

The Tragedy of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark
By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

It is hard to imagine a world without Shakespeare. Since their composition four hundred years ago, Shakespeare's plays and poems have traveled the globe, inviting those who see and read his works to make them their own.

Readers of the New Folger Editions are part of this ongoing process of "taking up Shakespeare," finding our own thoughts and feelings in language that strikes us as old or unusual and, for that very reason, new. We still struggle to keep up with a writer who could think a mile a minute, whose words paint pictures that shift like clouds. These expertly edited texts are presented to the public as a resource for study, artistic adaptation, and enjoyment. By making the classic texts of the New Folger Editions available in electronic form as Folger Digital Texts, we place a trusted resource in the hands of anyone who wants them.

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theater.

I want to express my deep thanks to editors Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine for creating these indispensable editions of Shakespeare's works, which incorporate the best of textual scholarship with a richness of commentary that is both inspired and engaging. Readers who want to know more about Shakespeare and his plays can follow the paths these distinguished scholars have tread by visiting the Folger either in-person or online, where a range of physical and digital resources exists to supplement the material in these texts. I commend to you these words, and hope that they inspire.

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

Until now, with the release of the Folger Digital Texts, readers in search of a free online text of Shakespeare's plays had to be content primarily with using the Moby™ Text, which reproduces a late-nineteenth century version of the plays. What is the difference? Many ordinary readers assume that there is a single text for the plays: what Shakespeare wrote. But Shakespeare's plays were not published the way modern novels or plays are published today: as a single, authoritative text. In some cases, the plays have come down to us in multiple published versions, represented by various Quartos (Qq) and by the great collection put together by his colleagues in 1623, called the First Folio (F). There are, for example, three very different versions of *Hamlet*, two of *King Lear*, *Henry V*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and others. Editors choose which version to use as their base text, and then amend that text with words, lines or speech prefixes from the other versions that, in their judgment, make for a better or more accurate text.

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar word could be understood in light of other writings of the period or whether it should be changed; decisions about words that made it into Shakespeare's text by accident through four hundred years of printings and misprinting; and even decisions based on cultural preference and taste. When the Moby™ Text was created, for example, it was deemed "improper" and "indecent" for Miranda to chastise Caliban for having attempted to rape her. (See *The Tempest*, 1.2: "Abhorred slave,/Which any print of goodness wilt not take,/Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee..."). All Shakespeare editors at the time took the speech away from her and gave it to her father, Prospero.

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in

chains of magic were not bound,]”), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

Because the Folger Digital Texts are edited in accord with twenty-first century knowledge about Shakespeare’s texts, the Folger here provides them to readers, scholars, teachers, actors, directors, and students, free of charge, confident of their quality as texts of the plays and pleased to be able to make this contribution to the study and enjoyment of Shakespeare.

Synopsis

Events before the start of *Hamlet* set the stage for tragedy. When the king of Denmark, Prince Hamlet's father, suddenly dies, Hamlet's mother, Gertrude, marries his uncle Claudius, who becomes the new king.

A spirit who claims to be the ghost of Hamlet's father describes his murder at the hands of Claudius and demands that Hamlet avenge the killing. When the councilor Polonius learns from his daughter, Ophelia, that Hamlet has visited her in an apparently distracted state, Polonius attributes the prince's condition to lovesickness, and he sets a trap for Hamlet using Ophelia as bait.

To confirm Claudius's guilt, Hamlet arranges for a play that mimics the murder; Claudius's reaction is that of a guilty man. Hamlet, now free to act, mistakenly kills Polonius, thinking he is Claudius. Claudius sends Hamlet away as part of a deadly plot.

After Polonius's death, Ophelia goes mad and later drowns. Hamlet, who has returned safely to confront the king, agrees to a fencing match with Ophelia's brother, Laertes, who secretly poisons his own rapier. At the match, Claudius prepares poisoned wine for Hamlet, which Gertrude unknowingly drinks; as she dies, she accuses Claudius, whom Hamlet kills. Then first Laertes and then Hamlet die, both victims of Laertes' rapier.

Characters in the Play

THE GHOST

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark, son of the late King Hamlet
and Queen Gertrude

QUEEN GERTRUDE, widow of King Hamlet, now married to Claudius

KING CLAUDIUS, brother to the late King Hamlet

OPHELIA

LAERTES, her brother

POLONIUS, father of Ophelia and Laertes, councillor to King Claudius

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius

HORATIO, Hamlet's friend and confidant

VOLTEMAND

CORNELIUS

ROSENCRANTZ

GUILDENSTERN

OSRIC

Gentlemen

A Lord

courtiers at the Danish court

FRANCISCO

BARNARDO

MARCELLUS

Danish soldiers

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway

A Captain in Fortinbras's army

Ambassadors to Denmark from England

Players who take the roles of Prologue, Player King, Player Queen,
and Lucianus in *The Murder of Gonzago*

Two Messengers

Sailors

Gravedigger

Gravedigger's companion

Doctor of Divinity

Attendants, Lords, Guards, Musicians, Laertes's Followers, Soldiers,
Officers

⟨ACT 1⟩

⟨Scene 1⟩

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two sentinels.

FTLN 0001	BARNARDO	Who's there?	
	FRANCISCO		
FTLN 0002		Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.	
FTLN 0003	BARNARDO	Long live the King!	
FTLN 0004	FRANCISCO	Barnardo.	
FTLN 0005	BARNARDO	He.	5
	FRANCISCO		
FTLN 0006		You come most carefully upon your hour.	
	BARNARDO		
FTLN 0007		'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.	
	FRANCISCO		
FTLN 0008		For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,	
FTLN 0009		And I am sick at heart.	
FTLN 0010	BARNARDO	Have you had quiet guard?	10
FTLN 0011	FRANCISCO	Not a mouse stirring.	
FTLN 0012	BARNARDO	Well, good night.	
FTLN 0013		If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,	
FTLN 0014		The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.	

