

# Hamlet

edited from First Folio & Second Quarto  
Dir. SerahRose Roth  
Newton HS March 2011

## Act I, Scene i

[ Enter Barnardo and Francisco.]

**Barnardo.**  
Who's there?

**Francisco**  
Nay answer me: Stand & unfold your selfe.

**Barnardo**  
Long live the King

**Francisco**  
*Barnardo?*

**Barnardo**  
He.

**Francisco**  
You come most carefully upon your hour.

**Barnardo**  
'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed *Francisco*.

**Francisco**  
For this relief much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart. .

**Barnardo**  
Well, goodnight.

[Enter Horatio and Marcellus.]

**Francisco**  
Stand: who's there?

**Horatio**  
Friends to this ground.

**Marcellus**

And Leige-men to the Dane.

**Francisco**

Give you good night. *Barnardo* ha's my place.

[ **Exit Francisco** ]

**Marcellus**

Holla *Barnardo*.

**Barnardo**

Say, what is *Horatio* there?

**Horatio**

A piece of him.

**Barnardo**

Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

**Marcellus**

What, ha's 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' illumine that part of Heaven  
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my selfe,  
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 vsurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that Faire 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.

**Barnardo**

How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:  
Is not this something more then Fantasy?  
What think you on't?

**Horatio**

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

**Marcellus**

Is it not like the King?

**Horatio**

As thou art to thy selfe,  
'Tis strange.

**Marcellus**

Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,  
With Martial stalk, hath he gone by our Watch.

**Horatio**

This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

**Marcellus**

Good now sit down, & tell me he that knows  
Why this same strict and most observant Watch,  
So nightly toils the subject of the Land,  
And why such daily Cast of Brazen Cannon  
And Foreign Mart for Implements of war:  
Who is't that can inform me?

**Horatio**

That can I,  
At least the whisper goes so: Our last King,  
Whose Image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was (as you know) by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant Hamlet,  
Did slay this Fortinbras: who by a Seal'd Compact,  
Did forfeit (with his life) all those his Lands  
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:  
Now sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved Mettle, hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,  
Shark'd up a List of Landless Resolutes,  
For Food and Diet, to some Enterprise  
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other  
But to recover of us by strong hand  
And terms Compulsive, those foresaid Lands  
So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)  
Is the main Motive of our Preparations,  
The Source of this our Watch, and the chief head  
Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.

**[ Enter Ghost again.]**

But soft, behold: Lo, where it comes again:  
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:  
If thou hast any sound, or use of Voice,  
Speak to me. If there be any good thing to be done,  
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speak to me.  
Oh speak. Stay, and speak. Stop it *Marcellus*.

**Barnardo**

'Tis here.

**Horatio**

'Tis here.

**Marcellus**

'Tis gone. **[ Exit Ghost.]**

We do it wrong, being so Majestical  
To offer it the show of Violence,  
For it is as the Air, invulnerable,  
And our vain blows, malicious Mockery.

**Barnardo**

It was about to speak, when the Cock crew.

**Horatio**

And then it started, like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,  
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the day,  
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 Spirit, hies

To his Confine. And of the truth herein,  
This present Object made probation.

**Marcellus**

It faded on the crowing of the Cock.  
Some says, that ever 'gainst that Season comes  
Wherein our Saviors Birch is celebrated,  
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long:  
And then (they say) no Spirit can walk abroad,  
The nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,  
No Fairy talks, nor Witch hath power to Charm:  
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

**Horatio**

So have I heard, and do in part believe it.  
But look, the Morn in Russet mantle clad,  
Walks o're 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:

**Marcellus**

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

**Act I, Scene ii**

[ **Enter Claudius King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia, Lords Attendant** ]

**King**

Though yet of Hamlet our dear Brothers death  
The memory be green: and that it us befitted  
To bare our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdome  
To be contracted in one brow of woe:  
Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature,  
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
Together with remembrance of our selves.  
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,  
Th' imperial Jointresse of this warlike State,  
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,  
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,  
With mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,

In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole  
Taken to Wife; nor have we herein barr'd  
Your better Wisdoms, which have freely gone  
With this affaire along, for all our Thanks.  
Now follows, that you know young Fortinbras,  
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;  
Or thinking by our late dear Brothers death,  
Our State to be disjoint, and out of Frame,  
Colleagued with the dream of his Advantage;  
He hath not fail'd to pester us with Message,  
Importing the surrender of those Lands  
Lost by his Father: with all Bonds of Law  
To our most valiant Brother. We have here writ  
To Norway, Uncle of young Fortinbras,  
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely hears  
Of this his Nephews purpose, to suppress  
His further gate herein. And we here dispatch  
You good Cornelius, and you Voltemand,  
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,  
Giving to you no further personal power :  
Farewell, and let your hast commend your duty.

**Voltemand**

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

[ **Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.** ]

**King**

And now *Laertes*, what's the news with you?  
You told us of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?  
You cannot speak of Reason to the Dane,  
And loose your voice. What would'st 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,  
Then is the Throne of Denmark to thy Father.  
What would'st thou have *Laertes*?

**Laertes**

Dread my Lord,  
Your leave and favor 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 towards France,  
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.



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 Suites of woe.

**King**

'Tis sweet and commendable  
In your Nature *Hamlet*,  
To give these mourning duties to your Father:  
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,  
That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound  
In filial Obligation, for some term  
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persevere  
In obstinate Condolement, is a course  
Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief,  
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven,  
A Heart unfortified, a Mind impatient,  
An Understanding simple, and vnschool'd:  
For, what we know must be, and is as common  
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
Why should we in our peevish Opposition  
Take it to heart? Fye, '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 Coarse, till he that dyed to day,  
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth  
This unprevailing woe, and think of us  
As of a Father; For let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our Throne,  
And with no less Nobility of Love,  
Then that which dearest Father bears his Son,  
Do I impart towards you. For your intent  
In going back to School in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire:  
And we beseech you, bend you to remain  
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,  
Our chiefest Courtier Cousin, and our Son.

**Queen**

Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:  
I prithee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

**Hamlet**

I shall in all my best  
Obey you Madam.

**King**

Why 'tis a loving, and a faire Reply,  
Be as our selfe 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 Kings Rouse, the Heavens shall bruite again,  
Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. [ *Exeunt* ]

**Hamlet**

Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,  
Thaw, and resolve it selfe into a Dew:  
Or that the Everlasting had not fixt  
His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-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.

[ *Enter Horatio, Barnardo, and Marcellus.* ]

**Horatio**

Hail to your Lordship.

**Hamlet**

I am glad to see you well:  
*Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.

**Horatio**

The same my Lord,  
And your poor Servant ever.

**Hamlet**

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

**Marcellus**

My good Lord.

**Hamlet**

I am very glad to see you: good even Sir.  
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

**Horatio**

A truant disposition, good my Lord.

**Hamlet**

I would not have your Enemy say so;  
I know you are no Truant:  
But what is your affaire in *Elsinor*?  
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

**Horatio**

My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funeral.

**Hamlet**

I pray thee do not mock me (fellow Student)  
I think it was to see my Mothers Wedding.

**Horatio**

Indeed my Lord, it followed hard upon.

**Hamlet**

Thrift thrift *Horatio*: the Funeral Baked-meats

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;  
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,  
Ere I had ever seen that day *Horatio*.  
My father, me thinks I see my father.

**Horatio**

Oh where my Lord?

**Hamlet**

In my minds eye, Horatio.

**Horatio**

I saw him once; he was a goodly King

**Hamlet**

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

**Horatio**

My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

**Hamlet**

Saw? Who?

**Horatio**

My Lord, the King your Father.

**Hamlet**

The King my Father?

**Horatio**

Season your admiration for a while  
With an attent ear; till I may deliver  
Upon the witness of these Gentlemen,  
This marvel to you.

**Hamlet**

For Heavens love let me hear.

**Horatio**

Two nights together, had these Gentlemen  
Marcellus and Barnardo, on their Watch  
In the dead vast and middle of the night  
Been thus encountered. A figure like your Father,  
Appears before them, and with solemn march  
Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,

By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,  
Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd  
Almost to jelly with the Act of fear,  
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me  
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,  
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,  
Whereas they had deliver'd both in time,  
Form of the thing; each word made true and good,  
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:  
These hands are not more like.

**Hamlet**

But where was this?

**Marcellus**

My Lord upon the platform where we watcht.

**Hamlet**

Did you not speak to it?

**Horatio**

My Lord, I did;  
But answer made it none: yet once me thought  
It lifted up it head, and did addresse  
It selfe to motion, like as it would speak:  
But even then, the Morning Cock crew lowd;  
And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,  
And vanisht from our sight.

**Hamlet**

Tis very strange.

**Horatio**

As I doe live my honourd Lord 'tis true;

**Hamlet**

Hold you the watch to Night?

**Marcellus and Bernardo.**

We doe my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Arm'd, say you?

**Marcellus and Bernardo.**

Arm'd, my Lord.

**Hamlet**

From top to toe?

*Marcellus and Bernardo.*

My Lord, from head to foote.

**Hamlet**

Then saw you not his face?

**Horatio**

O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.

**Hamlet**

What, lookt he frowningly?

**Horatio**

A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

**Hamlet**

Pale, or red?

**Horatio**

Nay very pale.

**Hamlet**

And fixt his eyes vpon you?

**Horatio**

Most constantly.

**Hamlet**

I would I had beene there.

**Horatio**

It would haue much amaz'd you.

**Hamlet**

Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake againe.

**Horatio**

I warrant you it will.

**Hamlet**

If it assume my noble Fathers person,  
Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you haue hitherto conceald this sight;  
Let it bee treble in your silence still:  
so fare ye well:  
Upon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,  
Ile visit you.

