HAMLET, *Prince of* Denmark.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Place before the palace.

Enter Bernardo *and* Franciſco, *two centinels.*

BERNARDO.

WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer me: ſtand and unfold your ſelf.

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.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand; who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane.*
Fran. Give you good-night.
Mar. Oh farewel, honeſt ſoldier; who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: give you good-night.
[*Exit* Franciſco.
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 appear'd again to-night?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſays, 'tis but our phantaſie,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, 'twice ſeen of us;
Therefore I have intreated 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, 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while,
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 yon ſame ſtar, that's weſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my ſelf,
The bell then beating one-----
Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter

Enter the Ghoſt.

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. Speak to 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 ſometime march? by Heav'n I charge thee ſpeak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it ſtalks away.
Hor. Stay; ſpeak; I charge thee, ſpeak. [*Ex. Ghoſt.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.
Ber. How now, *Horatio?* you tremble and look pale:
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſie?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy ſelf.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
He ſmote the ſleaded [a] *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange -----
Mer. Thus twice before, and juſt at this [b] dead hour,
With martial ſtalk, hath he gone by our watch.

[a] Pole-axe *in the common editions; he ſpeaks of a prince of* Poland *whom he ſlew in battle. He uſes the word* Polack *again, act.* 2. *ſcene* 4. [b] *ſame.*

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

Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch
So nightly toils the ſubjects 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 task
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 appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight. In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras:* who by ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had return
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquiſher, as by that cov'nant
And carriage of the articles deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet.* Now young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes,

For

For food and dyet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't: which is no other,
And 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 romage in the land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even 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, the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the *Roman* ſtreets,
Stars ſhon with trains of fire, dews of blood fell,
Diſaſters veil'd the ſun, and the moiſt ſtar
Upon whoſe influence *Neptune*'s empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to doom's-day with eclipſe.
And even the like precurſe of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heav'n and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghoſt again.

But ſoft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay, illuſion!
[*Spreading his arms.*

If

† palmy *for* victorious; *in the other editions* flouriſhing.

If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me;
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
Oh ſpeak!------
Or, if thou haſt uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth, [*Cock crows.*
For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak------Stop it, *Marcellus*------

Mar. Shall I ſtrike it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.

Ber. 'Tis here------

Hor. 'Tis here------

Mer. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghoſt.*

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

Ber. It was about to ſpeak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard,
The cock that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring ſpirit hyes
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

The bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no ſpirit walks abroad;
The nights are wholſome, then no planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.

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

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

SCENE II.

The Palace.

Enter Claudius *King of* Denmark, Gertrude *the Queen,* 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 fitted
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 our ſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our Queen,
Th' imperial jointreſs of this warlike ſtate,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,

With

With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this 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,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage;
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, by all bands of law
To our moſt valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for our ſelf, 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-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe, to ſuppreſs
His further gate herein. In that the levies,
The lifts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubjects; and we here diſpatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
Of treaty with the King, more than the ſcope
Which theſe dilated articles allow.
Farewel, and let your haſte commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt in nothing, heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the news with you?

You

You told us of ſome ſuit. What is't, *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the *Dane*,
And loſe your voice. What would'ſt thou beg, *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy father.
What wouldſt thou have, *Laertes?*

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To ſhew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again tow'rd *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, by labourſome petition,
Wrung from me my ſlow leave; and at the laſt
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I do beſeech you give him leave to go.

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

Ham. 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 i'th' ſun.

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

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

[b] *nightly.*

Queen. If it be;
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?
Ham. Seems, madam? nay, it is; I know not *ſeems:*
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe may 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,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But you muſt know, your father loſt a father,
That father his, and the ſurviver bound
In filial obligation, for ſome term
To do obſequious ſorrow. But to perſevere
In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubborneſs, unmanly grief.
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd:
For what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the muſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theam
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt coarſe, 'till he that died to-day,
"This muſt be ſo." We pray you throw to earth

This

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 tow'rd you. For your intent
In going back to ſchool to *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 pr'ythee 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 our ſelf in *Denmark.* Madam, come,
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof
No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the King's rowſe the heav'n ſhall bruit again
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too-too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve it ſelf into a dew;
Or that the Everlaſting had not fixt
His cannon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter. Oh God! oh God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world?
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden

That grows to feed; things rank, and grofs in nature
Poffefs it meerly that it fhould come thus.
But two months dead! nay, not fo much; not two,-----
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a fatyr: fo loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
Vifit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Muft I remember?-----why, fhe would hang on him,
As if increafe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet within a month?-----
Let me not think-----Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month!-----or e'er thofe fhooes were old
With which fhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears---Why fhe, ev'n fhe,-----
Oh heav'n! a beaft that wants difcourfe of reafon
Would have mourn'd longer-----married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; no more like my father,
Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!-----
Ere yet the falt of moft unrighteous tears
Had left the flufhing in her gauled eyes,
She married. Oh moft wicked fpeed, to poft
With fuch dexterity to inceftuous fheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muft hold my tongue.

SCENE IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordfhip.
Ham. I am glad to fee you well,
Horatio? or I do forget my felf?
Hor. The fame, my lord, and your poor fervant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you:
And

And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio?*
Marcellus! -----
Mar. My good lord ----
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg?*
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not [c] hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt your ſelf. I know you are no truant;
But what is your affair in *Elſinoor?*
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.
Ham. I pr'ythee do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio:* the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dereſt foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, *Horatio.*
My father ----- methinks I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh 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
With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham.

[c] *have*

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two-nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-a-pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſt and fear-ſurprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they (diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with the act of fear)
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watcht.

Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
It ſelf 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 vaniſht from our ſight.

Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.

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

Ham. Indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold

Hold you the watch to-night?
Both. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. Oh yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A count'nance more in ſorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had been there.
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like; ſtaid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.
All. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His beard was griſly?
Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable-ſilver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant you it will,
Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, tho' hell it ſelf ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight;
Let it be[d] treble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoever ſhall befall to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: ſo, fare ye well.

Upon

[d] *tenable.*

Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. Your love, as mine to you: farewel.
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,
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to mens eyes. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

An Apartment in Polonius's *house.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. MY necessaries are imbark'd, farewel;
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 favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' sweet, not lasting,
[e] 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 his temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no [f] soil nor cautel doth besmerch
The virtue of his [g] will: but you must fear

His

[e] *The suppliance of a minute.* † *thews,* or *qualities.* [f] *foil.* [g] *fear.*

His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himſelf is ſubject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends
The ſanctity and health of the whole ſtate.
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he's head. Then if he ſays he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar[h] 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 unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter,
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue it ſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes,
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to it ſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart. But good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n;
Whilſt like a puſt and careleſs libertine,

[h] *ſect and force.*

Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
† And recks not his own reed.
Laer. Oh, fear me not.

