not where I had aim'd them.

LAER. And so have I a noble father lost;  
 A sister driven into desperate terms,—  
 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,<sup>6</sup>  
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
 For her perfections:—but my revenge will come. [think

KING. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not  
 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,  
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,<sup>7</sup>  
 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:  
 I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;  
 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now! what news?

MESS. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:  
 This to your majesty; this to the queen.

KING. From Hamlet! who brought them?

MESS. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:  
 They were given me by Claudio,—he receiv'd them  
 Of him that brought them.

KING. Laertes, you shall hear them.—  
 Leave us. [Exit Messenger.

[Reads] "High and mighty,—You shall know I am  
 set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg

<sup>1</sup> Whichever of the two it be.

<sup>2</sup> Trial.

<sup>3</sup> The common people.

<sup>4</sup> Supposed to be the dropping well at Knaresborough.

<sup>5</sup> Ankle fetters.

<sup>6</sup> 'If I may praise what she was, not what she is.

<sup>7</sup> Danger is very near when it shakes the beard.

leave to see your kingly eyes : when I shall, first asking  
your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sud-  
den and more strange return. HAMLET."

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

LAER. Know you the hand ?

KING. 'Tis Hamlet's character : <sup>1</sup>—"Naked,"—  
And in a postscript here, he says, "alone."  
Can you advise me ?

LAER. I'm lost <sup>2</sup> 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 diddest thou."

KING. If it be so, Laertes,—  
As how should it be so ? how otherwise ?—  
Will you be rul'd by me ?

LAER. Ay, my lord ;  
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

KING. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—  
As checking at his voyage, and that he means  
No more to undertake it,—I will work him  
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall :  
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe ;  
But even his mother shall uncharge <sup>3</sup> the practice,  
And call it accident.

LAER. My lord, I will be rul'd ;  
The rather, if you could devise it so,  
That I might be the organ.<sup>4</sup>

KING. It falls right.<sup>5</sup>  
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,  
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
Wherein, they say, you shine : your sum of parts  
Did not together pluck such envy from him,  
As did that one ; and that, in my regard,  
Of the unworthiest siege.<sup>6</sup>

LAER. What part is that, my lord ?

KING. A very riband in the cap of youth,  
Yet needful too ; for youth no less becomes

<sup>1</sup> Hand-writing.      <sup>2</sup> Perplexed.

<sup>3</sup> Acquit of blame.

<sup>4</sup> Instrument.

<sup>5</sup> My scheme coincides with your wish.

<sup>6</sup> Seat, thence 'rank.'

The light  
Than se  
Importin  
Here wa  
I've see  
And the  
Had wit  
And to  
As he h  
With th  
That I,  
Come s

LAER.

KING.

LAER.

KING.

LAER.

And ge

KING.

And ga

For art

And for

That he

If one c

He swo

If you c

Did Ha

That he

Your su

Now, o

LAER.

KING.

Or are

A face

LAER.

KING.

Imp

<sup>2</sup> Atte

Schmid

<sup>3</sup> Of c

<sup>6</sup> An

very co

<sup>7</sup> A r

<sup>8</sup> Fen

The light and careless livery that it wears  
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
Importing <sup>1</sup> health <sup>2</sup> and graveness.—Two months since,  
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—  
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the French,  
And they can well on horseback: but this gallant  
Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat;  
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,  
As he had been incorp'd <sup>3</sup> and demi-natur'd  
With the brave beast: so far he topp'd <sup>4</sup> my thought,  
That I, in forgery <sup>5</sup> of shapes and tricks,  
Come short of what he did.

LAER. A Norman was't?

KING. A Norman.

LAER. Upon my life, Lamond.

KING. The very same.

LAER. I know him well: he is the brooch, <sup>6</sup> indeed,  
And gem of all the nation.

KING. He made confession of you;  
And gave you such a masterly report,<sup>7</sup>  
For art and exercise in your defence,  
And for your rapier most especially,  
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,  
If one could match you: the scrimers <sup>8</sup> of their nation,  
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his  
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,  
That he could nothing do but wish and beg  
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.  
Now, out of this,—

LAER. What out of this, my lord?

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

LAER. Why ask you this?

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

Implying.

<sup>2</sup> Attention to health, such as characterizes elderly men.  
Schmidt makes "health" prosperity.

<sup>3</sup> Of one body with. <sup>4</sup> Surpassed. <sup>5</sup> Invention.

<sup>6</sup> An ornament which, being worn in the hat, was of course  
very conspicuous.

<sup>7</sup> A report which describes Laertes a master of fence.

<sup>8</sup> Fencers, from the French *escrimeurs*.

