

It Takes a "Village" to Translate "Hamlet"

Created for NaNoGenMo 2015 by Derek Kurth

The Original

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark
 by William Shakespeare [Collins edition]
 HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK
 by William Shakespeare
 PERSONS REPRESENTED.
 Claudius, King of Denmark.
 Hamlet, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.
 Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.
 Horatio, Friend to Hamlet.
 Laertes, Son to Polonius.
 Voltimand, Courtier.
 Cornelius, Courtier.
 Rosencrantz, Courtier.
 Guildenstern, Courtier.
 Osric, Courtier.
 A Gentleman, Courtier.
 A Priest.
 Marcellus, Officer.
 Bernardo, Officer.
 Francisco, a Soldier
 Reynaldo, Servant to Polonius.
 Players.
 Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.
 Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.
 A Captain.
 English Ambassadors.
 Ghost of Hamlet's Father.
 Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and Mother of Hamlet.
 Ophelia, Daughter to Polonius.

Translated from English to Japanese to Welsh to Swahili to Yiddish, then back to English

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark
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 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark
 William Shakespeare
 The people are represented.
 Claudius, King of Denmark.
 Hamlet, son of the former, and nephew to the present King.
 Polonium, Chamberlain.
 Horatio, friend of Hamlet.
 Laertes, son of polonium.
 Voltimand, courtier.
 Cornelius, courtier.
 Rosencrantz, courtier.
 Guildenstern, courtier.
 OSU minimalist, the courtier.
 Gentleman, courtier.
 Monk.
 Marcellus, officer.
 Bernardo, officer.
 Francisco, a soldier.
 Reynaldo, servant to polonium.
 Players.
 Two clowns, grave-based.
 Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.
 Captain.
 The Ambassador of the United Kingdom.
 The spirit of the father of Hamlet.
 Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, Mother of Hamlet.
 Ophelia, the daughter polonium.

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

SCENE. Elsinore.

ACT I.

Scene I. Elsinore. A platform before the
Castle.

[Francisco at his post. Enter to him
Bernardo.]

Ber.

Who's there?

Fran.

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold
yourself.

Ber.

Long live the king!

Fran.

Bernardo?

Ber.

He.

Fran.

You come most carefully upon your
hour.

Ber.

'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed,
Francisco.

Fran.

For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter
cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber.

Have you had quiet guard?

Fran.

Not a mouse stirring.

Ber.

Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make
haste.

Fran.

Gentlemen, ladies, officers, soldiers, sailors, messengers, and
others.

. Elsinore.

As I

Scene I Elsinore. Before the castle.

[Francisco e-mail. .]

Eyes fiber.

There?

France.

But, answer me, in development.

Eyes fiber.

Long live the king!

France.

Bernardo?

Eyes fiber.

France.

I notice when.

Eyes fiber.

'Tis now. Get friends to bed, Francisco.

France.

It is a relief to many: 'tis bitter cold,

Diseases like.

Eyes fiber.

Quiet Guard?

France.

Not a mouse stirring.

Eyes fiber.

Good.

Do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The opponent of the clock, to offer them a rush.

France.

I think I hear them.--Stand, ho! Who is there?

[Enter Horatio and Marcellus.]

Hor.

Friends to this ground.

Mar.

And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran.

Give you good-night.

Mar.

O, farewell, honest soldier;
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran.

Bernardo has my place.
Give you good-night.

[Exit.]

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 fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:

Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;

I think.-- Stand, Ho! There?

[Enter Horatio and Marcellus.]

And let me remind you.

Friends in this country.

Mar.

And liegemen to the Dane.

France.

.

Mar.

Oh, good-bye, one by one of the soldiers;
The oft reliev you?

France.

Bernardo my.

.

[Left]

Mar.

All! Bernardo!

Eyes fiber.

Said.
What, Horatio?

And let me remind you.

Your job.

Eyes fiber.

Welcome, Horatio page, Marcellus.

Mar.

It's also the other until tonight?

Eyes fiber.

I saw.

Mar.

Horatio", it was but a dream.

Your faith

Touch DREADED sight, seen, but

That's why I'm wrong.

And in the evening.

That, if again this apparition come
He may approve our eyes and speak to
it.

Hor.

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Ber.

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

Hor.

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

Ber.

Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward
from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part
of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and
myself,
The bell then beating one,--

Mar.

Peace, break thee off; look where it
comes again!

[Enter Ghost, armed.]

Ber.

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

Mar.

Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber.

Looks it not like the King? mark it,
Horatio.

Hor.

Most like:--it harrows me with fear and
wonder.

Ber.

It would be spoke to.

Mar.

Question it, Horatio.

In this case, again, since this product

It is possible to get approval.

And let me remind you.

Tush, tush, twill not appear.

Eyes fiber.

Seat,
There's a lot of re-assail the ears.
And a fortress against our story.
Two nights.

And let me remind you.

Also,
And let us hear Bernardo speak.

Eyes fiber.

Last night,
When the cruel star West Paul
It was his turn. illume the sky.

When it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell is struck,--

Mar.

Hello, friends, see.

[Enter Ghost, armed.]

Eyes fiber.

In the same figure, like the king.

Mar.

The art of the introduction, Horatio.

Eyes fiber.

It was not possible to see. Mark it, Horatio.

And let me remind you.

It is painted without fear, surprise.

Eyes fiber.

.

Mar.

The question, Horatio.

Hor.

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

Together with that fair and warlike form

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar.

It is offended.

Ber.

See, it stalks away!

Hor.

Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee speak! Wait! Language! I patients word.

[Exit Ghost.]

Mar.

'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber.

How now, Horatio! You tremble and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

Hor.

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 thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;

So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange.

And let me remind you.

Art is trawsfeddiannu just at this hour of the night,

Together with that fair and warlike form

The majesty of buried Denmark

There was no time? By natural, patients to read.

Mar.

.

Eyes fiber.

Known as stem time.

And let me remind you.

Wait! Language! I patients word.

[Exit Ghost.]

Mar.

'Tis the answer.

Eyes fiber.

How now, Horatio! We shook, and light:

It's more than a dream?

I think you are.

And let me remind you.

The presence of God, it's not
Without the sensible and true avouch

My eyes.

Mar.

It's not.

And let me remind you.

If you have art of your soul:

As a weapon.

The ambitious Norway to fight;

He frowned, I think, angry,,

He smote the sledded polacks on the ice.

It's amazing.

Mar.

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

Hor.

In what particular thought to work I
know not;
But, in the gross and scope of 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 subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen
cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of
war;
Why such impress of shipwrights,
whose sore 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 prick'd on by a most emulate
pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our
valiant Hamlet,--

Mar.

In this way, and this is the time of death.

With martial stalk, Fu.

And let me remind you.

It certain ideas of the work, I don't know.

Gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes well amazing explosion and our country.

Mar.

Well, as I know him.

Why so strict neighborhoods to see.

So the night work of the underground;

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,

In addition to the use of acts of war.

Why so impress of shipwrights, but there's a lot of problems.

No part of the first day of the week.

If good is sweat fast.

The effects of the night, with working:

You don't know?

And let me remind you.

You can;

At least, a voice. The king of the end of

The image is displayed.

As Fortinbras of Norway,

Any prick that emulate pride,

Dar, to fight with our wonderful Hamlet,--

For so this side of our known world
esteem'd him,--

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a
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'd

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as by the same
cov'nant,

And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young
Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and
there,

Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't; which is no
other,--

As it doth well appear unto our state,--
But to recover of us, by strong hand,
And terms compulsory, 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 e'en so:

Well may it sort, that this portentous
figure

Comes armed through our watch; so
like the king

That was and is the question of these
wars.

Hor.

We know the world of respect.--

I was fascinated by Fortinbras; who by a sealed compact

Along with happiness by the law, shields,

To lose his life, his land,

There was a sea of threats:

The attitude of the authorities.

Was Gaga was by our King back.

The inheritance of Fortinbras,

He was a vanquisher, as, by the same cov,

Transportation design for me,

The "village". Now, Young Fortinbras,

Unimproved mettle hot for free

He skirts of Norway, here and there,

The shark of criminals are determined,
Food and nutrition for part of the business.

He and stomach, not you, not the other,--

The effects of many government.

Recovery, power downloads

And terms compulsory, foresaid land of

His father was lost.

The main activities of the preparation

This time,

This post-fast Rome inspired in the country.

Eyes fiber.

I think, Island garden:

But maybe, it's miraculous to understand.

Let's kiss to find the king.

This is the problem of these wars.

And let me remind you.

A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.	- Particle that is trouble for the soul.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,	The most advanced and flourishing state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,	A little the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead	The tombs tenantless first death
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;	We squeak by the Gibbs coupler in the streets of Rome;
As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,	Like a train of fire and blood.
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,	Disasters of the sun and stars,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,	This influence Neptune's empire,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:	It was sick, almost to the crisis video:
And even the like precursor of fierce events,--	Even the like precursor of fierce events,--
As harbingers preceding still the fates,	As harbingers before the fate of the world.
And prologue to the omen coming on,--	-Familiarity with head forward.
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated	Like the heavens and the earth, and display
Unto our climature and countrymen.--	Our climature and villagers.--
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!	But, soft, behold! - And here,.
[Re-enter Ghost.]	[Enter Ghost.]
I'll cross it, though it blast me.--Stay, illusion!	It's also about-- Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,	Don't you record sound, voice,
Speak to me:	Talk to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,	It's a good thing.
That may to thee do ease, and, race to me,	In this case, phaon, and, AND, and, and,
Speak to me:	Talk to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,	Art Secret the fate of the country.
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,	So, for fun, to know since the beginning can understand,
O, speak!	Oh, don't tell!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life	You don't have uphoarded in your life.
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,	Extorted treasure in the womb of the earth.
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,	I was told also to drink the delicious of the walking dead.
[The cock crows.]	[Cock crows.]
Speak of it!--stay, and speak!--Stop it,	Read it: -- stay, and speak!-- Stop it, Marcellus!

Marcellus!

Mar.

Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor.

Do, if it will not stand.

Ber.

'Tis here!

Hor.

'Tis here!

Mar.

'Tis gone!

[Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,

To offer it the show 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,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar.

It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season
comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is
celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night
long;

Mar.

I hit my assistant.

And let me remind you.

If you don't suffer.

Eyes fiber.

'Tis here!

And let me remind you.

'Tis here!

Mar.

She's gone!

[Exit Ghost.]

It can also be used, to be so Royal professional,

Because violence

In the air, invulnerable,

Our free blowing malware signatures.

Eyes fiber.

In this story, the cock crowed.

And let me remind you.

At the same time, the fault of
Fear to read. I hear

Dick's trumpet to forget,

The Vice President of your high, and start the other.