SCENE VI.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; --- but here my father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* get aboard for ſhame,
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,
And you are ſtaid for there. My bleſſing with you;
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. ' Give thy thoughts no tongue,
' Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
' Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
' The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
' Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:
' But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
' Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
' Of Entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
' Bear't that th' oppoſed may beware of thee.
' Give ev'ry 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 expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loſes both it ſelf and friend:
A borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This

† recks not his own reed, *that is*, heeds not his own leſſons.

This above all; to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewel; 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. Farewel *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid.

Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
And you your ſelf ſhall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* Laer.

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he 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 your ſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand your ſelf 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! puh! 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 your ſelf a baby,
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender your ſelf more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,)
Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

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

Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call't: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance 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, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promiſe as it is a making,
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your maiden preſence,
Set your intreatments at a highter 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,
[i]Not of that die which their inveſtments ſhew,
But meer implorers 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 way.

Oph. I ſhall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

† Tider, *or* tether, teder, *a ſtring to tye horſes.*

i *Not of the eye which their inveſtments ſhew.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

The Platform before the palace.

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. I heard it not: it then draws near the ſeaſon
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noiſe of warlike muſick within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his rowſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring upſtart 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 honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance. *

Enter

* *Theſe* 21 *lines following are in the firſt edition, but ſince left out, perhaps as being thought too verboſe.*
This heavy-headed revell, eaſt and weſt;
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations,
They clip us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd 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

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy [k] 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:* oh! anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulcher,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath ope'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead coarſe again in compleat 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?
[*Ghoſt beckons* Hamlet.
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſtar)
His 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. ——
Enter Ghoſt. &c.

k *events.*

As

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. [*holding* Hamlet.
Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;
And for my ſoul, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as it ſelf.
It waves me forth again.-----I'll follow it-----
Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd 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 ſov'reignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it.
* The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks ſo many fadoms 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 hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve:
Still am I call'd? unhand me, gentlemen-----
[*Breaking from them.*
By heav'n I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me-----

* *The 4 following lines added from the firſt edition.*

I ſay away ----- go on ---- I'll follow thee ---- [*Ex. Ghoſt and* Ham.

Hor. He waxes deſp'rate with imagination.

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

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

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

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

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

SCENE VIII.

Re-Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

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

Ghoſt. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up my ſelf.

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;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires;
'Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like ſtars ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,

And

And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood; liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love------
Ham. Oh heav'n!
Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haſte me to know, that I with wings as ſwift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhouldſt thou be than the fat weed
That rots it ſelf in eaſe on *Lethe*'s wharf,
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
'Tis given out, that ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. The whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
Ham. Oh my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?
Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(Oh wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline

Upon a wretch, whoſe nat'ral gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate it ſelf 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 viol,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quick-ſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
And with a ſudden vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter[1] bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of Queen at once diſpatcht;
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
† Unhouzzled, † unanointed, † unanel'd;
No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh horrible! oh horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;

† unhouzzled, *without the ſacrament being taken.*
† unanointed, *without extream unction.*
† unanel'd, *no knell rung.*

[1] *bak'd.*

Let

Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother ought; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? oh hold my heart-----
And you my sinews, 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,
Unmixt with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
My tables,-----meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in *Denmark.* [*Writing.*
So uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:
I've sworn it-----

SCENE IX.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. My lord, my lord.
Mar. Lord *Hamlet.*
Hor. Heav'n ſecure him.
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come boy, come.
Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. Oh wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heav'n.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be ſecret?-----
Both. Ay, by heav'n, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he is an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no ghoſt, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why right, you are i' th' right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part;
You as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you,
(For every man has buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is) and for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and hurling words, my lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes heartily.

Hor.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by St. *Patrick*, but there is, my lord,
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'er-master'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?

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

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

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

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear. [*Ghost cries under the stage.*

Ham. Ah ha boy, say'st thou so; art thou there truepenny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the celleridge.
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

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

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Never to speak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole, can'st work i'th' ground so fast?
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.

Hor.

Hor. Oh day and night! but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy. But come,
Here as before, never ſo help you mercy,
(How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear my ſelf,
As I perchance hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on)
That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall
With arms encumbred thus, or this head ſhake;
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe;
As well ---- we know ---- or, we could, and if we would ----
Or, if we liſt to ſpeak ---- or, there be and if there might ----
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out to note,
That you know ought of me; this do ye ſwear.
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you.
Swear.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit. So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a man as *Hamlet* is,
May do t' expreſs his love and friending 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; oh curſed ſpight,
That ever I was born to ſet it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Polonius's *house.*

Enter Polonius, *and* Reynoldo.

POLONIUS.

GIVE him this mony, and these notes, *Reynoldo.*

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynoldo*,
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,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence? and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son; come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus ---- I know his father and his friends,
And in part him ---- Do you mark this, *Reynoldo?*

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And in part him ---- but you may say ---- not well;
But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so ---- and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;

But

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 out-break 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 wit.
You laying theſe ſlight ſallies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working,
Mark you your party in converſe; him you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen in the prenominate crimes,
The youth you ſpeak of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
Good Sir, or ſo, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phraſe or the addition,
Of man and country.)

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this?
He do's---- what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay [a] ſomething? where did I leave?----

Rey.

[a] *nothing.*

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence ---- Ay marry,
He closes thus. I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, with such and such, and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowse,
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 falshood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of byas,
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 b'w' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord ----

Pol. Observe his inclination in your self.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his musick.

Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?

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

Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?

Oph. My lord, as I was sowing in my closet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his doublet all unbrae'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle,

Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know:
But truly I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it, Long time ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of my arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo piteous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his being. Then he lets me go,
And with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out-a-doors he went without their help,
And to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King.
This is the very ecſtaſie of love,
Whoſe violent property foredoes it ſelf,
And leads the will to deſp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heav'n,
That do's afflict our natures. I am ſorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad.

I'm

I'm ſorry that with better[b] heed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear'd he trifl'd
And meant to wrack thee; but beſhrew my jealouſie;
It ſeems it is as proper to our age,
To caſt beyond our ſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come, go we to the King.
This muſt be known, which being kept cloſe, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Roſincroſſe, Guildenſtern, *lords and other attendants.*

King. WELCOME dear *Roſincroſſe* 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 th' exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That being of ſo young days brought up with him,
And ſince ſo neighbour'd 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,
If ought, to us unkown, afflicts him thus,

[b] *ſpeed.*

That open'd lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with us a while,
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.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our ſelves in the full bent,
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Roſincroſſe* and gentle *Guildenſtern.*

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenſtern* and gentle *Roſincroſſe*;
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too-much changed ſon. Go ſome of ye,
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

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

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

Hunts not the trail of policy, ſo ſure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s lunacy.
King. Oh ſpeak of that, that I do long to hear.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to th' ambaſſadors.
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.
King. Thy ſelf do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Ex.* Pol.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſcource of all your ſon's diſtemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

SCENE IV.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. Welcome, my good friends!
Say *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Volt. Moſt fair return of greetings, and deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Polack*:
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was againſt your highneſs. Whereat griev'd,
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence
Was falſely born in hand, ſends out arreſts
On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' aſſay of arms againſt your Majeſty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thouſand crowns in annual fee,
And his commiſſion to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before, againſt the *Polack*:

With

With an entreaty herein further ſhewn,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
Through your dominions for this enterprize
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more conſider'd time we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time we thank you, for your well-took labour.
Go to your reſt, at night we'll feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home. [*Exit Ambaſ.*

Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
My liege 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 tedioufneſs the limbs and outward flourifhes,
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, it is true; a foolifh figure,
But farewel it; for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cauſe,
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus ---- Perpend ----
I have a daughter; have, whilſt ſhe is mine,

Who

[c] *well-look'd.*

Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath giv'n me this; now gather, and surmise.
[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia. That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase; but you shall hear ----- *These to her excellent white bosom, these* ---

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good madam stay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the stars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

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

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

This in obedience hath my daughter shewn me:
And more above, hath his sollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think?
When I had seen his hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think?
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight,
What might you think? no, I went round to work,

And

And my young miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a prince out of thy ſphere,
This muſt not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock her ſelf from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice,
And he repulſed, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell to a ſadneſs, then into a faſt,
Thence to a watching, thence into a weakneſs,
Thence to a lightneſs, and by this declenſion
Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have poſitively ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. 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 center.

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 faln thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,
And keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Hamlet *reading.*

Queen. But look where, ſadly, the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away.
I'll board him preſently. [*Exe. King and Queen.*
Oh give me leave. How does my good lord *Hamlet?*
Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.
Pol. Do you know me, my lord?
Ham. Excellent well; y' 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 pick'd out of ten thouſand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord.
Ham. For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a good kiſſing carrion -----
Have you a daughter?
Pol. I have, my lord.
Ham. Let her not walk i'th' ſun; conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.
Pol. How ſay you by that? ſtill harping on my daughter -----
Yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid I was a fiſhmonger.
He is far gone; and truly in my youth, [*aſide.*
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 whom?
Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the ſatyrical ſlave ſays here, that old men have gray 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 which, Sir, though I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down: for your ſelf, Sir, ſhall be as old as-I-am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in't:
Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th' air:
How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?
A happineſs that often madneſs hits on,
Which ſanity and reaſon could not be
So proſp'rouſly deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.
My honourable lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

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

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools.

Pol. You go to ſeek lord *Hamlet*; there he is. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. God ſave you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd lord!

Roſ. My moſt dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! how doſt thou *Guildenſtern*? Oh, *Roſincroſſe*, good lads! how do ye both?

Roſ.

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoals of her ſhooe?

Roſ. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? oh, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

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

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. ‡ Let me queſtion more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my lord!

Ham. *Denmark*'s a priſon.

Roſ. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' 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. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-ſhell, and count my ſelf a King of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have bad dreams.

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

Ham. A dream it ſelf 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.

‡ *From this mark, ſeveral ſpeeches are not in the old edition.*

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and out-ſtretch'd heroes, the beggars ſhadows; Shall we to th' court? for by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

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

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 half-penny. Were you not ſent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, deal juſtly with me; come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay, my lord?

Ham. Any thing but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear, a better propoſer 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 exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo

ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! 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; nor woman neither, tho' by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

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

Ham. Why did you laugh, 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 accoſted 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 foyle and target; the lover ſhall not ſigh *gratis*; the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace; 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 delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

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

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

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the city? are they ſo follow'd?

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

there is, Sir, an † Airy of Children, little yases, that cry out on the top of question; and are most tyrannically clapt for't; these are now the fashion, and so be-rattle 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 'em? 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 no better: their 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 controversie. There was for a while no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. Oh 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 strange; for mine uncle is King of *Denmark*, and those that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducates a-peice, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. [*Flourish for the players.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elsinoor*; your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garbe, lest my extent to the players (which I tell you must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham.

† *Relating to the playhouses then contending, the* Bankside, *the* Fortune, *&c.* —— *play'd by the Children of his majesty's chappel.*

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

SCENE VII.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great baby you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathling clouts.

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

Ham. I will prophesie, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it, you ſay right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas ſo 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. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Upon mine 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, ſcene undividable, or poem unlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of wit, and the liberty. Theſe are the only men.

Ham. *Oh Jephta, judge of Iſrael,* what a treaſure hadſt thou!

Pol. What a treaſure had he, my lord?

Ham. *Why one fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephta?*

Pol.

Pol. If you call me *Jephta*, 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* † *rubrick* will ſhew you more. For look where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five players.

Y'are welcome maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; welcome good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is [b] valanc'd ſince I ſaw thee laſt: com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmark?* What my young lady and miſtreſs? berlady your ladyſhip is nearer heaven then whan I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a † chioppine. Pray God your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.---- Maſters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like [c] friendly faulconers, fly at any thing 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 pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Caviar* to the general; but it was, (as I receiv'd it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters, cryed 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 was no [d] ſalts in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the author of affection; but call'd it, an honeſt method. One ſpeech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas *Æneas'* tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priam*'s ſlaughter. If it live in

† Rubrick. *It is* Pons chanſons *in the firſt folio edition. The old ballads ſung on bridges, and from thence call'd* Pons chanſons. Hamlet *is here repeating ends of old ſongs.*

[b] *valiant.* † Chioppine, *a high-heel'd ſhoe, or a ſlipper.* [c] *french.* [d] *ſallets.*

your

your memory, begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee---- The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th' *Hyrcanian* beaſt. It is 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 his dread and black complection ſmear'd
With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot
Now is he total geules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons,
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching [e] fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murthers vile. Roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-ciſed with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old granſire *Priam* ſeeks.

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 match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell ſword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his baſe, and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus*' ear. For lo, his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th' air to ſtick:
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.

 But

[e] *ſtreets*.

But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heav'ns, 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,
A rowſed vengeance ſets him new a-work,
And never did the *Cyclops* hammers fall
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With leſs remorſe than *Pyrrhus'* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam.*----
Out, out, 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 heav'n,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

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

1 *Play.* But who, oh who, had ſeen the [f] mobled Queen?

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatning 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 loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up.
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:
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,

(Un-

[f] *In the firſt folio edition, it is th'* enobled Queen.

(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made [g] melt the burning eyes of heav'n,
And paſſion in the gods.

Pol. Look if he has not turn'd 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 beſtow'd. Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, then their ill report while you liv'd.

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

Ham. Gods bodikins man, much better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 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. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago?*

Play. Ay, my lord.

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

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord, and look you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*.

Roſ. Good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay ſo, God b' w' ye: now I am alone.

 Oh

g *milch.*

Oh 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 own conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd:
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his 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 gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ign'rant, and amaze indeed
The very faculty of eyes and ears.----
[h] Yet I ſay nothing; no, not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' noſe, gives me the lye i'th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
[i] Yet I ſhould take it --- for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, 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, letcherous, kindleſs villain!