But that I know love is begun by time ;  
 And that I see, in passages of proof,  
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.<sup>1</sup>  
 There lives within the very flame of love  
 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it ;  
 And nothing is at a like goodness still ;  
 For goodness, growing to a plurisy,<sup>2</sup>  
 Dies in his own too-much : that we would do,  
 We should do when we would ; for this " would " changes,  
 And hath abatements and delays as many  
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents ;  
 And then this " should " is like a spendthrift sigh,<sup>3</sup>  
 That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' th' ulcer :—  
 Hamlet comes back : what would you undertake,  
 To show yourself your father's son in deed  
 More than in words ?

LAER. To cut his throat i' the church.

KING. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize ;<sup>4</sup>  
 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,<sup>5</sup>  
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
 Will not peruse<sup>6</sup> the foils : so that, with ease,  
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
 A sword unbated,<sup>7</sup> and, in a pass of practice,<sup>8</sup>  
 Requite him for your father.

LAER. I will do 't :  
 And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword.  
 I bought an unction<sup>9</sup> of a mountebank,  
 So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,  
 Where it draws blood no cataplasm<sup>10</sup> so rare,  
 Collected from all simples<sup>11</sup> that have virtue<sup>12</sup>  
 Under the moon, can save the thing from death

<sup>1</sup> Circumstances which prove that time abates love.

<sup>2</sup> Plethora. <sup>3</sup> Probably means a wasting sigh, alluding to the old notion that every sigh caused the loss of a drop of blood from the heart.

<sup>4</sup> No place should protect murder.

<sup>5</sup> Careless. <sup>6</sup> Examine. <sup>7</sup> Unblunted—without a button on the point. <sup>8</sup> A treacherous thrust. <sup>9</sup> Ointment.

<sup>10</sup> Plaister or poultice. <sup>11</sup> Herbs. <sup>12</sup> Medicinal power.

That  
 With  
 It may  
 Kin  
 Weigh  
 May  
 And t  
 'Twer  
 Shoul  
 If this  
 We'll  
 I ha't  
 When  
 As ma  
 And t  
 A cha  
 If he  
 Our p

Qui  
 So fas  
 LAE  
 Qui  
 That  
 There  
 Of cr  
 That  
 But o  
 There  
 Clam  
 When  
 Fell i  
 And,  
 Whic  
 As on

1 TH

2 E

4 A

prove

6 A

7 T

8 A

That is but scratch'd withal : I'll touch my point  
With this contagion,<sup>1</sup> that, if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

KING. Let's further think of this ;  
Weigh what convenience both of time and means  
May fit us to our shape :<sup>2</sup> if this should fail,  
And that our drift look through<sup>3</sup> 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.<sup>4</sup> 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 prepared him  
A chalice for the nonce ;<sup>5</sup> whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,<sup>6</sup>  
Our purpose may hold there.

*Enter Queen.*

How now, sweet queen !

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

LAER. Drown'd, O, where ?

QUEEN. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves<sup>7</sup> in the glassy stream ;  
There with fantastic garlands did she come  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples  
That liberal<sup>8</sup> shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them :  
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver<sup>9</sup> 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<sup>10</sup> of her own distress,

<sup>1</sup> Thing which gives contagion.

<sup>2</sup> Enable us to act our proposed part.

<sup>3</sup> Appear through.

<sup>4</sup> A metaphor taken from cannon which burst when being proved.

<sup>5</sup> For the occasion.

<sup>6</sup> A fencing term, equivalent to *stoccado*, the Spanish term.

<sup>7</sup> The underside of the willow is white.

<sup>8</sup> Licentious.

<sup>9</sup> A branch stripped from a tree.

<sup>10</sup> Unable to feel.

Or like a creature native and indu'd  
Unto the element :<sup>1</sup> 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.

LAER. Alas, then, she is drown'd ?

QUEEN. Drown'd, drown'd.

LAER. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my tears : but yet  
It is our trick ;<sup>2</sup> nature her custom holds,  
Let shame say what it will : when these are gone,  
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord :  
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,  
But that th's folly douts<sup>3</sup> it.

[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.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I. *Elsinore. A churchyard.*

*Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.*

FIRST CLO. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that  
wilfully seeks her own salvation ?<sup>4</sup>

SEC. CLO. I tell thee she is ; and therefore make her  
grave straight :<sup>5</sup> the crowner hath sat on her, and finds her  
Christian burial.

FIRST CLO. How can that be, unless she drowned her-  
self in her own defence ?

SEC. CLO. Why, 'tis found so.

FIRST CLO. It must be *se offendendo* ; it cannot be  
else. For here lies the point : if I drown myself witting-  
ly, it argues an act : and an act hath three branches ; it is,  
to act, to do, and to perform : argal,<sup>6</sup> she drowned herself  
wittingly.

SEC. CLO. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

<sup>1</sup> Endowed with qualities fitting her for living in the water.

<sup>2</sup> Habit. <sup>3</sup> A contraction of 'do out.' Extinguishes.

<sup>4</sup> Shakespere is fond of making his clowns use words convey-  
ing the opposite meaning to that intended.