*All*  
Our duty to your Honour. [ *Exeunt.* ]

455:  
**Hamlet**  
Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.  
My Fathers Spirit in Arms? All is not well:  
I doubt some foul play: would the Night were come;  
Till then sit still my soul; foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'rewhelm them to men's eyes. [ *Exit.* ]

### **Act I, Scene iii**

[ *Enter Laertes and Ophelia.* ]

**Laertes**  
My necessaries are imbark't; Farewell:  
And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,  
And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,  
But let me heare from you.

**Ophelia**  
Do you doubt that?

**Laertes**  
For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,  
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloude;  
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;  
Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting  
The suppliance of a minute? No more.

**Ophelia**  
No more but so.

**Laertes**  
Thinke it no more. Perhaps he loues you now,  
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch  
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare

His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;  
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:  
Hee may not, as vnuallued persons doe,  
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends  
The sanctity and health of the whole State.  
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd  
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,  
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,  
It fits your wisdom so farre to beleue it;  
As he in his peculiar Sect and force  
May giue his saying deed: which is no further,  
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.  
Then weight what losse your Honour may sustaine,  
If with too credent eare you list his Songs;  
Or lose your Heart; or your chast Treasure open  
To his vnmastr'd importunity.  
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,  
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;  
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.  
The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,  
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone.  
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;  
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

**Ophelia**

I shall th' effect of this good Lesson keepe,  
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother  
Do not as some vngracious Pastors doe,  
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;  
Whilst like a puft and recklesse Libertine  
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And reaks not his owne reade.

**Laertes**

Oh, feare me not.

**[ Enter Polonius.]**

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:

**Polonius**

Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboard for shame,  
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,  
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;  
And these few Precepts in thy memory,  
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any vnproportion'd thoughts his Act:  
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,  
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:  
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment  
Of each vnatch't, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in  
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.  
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:  
Take each mans censure; but reserue thy iudgement:  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy;  
But not exprest in fancie; rich, not gawdie:  
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.  
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;  
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:  
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.  
This aboue all; to thine owne selfe 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 doe I take my leaue, my Lord.

**Polonius**

The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend.

**Laertes**

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

**Ophelia**

Tis in my memory lockt,  
And you your selfe shall keepe 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  
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe  
Haue of your audience beene 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 vnderstand your selfe so cleerely,  
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.  
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

**Ophelia**

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

**Polonius**

Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,  
Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.  
Doe you beleue his tenders, as you call them?

**Ophelia**

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

**Polonius**

Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,  
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,  
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;  
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,  
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.

**Ophelia**

My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,  
In honourable fashion.

**Polonius**

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

**Ophelia**

And hath giuen countenance to his speech,  
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.

**Polonius**

Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I do know  
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule  
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,  
You must not take for fire. For Lord *Hamlet*,

Beleeue so much in him, that he is young,  
And with a larger tether may he walke,  
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,  
Doe not beleeue his vowes. This is for all:  
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,  
Haue you so slander any moment leisure,  
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:  
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.

**Ophelia**

I shall obey my Lord.

[ **Exeunt.**]

**Act I, Scene iv**

[**Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus, Bernardo.**]

**Hamlet**

The Ayre bites shrewdly: it is very cold.

**Horatio**

It is a nipping and an eager ayre.

**Hamlet**

What hower now?

**Horatio**

I thinke it lacks of twelue.

**Marcellus**

No, it is strooke.

**Horatio**

Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the season,  
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.  
What does this meane my Lord?

**Hamlet**

The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouse,  
Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,  
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe,  
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his Pledge.

**Horatio**

Is it a custome?

**Hamlet**

I marry ist;  
And to my mind, though I am natiue heere,  
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome  
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

[ **Enter Ghost.**]

**Horatio**

Looke my Lord, it comes.

**Hamlet**

Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:  
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,  
Be thy euent wicked or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape  
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,  
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,  
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell  
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,  
Haue burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher  
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,  
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,  
To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?

[ **Ghost beckens Hamlet.**]

**Horatio**

It beckons you to goe away with it,

**Marcellus**

Looke with what courteous action  
It wafts you to a more remoued ground:

**Bernardo**

But doe not goe with it.

**Horatio**

No, by no meanes.

**Hamlet**

It will not speake: then will I follow it.

**Horatio**

Do not my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Why, what should be the feare?  
I doe not set my life at a pins fee;  
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?  
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:  
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.

**Horatio**

What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?  
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,  
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,  
And there assumes some other horrible forme,  
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reason,  
And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?

**Hamlet**

It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.

**Marcellus**

You shall not goe my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Hold off your hand.

**Horatio**

Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

**Hamlet**

My fate cries out, Vnhand me Gentlemen:  
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:  
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.

**[ Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.]**

**Horatio**

He waxes desperate with imagination.

**Marcellus**

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

**Horatio**

Haue after, to what issue will this come?

**Marcellus**

Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.

**Horatio**

Heauen will direct it.

**Bernardo**

Nay, let's follow him. [ **Exeunt.**]

## **Act I, Scene v**

[ **Enter Ghost and Hamlet.**]

**Hamlet**

Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no further.

**Ghost**

Marke me.

**Hamlet**

I will.

**Ghost**

My hower is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames  
Must render vp my selfe.

**Hamlet**

Alas poore Ghost.

**Ghost**

Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall vnfold.

**Hamlet**

Speake, I am bound to heare.

**Ghost**

So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.

**Hamlet**

What?

**Ghost**

I am thy Fathers Spirit,

Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;  
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,  
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes 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 vnfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,  
Thy knotty and combined lockes to part,  
And each particular haire to stand an end,  
But this eternall blason must not be  
To eares of flesh and blood; list *Hamlet*, oh list,  
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.

**Hamlet**

Oh Heauen!

**Ghost**

Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.

**Hamlet**

Murther?

**Ghost**

Murther most foule, as in the best it is;  
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.

**Hamlet**

Hast, hast me to know it,  
That with wings as swift  
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,  
May sweepe to my Reuenge.

**Ghost**

I finde thee apt,  
Now *Hamlet* heare:  
It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,  
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke,  
Is by a forged processe of my death  
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,  
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,  
Now weares his Crowne.

**Hamlet**

O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?

**Ghost**

Ay that incestuous, that adulterate Beast  
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous gifts.  
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power  
So to seduce? Won to this shamefull Lust  
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:  
But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;  
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,  
My custome alwayes in the afternoone;  
Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole  
With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,  
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure  
The leaperous Distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,  
That swift as Quick-siluer, it courses through  
The naturall Gates and Allies of the body;  
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset  
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,  
The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine;  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,  
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;  
Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,  
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head;  
Oh horrible Oh horrible, most horrible:  
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;  
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be  
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.  
But howsoeuer thou pursuest this Act,  
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue  
Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,  
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,  
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;  
Aduie, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. [ *Exit.* ]

**Hamlet**

Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?  
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;  
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;  
But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?  
Ay, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate  
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?  
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,  
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,  
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past,

That youth and obseruation coppied there;  
And thy Commandment all alone shall liue  
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,  
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes yes, by Heauen:  
Oh most pernicious woman!  
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!  
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;  
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word;  
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue sworn't.

**Horatio, Macellus, Bernardo. within.**

My Lord, my Lord.

[ **Enter Horatio, Marcellus, Bernardo.** ]

**Marcellus**

Lord *Hamlet*.

**Horatio**

Heauen secure him.

**Marcellus**

How ist my Noble Lord?

**Horatio**

What newes, my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Oh wonderfull!

**Horatio**

Good my Lord tell it.

**Hamlet**

No you'l reueale it.

**Horatio**

Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.

**Marcellus**

Nor I, my Lord.

**Hamlet**

How say you then, would heart of man once think it?  
But you'l be secret?

**Horatio, Marcellus, Bernardo.**

Ay, by Heau'n, my Lord.

**Hamlet**

There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke  
But hee's an arrant knaue.

**Horatio**

There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the  
Graue, to tell vs this.

**Hamlet**

Why right, you are i'th' right;  
And so, without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:  
You, as your busines and desires shall point you:  
For euery man ha's businesse and desire,  
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,  
Looke you, Ile goe pray.

**Horatio**

These are but wild and whirling words, my Lord.

**Hamlet**

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

**Horatio**

There's no offence my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is my Lord,  
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:  
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:  
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,  
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends,  
Giue me one poore request.

**Horatio**

What is't my Lord? we will.

**Hamlet**

Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.

**Horatio, Marcellus, Bernardo.**

My Lord, we will not.

**Hamlet**

Nay, but swear't.

**Horatio**

Infaith my Lord, not I.

**Macellus & Bernardo**

Nor I my Lord: in faith.

**Hamlet**

Vpon my sword.

**Bernardo.**

We haue sworne my Lord already.

**Hamlet**

Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.

**Ghost**

Sweare. [ **Ghost cries vnder the Stage.**]

**Hamlet**

Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-penny?  
Come one you here this fellow in the cellerage  
Consent to swear.

**Horatio**

Propose the Oath my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Never to speake of this that you have seene.  
Sweare by my sword.

**Ghost**

Sweare.

**Hamlet**

Come hither Gentlemen,  
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,  
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:  
Sweare by my Sword.

**Ghost**

Sweare.

**Horatio**

Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange.

**Hamlet**

And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.  
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,  
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,  
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,  
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;  
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet  
To put an Anticke disposition on:  
That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall  
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;  
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;  
Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,  
That you know ought of me; this not to do:  
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:  
Swear.

**Ghost**

Swear.

**Hamlet**

Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,  
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;  
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,  
May do t' expresse his loue and friending to you,  
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,  
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,  
The time is out of ioynt: Oh cursed spight,  
That euer I was borne to set it right.  
Nay, come let's goe together. [ **Exeunt.**]

**Act II, Scene i**

[ **Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.**]

**Polonius**

Giue him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo*.

**Reynoldo**

I will my Lord.

**Polonius**

You shall doe maruels wisely: good *Reynoldo*,  
Before you visite him you make inquiry

Of his behauour.