[h] *Yet I,*
A dull and muddy metled raſcal peak
Like John-a-dreams, *unpregnant of my cauſe*
And can ſay nothing ——

[i] *Ha! why ſhould I take it?*

Why

Why what an aſs am I? this is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab-----
A [k] ſtallion!------fye upon't! foh! about my brain-----
I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murther, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll obſerve his looks,
Play ſomething like the murther 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
T'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,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the King. [*Exit.*

[k] *ſcullion.*

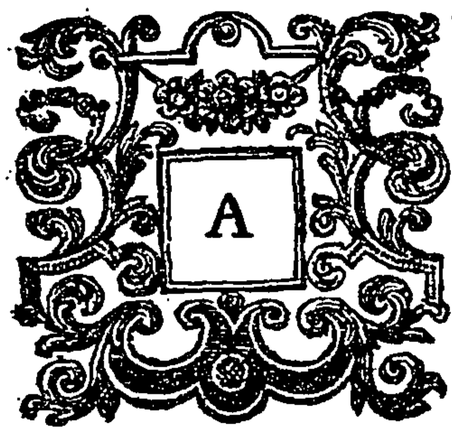
ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrosse, Guildenstern, *and Lords.*

KING.



AND can you by no drift of [a] conference
Get from him why he puts on this [b] confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous 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 players
We o'er-took 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.

[a] *circumstance.* [b] *confession.*

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to entreat your majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall, my lord. [*Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too,
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*. Her father, and my ſelf,
Will ſo beſtow our ſelves, that ſeeing unſeen
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.
Queen. I ſhall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wiſh
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlet*'s wildneſs. So I hope your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may.
Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here. Gracious, ſo pleaſe ye,
We will beſtow our ſelves: read on this book;
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's viſage,
And pious action we do ſuger o'er
The devil himſelf.
King. Oh 'tis too true.
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience! [*aſide.*

The

The harlot's cheek beautied with plaſtring art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word.
Oh heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming, let's withdraw my lord.
[*Exeunt all but* Ophelia.

SCENE II.

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 outragious fortune;
Or to take arms againſt a † ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them? ---- To die, ----- to ſleep -----
No more; and by a ſleep to ſay we end
The heart-ache and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die ----- to ſleep -----
To ſleep? perchance to dream; ay, there's the rub -----
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,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the [c] proud man's contumely,
The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,

† *Perhaps* ſiege, *which continues the metaphor of* ſlings, arrows, taking arms; *and repreſents the being encompaſs'd on all ſides with troubles.* [c] *poor.*

To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
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 enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn [d] awry
And loſe the name of action.----Soft you now, [*Seeing* Oph.
The fair *Ophelia?* nymph, in thy oraiſons
Be all my ſins remembred.

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

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

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

Ham. No, I never gave you ought.

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

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph. My lord-----

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordſhip?

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

[d] *away.*

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 its likeness. This was sometimes 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 [e] innoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. [f] I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am my self indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not born 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 heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, 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. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you sweet heav'ns!

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,-----farewel---- 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: farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers! restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your [g] painting too, well enough: God has given you one [h] face, and you make your self another. You jig, you

[e] evacuate *in the first edition.* [f] *I did love you once.* [g] *pratling.* [h] *pace.*

you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. Oh what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtiers, soldiers, scholars, eye, tongue, sword!
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the hony of his musick 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 ecstasie. Oh woe is me!
T'have seen what I have seen; see what I see.

SCENE III.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. Something's 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 how 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 on't?
Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of this 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 intreat him
To ſhew his griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. 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 unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

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

Ham. SPEAK the ſpeech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had ſpoke my lines. And 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, whirl-wind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. Oh, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtous 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 ſhews, and noiſe: I could have ſuch a fellow whipt for o'er-doing termagant; it out-*herods Herod.* Pray you avoid it.

Play.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Sute the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this over-done, or come tardy off, tho' it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of which one, must in your allowance o'er-sway a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely) that neither having the accent of christian, or the gate of christian, pagan, [i] or man, have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh 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 mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: That's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosincrosse, *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?

Both. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

[i] *or* Norman.

SCENE V.

Enter Horatio *to* Hamlet.

Ham. What ho, *Horatio?*
Hor. Here, ſweet lord, at your ſervice.
Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as juſt a man
As e'er my converſation coap'd withal.
Hor. Oh 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 cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied 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 ſeal'd thee for her ſelf. For thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all that ſuffers nothing.
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hath 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 a-foot,
Ev'n with the very comment of thy ſoul

Ob-

Obſerve mine uncle: if his occult guilt
Do not it ſelf 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,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.
If he ſteal ought the whilſt this play is playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

SCENE VI.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincroſſe, Guildenſtern, *and other lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches.* Daniſh *march. Sound a flouriſh.*

Ham. They're coming to the play; I muſt be idle.
Get you a place.

King. How fares our couſin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent i'faith, of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons ſo.

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

Ham. No, nor mine now, my lord. You plaid once i'th' univerſity, you ſay? [*To* Polonius.

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

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar,* I was kill'd i'th' capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

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

Roſ.

† Stithy, *a ſmith's anvil.*

Roſ. Ay, my lord, they ſtay upon your patience.
Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, ſit by me.
Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.
Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?
Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your lap?
[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *feet.*
Oph. No, my lord.
Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?
Oph. I think nothing, my lord.
Ham. That's a fair thought to lye between a maid's legs.
Oph. What is, my lord?
Ham. Nothing.
Oph. You are merry, my lord.
Ham. Who, I?
Oph. Ay, my lord.
Ham. Oh God, your only jig-maker; what ſhould a man do, but be merry? For look you how chearfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within theſe 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. Oh heav'ns! dye two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live 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 oh, for oh, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*

SCENE VII.

Hautboys play. The dumb ſhew enters.

Enter a King and Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her

her neck. Lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and Exit. *The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The poysoner, with some two or three mutes come in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts, she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.* [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry this is miching *Malicho*, that means mischief.

Oph. Belike this shew imports the argument of the play?

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

Oph. Will he tell us what this shew meant?

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

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

Enter Prologue.

For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posie of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter King and Queen, Players.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus'* car gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and *Tellus'* orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Unite commutual, in most sacred bands.

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:
And womens fear and love hold quantity,
'Tis either none, or in extremity;
Now what my love is, proof hath made you know,
And as my love is fix'd, my fear is ſo.

King. Faith I muſt leave thee, love, and ſhortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband ſhalt thou -----

Queen. Oh 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 kill'd the firſt.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood!

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.

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 fruits unripe, ſticks on the tree,
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis that we forget,
To pay our ſelves what to our ſelves is debt:

What

What to our ſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themſelves deſtroy:
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye, and 'tis not ſtrange
That ev'n our loves ſhould with our fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love fortune lead, or fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his fav'rite flies;
The poor, advanc'd, makes friends of enemies:
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons 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.

Queen. Nor earth to give me food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day and night;
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-----

King. 'Tis deeply ſworn; ſweet, leave me here a while,
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

Queen. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance beetween us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh 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'th' world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The *Mouse-trap.* Marry how? topically. This play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the duke's name, his wife *Baptista*; you shall see anon, 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the King.