<sup>5</sup> Immediately.

<sup>6</sup> Ergo.

FIR  
good :  
water  
mark  
him, h  
his ow

SEC  
FIR  
SEC

not b  
out of

FIR  
that g  
drown

tian.—

but ga

Adam

SEC

FIR

SEC

FIR

dersta

digged

questi

pose,

SEC

FIR

either

SEC

a thou

FIR

lows

those

built s

well t

SEC

wright

FIR

SEC

<sup>1</sup> In

<sup>2</sup> Fe

<sup>3</sup> Ac

the m

<sup>6</sup> As

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

SEC. CLO. But is this law?

FIRST CLO. Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest<sup>1</sup> law.

SEC. CLO. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

FIRST CLO. Why, there thou sayst: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance<sup>2</sup> in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even<sup>3</sup> Christian.—Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up<sup>4</sup> Adam's profession.

SEC. CLO. Was he a gentleman?

FIRST CLO. He was the first that ever bore arms.<sup>5</sup>

SEC. CLO. Why, he had none.

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

SEC. CLO. Go to.

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

SEC. CLO. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

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

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

FIRST CLO. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.<sup>6</sup>

SEC. CLO. Marry, now I can tell.

<sup>1</sup> Inquest.    <sup>2</sup> Favour, encouragement.

<sup>3</sup> Fellow-Christian.    <sup>4</sup> Maintain.

<sup>5</sup> Adam's spade is mentioned in some books of heraldry as the most ancient form of escutcheon.

<sup>6</sup> As men do when they have finished their work.



FIRST CLO. To't.

SEC. CLO. Mass, I cannot tell.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at some distance.*

FIRST CLO. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say "a grave-maker:" the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan;<sup>1</sup> fetch me a stoop<sup>2</sup> of liquor.

[*Exit Sec. Clown.*

*He digs, and sings.*

<sup>3</sup> *In youth, when I did love, did love,  
Methought it was very sweet,  
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove,  
O, methought there was nothing meet.*

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

HOR. Custom hath made it in him a property<sup>4</sup> of easiness.

HAM. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier<sup>5</sup> sense.

*First Clo. But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,  
And hath shipped me intil the land,  
As if I had never been such.* [*Sings.*

[*Throws up a skull.*

HAM. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls<sup>6</sup> 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,<sup>7</sup> which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

HOR. It might, my lord.

HAM. Or of a courtier; which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it,—might it not?

HOR. Ay, my lord.

<sup>1</sup> Probably an ale house kept by a person of that name.

<sup>2</sup> Drinking cup. The word is still used in College halls.

<sup>3</sup> The three stanzas sung by the clown are taken from a song in Tottel's Miscellany, printed in 1557.

<sup>4</sup> Peculiarity. <sup>5</sup> More delicate. <sup>6</sup> Knocks. <sup>7</sup> Schemer.

HAM. Why, e'en so : and now my Lady Worm's ; chapless, and knocked about the mazard<sup>1</sup> with a sexton's spade : here's fine revolution, an we had the trick<sup>2</sup> to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats<sup>3</sup> with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

*First Clo. A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.  
For and a shrouding-sheet:  
O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.*

*[Throws up another skull.]*

HAM. There's another : why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits<sup>4</sup> now, his quillets,<sup>5</sup> his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce<sup>6</sup> with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances,<sup>7</sup> his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries : is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures?<sup>8</sup> The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box ; and must the inheritor<sup>9</sup> himself have no more, ha?

HOR. Not a jot more, my lord.

HAM. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

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

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

FIRST CLO. Mine, sir.—

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Skull <sup>2</sup> Skill. <sup>3</sup> A game resembling bowls which is said to be still played at Norwich. <sup>4</sup> Subtleties. <sup>5</sup> Quibbles. <sup>6</sup> Head.

<sup>7</sup> Bonds.

<sup>8</sup> Indentures were agreements made out in duplicate, of which each party kept one. Both were written on the same sheet which was cut in two in a crooked or indented line (whence the name), in order that the fitting of the two parts might prove the genuineness of both in case of dispute.

<sup>9</sup> Possessor.

FIRST CLO. 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.

HAM. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick;<sup>1</sup> therefore thou liest.

FIRST CLO. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

HAM. What man dost thou dig it for?

FIRST CLO. For no man, sir.

HAM. What woman, then?

FIRST CLO. For none, neither.

HAM. Who is to be buried in't?

FIRST CLO. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

HAM. How absolute <sup>2</sup> the knave is! we must speak by the card,<sup>3</sup> or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked;<sup>4</sup> that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.<sup>5</sup> —How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

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

HAM. How long is that since?

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

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

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

HAM. Why?

FIRST CLO. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

HAM. How came he mad?

FIRST CLO. Very strangely, they say.

HAM. How strangely?

FIRST CLO. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAM. Upon what ground?

