Hamlet

William Shakespeare.
HAMLET
HAMLET

BY

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INTRODUCTION

Shakespeare's *Hamlet* was first printed in quarto in 1603. That First Quarto contains a very imperfect text, which was entered by James Roberts at Stationers' Hall on the 23th of July 1602, as "A booke called the Revenge of Hamlett Prince Denmarke, as ye was hacthe Acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his servantes." The text of this publication was evidently unauthorised, and is very imperfect, but it contains indications of some touchies of change that must have been made soon after the piece was first put upon the stage. Thus, the names of Polonius and his servant Reynaldo appear in this First Quarto as Coramhius and Montano, and it is to be inferred also from its text, that there may have been some early readjustment of the lights and shades of character. James Roberts, who entered the book for publication, seems to have transferred his responsibility to N[icholas] L[ing], for whom and for John Trundell the First Quarto was printed, and a really good text of the play was afterwards obtained and printed in 1604, for N[icholas] L[ing] by I[ames] R[obertes?]. The text of this Second Quarto, when collated with that of the first edition of Shakespeare's collected plays, published in 1623 by his fellow-players, Heminge and Condell, the edition known as the First Folio, practically assures us the whole play as Shakespeare left it. The Second Quarto contains passages that are omitted in the First Folio, and the First Quarto helps now and then to settle a reading. There were three
other quartos, one in 1605, one undated [1607 ?], and one in 1611.

The text of the present edition of Hamlet has been freshly compared throughout with the texts of the First and Second Quarto and of the First Folio, this being the first of a series of interspersed volumes, through which the editor hopes to include in the National Library his own edition of Shakespeare's Plays. Each play will be in a handy volume by itself, giving what the editor believes to be the nearest attainable approach to Shakespeare's text. The only sources of the modern text of a play of Shakespeare's are the quartos in which some of them appeared before their collection, and the folio into which they were collected, seven years after Shakespeare's death, by friends of his who had access to the play-house copies. Printed books of their days abounded in errata, which were added to whatever faults there might be in the copy printed from. A prudent editor has, therefore, to avoid much risk of injuring the text with new corruptions of his own.

The text here given was obtained in this manner, which may be taken to represent the degree of attention that will be given to the text of future volumes. The play was first printed from the text of Professor Delius, it was then minutely compared with the texts of the First and Second Quarto and the Folio, and with the text of Dyce's last edition which is, on the whole, the best yet issued. In one place an omitted line has been inserted, in one place a superfluous conjectural addition to the text, although it has been generally adopted, is struck out. In one place where there is an unquestionable misprint, "disasters in the sun," which various editors have sought in various unsatisfactory ways to correct, one more attempt has been made to give, if not the true reading, the true sense. Where a preceding correction is adopted, the adoption will, in all the little books of the plays of Shakespeare that appear from time to time among the volumes of the
NATIONAL LIBRARY, mean that the correction has been freshly considered and accepted. Where a change of word is not adopted, and the original text is fallen back upon, it means, and will mean, either that the present Editor takes the word in the original text to be the right word, or the error in the original to be one that has not yet been finally corrected. In all cases of doubt as to the value of corrections, the original text will be preferred. But while in such matters conservative, these little books will not be found conservative of that overload of punctuation with which many editors have destroyed the phrasing and often the sense of Shakespeare’s poetry. There are here discharged from the text many of the little hooked commas that tortured it, and also the whole of that cruel apparatus of hooks through which good verse is dragged for no crimes of its own. Does any one want the printer of either prose or verse to print “hook’d” lest the reader should read “hookéd”? Surely it is enough if in the few cases where there is any variation from usage that is indicated by an accent, and in all other respects the verse of Shakespeare is left to be read as we read verse of Tennyson, or any other poet of the present day. The old butchery array of hooks across a poet’s lines remains to us now only as a superstition of the past in books that, by inadvertence, are still left, as Shakespeare has hitherto been left, encumbered with such useless furniture.

The story of Hamlet actually originates in an old Danish Saga, which found its way, in 1570, from Saxo Grammaticus into the fifth volume of Histoires tragiques, by François de Belleforest, as a tale showing Avec quelle ruse Amleth, qui depuis fut roy de Dannemarch, vengea la mort de son pere Horvendille, occis par Fengon son frère, et autre occurrence de son histoire. An English version of the tale in Belleforest appeared as the Histoire of Hamblet, and it was also made into an English play, now lost, that preceded
Shakespeare's play opens with watch over the sea against attack by Fortunbras, for the recovery of land lost thirty years before, when the father of Fortunbras, the King of Norway, lost the land, and with it his life, wagered by him in duel with the father of Hamlet. The time elapsed since that duel, which was on the day of Hamlet's birth, is precisely told in the fifth act (pages 166-7) where the grave-digger says that he became a grave-digger "that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras," which was "the very day that young Hamlet was born," and presently adds, "I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years." Thus Shakespeare clearly fixes Hamlet's age as thirty. Young Fortunbras can hardly be younger, since his father was killed on the day of Hamlet's birth. We can only think of him as a young child when his father's brother succeeded to rule in Norway, according to the old usage (illustrated also in Macbeth) that set aside direct succession if the king's son was not of age to be a leader of the people. But Hamlet was a man in years, though not in action, when he left his uncle free to take the throne.

Throughout the play, Fortinbras serves as a foil to Hamlet. Fortinbras is a man of action, who thinks little. Hamlet is a man of the highest intellectual culture, in whom thought is ever busy, in whom
"The nature line of resolution
Is sicklied o' er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprizes of great pitch and moment,
With this regard their currents turn away
And lose the time of act on

At the opening of the play there is stir of warlike pre-
paration in Denmark and strict watch against the
sudden energies of Fortinbras, who is expected to make
a bold dash for the lands his father lost. Into the
midst of the watch comes one from the other world, to
give Hamlet something that he must not only think
upon, but do. As Shakespeare reads life, every one
who has come to manhood has to do his work. In
youth we prepare for our work, but after we have
entered on life’s active duties all study is but the care
to keep our arms from rusting, arms that we have
daily to use. Hamlet when the play opens, has only
been drawn from his enjoyment of the studious univer-
sity life by his father’s sudden death, followed within
a month by his uncle’s marriage with his mother.
When the play opens he is still at Elsinore, his father
“but two months dead, nay, not so much, not two,”
and his mother had married

"Within a month,—
Let me not think on ’t. Frailty, thy name is woman."

His mother’s marriage pains him yet more than his
father’s death. When he hears of his father’s spirit in
arms his thought flashes at once to suspicion of his
uncle. The spirit confirms his suspicion. He has no
doubt that it is his duty to avenge the murder of his
father. But, in the first conviction he plans already
simulation of madness that shall give him opportunities
of secret observation.

As I perhaps hereafter shall think meet,
To put an antic disposition on."

The device is that of a mind already "sicklied o’er with
the pale cast of thought." Had Fortinbras been so
swornoned to action, the king would have been dead in an hour. When, later in the play, by the killing of Polonius Laertes, who serves also as a contrast to Hamlet, is in Hamlet’s position, with a father killed, he is back from Paris in a whirlwind beating at the palace gates. But at the close of the first act, Hamlet’s exclamation after he has learnt his duty is,

“*The time is out of joint. O, curs’d spite,*
*That ever I was born to set it right.*”

No man healthily active would in Hamlet’s position either have felt it necessary to break from the woman whom he deeply loved, or to use the tricks of a feigned madness to cover self-indulgence in a long, last farewell look. Time passes, and much is thought and felt, but nothing done. When the players come, to whom, as delighting him with shadows of action, he had been a good patron at the University, and when one of the players loses himself in the griefs of Hecuba, Hamlet reproaches himself with self-comparison

“What’s Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,*
*That he should weep for her? What would he do,*
*Had he the motive and the cue for passion, That I have?”

“About my brains!” is the result, and still only the brain works. The spirit may have been the devil in a pleasing shape. Hamlet will put its truth to test by the device of the play, in which the King shall see the image of his crime

“If his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen.”