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

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love; if I could see the puppets dallying.

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

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

Oph. Still worse and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands.
Begin murtherer. 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 bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thou natural magick, and dire property,
On wholsome life usurp immediately. [*Pours the poison in his ears.*

Ham.

Ham. He poyſons him i'th' garden for's eſtate; his name's *Gonzago*; the ſtory is extant, and writ in choice *Italian.* You ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago*'s wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me ſome light. Away.

All. Lights, lights, lights! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Manent Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why let the ſtrucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, whilſt ſome muſt ſleep;
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a foreſt of feathers, (if the reſt of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) with two provincial roſes on my [m] rayed ſhooes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou doſt know, oh *Damon* dear,
This realm diſmantled was
Of *Jove* himſelf, and now reigns here
A very very [n] peacock.

Hor. You might have rim'd.

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'll take the ghoſt's word for a thouſand pounds. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter

[m] *rack'd, rac'd.* [n] *paiock. This alludes to a Fable of the Birds chuſing a King; inſtead of the Eagle, a Peacock.*

Enter Rosincrosse *and* Guildenstern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come some musick. Come the recorders.
For if the King like not the comedy;
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musick.

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 distemper'd-----

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew it self more rich to signifie this to his doctor: for me to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

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

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

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

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholsom 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 wholsom answer: my wit's diseas'd. But, Sir, such answers as I can make, you shall command; or rather you say, my mother------therefore no more but to the matter-----my mother, you say------

Ros.

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays; your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother. But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother-admiration?

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. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my lord; what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do ſurely bar the door of 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, but while the graſs grows---- the proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

Oh 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?

Guil. Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

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

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

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

Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying; govern theſe ventiges with your fin-

fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

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

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

Enter Polonius.

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 it's like a *Camel* indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like an † *Ouzle.*

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle.*

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. Leave me friends. I will say so. By and by is easily said. [*Exeunt.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell it self breaths 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 ----
Oh heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The

† *An* Ouzle *or* Blackbird: *it has been printed by mistake a* Weesel, *which is not black.*

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! [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter King, Roſincroſſe, *and* Guildenſtern.

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

Guild. We will provide our ſelves;
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,
To keep thoſe 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 it ſelf from noyance; but much more,
That ſpirit, on whoſe °weal depends and reſts
The lives of many. The deceaſe of majeſty
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a maſſy wheel
Fixt on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpoaks ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſtrous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King ſigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;

° *ſpirit*

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will haste us. [*Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet;
Behind the arras I'll convey my self
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'er-hear
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. [*Exit.*
King. Thanks, dear my lord.
' Oh my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n,
' It hath the primal eldest curse upon't;
' A brother's murther. Pray I cannot,
' Though inclination be as sharp as will:
' My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
' And like a man to double business bound,
' I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
' And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
' Were thicker than it self with brother's blood?
' Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'ns
' To wash it white as snow? whereto serves mercy,
' But to confront the visage of offence?
' And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
' To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
' Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up.
' My fault is past. But oh what form of prayer
' Can serve my turn; Forgive me my foul murther!
' That cannot be, since I am still possest

' Of

'Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther,
'My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
'May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
'In the corrupted currents of this world,
'Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
'And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize it ſelf
'Buys out the law; but 'tis not ſo above:
'There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
'In his true nature, we our ſelves compell'd
'Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
'To give in evidence.' What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! oh boſom, black as death!
Oh limed ſoul, that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! help angels, make aſſay!
Bow ſtubborn knees, and heart with ſtrings of ſteel
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*The King kneels.*

SCENE X.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't---and ſo he goes to heav'n,
And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd,----
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heav'n---O this is [p] hire and ſallery, not revenge.
He took my father groſly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as [q] fluſh as *May*;
And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heav'n?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,

 'Tis

[p] *baſe and ſilly. Ed. prim.* [q] *freſh*

'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
Up ſword, and know thou a more horrid [1] time:
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſure 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 heav'n,
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays;
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

The Queen's Apartment.

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 ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'en here;
Pray you be round.

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.

[1] *hent*

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with [1]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 inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, ho.
Pol. What ho, help. [*Behind the Arras.*
Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducate, dead.
Pol. Oh I am ſlain. [Ham. *kills* Polonius.
Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not: is it the King?
Queen. Oh, 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, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel, [*To* Polonius.
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune;
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſie, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff;
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.

Queen.

[1] *an idle*

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers oaths. O ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very ſoul, and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow
O'er this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage as againſt the doom.
'Tis 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 this brow,
Hyperion's curles, the front of *Jove* himſelf,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten or command,
A ſtation like the herald *Mercury*
New-lighted on a heav'n-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 moore? 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

And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? what devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron'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 it ſelf as actively doth burn,
And reaſon [t] pardons 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 their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the naſty ſty.

Queen. Oh ſpeak 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 tythe
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.

Enter Ghoſt.

A King of ſhreds and patches——
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings [*Starting up.*
You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,

That

[t] or, *panders.*

That laps'd in time and paſſion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command? O ſay.----
Ghoſt. Do not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But look! amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul:
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her *Hamlet.*
Ham. How is it with you, lady?
Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And as the ſleeping ſoldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Start up, and ſtand an end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him!----look you how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Leſt with this pitious 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? [*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but our ſelves.
Ham. Why look you there? look how it ſteals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!
Look where he goes ev'n now out at the portal. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,

This bodileſs creation Ecſtaſie
Is very cunning in.
Ham. What ecſtaſie?
My pulſe, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſick. 'Tis not madneſs
That I have utter'd; bring me to the teſt
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gamboll 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 [t]running all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs your ſelf to heav'n,
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come,
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive this my virtue,
For in the fatneſs of theſe purſie times,
Virtue it ſelf of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea, curb, and wooe, for leave to do it good.
Queen. Oh *Hamlet!* thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; 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 habit's devil, is angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of actions fair and good,
He likewiſe gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night,
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence; the next more eaſie;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of nature,
And maſter ev'n the devil, or throw him out

[t] *mining, edit. prim.*

With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord, [*Pointing to* Pol.
I do repent: but heav'n 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.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do.
†Let the fond King tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse,
And let him for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despight 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 assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham.

†*In the old edition it is*, Let the blote King——*the word signifies* fond, *or* puff'd up, *or* full-blooded, *rubore suffusus*, Skinner.

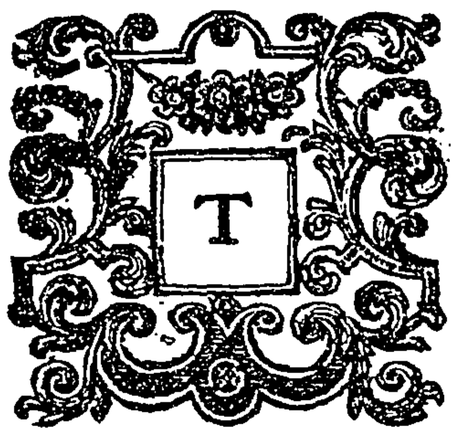
† *Ham.* There's letters ſeal'd, and my two ſchool-fellows,
(Whom I will truſt as I will adders fang'd,)
They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way
And marſhal me to knavery: let it work---
For 'tis the ſport to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petar: an't ſhall go hard
But I will delve one yard 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. [*Exit* Hamlet, *tugging in* Polonius.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen.