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

<sup>1</sup> Living.    <sup>2</sup> Positive.    <sup>3</sup> Card on the Mariners' compass: with the utmost precision.    <sup>4</sup> Smart.    <sup>5</sup> Chilblain on the heel.

HA

FIR

or nin

HA

FIR

trade

water

now;

years.

HA

FIR

think

HA

FIR

poured

skull,

HA

FIR

HA

Yorick

of mos

thousa

tion it

that I

gibes

merrin

one no

Now g

paint

her la

HOR

HA

fashio

HOR

HA

HOR

HA

Why

ander

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

FIRST CLO. I' faith, he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine years.

HAM. Why he more than another?

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

HAM. Whose was it?

FIRST CLO. A mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

HAM. Nay, I know not.

FIRST CLO. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

HAM. This?

FIRST CLO. E'en that.

HAM. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*—Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor<sup>1</sup> she must come; make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HOR. What's that, my lord?

HAM. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

HOR. E'en so.

HAM. And smelt so? pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*]

HOR. E'en so, my lord.

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

---

<sup>1</sup> Appearance.

HOR. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

HAM. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious<sup>1</sup> Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth which kept the world in awe

Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!<sup>2</sup>—

But soft! but soft! aside:—here comes the king,

*Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; King, Queen, their trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow?

And with such ma'nèd<sup>3</sup> rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate hand

Fordo<sup>4</sup> its own life: 'twas of some estate.<sup>5</sup>

Couch<sup>6</sup> we awhile, and mark. *[Retiring with Horatio.]*

LAER. What ceremony else?

HAM.

That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

LAER. What ceremony else?

*[larg'd]*

FIRST PRIEST. Her obsequies have been as far en-

As we have warranty: <sup>7</sup> her death was doubtful;

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,

Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,<sup>8</sup>

Her maiden strewments,<sup>9</sup> and the bringing home

Of bell and burial.<sup>10</sup>

LAER. Must there no more be done?

FIRST PRIEST.

No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead

To sing a requiem, and such rest to her

<sup>1</sup> Imperial.

<sup>2</sup> Blast of wind.

<sup>3</sup> Imperfect.

<sup>4</sup> Destroy.

<sup>5</sup> Rank.

<sup>6</sup> Hide.

<sup>7</sup> Permission.

<sup>8</sup> Garlands.

<sup>9</sup> Flowers strewed upon the corpse.

<sup>10</sup> As the bride was brought home to her husband's house with bell and wedding festivity, so, by a sad parody, the dead maiden is brought to her last home 'with bell and burial.'

As to

LAR

And f

May v

A min

When

HA

QU

I hop

I thou

And r

LAR

Fall t

Whos

Depr

Till I

Now

Till o

T' o'e

Of bl

HA

Bears

Conju

Like

Ham

LAR

HA

I prit

For, t

Yet h

Whic

KIR

QU

AL

Ho

<sup>1</sup> In

<sup>3</sup> Pl

<sup>4</sup> T

As to peace-parted souls.

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

HAM. 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 have strew'd thy grave.

LAER. O, treble woe  
Fall ten times treble on that curs'd head,  
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious<sup>1</sup> sense  
Depriv'd thee of !—Hold off the earth awhile,  
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

*[Leaps into the grave.]*

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,  
Till of this flat a mountain you have made  
T' o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish<sup>2</sup> head  
Of blue Olympus.

HAM. *[advancing]* What is he whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis ; whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars,<sup>3</sup> and makes them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers ? This is I,  
Hamlet the Dane.

*[Leaps into the grave.]*

LAER. The devil take thy soul !

*[Grappling with him.]*

HAM. Thou pray'st not well.  
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat ;  
For, though I am not splenitive<sup>4</sup> and rash,  
Yet have I something in me dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom fear : hold off thy hand !

KING. Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN.

Hamlet, Hamlet !

ALL. Gentlemen,—

HOR.

Good my lord, be quiet.

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

<sup>1</sup> Intelligent.    <sup>2</sup> Belonging to, or mingling with the sky.

<sup>3</sup> Planets ; or perhaps the stars moving through the heavens.

<sup>4</sup> The spleen was supposed to be the seat of anger.

HAM. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.<sup>1</sup>

QUEEN. O my son, what theme?

HAM. 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, I Certes.

QUEEN. For love of God forbear him.

HAM. 'Swounds,<sup>2</sup> show me what thou'lt do:

Woo't<sup>3</sup> weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel?<sup>4</sup> 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 Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

QUEEN. This is mere madness:

And thus awhile the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove

When that her golden cou'lets<sup>5</sup> are disclos'd,

His silence will sit drooping.

HAM. 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.<sup>6</sup>—

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [Exeunt

<sup>1</sup> Move. <sup>2</sup> Profane oath signifying 'God's wounds.'

<sup>3</sup> A provincial contraction for "wouldest thou" or "wilt thou."