The eyes of God of the day, you have been warned

Whether in sea or fire, earth and air,

Point the erring spirit Hey ferries

Self-closed: the truth about

Now something to check.

Mar.

The crowing of the cock.

This revelation of the season.

Wherein Our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of Dawn I'm worth every night.

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor.

So have I heard, and do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward 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. Elsinore. A room of state in the Castle.

[Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendant.]

King.

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted

To bear our hearts in grief, and our

Such a spirit dares stir abroad;

Night clean with no stars assault,

Not gay, but a witch has magic power;

It's as empty as all right.

And let me remind you.

I heard, and some believe it is.

But, remember, the robe,

Go for a walk in a place of open-air ion high Eastern Hill:

Break we the watch: my advice,

Let's offer from the night.

The youth in the village.

In this spirit, the lake, or:

We agree and made him,

Like support, love, and the responsibility of the company?

Mar.

So the prayer of the morning.

It's so simple.

[Exeunt.]

. Elsinore. A room of state in the castle.

[Enter King, Queen, Hamlet, polonium, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, lords, and attendant.]

King.

Some of the villages in the death of a brother.

The memory of green can be befitted

The burden in her heart, sadness, and all the kingdom of

whole kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature

That we with wisest sorrow think on him,

Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,

Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state,

Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy, -
-

With an 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:--or 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, with all bonds of law,

To our most valiant brother. So much for him,--

Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:

The contract to be one of the eyebrows.;

If it is unlikely that anti-natural.

We with wisest sorrow that's about it.

With our memory.

That's why our sisters sometimes, our Queen,

The jointress of the state of war.

Now, tw Paris and defeated joy, -

Beginner's luck eye.

Fun at the funeral. and dir. inspiration. marriage,

Scale weighing delight and Dole,--

The woman described in eb.

Wisdom, freedom.

In this case, our thanks.

Now, you know young Fortinbras,

Make a weak guess. I to sell,

Think about our evening, our brothers in death.

The situation of the company more than the frame

Colleagued with the dream.

He's troubled with a lot of messages.

From the Muslims of the country.

He lost his father, with all bonds of law.

Our brothers Brave. On-

Now my, And I'm at the 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 gait herein; in that the
levies,

The lists, and full proportions are all
made

Out of his subject:--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

To business with the king, more than
the scope

Of these dilated articles allow.

Farewell; and let your haste commend
your duty.

Cor. and Volt.

In that and all things will we show our
duty.

King.

We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

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

You told us of some suit; what is't,
Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the
Dane,

And lose your voice: what wouldst thou
beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy
asking?

The head is not more native to the
heart,

The hand more instrumental to the

So, many of the business--this is a

Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,--

There is no power to go to sleep--and I can almost hear

It's nephew's purpose, to prevent

They're going to, rates,

This list is met

Subject: and we're out of here.

A good example of you, Voltimand,

Owner greetings from Norway;

Give you personal power

Business class King, the range of

These extended features are allowed.

Farewell, and in a hurry, your reward.

Cor. -Bolt.

The truth of all things.

King.

I encourage everyone to peace.

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

And now, Laertes, what's new with you?

You need to tell us on the appeal, Laertes?

Can't talk about reason to the Dane,

Without his voice; thou wouldst Palace of Laertes,

Not mine, not hers?

Head, character traits,

mouth,

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer.

Dread my lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France;

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,

To show my duty in your coronation;

Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King.

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

Pol.

He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave

By laboursome petition; and at last

Upon his will I 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.

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

King.

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham.

Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

The material in the mouth.

With the seat of Denmark's first fall father.

What thou wouldst have, Laertes?

Class.

Requires, Sir,

We're leaving to go back to France.

Far from home, but you are welcome to come to Denmark,

For the card;

However, don't accept responsibility,

My thoughts and wishes bend toward re, France

The bow, without even graceful to leave, to forgive.

King.

It's not his dad. What is polonium?

Pol.

He, my Lord, wrung from me my slow leave.

By laboursome petition, and at the end

I seal my:

I beseech you, and.....

King.

Take the fair hour Laertes time design.

Your best to use!--

However, against this village, my son ...

Pork.

[.] No Cain, no less!

King.

How is it the clouds still?

Pork.

Not so, my Lord.

Queen.

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy vailed lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st 'tis common,--all that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham.

Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen.

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham.

Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem;

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within which passeth show;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father;

But, you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,

Queen.

Good Hamlet, cast her night colored.

Our eyes, like a friend on Denmark.

Once her vai hot cover

Our noble Father in the dust:

Or-all of my life, must die.

The way to eternal nature.

Pork.

Yes,ma'am.

Queen.

If,

Why is that so special touch?

Pork.

To be a woman! But, I don't know.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, mother,

There's also the usual fit of big black

Too much wind. suspiration of forced breath.

No, it's fruitful River in the eye.

Also ddigalon of alcohol,

All kind of sky, and show the sadness,

It can be shown it's true:these are, in fact,

As a person who acts,

However, flows in the show.

These old fit.

King.

'Tis sweet in the assessment of the nature, Hamlet,

It's mourning duties to your father;

Also, you must know, your father lost a father;

Father lost,lost his life remaining.

In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: but to
persevere

In obstinate condolment is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly
grief;

It shows a will most incorrect to
heaven;

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;
An understanding simple and
unschool'd;

For what we know must be, and is as
common

As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish
opposition,

Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to
heaven,

A fault against the dead, a fault to
nature,

To reason most absurd; whose common
theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath
cried,

From the first corse till he that died to-
day,

'This must be so.' We pray you, throw
to earth

This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take
note

You are the most immediate to our
throne;

And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his
son

Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:

And we beseech you bend you to
remain

Here in the cheer and comfort of our
eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our

Filial obligation, for some time.

No, not pretentious sadness, but on

In obstinate condolment, of course.

The rebels stubbornness, it's not Manly sorrow;

It is also incorrect to heaven;

Heart unfortified, goal;

An understanding simple and unschool us;

To know that, as is customary

The most vulgar,

However, in our house. purple opposition

. From Taipei, the earthquake in heaven.

About fault against the dead, a flaw in nature,

The reason for this is also absurd is a common theme

Death and the Father who has the right

The first Corse till he died.

"We need him". We pray you, throw to earth.

This unprevailing, I think.

As a father to the world's attention

It is important out there;

If your family love

The most important is father to his son.

To provide for you. Interested in your

So, back to school, Wittenberg,

On the contrary, our brain.:

We, I pray you to bend.

Here's the fun and comfort

Our chief est courtier, cousin and our son.

son.

Queen.

Let not thy mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet:

I pray thee stay with us; go not to
Wittenberg.

Ham.

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King.

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply:
Be as ourself in Denmark.--Madam,
come;

This gentle and 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 rouse the heaven shall
bruit again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come
away.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.]

Ham.

O that this too too solid flesh would
melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O
God! O God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and
gross in nature

Possess it merely. That it should come
to this!

But two months dead!--nay, not so
much, not two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my

Queen.

Didn't your mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:

I pray you're in town, not Wittenberg.

Pork.

I, All my best obey you, Madam.

King.

Why, it's love, fair comment.:

And in Denmark. The blood of the other;

This gentle and unforc agreed on a settlement.

Stay in the smile of the heart in grace whereof,

No jocund health that Denmark drinks today.

The big guns in the clouds.;

And his king to heaven. bruit,

Re-read under attack. .

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.]

Pork.

Of this oil is melted.

Thaw, and resolve into a dew!

Was never right.

Canon your self-murder. Oh, my God! Oh, my God!

The hotel is dull, flat and unprofitable

I think all of use.

Party! Oh, that. unweeded garden

The kind that's stinky and disgusting in nature.

And..... It should not be.

But two months dead!-- No, two:

The best for the king, as

Hyperion is hard, not the love of a mother

mother,

That he might not betem the winds of
heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and
earth!

Must I remember? Why, she would
hang on him

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a
month,--

Let me not think on't,--Frailty, thy
name is woman!--

A little month; or ere those shoes were
old

With which she followed my poor
father's body

Like Niobe, all tears;--why she, even
she,--

O God! a beast that wants discourse of
reason,

Would have mourn'd longer,--married
with mine uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like
my father

Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous
tears

Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married:-- O, most wicked speed,
to post

With such dexterity to incestuous
sheets!

It is not, nor it cannot come to good;
But break my heart,--for I must hold
my tongue!

[Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and
Bernardo.]

Hor.

Hail to your lordship!

Ham.

I am glad to see you well:

Horatio,--or I do forget myself.

Hor.

He might not bet miracles spirit of heaven.

Visit her face too much. The heavens and the earth!

Why? Why they say good luck

There is a growing incentive to stay.

How the Fed: that, and -

I don't think, - the weakness, your name is woman."

Little can be products and age.

After my poor father's body.

If nio alphabet, in tears, why she, your, -

Oh, my God! A beast that wants discourse of reason

We mourn I think married with my uncle,

His father and brother again.

More. To Hercules: may

Salt is unjustified and tear

He was cleaning up in the kitchen of your eyes.

She married: ... or,like the best speed

If Dexterity incestuous sheets!

It's not,

On-Off of the tongue.

[Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.]

And let me remind you.

Means necessary!

Pork.

Glad to see you're okay.:

Horatio, I forgot.

And let me remind you.

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

Ham.

Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?--

Marcellus?

Mar.

My good lord,--

Ham.

I am very glad to see you.--Good even, sir.--

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor.

A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham.

I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do my ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.

But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor.

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

Ham.

I prithee 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.

In the same way, my main, I serve the poor.

Pork.

Sir, my good friend, you can change the name:

What Are you from Wittenberg, Horatio?--

The Marcellus?

Mar.

Good Sir, -

Pork.

I'm very happy.-- Also, for.--

But, in faith, in Wittenberg?

And let me remind you.

For layout name, Sir.

Pork.

Not hear your enemy say so;
Do my ear that violence,
It is trust the leading of your report.
For myself, and not to play there.

Therefore, your information is Elsinore?

We teach you to drink deep as you can.

And let me remind you.

Sir, I'm coming for your father's funeral.

Pork.

I Don't laugh at students.

I guess it's my mother's wedding.

And let me remind you.

In fact, the bulk of the traffic.

Pork.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! Funeral buck and meat.

It was cold, proposals.

Would I had met my dearest foe in
heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!--
My father,--methinks I see my father.

Hor.

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 awhile
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham.

For God's love let me hear.

Hor.

Two nights together had these
gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch
In the dead vast and middle of the
night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like
your father,
Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them and with solemn
march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice

It was my dearest enemy in heaven.

He never saw that day, Horatio!--
My father--methinks my father.

And let me remind you.

But, Sir.

Pork.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

And let me remind you.

Was a good King.