**Reynoldo**

My Lord, I did intend it.

**Polonius**

Marry, well said;  
Very well said. Looke you Sir,  
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;  
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:  
What company, at what expence: and finding  
By this encompassment and drift of question,  
That they doe know my sonne:  
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,  
And thus I know his father and his friends,  
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo*?

**Reynoldo**

Ay, very well my Lord.

**Polonius**

And there put on him  
What forgeries you please; marry, none so ranke,  
As may dishonour him; take heed of that:  
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,  
As are Companions noted and most knowne  
To youth and liberty.

**Reynoldo**

As gaming my Lord.

**Polonius**

I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,  
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.

**Reynoldo**

My Lord that would dishonour him.

**Polonius**

Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;  
You must not put another scandall on him,  
That hee is open to Incontinencie;  
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,  
That they may seeme the taints of liberty;  
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,

**Reynoldo**

But my good Lord.

**Polonius**

Wherefore should you doe this?

**Reynoldo**

I my Lord, I would know that.

**Polonius**

Marry Sir, heere's my drift:

You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working:

Marke you your party in conuerse; him you would sound,

Hauing euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,

The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd

He closes with you in this consequence:

Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.

According to the Phrase and the Addition,

Of man and Country.

**Reynoldo**

Very good my Lord.

**Polonius**

And then Sir does he this?

He does: what was I about to say?

I was about say somthing: where did I leaue?

**Reynoldo**

At closes in the consequence:

At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

**Polonius**

At closes in the consequence, Ay marry,

He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,

I saw him yesterday, or tother day;

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

There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,

There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,

I saw him enter such a house of saile;

*Videlicet*, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;

Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth;

And thus doe we of wisdom and of reach;

By indirections finde directions out:

So by my former Lecture and aduice

Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

**Reynoldo**

My Lord I haue.

**Polonius**

God buy you; fare you well.

[ Enter **Ophelia**.]

**Polonius**

How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

**Ophelia**

Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.

**Polonius**

With what, in the name of Heauen?

**Ophelia**

My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,  
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,  
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,  
And with a looke so pitious in purport,  
As if he had been loosed out of hell,  
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.

**Polonius**

Mad for thy Loue?

**Ophelia**

My Lord, I do not know: but truly I do feare it.

**Polonius**

What said he?

**Ophelia**

He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;  
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,  
He fals to such perusall of my face,  
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,  
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:  
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;  
He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,

That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,  
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,  
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,  
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,  
For out a dores he went without their helpe;  
And to the last, bended their light on me.

**Polonius**

Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,  
This is the very extasie of Loue,  
Whose violent property foredoes it selfe,  
And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,  
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

**Ophelia**

No my good Lord: but as you did command,  
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de  
His access to me.

**Polonius**

That hath made him mad.  
I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement  
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,  
And meant to wracke thee: Come, go we to the King,  
This must be knowne, being kept close might moue  
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. [ **Exeunt.**]

**Act II, Scene ii**

[ **Enter King, Queene, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern**]

**King**

Welcome deere Rosencrantz and Guildensterne.  
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,  
The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke  
Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard  
Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,  
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man  
Resembles that it was. What it should bee  
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him  
So much from th' vnderstanding of himselfe,  
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,  
That you vouchsafe your rest heere in our Court  
Some little time: so by your Companies

To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather  
So much as from Occasions you may gleane,  
That open'd lies within our remedie.

**Queen**

Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,  
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing,  
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
To shew vs so much Gentry, and good will,  
As to expend your time with vs a-while,  
For the supply and profit of our Hope,  
Your Visitation shall receiue such thanks  
As fits a Kings remembrance.

**Rosencrantz**

Both your Maiesties  
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,  
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command  
Then to Entreatie.

**Guildenstern**

We both obey,  
And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,  
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,  
To be commanded.

**King**

Thanks Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildensterne.

**Queen**

Thanks Guildensterne and gentle Rosencrantz.  
And I beseech you instantly to visit  
My too much changed Sonne.  
Go some of ye,  
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

**Guildenstern.**

Heauens make our presence and our practises  
Pleasant and helpfull to him. [ *Exit.* ]

**Queen**

Amen.

[ **Enter Polonius.** ]

:

**Polonius**

Th' Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,  
Are ioyfully return'd.

**King**

Thou still hast bin the father of good Newes.

**Polonius**

Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,  
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,  
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:  
And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine  
Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure  
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found  
The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

**King**

Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.

**Polonius**

Giue first admittance to th' Ambassadors,  
My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.

**King**

Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.  
He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found  
The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.

**Queen**

I doubt it is no other, but the maine,  
His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.

[ Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.]

**King**

Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Frends:  
Say Voltumand, what from our Brother Norway?

**Voltemand**

Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.  
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppressse  
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:  
But better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,  
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence  
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests

On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,  
Receiues rebuke from Norway: and in fine,  
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more  
To giue th' assay of Armes against your Maiestie.  
Whereon old Norway, ouercome with ioy,  
Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,  
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers  
So leuiued as before, against the Poleak:  
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,  
That it might please you to giue quiet passe  
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,  
On such regards of safety and allowance,  
As therein are set downe.

**King**

It likes vs well:  
Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.  
Most welcome home.

**[ Exit Ambass.]**

**Polonius**

This businesse is very well ended.  
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate  
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,  
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time.  
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,  
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,  
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:  
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,  
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.  
But let that go.

**Queen**

More matter, with less Art.

**Polonius**

Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:  
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,  
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,  
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.  
Mad let vs grant him then: and now remains  
That we finde out the cause of this effect,  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;  
For this effect defectiue, comes by cause,

Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,  
I haue a daughter: haue, whil'st she is mine,  
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,  
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.  
“To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautifed O-phelia.“  
That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautifed is a vile  
Phrase.

**Queen**

Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

**Polonius**

Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.  
“ Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,  
Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:  
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,  
But neuer Doubt, I loue.  
O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to  
reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be-leeue  
it. Adieu.  
Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this  
Machine is to him, Hamlet.”  
This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:  
And more about hath his soliciting,  
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,  
All giuen to mine eare.

**King**

But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?

**Polonius**

What do you thinke of me?

**King**

As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

**Polonius**

I wold faine proue so. But what might you think?  
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,  
As I perceiued it, I must tell you that  
Before my Daughter told me what might you  
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, think,  
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,  
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,  
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,  
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,

And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake  
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,  
This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,  
That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,  
Admit no Messengers, receiue no Tokens:  
Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,  
And he repulsed. A short Tale to make,  
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,  
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,  
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension  
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues,  
And all we waile for.

**King**

Do you thinke 'tis this?

**Queen**

It may be very likely.

**Polonius**

Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,  
That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,  
When it prou'd otherwise?

**King**

Not that I know.

**Polonius**

Take this from this; if this be otherwise,

**King**

How may we try it further?

**Polonius**

You know sometimes  
He walkes foure houres together, heere  
In the Lobby.

**Queen**

So he has indeed.

**Polonius**

At such a time I'll loose my Daughter to him,  
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,  
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,

**King**

We will try it.

[ **Enter Hamlet readin.**]

**Queen**

But looke where sadly the poore wretch  
Comes reading.

**Polonius**

Away I do beseech you, both away,  
Ile boord him presently.

[ **Exit King & Queen**]

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 dogge, being a good kissing Carrion. Haue you a daughter?

**Polonius**

I haue my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Let her not walke i'th Sunne: Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't.

**Polonius**

How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh-ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-ger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue: very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Words, words, words.

**Polonius**

What is the matter, my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Betweene who?

**Polonius**

I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Slanders Sir:

**Polonius**

Though this be madnesse,  
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke  
Out of the ayre my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Into my Graue?

**Polonius**

Indeed that is out o'th' Ayre:  
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?  
A happinesse,  
That often Madnesse hits on,  
Which Reason and Sanitie could not  
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.  
I will leaue him,  
And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting  
Betweene him, and my daughter.

My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly  
Take my leaue of you.

**Hamlet**

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

**Polonius**

Fare you well my Lord.

**Hamlet**

These tedious old fooles.

[ Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

**Polonius**

You go to seek my Lord *Hamlet*; there he is.

**Rosencrantz**

God save you Sir.

**Guildenstern**

Mine honour'd Lord?

**Rosencrantz**

My most deare Lord?

**Hamlet**

My excellent good friends? How do'st thou Guildensterne? Oh, Rosencrantze; good Lads:  
How doe ye both?

**Rosencrantz**

As the indifferent Children of the earth.

**Guildenstern**

Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on For-tunes  
Cap, we are not the very Button.

**Hamlet**

Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

**Rosencrantz**

Neither my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Then you lieue about her waste, or in the mid-dle of her fauour?

**Guildestern**

Faith, her priuates, we.

**Hamlet**

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

**Rosencrantz**

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

**Hamlet**

Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

**Guildestern**

Prison, my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Denmark's a Prison.

**Rosencrantz**

Then is the World one.

**Hamlet**

A goodly one, in which there are many Con-fines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worst.

**Rosencrantz**

We thinke 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 minde.

**Hamlet**

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

**Guildestern**

Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meereley the shadow of a Dreame.

**Hamlet**

A dreame it selfe is but a shadow.

**Rosencrantz**

Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

**Hamlet**

Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Mo-narchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot rea-son?

**Both**

Wee'l wait vpon you.

**Hamlet**

No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendship, What make you at *Elsonower*?

**Rosencrantz**

To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.

**Hamlet**

Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thanks; but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not sent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deale iustly with me: come, come; nay speake.

**Guildestern**

What should we say my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes; which your modesties haue not craft enough to co-lor, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you.

**Rosencrantz**

To what end my Lord?

**Hamlet**

That you must teach me: be euen and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

**Rosencrantz**

What say you?

**Hamlet**

Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

**Guildenstern**

My Lord, we were sent for.

**Hamlet**

I will tell you why;: I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of ex-ercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my dispositi-on; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a ster-rill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an An-gel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your smiling you seeme to say so.