<sup>4</sup> Vinegar. This word has occasioned much discussion.

<sup>5</sup> The pigeon has only two young ones at a time, and the newly hatched birds are covered with yellow down.

<sup>6</sup> Instant test.



SCENE II. *The same. A hall in the castle.**Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.*

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

HOR. Remember it, my lord!

HAM. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting, That would not let me sleep: methought I lay Worse than the mutines<sup>1</sup> in the bilboes.<sup>2</sup>—Rashly,<sup>3</sup> And prais'd be rashness for it; let us know,<sup>4</sup> Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well, When our deep plots do fail: and that should teach us There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will,—

HOR. That is most certain.

HAM. Up from my cabin, My sea-gown scarf'd<sup>5</sup> about me, in the dark Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire; Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew To mine own room again: making so bold, My fears forgetting manners, to unseal Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,— O royal knavery!—an exact command,— Larded with many several sorts of reasons, Importing<sup>6</sup> Denmark's health, and England's too, With, ho! such bugs<sup>7</sup> and goblins in my life,<sup>8</sup> That, on the supervise,<sup>9</sup> no leisure bated,<sup>10</sup> No, not to stay<sup>11</sup> the grinding of the axe, My head should be struck off.

HOR. Is't possible?

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

HOR. I beseech you.

HAM. Being thus be-netted round with villanies,—

<sup>1</sup> Mutineers.

<sup>2</sup> Stocks or fetters manufactured at Bilboa in Spain.

<sup>3</sup> Hastily. <sup>4</sup> Recognise and acknowledge.

<sup>5</sup> Thrown on like a scarf, *i. e.*, without putting the arms through the sleeves.

<sup>6</sup> Gravely affecting. <sup>7</sup> Bugbears, objects of terror.

<sup>8</sup> In my continuing to live. <sup>9</sup> On the first reading.

<sup>10</sup> The execution must follow immediately without any exception of leisure.

<sup>11</sup> Wait for.

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,  
 They<sup>1</sup> had begun the play,—I sat me down;—  
 Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:—  
 I once did hold it, as our statist<sup>2</sup> do,  
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
 How to forget that learning; but, sir, now  
 It did me yeoman's service:<sup>3</sup>—wilt thou know  
 Th' effect of what I wrote?

HOR.

Ay, good my lord.

HAM. An earnest conjuration from the king,—  
 As England was his faithful tributary;  
 As love between them like the palm might flourish;  
 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,  
 And stand a comma,<sup>4</sup> 'tween their amities;  
 And many such-like "as's" of great charge,<sup>5</sup>—  
 That, on the view and knowing of these contents,  
 Without debatement further, more or less,  
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
 Not shoving-time<sup>6</sup> allow'd.

HOR.

How was this seal'd?

HAM. Why, even in that was heaven ordant.  
 I had my father's signet in my purse,  
 Which was the model<sup>7</sup> of that Danish seal;  
 Folded the writ up in the form of th' other;  
 Subscrib'd it; gave't th' impression; plac'd it safely,  
 The changeling never known. Now, the next day  
 Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent<sup>8</sup>  
 Thou know'st already.

HOR. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

HAM. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat  
 Doth by their own insinuation<sup>9</sup> grow:  
 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
 Between the pass and fell-incensèd points  
 Of mighty opposites.<sup>10</sup>

HOR.

Why, what a king is this!

<sup>1</sup> The brains, not the villainies.    <sup>2</sup> Statesmen.

<sup>3</sup> Good and faithful service, such as formerly the yeomen or small freeholders rendered in war.

<sup>4</sup> As opposed to 'period' a full stop.    <sup>5</sup> Weight.

<sup>6</sup> No time for confession.    <sup>7</sup> The exact counterpart.

<sup>8</sup> Following.    <sup>9</sup> Crooked policy.    <sup>10</sup> Opponents.

HAM. Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon,<sup>1</sup>—  
 He that hath kill'd my king, and stained my mother;  
 Popp'd in between th' election and my hopes;  
 Thrown out his angle<sup>2</sup> for my proper<sup>3</sup> life,  
 And with such cozenage,—is't not perfect conscience<sup>4</sup>  
 To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd  
 To let this canker of our nature come  
 In<sup>5</sup> further evil?

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

HAM. It will be short: the interim is mine;  
 And a man's life's no more than to say "one."  
 But I am very sorry, good Horatio,  
 That to Laertes I forgot myself;  
 For, by the image of my cause, I see  
 The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:  
 But, sure, the bravery<sup>6</sup> of his grief did put me  
 Into a towering passion.

HOR. Peace! who comes here?

*Enter OSRIC.*

OSR. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAM. I humbly thank you, sir.—[*Aside to Hor.*] Dost  
 know this water-fly?

HOR. [*aside to Ham.*] No, my good lord.

