

**Callback Packet
Sides
for
Hamlet
by William Shakespeare**

Callback Date:
at South, Thursday 3pm – 6pm,
February 17th

Production Dates:
May 12, 13, and 14 at South

Side 1 - Marcellus, Barnardo & Horatio

[On the battlements at night.]

Marcellus

Holla Barnardo.

Barnardo

Say, what is Horatio there?

Horatio

A piece of him.

Barnardo

Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.

Marcellus

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

Barnardo

I have seen nothing.

Marcellus

Horatio says, 'tis but our Fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us,
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if again this Apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Horatio

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Barnardo

Sit down a-while,

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights have seen.

Horatio

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

Barnardo

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-

Marcellus

Peace, break thee off
Look where it comes again.

Barnardo

In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Marcellus

Thou art a Scholar; speak to it Horatio.

Barnardo

Looks it not like the King? Mark it Horatio.

Horatio

Most like: It harrows me with fear & wonder

Barnardo

It would be spoke to.

Marcellus

Question it Horatio.

Horatio

What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Fair and Warlike form
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march: By Heaven I charge thee speak.

Marcellus

It is offended.

Barnardo

See, it stalks away.

Horatio

Stay: speak; speak: I Charge thee, speak.
[Exit the Ghost.]

Marcellus

'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Side 2 - Hamlet

Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a Dew:
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst Self-slaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seems to me all the uses of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an unweeded Garden
That grows to Seed: Things rank, and gross in Nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hyperion to a Satyr: so loving to my Mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if increase of Appetite had grown
By what is fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not think on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor Fathers body
Like Niobe, all tears. Why she, even she.
(O Heaven! A beast that wants discourse of Reason
Would have mourn'd longer) married with mine Uncle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to Hercules. Within a Month?
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous Tears
Had left the flushing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to Incestuous sheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Side 3 – Laertes, Ophelia & Polonius

Laertes

My necessities are embark't; Farewell:
And Sister, as the Winds give Benefit,
And Convoy is assistant; do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Ophelia

Do you doubt that?

Laertes

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favors,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Blood;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Forward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute? No more.

Ophelia

No more but so.

Laertes

Think it no more. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his fear: but you must fear
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his Birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for, on his choice depends
The sanctity and 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. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May give his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weight what loss your Honor may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open
To his unmastered opportunity.
Fear it Ophelia, feared it my dear Sister,
And keep within 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.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feared;
Youth to it self rebels, though none else near.

Ophelia

I shall th' effect of this good Lesson keep,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Do not as some ungracious Pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to Heaven;
Whilst like a puffed and reckless Libertine
Himself, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.

Laertes

Oh, feared me not.

[Enter Polonius.]

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:

Polonius

Yet here Laertes? Aboard, aboard for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thoughts his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy Soul, with hoops of Steele:
But do not dull thy palm, with entertainment
Of each unhatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but being in
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear; but few thy voice:
Take each mans censure; but reserve thy judgment:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;
But not exprest in fancy; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loses both it self and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all; to thine own self be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.

Laertes

Most humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.

Polonius

The time invites you, go, your servants tend.

Laertes

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

Ophelia

Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your self shall keep the key of it.

Laertes

Farewell.

[Exit Laertes]

Polonius

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

Ophelia

So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Polonius

Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your self
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so, as so tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I must tell you,
You doe not understand your self so clearly,
As it behooves my Daughter, and your Honor.
What is between you, give me up the truth?

Ophelia

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

Polonius

Affection, puh. You speak like a green Girl,
Unsifted in such perilous Circumstance.
Doe you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Ophelia

I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Polonius

Marry I'll teach you; think your self a Baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not starling. Tender your self more dearly;
Or not to crack the wind of the poor Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Ophelia

My Lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honorable fashion.

Polonius

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

Ophelia

And hath given countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vows of Heaven.

Polonius

Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I do know
When the Blood burns, how Prodigal the Soul
Gives the tongue vows: these blazes, Daughter,
You must not take for fire. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Then may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
Doe not believe his vows. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet:
Look too't, I charge you; come your ways.

Ophelia

I shall obey my Lord.

[Exeunt.]

Side 4 - Polonius & Hamlet

Polonius

How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Hamlet

Well, God-a-mercy.

Polonius

Do you know me, my Lord?

Hamlet

Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.

Polonius

Not I my Lord.

Hamlet

Then I would you were so honest a man.

Polonius

Honest, my Lord?

Hamlet

I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thousand.

Polonius

That's very true, my Lord.

Hamlet

For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dog, being a good kissing Carrion. Have you a daughter?

Polonius

I have my Lord.

Hamlet

Let her not walk i'th Sunne: Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend look too't.

Polonius

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

Hamlet

Words, words, words.

Polonius

What is the matter, my Lord?

Hamlet

Between who?

Polonius

I mean the matter you mean, my Lord.