It does unkennel itself. Hamlet absolutely knows his uncle’s guilt, but it is by a method that reveals his knowledge to his uncle, whom an evil conscience had made eager to discover whether some such knowledge did not lie at the root of Hamlet’s change of manner
And now, why does not Hamlet kill the King? "An easy opportunity offers. But his mind is again too busy; he refrains out of no spirit of mercy, but because he cannot kill the King enough". The King is praying. Killed now he might find heaven. Hamlet will wait till he can kill more perfectly, body and soul. And two months have now slipped by since Hamlet undertook his duty. This is marked by a passage in the play scene: "How cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within two hours." Ophelia: "Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord." At the beginning of the play, it was 'Nay, not two months, not two." The King, who has learnt from Hamlet the danger to himself loses no time, though Hamlet still delays. Hamlet allows himself to be shipped off to England, with secret orders for his execution there. While he is still thus passive, he sees the forces of young Fortinbras, whose preparation against Denmark has been diverted to the Polack, pass over a plain before him, and again has clear intellectual sense of his own fault. He can tell himself what the play tells to us all, that—

"He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and Godlike reason
To fast in us unused"

All deeds of Hamlet are by action without premeditation. By sudden impulse he stabs Polonius behind the arras, without time even to give full birth to the thought that he may be killing the King. No thinking of his could possibly have foreseen or brought the pirate ship that came into engagement with the ship carrying him to England, and it was not even with design so to return to Denmark that he leapt to the other deck as the ships grappled for action.

But when he had returned he was again passive. He accepted passively the challenge to the fencing match, and when he at last did kill his own and his father's murderer, it was by action on the impulse of
the moment. It was done rashly, as Hamlet said to Horatio of an act of his on board the ship, and Hamlet’s comment on this rashness has in it the soul of the play—

"Let us know
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do fail, and that should teach us,
There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough how them how we will."

How many Hamlets are there in the world with intellectual power for large usefulness, who wait, day by day and year by year, in hope to do more perfectly what they live to do; due, therefore, and leave their lives unused while men of lower power, prompt for action, are content and ready to do what they can, well knowing that at the best they can only rough hew, but in humble trust that leaves to God the issues of the little service they may bring. It is a last touch to the significance of this whole play that at its close the man whose fault is the reverse of Hamlet’s—the man of ready action, though it be with little thought, the stir of whose energies was felt in the opening scene—re-enters from his victory over the Polack, and the curtain falls on Fortinbras King.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark
HAMLET, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King
HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet
POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain
LAETES, his Son
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN
OSRIC, A Gentleman,
A Priest
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO, FRANCISCO, A Soldier
REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius

A Captain
English Ambassadors
Ghost of Hamlet's Father
FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway
Players
Two Clowns, Grave-diggers

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet
OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius

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

SCENE—ELSIHORE, except in the fourth scene of the fifth act, where it is a PLAIN IN DENMARK

ACT I

SCENE I—ELSIHORE A Platform before the Castle

FRANCISCO, a sentinel BERNARDO enters to relieve him

Ber Who's there?
Fran Nay, answer me stand, and unfold yourself.
HAMLET

Ber Long live the king!
Fran Bernardo?
Ber He
Fran You come most carefully upon your hour
Ber 'Tis now struck twelve get thee to bed, Francisco
Fran For this relief much thanks 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart
Ber Have you had quiet guard?
Fran Not a mouse stirring
Ber Well, good night
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste
Fran I think I hear them—Stand! Who's there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

Hor Friends to this ground law enco... Mar And legemen to the Dane
Fran Give you good night
Mar O, farewell, honest soldier who hath relieved you?
Fran Bernardo has my place Give you good night
Mar Holla! Bernardo!
Ber. Say,—
What! is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio. 'welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appeared again tonight?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. 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.

Hor. Tush, tush! 't will not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile, And let us once again assail your ears, That are so fortified against our story, What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. Last night of all, When yond same star, that's westward from the pole, Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven.
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself
The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost

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

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that's dead
Mar. Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio

Hor. Most like!—It harrows me with fear and wonder

Ber. It would be spoke to

Mar. Question it, Horatio

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by Heaven I charge thee, speak!

sigh. It is offended

Ber. See, it stalks away!

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

[Exit Ghost

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer
Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

_Hor._ By my God, I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true ayouch,
Of my own eyes.

_Mar._ Is it not like the king?

_Hor._ As thou art to thyself
Such was the very armory he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated
So frowned he once when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledged Polacks on the leg
'Tis strange.

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

_Hor._ In what particular thought to work, I know not,
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange erupcion to our state.

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

Who is't that can inform me?

_Hor_ That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so (Our last king,
Whose image even but now appeared to us;
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto pricked on by a most emulative pride,
Dared to the combat, in which our valiant—

_Hamlet_
For so this side of our known world esteemed him—
Did slay this Fortinbras, who, by a sealed com-
pact
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror
Against the which, a moieties competent
Was gaged by our king, which had returned
To the inheritance of Fortinbras
Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same comart
And carriage of the article designed,
His fell to Hamlet) Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there,
Sharked up a list of lawless resolves,  
For food and diet, to some enterprise  
That hath a stomach in 't, which is no other—  
As it doth well appear unto our state  
But to recover of us, by strong hand  
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands  
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations,  
The source of this our watch, and the chief head  
Of this post-haste and homage in the land.

Ber I think, it be no other, but e'en so.  
Well may it sort that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king  
That was, and is, the question of these wars.

Hor A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye  
(In the most high and palmy state of Rome.  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,  
And stars with trains of fire, and dewa of blood,  
Disastrous omen gave, and the moist star,  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.  
And 'even the like precise of fierce events—  
As harbinger preceding still the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on—
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our eminatures and countrymen —

Re enter Ghost

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'.

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

[The cock crows

Speak of it, stay, and speak!'—Stop it, Marcellus

_\textit{Mar} _ Shall I strike at it with my partisan?\textit{\textit{Hor}} 
\textit{Hor} Do, if it will not stand

Ber T is here!

Hor 'T is here!

_\textit{Mar}_ 'T is 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 rain blows malicious mockery.

_Ber._ It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

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

_Mar._ (It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long  
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;  
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.)

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

_Mar._ Let's do't, I pray, and I this morning
know
Where we shall find him most convenient

_[Exeunt_

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**Scene II.**—The Same  A Room of State

**Flourish Enter the King, Quenu, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants**

**King** Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy,—
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife not have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along for all, our thanks.
Now follows that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking, by our late dear brother’s death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleaguéd 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 bands of law,
To our most valiant brother—So much for him
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting
(Thus much the business is We have here

writ

To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-ridden, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew’s purpose,—to suppress
His further gait herin, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject) and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltamand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway.
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.
Cor, Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty

King We doubt it nothing heartily farewell

[Execunt Voltimand and Cornelius]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
(You told us of some suit, what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice what wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?)

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

King Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Pol He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and, at last,
Upon his will I sealed my hard consent
I do beseech you, give him leave to go

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

Ham [Aside] A little more than kin, and less than kind

King How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham Not so, my lord, I am too much in the sun

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

Ham Ay, madam, 'tis common

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham Seems, madam! nay, it is, I know not 'seems'

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath.
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief.
That can denote me truly these, indeed, seem.
For they are actions that a man might play.
But I have that within, which passeth show.
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King ("Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father.
But you must know your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow but to persever
In obstinate condolence, 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 unschooled.
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?) (t is a fault to Heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to day,)
'This must be so') We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son

Queen Let not thy mother lose her prayers,

Hamlet

I pray thee, stay with us, go not to Wittenberg

Ham I shall in all my best obey you, madam

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

[Flourish Exeunt all, but Hamlet
Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! Ah fie! 'tis an unwedded 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 it fed on, and yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't,—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month, or o'er those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears,—why she, even she—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham I am glad to see you well.

Horatio,—or I do forget myself

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

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

Mar My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you.—[To Bernardo] Good even, sir—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham I would not hear your enemy say so:
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart

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

Ham I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student,

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding

Hor Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham 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,—methinks I see my father—

Hor O, where, my lord?

Ham In my mind's eye, Horatio.—

Hor I saw him once he was a goodly king

Ham He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor My lord, I think I saw him yesternight

Ham Saw, who?

Hor My lord, the king your father.

Ham The king my father

Hor Season your admiration for a while
Hor

My lord, I did,

But answer made it none, yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak,
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanished from our sight

Ham

'Tis very strange.

Hor As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it

Ham Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me

Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar, Ber

We do, my lord.

Ham Armed, say you?

Mar, Ber Armed, my lord.

Ham From top to toe?

Mar, Ber My lord, from head to foot

Ham Then, saw you not his face?

Hor O! yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up

Ham What, looked he frowningly?

Hor A countenance more in sorrow than in anger

Ham Pale, or red?