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

	FRANCISCO		
FTLN 0015		I think I hear them.—Stand ho! Who is there?	15
FTLN 0016	HORATIO	Friends to this ground.	

FTLN 0017 MARCELLUS And liegemen to the Dane.
 FTLN 0018 FRANCISCO Give you good night.
 MARCELLUS
 FTLN 0019 O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved
 FTLN 0020 you? 20
 FRANCISCO
 FTLN 0021 Barnardo hath my place. Give you good night.
Francisco exits.
 FTLN 0022 MARCELLUS Holla, Barnardo.
 FTLN 0023 BARNARDO Say, what, is Horatio there?
 FTLN 0024 HORATIO A piece of him.
 BARNARDO
 FTLN 0025 Welcome, Horatio.—Welcome, good Marcellus. 25
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0026 What, has this thing appeared again tonight?
 FTLN 0027 BARNARDO I have seen nothing.
 MARCELLUS
 FTLN 0028 Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy
 FTLN 0029 And will not let belief take hold of him
 FTLN 0030 Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us. 30
 FTLN 0031 Therefore I have entreated him along
 FTLN 0032 With us to watch the minutes of this night,
 FTLN 0033 That, if again this apparition come,
 FTLN 0034 He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0035 Tush, tush, 'twill not appear. 35
 FTLN 0036 BARNARDO Sit down awhile,
 FTLN 0037 And let us once again assail your ears,
 FTLN 0038 That are so fortified against our story,
 FTLN 0039 What we have two nights seen.
 FTLN 0040 HORATIO Well, sit we down, 40
 FTLN 0041 And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.
 FTLN 0042 BARNARDO Last night of all,
 FTLN 0043 When yond same star that's westward from the pole
 FTLN 0044 Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven
 FTLN 0045 Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, 45
 FTLN 0046 The bell then beating one—

Enter Ghost.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0047 Peace, break thee off! Look where it comes again.

BARNARDO

FTLN 0048 In the same figure like the King that's dead.

MARCELLUS, *['to Horatio']*

FTLN 0049 Thou art a scholar. Speak to it, Horatio.

BARNARDO

FTLN 0050 Looks he not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

50

HORATIO

FTLN 0051 Most like. It *<harrows>* me with fear and wonder.

BARNARDO

FTLN 0052 It would be spoke to.

FTLN 0053 MARCELLUS Speak to it, Horatio.

HORATIO

FTLN 0054 What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

FTLN 0055 Together with that fair and warlike form

55

FTLN 0056 In which the majesty of buried Denmark

FTLN 0057 Did sometimes march? By heaven, I charge thee,

FTLN 0058 speak.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0059 It is offended.

FTLN 0060 BARNARDO See, it stalks away.

60

HORATIO

FTLN 0061 Stay! speak! speak! I charge thee, speak!

Ghost exits.

FTLN 0062 MARCELLUS 'Tis gone and will not answer.

BARNARDO

FTLN 0063 How now, Horatio, you tremble and look pale.

FTLN 0064 Is not this something more than fantasy?

FTLN 0065 What think you on 't?

65

HORATIO

FTLN 0066 Before my God, I might not this believe

FTLN 0067 Without the sensible and true avouch

FTLN 0068 Of mine own eyes.

FTLN 0069	MARCELLUS	Is it not like the King?	
FTLN 0070	HORATIO	As thou art to thyself.	70
FTLN 0071		Such was the very armor he had on	
FTLN 0072		When he the ambitious Norway combated.	
FTLN 0073		So frowned he once when, in an angry parle,	
FTLN 0074		He smote the sledded 'Polacks' on the ice.	
FTLN 0075		'Tis strange.	75
	MARCELLUS		
FTLN 0076		Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,	
FTLN 0077		With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.	
	HORATIO		
FTLN 0078		In what particular thought to work I know not,	
FTLN 0079		But in the gross and scope of mine opinion	
FTLN 0080		This bodes some strange eruption to our state.	80
	MARCELLUS		
FTLN 0081		Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,	
FTLN 0082		Why this same strict and most observant watch	
FTLN 0083		So nightly toils the subject of the land,	
FTLN 0084		And <why> such daily <cast> of brazen cannon	
FTLN 0085		And foreign mart for implements of war,	85
FTLN 0086		Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task	
FTLN 0087		Does not divide the Sunday from the week.	
FTLN 0088		What might be toward that this sweaty haste	
FTLN 0089		Doth make the night joint laborer with the day?	
FTLN 0090		Who is 't that can inform me?	90
FTLN 0091	HORATIO	That can I.	
FTLN 0092		At least the whisper goes so: our last king,	
FTLN 0093		Whose image even but now appeared to us,	
FTLN 0094		Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,	
FTLN 0095		Thereto pricked on by a most emulate pride,	95
FTLN 0096		Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet	
FTLN 0097		(For so this side of our known world esteemed him)	
FTLN 0098		Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a sealed compact,	
FTLN 0099		Well ratified by law and heraldry,	
FTLN 0100		Did forfeit, with his life, all <those> his lands	100
FTLN 0101		Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror.	