Pork.

They're all, All, All,
I need to be invisible.

And let me remind you.

Sir, I have yesternight.

Pork.

.

And let me remind you.

My lord, the king, his father.

Pork.

The king of pop!

And let me remind you.

Season sponsorship of the voice.
Waiting for ear, you may be using,
Witnesses of a will.
It's amazing.

Pork.

The love of God.

And let me remind you.

Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, to watch.
The death of wide, midnight.

It's kind of. A figure like your father.

Armor points properly cap-pe

He is shown in front of According to strict month.

Slowly and stately off and went.

he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised
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
watch'd.

Ham.

Did you not speak to it?

Hor.

My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once
methought

It lifted up it head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the morning cock crew
loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste
away,

And vanish'd 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

Power and fear-surprised eyes.

At home alone, not tanks.

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

Type of Dam, can't say. It

A terrible secret is involved;

Also the third night-watch online:

If supplied,

Type The number, right, beautiful,

This item comes:I knew your father;

With this in hand.

Pork.

.

Mar.

Sir, a platform we're looking for.

Pork.

?

And let me remind you.

For my main I;

The answer no one methought

Release the head, in the direction

In its proposals, that:

Then, the morning cock crew.

The sound decreases rapidly,

Disappearing, I think.

Pork.

'Tis very strange.

And let me remind you.

Where I live, and my respect, but my God, it's true;

However, I believe that I have a warrant debts of the company.

To let you know of it.

Ham.

Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar. and Ber.

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.

O, yes, my lord: he wore his beaver up. Oh, my main was wearing the Beaver.

Ham.

What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor.

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham.

Pale or red?

Hor.

Nay, very pale.

Ham.

And fix'd 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, very like. Stay'd it long?

I'll let you know.

Pork.

Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.

Still see at night?

Mar. -Optical fiber.

Now, my main.

Pork.

Downloads.

Two.

Hand, Sir.

Pork.

From head to toe?

Two.

Sir, from head to toe.

Pork.

Such a face?

And let me remind you.

Oh, my main was wearing the Beaver.

Pork.

What was grumpy?

And let me remind you.

Face grief.

Pork.

Light or red?

And let me remind you.

No, very pale.

Pork.

Fixed your eyes.

And let me remind you.

.

Pork.

I.

And let me remind you.

I amaze.

Pork.

Very, very. Wait?

Hor.

While one with moderate haste might
tell a hundred.

Mar. and Ber.

Longer, longer.

Hor.

Not when I saw't.

Ham.

His beard was grizzled,--no?

Hor.

It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham.

I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor.

I warr'nt it will.

Ham.

If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should
gape

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

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no
tongue:

I will requite your loves. So, fare ye
well:

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and
twelve,

I'll visit you.

All.

Our duty to your honour.

Ham.

Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and
Bernardo.]

My father's spirit in arms! All is not

And let me remind you.

There is moderate to severe.

Mar. -Optical fiber.

For a long time a long time.

And let me remind you.

Feel.

Pork.

His beard was almost white, and you?

And let me remind you.

Also, I see in life.

Sub-Bank.

Pork.

I saw by night;
Maybe to go.

And let me remind you.

I warz.

Pork.

He's not my noble father's person.

I have to say, though hell big gaping

The effort of peace. I pray,

The usual hide in front of
It is durable, very quiet, still;
That is, here tonight.

The understanding is not

We reciprocate your love. So, fare ye well.

The platform, between eleven and twelve,

I will visit again.

All.

The company of the obligations of Honor.

Pork.

Your choice, like mine, to say goodbye to you.

[Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.]

My father's spirit in arms! Different

well;

I doubt some foul play: would the night
were come!

Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds
will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to
men's eyes.

[Exit.]

Scene III. A room in Polonius's house.

[Enter Laertes and Ophelia.]

Laer.

My necessities are embark'd: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph.

Do you doubt that?

Laer.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his
favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood:
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not
lasting;
The perfume and suppli-ance of a
minute;
No more.

Oph.

No more but so?

Laer.

Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow
alone
In thews and bulk; but as this temple
waxes,
The inward service of the mind and
soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves
you now;
And now no soil nor cautel doth
besmirch

I suspect there is a dirty War of night.

Until then, sit down, my soul: action, add,

All the world o, men.

[Left]

Scene III. Room polonium.....In.

[Enter Laertes and Ophelia.]

Class.

The basics of riding.:
And, sister, as the winds on the income
And convoy is assistant professor to sleep.
If you don't hear.

The Op -.

It's done?

Class.

On Hamlet and the trifling of death,
Fashion, toys, in the blood:
Color Purple, the youth of prima natural.
Then, sweet life;
The smell and suppli-ance of a minute;
.

The Op -.

In.

Class.

I think.:
For nature, crescent, does not grow
In thews and bulk, but this temple waxes,
In the service of the mind and the soul
The whole width. Favorite, this time,
Currently, there is no soil of cautel under slander

The virtue of his will: but you must
fear,

His greatness weigh'd, his will is not
his own;

For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice
depends

The safety and health of this whole
state;

And therefore must his choice be
circumscrib'd

Unto the voice and yielding of that
body

Whereof he is the head. Then if he says
he loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no
further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes
withal.

Then weigh what loss your honour may
sustain

If with too credent ear you list his
songs,

Or lose your heart, or your chaste
treasure open

To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your
affection,

Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough

If she unmask her beauty to the moon:

Virtue itself scopes 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

Mr. Nintoku is: but you must fear

Your expertise, not yours.;

On your, your date of birth:

If, unvalu,

Carved for himself he chooses.

The health and safety of all situation.

Your choice be circumscrib.

The sound

What. In this case,

It fits your wisdom to believe it.

As he in his particular Act and place

Yeah, if so,

Most of the votes of Denmark.

To lose weight, your honor.

Like ear you list his songs,

Or lose the heart and the treasure are open.

His unmaster. You're a menace.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear, sister;

Continue after the desire,

Shot danger of desire.

The chariest maid is already enough..

Then discover its beauty on:

Accordingly also scopes not calumnious strokes:

Canker galls the infants of the spring.

Also accused in the past of the bonds. Disk:

And not to forget liquid dew of youth.

Contagious blastments are on the verge of happening.

imminent.

Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else
near.

Oph.

I shall th' effect of this good lesson
keep

As watchman to my heart. But, good
my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to
heaven;

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless
libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance
treads

And reck's not his own read.

Laer.

O, fear me not.

I stay too long:--but here my father
comes.

[Enter Polonius.]

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol.

Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for
shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your
sail,

And you are stay'd for. There,--my
blessing with thee!

[Laying his hand on Laertes's head.]

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts
no tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means
vulgar.

Those friends thou hast, and their
adoption tried,

Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops
of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with

Be warned, the best security fears:

Young people are also rebels from the near future.

The Op -.

I am the training.

As you tour my heart. But, my brethren,

If ungracious pastors

It's steep and hard the road to heaven;

There was a smell and reckless libertine,

Himself the Primrose path of dalliance treads.

View aberrations.

Class.

Oh, don't be afraid.

My long wait: - here's my father coming.

[Enter polonium.]

A double blessing is a double grace;
A smile in the eyes.

Pol.

But here, Laertes! On the cruise, unfortunately!

Spirit the seat of his reign.

Wait. - The good kind

[Manually set the Laertes's head.]

These are a few recommendations in your head.

See. I don't care about the tongue.

Also unproportion thought his act.

Now, that doesn't mean low quality.

Your friend, their adoption tried,

Suffer thy soul hoops steel;

entertainment

Not the palm of your hand with entertainment.

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd
comrade. Beware

Of each new-hatched, unfledg of the same temperament. Note

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of
thee.

The door of the search.

Load, if not pay attention.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy
voice:

Give a person the ears of your voice.

Take each man's censure, but reserve
thy judgment.

Everyone's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not
gaudy:

Costly thy habit as thy purse buy,

There was no need; he's rich and impressive:

For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and
station

Apparel oft proclaims the man;

If the France of highest rank, Station.

Are most select and generous chief in
that.

Players and thick for a long time.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:

Not the borrower or the institution by:

For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of
husbandry.

Loans can be with the loss of two friend;

And borrowing dulls the edge of Agriculture.

This above all,--to thine own self be
true;

This company self;

And it must follow, as the night the
day,

Later that night, the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any
man.

No, you can't lie to anyone.

Farewell: my blessing season this in
thee!

Other:my blessing season this team!

Laer.

Class.

Most humbly do I take my leave, my
lord.

With great humility, Sir.

Pol.

Pol.

The time invites you; go, your servants
tend.

At the time of the.

Laer.

Class.

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

Hello, Ophelia, and memory.

What I was saying.

Oph.

The Op -.

'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of
it.

It's in my memory, to lock

Your go-to.

Laer.

Farewell.

[Exit.]

Pol.

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

Oph.

So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol.

Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you; and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous;

If it be so,--as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution,--I must tell you

You do not understand yourself so clearly

As it behooves my daughter and your honour.

What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph.

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders

Of his affection to me.

Pol.

Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph.

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

Pol.

Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,

Class.

Was Hello.

[Left]

Pol.

What Ophelia he hath said to you?

The Op -.

You can touch,"the village".

Pol.

Marriage, bethought:

'Tis told me, he's very often late.

Given private time, and I'm yours.

Read for free blessed;

., New Taipei on

Note must read.

You don't understand yourself clearly.

It behooves my daughter and your honor.

What is it? I is the fact.

The Op -.

He, Sir, of late a lot of requests

Your partner.

Pol.

Love it! Fu! Talk like a girl.

Testing in such a dangerous situation.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call it.

The Op -.

I don't know, my God, I should think.

Pol.

Marriage, in the education of his children;

Was te winter these pitches right to pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself
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 it; go to, go
to.

Oph.

And hath given countenance to his
speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of
heaven.

Pol.

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal
the soul

Lends the tongue vows: these blazes,
daughter,

Giving more light than heat,--extinct in
both,

Even in their promise, as it is a-
making,--

You must not take for fire. From this
time

Be something scanter of your maiden
presence;

Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord
Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is
young;

And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few,
Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows; for they are
brokers,--

Not of that dye which their investments

Not sterling. In order to love;

Or, address the wind of the poor phrase,

Wronging these, you buy stupid.

The Op -.

My master has the import and repayment of the five love

Your fashion.

Pol.

Ay, fashion you may call it.

The Op -.

She found a speech, Sir,

Almost all the sacred vows.

Pol.

Yes, spring your money woodcocks. It

The blood and spirit of hospitality.

Lends the tongue vows: these hot, girl,

It provides light and warmth--are disappearing,

But, the promise, is, -

No. Fixed.