Hor Nay, very pale

Ham And fixed his eyes upon you!
Hor. Most constantly
Ham I would I had been there.
Hor It would have much amazed you
Ham. Very like, very like. Staid it long?
Hor While one with moderate haste might tell
a hundred
Mar, Bcr. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw 't.
Ham His beard was grizzled? no?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered
Ham. I will watch to night
Perchance, 't will walk again
Hor I warrant it will.
Ham If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all.
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
I will requite your loves So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you

All. Our duty to your honour
Ham Your loves, as mine to you Farewell

[Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

b—22
My father's spirit—in arms,—all is not well;
I doubt some foul play 'would, the night were come'
Till then, sit still, my soul—Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in the House of Polonius.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia

Laer My necessaries are embarked farewell;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you

Oph Do you doubt that?

Laer For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of pruny nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute,
No more

Oph No more but so?

Laer Think it no more.

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk, but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide within.
And now no soul nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will, but you must fear,
His greatness weighed, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Wherof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he, in his particular act and place,
May give his saying deed, which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmastered importunity
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon,
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes,
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before then buttons be disclosed
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent
Be wary then, best safety lies in fear
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near

Oph  I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart  But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede

Laer  O, fear me not.
I stay too long,—but here my father comes:

Enter Polonius

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

Pol  Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
    shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for  There,—my blessing
    with thee,

    [Laying his hand on Laertes' head.

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character  Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, 
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel, 
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment 
Of each new-hatched, unfledged courage. Beware 
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in, 
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee 
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice, 
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 
But not expressed in fancy, rich, not gaudy 
For the apparel oft proclaims the man, 
And they in France of the best rank and station 
Are most select and generous in that. 
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be, 
For loan oft loses both itself and friend, 
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry 
Thus above all,—to thine own self be true, 
And it must follow, as the night the day, 
Thou canst not then be false to any man 
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

_Laer._ Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord

_Pol._ The time invites you go, your servants tend

_Laer._ Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well 
What I have said to you.
Oph
'Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it

Lear
Farewell

Pol
What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph
So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet

Pol
Marry, well bethought
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous

If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

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

Pol
Affection? pooh! you speak like a green girl
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph
I do not know, my lord, what I should think

Pol
Marry, I'll teach you think yourself a baby,
That you have taken these tenders for true pay,
Which are not steele. Tender yourself more dearly,
Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

_Oph_ My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honourable fashion.

_Pol._ Ay, fashion you may call it, go to, go to
_Oph_ And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

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

Oph  I shall obey, my lord          [Exeunt.

Scene IV — The Platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus

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

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off,

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham  The king doth wake to-night, and takes
     his rouse,
     Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels,
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus Bray out
The triumph of his pledge

_Hor_ Is it a custom?

_Ham_ Ay, marry, is’t.
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance
This heavy-headed revel, east and west
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition, and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute
So, oft it chances in particular men
That for some vicious Mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty:
Since nature cannot choose his origin,)
By their o’ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much o’er-leavens
The form of playful manners,—that these men,—
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature’s livery, or fortune’s star,—
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption.
From that particular fault the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance often dout of base ness;
To his own scandal an otherwise noble and virtuous
and vertics into subject for my beech.

Enter Ghost

Hor. Look, my lord! it comes

Ham Angels and ministers of grace defend us—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned, blissful
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane O answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell,
Why thy canonised bones, hearsed in death, 
Have burst their cerements, why the sepulchr
Wherein we saw thee quietly un-turn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws

To cast thee up again What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition.
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do? [The Ghost beckons]

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

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

_Hor_ No, by no means.

_Ham._ It will not speak; then will I follow it.

_Hor_ Do not, my lord.

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

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

*Ham* It waves me still,—go on, I'll follow thee

*Mar* You shall not go, my lord

*Ham* Hold off your hands

*Hor* Be ruled, you shall not go

*Ham* My late cries out. And makes each petty artery in this head.

As hard as the Nemean lion's nemy.

*[The Ghost beckons.*

Still am I called—Unhand me, gentlemen,—

*[Breaking from them.*

By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me—

I say, away!—Go on, I'll follow thee

*[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Hor* He waves desperate with imagination.

*Mar* Let's follow, 't is not fit thus to obey him

*Hor* Have after To what issue will this come?

*Mar* Something is rotten in the state of Den.

*Hor* Heaven will direct it

*Mar* Nay, let's follow him.

*[Exeunt.*
SCENE V.—A more remote Part of the Platform

Enter Ghost and Hamlet

Ham Where wilt thou lead me? I speak, I'll go no further
Ghost Mark me
Ham I will
Ghost My hour is almost come

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham Alas, poor ghost!
Ghost Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold

Ham Speak, I am bound to hear
Ghost So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear
Ham What?
Ghost I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combinéd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine,
But thus eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

_Ham_ O God!

_Ghost._ Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder

_Ham_ Murder?

_Ghost_ Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But thus, most foul, strange, and unnatural

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

_Ghost_ I find thee apt
And duller should thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear

_Tis given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me, so the whole car of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

_Ham._ O my prophetic soul!

My uncle!

_Ghost_ Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce,—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel linked
Will sate itself in a celestial bed

And prey on garbage
But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air
Brief let me be—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth possess
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once despatched;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unanced,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her Fare thee well at once!
The glow worm shows the morn to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me   

[Exit

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

[Writing

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

Hor [Within] My lord! my lord!
Mar [Within] Lord Hamlet!
Hor [Within] Heaven secure him!
Mar [Within] So be it!
Hor [Within] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

Mar How is't, my noble lord?
Hor What news, my lord?
Ham O wonderful!
Hor Good my lord, tell it
Ham No, you will reveal it.
Hor Not I, my lord, by Heaven
Mar Nor I, my lord
Ham How say you, then, would heart of man once think it?—

But you'll be secret?

Hor, Mar Ay, by Heaven, my lord.
Ham There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this

Ham Why, right, you are in the right,
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is, and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

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

_Ham_ I am sorry they offend you, heartily.

_Yea, 'faith, heartily._

_Hor_ There's no offence, my lord.

_Ham_ Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,

_Horatio_,

And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

_Give_ me one poor request.

_Hor_ What is't, my lord? we will

_Ham_ Never make known what you have seen
to night.

_Hor, Mar_ My lord, we will not

_Ham_ Nay, but swear 't

_In faith._

My lord, not I.
Nor I, my lord, in faith

Upon my sword.

We have sworn, my lord, already.

In deed, upon my sword, in deed.

[Beneath.] Swear

Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

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

Consent to swear.

Propose the oath, my lord.

Never to speak of this that you have seen,

Swear by my sword.

[Beneath] Swear

Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground—

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword

[Beneath] Swear

Well said, old mole! canst work 'tis the earth so fast?

A worthy pensioner!—Once more remove, good friends.

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth,

Humbert,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But so—

Humbert, as I fore, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd ro' I be or myself—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,

That you, at such times upon me, never shall

With eyes unambered thus, or this head shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

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

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

Or such unambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me—this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

Swerr.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swerr

Humbert, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you

And that so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do to express his love and friend to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together; And still your fingers on your lips, I pray The time is out of joint O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right! Nay, come, let's go together [Exeunt

ACT II

SCENE I—A Room in the House of POLONIUS

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo

Pol Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo

Rey I will, my lord

Pol You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry

Of his behaviour

Rey My lord, I did intend it

Pol Marry, well said very well said Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danzers are in Paris,
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense, and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more
nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it.
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of
him,
As thus,—'I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him'—do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey    Ay, very well, my lord

Pol    '—and, in part, him, but,' you may say,

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

Rey             As gaming, my lord

Pol    Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarrelling, drabbing you may go so far

Rey    My lord, that would dishonour him

Pol    'Faith, no, as you may season it in the
charge
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.
  Rey     But, my good lord,—
  Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
  Rey      Ay, my lord,
I would know that
  Pol      Marry, sir, here's my drift,
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant,
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 't were a thing a little soiled 't the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured,
He closes with you in this consequence —
'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'—
According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country—
  Rey          Very good, my lord
  Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say something—where did I leave?

Rey At ‘closes in the consequence,’
At ‘friend or so,’ and ‘gentleman’

Pol At ‘closes in the consequence,’—ay, marry
He closes with you thus,—‘I know the gentle-
man,
I saw him yesterday, or t’other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you
say,
There was he gaming, there o’ertook in’s rouse.
There falling out at tennis,’ or, perchance,
‘I saw him enter such a house of sale,’

Videlicet, a brothel,—or so forth—

See you now,
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out.
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey My lord, I have

Pol God buy ye, fare ye well

Rey Good my lord!