FTLN 0102 Against the which a moiety competent
 FTLN 0103 Was gaged by our king, which had <returned>
 FTLN 0104 To the inheritance of Fortinbras
 FTLN 0105 Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same comart 105
 FTLN 0106 And carriage of the article 「designed,」
 FTLN 0107 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
 FTLN 0108 Of unimprovèd mettle hot and full,
 FTLN 0109 Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
 FTLN 0110 Sharked up a list of lawless resolute 110
 FTLN 0111 For food and diet to some enterprise
 FTLN 0112 That hath a stomach in 't; which is no other
 FTLN 0113 (As it doth well appear unto our state)
 FTLN 0114 But to recover of us, by strong hand
 FTLN 0115 And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands 115
 FTLN 0116 So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
 FTLN 0117 Is the main motive of our preparations,
 FTLN 0118 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 FTLN 0119 Of this posthaste and rummage in the land.

[BARNARDO

FTLN 0120 I think it be no other but e'en so. 120
 FTLN 0121 Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 FTLN 0122 Comes armèd through our watch so like the king
 FTLN 0123 That was and is the question of these wars.

HORATIO

FTLN 0124 A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
 FTLN 0125 In the most high and palmy state of Rome, 125
 FTLN 0126 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 FTLN 0127 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 FTLN 0128 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
 FTLN 0129 As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
 FTLN 0130 Disasters in the sun; and the moist star, 130
 FTLN 0131 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 FTLN 0132 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.
 FTLN 0133 And even the like precurse of 「feared」 events,
 FTLN 0134 As harbingers preceding still the fates
 FTLN 0135 And prologue to the omen coming on, 135

FTLN 0136 Have heaven and Earth together demonstrated
 FTLN 0137 Unto our climates and countrymen.]

Enter Ghost.

FTLN 0138 But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
 FTLN 0139 I'll cross it though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!

It spreads his arms.

FTLN 0140 If thou hast any sound or use of voice, 140

FTLN 0141 Speak to me.

FTLN 0142 If there be any good thing to be done

FTLN 0143 That may to thee do ease and grace to me,

FTLN 0144 Speak to me.

FTLN 0145 If thou art privy to thy country's fate, 145

FTLN 0146 Which happily foreknowing may avoid,

FTLN 0147 O, speak!

FTLN 0148 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

FTLN 0149 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

FTLN 0150 For which, they say, <you> spirits oft walk in death, 150

FTLN 0151 Speak of it. *The cock crows.*

FTLN 0152 Stay and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0153 Shall I strike it with my partisan?

FTLN 0154 HORATIO Do, if it will not stand.

FTLN 0155 BARNARDO 'Tis here. 155

FTLN 0156 HORATIO 'Tis here.

<Ghost exits.>

FTLN 0157 MARCELLUS 'Tis gone.

FTLN 0158 We do it wrong, being so majestic,

FTLN 0159 To offer it the show of violence,

FTLN 0160 For it is as the air, invulnerable, 160

FTLN 0161 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BARNARDO

FTLN 0162 It was about to speak when the cock crew.

HORATIO

FTLN 0163 And then it started like a guilty thing

FTLN 0164 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard

FTLN 0165 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 165
 FTLN 0166 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 FTLN 0167 Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
 FTLN 0168 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 FTLN 0169 Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
 FTLN 0170 To his confine, and of the truth herein 170
 FTLN 0171 This present object made probation.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0172 It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 FTLN 0173 Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
 FTLN 0174 Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
 FTLN 0175 This bird of dawning singeth all night long; 175
 FTLN 0176 And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
 FTLN 0177 The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
 FTLN 0178 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 FTLN 0179 So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

HORATIO

FTLN 0180 So have I heard and do in part believe it. 180
 FTLN 0181 But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
 FTLN 0182 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.
 FTLN 0183 Break we our watch up, and by my advice
 FTLN 0184 Let us impart what we have seen tonight
 FTLN 0185 Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, 185
 FTLN 0186 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
 FTLN 0187 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it
 FTLN 0188 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0189 Let's do 't, I pray, and I this morning know
 FTLN 0190 Where we shall find him most convenient. 190

They exit.

⟨Scene 2⟩

Flourish. Enter Claudius, King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, 「the」 Council, as Polonius, and his son Laertes, Hamlet, with others, 「among them Voltemand and Cornelius.」

KING

FTLN 0191	Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death	
FTLN 0192	The memory be green, and that it us befitted	
FTLN 0193	To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom	
FTLN 0194	To be contracted in one brow of woe,	
FTLN 0195	Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature	5
FTLN 0196	That we with wisest sorrow think on him	
FTLN 0197	Together with remembrance of ourselves.	
FTLN 0198	Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,	
FTLN 0199	Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state,	
FTLN 0200	Have we (as 'twere with a defeated joy,	10
FTLN 0201	With an auspicious and a dropping eye,	
FTLN 0202	With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,	
FTLN 0203	In equal scale weighing delight and dole)	
FTLN 0204	Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barred	
FTLN 0205	Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone	15
FTLN 0206	With this affair along. For all, our thanks.	
FTLN 0207	Now follows that you know. Young Fortinbras,	
FTLN 0208	Holding a weak supposal of our worth	
FTLN 0209	Or thinking by our late dear brother's death	
FTLN 0210	Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,	20
FTLN 0211	Colleaguèd with this dream of his advantage,	
FTLN 0212	He hath not failed to pester us with message	
FTLN 0213	Importing the surrender of those lands	
FTLN 0214	Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,	
FTLN 0215	To our most valiant brother—so much for him.	25
FTLN 0216	Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.	
FTLN 0217	Thus much the business is: we have here writ	
FTLN 0218	To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,	
FTLN 0219	Who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears	