**Rosencrantz**

My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.

**Hamlet**

Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?

**Rosencrantz**

To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

**Hamlet**

What Players are they?

**Rosencrantz**

Even those you were wont to take delight inthe Tragedians of the City.

**Hamlet**

How chances it they trauaile?

**Rosencrantz**

There is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarce come thither.

**Hamlet**

What are they Children? Who maintains 'em?

**[ Flourish for the Players.]**

**Guildenstern**

There are the Players.

**Hamlet**

Gentlemen, you are welcom to Elsinor: your hands, come. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

**Guildenstern**

In what my deere Lord?

**Hamlet**

I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

**[ Enter Polonius.]**

**Polonius**

Well be with you Gentlemen.

**Hamlet**

Hearke you Guildenstern, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

**Rosencrantz**

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

**Hamlet**

I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players.

**Polonius**

My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

**Hamlet**

My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you. When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome-

**Polonius**

The Actors are come hither my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Buzze, buzze.

**Polonius**

Vpon mine Honor.

**Hamlet**

Then can each Actor on his Asse-

**Polonius**

The best Actors in the world, either for Trage-die, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuidible: or Po-em vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

**Hamlet**

O Jephtha Judge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st: thou?

**Polonius**

What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Why one faire Daughter, and no more,  
The which he loued passing well.

**Polonius**

Still on my Daughter.

**Hamlet**

Am I not i'th' right old Jephtha?

**Polonius**

If you call me Jephtha my Lord, I haue a daugh-ter that I loue passing well.

**Hamlet**

Nay that followes not.

**Polonius**

What followes then, my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was...

**[ Enter Players.]**

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. Oh my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mi-stris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast of your qua-lity: come, a passionate speech.

**Lead Player**

What speech, my Lord?

**Hamlet**

I heard thee speak me a speech once I chiefly lou'd, 'twas *Aeneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see:

The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th' *Hyrceanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus*  
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes  
Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble  
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,  
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd  
With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote  
Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd  
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,  
With eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*  
Olde Grandsire *Priam* seekes.

**Polonius**

Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good ac-cent, and good discretion.

**Lead Player**

Anon he findes him,  
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,  
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles  
Repugnant to command: vnequall match,  
*Pyrrhus* at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide:  
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,  
Th' vnnerued Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,  
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top  
Stoopest to his Bace, and with a hideous crash  
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. Anon the dreadfull Thunder  
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,  
A rowsed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,  
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall  
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,  
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword  
Now falles on *Priam*.

**Polonius**

This is too long.

**Hamlet**

Prithee say on: He's for a Jig, or a tale of Baudry, or hee sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

**Lead Player**

But who, O who, had seen the inobled **Queen**

**Polonius**

That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

**Lead Player**

Run bare-foot vp and downe,  
Threatning the flame  
With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head,  
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe  
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,  
A blanket in th' Alarum of feare caught vp.  
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,  
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?  
But if the Gods themselues did see her then,  
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport  
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,  
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made  
(Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all)  
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,  
And passion in the Gods.

**Polonius**

Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

**Hamlet**

'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest, soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-stow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you liued.

**Polonius**

My Lord, I will vse them according to their dessert.

**Hamlet**

Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euerie man after his dessert, and who should scape whipping: vse them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

**Polonius**

Come sirs.

[ **Exit Polonius** ]

**Hamlet**

Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to mor-row.  
Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

**Player**

Ay my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?

**Player**

Ay my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night you are welcome to Elsinor.

**Rosencrantz**

Good my Lord. [ **Exeunt.** ]

**Hamlet**

I so, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.  
Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slave am I?  
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,  
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,  
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,  
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;  
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,  
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting  
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?  
For *Hecuba*?  
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,  
That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,  
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion  
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,  
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:  
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,  
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake  
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,  
Vpon whose property, and most deere life,  
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?  
Oh Vengeance!  
What an Asse am I? Ay sure, this is most braue,

That I, the Sonne of the Dear father murdered,  
Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven, and Hell,  
Must (like a Whore) unpacke my heart with words,  
And fall a Cursing like a very Drab.  
A Scullion? Fye upon't: Foh. About my Brain.  
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,  
Haue by the very cunning of the Scoene,  
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently  
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.  
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will speake  
With most myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players,  
Play something like the murder of my Father,  
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes,  
Ile rent him to the quicke: If he but blench  
I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seene  
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power  
T' assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps  
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,  
As he is very potent with such Spirits,  
Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds  
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,  
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King.

**[Exit]**

### **Act III, Scene i**

**[ Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Ro-sincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords]**

**King**

And can you by no drift of circumstance  
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:  
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

**Rosencrantz**

He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,  
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

**Guildenstern**

Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,  
But with a crafty Madnesse keepe aloofe:  
When we would bring him on to some Confession

Of his true state.

**Queen**

Did he receive you well?

**Rosencrantz**

Most like a Gentleman.

**Guildenstern**

But with much forcing of his disposition.

**Rosencrantz**

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

**Queen**

Did you assay him to any pastime?

**Rosencrantz**

Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players  
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,  
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy  
To heare of it: They are about the Court,  
And (as I thinke) they have already order  
This night to play before him.

**Polonius**

'Tis most true:  
And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties  
To heare, and see the matter.

**King**

With all my heart, and it doth much content me  
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,  
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on  
To these delights.

**Rosencrantz**

We shall my Lord.

[ Exeunt.]

**King**

Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,  
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,  
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there  
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)

Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene  
We may of their encounter frankely iudge,  
And gather by him, as he is behaued,  
If't be th' affliction of his loue, 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 *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues  
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,  
To both your Honors.

**Ophelia**

Madam, I wish it may.

**Polonius**

*Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye  
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,  
That shew of such an exercise may colour  
Your lonelinesse.

**Polonius**

I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.

[ **Exeunt.**]

[ **Enter Hamlet.**]

**Hamlet**

To be, or not to be, that is the Question:  
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer  
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,  
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe  
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end  
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes  
That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation  
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,  
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; Ay, there's the rub,  
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,  
When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,  
Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect  
That makes Calamity of so long life:  
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,

The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,  
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,  
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes  
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,  
When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make  
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare  
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The vndiscover'd Countrey, from whose Borne  
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,  
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,  
Then flye to others that we know not of.  
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,  
And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution  
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,  
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
With this regard their Currants turne away,  
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,  
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons  
Be all my sinnes remembered.

**Ophelia**

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

**Hamlet**

I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

**Ophelia**

My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,  
That I haue longed long to re-deliver.  
I pray you now, receiue them.

**Hamlet**

No, no, I neuer gaue 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 againe, for to the Noble minde  
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.  
There my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Ha, ha: Are you honest?

**Ophelia**  
My Lord.

**Hamlet**  
Are you faire?

**Ophelia**  
What meanes your Lordship?

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

**Ophelia**  
Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Commerce then your Honestie?

**Hamlet**  
I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner transforme Honestie from what is, to a Bawd, then the force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.  
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it prooffe. I did loue you once.

**Ophelia**  
Indeed my Lord, you made me beleue so.

**Hamlet**  
You should not haue beleued me. For vertue cannot so innoculate our old stocke, but we shall relish of it. I loued you not.

**Ophelia**  
I was the more deceiued.

**Hamlet**  
Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were bet-ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, re-uengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery.  
Where's your Father?

**Ophelia**  
At home, my Lord.

**Hamlet**  
Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house.  
Farewell.

**Ophelia**

O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

**Hamlet**

If thou doest Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. 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 heauenly Powers, restore him.

**Hamlet**

I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe an-other: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ig-norance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go.

**[ Exit Hamlet.]**

**Ophelia**

O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne?  
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,  
Th' expectansie and Rose of the faire State,  
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,  
Th' obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.  
Haue I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,  
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:  
Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,  
Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh,  
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,  
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me,  
T'haue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.

**[ Enter King, and Polonius.]**

**King**

Loue? His affections do not that way tend,  
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,  
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?  
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,  
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose  
Will be some danger, which to preuent  
I haue in quicke determination  
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England

For the demand of our neglected Tribute:  
Haply the Seas and Countries different  
With variable Obiects, shall expell  
This something settled matter in his heart:  
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus  
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

**Polonius**

It shall do well. But yet do I beleeeue  
The Origin and Commencement of this Greefe  
Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia*?  
You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,  
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,  
But if you hold it fit after the Play,  
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him  
To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him,  
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare  
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,  
To England send him: Or confine him where  
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

**King**

It shall be so:  
Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

[ **Exeunt.**]

**Act III, Scene ii**

[ **Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.**]

**Hamlet**

Speak the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Tor-rent, Tempest, and (as I say) the Whirle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse.

**Player**

I warrant your Honor.

**Hamlet**

Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Suit the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall observance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so over-done, is from the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour up to Nature; to

show Virtue her own Feature, Scorn her owne Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time, his form and pressure. Go make you ready.

[ **Exit Players.**]

**Hamlet**

What hoa, Horatio?

[ **Enter Horatio.**]

**Horatio**

Here sweet Lord, at your Service.

**Hamlet**

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As ere my Conversation cope'd withall.

**Horatio**

O my deere Lord.

**Hamlet**

Nay, do not think I flatter: For thou hast been  
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.  
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards  
Hath 'tane with equal Thanks. And blest are those,  
Whose Blood and Judgement are so well co-mingled,  
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger.  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man,  
That is not Passions Slave, and I will weare him  
In my hearts Core. Ay, in my Heart of heart,  
As I do thee. Something too much of this.  
There is a Play to night to before the King  
One Scoene of it comes neere the Circumstance  
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.  
I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,  
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule  
Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,  
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,  
It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene:  
And my Imaginations are as foule  
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,  
For I mine eyes will riuert to his Face:  
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,  
To censure of his seeming.

**Horatio**

Well my Lord.  
If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,  
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

[ Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildensterne, and etc.]