Pol Observe his inclination in yourself

Rey I shall, my lord

Pol And let him ply his music.
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion   Come, go we to the king:
This must be known which, being kept close,
     might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love
Come  

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,
    and Attendants

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

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

Ros.  Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty

Guvil.  But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded

King  Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern

Queen.  Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosen- 

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son—Go, some of you, 
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is

**Guisl**  Heavens make our presence and our prac-
tices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

**Queen**  Ay, Amen!

*[Execut Rosenkrintz, Guildenstern, and some Attendants]*

**Enter Polonius**

**Pol** The ambassadors from Norway, my good
lord,

Are joyfully returned

**King** Thou still hast been the father of good
news

**Pol.** Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good
liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king.
And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet’s lunacy

**King** O! speak of that, that do I long to hear

**Pol** Give first admittance to the ambassadors.

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
King Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in —

[Exit Polonius

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found

The head and source of all your son’s distemper

Queen I doubt it is no other but the main,—

His father’s death, and our o’erhasty marriage.

King Well, we shall sift him.—

Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and

Cornelius

Welcome, my good friends

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Nor-

way?

Volt Most fair return of greetings and desires

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress

His nephew’s levies, which to him appeared

To be a preparation ’gainst the Polack,

But, better looked into, he truly found

It was against your highness whereat grieved,—

That so his sickness, age, and impotence,

Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests

On Fortunbras, which he, in brief, obeys,

Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,

Makes vow before his uncle, never more

To give th’ assay of arms ’gainst your majesty.

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee.
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack
With an entreaty, hereon further shown,

\[Giving a paper.\]

That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down

\[King\]

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

\[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.\]

\[Pol\]

This business is well ended—
My Laege, and Madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time

Therefore, since brevity's the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief: Your noble son is mad
Mad call I it, for, to define true madness,
What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go

Queen  More matter, with less art

Pol  Madam, I swear, I use no art at all
That he is mad, 'tis true 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true—A foolish figure
But farewell it, for I will use no art
Mad let us grant him, then, and now re-

ains,
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause.
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus
Perpend.
I have a daughter, have, whilst she is mine,
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this now gather, and surmise
—'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia,'—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase 'beautified' is
a vile phrase, but you shall hear—Thus.

'In her excellent-white bosom, these,' &c—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile, I will be faith

ful—

[Reads] 'Doubt thou the stars are fire,

Doubt, that the sun doth move,

c—22
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love

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

'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,' Hamlet'

This in obedience hath my daughter showed me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear

King But how hath she

Received his love?

Pol What do you think of me?

King As of a man faithful and honourable

Pol I would fain prove so But what might you think,

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,
O1 my dear majesty, your quean here, think,
If I had played the desk, or table-book,
O1 given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or looked upon this love with idle sight

What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak

'Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy star;
This must not be · · ·' and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulséd,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for

King Do you think 'tis this?
Queen It may be, very likely
Pol Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, 'Tis so,
When it proved otherwise?

King Not that I know
Pol [Pointing to his head and body] Take this from this, if this be otherwise
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre

King How may we try it further?
Pol You know, sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby
Queen So he does, indeed
Pol At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him
Be you and I behind an arras then,
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keep a farm and carters.

King We will try it
Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading

Pol Away! I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently—O! give me leave—

[Execunt King, Queen, and Attendants.

Enter Hamlet, reading.

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham Well, God-a-mercy
Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a fishmonger.
Pol Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,
is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead
dog, being a god kissing carnion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol  I have, my lord

Ham  Let her not walk r' the sun  conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive —Friend, look to't

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

Ham  Words, words, words

Pol  What is the matter, my lord?

Ham  Between who?

Pol.  I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham  Slanders, sir  for the satirical slave says here, that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams  all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down , for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am  if like a crab you could go back ward.

Pol  [Aside]  Though this be madness, yet there's
method in 't.—Will you walk out o' the air, my lord?

Ham Into my grave

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

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

Pol Fare you well, my lord.

Ham These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Pol You go to seek the Lord Hamlet, there he is

Ros [To Polonius] God save you, sir!  

[Exit Polonius.

Gurd Mine honoured lord!—

Ros My most dear lord!

Ham My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?
Ros As the indifferent children of the earth
Gull Happy, in that we are not overhappy.

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button
Ham Not the soles of her shoe?
Ros Neither, my lord
Ham Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?
Gull 'Faith, her privates we
Ham In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true, she is a strumpet. What news?
Ros None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest
Ham Then is doomsday near, but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?
Gull Prison, my lord?
Ham Denmark's a prison.
Ros Then is the world one
Ham A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one of the worst
Ros We think not so, my lord
Ham Why, then, 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. to me it is a prison.
Ros Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

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

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

Ham A dream itself is but a shadow.

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

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

Ros, Gul We'll wait upon you.

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

Ros To visit you, my lord, no other occasion.

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

Guil What should we say, my lord?

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

Ros To what end, my lord?

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

Ros What say you?

Ham Nay, then I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off

Guil My lord, we were sent for

Ham I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises, and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory,
this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth no other thing to me than a soul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me;—no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

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

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

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you, we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

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

Ros Even those you were wont to take such drought in, the tragedians of the city.

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

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

Ham Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros No, indeed, they are not.

Ham How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

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

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

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

Ham. Is it possible?

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

Ham Do the boys carry it away?

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

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

[Flourish of trumpets within.

Gusl There are the players

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

*Gred* In what, my dear lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad north-north-west when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Re-enter Polonius

*Pol.* Well be with you, gentlemen!

*Ham.* Mark you, Guildenstern,—and you too,—at each ear a heare! that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts

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

*Ham.* I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it,—You say right, sir o' Monday morning 't was then indeed

*Pol.* My lord, I have news to tell you

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you. ... When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz!

*Pol.* Upon my honour,—

*Ham.* Then came each actor on his ass,—

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem
unlimited Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

_Ham_ 'O Jephthah, judge of Israel,' what a treasure hadst thou!' _Pol_ What treasure had he, my lord? _Ham_ Why,

'One fair daughter, and no more, The which he loved passing well.'

_Pol_ [Aside.] Still on my daughter. _Ham_ Am I not '1 the right, old Jephthah? _Pol_ If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well. _Ham_. Nay, that follows not. _Pol_. What follows, then, my lord? _Ham_ Why,

'As by lot, God wot,' and then, you know, 'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—the first row of the pious chanson will show you more, for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players

You are welcome, masters, welcome all—I am glad to see thee well—welcome, good friends—O, my old friend, why, thy face is 'alanced since I saw thee last—com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?
—What! my young lady and mistress! By' lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality, come, a passionate speech.

1 Play What speech, my good lord?

Ham I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted, or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the milhon; 't was caviare to the general but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said, there were no sallies in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved 't was Æneas' tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter—If it live in your memory, begin at this line—let me see, let me see—
The rugged Pyrrhus like the Hyrcanian beast,
'tis not so—it begins with Pyrrhus—
The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared
With heraldry more dismal, head to foot
Now is he total gules, horribly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.'—

So, proceed you

Pol 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.
1 Play 'Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks, his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage, strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnervéd father falls Then senseless

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear for, lo, his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seemed r' th' air to stick
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Arouséd vengeance sets him new a-work,
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword

Now falls on Priam —
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power,
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard—
Pr'ythee say on—he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.
Say on; come to Hecuba.

1 Play. 'But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen'—

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good, mobled queen is good

1 Play. 'Run barefoot up and down, threatening
the flames
With bisson rheum, a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood, and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced,
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs.
The instant burst of clamour that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.'

Pol  Look, whe'er he has not turned his colour,
and has tears in 's eyes!—Pr'ythee, no more

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

Pol  My lord, I will use them according to their desert

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

Pol  Come, sirs

Ham  Follow him, friends; we'll hear a play to-morrow. [Exit Polonius, with all the Players except the First.] Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

1 Play  Ay, my lord

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

1 Play  Ay, my lord

Ham  Very well—Follow that lord, and look you mock him not. [Exit First Play: r] My good friends [to Ros and Guil], I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore

Ros  Good my lord!