I have to scan the items of the Virgin,

Location entreatments higher

The order of negotiation. "The village",

Believe, is very limited.

The brightness he can't walk.

More can be given only to a few, Ophelia,

Don't believe his vows, the broker--

show,

But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious
bawds,

The better to beguile. This is for all,--
I would not, in plain terms, from this
time forth

Have you so slander any moment
leisure

As to give words or talk with the Lord
Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you; come your
ways.

Oph.

I shall obey, my lord.

[Exeunt.]

Scene IV. The platform.

[Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.]

Ham.

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor.

It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham.

What hour now?

Hor.

I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar.

No, it is struck.

Hor.

Indeed? I heard it not: then draws near
the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to
walk.

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance
shot off within.]

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham.

The King doth wake to-night and takes
his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-

Their clothes, investments,

But just implorators of unholy suits,

Breath of joy, a pious bawds,

Fool. It's ...

The plane this time.

It is a phenomenon entertainment

To give words or talk,"the village".

And I am responsible for not coming.

The Op -.

I kept to myself.

[Exeunt.]

..

Pork.

The air becomes very cold.

And let me remind you.

It comes to milling, eager and.

Pork.

How long?

And let me remind you.

I think it's the lack of.

Mar.

No, it hit.

And let me remind you.

There? I heard her:so, to close the business a long time.

It's the mind and body of walking.

[Plays trumpet, firing weapons.]

What are these, my Lord?

Pork.

The King's Lieutenant, later that night, his nervousness,

spring reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of
Rhenish down,

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray
out

The triumph of his pledge.

Hor.

Is it a custom?

Ham.

Ay, marry, is't;

But to my mind,--though I am native
here,

And to the manner born,--it is a custom And custom

More honour'd in the breach than the
observance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other
nations:

They clepe us drunkards, and with
swinish phrase

Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though
perform'd at height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So oft it chanceth in particular men

That, for some vicious mole of nature
in them,

As in their birth,--wherein they are not
guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin,--

By 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 plausible manners;--that
these men,--

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect, I say, the stamp of the bugs.

Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,--

Their virtues else,--be they as pure as
grace,

As infinite as man may undergo,--

Keep wassail, coquette spring rolls;

If the water in the draft of the Rhenish,

The Kettle-drums and trumpets, and walked out.

The triumph of his pledge.

And let me remind you.

Training?

Pork.

A., see,

In my heart, I'm also natural.

And custom

In honor of I, as opposed to focus.

It is a drum head and shaft of the east-west

We traduc, the tax of other countries:

They clepe us drunkards, with swinish phrase

Our land, in fact,

Our performance is also high,

The drill and bone marrow characteristics.

It's delicious, especially for men.

So, for some of the bad memories of nature,

Like their birth, - wherein there is no sin,

Because nature doesn't Can be free.

Or color

Often the tenant, with the exception of the fortress of reason.

Or by some habit, that too much of the hall. Vince

Of plausible manners, that these men

Their virtues else, so clean and beautiful.

If infinite, if people.

Shall in the general censure take
corruption

From that particular fault: the dram of
eale

Doth all the noble substance often
doubt

To his own scandal.

Hor.

Look, my lord, it comes!

[Enter Ghost.]

Ham.

Angels and ministers of grace defend
us!--

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin
damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from heaven or
blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable
shape

That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee
Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane; O, answer
me!

Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in
death,

Have burst their cerements; why the
sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble
jaws

To cast thee up again! What may this
mean,

That thou, dead corse, again in
complete steel,

Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the
moon,

Making night hideous, and we fools of
nature

So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of
our souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what

General review to take corruption.

The same defect the dram of eal

Vice President of all the noble substance often doubt.

Alone.

And let me remind you.

You see, my God!

[Enter Ghost.]

Pork.

Angels and ministers of grace defend you!--

A spirit of health or Goblin you want.

With thee airs from heaven or blast from hell.

It's his mission of love and charity,

There com have questions chapter

I'm telling you:I'm the neighborhood.

King, father, Royal Dane;O,answer me!

Not burst in ignorance.

What about the canon. Bones, to hear erased in death.

We burst the cerements, the burial,

Here was a friend quietly in-urn,

He's operation. His ponderous and marble jaws.

Actors, crew! That means,

Dead Corse, complete steel

Check the ar must, therefore, glimpses of the moon.

To make the night hideous " natural products

So horridly to shake our treatment

Believe in the heart?

should we do?

[Ghost beckons Hamlet.]

Hor.

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

Mar.

Look with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed
ground:
But do not go with it!

Hor.

No, by no means.

Ham.

It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor.

Do not, my lord.

Ham.

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

Hor.

What if it tempt you toward the flood,
my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,

And there assume some other horrible
form

Which might deprive your sovereignty
of reason,

And draw you into madness? think of
it:

The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fadoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham.

It waves me still.--

Tell me, why is that? On top of it? What you need to do?

[Ghost beckons Hamlet.]

And let me remind you.

Can lead to go.

If it is impartment.

.

Mar.

Look carefully at the characteristics of

Wave by removing local

No!

And let me remind you.

No, No, No.

Pork.

The story is as follows.

And let me remind you.

So that's my main.

Pork.

Why, what need to fear?

My life the secret of the fee;

And in my mind what you can do,

If you ever?

Waves.,

And let me remind you.

The temptation toward the flood, my God,

Or download the meeting of the cliff.

It bugs the hall of Central strangers.

Some other horrible form.

Deprive your sovereignty of reason,

Crazy, right? New:

The position of the toy.

Not all the brain.

See a lot of fadoms to the sea.

I can hear the sound.

Pork.

Waves.--

Go on; I'll follow thee.

Mar.

You shall not go, my lord.

Ham.

Hold off your hands.

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.--

[Ghost beckons.]

Still am I call'd;--unhand me,
gentlemen;--

[Breaking free from them.]

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that
lets me!--

I say, away!--Go on; I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.]

Hor.

He waxes desperate 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.

Heaven will direct it.

Mar.

Nay, let's follow him.

[Exeunt.]

Scene V. A more remote part of the
Castle.

[Enter Ghost and Hamlet.]

Come on, check it out.

Mar.

No, sir.

Pork.

Punctuation.

And let me remind you.

The rula;.

Pork.

My destiny is crying,

And the smaller arteries in the body.

As solid as Nam Shan lion's nerve.--

[The wind is calling.]

I'm just on my phone, leave her husband; -

[From running away].

In the air, the wind!--

I say, away!-- Come on, check it out.

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.]

And let me remind you.

For the faint of imagination.

Mar.

Let's ddilyn fit to offer.

And let me remind you.

-- The problem what is it?

Mar.

Something is rotten in Denmark.

And let me remind you.

Paradise.....

Mar.

But, leave it alone.

[Exeunt.]

Area V: far Castle.

[Enter Ghost and Hamlet.]

Ham.

Whither 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 sulph'urous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham.

Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost.

Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham.

Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost.

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham.

What?

Ghost.

I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to wain
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

Pork.

Continued drilling that will lead me? Phone. Nothing.

Spirit.

Mark.

Pork.

.

Spirit.

My time is close,
My sulph, bitter fire.
Providing meaning.

Pork.

Spirit!

Spirit.

Unfortunately, I also offer loans its great to hear.
I think.

Pork.

Phone.

Spirit.

Revenge is what.....

Pork.

What?

Spirit.

I am the ghost of your father.
Penalties also walk regularly at night.

Day config for waste in hot
The heinous crime of nature.

Burnt trout. Can't
Of the secrets of the prison-house
The story is a mild word.

Was Harrow up the soul;freeze thy young blood;

from their spheres;

Make two eyes, like stars, start from that time.

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
part,

Your, what is it,

And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:

And each particular hair to stand

But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.--List, list,
O, list!--

The needles of the nervous hedgehog.:
This eternal blazon must not be
The ear of flesh and blood.-- List, list or list!--

If thou didst ever thy dear father love-- Not the dear father love.

Ham.

Pork.

O God!

Oh, my God!

Ghost.

Spirit.

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

The Revenge of his family by an unnatural murder.

Ham.

Pork.

Murder!

Murder!

Ghost.

Spirit.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and
unnatural.

Murder is detestable.

This is the most disgusting, weird and unnatural.

Ham.

Pork.

Haste me to know't, that I, with wings
as swift

All of a sudden, I know wings quickly.

As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

As meditation or the thoughts of love.
May sweep to revenge.

Ghost.

Spirit.

I find thee apt;

To meet;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat
weed

And more should only be with the oil of marijuana.

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now,
Hamlet, hear.

But easily see lethe Wharf,

Thou Wouldst not turn. Now, Hamlet, hear.

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my
orchard,

'Tis, sleeping in my garden.

A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of
Denmark

The snake burned the ear of Denmark.

Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd; but know, thou noble
youth,

Develop a process of my death

Rank and abuse you doing in your youth

The serpent that did sting thy father's
life

Guess it didn't kill was his father's life.

Now wears his crown.

Ham.

O my prophetic soul!

Mine uncle!

Ghost.

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with
traitorous gifts,--

O wicked wit and gifts, that have the
power

So to seduce!--won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous
queen:

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!

From me, whose love was of that
dignity

That it went hand in hand even with the
vow

I made to her in marriage; and to
decline

Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were
poor

To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,

Though lewdness court it in a shape of
heaven;

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,

Will sate itself in a celestial bed

And prey on garbage.

But soft! methinks I scent the morning
air;

Brief let me be.--Sleeping within my
orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,

And in the porches of my ears did pour

The leperous distilment; whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of
man

That, swift as quicksilver, it courses
through

Now wears his crown.

Pork.

My command!

My uncle!

Spirit.

Ay, that incestuous and adulterate beast,

And the charm of wit, with traitorous gifts,--

The worst green gifts if power.

What a temptation!-- Update for motivated visual

You will have:

Hamlet, the fall.

I love and respect

Vows

I'm married to her decrease

Inferiority complex is a gift of nature, is bad.

Mine!

According to love. mov,

Also, the graft court in the form of heaven;

Fascinated by the angel link,

Enjoy the heaven of the bed.

Prey on garbage.

Soft! Methinks I scent the morning air;

Just.....-- Sleeping in the garden.

My practice, in the afternoon,

Make sure that when our uncle husband.

With juice of cursed hebenon, and bowl.

My ears, note

The leperous distilment, the results of

The hostility in your blood man.