**Hamlet**

They are comming to the Play: I must be idle.  
Get you a place.

**King**

How fares our Cosin *Hamlet*?

**Hamlet**

Excellent I'faith, of the Camelions dish: I eate the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot  
feed Capons so.

**King**

I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these words are not mine.

**Hamlet**

No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th' Vniuersity, you say?

**Polonius**

That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good  
Actor.

**Hamlet**

And what did you enact?

**Polonius**

I did enact *Iulius Caesar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol:  
*Brutus* kill'd me.

**Hamlet**

It was a bruite part of him, to kill so Capitall a  
Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

**Rosencrantz**

Ay my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

**Queen**

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

**Hamlet**

No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.

**Polonius**

Oh ho, do you marke that?

**Hamlet**

Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

**Ophelia**

No my Lord.

**Hamlet**

I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

**Ophelia**

I my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

**Ophelia**

I thinke nothing, my Lord.

**Hamlet**

That's a faire thought to ly betweene Maids legs

**Ophelia**

What is my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Nothing.

**Ophelia**

You are merrie, my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Who I?

**Ophelia**

I my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheereful-ly my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

**Ophelia**

Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

**Hamlet**

So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens!  
dye two mo-neths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie,  
may out-lieue his life halfe a yeare:

[ Enter Player]

**Player**

For vs, and for our Tragedie,  
Heere stooping to your Clemencie:  
We begge your hearing Patientlie.

**Hamlet**

Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?

**Ophelia**

'Tis briefe my Lord.

**Hamlet**

As Womans loue.

[ Enter Player King and his Queene.]

**Player King**

Full thirtie times hath Phoebus Cart gon round,  
Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:  
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,  
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,  
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands  
Vnite comutuall, in most sacred Bands.

**Player Queen**

So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone  
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.

**Player King**

Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:  
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:  
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,  
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.  
For Husband shalt thou-

**Player Queen**

Oh confound the rest:  
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:

In second Husband, let me be accurst,  
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.  
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,  
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

**Player King**

I do beleue you. Think what now you speak:  
But what we do determine, oft we breake:  
Purpose is but the slaue to Memorie,  
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:  
Which now like Fruite vnripe stickes on the Tree,  
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.  
What to our selues in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,  
Their owne enactors with themselues destroy:  
Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;  
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident.  
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange  
That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.  
For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,  
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.  
But orderly to end, where I begun,  
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,  
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.  
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.  
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

**Player Queen**

Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,  
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wise.

**Player King**

'Tis deeply sworne:  
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,  
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleepe.

**Player Queen**

Sleepe rocke thy Braine,  
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. [*Exit*]

**Hamlet**

Madam, how like you this Play?

**Queen**

The Lady doth protest too much me thinkes.

**Hamlet**

Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

**King**

Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Of-fence in't?

**Hamlet**

No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Of-fence i'th' world.

**King**

What do you call the Play?

**Hamlet**

The Mouse-trap:

This Play is the Image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the Dukes name, his wife Baptista: you shall see anon: 'tis a knavish piece of work: But what o'that?

[ **Enter Lucianus.**]

This is one Lucianus nephew to the King.

**Ophelia**

You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

**Hamlet**

I could interpret betweene you and your loue: if I could see the Puppets dallying.

**Ophelia**

You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

**Hamlet**

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

**Ophelia**

Still better and worse.

**Hamlet**

So you mistake Husbands.

Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Rauens doth bellow for Re-ueenge.

**Lucianus**

Thoughts blacke, hands apt,

Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:

Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:

Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,  
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,  
On wholsome life, vsurpe immediatly.  
**[ Pours the poison in his ear.]**

**Hamlet**

He poysons him i'th' Garden for's estate: You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.

**Ophelia**

The King rises.

**Hamlet**

What, frighted with false fire.

**Queen**

How fares my Lord?

**Polonius**

Giue o're the Play.

**King**

Giue me some Light. Away.

**All**

Lights, Lights, Lights. **[ Exeunt]**

**Hamlet**

Oh good Horatio, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?

**Horatio**

Verie well my Lord.

**Hamlet**

Vpon the talke of the poysoning?

**Horatio**

I did verie well note him.

**[ Enter Rosencrantz and Guildensterne.]**

**Hamlet**

Oh, ha? Come some Music.

**Guildenstern**

Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

**Hamlet**

Sir, a whole History.

**Guildenstern**

The King, sir.

**Hamlet**

I sir, what of him?

**Guildenstern**

Is in his retyrement, maruellous distemper'd.

**Hamlet**

With drinke Sir?

**Guildenstern**

No my Lord, rather with choller.

**Hamlet**

Your wisdome should shew it selfe more ri-cher, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

**Guildenstern**

Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre.

**Hamlet**

I am tame Sir, pronounce.

**Guildenstern**

The Queene your Mother, in most great affli-ction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

**Hamlet**

You are welcome.

**Guildenstern**

Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol-some answer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of my Businesse.

**Hamlet**

Sir, I cannot.

**Guildenstern**

What, my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Make you a wholsome answer: my wits dis-eas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal com-mand: or rather you say, my Mother: therfore no more but to the matter. My Mother you say.

**Rosencrantz**

Then thus she sayes: your behaior hath stroke her into amazement, and admiration.

**Hamlet**

Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mo-thers admiration?

**Rosencrantz**

She desires to speake with you in her Closset, ere you go to bed.

**Hamlet**

We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother.  
Haue you any further Trade with vs?

**Rosencrantz**

My Lord, you once did loue me.

**Hamlet**

So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.

**Rosencrantz**

Good my Lord, what is your cause of distem-per?  
You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liber-tye, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

**Hamlet**

Sir I lacke Aduancement.

**Rosencrantz**

How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?

**Hamlet**

Ay, but while the grasse growes, the Prouerbe is something musty.

[ *Enter one with a Recorder.* ]

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

**Guildenstern**

O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmanly.

**Hamlet**

I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe?

**Guildenstern**

My Lord, I cannot.

**Hamlet**

I pray you.

**Guildenstern**

Beleeue me, I cannot.

**Hamlet**

I do beseech you.

**Guildenstern**

I know no touch of it, my Lord.

**Hamlet**

'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes.

**Guildenstern**

But these cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony, I haue not the skill.

**Hamlet**

Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myserie; you would sound mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Mu-sicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you Sir.

[ *Enter Polonius.* ]

**Polonius**

My Lord; the Queene would speak with you, and presently.

**Hamlet**

Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape like a Camell.

**Polonius**

By'th' Masse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

**Hamlet**

Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

**Polonius**

It is back'd like a Weazell.

**Hamlet**

Or like a Whale?

**Polonius**

Verie like a Whale.

**Hamlet**

Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:

**Polonius**

I will say so.

**Hamlet**

By and by, is easily said. Leau me Friends:

**[exuent]**

'Tis now the verie witching time of night,  
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out  
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,  
And do such bitter businesse as the day  
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:  
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not euer  
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome:  
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,  
I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:  
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.  
How in my words someuer she be shent,  
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.  
**[Exit]**

### **Act III, Scene iii**

**[ Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.]**

**King**

I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs,  
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,  
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,  
And he to England shall along with you:  
Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;  
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

Which now goes too free-footed.

**Both**

We will haste us. [ **Exeunt Gent.**]

[ **Enter Polonius.**]

**Polonius**

My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:  
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe  
To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,  
And as you said, and wisely was it said,  
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,  
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare  
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,  
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

**King**

Thankes deere my Lord.  
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,  
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,  
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:  
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent,  
And like a man to double businesse bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand  
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,  
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens  
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serues 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 downe? Then Ile looke vp,  
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer  
Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:  
That cannot be, since I am still possest  
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.  
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:  
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th' offence?  
In the corrupted currants of this world,  
Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,  
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe  
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue,  
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes

In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd  
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?  
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?  
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?  
Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!  
Oh limed soule, that struggling to be free,  
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:  
Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,  
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,  
All may be well.

[ **Enter Hamlet.**]

**Hamlet**

Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,  
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,  
And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,  
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that  
I his foule Sonne, do this same Villaine send  
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.  
He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread,  
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,  
And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen:  
But in our circumstance and course of thought  
'Tis heaueie with him: and am I then reueng'd,  
To take him in the purging of his Soule,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.  
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent  
When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,  
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,  
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte  
That ha's no rellish of Saluation in't,  
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,  
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke  
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,  
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. [ **Exit.**]

**King**

My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,  
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. [ **Exit.**]

**Act III, Scene iv**

[ **Enter Queen and Polonius**]

**Polonius**

He will come straight:  
Looke you lay home to him,  
Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to beare with,  
And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stooode betweene  
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:  
Pray you be round with him.

**Hamlet** *within.*

Mother, mother, mother.

**Queen**

Ile warrant you, feare me not.  
Withdraw, I heare him coming.  
[ Enter Hamlet.]

**Hamlet**

Now Mother, what's the matter?

**Queen**

*Hamlet*, thou hast thy Father much offended.

**Hamlet**

Mother, you haue 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**

Whats the matter now?

**Queen**

Haue you forgot me?

**Hamlet**

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

**Queen**

Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

**Hamlet**

Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge:  
You go not till I set you vp a glasse,  
Where you may see the inmost part of you?

**Queen**

What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?  
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

**Polonius**

What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

**Hamlet**

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

**Polonius**

Oh I am slaine.

[ **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 marrie with his Brother.

**Queen**

As kill a King?

**Hamlet**

Ay Lady, 'twas my word.  
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,  
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,  
Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.  
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,  
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall  
If it be made of penetrable stuffe;

If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,  
That it is prooffe and bulwarke against Sense.

**Queen**

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

**Hamlet**

Such an Act  
That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,  
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose  
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,  
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes  
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,  
As from the body of Contraction pluckes  
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes  
A rapsodie of words. Heauens face doth glow,  
Yea this solidity and compound masse,  
With tristfull visage as against the doome,  
Is thought-sicke at the act.