Ham  Ay, so, God bye to you—

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wan'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing, no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damned defeat was made   Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds! I should take it for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal  Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very diab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! fol! About, my brain!—I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactions,
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick, if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape, yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this—The play's the thing,
Wherewith I'll catch the conscience of the king

[Exit]
ACT III

SCENE I—A Room in the Castle

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosen
crantz, and Guildenstern

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

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

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded.
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof.

When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

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

Queen. Did you assay him

To any pastime?

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

Pol
'Tis most true:
And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter

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

Ros. We shall, my lord

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 't were by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.
Her father, and myself,—lawful espials,—
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for

Queen. I shall obey you—
And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet’s wildness, so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours

Oph Madam, I wish it may

[Exit Queen

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

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

Pol I hear him coming let’s withdraw, my lord. [Exit King and Polonius

Enter Hamlet

Ham To be, or not to be, that is the question —
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,
No more—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consumption
Devoutly to be wished To die,—to sleep —
To sleep! perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

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

Ham. I humbly thank you, well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver,
I pray you, now receive them.

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

Oph. My honoured lord, you know right well you did,
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,
Take these again, for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?
Oph  My lord!
Ham  Are you fair?
Oph  What means your lordship?
Ham  That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.
Oph  Could 'beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?
Ham  Ay, truly, for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.
Oph  Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
Ham  You should not have believed me, for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.
Oph  I was the more deceived.
Ham  Get thee to a nunnery, why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in; imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven?
arrant knaves, all, believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery—Where's your father?

Oph At home, my lord

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

Oph O, help him, you sweet heavens!

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

Oph O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham I have heard of your paintings too, well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You juggle, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't. It hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriages; those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy  O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius

King Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness  There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger  which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down  He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you’t?

Pol. It shall do well, but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said,
We heard it all—My lord, do as you please,
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs, let her be round with him,
And I’ll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King It shall be so
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go

[Exeunt.

Scene II—A Hall in the Same

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players

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

1 Play I warrant your honour

Ham Be not too tame neither, but let your own
discretion be your tutor suit the action to the
word, the word to the action, with this special
observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of
nature; for anything so overdone is from the
purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first
and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the
mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own
feature, scorn her own image, and the very age
and body of the tame his form and pressure.
Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it
make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the
judicious grieve, the censure of the which one,
must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre
of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strummed, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably

1 Play I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us

Ham O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready—

[Exeunt Players

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern

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

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently

Ham Bid the players make haste—

[Exit Polonius

Will you two help to hasten them?
Ros, Guil. We will, my lord
[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter Horatio

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flattered?

No, let the candid tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawning: Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself, for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please: Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee—Something too much of this—
There is a play to-night before the king,
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy Give him heedful note
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming

_Hor_    Well, my lord
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft

_Ham_ They are coming to the play, I must be idle
Get you a place

_Danish march_ A flourish Enter, with his guard
carrying torches, King, Queen, Polonius,
Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and
other Lords attendant

_King_ How fares our cousin Hamlet?
Ham. Excellent, 't faith, of the chameleon's dish I eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed capons so.

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

Ham. No, nor mine now — [To Polonius] — My lord, you played once 't th' university, you say?

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

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar, I was killed 't the Capitol, Brutus killed me.

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

Ros. Ay, my lord, they stay upon your patience.

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

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. [To the King] O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[LYING DOWN AT OPHELIA'S FEET]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.
Ham. That's a fan thought to lie between maids' legs?

Oph  What is, my lord?

Ham  Nothing

Oph  You are merry, my lord

Ham  Who, I?

Oph  Ay, my lord

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

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

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

Hautboys play  The dumb-show enters

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly, the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck. He lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She, seeing
him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in another man, takes off his crown, kiss us it, and pours poison in the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner woos the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Emunt

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is mucking mallecho, it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue

Ham. We shall know by this fellow the players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

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

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

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently. [Exit

Ham. Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?
Oph  'Tis brief, my lord
Ham  As woman's love

Enter a King and a Queen.

P King Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart
gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands

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

P King Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too,
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honoured, beloved; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P Queen O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who killed the first


P Queen The instances that second marriage
move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed

P King I do believe you think what now you
speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity,
Which now, like fruit unique, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be
Most, necessary 't is, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose:
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 't is not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change
For 't is a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

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

*Ham* If she should break it now?

*P King* 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile
My spirits grow dull, and fam I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep [Sleeps

*P Queen* Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twain [Exit

*Ham* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queen* The lady doth protest too much, methinks

*Ham* O, but she'll keep her word

*King* Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in 't?

*Ham* No, no; they do but jest, poison in jest, no offence i' the world

*King* What do you call the play?

*Ham* The Mouse-trap Mary, how? Tropically This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna Gonzago is the duke's name, his wife, Baptista You shall see anon, 't is a knavish piece of work but what of that? your majesty, and we, that have free souls, it touches us not; let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung

*Enter Lucianus*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king
Oph  You are a good chorus, my lord
Ham  I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying
Oph  You are keen, my lord, you are keen
Ham  It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge
Oph  Still better, and worse
Ham  So you must take your husbands —
Begin, murderer, leave thy damnable faces, and begin
Come — the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge
Luc  Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing,
Confederate season, else no creature seeing,
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate’s ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic and dure property
On wholesome life usurp immediately

[Pours the poison into the Sleeper’s ears
Ham  He poisons him i’ the garden for ’s estate
His name’s Gonzago — the story is extant, and writ
in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago’s wife.
Oph  The king rises
Ham  What, frightened with false fire?
Queen  How fares my lord?
Pol. Give o'er the play
King. Give me some light!—away!
All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio]

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

Hor. Half a share

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

Hor. You might have rhymed

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

Hor. Very well, my lord

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music! come, the recorders!
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—
Come, some music!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Guil  Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Ham.  Sir, a whole history
Guil.  The king, sir,—
Ham  Ay, sir, what of him?
Guil  Is, in his retirement, marvellous dis-
tempered
Ham  With drink, sir?
Guil.  No, my lord, rather with choler
Ham.  Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler
Guil  Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair
Ham.  I am tame, sir,—pronounce
Guil  The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.
Ham.  You are welcome
Guil  Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer I will do your mother's
commandment, if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer, my wit's diseased but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother. therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then, thus she says. Your beho' your hath struck her into amazement and admiration

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

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

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

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pelters and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of dis temper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?
Ham  Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows'—the proverb is something musty

   Enter Players with recorders

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

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

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

Gurl. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gurl. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Gurl. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Gurl. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony, I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would
sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me —

Enter Polonius

God bless you, sir!

Pol My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

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

Pol. I will say so

[Exit

Ham. By-and-by is easily said —Leave me, friends. [Exit ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, HORATIO, &c

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

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SCENE III —A Room in the Same.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern

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

We will ourselves provide
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty

Ros The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from noyance, but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it, it is a massy wheel,
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoined, which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous run Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan

King Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
For we will fetter's put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed

Ros, Guril We will haste us

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Enter Polonius

Pol My lord, he's going to his mother's closet
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process. I'll warrant, she'll tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
*Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King

Thanks, dear my lord

[Exit Polonius]

O! my off-spring is rank, it smells to heaven
It hath the prounal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business hound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Wherefore serves mercy,
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down? Then, I'll look up
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? For give me my foul murder?—
That cannot be, since I am still possess’d
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence’s gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft ’t is seen, the wicked prove itself
Buys out the law but ’t is not so above,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O liméd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay
Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [Retires and kneels.

Enter Hamlet

Ham Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't —and so he goes to heaven.
And so am I reveng'd? that would be scanned
A villain kills my father, and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as
May,
And how his audit stands who knows save
Heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. And am I, then, revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid
hent
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damned and
black
As hell, whereeto it goes. My mother stays
Thus physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit
The King rises and advances

King My words fly up, my thoughts remain below
Words without thoughts never to heaven go

[Exit

Act IV — A Room in the Same

Enter Queen and Polonius

Pol He will come straight. Look you lay home to him
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham [Within] Mother, mother, mother!
Queen I'll warrant you,
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius hides himself behind the arras

Enter Hamlet

Ham Now, mother, what's the matter?
Queen Hamlet thou hast thy father much offended
Ham  Mother, you have my father much offended

Queen  Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue

Ham  Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue

Queen  Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham  What's the matter now?

Queen  Have you forgot me?

Ham  No, by the rood, not so
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife,
And—would it were not so—you are my mother

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

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

Queen  What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!