FTLN 0220	Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress	30
FTLN 0221	His further gait herein, in that the levies,	
FTLN 0222	The lists, and full proportions are all made	
FTLN 0223	Out of his subject; and we here dispatch	
FTLN 0224	You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand,	
FTLN 0225	For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,	35
FTLN 0226	Giving to you no further personal power	
FTLN 0227	To business with the King more than the scope	
FTLN 0228	Of these dilated articles allow.	
	<i>「Giving them a paper.」</i>	
FTLN 0229	Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.	
	CORNELIUS/VOLTEMAND	
FTLN 0230	In that and all things will we show our duty.	40
	KING	
FTLN 0231	We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.	
	<i>〈Voltemand and Cornelius exit.〉</i>	
FTLN 0232	And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?	
FTLN 0233	You told us of some suit. What is 't, Laertes?	
FTLN 0234	You cannot speak of reason to the Dane	
FTLN 0235	And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg,	45
FTLN 0236	Laertes,	
FTLN 0237	That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?	
FTLN 0238	The head is not more native to the heart,	
FTLN 0239	The hand more instrumental to the mouth,	
FTLN 0240	Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.	50
FTLN 0241	What wouldst thou have, Laertes?	
FTLN 0242	LAERTES	My dread lord,
FTLN 0243	Your leave and favor to return to France,	
FTLN 0244	From whence though willingly I came to Denmark	
FTLN 0245	To show my duty in your coronation,	55
FTLN 0246	Yet now I must confess, that duty done,	
FTLN 0247	My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France	
FTLN 0248	And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.	
	KING	
FTLN 0249	Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?	

FTLN 0278	But I have that within which passes show,	
FTLN 0279	These but the trappings and the suits of woe.	
	KING	
FTLN 0280	'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,	90
FTLN 0281	Hamlet,	
FTLN 0282	To give these mourning duties to your father.	
FTLN 0283	But you must know your father lost a father,	
FTLN 0284	That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound	
FTLN 0285	In filial obligation for some term	95
FTLN 0286	To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere	
FTLN 0287	In obstinate condolment is a course	
FTLN 0288	Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief.	
FTLN 0289	It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,	
FTLN 0290	A heart unfortified, <i><a></i> mind impatient,	100
FTLN 0291	An understanding simple and unschooled.	
FTLN 0292	For what we know must be and is as common	
FTLN 0293	As any the most vulgar thing to sense,	
FTLN 0294	Why should we in our peevish opposition	
FTLN 0295	Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,	105
FTLN 0296	A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,	
FTLN 0297	To reason most absurd, whose common theme	
FTLN 0298	Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,	
FTLN 0299	From the first corse till he that died today,	
FTLN 0300	"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth	110
FTLN 0301	This unprevailing woe and think of us	
FTLN 0302	As of a father; for let the world take note,	
FTLN 0303	You are the most immediate to our throne,	
FTLN 0304	And with no less nobility of love	
FTLN 0305	Than that which dearest father bears his son	115
FTLN 0306	Do I impart toward you. For your intent	
FTLN 0307	In going back to school in Wittenberg,	
FTLN 0308	It is most retrograde to our desire,	
FTLN 0309	And we beseech you, bend you to remain	
FTLN 0310	Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,	120
FTLN 0311	Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.	

QUEEN

FTLN 0312 Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.
 FTLN 0313 I pray thee, stay with us. Go not to Wittenberg.

HAMLET

FTLN 0314 I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING

FTLN 0315 Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply. 125
 FTLN 0316 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come.
 FTLN 0317 This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
 FTLN 0318 Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof
 FTLN 0319 No jocund health that Denmark drinks today
 FTLN 0320 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell, 130
 FTLN 0321 And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
 FTLN 0322 Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Flourish. All but Hamlet exit.

HAMLET

FTLN 0323 O, that this too, too sullied flesh would melt,
 FTLN 0324 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
 FTLN 0325 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed 135
 FTLN 0326 His canon 'gainst ⟨self-slaughter!⟩ O God, God,
 FTLN 0327 How ⟨weary,⟩ stale, flat, and unprofitable
 FTLN 0328 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 FTLN 0329 Fie on 't, ah fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden
 FTLN 0330 That grows to seed. Things rank and gross in nature 140
 FTLN 0331 Possess it merely. That it should come ⟨to this:⟩
 FTLN 0332 But two months dead—nay, not so much, not two.
 FTLN 0333 So excellent a king, that was to this
 FTLN 0334 Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
 FTLN 0335 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven 145
 FTLN 0336 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth,
 FTLN 0337 Must I remember? Why, she ⟨would⟩ hang on him
 FTLN 0338 As if increase of appetite had grown
 FTLN 0339 By what it fed on. And yet, within a month
 FTLN 0340 (Let me not think on 't; frailty, thy name is woman!), 150
 FTLN 0341 A little month, or ere those shoes were old
 FTLN 0342 With which she followed my poor father's body,

FTLN 0343 Like Niobe, all tears—why she, <even she>
 FTLN 0344 (O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
 FTLN 0345 Would have mourned longer!), married with my 155
 FTLN 0346 uncle,
 FTLN 0347 My father's brother, but no more like my father
 FTLN 0348 Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
 FTLN 0349 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 FTLN 0350 Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes, 160
 FTLN 0351 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
 FTLN 0352 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 FTLN 0353 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 FTLN 0354 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

FTLN 0355 HORATIO Hail to your Lordship. 165
 FTLN 0356 HAMLET I am glad to see you well.
 FTLN 0357 Horatio—or I do forget myself!
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0358 The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0359 Sir, my good friend. I'll change that name with you.
 FTLN 0360 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?— 170
 FTLN 0361 Marcellus?
 FTLN 0362 MARCELLUS My good lord.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0363 I am very glad to see you. 「*To Barnardo.*」 Good
 FTLN 0364 even, sir.—
 FTLN 0365 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg? 175
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0366 A truant disposition, good my lord.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0367 I would not hear your enemy say so,
 FTLN 0368 Nor shall you do my ear that violence
 FTLN 0369 To make it truster of your own report
 FTLN 0370 Against yourself. I know you are no truant. 180
 FTLN 0371 But what is your affair in Elsinore?
 FTLN 0372 We'll teach you to drink <deep> ere you depart.