**Queen**

Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thun-ders in the Index.

**Hamlet**

Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,  
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:  
See what a grace was seated on his Brow,  
*Hyperions* curls, the front of Ioue himselfe,  
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command  
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie  
New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:  
A Combination, and a forme indeed,  
Where euery God did seeme to set his Seale,  
To giue the world assurance of a man.  
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.  
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare  
Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?  
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,  
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?  
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement  
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,  
That thus hath cousend you at hoodman-blinde?  
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell,

If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,  
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe.  
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,  
When the compulsiue Ardure giues the charge,  
Since Frost it selfe, as actiuely doth burne,  
As Reason panders Will.

**Queen**

O *Hamlet*, speake no more.  
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,  
And there I see such blacke and grained spots,  
As will not leaue their Tinct.

**Hamlet**

Nay, but to liue  
In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,  
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue  
Ouer the nasty Sty.

**Queen**

Oh speake to me, no more,  
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.  
No more sweet *Hamlet*.

**Hamlet**

A Murderer, and a Villaine

**Queen**

No more.

[ **Enter Ghost.**]

**Hamlet**

A King of shreds and patches.  
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings  
You heauenly Guards. What would your gracious figure?

**Queen**

Alas he's mad.

**Hamlet**

Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,  
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by  
Th' important acting of your dread command? Oh say.

**Ghost.**

Do not forget: this Visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;  
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,  
Speake to her *Hamlet*.

**Hamlet**

How is it with you Lady?

**Queen**

Alas, how is't with you?  
That you bend your eye on vacancie,  
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.  
Oh gentle Sonne,  
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?

**Hamlet**

On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,  
His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,  
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,  
Least with this pitteous action you conuert  
My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,  
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.

**Queen**

To who do you speake this?

**Hamlet**

Do you see nothing there?

**Queen**

Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.

**Hamlet**

Nor did you nothing heare?

**Queen**

No, nothing but our selues.

**Hamlet**

Why look you there: looke how it steals away:  
My Father in his habite, as he liued,  
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. [ **Exit.**]

**Queen**

This is the very coynage of your Braine,

This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.

**Hamlet**

Extasie?

My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time,  
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse  
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test  
And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse  
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,  
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,  
That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes:  
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,  
Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,  
Infects vnseene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,  
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,  
And do not spred the Compost on the Weedes,  
To make them ranke.

**Queen**

Oh *Hamlet*,

Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.

**Hamlet**

O throw away the worser part of it,  
And liue the purer with the other halfe.  
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,  
Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,  
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse  
To the next abstinence. For this same Lord,  
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it so,  
To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gaue him: so againe, good night.  
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;  
Thus bad begins and worse remaines behinde.

**Queen**

What shall I do?

**Hamlet**

Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:  
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,  
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,  
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,  
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,

Make you to rauell all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madnesse,  
But made in craft.

**Queen**

Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,  
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath  
What thou hast saide to me.

**Hamlet**

I must to England, you know that?

**Queen**

Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

**Hamlet**

This man shall set me packing:  
Ile luge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,  
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor  
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,  
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.  
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.  
Good night Mother.

[ **Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.**]

**Act IV, Scene i**

[ **Enter King**]

**King**

There's matters in these sighes.  
These profound heaues  
You must translate; Tis fit we vnderstand them.  
Where is your Sonne?

**Queen**

Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?

**King**

What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

**Queen**

Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend  
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit

Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,  
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,  
And in his brainish apprehension killes  
The vnseene good old man.

**King**

Oh heauy deed:  
It had bin so with vs had we beene there:  
His Liberty is full of threats to all,  
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.  
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?  
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence  
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,  
This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,  
We would not vnderstand what was most fit,  
But like the Owner of a foule disease,  
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede  
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

**Queen**

To draw apart the body he hath kild,  
O're whom his very madnesse like some Ore  
Among a Mineral of Mettals base  
Shows itselfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

**King**

Oh Gertrude, come away:  
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,  
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed,  
We must with all our Maiesty and Skill  
Both countenance, and excuse.

**[ Enter Ros. & Guildenstern]**

Ho Guildenstern:  
Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:  
Hamlet in madnesse hath Polonius slaine,  
And from his Mothers Closet hath he drag'd him.  
Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body  
Into the Chappell. I pray you haste in this. [*Exit Gent.*]  
Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wisest friends,  
To let them know both what we meane to do,  
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,  
My soule is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*]

**Act IV, Scene ii**

**[ Enter Hamlet.]**

**Hamlet**  
Safely stowed.

**Rosencrantz & Guildenstern within**  
Hamlet, Lord Hamlet.

**Hamlet**  
Oh heere they come.

**[ Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.]**

**Rosencrantz**  
What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

**Hamlet**  
Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

**Rosencrantz**  
Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,  
And beare it to the Chappell.

**Hamlet**  
Do not beleeeue it.

**Rosencrantz**  
Beleeue what?

**Hamlet**  
That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne. Besides, to be demanded of a  
Sponge...

**Rosencrantz**  
Take you me for a Sponge, my Lord?

**Hamlet**  
I sir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities

**Rosencrantz**  
I vnderstand you not my Lord.

**Hamlet**  
I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

**Rosencrantz**

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

**Hamlet**

The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing-

**Guildenstern**

A thing my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. [ *Exeunt* ]

### **Act IV, Scene iii**

[ **Enter King** ]

**King**

I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie:  
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:  
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:  
Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,  
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:  
And where 'tis so, th' Offenders scourge is weigh'd  
But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,  
This sodaine sending him away, must seeme  
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,  
By desperate appliance are releued,  
Or not at all.

[ **Enter Rosencrantz.** ]

How now? What hath befallne?

**Rosencrantz**

Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,  
We cannot get from him.

**King**

But where is he?

**Rosencrantz**

Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.

**King**

Bring him before vs.

**Rosencrantz**

Ho, Guildenstern? Bring in my Lord.

[ Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.]

**King**

Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

**Hamlet**

At Supper.

**King**

At Supper? Where?

**Hamlet**

Not where he eats, but where he is eaten.

**King**

Where is *Polonius*.

**Hamlet**

In heaven, send thither to see. If your Messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

**King**

Go seeke him there.

**Hamlet**

He will stay till ye come.

**King**

Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine especial safety  
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue  
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence  
With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,  
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,  
Th' Associates tend, and eury thing at bent  
For England.

**Hamlet**

For England?

**King**

I Hamlet.

**Hamlet**

Good.

**King**

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

**Hamlet**

I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

**King**

Thy louing Father Hamlet.

**Hamlet.**

My Mother: Father and Mother is man and wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come, for England.

[ **Exit**]

**King**

Follow him at foote,  
Tempt him with speed aboard:  
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.  
Away, for euey thing is Seal'd and done  
That else leanes on th' Affaire, pray you make hast.  
And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,  
As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,  
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red  
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe  
Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set  
Our Soueraigne Processe, which imports at full  
By Letters coniuring to that effect  
The present death of *Hamlet*. Do it England,  
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,  
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,  
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun.

[ **Exit**]

## **Act IV, Scene iv**

[ **Enter Fortinbras with an Army.**]

**Fortinbras**

Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King,  
Tell him that by his license, Fortinbras  
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March

Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:  
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,  
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,  
And let him know so.

**Captain**

I will doo't, my Lord.

**Fortinbras**

Go safely on.

[ **Exit.**]

**Act IV, Scene v**

[ **Enter Queene and Horatio.**]

**Queen**

I will not speake with her.

**Horatio**

She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode will needs be pittied.

**Queen**

What would she haue?

**Horatio**

She speakes much of her Father; saies she heares  
There's trickes i'th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,  
Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,  
That carry but halfe sense..

**Queen**

'Twere good she were spoken with,  
For she may strew dangerous coniectures  
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.

[ *Enter Ophelia distracted.*]

**Ophelia**

Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.

**Queen**

How now *Ophelia*?

**Ophelia [singing]**

How should I your true loue know from another one?  
By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.

**Queen**

Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

**Ophelia**

Say you? Nay pray you marke.

**[singing]**

He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,  
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

**[ Enter King]**

**Queen**

Nay but Ophelia.

**Ophelia**

Pray you marke.

**[singing]**

*White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.*

**Queen**

Alas, looke heere my Lord.

**Ophelia**

**[singing]**

Larded with sweet Flowers:  
Which bewept to the graue did not go,  
With true-loue showres.

**King**

How do ye, pretty Lady?

**Ophelia**

Well, God yield you. They say the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

**King**

Conceit vpon her Father.

**Ophelia**

Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, 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 vp he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,  
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.

**King**

Pretty *Ophelia*.

**Ophelia**

Indeed I a? without an oath Ile make an end ont.

[singing]

By gis, and by S[aint]. Charity,  
Alacke, and fie for shame:  
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,  
By Cocke 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 weepe, to thinke they should lay him i'th' cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies: Goodnight, goodnight. [ *Exit.* ]

**King**

Follow her close,  
Giue her good watch I pray you:  
Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs  
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*,  
When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,  
But in Battalians. First, her Father slaine,  
Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author  
Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,  
Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers  
For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly  
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*  
Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement,  
Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.  
Last, and as much containing as all these,  
Her Brother is in secret come from France,  
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,

And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare  
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,  
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,  
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne  
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,  
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,  
Giues me superfluous death. [ **A Noise within.**]

[ **Enter a Messenger.**]

**Messenger**

Saue your selfe, my Lord.  
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)  
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste  
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,  
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,  
And as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,  
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,  
They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,

[ **Noise within. Enter Laertes and rabble.**]

**Laertes**

Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.  
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.

**Queen**

Calmely good *Laertes*.

**Laertes**

That drop of blood, that calmes  
Proclaimes me Bastard:  
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot  
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow  
Of my true Mother.

**King**

What is the cause *Laertes*,  
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?  
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:  
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,  
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,  
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,  
Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*.