Ham  How now! a rat? [Draws]  Dead for a ducat, dead!

       [Makes a pass through the arras

Pol  [Behind]  O! I am slain  [Falls, and dies

Queen  O me, what hast thou done?
Ham

Is it the king?

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

Ham. A bloody deed—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham

Ay, lady, 't was my word.

[Lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better take thy fortune;
Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hands peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damnéd custom have not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

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

Ham

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

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

Ham Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers
See, what a grace was seated on his brow
Hyperion’s curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man
This was your husband. Look you now, what follows

Here is your husband, like a mildew’d ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain, leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it’s humble
And waits upon the judgment and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion, but, sure, that sense
Is apoplexed for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrilled
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath covenèd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense,
Could not so mope
O shame, where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a nation's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will

Queen O Hamlet, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave then tinct
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseaméd bed,
Stewed in corruption, honeying, and making love
Over the nasty sty,—

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

Ham A murderer, and a villain,
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord —a vice of kings,
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket,

Queen No more!

Ham A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost

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

Queen Alas! he's mad

Ham Do you not come your taidy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost Do not forget Thus visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits.
O, step between her and her fighting soul,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham How is it with you, lady?

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

Ham On him, on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones
Would make them capable—Do not look upon me,
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects then, what I have to do
Will want true colour, tears, perchance, for blood

Queen To whom do you speak this?

Ham Do you see nothing there?

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

Ham Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal.

[Exit Ghost

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain
This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in

Ham Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music It is not madness
That I have uttered bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Inflicts unseen Confess yourself to Heaven,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker Forgive me this my virtue,

For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.
Queen O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!

Ham O, throw away the wiser part of it,
And live the pure with the other half
Good night but go not to mine uncle's bed,
Assume a virtue, if you have it not
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a flock or livery
That aptly is put on Refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence the next more easy
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
Either subdue the devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency Once more, good night
And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you — For this same lord,

[Pointing to Polonius

I do repent but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him So, again, good night.—
I must be cruel, only to be kind
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind —
One word more, good lady
Queen

What shall I do?

Ham Not this, by no means, that I bid you do: Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed; Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse, And let him, for a pair of recchy kisses, Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers, Make you to ravel all this matter out, That I essentially am not in madness, But mad in craft 'T were good, you let him know, For who, that's but a queen, fan, sober, wise, Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib, Such dear concernings lude! who would do so? No, in despite of sense, and secrecy, Unpeg the basket on the house's top, Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape, To try conclusions, in the basket creep And break your own neck down

Queen Be thou assured, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe What thou hast said to me

Ham I must to England, you know that

Queen

Alack,
I had forgot 't is so concluded on
There’s letters sealed and my two school fellows,—
Whom I will trust, as I will adders fanged,—
They bear the mandate, they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For ’tis the sport to have the engine:
Hoist with his own petar and ’t shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, ’tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet—
This man shall set me packing!
I’ll lug the guts into the neighbour room—
Mother, good night—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you—
Good night, mother

[Exeunt severally, Hamlet dragging in
Polonius]
ACT IV.

Scene I — The Same

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern

King There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves
You must translate, 'tis fit we understand them
Where is your son?—

Queen Bestow this place on us a little while

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

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

King What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, 'A rat! a rat!'

And, in this brawny apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man

King O heavy deed!
It had been so with us had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrained, and out of haunt,
This mad young man, but, so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen To draw apart the body he hath killed,
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure he weeps for what is done

King O Gertrude, come away
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse—Ho, Guildenstern!

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

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do
And what's untimely done,—
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air O, come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay [Exeunt

Scene II—Another Room in the Same

Enter Hamlet

Ham  Safely stowed
Ros, Gurl [Within] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Ham  What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Ros  What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham  Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Ros Tell us where 't is, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel

Ham Do not believe it.

Ros Believe what?

Ham That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! What replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed to be last swallowed; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again

Ros I understand you not, my lord

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

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

Ham The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—'

Gurl A thing, my lord!

Ham Of nothing—bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after

[Exeunt]
Scene III — Another Room in the Same

Enter King, attended

King I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him
He’s loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes,
And where ’t is so, the offender’s scourge is weighed,
But never the offence To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause diseases desperate grown
By desperate apphance are relieved,
Or not at all —

Enter Rosencrantz

How now! what hath befallen?

Ros Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,

We cannot get from him

King But where is he?

Ros Without, my lord, guarded, to know your pleasure.

King Bring him before us

Ros Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.
Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King Now, Hamlet, where’s Polonius?
Ham At supper
King At supper! Where?
Ham Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. a certain convocation of politic worms are e’en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table; that’s the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm

King What dost thou mean by this?
Ham Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King Where is Polonius?
Ham In heaven send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i’ the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King [To some Attendants] Go seek him there.
Ham He will stay till you come.

[Exeunt Attendants.]
King Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence
With fiery quickness, therefore, prepare thyself
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is bent
For England.

Ham For England?

King Ay, Hamlet.

Ham Good

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

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

King Thy loving father, Hamlet

Ham My mother father and mother is man
and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother
Come, for England!

[Exit

King Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard

Delay it not, I’ll have him hence to-night
Away, for everything is sealed and done
That else leans on the affair pray you, make haste,—

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

And, England, if my love thou hold’st at aught,—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou may'st not coldly set
Oui sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet.  Do it, England,
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[Exit

Scene IV—A Plain in Denmark

Enter Fortinbras, a Captain, and Forces,
marching

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

Cap I will do 't, my lord

For  Go softly on

[Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.]
Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purposed, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, snr.

Or for some frontier?

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

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrisoned.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats.

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

Cap. God buy you, sir.

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge. What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep, and feed? a beast, no more
Sure, He, that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To rust in us unused. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
A thought which, quartered, hath but one part
Wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to say, 'This thing's to do;'
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me.
Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,
Makes mouths at the invisible event.
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Ever for an egg-shell Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I, then,
That have a father killed a mother stamed,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
To hide the slain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[Exit.

Scene V—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Queen and Horatio

Queen I will not speak with her
Hor She is importunate, indeed, distract
Her mood will needs be pitied
Queen What would she have?
Hor She speaks much of her father, says, she
hears
There's tricks 'r the world, and hems, and beats
her heart,
Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshapéd use of it doth move
The hearers to collection, they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily
'T were good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [Exit Horatio.
To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fealing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Den-
mark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. [Sings] How should I your true love know
   From another one?
   By his cockle hat and staff,
   And his sandal shoon

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?
Oph Say you? nay, pray you, mark [Sings
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone

O, oh!

Queen Nay, but, Ophelia,—
Oph Pray you, mark [Sings
White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter King

Queen Alas! look here, my lord. [Sings
Oph Larded with sweet flowers,
Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers

King How do ye, pretty lady?
Oph Well, God did you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King Conceit upon her father

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

[Sings
To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine
Then up he rose, and donn’d his clothes,
And dupp’d the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more

King    Pretty Ophelia!

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

By Gis, and by Saint Charity,        [Sings
   Alack, and sir for shame!
Young men will do’t, if they come to’t;
   By cock, they are to blame
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
   You promised me to wed
So would I ha’ done, by yonder sun,
   An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King    How long hath she ben thus?

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

King    Follow her close, give her good watch,
I pray you. [Exit Horatio

O, this is the poison of deep grief, it springs
All from her father’s death. And now, behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions First, her father slain
Next, your son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove the people muddled,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death, and we have done but greenly,

In hugger-mugger to inter him poor Ophelia
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death,
Wherein necessity, of matter beggared,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear O my dear Gertrude ' this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door

. Enter a Gentleman

What is the matter?
Save yourself, my lord
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers The rabble call him lord,
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratsifiers and props of every word,
They cry, 'Choose we, Laertes shall be king!'
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

*King* The doors are broke [Noise within.

Enter Laertes, armed, Danes following

*Laer* Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

*Danes* No, let's come in.

*Laer* I pray you, give me leave.

*Danes* We will, we will

[They retire without the door.

*Laer* I thank you keep the door—O thou vile king,

Give me my father
Queen Calmly, good Laertes

Laer That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother

King What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude, do not fear our person
There's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed—Let him go, Ger-

trude—

Speak, man

Laer Where is my father?

King Dead

Queen But not by him

King Let him demand his fill

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be jugged with

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

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged
Most throughly for my father

King Who shall stay you?

Laer My will, not all the world
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little

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

Laer None but his enemies

King Will you know them then?