It's as fast as mercury, it flows

The natural gates and alleys of the body;	Natural gates and alleys of the city.
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset	With sudden energy, Vice posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,	Card, feces, milk,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine;	Thin, clean the blood, so, my;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,	Immediate Tet items to bark.
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust	Most Lazar like, with vile vile crust.
All my smooth body.	All of my needs.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,	In this way I want to go to sleep, man.
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:	The life of crown of Queen, immediately sent:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,	Cut the blossom of sin,
Unhous'led, disappointed, unanel'd;	Unhous good, disappointed, une;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account	No census was sent to My Account
With all my imperfections on my head:	All the faults of my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!	Oh, cool! Oh, cool! The most scary!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;	And the meaning of nature, is non-negative;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be	The Royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.	A couch of luxury. m incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,	Also, pursu just this show.
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive	If your spirit and soul make up
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,	Anti-your mom anything:women in heaven.
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,	And the thorns that breast Lodge
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!	To prick or sting. Wage job!
The glowworm shows the matin to be near,	The Firefly and the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:	"I haven't started to paint his uneffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.	Hello, hello, hello! Hamlet, Remember me.
[Exit.]	[Left]
Ham.	Pork.
O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?	The whole sky! A. What else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie!--Hold, my heart;	And I just in hell? Ah,me!-- And I, in my head.

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,

Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by
heaven!--

O most pernicious woman!

O 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 am sure, it may be so in
Denmark:

[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my
word;

It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me:'
I have sworn't.

Hor.

[Within.] My lord, my lord,--

Mar.

[Within.] Lord Hamlet,--

Hor.

[Within.] Heaven secure him!

Ham.

So be it!

Mar.

And you, my sinews, at any time,

Negative constant.-- Remember your friends!

Oh, poor, to preserve the memory seat.

It's the pride. Remember your friends!

And from the table of my memory
You wipe away all trivial and a good record

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past.

That youth and observation copied there.

And he kept all his capital themselves living

The sum of my brain.

Unmix and basing: Yes, heaven!--

The worst of the worst!

Of the villa, villain, smiling, to buy a villa!

The tables, see, I'm not ready.

One of them is a smile, smile, bad;

At least, I can't be so in Denmark:

[Writing]

So, uncle. My word

Mei-hello, hello! Remember me."

I'm early.

And let me remind you.

[From the inside] my God, my God,--

Mar.

[On the inside], especially Hamlet,--

And let me remind you.

[From within] heaven secure him!

Pork.

This is not good!

Mar.

[Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham.

Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.

[Enter Horatio and Marcellus.]

Mar.

How is't, my noble lord?

Hor.

What news, my lord?

Ham.

O, wonderful!

Hor.

Good my lord, tell it.

Ham.

No; you'll reveal it.

Hor.

Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar.

Nor I, my lord.

Ham.

How say you then; would heart of man
once think it?--

But you'll be secret?

Hor. and Mar.

Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham.

There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all
Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor.

There needs no ghost, my lord, come
from the grave

To tell us this.

Ham.

Why, right; you are i' the 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,--

[On the inside]. Elli.,

Pork.

Hill, oh! Come on, birds.

[Enter Horatio and Marcellus.]

Mar.

What, your?

And let me remind you.

And private.

Pork.

Oh, great!

And let me remind you.

My master.

Pork.

Still.

And let me remind you.

No, sir, you too.

Mar.

Also, I my main.

Pork.

I also like the heart of people. I thought once?

You.

And let me remind you. A.

Yes, by heaven, Sir.

Pork.

There is never bad to live in Denmark!

"Notorious Prince.

And let me remind you.

There needs no Ghost, my God, the grave.

Please tell us if you please.

Pork.

Why, this very;

Such is the situation,

I It's appropriate to shake hands and part:

You and your business, hope, -

For every man hath business and desire, Every person and business.

Such as it is;--and for my own poor part,

Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor.

These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham.

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

Hor.

There's no offence, my lord.

Ham.

Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision here,--

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:

For your desire to know what is between us,

O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

Hor.

What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham.

Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. and Mar.

My lord, we will not.

Ham.

Nay, but swear't.

Hor.

In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar.

Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Similarly, my bad.

So I'm going to save.

And let me remind you.

It's spinning words, Sir.

Pork.

I'm sorry, " I'm all heart;
Yes, faith, heartily.

And let me remind you.

No offense, Sir.

Pork.

St. Patrick, Horatio,

From the onslaught. Check out the vision here.

This is the spirit of truth, that you hear

Do you want to know what it is.

A. And now, good friends,

As friends, scholars and soldiers.

One of poverty.

And let me remind you.

I know that, Sir? .

Pork.

I make known what you have seen at night.

And let me remind you. A.

My master.

Pork.

But, but stop.

And let me remind you.

Faith,

The main system States.

Mar.

Also, my lord, in faith.

Ham.

Upon my sword.

Mar.

We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham.

Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost.

[Beneath.] Swear.

Ham.

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

Come on!--you hear this fellow in the cellarage,--

Consent to swear.

Hor.

Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham.

Never to speak of this that you have seen,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost.

[Beneath.] Swear.

Ham.

Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground.--

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost.

[Beneath.] Swear.

Ham.

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

A worthy pioner!--Once more remove, good friends.

Hor.

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Pork.

Sword.

Mar.

We my friend.

Pork.

In fact, my sword, indeed.

Spirit.

[Below.] Promise.

Pork.

Ha,ha, ha! Dweud have? Art there truepenny?--

Come on!-- You can hear it, connect the cellarage,--

For permission to start.

And let me remind you.

Propose the oath, my Lord.

Pork.

Not that you can see,

Pledge to my sword.

Spirit.

[Below.] Promise.

Pork.

Hic et ubique? Until the conversion.--

Come out

Or again, my sword.:

It's not the story, it's news.

Pledge to my sword.

Spirit.

[Below.] Promise.

Pork.

Also, mole old! You can't work in a world so fast?

Get the mouth a winner!-- As soon as you are clear they are good friends.

And let me remind you.

Day and night, amazing!

Ham.

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven 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 myself,--

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,--

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

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

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

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me:--this is not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

Swear.

Ghost.

[Beneath.] 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, to 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

Pork.

Other people are welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Most of your dreams philosophy.

The

It doesn't seem.

Strange or odd soe however, I'm a burden.--

However, maybe, I think.

The antics of the character,--

Even so, it's time to see you,

Arms to enslave, school is closed.

Or to respond to Frequent words,

"I, I'; moreover, if we would';--

And, A list of words', or 'no';--

If vague.

Know anything I wouldn't do,

Such grace in more trouble.

Promise.

Spirit.

[Below.] Promise.

Pork.

Break, your spirit!-- And all of them.

All my awards are:

Not bad, like Hamlet.

Your partner, a friend.

God continually. First,

And your lips, I pray.

pray.

The time is out of joint:--O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right!--

Nay, come, let's go together.

[Exeunt.]

Act II.

Scene I. A room in Polonius's house.

[Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.]

Pol.

Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey.

I will, my lord.

Pol.

You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before You visit him, to make inquiry Of his behaviour.

Rey.

My lord, I did intend it.

Pol.

Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, sir,

Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding,

By this encompassment and drift of question,

That they do know my son, come you more nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it:

Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;

As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,

And in part him;--do you mark this,

At the top together with: - O cursed,

I was born to set it right!--

But, oh, so.....

[Exeunt.]

.

Scene I. a room polonium.....In.

[Enter polonium and reynaldo.]

Pol.

With this money and these notes reynaldo.

Ray.

I my main.

Pol.

Your great and wise, reynaldo,

Before your visit, please contact Your actions.

Ray.

My main.

Pol.

Marriage, also called. There's a lot of English.

Advice first what Danskers in Paris,

How, who, what,,,

The company and at what price,

This encompassment and drift,

If my child more and more close.

Your specific needs will be touch:

Tw Paris Elite

If that is so,"I know your father and his friends.

Reynaldo?

Are they a part of, - this, reynaldo?

Rey.

Ay, very well, my lord.

Ray.

Yes, sir.

Pol.

'And in part him;--but,' you may say,
'not well:

Pol.

"One," like":

But if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so;' and there put on
him

After all, it's nature;

Was created with.' The

What forgeries you please; marry, none
so rank

What is artificial. Please, marriage is not a web site

As may dishonour him; take heed of
that;

We usually use he imagined that,

But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual
slips

And, no, wild, and usual Slips

As are companions noted and most
known

If the joint-also called

To youth and liberty.

Young, free.

Rey.

As gaming, my lord.

Ray.

Like in the game, Sir.

Pol.

Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
quarrelling,

Pol.

Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,

Drabbing:--you may go so far.

Drabbing:--.

Rey.

My lord, that would dishonour him.

Ray.

My main, and not to be taken lightly.

Pol.

Faith, no; as you may season it in the
charge.

Pol.

Faith is of the season.

You must not put another scandal on
him,

Be sure to do not put different cases on it.

That he is open to incontinency;

The incontinency;

That's not my meaning: but breathe his
faults so quaintly

That's my meaning, but breath of your faults so quaintly

That they may seem the taints of
liberty;

Or maybe they look like stains The of Liberty.

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;

Flash an outbreak of fire.

A savageness in unreclaimed blood,

And savageness in unreclaimed blood.

Of general assault.

Head attack.

Rey.

But, my good lord,--

Ray.

But, oh, my God,--

Pol.

Wherefore should you do this?

Rey.Ay, my lord,
I would know that.**Pol.**Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence;

He closes with you in this consequence;

'Good sir,' or so; or 'friend,' or
'gentleman'--According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.**Rey.**

Very good, my lord.

Pol.And then, sir, does he this,--he does--
What was I about to say?--By the mass, I was about to say
something:--Where did I leave?**Rey.**At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend
or so,' and
gentleman.'**Pol.**At--closes in the consequence'--ay,
marry!He closes with you thus:--'I know the
gentleman;

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

Pol.

It's a good idea.

Ray.Yes, sir,
....**Pol.**Wedding, service, drift;
We play a certificate
We egg on it a few sullies on my boy.

"Tw Paris a little soil.

Mark,

The party conversation you want to sound.

Just need prenominate crimes

The youth you breathe of guilty, and under from.

It came on the results;

"Good service. 'Friend' gentleman'--

According to expressions of freedom.
Man.**Ray.**

Very good, Sir.

Pol.

So, got it?--

The amount of something:--.

Ray."Close results,"friend,
Gentleman.'**Pol.**

- Results of final, yeah, get married!

It's over, that'the collection. Gentleman;

Meaning yesterday, the day of the two.

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

There was he gaming; there o'ertook
in's rouse;

There falling out at tennis': or
perchance,

'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'--
Videlicet, a brothel,--or so forth.--

See you now;

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp
of truth:

And thus do we of wisdom and of
reach,

With windlances, and with assays of
bias,

By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have
you not?

Rey.

My lord, I have.

Pol.

God b' wi' you, fare you well.

Rey.

Good my lord!

Pol.

Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey.

I shall, my lord.

Pol.

And let him ply his music.

Rey.