HAM. [*aside to Hor.*] Thy state is the more gracious;  
 for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and  
 fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall  
 stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say,  
 spacious in the possession of dirt.

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

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

OSR. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

HAM. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is north-  
 erly.

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

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

<sup>1</sup> Is it not incumbent on me.      <sup>2</sup> Fishing-hook and line.

<sup>3</sup> Own.      <sup>4</sup> Perfectly consistent with a good conscience.

<sup>5</sup> Into.      <sup>6</sup> Ostentatious display.

OSR. 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,—

HAM. I beseech you, remember—

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

OSR. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute <sup>1</sup> gentleman, full of most excellent differences,<sup>2</sup> of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or c<sup>1</sup>endar of gentry,<sup>3</sup> for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAM. Sir, his definement <sup>4</sup> suffers no perdition in you;—though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw <sup>5</sup> neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of his extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article;<sup>6</sup> and his infusion <sup>7</sup> of such dearth <sup>8</sup> and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace <sup>9</sup> him, his umbrage,<sup>10</sup> nothing more.

OSR. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAM. The concernancy, <sup>11</sup> sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSR. Sir?

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

HAM. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSR. Of Laertes?

HOR. [*aside to Ham.*] His purse is empty already: all's golden words are spent.

HAM. Of him, sir.

OSR. I know you are not ignorant—

HAM. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me: <sup>12</sup>—well, sir. [is—

OSR. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes

<sup>1</sup> Perfect.

<sup>2</sup> Distinctions marking him out from the rest of men.

<sup>3</sup> Gentility. <sup>4</sup> Definition.

<sup>5</sup> To 'yaw' is used of a ship which moves unsteadily.

<sup>6</sup> Of large comprehension. <sup>7</sup> Essential qualities.

<sup>8</sup> Scarcity. <sup>9</sup> Follow. <sup>10</sup> Shadow. <sup>11</sup> Meaning.

<sup>12</sup> Would not be much to my credit.

HA  
with  
know

OS  
tion

HA

OS

HA

OS

horse

six F

girdle

are v

delica

HA

HO

the m

OS

HA

matte

migh

again

conce

Dania

OS

tween

hits :

to im

answ

HA

OS

in tri

HA

majes

foils

his p

gain

1 R

4 T

6 E

6 T

7 A

this v

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

OSR. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation<sup>1</sup> laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

HAM. What's his weapon?

OSR. Rapier and dagger.

HAM. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

OSR. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed,<sup>2</sup> as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns,<sup>3</sup> as girdle, hangers,<sup>4</sup> and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.<sup>6</sup>

HAM. What call you the carriages?

HOR. [*aside to Ham.*] I knew you must be edified by the margin<sup>5</sup> ere you had done.

OSR. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

HAM. The phrase would be more germane<sup>7</sup> to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this "imponed," as you call it?

OSR. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine,<sup>8</sup> and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAM. How if I answer no?

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

HAM. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day<sup>9</sup> with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

---

<sup>1</sup> Repute.    <sup>2</sup> Staked.    <sup>3</sup> Appendages.

<sup>4</sup> The straps by which the sword was attached to the girdle.

<sup>5</sup> Elaborate design.

<sup>6</sup> The margin where the comment was frequently given.

<sup>7</sup> Akin.    <sup>8</sup> It seems impossible to explain the terms of this wager.

<sup>9</sup> Time of relaxation.

OSR. Shall I re-deliver<sup>1</sup> you e'en so?

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

OSR. I commend my duty to your lordship.

HAM. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osric.*—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

HOR. This lapwing<sup>2</sup> runs away with the shell on his head.

HAM. He did comply<sup>3</sup> with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty<sup>4</sup> collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed<sup>5</sup> opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

*Enter a Lord.*

LORD. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

HAM. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

LORD. The king and queen and all are coming down.

HAM. In happy time.

LORD. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment<sup>6</sup> to Laertes before you fall to play.

HAM. She well instructs me.

[*Exit Lord.*]

HOR. You will lose this wager, my lord.

HAM. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds.<sup>7</sup> But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

HOR. Nay, good my lord,—

HAM. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving<sup>8</sup> as would perhaps trouble a woman.

HOR. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

<sup>1</sup> Report.

<sup>2</sup> The lapwing runs away with the shell on her head as soon as she is hatched. Hence this bird was a symbol of a forward fellow. <sup>3</sup> Use compliment, play the courtier. <sup>4</sup> Frothy.

<sup>5</sup> Foolish and over-refined. <sup>6</sup> Conciliating behaviour.

<sup>7</sup> With the advantage that I am allowed. <sup>8</sup> Misgiving.

HAM. Not a 'wit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

*Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.*

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

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

HAM. 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, honor, and exception  
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.  
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:  
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,  
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,  
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.  
Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so,  
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;  
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.  
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 my arrow o'er the house,  
And hurt my brother.