Laer To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood

King Why now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye

Danes [Within] Let her come in.

Laer How now! what noise is that?
Re-enter Ophelia

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!—
By Heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is 't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and, where 't is fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves

Oph. They bore him barefaced on the bier,

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny
And in his grave rained many a tear,—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,

It could not move thus

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

Laer. This nothing's more than matter

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember. and there is purses, that's for thoughts
Laer  A document in madness,—thoughts and remembrance fitted

Oph  There's fennel for you, and columbines,—there's rue for you, and here's some for me—We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays.—O, you must wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died.—They say, he made a good end,—

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Laer  Thought and affection, passion, hell itself, She turns to favour and to prettiness

Oph  And will he not come again? And will he not come again? No, no, he is dead Go to thy death-bed He never will come again His beard as white as snow, All flaxen was his poll, He is gone, he is gone, And we cast away moan God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God buy you!

Laer  Do you see this? O God!

King  Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right—Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction, but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content

Lær

Let this be so
His means of death, his obscure burial,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question

Kîng

So you shall,
And where the offence is, let the great axe fall
I pray you, go with me

[Exeunt

SCENE VI—Another Room in the Same

Enter Horatio and a Servant

Hor What are they, that would speak with me?
Serv Sailors, sir they say, they have letters for you.
Hamlet.

Hor. Let them come in— [Exit Servant]

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

Enter Sailors

1 Sail. God bless you, sir

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

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

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

Come, I will give you way for these your letters, And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them [Exeunt

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Scene VII — Another Room in the Same

Enter King and Laertes

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

Laert It well appears — but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats, So crimeful and so capital in nature, As by your safety, wisdom, all things else, You mainly werestarred up

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

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

_King_ Break not your sleeps for that, you must
not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear
more

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

How now! what news?

Mess Letters, my lord, from Hamlet

This to your majesty, this to the queen

King From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess Sailors, my lord, they say, I saw them not

They were given me by Claudio, he received them

Of him that brought them

King Laertes, you shall hear them—

Leave us

[Exit Messenger

[Reads] 'High and mighty,—you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return

Hamlet"

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

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer Know you the hand?

King 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked,'—

And, in a postscript here, he says, 'alone'

Can you advise me?

Laer I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
‘Thus diddest thou’

_King_ If it be so, Laertes,—
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—
Will you be ruled by me?

_Laer_ Ay, my lord,
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace

_King_ To thine own peace If he be now returned,—
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall,
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident

_Laer_ My lord, I will be ruled;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ

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

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

Laer  A Norman, was 't?

King  A Norman

Laer  Upon my life, Lamord

King  The very same

Laer  I know him well he is the brooch,

indeed,

And gem of all the nation

King  He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed
If one could match you the scrumners of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

_Laer_ What out of this, my lord?

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

_Laer._ Why ask you this?

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

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,  
To show yourself your father's son in deed,  
More than in words?

Laertes: To cut his throat 'tis the church

King: No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarise,

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your chamber  
Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home.

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,  
And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you, bring you, in fine, together,

And wager on your heads he, being remiss  
Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,  
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice,  
Requite him for your father

Laertes: I will do't,

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

King Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
I were better not assayed therefore, this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this should blast in proof. Soft,—let me see—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning,—
I ha't.

When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venomed stuck
Our purpose may hold there. But stay! what noise?

Enter QUFEN.

How now, sweet queen?

Queen One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow—Your sister's drowned, Laertes.
Laer  Drowned!—O, where?

Queen  There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream,
There with fantastic gaih ands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them

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

Laer  Alas, then, is she drowned!

Queen  Drowned, drowned

Laer  Too much of water hast thou, poor Opheha,
And therefore I forbid my tears but yet
It is our trick, nature her custom holds,
HAMLET

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 fam would blaze,
But that this folly douts it.

[Exit

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

[Exeunt

ACT V

SCENE I—A Churchyard

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattocks

1 Clo Is she to be buried in Christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo I tell thee, she is, and therefore make her grave straight the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial

1 Clo How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 Clo Why, ’tis found so

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

2 Clo Nay, but hear you, goodman deliver —

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

2 Clo But is this law?

1 Clo Ay, marry, is’t, crowner’s quest-law

2 Clo Will you ha’ the truth on’t? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 Clo Why, there thou say’st, and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even-Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers, they hold up Adam’s profession.

2 Clo Was he a gentleman?

1 Clo He was the first that ever bore arms

2 Clo Why, he had none

1 Clo What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged could he dig without arms? I’ll
put another question to thee; if thou answerest
me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 Clo Go to

1 Clo What is he, that builds stronger than
either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 Clo The gallows-maker, for that frame out-
lives a thousand tenants

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

2 Clo Who builds stronger than a mason, a
shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 Clo Ay, tell me that, and unyoke

2 Clo Marry, now I can tell

1 Clo To't

2 Clo Mass, I cannot tell

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance

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

[Exit 2 Cloun
I Clow'd digg, and sings

In youth, when I did love, did love,
I thought it was very sweet

To contract, O, the time for a my brolwe,
O, mithought, there was nothing-a meet

Ham. Hath this fellow no feeling of his business,
that he sings at grave making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of

casins.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so, the hand of little employ-
ment hath the dainty sense.

1 Clo. But ag, with his stealing steps, [Sings

Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

As if I had never been such

[Throws up a skull.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could

sang once, how the knave jowls it to the ground, as

if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder!

This might be the pate of a politician, which

this ass now o'er-offices, one that would circumvent

God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, 'Good

morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?'

This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my
Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor  Ay, my lord

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

1 Clo A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.
   For and a shrouding sheet.
   O, a pit of clay for to be made.
   For such a guest is meet.

[Thro' up another skull.

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

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—Whose grave is this, sir?

1 Clo. Mine, sir.—[Sings

_0, a pit of clay for to be made_

_For such a guest is meet._

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed, for thou hast in't.

1 Clo. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours, for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

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

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?
1 Clo One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier he galls his kibe—How long hast thou been a gravedigger?

1 Clo Of all the days i'the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortunbras.

Ham How long is that since?

1 Clo Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born, he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 Clo Why, because a was mad a shall recover his wits there, or, if a do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham Why?

1 Clo 'T will not be seen in him there, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham How came he mad?

1 Clo Very strangely, they say.

Ham How strangely?
1 Clo 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits

Ham Upon what ground?

1 Clo Why, here in Denmark I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years

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

1 Clo 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—as we have many pocky corpses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last you some eight year, or nine year—a tannel will last you nine year

Ham Why he more than another?

1 Clo Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now, this skull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years

Ham Whose was it?

1 Clo A whoreson mad fellow's it was whose do you think it was?

Ham Nay, I know not

1 Clo A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a poured a flagon of Rhemish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester

Ham This?

1 Clo E'en that
Ham. Let me see. [Takes the skull] Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio! a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his back a thousand times, and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come, make her laugh at that—P'r'ye the, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' th' earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [Puts down the skull.

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead
it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away O that that earth which kept the world in awe

Should patch a wall to expel the winter’s flaw! But soft, but soft! aside —here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c, in procession, the Corse of Ophelia, Laertes and Mourners following, King, Queen, their Trains, &c

The queen, the courtiers Who is that they follow, And with such maiméd rites? This doth betoken, The corse they follow ’did with desperate hand Fordo its own life, ’t was of some estate Couch we awhile, and mark

[Retiring with Horatio

Laer What ceremony else?

Ham That is Laertes.

A very noble youth mark

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

Laer Must there no more be done?

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

Laer Lay her i' th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling

Ham What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen Sweets to the sweet farewell

[Scattering flowers

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave

Laer  O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenuous sense
Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms

[Leaps into the grave
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made
To o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham  [Advancing]  What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand,
Lake wonder-wounded hearers?  This is I,
Hamlet the Dane

Laer  The devil take thy soul!

[Leaps into the grave
[Grappling with him.

Ham  Thou pray'st not well
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not splenitive and rash
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear  Away thy hand!

King  Pluck them asunder
Queen

Hamlet! Hamlet!

All Gentlemen,—

Hor Good my lord, be quiet

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

Ham Why, I will fight with him upon this theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag

Queen O my son, what theme?