Hamlet

Slanders Sir:

Polonius

How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
A happiness,
That often Madness hits on,
Which Reason and Sanity could not
So prosperously be deliver'd of.
I will leave him,
And suddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him, and my daughter.
My Honorable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leave of you.

Hamlet

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

Polonius

Fare you well my Lord.

Hamlet

These tedious old fools.

Side 5 - Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern

Rosencrantz

God save you Sir.

Guildenstern

Mine honour'd Lord.

Rosencrantz

My most dear Lord.

Hamlet

My excellent good friends. How do'st thou Guildenstern? Oh, Rosencrantz; good Lads:
How do ye both?

Rosencrantz

As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guildenstern

Happy, in that we are not over-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Hamlet

Nor the Soles of her Shoe?

Rosencrantz

Neither my Lord.

Hamlet

Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favor?

Guildenstern

Faith, her privates, we.

Hamlet

In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the news?

Rosencrantz

None my Lord; but that the World's grown honest.

Hamlet

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

Guildenstern

Prison, my Lord?

Hamlet

Denmark's a Prison.

Rosencrantz

Then is the World one.

Hamlet

A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; Denmark being one o'th' worst.

Rosencrantz

We think not so my Lord.

Hamlet

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

Rosencrantz

Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Hamlet

O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my self a King of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guildenstern

Which dreams indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is merely the shadow of a Dream.

Hamlet

What make you at Elsinor?

Rosencrantz

To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

Hamlet

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

Guildenstern

What should we say my Lord?

Hamlet

Why anything. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kind confession in your looks; which your modesties have not craft enough to color

Side 6 - Hamlet & Ophelia

Hamlet

Soft you now,
The faire Ophelia? Nymph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sins remembered.

Ophelia

Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?

Hamlet

I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Ophelia

My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to redeliver.
I pray you now, receive them.

Hamlet

No, no, I neuter gave you ought.

Ophelia

My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these again, for to the Noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There my Lord.

Hamlet

Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Ophelia

My Lord.

Hamlet

Are you faire?

Ophelia

What means your Lordship?

Hamlet

That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty should admit no discourse to your Beauty.

Ophelia

Could Beauty my Lord, have better Commerce then your Honesty?

Hamlet

Ay truly: for the power of Beauty, will sooner transform Honesty from what is, to a Bawd, then the force of Honesty can translate Beauty into his likeness.

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

Ophelia

Indeed my Lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet

You should not have believed me. For virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Ophelia

I was the more deceived.

Hamlet

Get thee to a Nunnery. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, Ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then 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 Heaven and Earth. We are arrant Knaves all, believe none of vs. Go thy ways to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophelia

At home, my Lord.

Hamlet

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

Ophelia

O help him, you sweet Heavens.

Hamlet

If thou doest 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. Far-well.

Ophelia

O heavenly Powers, restore him.

Hamlet

I have heard of your paintings too well enough. God has given you one pace, and you make your self an-other: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonness, your Ignorance. Go too, 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 Hamlet.]

Ophelia

O what a Noble mind is here o're-thrown?
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Scholars: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th' expectancy and Rose of the faire State,
The glass of Fashion, and the mould of Form,
Th' observed of all Observers, quite, quite down.
Have I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the Honey of his Music Vows:
Now see that Noble, and most Sovereign Reason,
Like sweet Bells jangled out of tune, and harsh,
That unmatch'd Form and Feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy. Oh woe is me,
T'have seen what I have seen: see what I see.

Side 7 - King

Oh my offence is rank, it smells to heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A Brothers murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,
And like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it self with Brothers blood,
Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heavens
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up,
My fault is past. But oh, what form of Prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul Murder:
That cannot be, since I am still possest
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?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shove by Justice,
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize it self
Buys out the Law; but 'tis not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the Action lies
In his true Nature, and we our selves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bosom, black as death!
Oh limed soul, that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd: Help Angels, make assay:
Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinews of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Side 8 - Hamlet & Gertrude

Hamlet

Now Mother, what's the matter?

Queen

Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Hamlet

Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Queen

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Hamlet

Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.

Queen

Why how now *Hamlet*?

Hamlet

What's the matter now?

Queen

Have you forgot me?

Hamlet

No by the Rood, not so:
You are the Queen, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.

Queen

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

Hamlet

Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not budge:
You go not till I set you up a glass,
Where you may see the inmost part of you?

Queen

What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, hoa.

Polonius

What hoa, help, help, help.

Hamlet

How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducat, dead.

Polonius

Oh I am slain.

[Kills Polonius.]

Queen

Oh me, what hast thou done?

Hamlet

Nay I know not, is it the King?

Queen

Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?

Hamlet

A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

Queen

As kill a King?

Hamlet

Ay Lady, 'twas my word.

Queen

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

Hamlet

Such an Act

That blurs the grace and blush of Modesty,
Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vows
As false as Dicers Oaths. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of Contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet Religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heavens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Side 9 - Hamlet & Rosencrantz

Hamlet

Safely stowed.

Rosencrantz [from off]

Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

Hamlet

Oh here they come.