LAER. I am satisfied in nature,  
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most  
To my revenge: but in my terms of honor  
I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation<sup>1</sup>  
Till by some elder masters, of known honor,  
I have a voice and precedent of peace,<sup>2</sup>  
To keep my name ungor'd.<sup>3</sup> But till that time  
I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
And will not wrong it.

HAM. I embrace it freely;

---

<sup>1</sup> Reconciliation.

<sup>2</sup> An opinion and precedent which will justify me in making peace.

<sup>3</sup> Unhurt.



And will this brother's wager frankly play.—  
Give us the foils.—Come on.

LAER. Come, one for me.

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

LAER. You mock me, sir.

HAM. No, by this hand.

KING. Give them the foils, young Osric,—Cousin  
Hamlet,

You know the wager?

HAM. Very well, my lord;

Your grace has laid the odds o' the weaker side.<sup>1</sup>

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

LAER. This is too heavy, let me see another.

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

[*They prepare to play.*]

OSR. Ay, my good lord.

KING. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.—  
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,<sup>2</sup>  
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;  
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;  
And in the cup an union<sup>3</sup> shall he throw,  
Richer than that which four successive kings  
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;  
And let the kettle<sup>4</sup> to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,  
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet."—Come begin;—  
And you the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAM. Come on, sir.

LAER. Come, my lord. [*They play.*]

HAM. One.

LAER. No.

HAM. Judgment.

OSR. A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAER. Well;—again.

---

This must refer to the greater value of the King's stake.  
Pay off Laertes in meeting him at the third encounter.  
A pearl. Kettle drum.

KING. Stay; give me drink:—Hamlet, this pearl is thine;<sup>1</sup>  
Here's to thy health.

[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.*  
Give him the cup.

HAM. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.—  
Come.—[*They play.*] Another hit; what say you?

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

KING. Our son shall win.

QUEEN. He's fat, and scant of breath.<sup>2</sup>—  
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin,<sup>3</sup> rub thy brows:  
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

HAM. Good madam!

KING. Gertrude do not drink.

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

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

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

QUEEN. Come, let me wipe thy face.

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

KING. I do not think't.

LAER. [*aside*] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

HAM. Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.<sup>4</sup>

LAER. Say you so, come on.

[*They play.*

OSR. Nothing, neither way.

LAER. Have at you now!

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

KING. Part them; they are incens'd.

HAM. Nay, come, again.

[*The Queen falls.*

OSR. Look to the queen there, ho!

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

OSR. How is't Laertes?

LAER. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,  
Osric; I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

HAM. How does the queen?

KING. She swoons to see them bleed.

<sup>1</sup> The King, under pretence of throwing the pearl into the cup,  
drops poison into it.

<sup>2</sup> There is a tradition that this line was appropriate to  
Richard Barbage, who first acted the part of Hamlet.

<sup>3</sup> Handkerchief. <sup>4</sup> Trifle with me.

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

HAM. O villany! — Ho! let the door be lock'd:  
Treachery! seek it out.

LAER. 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<sup>1</sup> and envenom'd: the foul practice  
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,  
Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd: —  
I can no more: — the king, the king's to blame.

HAM. The point envenom'd too! —  
Then, venom, to thy work. [Stabs the King.

ALL. Treason! treason!

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

HAM. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damnèd  
Dane,

Drink off this potion: — is thy union here?  
Follow my mother. [King dies.

LAER. He is justly serv'd;  
It is a poison temper'd<sup>2</sup> by himself. —  
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:  
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,  
Nor thine on me! [Dies.

HAM. Heaven make thee free of it: I follow thee. —  
I am dead, Horatio. — Wretched queen, adieu! —  
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,  
That are but mutes<sup>3</sup> or audience to this act,  
Had I but time, — as this fell<sup>4</sup> sergeant,<sup>5</sup> death,  
Is strict in his arrest, — O, I could tell you, —  
But let it be. — Horatio, I am dead;  
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.

HOR. Never believe it:  
I'm more an antique Roman than a Dane:  
Here's yet some liquor left.

HAM. As thou'rt a man,

<sup>1</sup> Without a button.

<sup>2</sup> Compounded.

<sup>3</sup> The dumb personages who take part in a play.

<sup>4</sup> Cruel. <sup>5</sup> A sheriff's officer.

Give me the cup : let go ; by heaven, I'll hav't.  
 O good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
 Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!  
 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,  
 Absent thee from felicity awhile,  
 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
 To tell my story. [*March at some distance, and shot within.*  
 What warlike noise is this ?

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

HAM. O, I die, Horatio ;  
 The potent poison quite o'er-crowns<sup>1</sup> my spirit:  
 I cannot live to hear the news from England ;  
 But I do prophesy th' election lights  
 On Fortinbras : he has my dying voice ;  
 So tell him, with th' occurrents,<sup>2</sup> more and less,  
 Which have solicited<sup>3</sup>—the rest is silence.<sup>4</sup> [*Die.*

HOR. Now cracks a noble heart :—good night, sweet  
 prince ;  
 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—  
 Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors, and others.*

FORT. Where is this sight ?