Speake man.

**Laertes**

Where's my Father?

**King**

Dead.

**Queen**

But not by him.

**King**

Let him demand his fill.

**Laertes**

How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.  
To hell Allegiance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.  
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.  
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,  
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,  
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd  
Most throughly for my Father.

**King**

Good *Laertes*:

If you desire to know the certaintie  
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,  
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,  
Winner and Looser.

**Laertes**

None but his Enemies.

**King**

Will you know them then.

*La.*

To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:  
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,  
Repast them with my blood.

**King**

Why now you speake  
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.  
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,  
And am most sensible in greefe for it,

It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce  
As day do's to your eye.

**[ Enter Ophelia.]**

**Laertes**

Oh Rose of May,  
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet Ophelia:  
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,  
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?

**Ophelia [singing]**

They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,  
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:  
And on his graue raines many a teare,  
Fare you well my Doue.

**Laertes**

Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Re-ueenge, it could not moue thus.

**Ophelia**

You must sing downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele  
becomes it? It is the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.

**Ophelia**

There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce. Pray loue remember: and there is Pansies,  
that's for Thoughts.

**Laertes**

A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-brance fitted.

**Ophelia**

There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew for you, and heere's some for me.  
Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew with a  
difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you some Violets, but they wither'd all when  
my Father dy-ed: They say, he made a good end;  
**[singing]** For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

**Laertes**

Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:  
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.

**Ophelia [singing]**

And will he not come againe,  
And will he not come againe:  
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He neuer wil come againe.  
His Beard as white as Snow,  
All Flaxen was his Pole:  
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,  
Gramercy on his Soule.

**[speaking]**

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.  
God buy ye. [*Exeunt Ophelia*]

**Laertes**

Do you see this, you Gods?

**King**

*Laertes*, I must common with your greefe,  
Or you deny me right: go but apart,  
Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,  
And they shall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;  
If by direct or by Colaterall hand  
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,  
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours  
To you in satisfaction. But if not,  
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,  
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule  
To giue it due content.

**Laertes**

Let this be so:  
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;  
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,  
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,  
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,  
That I must call in question.

**King**

So you shall:  
And where th' offence is, let the great Axe fall.  
I pray you go with me.

**[ Exeunt]**

**Act IV, Scene vi**

**[ Enter Horatio and Sailor]**

**Sailor**

God blesse you Sir.

**Horatio**

Let him blesse thee too.

**Sailor**

Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th' Ambassadors that was bound for England, if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

[ **Reads the Letter.**]

“Horatio, When thou shalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue these Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selues too slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee, like Thieves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Ronsencrantz and Guildenstern, hold their course for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell. He that thou knowest thine,  
Hamlet.”

Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,  
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them.

[ **Exit.**]

**Act IV, Scene vii**

[ **Enter King and Laertes.**]

**King**

Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,  
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,  
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,  
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,  
Pursued my life.

**Laertes**

It well appeares. But tell me,  
Why you proceeded not against these feates,  
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,  
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,  
You mainly were stirr'd vp?

**King**

O for two speciall Reasons. The Queen his Mother,  
Liues almost by his lookes. The other Motiue,  
Why to a publike count I might not go,  
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,  
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,  
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,  
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes  
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,  
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,  
And not where I had arm'd them.

**Laertes**

And so haue I a Noble Father lost,  
A Sister driuen into desperate tearmes.  
But my reuenge will come.

**King**

I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,  
And that I hope will teach you to imagine-  
[ Enter a Messenger.]  
How now? What Newes?

**Messenger**

Letters my Lord from Hamlet, This to your  
Maiesty: this to the Queene.

**King**

From Hamlet? Who brought them?

**Messenger**

Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:  
They were giuen me by Claudio, he receiu'd them.

**King**

Laertes you shall heare them:  
Leave us. [ Exit Messenger]

[reading]

*“High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdome. To morrow shall I  
begge leaue to see your Kingly Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto)  
re-count th' Occasions of my sudden, and more strange returne.  
Hamlet.”*

What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?  
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 sicknesse in my heart,  
That I shall liue 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'l not o'rerule me to a peace.

**King**

To thine owne peace: I will worke him  
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,  
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;  
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,  
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,  
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence  
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,  
Hee mad confession of you,  
And gaue you such a Masterly report,  
For Art and exercise in your defence;  
And for your Rapier most especiall,  
That he cryed out, t'would 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 begge,  
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;  
Now out of this.

**Laertes**

Why out of this, my Lord?

**King**

*Laertes* was your Father deare to you?  
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
A face without a heart?

**Laertes**

Why aske you this?

**King**

Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,  
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:  
And that I see in passages of prooffe,  
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:  
*Hamlet* comes backe: what would you vndertake,  
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,  
More then in words?

**Laertes**

To cut his throat i'th' Church.

**King**

Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*  
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,  
*Hamlet* return'd, shall know you are come home:  
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame  
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,  
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,  
Most generous, and free from all contriuing,  
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
A Sword vnbaied, and in a passe of practice,  
Requit him for your Father.

**Laertes**

I will doo't.  
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:  
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke  
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,  
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,  
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue  
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,  
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,  
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,  
It may be death.

**King**

Let's further thinke of this,  
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes  
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;  
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,  
'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Proiect

Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,  
If this should blast in prooffe: Ile haue prepar'd him  
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,  
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,  
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

[ Enter Queene.]

**Queen**

One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,  
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes*.

**Laertes**

Drown'd! O where?

**Queen**

There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,  
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:  
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,  
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,  
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name;  
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:  
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds  
Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,  
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,  
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,  
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,  
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable of her owne distresse,  
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued  
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,  
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,  
Pul'd the poore 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.**]

### **Act V, Scene i**

[ **Enter Gravedigger. Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.**]

**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 lyeest.

**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.  
How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

**Gravedigger**

Of all the days i'th' year, I came too't that day that our last King Hamlet o'recame  
Fortinbras.

**Hamlet**

How long is that since?

**Gravedigger**

Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day, that young Hamlet was  
borne, he that was mad, and sent into England.

**Hamlet**

Ay marry, why was he sent into England?

**Gravedigger**

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

**Hamlet**

Why?

**Gravedigger**

'Twill not be seen in him, there the men are as mad as he.

**Hamlet**

How came he mad?

**Gravedigger**

Very strangely they say.

**Hamlet**

How strangely?

**Gravedigger**

Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.

**Hamlet**

Upon what ground?

**Gravedigger**

Why here in Denmark.

**Hamlet**

How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

**Gravedigger**

I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we have many pocky Coarses now a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year. A Tanner will last you nine year.

**Hamlet**

Why he, more then another?

**Gravedigger**

Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water, is a sore Decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a Scull now: this Skull, has lain in the earth three & twenty years.

**Hamlet**

Whose was it?

**Gravedigger**

A whoreson mad Fellows it was; Whose doe you think it was?

**Hamlet**

Nay, I know not.

**Gravedigger**

A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pour'd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Jester.

**Hamlet**

This?

**Gravedigger**

E'ene that.

**Hamlet**

Let me see. Alas poor *Yorick*, I knew him *Ho-ratio*, a fellow of infinite Jest; of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kist I know not how oft. Where be your Jibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Roar? To what base uses we may return *Horatio*. But soft, but soft, aside; here comes the **King**

**[ Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant ]**

The Queen, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,  
Couch we a while, and mark.

**Laertes**

What Ceremony else? What Ceremony else?

**Priest.**

Her Obsequies have bin as far enlarg'd.  
As we have warrantie, her death was doubtful,  
And but that great Command, o're-sways the order,  
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd,  
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable prayer,  
Shards, Flints, and Peebles, should be thrown on her:  
Yet here she is allowed her Virgin Rites,  
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home  
Of Bell and Burial.

**Laertes**

Must there no more be done ?

**Priest.**

No more be done.

**Laertes**

Lay her i'th' earth,  
And from her faire and unpolluted flesh,  
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest)  
A Ministering Angel shall my Sister be,  
When thou liest howling.

**Hamlet**

What, the faire *Ophelia*?

**Queen.**

Sweets, to the sweet farewell.  
I hop'd thou should'st have bin my *Hamlets* wife:  
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deckt, sweet Maid

And not t'have strew'd thy Grave.

**Laertes**

Oh trebble woe,  
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head  
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sense  
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,  
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

**[ Leaps in the grave.]**

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

**Hamlet**

What is he, whose griefs  
Bears such an Emphasis? whose phrase of Sorrow  
Conjure the wandring Stars, and makes them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers?

**Laertes**

The devil take thy soul.

**Hamlet**

Thou prayest not well,  
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat;  
Sir though I am not Splenative, and rash,  
Yet have I something in me dangerous,  
Which let thy wiseness fear. Away thy hand.

**King**

Pluck them asunder.

**Queen**

Hamlet, Hamlet.

**Gentleman**

Good my Lord be quiet.

**Hamlet**

Why I will fight with him upon this Theme.  
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

**Queen**

Oh my Son, what Theme?

**Hamlet**

I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand Brothers  
Could not, with all there quantity of Love,  
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

**King**

Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

**Queen**

For love of God forbear him.

**Hamlet**

Come show me what thou'lt doe.  
Woo't weep? Woo't fight? Woo't tear thy self?  
I'll doo't. Dost thou come here to whine;  
To outface me with leaping in her Grave?  
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.

**King**

This is mere Madness:  
And thus awhile the fit will work on him:  
Anon as patient as the female Dove,  
When that her Golden Couplet are disclos'd;  
His silence will sit drooping.

**Hamlet**

Heare you Sir:  
What is the reason that you use me thus?  
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter:  
Let Hercules himself doe what he may,  
The Cat will Mew, and Dog will have his day.

[ **Exit.**]

**King**

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.**]

**Act V, Scene ii**

[ Enter Hamlet and Horatio.]