Ham I loved Ophelia forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King O, he is mad, Laertes

Queen For love of God, forbear him

Ham 'Swounds! show me what thou 'It do

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

Woo't drink up Esill? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't—Dost thou come here to whine,

To outface me with leaping in her grave,

Be buried quick with her, and so will I

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw,

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

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

I'll rant as well as thou

Queen This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him,
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplet are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping

_Ham_  
Hear you, sir.
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever but it is no matter,
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day

_[Exit]

_King_ I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon
him—
_[Exit Horatio

_[To Laertes]_ Strengthen your patience in our
last night's speech,
We'll put the matter to the present push—
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son—
This grave shall have a living monument
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see,
Till then, in patience our proceeding be

_[Exeunt

---

_SCENE II._—A Hall in the Castle.

_Enter_ Hamlet and Horatio

_Ham_ So much for this, sir. now shall you see
the other,—
You do remember all the circumstance?
Hor Remember it, my lord!

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

Hor That is most certain.

Ham Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarfed about me, in the dark,
Groped I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingered their packet, and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again—making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission, where I found, Horatio,—
O royal knavery!—an exact command,—
Laded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho, such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off

Hor Is't possible?
Ham  Here's the commission read it at more leisure
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
Hor  I beseech you
Ham  Being thus benetted round with villainies,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair
I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and laboured much
How to forget that learning, but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service,—wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
Hor  Ay, good my lord
Ham  An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them as the palm should flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'as's' 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
Hor  How was this sealed?
Ham  Why, even in that was Heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal,
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscribed it, gave 't the impression, placed it safely,
The changeling never known    Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to thus was sequent
Thou know'st already

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't

Ham    Why, man, they did make love to this employment,

They are not near my conscience, their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes
Between the pass, and fell-incensed points,
Of mighty opposites

Hor    Why, what a king is this!

Ham    Does it not think thee, stand me now upon—

He that hath kill'd my king, and whored my mother,
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect con-

science
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damned
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

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

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

_Hor_ Peace, who comes here?

_Enter Osric_

_Osr_ Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark

_Ham_ I humbly thank you, sir—Dost know this water-fly?

_Hor_ No, my good lord

_Ham_ Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall
stand at the king's mess 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

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

Ham I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Osr I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

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

Osr It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hat for my complexion.

Osr Exceedingly, my lord, it is very sultry,—as't were,—I cannot tell how—but, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head—sir, this is the matter.—

Ham I beseech you, remember—

[Harks moves him to put on his hat]

Osr Nay, in good faith, for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes, believe me an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent manner of very soft society, and great knowing indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentility; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would
Ham Sir, his deification suffers no perdition in you though, I know, to divide him inventoryally, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

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

Osr Sir?

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

Ham What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr Of Laertes?

Hor His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham Of him, sir.

Osr I know you are not ignorant—

Ham I would you did, sir, yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me—Well, sir.

Osr You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham I dare not confess that lest I should
compare with him in excellence, but, to know a man well, were to know himself

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

Ham What's his weapon?

Osr Rapier and dagger

Ham That's two of his weapons but, well.

Osr The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages and of very liberal conceit.

Ham What call you the carriages?

Hor I knew, you must be edified by the margent ere you had done

Osr The carriages, sir, are the hangers

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

Osr The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen
passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits he hath laid on twelve for nine, and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer

_Ham_ How if I answer, no?

_Osr_ I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial

_Ham_ Sir, I will walk here in the hall if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him as I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits

_Osr_ Shall I re-deliver you e’en so?

_Ham_ To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will

_Osr_ I commend my duty to your lordship

_Ham_ Yours, yours [Exit Osric]

He does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for’s turn

_Hor_ This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

_Ham_ He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he, and many more of the same bevy, that, I know, the drowsy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection which
carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions, and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

_Enter a Lord_

_Lord_ My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall he sends to know, if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

_Ham_ I am constant to my purposes, they follow the king's pleasure if his fitness speaks, mune is ready, now, or whencesoever, provided I be so able as now.

_Lord_ The king and queen and all are coming down.

_Ham_ In happy time

_Lord._ The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes, before you fall to play

_Ham_ She well instructs me. [Exit Lord

_Hor_ You will lose this wager, my lord.

_Ham_ I do not think so, since he went into France I have been in continual practice, I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

_Hor_ Nay, good my lord,—
Ham It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of
gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman
Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it I
will forestall their repair hither, and say you are
not fit

Ham Not a whit, we defy augury there is a
special providence in the fall of a sparrow If it
be now, 'tis not to come, if it be not to come, it
will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come
the readiness is all Since no man has aught of
what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let
be

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and
Attendants with fouls, &c

King Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand
from me

[The King puts the hand of Laertes into
that of Hamlet

Ham Give me your pardon, sir. I've done you
wrong,
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punished
With sore distraction What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness
Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet demes it.
Who does it then? His madness If't be so;
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother

Laer I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most.
To my revenge but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungored But till that tim
I do receve your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it

Ham I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the fouls—Come on.

Laer Come, one for me.

Ham I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine igno
Your skull shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stack fiery off indeed

Laer       You mock me, sir
Ham    No, by this hand
King  Give them the foils, young Osrick—
          Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham    Very well, my lord,
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side

King  I do not fear it I have seen you both,
But since he's bettered, we have therefore odds

Laer  This is too heavy, let me see another

Ham    This likes me well These foils have all
          a length? [They prepare to play

Osi.  Ay, my good lord

King  Set me the stoups of wine upon that
          table—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn Give me the
cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,  
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet!' — Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye

*Ham* Come on, sir

*Laer* Come, my lord  

[They play.]

*Ham* One

*Laer* No.

*Ham* Judgment

*Osr* A hit, a very palpable hit

*Laer* Well — again.

*King* Stay, give me drink  

Hamlet, this pearl is thine,

Here's to thy health — Give him the cup

[Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within]

*Ham* I'll play this bout first  

set it by awhile.  

Come — [They play.] Another hit, what say you?

*Laer* A touch, a touch, I do confess.

*King* Our son shall win

*Queen* He's fat, and scant of breath —

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

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

*Ham* Good madam!

*King* Gertrude, do not drink

*Queen* I will, my lord  

I pray you, pardon me

*King* [Aside] It is the poisoned cup. It is too late
Ham I dare not drink yet, madam, by-and-by
Queen Come, let me wipe thy face
Laer My lord, I'll hit him now
King I do not think it
Laer [Aside] And yet it is almost against my conscience
Ham Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally.
I pray you, pass with your best violence
I am afraid you make a wanton of me
Laer Say you so? come on [They play
Osr Nothing, neither way
Laer Have at you now
[Laertes wounds Hamlet, then, in scuffling they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes
King Part them! they are incensed
Ham Nay, come again [The Queen falls
Osr Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor They bleed on both sides—How is it, my lord?
Osr How is 't, Laertes?
Laer Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrick,
I am justly killed with mine own treachery
Ham How does the queen?
King She swoons to see them bleed
Queen No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd [Dies
Ham O villany!—Ho, let the door be lock'd! Treachery! seek it out [LAFRTES falls.
Laer It is here, Hamlet Hamlet, thou art slain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life,
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenomed The foul practice
Hath turned itself on me lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again Thy mother's poisoned
I can no more The king, the king's to blame.
Ham The point envenomed too!
Then, venom, to thy work!' [Stabs the King
All Treason! treason!
King O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt
Ham Here, thou incestuous, murderous, dam- nèd Dane,
Drink off this potion —is thy union here?
Follow my mother [King dies
Laer He is justly served,
It is a poison tempered by himself —
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet,
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!' [Dies
Ham Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee—
I am dead, Horatio—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,—O! I could tell you,—
But let it be,—Horatio, I am dead,
Thou liv’st—report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied

Hor Never believe it
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here’s yet some liquor left

Ham As thou’rt a man,
Give me the cup let go, by Heaven I’ll have it—
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story [March afar off, and shot within

What warlike noise is this?

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

_Ham_ O, I die, Horatio,
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with the occurcients, more and less,
Which have solicited—The rest is silence

_Hor_ Now cracks a noble heart—Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
Why does the drum come hither? [March within

_Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors, and other._

_For_ Where is this sight?

_Hor_ What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search
_For_ This quarry cries on havock—O proud death!

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

1 _Amb_ The sight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor, Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you
He never gave commandment for then death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived, gave order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fallen on the inventors' heads all this can I
Truly deliver

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

Hor Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more
But let this same be presently performed,
Even while men’s minds are wild, lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen

For.

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

[Exeunt, bearing off the bodies, after which,
a peal of ordnance is shot off]
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