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

FORT. This quarry<sup>5</sup> cries on havoc<sup>6</sup>—O proud Death,  
 What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,  
 That thou so many princes at a shot  
 So bloodily hast struck ?

FIRST AMB. The sight is dismal ;  
 And our affairs from England come too late :  
 The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,

<sup>1</sup> Triumphs over.    <sup>2</sup> Circumstances.    <sup>3</sup> Prompted.

<sup>4</sup> This sentence seems incomplete. If Hamlet's speech is interrupted by his death the words 'The rest is silence' should be spoken by Horatio.

<sup>5</sup> The game hunted. Here it denotes the pile of dead.

<sup>6</sup> 'This pile of corpses urges to merciless slaughter, where no quarter is given.'—*Clark & Wright*. 'This heap of dead proclaims an indiscriminate slaughter.'—*White*.

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,  
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:  
Where should we have our thanks?

HOR. Not from his <sup>1</sup> mouth,  
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:  
He never gave commandment for their death.  
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,  
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,  
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies  
High on a stage be plac'd to the view;  
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world  
How these things came about: so shall you hear  
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;  
Of deaths put on <sup>2</sup> by cunning and forc'd cause;  
And, in this upshot, <sup>3</sup> purposes mistook  
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads: all this can I  
Truly deliver.

FORT. 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 <sup>4</sup> in this kingdom,  
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

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

FORT. Let four captains  
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;  
For he was likely, had he been put on,  
T' 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.

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

<sup>1</sup> The King's

<sup>2</sup> In this conclusion of the tragedy.

<sup>3</sup> Some rights which are remembered.

<sup>4</sup> Put to the test.

<sup>5</sup> Instigated.

.1

h,





Handwritten text in a cursive script, possibly a list or a series of names, located at the top left of the page.





170

7

160

38  
40, 42, 50, 50 68



*School Books Published by Dawson Brothers.*

---

By REV. PRINCIPAL MACVICAR,  
*Presbyterian College, Montreal.*

**A Primary Arithmetic**, including Oral, Slate and Written Exercises. Price, 25 cents.

**A Complete Arithmetic**, Oral and Written, designed for the use of Common and High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. Price, 50 cts.

---

By PROFESSOR DAREY, M.A.,  
*Professor of the French Language and Literature in the University of McGill College.*

**The Dominion Phrase Book, or the Student's Companion** for practically acquiring the French and English Languages. Price, 30 cents.

**Cours de Lectures Francaises**; A Selection from the Classic Writers of France, containing many from the leading Authors of the present day with a copious vocabulary. Price, 75 cents.

---


By N. DUVAE, B.A.,

**Juvenile French Course, first year.** New and revised edition. Price, 10 cents.

**Juvenile French Course, Second year.** New and revised edition. Price, 10 cents.

**An Elementary French Grammar**; containing a Selection of General Rules from the most approved French Grammars, with Exercises in French and English, illustrating the Rules given. Price, 25 cents.

**Lectures Choiesies pour la Jeunesse**; contenant une foule d'Anecdotes amusantes, d'Historiettes, de Contes et de Fables, etc., avec un Dictionnaire des mots Francais, traduits en Anglais. Price, 30 cents.



thers.

---

ate and

Written,  
High  
50 cts.

e in the

dent's  
French

election  
aining  
present  
cents.

ew and

. New

aining  
e most  
cises in  
s given.

ntenant  
oriettes,  
onnaire  
Price,



*School Globes Manufactured by Dawson Brothers.*

---

## THE MACVICAR TELLURIAN GLOBE.

*(Patented in Canada.)*

This is the latest, simplest, and best device ever presented for illustrating Geography and the Elements of Astronomy. Being the product of long years in the class room, it is thoroughly practical.

The Globe is a *working model* of the Earth in its relation with the Sun. The horizon and other parts are so constructed, that in every illustration the Globe *represents* the *real* position and relation of the Earth to the Sun.

The **Tellurian Globe** combines in the most convenient and substantial shape, and at much less expense, the best form of Globe, and the best form of Tellurian. It illustrates also in a more simple and philosophic manner than can be done by the use of both Globe and Tellurian, all problems relating to the phenomena of day and night, change of season, twilight, rising and setting of the sun, the apparent daily motion of the sun across the horizon, the motion of the earth in its orbit.

The Tellurian Globe is made in two sizes. Eight inch and Twelve inch.

---

By DR. MALCOLM MACVICAR, Ph.D., LL.D.,  
*Principal of the State Normal School, Potsdam, N.Y.,*  
**Handbook of the MacVicar Tellurian Globe,**  
for the use of Teachers, Schools and Families; containing a complete course of illustrations and problems in Geography and Astronomy.