KING.



Here's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate, 'tis fit we underſtand them.
Where is your ſon? [night?

Queen. Ah, my good lord, what have I ſeen to

King. What, *Gertrude?* how does *Hamlet?*

Queen. Mad as the ſeas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawleſs fit,

 Behind

† *The ten following verſes are added out of the old edition.*

Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.

King. Oh heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, 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, lets it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews it ſelf pure. He weeps for what is done.

King. Oh *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!*

Enter Roſincroſſe *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 drag'd him.
Go ſeek him out; ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you haſte in this. [*Ex.* Roſ. *and* Guil.
Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends,

And

And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away,
My ſoul is full of diſcord and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed----
Gentlemen within. Hamlet! lord *Hamlet!*
Ham. What noiſe? who calls on *Hamlet?*
Oh here they come.

Enter Roſincroſſe *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 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chappel.
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 ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a King?
Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge, my lord?
Ham. Ay, Sir, that ſokes 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 [a] apple in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be laſt ſwallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and ſpunge, 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.*

[a] *ape*

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

Guild. A thing, my lord?

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

SCENE III.

Enter King.

King. I've ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body;
How dang'rous is it that this man goes looſe!
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him;
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th' offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth,
This ſudden ſending him away, muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe: diſeaſes deſp'rate grown,
By deſperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſincroſſe.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, 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.

King. At ſupper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certain convocation of politique worms are at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat our ſelves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes 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 ſhew you how a King may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heav'n, ſend thither to ſee. If your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i'th' other place your ſelf. But indeed, if you find him not this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobbey.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay 'till ye come.

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; then prepare thy ſelf,
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' aſſociates tend, and every thing 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!* farewel, dear mother.

King.

† *added from the old edit.*

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 every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on th' affair; pray you make haste.
And *England!* if my love thou hold'st at ought,
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
Our sovereign process, which imports at full
By letters [b] congruing to that effect,
The present death of *Hamlet.* Do it *England*:
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Camp.

Enter Fortinbras *with an army.*

For. GO, captain, from me, greet the *Danish* King,
Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his realm. You know the rendevouz.
If that his majesty would ought with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Capt.

[b] *conjuring*

Capt. I will do't, my lord.
For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras.

Enter Hamlet, Roſincroſſe, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whoſe powers are theſe?
Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.
Ham. How [c]purpos'd Sir, I pray you?
Capt. Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.
Ham. Who commands them, Sir?
Capt. The nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.
Ham. Goes it againſt the main of *Poland*, Sir,
Or for ſome frontier?
Capt. Truly to ſpeak it, 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 [d]ſold in fee.
Ham. Why then the *Polacke* never will defend it.
Capt. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.
Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th' impoſthume of much wealth and peace
That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Cap. God b'w'ye, Sir.
Roſ. Will't pleaſe you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you, go a little before. [*Exeunt*.

Manet Hamlet.

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge? what is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time

[c] *propos'd* [d] *ſo*

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 god-like reaſon
To ruſt in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
(A thought which quarter'd hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever three parts coward:) I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do,
Sith 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 puft
Makes mouths at the inviſible event,
Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Ev'n for an egg-ſhell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never 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 kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
(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 fantaſie and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a ſpot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the ſlain? O then from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

SCENE

SCENE V.

A Palace.

Enter Queen, Horatio, *and a Gentleman.*

Queen. I Will not ſpeak with her.
Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed diſtract; her mood will needs be pitied.
Queen. What would ſhe have?
Gent. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays ſhe hears
There's tricks i'th' 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 unſhaped 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.
Hor. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrow
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in-----
Queen. To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs,
So full of artleſs jealouſie is guilt,
It ſpills it ſelf in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia *diſtracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous majeſty of *Denmark?*
Queen. How now, *Ophelia?*
Oph. *How ſhould I your true love know from another one?*
By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and his ſandal ſhoon. [Singing.

Queen. Alas, ſweet lady; what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you mark.

He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſs-green turf, at his heels a ſtone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia.*----

Oph. Pray you mark.

White his ſhrowd as the mountain ſnow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

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 dil'd 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 let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, ſay you this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's *day, all in the morn betime,*
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he roſe, and don'd his cloaths, and dupt the chamber-door;
Let in a maid, that out a maid never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia!*

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

By Gis, and by S. Charity;
Alack, and fie 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 promis'd me to wed:

So

So would I ha' done, by yonder ſun,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We muſt be patient, but I cannot chuſe but weep, to think they ſhould lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come, my coach; good-night, ladies; good-night, ſweet ladies; good-night, good-night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe, give her good watch, I pray you;
This is the poiſon of deep grief, it ſprings
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude, Gertrude!*
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions. Firſt, her father ſlain,
Next your ſon gone, and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholſome in their thoughts and whiſpers,
For good *Polonius'* death. We've done but greenly,
In private to inter him; poor *Ophelia*
Divided from her ſelf, and her fair judgment,
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beaſts:)
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France*,
Feeds on this 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 beggar'd,
Will nothing ſtick our perſons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering piece in many places,
Gives me ſuperfluous death! [*A Noiſe within.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter a Messenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers*? let them guard the door.
What is the matter?
Mes. Save your self, my lord.
The ocean over-peering of his list
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word;
They cry, chuse we *Laertes* for our King.
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds.
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.
Queen. How chearfully on the false trail they cry,
Oh this is counter, you false *Danish* dogs. [*Noise within.*

Enter Laertes.

King. The doors are broke.
Laer. Where is the King? Sirs! stand you all without.
All. No let's come in.
Laer. I pray you give me leave.
All. We will, we will.
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,
Crys cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here between the chaste and unsmich'd brow
Of my true mother.

King.

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 its will. Tell me, *Laertes*,
Why are you thus incenſt? Let him go, *Gertrude*.
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 juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the black 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 reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's.
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, in your revenge,
(That ſweep-ſtake,) 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-rendring pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.

King.

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. [*A Noiſe within.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Ophelia *fantaſtically dreſt with ſtraws and flowers.*

Laer. Let her come in. How now? what noiſe is that?
O heat dry up my brains, tears ſeven times ſalt
Burn on the ſenſe and vertue of mine eye.
By heav'n, thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
'Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of *May!*
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia!*
O heav'ns, is't poſſible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
[e] Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of it ſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,*
And on his grave rains many a tear,
Fare you well, my dove.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſwade revenge, it could not move thus.

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

Laer.

[e] Or, perhaps,
Nature is fire in love, and where 'tis fire
It ſends ſome precious incenſe of it ſelf
After the thing it loves.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray love remember; and there's pancies, 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 a *Sundays:* you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a dasie; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin *is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell it self,
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 pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his soul.