Well, my lord.

Pol.

Farewell!

[Exit Reynaldo.]

[Enter Ophelia.]

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Oph.

Alas, my lord, I have been so
affrighted!

Or Then, or then, etc., As you say,

Also, the game is o exciting;

Don't fall out of tennis here, maybe,

"That was input, as well as sales,'--

Supposed to be a brothel, and.....--

Also;

You're feeding the lie this carp of truth:

Your of our wisdom

With windlances and assays of bias

By indirections find directions:

So, comments and tips,

..

Ray.

Sir, I don't.

Pol.

God b to wash the price.

Ray.

My primary!

Pol.

Watch her direction.

Ray.

I my main.

Pol.

In addition, music.

Ray.

Also, my main.

Pol.

Farewell!

[Exit reynaldo.]

[Enter Ophelia.]

How now, Ophelia! What's the difference?

The Op -.

Unfortunately, my God, I'm affrighted.

Pol.

With what, i' the name of God?

Oph.

My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,

Lord Hamlet,--with his doublet all unbrac'd;

No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,

Ungart'ed, and down-gyved to his ankle;

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,--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 stay'd he so;

At last,--a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,--

He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound

As it did seem to shatter all his bulk

And end his being: that done, he lets me go:

And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd

Pol.

The name of God?

The Op -.

My main sewing room.

Especially Hamlet, with his double all unbrac;

Free hat on your head, the king family,

Ungart red, gyved neck;

If the color of the shirt, his knees knocking each other;

And only pathetic in claim

We are released from the abyss.

Speaking of horror, - he's coming.

Pol.

The madness of the best!

The Op -.

God, I don't know;

I think out of fear.

Pol.

How so much?

The Op -.

She took me by the hand, as well as high hardness;

With her whole hand;

And his other hand. That's why I asked for his brow,

The river is looking at my face.

How to send. Stay a long time.

A little squeezing my hand.

-With his head shaking ...

It was the President. Sigh so pitiful and profound.

I'm overwhelmed by all one of the most

For this purpose at the end:

And, the upper part of the head, shoulders,

He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
 For out o' 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 ecstasy of love;
 Whose violent property fordoes itself,
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,--

What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph.

No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters and denied
 His access to me.

Pol.

That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
 I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle,
 And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!
 It seems it as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves 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 II. A room in the Castle.

I think the target;

For many,

Finally, bend the light.

Pol.

By all means, do so.
 It's the ecstasy of love;
 Violence the property of Ford.
 That, in its effort desperate.
 Like tax as any passion under heaven.
 Overcome our nature. Sorry.

Wow, you gave him some harsh words.

The Op -.

No, my good Lord, I command
 Was it love, denies.
 Purchase.

Mail Ltd.

And he did angry.
 I'm sorry with more attention to the judgment of the
 I don't need to quote:for the kids,
 It's Short but beshrew my jealousy!
 It just seems to fit our age
 Throw the ability to have an opinion of their own.
 It's usually software
 The prize. Let the king:
 It is known, or can be
 More grief to hide than hate it too.

[Exeunt.]

. The rooms of the castle.

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

King.

Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,

The need we have to use you did provoke

Our hasty sending. Something have you heard

Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it, Since nor the exterior nor the inward man

Resembles that it was. What it should be,

More than his father's death, that thus hath put him

So much from the understanding of himself,

I cannot dream of: I entreat you both That, being of so young days brought up with him,

And since so 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 occasion you may glean,

Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,

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 show us so much gentry and good-will

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

King.

Welcome, everyone Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!

It was a long time.

Need inflammatory

The company is targeting. What you hear

Village of change, I call it.

Also the appearance of the inside of a man.

The same thing. What

Following the death of his father.

A lot of people.

I cannot dream of: I pray.

So, young people,

As a neighbor of the young men, humor,

Can you vouchsafe your rest here in our court

Some some time Membership.

From for fun, to collect,

It is death,

And I don't know what suffering is,

Or, in our program.

Queen.

Since you have a lot of talking.

People don't live.

Who's not in compatibility mode. If you can please

In the United States that respect.

As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such
thanks

As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros.

Both your majesties

Might, by the sovereign power you
have of us,

Put your dread pleasures more into
command

Than to entreaty.

Guil.

We both obey,

And here give up ourselves, in the full
bent,

To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King.

Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle
Guildenstern.

Queen.

Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle
Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit

My too-much-changed son.--Go, some
of you,

And bring these gentlemen where
Hamlet is.

Guil.

Heavens make our presence and our
practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen.

Ay, amen!

[Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and
some Attendants].

[Enter Polonius.]

Pol.

Th' ambassadors from Norway, my
good lord,

How to use your time with us sound,
The source of the income that you want

Your visit is launched

If memory.

Ros.

Two of Your glory.

The government, by force,

You need to enjoy the procedure.

And the suppliant.

The Gui tool.

We offer,

We ourselves, full of Bennett.

Our service freely. At her feet,
Instructions.

King.

Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen.

Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:

I beseech you instantly to visit

I'm also very-ago.-- And....

And these people"village".

The Gui tool.

Heaven make our presence and our practices

The hotel

Queen.

This year, amen!

[Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and attendants].

[Enter polonium.]

Pol.

The of Norway, Oh, my God,

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 not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do,--that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King.

O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol.

Give first admittance to the ambassadors;

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King.

Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[Exit Polonius.]

He tells me, my sweet queen, he hath found

The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen.

I doubt it is no other but the main,--
His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.

King.

Well, we shall sift him.

[Enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Cornelius.]

Welcome, my good friends!

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Very pleased with the return.

King.

You were the father of good news.

Pol.

Now, Sir? You, my good Liege,

My, my, my, my soul,

About my God, gracious King:

And, and of the brain to me.

Hunting is not the way policy always

He's in a good state of mind

The purpose of Hamlet's madness.

King.

Talking so long with that.

Pol.

Not the Ambassador;

My news, the fruit is also important.

King.

Yourself to grace.....

[From polonium.]

They're for the Queen, she was found.

The head and all of your son's. Introduction.

Queen.

I suspect there is nothing, but the head,--

The father died, or a wedding.

King.

Also, we are at home.

[Enter polonium, with Voltimand and Cornelius.]

Welcome, my good friend!

I Voltimand, what from relatives in 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 look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness; whereat
griev'd,--

That so his sickness, age, and
impotence

Was falsely borne 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 an entreaty, herein further shown,
[Gives a paper.]

That it might please you to give quiet
pass

Through your dominions for this
enterprise,

On such regards of safety and
allowance

As therein are set down.

King.

It likes us well;

And at our more consider'd time we'll
read,

Answer, and think upon this business.

Meantime we thank you for your well-
took labour:

Bolt.

Most of the "right of return" of greetings and desires.

For starters, his control.

Nephew tariffs.

You can create"spaces don't Polish;

But, I think, be right to find out.

Also, this link, griev.,--

That his disease, old age?

Artificial put in hand, - sends arrests.

To Fortinbras, in short, is not protected;

Receives rebuke from Norway, and, AND, and, and....

Vow before his uncle.

I'm of the weapon against large.

That old Norway, overcome, enjoy,

From three thousand crowns in annual fee;

Your commission to employers of soldiers.

The tax, like the Polish woman:

And the suppliant, and will be presented

[In this article].

Can be please get quiet.

Your dominions for this enterprise,

If safety, fees

If relevant set.

King.

I included;

Please read our review

The answer, I think, it's a business.

In the meantime my work:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:

Most welcome home!

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

Pol.

This business is well ended.--

My liege, and madam,--to expostulate

What majesty should be, what duty is,

Why day is day, night is night, and time is time.

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

I will be brief:--your noble son is mad:

Mad call I it; for to define true madness,

What is't but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that go.

Queen.

More matter, with less art.

Pol.

Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;

And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;

But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him then: and now 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,--

My Merry Christmas, Christmas Eve

Many around you.

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

Pol.

Business done.--

Sir, the blood of protest.

What glory, the debt,

Why day and night night.

It's a waste of night, day, and time.

So, in short,

And tediousness the limbs, out in the scale.

∴ Your man is angry:

Things needs, to define true madness

Is that you?

Like yeah, it is.

Queen.

The small museum.

Pol.

Blood I used, not art.

You're angry, it's true: it's true. It's a shame;

And drueni right:the data hole.

Not because we don't use.

Crazy, let us give him then, and now

In the case of the effects of

Instead, this herd,

For this effect defective

Here, like this.

For every combination.

My daughter, don't you?

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now gather, and
surmise.

[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. Thus:

[Reads.]

'In her excellent white bosom, these,
&c.'

Queen.

Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol.

Good madam, stay awhile; I will be
faithful.

[Reads.]

'Doubt thou the stars are fire;

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these
numbers; I have not art to

reckon my groans: but that I love thee
best, O most best, believe

it. Adieu.

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

HAMLET.'

This, in obedience, hath my daughter
show'd me;

And more above, hath his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and
place,

All given to mine ear.

King.

But how hath she

Receiv'd his love?

Pol.

What do you think of me?

Who, her duty, and after mark.

It gave me that collection and evaluation.

[Read]

"The sky of the spirit of the statue, and embellished

Ophelia,'--

Ill phrase, a vile phrase, "beautified" is a vile

Word. Like this:

[Read]

"Best in white, these, &c.'

Queen.

From Hamlet to her?

Pol.

A good woman, I'll be loyal.

[Read]

Of course, the stars of fire.

Doubt, that day of the Vice-President of the phone;

Of course the fact that;

No.

"Oh, dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, not art.

So, groans, but that I love the beach the best, the best I think.

. Hello.

"Spiral, the princess of this machine.

Hamlet.

Therefore, hath my daughter show five;

Here, he has solicitings,

And said time,

Ear.

King.

How's that

Accept my love?

Pol.

What do you think?

King.

As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol.

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

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,--

As I 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 a winking, mute and dumb;

Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;--

What might you think? No, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

'Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy sphere;

This must not be:' and then I precepts gave her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;

And he, repulsed,--a short tale to make,--

Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;

Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King.

Do you think 'tis this?

Queen.

King.

If people are honest, noble.

Pol.

He wants to prove it. How to think,

It's a hot spring like the wing of the--

I perceiv, he should say,

Before my daughter I what

I'm in Majesty your Queen here, think,

You play a desk or table-book,

My heart, again, stupid, pools;

That love and work go on.

How do you think? No, I,

Teens a friend of mine did testified:

The main Hamlet is a prince, in his world.

It's not: "and his precepts gave her,

If the lock is in its destination.

Without happiness, a messenger that they won't get a ticket.

It is, however, the fruit advice.

He, repulsed, a short story about -

Fell depressed, high speed,

Even the necklace.; from weakness,

So, light-weight, for this bias,

Of madness, in which he enthusiasm.