HORATIO

FTLN 0373 My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

HAMLET

FTLN 0374 I prithee, do not mock me, fellow student.

FTLN 0375 I think it was to <see> my mother's wedding. 185

HORATIO

FTLN 0376 Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

HAMLET

FTLN 0377 Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral baked meats

FTLN 0378 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

FTLN 0379 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

FTLN 0380 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio! 190

FTLN 0381 My father—methinks I see my father.

HORATIO

FTLN 0382 Where, my lord?

FTLN 0383 HAMLET In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO

FTLN 0384 I saw him once. He was a goodly king.

HAMLET

FTLN 0385 He was a man. Take him for all in all, 195

FTLN 0386 I shall not look upon his like again.

HORATIO

FTLN 0387 My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

FTLN 0388 HAMLET Saw who?

HORATIO

FTLN 0389 My lord, the King your father.

FTLN 0390 HAMLET The King my father? 200

HORATIO

FTLN 0391 Season your admiration for a while

FTLN 0392 With an attent ear, till I may deliver

FTLN 0393 Upon the witness of these gentlemen

FTLN 0394 This marvel to you.

FTLN 0395 HAMLET For God's love, let me hear! 205

HORATIO

FTLN 0396 Two nights together had these gentlemen,

FTLN 0397 Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch,

FTLN 0398 In the dead waste and middle of the night,
 FTLN 0399 Been thus encountered: a figure like your father,
 FTLN 0400 Armed at point exactly, cap-à-pie, 210
 FTLN 0401 Appears before them and with solemn march
 FTLN 0402 Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked
 FTLN 0403 By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes
 FTLN 0404 Within his truncheon's length, whilst they, distilled
 FTLN 0405 Almost to jelly with the act of fear, 215
 FTLN 0406 Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
 FTLN 0407 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
 FTLN 0408 And I with them the third night kept the watch,
 FTLN 0409 'Where, as' they had delivered, both in time,
 FTLN 0410 Form of the thing (each word made true and good), 220
 FTLN 0411 The apparition comes. I knew your father;
 FTLN 0412 These hands are not more like.
 FTLN 0413 HAMLET But where was this?
 MARCELLUS
 FTLN 0414 My lord, upon the platform where we watch.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0415 Did you not speak to it? 225
 FTLN 0416 HORATIO My lord, I did,
 FTLN 0417 But answer made it none. Yet once methought
 FTLN 0418 It lifted up its head and did address
 FTLN 0419 Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
 FTLN 0420 But even then the morning cock crew loud, 230
 FTLN 0421 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
 FTLN 0422 And vanished from our sight.
 FTLN 0423 HAMLET 'Tis very strange.
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0424 As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true.
 FTLN 0425 And we did think it writ down in our duty 235
 FTLN 0426 To let you know of it.
 FTLN 0427 HAMLET Indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 FTLN 0428 Hold you the watch tonight?
 FTLN 0429 ALL We do, my lord.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0430 Armed, say you? 240

FTLN 0431 ALL Armed, my lord.

FTLN 0432 HAMLET From top to toe?

FTLN 0433 ALL My lord, from head to foot.

FTLN 0434 HAMLET Then saw you not his face?

HORATIO

FTLN 0435 O, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up. 245

FTLN 0436 HAMLET What, looked he frowningly?

HORATIO

FTLN 0437 A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

FTLN 0438 HAMLET Pale or red?

HORATIO

FTLN 0439 Nay, very pale.

FTLN 0440 HAMLET And fixed his eyes upon you? 250

HORATIO

FTLN 0441 Most constantly.

FTLN 0442 HAMLET I would I had been there.

FTLN 0443 HORATIO It would have much amazed you.

FTLN 0444 HAMLET Very like. Stayed it long?

HORATIO

FTLN 0445 While one with moderate haste might tell a 255

FTLN 0446 hundred.

FTLN 0447 BARNARDO/MARCELLUS Longer, longer.

HORATIO

FTLN 0448 Not when I saw 't.

FTLN 0449 HAMLET His beard was grizzled, no?

HORATIO

FTLN 0450 It was as I have seen it in his life, 260

FTLN 0451 A sable silvered.

FTLN 0452 HAMLET I will watch 'tonight. 7

FTLN 0453 Perchance 'twill walk again.

FTLN 0454 HORATIO I warrant it will.

HAMLET

FTLN 0455 If it assume my noble father's person, 265

FTLN 0456 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

FTLN 0457 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

FTLN 0458 If you have hitherto concealed this sight,

FTLN 0459 Let it be tenable in your silence still;
 FTLN 0460 And whatsoever else shall hap tonight, 270
 FTLN 0461 Give it an understanding but no tongue.
 FTLN 0462 I will requite your loves. So fare you well.
 FTLN 0463 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 FTLN 0464 I'll visit you.
 FTLN 0465 ALL Our duty to your Honor. 275
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0466 Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.
「All but Hamlet」 exit.
 FTLN 0467 My father's spirit—in arms! All is not well.
 FTLN 0468 I doubt some foul play. Would the night were come!
 FTLN 0469 Till then, sit still, my soul. ⟨Foul⟩ deeds will rise,
 FTLN 0470 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's 280
 FTLN 0471 eyes.
He exits.

⟨Scene 3⟩

Enter Laertes and Ophelia, his sister.