And of all christian souls! God b'w'ye. [*Exit* Ophelia.

Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wiseſt friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,

And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His means of death, his obſcure funeral;
No trophy ſword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation;
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I muſt call in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall:
And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Horatio, *with an attendant.*

Hor. WHAT are they that would ſpeak with me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir, they ſay they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bleſs you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.

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

Hor. reads the letter.

HORATIO, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd 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 appoint-*

ment

ment gave us chace. Finding our ſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant they got clear of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy, 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 wouldeſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thy ear, will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the matter. Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am. Roſincroſſe *and* Guildenſtern *hold their courſe for* England. *Of them I have much to tell thee, farewel.*

[*He that thou knoweſt thine,* Hamlet.

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

SCENE IX.

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.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in nature,
As by your ſafety, wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up?

King. Two ſpecial reaſons,
Which may to you, perhaps, ſeem much unſinew'd,
And yet to me are ſtrong. The Queen, his mother,

Lives almoſt by his looks; and for my ſelf,
My virtue or my plague, be't 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 publick 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 my arrows
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo have I a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driven into deſperate terms,
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections ---- But 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 ſhall ſoon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love your ſelf,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine -----

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Theſe to your Majeſty: this to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet?* who brought them?

Meſ. Sailors, my lord, they ſay, I ſaw them not:
They were giv'n me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.

King. *Laertes*, you ſhall hear them: leave us, all --- [*Exit Meſ.*

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 you pardon thereunto, recount th' occaſion of my ſudden return.

Hamlet. What

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 rul'd by me?
Laer. I, ſo you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my deviſe,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe,
But ev'n his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.
Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deviſe it ſo
That I might be the inſtrument.
King. It falls right:
You have been talkt 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 feather in the cap of youth,

Yet

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've ſeen my ſelf and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-back; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo far he paſt 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, *Lamond.*

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 eſpecial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a fight indeed,
If one could match you. 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.

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 pleuriſie,
Dies in his own too much; What 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 ſpend-thrift's ſigh
That hurts by eaſing; but to th' quick o' th' ulcer -----
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To ſhew your ſelf your father's ſon indeed,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th' church.

King. No place indeed ſhould murther ſanctuariſe;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this, keep cloſe within your chamber?
Hamlet return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiſs,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A ſword unbated, and in a paſs of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the 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 scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, 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,
'Twere better not assay'd; 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 cunnings,
I ha't----- when in your motion you are hot,
And make your bouts more violent to th' end,
And that he calls for drink; I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there. How now, sweet Queen?

SCENE X.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassie stream:
There with fantastick garlands did she come,
Of crow-flow'rs, nettles, daisies, and long purples

That

That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and her ſelf
Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths ſpread wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a creature native, and indewed
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick, nature her cuſtom holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out: adieu, my lord,
I have a ſpeech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. 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 CHURCH.

Enter two clowns, with ſpades and mattocks.

1 CLOWN.

IS ſhe to be buried in chriſtian burial, that willfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, ſhe is; therefore make her grave ſtraight, the crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned her ſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why 'tis found ſo.

1 *Clown.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*, it cannot be elſe. For here lyes the point; if I drown my ſelf wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches. It is an act to do, and to perform; *argal*, ſhe drown'd her ſelf wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver*.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lyes the water, good: here ſtands the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himſelf; it is will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him; he drowns not himſelf. *Argal*, he that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay marry is't, crowner's queſt law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.*

1 *Clown*. Why there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than other chriſtians. Come, my ſpade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

2 *Clown*. Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown*. He was the firſt that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown*. Why, he had none.

1 *Clown*. What, art a heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the ſcripture? the ſcripture ſays, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thy ſelf----

2 *Clown*. Go to.

1 *Clown*. What is he that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhip-wright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown*. The gallows-maker, for that frame out-lives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clown*. 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 *Clown*. Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter?-----

1 *Clown*. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown*. Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown*. To't.

2 *Clown*. Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio *at a diſtance*.

1 *Clown*. Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask'd this queſtion next, ſay a grave-maker. The houſes he makes,

laſt 'till dooms-day: go, get thee to *Youghan*, fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs and ſings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very ſweet;
To contract oh the time for a my behove,
Oh methought there was nothing meet.

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

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it in him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo; the hand of little imployment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clown ſings.

But age with his ſtealing ſteps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I ne'er had been ſuch.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were *Cain*'s jaw-bone, that did the firſt murther! this might be the pate of a politician which this aſs o'er-offices; one that could 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 prais'd my lord ſuch a ones 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, chopleſs, and knockt about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade. Here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more

more the breeding, but to play at loggers with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown ſings.

A pick-axe and a ſpade, a ſpade,
For and, a ſhrowding ſheet!
O, a pit of clay, for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the ſcull 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 lye 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 calve-skins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow: Whoſe grave's this, ſirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir----

O, a pit of clay for to be made,
For ſuch a ghoſt is meet.

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

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't, and ſay 'tis thine; 'tis for

the

the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'ſt.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. 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 follow us. By the lord, *Horatio*, theſe 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 our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and ſent into *England.*

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

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

Ham. Why?

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

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. Faith e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here in *Denmark.* I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham.

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

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

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whorſon mad fellow's it was; whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flagon of rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, was *Yorick*'s ſcull, the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas poor *Yorick!* I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath born 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 kiſs'd 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 in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-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------Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think *Alexander* look'd o' this faſhion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo, puh? [*Smelling to the Scull.*

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. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

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

Imperial *Cæſar* dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw!
But ſoft! but ſoft a while------here comes the King,

SCENE II.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *and a coffin, with Lords and Prieſts attendant.*

The Queen, the courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rights? this doth betoken,
The coarſe they follow did with deſperate hand
Fore-do its own life; 'twas of ſome eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a moſt noble youth: mark-----

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Prieſt. Her obſequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful,
And but that great command o'er-ſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd

'Till

'Till the laſt trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin rites,
Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Muſt no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done:
We ſhould prophane 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, farewel!
I hop'd thou would'ſt have been my *Hamlet*'s wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe
Fall tentimes treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms,
[Laertes *leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blue *Olympus.*

Ham. [*diſcovering himſelf.*] What is he, whoſe griefs
Bear ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
[Hamlet *leaps into the grave.*
Hamlet the *Dane.*
Laer. The devil take thy ſoul! [*Grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee take thy fingers from my throat-----
For though I am not ſplenative and raſh,
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear. Hold off thy hand.
King. Pluck them aſunder-----
Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet-----
Hor. Good my lord be quiet. [*The attendants part them.*
Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.
Queen. Oh my ſon! what theme?
Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum. What wilt thou do for her?
King. O he is mad, *Laertes.*
Queen. For love of God forbear him.
Ham. Come ſhew me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faſt? woo't tear thy ſelf?
Woo't drink up *Eſill*, eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Do'ſt thou come hither but to whine;
To out-face 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
Sindging his pate againſt the burning zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
King. This is mere madneſs;
And thus a while the fit will work on him:

Anon

Anon as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden cuplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Hear you Sir----
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter----
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray you good *Horatio,* wait upon him. [*Exit* Hor.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech. [*To* Laertes.
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 III.