All that crying.

King.

I meddwl time.

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: These are:

[Points to his head and shoulder.]

If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid
indeed

Within the centre.

King.

How may we try it further?

Pol.

You know sometimes he walks for
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 he not from his reason fall'n
thereon

Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King.

We will try it.

Queen.

But look where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading.

Pol.

Away, I do beseech you, both away
I'll board him presently:--O, give me

Also, most likely.

Pol.

Fu, and they're small.

Job" in Taipei on
During the test.

King.

Know that it is not so.

Pol.

These are:

[Points to the head and shoulder.]

If circumstances lead me, I see.

The truth is hidden, we are hiding.

Center.

King.

How do I try it?

Pol.

But he's going hours.

This.

Queen.

No.

Pol.

This time I'm losing my daughter.

He stands behind the Arras.

Mark the date if there is no love,

He had his reasons for going through for some reason.

Let me be no Assistant to the state,
But to keep Carter.

King.

.

Queen.

Cancer lame to say.

Pol.

From here, I'm asking you, from me.

My space will be released.:.,.

leave.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.] [Exeunt King, Queen]

[Enter Hamlet, reading.]

[Enter Hamlet, reading.]

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

What are the main neighborhood?

Ham.

Pork.

Well, God-a-mercy.

God have mercy.

Pol.

Pol.

Do you know me, my lord?

However, the main.

Ham.

Pork.

Excellent well; you're a fishmonger.

More, you can even fish.

Pol.

Pol.

Not I, my lord.

No, sir.

Ham.

Pork.

Then I would you were so honest a man.

So, decent people.

Pol.

Pol.

Honest, my lord!

To be honest, my God!

Ham.

Pork.

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man

Ay, Sir, to be honest, in this world, one person.

picked out of ten thousand.

Extract.

Pol.

Pol.

That's very true, my lord.

So that's my main.

Ham.

Pork.

For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god-kissing carrion,--Have you a daughter?

If the sun breed maggots in a dead Dog, pig

Ramos carrion, have you a daughter?

Pol.

Pol.

I have, my lord.

I my main.

Ham.

Pork.

Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing, but not

Try to walk in the sun:concepts, securities, Daiwa capital

as your daughter may conceive:--friend, look to't.

Daughter of born: - friend.

Pol.

Pol.

How say you by that?--[Aside.] Still harping on my daughter:--yet

How? - [.] Still players whine on my daughter.: -

he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far

She saw me and I said I was a fisherman.

gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I

And now, good youth, I've had a lot of friends.

suffered much extremity

for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.--What do you

read, my lord?

Ham.

Words, words, words.

Pol.

What is the matter, my lord?

Ham.

Between who?

Pol.

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

Ham.

Slanders, sir: for the satirical slave says here that old men

have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes

purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a

plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which,

sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it

not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir,

should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol.

[Aside.] Though this be madness, yet there is a method in't.--

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham.

Into my grave?

Pol.

Indeed, that is out o' the air. [Aside.] How pregnant sometimes

his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which

reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I

will leave him and suddenly contrive

Love; it's very close. I talk to her.-- What

Saying, Sir?

Pork.

Words, words, words.

Pol.

So my main?

Pork.

And I love it.

Pol.

So, it's time for my main.

Pork.

Curiosity only, Sir for the satirical slave of this man.

Has a gray beard, a wrinkled face,

Purify the thick, yellow, plum, tree gum, and that they have.

Rich says the most weak pigs: all

Sir, I'm harder, harder, without thinking.

Not for honesty like that, English.

Required old, like crabs, back.

Pol.

[.] This madness and there's no way.--

You're out of air.

Pork.

I'm very?

Pol.

This is the output. [.] How pregnant at the same time.

Your answers! Happy madness hit,

Reason and services, but not prosperously. I

Also, all of a sudden invent a

the means of meeting between
him and my daughter.--My honourable
lord, I will most humbly take
my leave of you.

Ham.

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

Pol.

Fare you well, my lord.

Ham.

These tedious old fools!

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Pol.

You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there
he is.

Ros.

[To Polonius.] God save you, sir!

[Exit Polonius.]

Guil.

My honoured lord!

Ros.

My most dear lord!

Ham.

My excellent good friends! How dost
thou, Guildenstern? Ah,
Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye
both?

Ros.

As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil.

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

Ham.

Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros.

Your daughter.-- Meets God, I humbly take

I need to leave.

Pork.

We're not able to do it, to, from.

Already part of all, my life, my life, my
Life.

Pol.

Price, Sir.

Pork.

These tedious old!

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Pol.

Lead in "Hamlet".

Ros.

[Polonium] God bless you, Monsieur!

[From polonium.]

The Gui tool.

I'm proud of the Lord!

Ros.

Dear sir!

Pork. In.

My best good friends! How do you, Guildenstern? Oh,

Rosencrantz! At a good level.

Ros.

Like children the difference the world.

The Gui tool.

Glad she wasn't happy;

Good luck on the lid, not on the OK button.

Pork.

Even the sole of the shoes?

Ros.

Neither, my lord.

Ham.

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

Guil.

Faith, her privates we.

Ham.

In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?

Ros.

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

Ham.

Then is doomsday near; but your news is not true. Let me

question more in particular: what have you, my good friends,

deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison

hither?

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' the worst.

Ros.

We think not so, my lord.

Ham.

Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good

or bad but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros.

Also, my main.

Pork.

Residents in the center or in the area.

Favorite?

The Gui tool.

Faith, private lessons for us.

Pork.

The secret parts of Fortune? More. In fact, wasn't.

A prostitute.... What?

Ros.

So, Sir, in a world of steady growth.

Pork.

After the crisis in your area. I

Questions, no, my good friend,

Center account, to send you to jail.

While?

The Gui tool.

In prison, Sir!

Pork.

Danish prison.

Ros.

So in the world.

Pork.

The best of the frame;

Dungeons, Denmark one of Bad.

Ros.

I think not, Sir.

Pork.

Why, That's not good.

To me, intelligence is the ability of the prison.

Ros.

Why, then, your ambition makes it one; Why, then, do the passions, it is also
'tis too narrow for your
mind.

Ham.

O God, I could be bounded in a
nutshell, and count myself 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 merely the shadow of a
dream.

Ham.

A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros.

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

Ham.

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

Ros. and Guild.

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 Elsinore?

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

Pork.

Of God, because we can be super.

The king of infinite space, not a dream.

The Gui tool.

The dream, the stuff.

The ambitious shadow.

Pork.

The dream itself is a shadow.

Ros.

Because of this, it's too pessimistic a light airy quality.

It's just a shadow of a shadow.

Pork.

If beggars bodies, monarchs and outstretch.

Heroes the beggars ' shadows. We were in court. Me

Fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Party.

.

Pork.

What kind of

The people;for to talk to you like an honest man, I

Terrible now. Too Companies.

The Elsinore?

Ros.

Come on, Sir.

Pork.

The poor, poor, Thank you, but I thank you.:

And I'm grateful to be loved and a half. .

too dear a halfpenny. 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.

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

Ros.

To what end, my lord?

Ham.

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

Ros.

[To Guildenstern.] What say you?

Ham.

[Aside.] 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 moults no
feather. I have of late,--but wherefore I
know not,--lost all my

We don't? My wish? Free

Visit? Come, come, don't talk.

The Gui tool.

What should I draw?

Pork.

Why, what's the point. You have been sent to,

There is some kind of confession found in a modest house

Art green, Queen

From.

Ros.

If you have not seen God?

Pork.

What you taught me. Even so, to start, on the right.

Our fellowship by the consonancy of our youth.

The duty of the government to set up an organized, and each
person,

Better offers can charge will be even and straight

If you were sent.

Ros.

[Guildenstern.] What do you say?

Pork.

[.] But, then, I see.-- You love me,

.

The Gui tool.

Sir, you sent.

Pork.

I'll tell you why, I'm looking forward to start your

Discovery, and your secrecy to the king moults no

Return. That's why I know that, to lose all

mirth, forgone all custom of exercises;
 and indeed, it goes so
 heavily with my disposition that this
 goodly frame, the earth,
 seems to me a sterile promontory; this
 most excellent canopy, the
 air, look you, this brave o'erhanging
 firmament, this majestical
 roof fretted with golden fire,--why, it
 appears no other thing
 to me than a foul and pestilent
 congregation of vapours. What a
 piece of work is 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; no, nor woman
 neither, though by your smiling you
 seem to say so.

Ros.

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

Ham.

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

Ros.

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

Ham.

He that plays the king shall be
 welcome,--his majesty shall
 have tribute of me; the adventurous
 knight shall use his foil and
 target; the lover shall not sigh gratis;
 the humorous man shall

Happy, skip all custom of exercises,

The University at their disposal, this pleasant frame of the
 world,

It seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy,

Air, that brave the skies, this majestic professional

A roof plagued with golden fire, - why, it looks different.

I'm foul and malignant the community of steam. What

Work. How noble in reason! How infinite

Faculty! Transfer form how express and admirable! The

Action how Angel! Problems of God! The

A beautiful world. A paragon of animals! And yet, for me,
 that's what

This is the essence of dust? People, fun, girls

His smile seems to say.

Ros.

My God, my thoughts.

Pork.

Why lol and I'm the "dude" are you having fun?

Ros.

I think, Sir, if you are happy, not to be a man, what Lenten

Entertainment, players can get. Coot.

Here I come.

Pork.

The king, - his glory,

Contribute to the adventurous knight to use paper money.

Target love sigh free, humorous,

end his part in peace; the clown shall
make those laugh whose
lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady
shall say her mind
freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.
What players are
they?

Ros.

Even those you were wont to take such
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 followed?

Ros.

No, indeed, are they not.

Ham.

How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros.

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

Ham.

What, are they children? who maintains

At the end of the way of peace, that smile.

The lungs are tickle or policies, the woman says your heart.

Free, or empty of songs engines. Other players

.

Ros.

There is also such a joy, -

Tragedians of the city.

Pork.

Other opportunities also. Housing,

Evaluation of benefits.

Ros.

And..... Delay be

Innovation.

Pork.

The same estimate,

The city? .

Ros.

Yes, they are.

Pork.

? Red?

Ros.

But, the effort is always regular, speed,

Sir, aero kids, little eyasi, and cry on

Question and are most tyrannically way for a few

Right now in fashion, and so berattle your stage.

Wear rapiers fear-feathers and

There's a lot there.

Pork.

Children? Hold the baby? How

'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
controversy: there was, for
awhile, no money bid for argument
unless the poet and the player
went to cuffs in the question.

Ham.

Is't possible?

Guil.

O, there has been much throwing about
of brains.

Ham.

Do the boys carry it away?