LAERTES
 FTLN 0472 My necessities are embarked. Farewell.
 FTLN 0473 And, sister, as the winds give benefit
 FTLN 0474 And convey ⟨is⟩ assistant, do not sleep,
 FTLN 0475 But let me hear from you.
 FTLN 0476 OPHELIA Do you doubt that? 5
 LAERTES
 FTLN 0477 For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
 FTLN 0478 Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
 FTLN 0479 A violet in the youth of primy nature,
 FTLN 0480 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
 FTLN 0481 The perfume and suppliance of a minute, 10
 FTLN 0482 No more.
 FTLN 0483 OPHELIA No more but so?
 FTLN 0484 LAERTES Think it no more.

FTLN 0485 For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
 FTLN 0486 In thews and ⟨bulk,⟩ but, as this temple waxes, 15
 FTLN 0487 The inward service of the mind and soul
 FTLN 0488 Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
 FTLN 0489 And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
 FTLN 0490 The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
 FTLN 0491 His greatness weighed, his will is not his own, 20
 FTLN 0492 ⟨For he himself is subject to his birth.⟩
 FTLN 0493 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 FTLN 0494 Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
 FTLN 0495 The safety and 「the」 health of this whole state.
 FTLN 0496 And therefore must his choice be circumscribed 25
 FTLN 0497 Unto the voice and yielding of that body
 FTLN 0498 Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves
 FTLN 0499 you,
 FTLN 0500 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
 FTLN 0501 As he in his particular act and place 30
 FTLN 0502 May give his saying deed, which is no further
 FTLN 0503 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 FTLN 0504 Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain
 FTLN 0505 If with too credent ear you list his songs
 FTLN 0506 Or lose your heart or your chaste treasure open 35
 FTLN 0507 To his unmastered importunity.
 FTLN 0508 Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister,
 FTLN 0509 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 FTLN 0510 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 FTLN 0511 The chariest maid is prodigal enough 40
 FTLN 0512 If she unmask her beauty to the moon.
 FTLN 0513 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.
 FTLN 0514 The canker galls the infants of the spring
 FTLN 0515 Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
 FTLN 0516 And, in the morn and liquid dew of youth, 45
 FTLN 0517 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
 FTLN 0518 Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear.
 FTLN 0519 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA

FTLN 0520 I shall the effect of this good lesson keep

FTLN 0521 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother, 50
 FTLN 0522 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 FTLN 0523 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
 FTLN 0524 Whiles, <like> a puffed and reckless libertine,
 FTLN 0525 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
 FTLN 0526 And recks not his own rede. 55
 FTLN 0527 LAERTES O, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

FTLN 0528 I stay too long. But here my father comes.
 FTLN 0529 A double blessing is a double grace.
 FTLN 0530 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.
 POLONIUS

FTLN 0531 Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame! 60
 FTLN 0532 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 FTLN 0533 And you are stayed for. There, my blessing with
 FTLN 0534 thee.
 FTLN 0535 And these few precepts in thy memory
 FTLN 0536 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, 65
 FTLN 0537 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 FTLN 0538 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 FTLN 0539 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 FTLN 0540 Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel,
 FTLN 0541 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment 70
 FTLN 0542 Of each new-hatched, unfledged courage. Beware
 FTLN 0543 Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
 FTLN 0544 Bear 't that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
 FTLN 0545 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.
 FTLN 0546 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. 75
 FTLN 0547 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 FTLN 0548 But not expressed in fancy (rich, not gaudy),
 FTLN 0549 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 FTLN 0550 And they in France of the best rank and station
 FTLN 0551 <Are> of a most select and generous chief in that. 80
 FTLN 0552 Neither a borrower nor a lender <be,>
 FTLN 0553 For <loan> oft loses both itself and friend,

FTLN 0554 And borrowing (dulls the) edge of husbandry.
 FTLN 0555 This above all: to thine own self be true,
 FTLN 0556 And it must follow, as the night the day, 85
 FTLN 0557 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
 FTLN 0558 Farewell. My blessing season this in thee.
 LAERTES
 FTLN 0559 Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
 POLONIUS
 FTLN 0560 The time invests you. Go, your servants tend.
 LAERTES
 FTLN 0561 Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well 90
 FTLN 0562 What I have said to you.
 FTLN 0563 OPHELIA 'Tis in my memory locked,
 FTLN 0564 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
 FTLN 0565 LAERTES Farewell. *Laertes exits.*
 POLONIUS
 FTLN 0566 What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you? 95
 OPHELIA
 FTLN 0567 So please you, something touching the Lord
 FTLN 0568 Hamlet.
 FTLN 0569 POLONIUS Marry, well bethought.
 FTLN 0570 'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
 FTLN 0571 Given private time to you, and you yourself 100
 FTLN 0572 Have of your audience been most free and
 FTLN 0573 bounteous.
 FTLN 0574 If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,
 FTLN 0575 And that in way of caution), I must tell you
 FTLN 0576 You do not understand yourself so clearly 105
 FTLN 0577 As it behooves my daughter and your honor.
 FTLN 0578 What is between you? Give me up the truth.
 OPHELIA
 FTLN 0579 He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
 FTLN 0580 Of his affection to me.
 POLONIUS
 FTLN 0581 Affection, puh! You speak like a green girl 110
 FTLN 0582 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
 FTLN 0583 Do you believe his "tenders," as you call them?

OPHELIA

FTLN 0584 I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

POLONIUS

FTLN 0585 Marry, I will teach you. Think yourself a baby
 FTLN 0586 That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay, 115
 FTLN 0587 Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,
 FTLN 0588 Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
 FTLN 0589 「Running」 it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

OPHELIA

FTLN 0590 My lord, he hath importuned me with love
 FTLN 0591 In honorable fashion— 120

POLONIUS

FTLN 0592 Ay, “fashion” you may call it. Go to, go to!