**Hamlet**

So much for this Sir; now let me see the other,  
You doe remember all the Circumstance.

**Horatio**

Remember it my Lord?

**Hamlet**

Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,  
That would not let me sleep; me thought I lay  
Worse then the mutinies in the Bilboes, rashly,  
(And praise be rashness for it) let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our dear plots do pale, and that should teach us,  
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

**Horatio**

That is most certain.

**Hamlet**

Up from my Cabin  
My sea-gown scarf'd about me in the dark,  
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,  
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew  
To mine owne room again, making so bold,  
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,  
Oh royal knavery: An exact command,  
Larded with many several sorts of reason;  
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,  
That on the supervise no leisure bated,  
My head should be struck off.

**Horatio**

Is't possible?

**Hamlet**

Here's the Commission, read it at more leisure:  
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

**Horatio**

I beseech you.

**Hamlet**

Being thus benetted round with Villaines,  
Ere I could make a Prologue to my brains,  
They had begun the Play. I sat me down,  
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,  
An earnest Conjuraton from the King,  
As England was his faithful Tributary,  
As love between them, as the Palm should flourish,  
And many such like Assis of great charge,  
That on the view and know of these Contents,  
Without debatement further, more or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not shriving time allowed.

**Horatio**

How was this seal'd?

**Hamlet**

Why, even in that was Heaven ordinate;  
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,  
Which was the Model of that Danish Seale:  
Folded the Writ up in form of the other,  
Subscrib'd it, gav't th' impression, plac't it safely,  
The changeling never known: Now, the next day  
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was cement,  
Thou know'st already.

**Horatio**

So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, go too't.

**Hamlet**

Why man, they did make love to this employment  
They are not near my Conscience; their debate  
Doth by their own insinuation grow:  
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass, and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.

**Horatio**

Why, what a King is this?

**Hamlet**

Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now upon  
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,  
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,

Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,  
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,  
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd  
To let this Canker of our nature come  
In further evil.

**Horatio**

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

**Hamlet**

It will be short,  
The interim's mine, and a mans life's no more  
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,  
That to Laertes I forgot my selfe;  
For by the image of my Cause, I see  
The Portraiture of his; I'll court his favors:  
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me  
Into a Towering passion.

**Horatio**

Peace, who comes here?

[ Enter young **Osric** ]

**Osric**

Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

**Hamlet**

I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterfly?

**Horatio**

No my good Lord.

**Osric**

Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

**Hamlet**

I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put your Bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

**Osric**

I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

**Hamlet**

No, believe me 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

**Osric**

It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

**Hamlet**

Me thinks it is very sultry, and hot for my Complexion.

**Osric**

Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Majesty bad me signify to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head:

Sir, this is the matter.

**Hamlet**

I beseech you remember.

**Osric**

Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon.

**Hamlet**

What's his weapon?

**Osric**

Rapier and dagger.

**Hamlet**

That's two of his weapons; but well.

**Osric**

The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

**Hamlet**

How if I answer no?

**Osric**

I mean my Lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

**Hamlet**

Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; if it please his Majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foils bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

**Osric**

Shall I redeliver you ee'n so?

**Hamlet**

To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

**Osric**

I commend my duty to your Lordship.

**Hamlet**

Yours, yours.

**Horatio**

You will lose this wager, my Lord.

**Hamlet**

I doe not think so, since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds: but thou wouldst not think how all here a-bout my heart-but it is no matter.

**Horatio**

Nay, good my Lord.

**Hamlet**

It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

**Horatio**

If your mind dislike any thing, obey. I will fore-stall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.

**Hamlet**

Not a whit, we defy Augury; there's a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readiness is all.

[ *Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Court* ]

**King**

Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

**Hamlet**

Give me your pardon Sir, I've done you wrong.  
This presence knows,  
And you must needs have heard how I am punisht  
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*.

Who does it then? His Madness? If't be so,  
*Hamlet* is of the Faction that is wrong'd,  
His madness is poor *Hamlets* 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 mine Arrow o're the house,  
And hurt my Mother.

**Laertes**

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 reconcilment,  
Till by some elder Masters of known Honor,  
I have a voice, and president of peace  
To keep my name ungorg'd. But till that time,  
I do receive your offer'd love like love,  
And will not wrong it.

**Hamlet**

I do embrace it freely,  
And will this Brothers wager frankly play.  
Give us the Foils: Come on.

**Laertes**

Come one for me.

**King**

Give them the Foils young Osric,  
Cousin Hamlet, you know the wager.

**Hamlet**

Very well my Lord,  
Your Grace hath laid the odds a'th' weaker side.

**King**

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

**Laertes**

This is too heavy,  
Let me see another.

**Hamlet**

This likes me well,  
These Foils have all a length.

**Osric**

Ay my good Lord.

**King**

The King shall drink to Hamlets better breath,  
And in the Cup an union shall he throw  
Richer then that, which four successive Kings  
In Denmark's Crown have worn.  
Now the King drinks to Hamlet. Come, begin.

**Hamlet**

Come on sir.

**Laertes**

Come on sir.

[ **Fight phrase One**]

**Hamlet**

One.

**Laertes**

No.

**Hamlet**

Judgment.

**Osric**

A hit, a very palpable hit.

**Laertes**

Well: again.

**King**

Stay, give me drink.  
Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,  
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup,

**Hamlet**

I'll play this bout first, set by a-while.  
Come.

[**Fight Phrase Two**]

**Hamlet**

Another hit; what say you?

**Laertes**

A touch, a touch, I do confess.

**King**

Our Son shall win.

**Queen**

He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here's a Napkin, rub thy brows,

The Queen Carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

**Hamlet**

Good Madam.

**King**

Gertrude, do not drink.

**Queen**

I will my Lord;

I pray you pardon me.

**King**

It is the poison'd Cup, it is too late.

**Hamlet**

I dare not drink yet Madam,

By and by.

**Queen**

Come, let me wipe thy face.

**Laertes [to King]**

My Lord, I'll hit him now.

**King**

I do not think't.

**Hamlet**

Come for the third.

Laertes, you but dally,

I pray you pass with your best violence,

I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.

**Laertes**

Say you so? Come on.

**[Fight Phrase Three]**

**Osric**

Nothing neither way.

**Laertes**

Have at you now.

**[Fight Phrase Four – Hamlet has been injured with the tipped rapier and they've switched blades.]**

**King**

Part them, they are incens'd.

**Hamlet**

Nay come, again.

**Osric**

Look to the Queen there hoa.

**Horatio**

They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?

**Osric**

How is't Laertes?

**Laertes**

Why as a Woodcock  
To mine Sprindge, Osric,  
I am justly kill'd with mine own Treachery.

**Hamlet**

How does the Queen?

**King**

She swoons to see them bleed.

**Queen**

No, no, the drink, the drink.  
Oh my deer Hamlet, the drink, the drink,  
I am poisoned.

**Hamlet**

Oh Villainy! How? Let the door be lock'd.  
Treachery, seek it out.

**Laertes**

It is here Hamlet.  
Hamlet, thou art slain,  
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.  
In thee, there is not half an hour of life;  
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,  
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice  
Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Lo, here I lie,  
Never to rise again: Thy Mothers poison'd:  
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.

**Hamlet**

The point envenom'd too,  
Then venom to thy work.

**[ Hurts the King]**

*All.*

Treason, Treason.

**King**

O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

**Hamlet**

Here thou incestuous, murderous,  
Damned Dane,  
Drink off this Potion: Is thy Union here?  
Follow my Mother.

**[ King Dies.]**

**Laertes**

He is justly serv'd.  
It is a poison temp'red by himself:  
Exchange forgiveness with me, Noble Hamlet;  
Mine and my Fathers death come not upon thee,  
Nor thine on me.

**[ Dies.]**

**Hamlet**

Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee.  
I am dead Horatio, wretched Queen adieu,

You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,  
That are but Mutes or audience to this act:  
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death  
Is strict in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.  
But let it be: Horatio, I am dead,  
Thou liv'st, report me and my causes right  
To the unsatisfied.

**Horatio**

Never believe it.  
I am more an Antique Roman than a Dane:  
Here's yet some Liquor left.

**Hamlet**

As th'art a man, give me the Cup.  
Let go, by Heaven I'll have't.  
Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,  
Things standing thus unknown shall live behind me.  
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy heart,  
Absent thee from felicitie awhile,  
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,  
To tell my Story.

[ **March afarre off, and shout within. Enter Osric**]

**Osric**

Yong Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland  
To th' Ambassadors of England gives this warlike volley.

**Hamlet**

O I die Horatio:  
The potent poison quite ore-crowes 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 the occurrents more and less,  
Which have solicited. The rest is silence.

[**Dies**]

**Horatio**

Now cracks a Noble heart:  
Goodnight sweet Prince,  
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest,

[ *Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants*]

**Fortinbras**

Where is this sight?

**Horatio**

What is it ye would see;  
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

**Fortinbras**

His quarry cries on havoc. Oh proud death,  
What feast is toward in thine eternal Cell.  
That thou so many Princes, at a shot,  
So bloodily hast struck.

**English Ambassador**

The sight is dismal,  
And our affaires from England come too late,  
The eares are senselesse that should give us hearing,  
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd,  
That *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern* are dead:  
Where should we have our thanks?

**Horatio**

Not from his mouth,  
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:  
He never gave commandment for their death.  
Give order that these bodies  
High on a stage be placed to the view,  
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world,  
How these things came about. So shall you hear  
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,  
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters  
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,  
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,  
Fall'n on the Inventors head. All this can I  
Truly deliver.

*For.*

Let four Captains  
Bear *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,  
For he was likely, had he been put on  
To have prov'd most royally:  
And for his passage,  
The Soldiers Music, and the rites of War  
Speak loudly for him.

Take up the body; Such a sight as this  
Becomes the Field, but here shows much amiss.  
Go, bid the Soldiers shoot.

FINIS.