[enter Rosencrantz]

Rosencrantz

What have you done my Lord with the dead body?

Hamlet

Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kin.

Rosencrantz

Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chappell.

Hamlet

Do not believe it.

Rosencrantz

Believe what?

Hamlet

That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a Sponge...

Rosencrantz

Take you me for a Sponge, my Lord?

Hamlet

I sir, that soaks up the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities

Rosencrantz

I understand you not my Lord.

Hamlet

I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Rosencrantz

My Lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King

Side 10 – Queen, Ophelia, Horatio, & King

Queen (*To Horatio*)

'Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous conjectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
[*Enter Ophelia distracted.*]

Ophelia

Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark.

Queen

How now *Ophelia*?

Ophelia [singing]

How should I your true love know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and staff, and his Sandal shone.

Queen

Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophelia

Say you? Nay pray you mark.

[singing]

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green Turf, at his heels a stone.

[*Enter King*]

Queen

Nay but Ophelia.

Ophelia

Pray you mark.

[singing]

White his Shroud as the Mountain Snow.

Queen

Alas, look here my Lord.

Ophelia

[singing]

Larded with sweet Flowers:
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-love showers.

King

How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophelia

Pray you let's have no words of this: but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[singing]

To morrow is Saint. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuter departed more.

King

Pretty *Ophelia*.

Ophelia

Indeed la? without an oath I'll make an end on't.

[singing]

By gis, and by Saint. Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame:
Yong men will doo't, if they come too't,
By Cock they are too blame.
Quoth she before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed:
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King

How long hath she bin thus?

Ophelia

I hope all will be well. We must bee patient, but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i'th' cold ground: My brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. [*Exit*.]

King

Follow her close,
Give her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poison of deep grief, it springs
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*,
When sorrows comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battalions.

Side 11 - Laertes, King and Queen

King

[reading Hamlet's letter]

"High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdome. To morrow shall I beg leave to see your Kingly Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th' Occasions of my sudden, and more strange return.
Hamlet."

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing?

Laertes

Know you the hand?

King

'Tis Hamlet's Character: Can you advise me?

Laertes

I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

King

If it be so Laertes, as how should it be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?

Laertes

If so you'll not o'rerule me to a peace.

King

To thine own peace: I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my Device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breath,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Months hence
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,
He made confession of you,
And gave you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defense;
And for your Rapier most especial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his Ennui,
That he could nothing doe but wish and beg,

Your sudden coming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laertes

Why 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?

Laertes

Why ask you this?

King

Not that I think you did not love your Father,
But that I know Love is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it:
Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show your self your Fathers son indeed,
More then in words?

Laertes

To cut his throat i'th' Church.

King

Revenge should have no bounds: but good Laertes
Will you doe this, keep close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foils? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword unbaited, and in a pass of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laertes

I will doo't.

And for that purpose I'll annoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mountebank
So mortal, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasm so rare,

Collected from all Simples that have Virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withal: I'll touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

[enter Queen]

Queen

One woe doth tread upon anothers heel,
So fast they'll follow: your Sister's drown'd Laertes.

Laertes

Drown'd! O where?

Queen

There is a Willow grows aslant a Brooke,
That shows his hore leaves in the glassy stream:
There with fantastic Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
That liberal Shepherds give a grosser name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs, her Coronet weeds
Clambering to hang; an envious sliver broke,
When down the weedy Trophies, and her self,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spread wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature Native, and endued
Unto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with her drink,
Pul'd the poor wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

Laertes

Alas then, is she drown'd?

Queen

Drown'd, drown'd.

Laertes

Too much of water hast thou poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick, Nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone

The woman will be out: Adieu my Lord,
I have a speech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it.

[Exit.]

King

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

[Exeunt.]

Side 12 - Hamlet, Horatio, Gravedigger

Gravedigger

[Sings.]

In youth when I did love, did love,
me thought it was very sweet:
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Hamlet

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

Horatio

Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet

'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Employment hath the daintier sense.

Gravedigger sings

*But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me until the Land,
as if I had never been such.*

Hamlet

That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the' ground,
as if it were *Cain's* Jaw-bone. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet
Lord: how dost thou, good Lord?

Horatio

Ay, my Lord.

Hamlet

Why ee'n so.

Gravedigger sings.

A Pickaxe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a shrouding Sheet:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meet.

Hamlet

There's another:
I will speak to this fellow: whose Grave's this Sir?

Gravedigger

Mine Sir:

[Sings]

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meet.

Hamlet

I think it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

Gravedigger

You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Hamlet

Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke,
therefore thou lyest.

Gravedigger

'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Hamlet

What man dost thou dig it for?

Gravedigger

For no man Sir.

:

Hamlet

What woman then?

Gravedigger

For none neither.

Hamlet

Who is to be buried in't?

Gravedigger

One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soul, she's dead.

Hamlet

How absolute the knave is? wee must speak by the Card, or equivocation will undue us.