OPHELIA

FTLN 0593 And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
 FTLN 0594 With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POLONIUS

FTLN 0595 Ay, 〈springs〉 to catch woodcocks. I do know,
 FTLN 0596 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul 125
 FTLN 0597 Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
 FTLN 0598 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
 FTLN 0599 Even in their promise as it is a-making,
 FTLN 0600 You must not take for fire. From this time
 FTLN 0601 Be something scanter of your maiden presence. 130

FTLN 0602 Set your entreatments at a higher rate
 FTLN 0603 Than a command to parle. For Lord Hamlet,
 FTLN 0604 Believe so much in him that he is young,
 FTLN 0605 And with a larger 〈tether〉 may he walk
 FTLN 0606 Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia, 135

FTLN 0607 Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
 FTLN 0608 Not of that dye which their investments show,
 FTLN 0609 But mere 〈implorators〉 of unholy suits,
 FTLN 0610 Breathing like sanctified and pious 「bawds」
 FTLN 0611 The better to 〈beguile.〉 This is for all: 140

FTLN 0612 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
 FTLN 0613 Have you so slander any moment leisure

FTLN 0614 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
 FTLN 0615 Look to 't, I charge you. Come your ways.
 FTLN 0616 OPHELIA I shall obey, my lord. 145
They exit.

「Scene 4」

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

HAMLET
 FTLN 0617 The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0618 It is <a> nipping and an eager air.
 FTLN 0619 HAMLET What hour now?
 FTLN 0620 HORATIO I think it lacks of twelve.
 FTLN 0621 MARCELLUS No, it is struck. 5
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0622 Indeed, I heard it not. It then draws near the season
 FTLN 0623 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
A flourish of trumpets and two pieces goes off.
 FTLN 0624 What does this mean, my lord?
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0625 The King doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,
 FTLN 0626 Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring upspring reels; 10
 FTLN 0627 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 FTLN 0628 The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
 FTLN 0629 The triumph of his pledge.
 FTLN 0630 HORATIO Is it a custom?
 FTLN 0631 HAMLET Ay, marry, is 't, 15
 FTLN 0632 But, to my mind, though I am native here
 FTLN 0633 And to the manner born, it is a custom
 FTLN 0634 More honored in the breach than the observance.
 FTLN 0635 [This heavy-headed 「revel」 east and west
 FTLN 0636 Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations. 20
 FTLN 0637 They clepe us drunkards and with swinish phrase
 FTLN 0638 Soil our addition. And, indeed, it takes

FTLN 0639 From our achievements, though performed at
 FTLN 0640 height,
 FTLN 0641 The pith and marrow of our attribute. 25
 FTLN 0642 So oft it chances in particular men
 FTLN 0643 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 FTLN 0644 As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
 FTLN 0645 Since nature cannot choose his origin),
 FTLN 0646 By ^{the} o'ergrowth of some complexion 30
 FTLN 0647 (Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason),
 FTLN 0648 Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens
 FTLN 0649 The form of plausible manners—that these men,
 FTLN 0650 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 FTLN 0651 Being nature's livery or fortune's star, 35
 FTLN 0652 His virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
 FTLN 0653 As infinite as man may undergo,
 FTLN 0654 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 FTLN 0655 From that particular fault. The dram of ^{evil}
 FTLN 0656 Doth all the noble substance of a doubt 40
 FTLN 0657 To his own scandal.]

Enter Ghost.

FTLN 0658 HORATIO Look, my lord, it comes.
 FTLN 0659 HAMLET
 FTLN 0660 Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
 FTLN 0661 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned, 45
 FTLN 0662 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from
 FTLN 0663 hell,
 FTLN 0664 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 FTLN 0665 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 FTLN 0666 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee "Hamlet,"
 FTLN 0667 "King," "Father," "Royal Dane." O, answer me! 50
 FTLN 0668 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 FTLN 0669 Why thy canonized bones, hearsèd in death,
 FTLN 0670 Have burst their cerements; why the sepulcher,
 FTLN 0671 Wherein we saw thee quietly interred, 55
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws

HAMLET

FTLN 0703 It waves me still.—Go on, I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0704 You shall not go, my lord. *「They hold back Hamlet.」*

FTLN 0705 HAMLET Hold off your hands.

HORATIO

FTLN 0706 Be ruled. You shall not go. 90

FTLN 0707 HAMLET My fate cries out

FTLN 0708 And makes each petty arture in this body

FTLN 0709 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

FTLN 0710 Still am I called. Unhand me, gentlemen.

FTLN 0711 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me! 95

FTLN 0712 I say, away!—Go on. I'll follow thee.

Ghost and Hamlet exit.

HORATIO

FTLN 0713 He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0714 Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO

FTLN 0715 Have after. To what issue will this come?

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0716 Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. 100

HORATIO

FTLN 0717 Heaven will direct it.

FTLN 0718 MARCELLUS Nay, let's follow him.

They exit.

「Scene 5」

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

HAMLET

FTLN 0719 Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak. I'll go no

FTLN 0720 further.

GHOST

FTLN 0721 Mark me.