A HALL.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. SO much for this, now ſhall you ſee the other.
You do remember all the circumſtance.
Hor. Remember it, my lord?
Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep; methought I lay
Worſe than the mutineers in bilboes; raſhneſs
(And prais'd be raſhneſs for it) lets 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-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moſt certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My ſea-gown ſcarft about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again, making ſo bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unſeal
Their grand commiſſion, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact command,
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmark*'s health, and *England*'s too,
(With ho! ſuch buggs and goblings in my life,)
That on the ſupervize, no leiſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the ax,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.

Hor. Is't poſſible?

Ham. Here's the commiſſion, read it at more leiſure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play. I ſate me down,
Devis'd a new commiſſion, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it as our ſtatiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flouriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,

And

And ſtand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many ſuch like *As's* of great charge;
That on the view and knowing theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
No ſhriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why ev'n in that was heaven ordinate;
I had my father's ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeal:
I folded the writ up in form of th' other,
Subſcrib'd it, gave th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The change was never known: now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent,
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So, *Guildenſtern* and *Roſincroſſe* go to't.

Ham. They are not near my conſcience; their defeat
Doth by their own inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when 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'ſt thou, ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
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*'s mine, and a man's life's no more
Than to ſay, one.
But I am very ſorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelf;
For by the image of my cauſe I ſee
The pourtraiture of his; I'll court his favours:
But ſure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

SCENE IV.

Enter Oſrick.

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 meſſe; 'tis a chough; but as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

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

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

Oſr. I thank your lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

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

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is very ſultry, and hot for my complexion.

Oſr. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very ſultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how:--My lord, his majeſty bid me ſignifie to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter---

Ham. I beſeech you remember-----

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

Ham.

[a] *frendſhip.*

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

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

Osr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him six *Barbary* horses, against the which he impon'd, as I take it, six *French* rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, or 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?

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* bett against the *Danish*; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Osr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between you and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty, 'tis 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 if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you so?

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

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours; 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 so with his dug before he suck'd it: thus has he (and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes

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 tryals, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

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

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

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. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart --- but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.

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

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's 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 ought of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes *and lords, with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flagons of wine on it.*

King. Come, *Hamlet,* come, and take this hand from me.
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* wrong'd *Laertes?* never *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself, do's wrong *Laertes;*
Then *Hamlet* do's it not; *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd,
His madness is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my [b] 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 president of peace
To keep my name ungor'd. But 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

[b] *mother.*

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils:
Laer. Come one for me.
Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your skill ſhall like a ſtar i'th' darkeſt night
Stick fiery off, indeed.
Laer. You mock me, Sir.
Ham. No, by this hand.
King. Give them the foils, young *Oſrick.*
Hamlet, you know the wager.
Ham. Well, my lord,
Your grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker ſide.
King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both:
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.
Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.
Ham. This likes me well; theſe foils have all a length?
[*Prepares to play.*
Oſr. Ay, my good lord.
King. Set me the ſtoops of wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* give the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath,
And in the cup an[c] Onyx 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 trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the canoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth.
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet.* Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.
Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer.

[c] *union.*

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.
[*Trumpet sound, Shot goes off.*
Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while. [*They play.*
Come --- 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. It is the poison'd cup, it is too late. [*aside.*
Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam, by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [*aside.*
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. [*Play.*
Osr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet, *then in scuffling they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again----
Osr. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is't, my lord?
Osr. How is't *Laertes?*
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own sprindge, *Osrick,*
I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink----
Oh my dear *Hamlet,* the drink, the drink,---
I am poison'd----- [*Queen dies.*
Ham. Oh villany! hoe! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out----
Laer. It is here. *Hamlet,* thou art slain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd it self on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to rise again; thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more----the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too?
Then venom to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treason, treason.
King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane,*
Drink off this potion: is [d] the onyx here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is justly serv'd.
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble *Hamlet;*

Mine

[d] *the union.*

Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I'm 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 serjeant death
Is strict in his arrest) oh I could tell you----
But let it be---- *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*;
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th' art a man,
Give me the cup; let go, by heav'n I'll have't.
Oh 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 a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and shout within.*
What warlike noise is this?

SCENE VI.

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Young *Fortinbrass*, 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-grows my spirit,
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.

But I do prophesie th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th' occurrents more or less,
Which have solicited. ---- The rest is silence, [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart; good-night, sweet prince;
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why do's the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras *and* English *Ambassador, with drum, colours, and attendants.*

Fort. Where is this sight?
Hor. What is it you would see?
If ought of woe or wonder, cease your search.
Fort. This quarry cries on havock. Oh proud death!
What feast is tow'rd in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?
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 command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Rosincrosse* and *Guildenstern* are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave command'ment for their death.
But since so full upon this bloody question,
You from the *Polack* wars, and you from *England*,
Are here arrriv'd; give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts,

Of

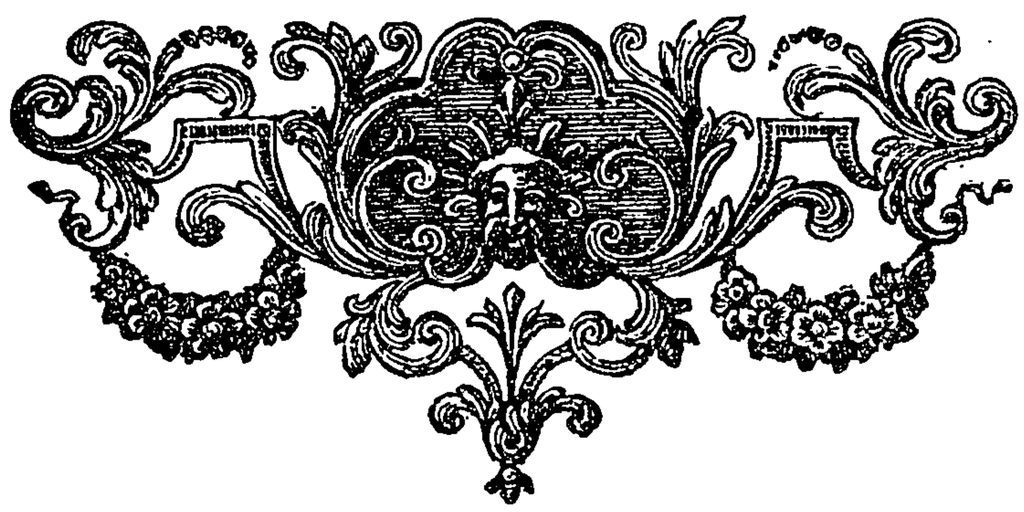
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on th' inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my fortune,
I have some rights of memory 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 no more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Ev'n while men minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet* like a soldier off the stage,
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally. And for his passage,
The soldiers musick, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him ----
Take up the body: such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*Exeunt marching: after which, a peal of ordnance are shot off.*



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