FTLN 0722	HAMLET	I will.	
FTLN 0723	GHOST	My hour is almost come	5
FTLN 0724		When I to sulf'rous and tormenting flames	
FTLN 0725		Must render up myself.	
FTLN 0726	HAMLET	Alas, poor ghost!	
	GHOST		
FTLN 0727		Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing	
FTLN 0728		To what I shall unfold.	10
FTLN 0729	HAMLET	Speak. I am bound to hear.	
	GHOST		
FTLN 0730		So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.	
FTLN 0731	HAMLET	What?	
FTLN 0732	GHOST	I am thy father's spirit,	
FTLN 0733		Doomed for a certain term to walk the night	15
FTLN 0734		And for the day confined to fast in fires	
FTLN 0735		Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature	
FTLN 0736		Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid	
FTLN 0737		To tell the secrets of my prison house,	
FTLN 0738		I could a tale unfold whose lightest word	20
FTLN 0739		Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,	
FTLN 0740		Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their	
FTLN 0741		spheres,	
FTLN 0742		Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,	
FTLN 0743		And each particular hair to stand an end,	25
FTLN 0744		Like quills upon the fearful porpentine.	
FTLN 0745		But this eternal blazon must not be	
FTLN 0746		To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!	
FTLN 0747		If thou didst ever thy dear father love—	
FTLN 0748	HAMLET	O God!	30
	GHOST		
FTLN 0749		Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.	
FTLN 0750	HAMLET	Murder?	
	GHOST		
FTLN 0751		Murder most foul, as in the best it is,	
FTLN 0752		But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.	
	HAMLET		
FTLN 0753		Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift	35

FTLN 0754	As meditation or the thoughts of love,	
FTLN 0755	May sweep to my revenge.	
FTLN 0756	GHOST I find thee apt;	
FTLN 0757	And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed	
FTLN 0758	That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,	40
FTLN 0759	Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.	
FTLN 0760	'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,	
FTLN 0761	A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark	
FTLN 0762	Is by a forgèd process of my death	
FTLN 0763	Rankly abused. But know, thou noble youth,	45
FTLN 0764	The serpent that did sting thy father's life	
FTLN 0765	Now wears his crown.	
FTLN 0766	HAMLET O, my prophetic soul! My uncle!	
	GHOST	
FTLN 0767	Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,	
FTLN 0768	With witchcraft of his wits, with traitorous gifts—	50
FTLN 0769	O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power	
FTLN 0770	So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust	
FTLN 0771	The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.	
FTLN 0772	O Hamlet, what <a> falling off was there!	
FTLN 0773	From me, whose love was of that dignity	55
FTLN 0774	That it went hand in hand even with the vow	
FTLN 0775	I made to her in marriage, and to decline	
FTLN 0776	Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor	
FTLN 0777	To those of mine.	
FTLN 0778	But virtue, as it never will be moved,	60
FTLN 0779	Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,	
FTLN 0780	So, <lust,> though to a radiant angel linked,	
FTLN 0781	Will <sate> itself in a celestial bed	
FTLN 0782	And prey on garbage.	
FTLN 0783	But soft, methinks I scent the morning air.	65
FTLN 0784	Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,	
FTLN 0785	My custom always of the afternoon,	
FTLN 0786	Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,	
FTLN 0787	With juice of cursèd hebona in a vial	
FTLN 0788	And in the porches of my ears did pour	70

FTLN 0789	The leprous distilment, whose effect	
FTLN 0790	Holds such an enmity with blood of man	
FTLN 0791	That swift as quicksilver it courses through	
FTLN 0792	The natural gates and alleys of the body,	
FTLN 0793	And with a sudden vigor it doth <posset>	75
FTLN 0794	And curd, like eager droppings into milk,	
FTLN 0795	The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,	
FTLN 0796	And a most instant tetter barked about,	
FTLN 0797	Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust	
FTLN 0798	All my smooth body.	80
FTLN 0799	Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand	
FTLN 0800	Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched,	
FTLN 0801	Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,	
FTLN 0802	Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled,	
FTLN 0803	No reck'ning made, but sent to my account	85
FTLN 0804	With all my imperfections on my head.	
FTLN 0805	O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!	
FTLN 0806	If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.	
FTLN 0807	Let not the royal bed of Denmark be	
FTLN 0808	A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.	90
FTLN 0809	But, howsomever thou pursues this act,	
FTLN 0810	Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive	
FTLN 0811	Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven	
FTLN 0812	And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge	
FTLN 0813	To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.	95
FTLN 0814	The glowworm shows the matin to be near	
FTLN 0815	And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.	
FTLN 0816	Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me.	<i><He exits.></i>
HAMLET		
FTLN 0817	O all you host of heaven! O Earth! What else?	
FTLN 0818	And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart,	100
FTLN 0819	And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,	
FTLN 0820	But bear me <stiffly> up. Remember thee?	
FTLN 0821	Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat	
FTLN 0822	In this distracted globe. Remember thee?	
FTLN 0823	Yea, from the table of my memory	105

FTLN 0824 I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
 FTLN 0825 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 FTLN 0826 That youth and observation copied there,
 FTLN 0827 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 FTLN 0828 Within the book and volume of my brain, 110
 FTLN 0829 Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!
 FTLN 0830 O most pernicious woman!
 FTLN 0831 O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!
 FTLN 0832 My tables—meet it is I set it down
 FTLN 0833 That one may smile and smile and be a villain. 115
 FTLN 0834 At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.

「*He writes.*」

FTLN 0835 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word.
 FTLN 0836 It is “adieu, adieu, remember me.”
 FTLN 0837 I have sworn ’t.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

FTLN 0838 HORATIO My lord, my lord! 120
 FTLN 0839 MARCELLUS Lord Hamlet.
 FTLN 0840 HORATIO Heavens secure him!
 FTLN 0841 HAMLET So be it.
 FTLN 0842 MARCELLUS Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
 FTLN 0843 HAMLET Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, (bird,) come! 125
 MARCELLUS
 FTLN 0844 How is ’t, my noble lord?
 FTLN 0845 HORATIO What news, my lord?
 FTLN 0846 HAMLET O, wonderful!
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0847 Good my lord, tell it.
 FTLN 0848 HAMLET No, you will reveal it. 130
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0849 Not I, my lord, by heaven.
 FTLN 0850 MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0851 How say you, then? Would heart of man once think
 FTLN 0852 it?
 FTLN 0853 But you’ll be secret? 135