Ros.

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

Ham.

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

Guil.

There are the players.

Ham.

escoted? We are in pursuit of excellence.

Minister? I'm not saying after that, if they need to grow.

Their players usually, any way you can.

-The creator of these errors in deep thought, not

They series?

Ros.

Faith, two

There is no sin Tara say,

A little bit of money to file a request for argument, unless the
poet and the player

I here question.

Pork.

It's not possible?

The Gui tool.

Oh, and from the brain.

Pork.

So, kid?

Ros.

Yes, my Lord;Hercules and his load.

Pork.

Also, my uncle is king of Denmark

It seems in the mouth, they, like

Twenty-four, five hundred Ducat on pictures

How. 'Sbl, it is more natural.

Philosophy could find it.

[Flourish of trumpets within.]

The Gui tool.

.

Pork.

Gentlemen, you are welcome to
Elsinore. Your hands, come: the

appurtenance of welcome is fashion
and ceremony: let me comply
with you in this garb; lest my extent to
the players, which I

tell you must show fairly outward,
should more appear like
entertainment than yours. You are
welcome: but my uncle-father
and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil.

In what, my dear lord?

Ham.

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

[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 swaddling clouts.

Ros.

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

Ham.

I will prophesy he comes to tell me of
the players; mark it.--You
say right, sir: o' Monday morning; '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.

Everyone, you are welcome to Elsinore. In your hands,

appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: put the

This outfit; set in my range, players.

You need to show on the outside should be displayed

Entertainment. His uncle

And aunt-mother are deceived.

The Gui tool.

So, my owner?

Pork.

I'm mad North-North-West wind, south.

Know a hawk from a hacksaw.

[Enter polonium.]

Pol.

No, gentlemen!

Pork.

Sounds, Guildenstern; - also, every ear is listening to:

Dai-Chan is not the diaper clouts.

Ros.

Enjoy time old.

Men, and children.

Pork.

Who prophecy, cast, mark.-- .

Want to say, Sir.: o in the morning, T.

Pol.

Oh, my God, I have news to tell.

Pork.

Oh, my God, I have news to tell. When Roscius was an actor.

Rome.

Pol.

The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham.

Buzz, buzz!

Pol.

Upon my honour,--

Ham.

Then came each actor on his ass,--

Pol.

The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy,

history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral,

tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene

individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy nor

Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham.

O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol.

What treasure had he, my lord?

Ham.

Why--

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

Pol.

[Aside.] Still on my daughter.

Ham.

Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

Pol.

If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham.

Nay, that follows not.

Pol.

What follows, then, my lord?

They came here, Sir.

Pork.

Buzz, buzz!

Pol.

At the time of my respect -

Pork.

Then, within each person - under.

Pol.

The best players in the world, or a tragedy, a comedy.

History, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral,

Tragical historical tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene

individable, poem unlimited:Seneca cannot be

Plautus too light. Of Law, Order, freedom, these

Men only.

Pork.

Of Jephthah, judge of Israel, as the Ministry of Finance didn't care!

Pol.

What treasure, Sir?

Pork.

Why?

One fair daughter.

He's in love with her.'

Pol.

[.] Still, my daughter.

Pork.

My daughter will open?

Pol.

If you call me Jephthah, My God, my daughter.

Love.

Pork.

But, then.

Pol.

In the next part, after that, Sir?

Ham.

Why--

'As by lot, God wot,'

and then, you know,

'It came to pass, as most like it was--'

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look

where my abridgment comes.

[Enter four or five Players.]

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all:--I am glad to see thee

well.--welcome, good friends.--O, my old friend! Thy face is

valanc'd since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in

Denmark?--What, my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your

ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the

altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of

uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.--Masters, you are

all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at

anything we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a

taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

I Play.

What speech, my lord?

Ham.

I heard thee speak me a speech once,--but it was never acted;

or if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased

not the million, 'twas caviare to the general; but it was,--as I

received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in

the top of mine,--an excellent play, well digested in the scenes,

set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said

Pork.

Why?

The thunder,'

Still.

In addition, there was -'

In the first row of the pious chanson will show a lot more,

The summary is attached.

[Players]

, Masters; welcome, all: - I'm glad to see you.

-- Close, good friends.-- Oh, my friend! His face

And your friends, coming to a pointed beard?

Denmark?-- What, my young lady and the love of people! In order to get women.

The lady almost heaven. By the end of the

The length of the rib Benedictine. Pray God, your voice.

uncurrent gold, broke into the ring.-- The Lord, and

We hope to see you. This island of France, to come back.

Some need to be heard,

The taste of your product and the passion of performance.

.

The voice of the individual.

Pork.

I hear friends talk about the sound, but don't;

In addition, in the play, I remember,

More than one million yen are caviar general, but it was, and how

It was the other one, and the judgment in such matters cried.

On my excellent play, well digested.

Restaurant love the simplicity, the wisdom. Believe

there were no sallets in the lines to
make the matter savoury,
nor no matter in the phrase that might
indite the author of
affectation; but called it an honest
method, as wholesome as
sweet, and by very much more
handsome than fine. One speech in it
I chiefly loved: 'twas Aeneas' tale to
Dido, and thereabout of it
especially where he speaks of Priam's
slaughter: if it live in
your memory, begin at this line;--let me
see, let me see:--

The rugged Pyrrhus, like 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 this dread and black
complexion smear'd

With heraldry more dismal; head to
foot

Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd

With blood of fathers, mothers,
daughters, sons,

Bak'd and impasted with the parching
streets,

That lend a tyrannous and a damned
light

To their vile murders: roasted in wrath
and fire,

And thus o'ersized with coagulate gore,

With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish
Pyrrhus

Old grandsire Priam seeks.'

So, proceed you.

Pol.

'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with

No sallets in the rows of projects in Indiana.

The words sued the author of

Pretending she is a straight, very clean.

Sweet. In short

I especially love them: Aeneas training likewise, about it.

In particular, the pri ma'am slaughter if it live.

Memory, in this line, for example, that:--

Not pyrrhus, like th, animal.--

No:it begins with pyrrhus:--

"The rugged pyrrhus, he was under his hand.

Black as his purpose, the night is the same.

Reflected in the ominous horse,--

He's afraid that black smear.

With shields more than dark legs.

Today he total gules;horridly trick.

The blood of father, mother, daughter, son.

Beck and impasted with the parching streets,

Be so released, and m eyes.

Their criminal offensive: a game of rage and fire.

And..... Coagulate,

Eyes like carbuncles, the home of pyrrhic

Old grandsire pri ma'am.'

No.

Pol.

Before my God, my God, to speak with a good accent.

good accent and good
discretion.

Wise.

I Play.

.

Anon he finds him,

Anonymous that is withdraw, it

Striking too short at Greeks: his antique
sword,

Attracted to people peoples of the old sword

Rebellious to his arm, lies where it
falls,

Rebellious to his arm,

Repugnant to command: unequal
match'd,

Gross command:unequal match,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes
wide;

Pyrrhic at pri ma'am, hard drives, rage strikes wide;

But with the whiff and wind of his fell
sword

The tail wind of falling on the sword.

The unnerved father falls. Then
senseless Ilium,

Stunned dad. So it's pointless.

Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming
top

Feel the beating and the fire

Stoops to his base; and with a hideous
crash

There's no way to base his terrible accident.

Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for lo! his
sword,

The prisoner pyrrhus ' ear:for lo! The sword,

Which was declining on the milky head
Reducing nipple

Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to
stick:

Shepherd Perry ma'am in the air to stay:

So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;

Paintings of strategic, pyrrhus was;

And, like a neutral to his will and
matter,

As a neutral,

Did nothing.

A.

But as we often see, against some
storm,

As we often see, against the wind.

A silence in the heavens, the rack stand
still,

Silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,

The bold winds speechless, and the orb
below

Bold style, words, the ball down.

As hush as death, anon the dreadful
thunder

As hush as death, anon the threat of an electric

Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus'
pause,

Under the torn, pyrrhic,

A roused vengeance sets him new a-
work;

No one city revenge sets a new world

And never did the Cyclops' hammers
fall

It wasn't a Cyclops to fall.

On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof

On Mars's armor, the credit was proof eterne,

eterne,

With less remorse than Pyrrhus'
bleeding sword

Now falls on Priam.--

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All
you gods,

In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from
her wheel,

And bowl the round nave down the hill
of heaven,

As low as to the fiends!

Pol.

This is too long.

Ham.

It shall to the barber's, with your beard.-
-Pr'ythee say on.--

He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he
sleeps:--say on; come
to Hecuba.

I Play.

But who, O who, had seen the mobled
queen,--

Ham.

'The mobled queen'?

Pol.

That's good! 'Mobled queen' is good.

I Play.

Run barefoot up and down, threatening
the flames

With bisson rheum; a clout upon that
head

Where late the diadem stood, and for a
robe,

About her lank and all o'erteemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught
up;--

Who this had seen, with tongue in
venom steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state would treason
have pronounc'd:

But if the gods themselves did see her
then,

A little meditation pyrrhic sword.

It's pri ma'am.--

And, bitch, you're lucky! All God

The Council general, and not away from him.

Break all the spokes and fell the gold of the wheel.

The bowl inside the body of the night sky.

Magic!

Pol.

It's a very long time.

Pork.

Barbershop old.-- PR.--

Of jigs and tales of bawdry, or sleep: - o,

The hecuba.

.

People who saw the mob fit for a queen,--

Pork.

"The mob is good for the Queen.

Pol.

This. 'Mob hot Queen' is good.

.

Run barefoot up and down threatening the flames

With bisson rheum, is strong with this one

Late turban, a robe,

His lank and all o the waist,

Blankets, fear of fear,

It's a tongue venom steep.

'Profit not the luck of the situation of treason have pronounc:

Even so, their God is for you, so

When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport

In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,

The instant burst of clamour that she made,--

Unless things mortal move them not at all,--

Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,

And passion in the gods.

Pol.

Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's

eyes.--Pray you, no more!

Ham.

'Tis well. I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.--

Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you

hear? Let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief

chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a

bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol.

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

Ham.

Odd's bodikin, man, better: use every man after his

desert, and who should scape

whipping? Use them after your own

honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in

your bounty. Take them in.

Pol.

Come, sirs.

Ham.

Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.

When she saw pyrrhus make malicious sport

The touch of his sword her husband's feet.

Immediately after the outbreak of a riot was.

Is to move the AS -

So a million burning eye of heaven.

""""Passion for God.

Pol.

See it in color, with tears in his eyes.

.-- Prayer.

Pork.

'Tis. I'll have friends to talk about the rest of the time.--

My main, players and classes. .

To hear? Let them serve as a summary and overview

In the early morning hours after death.

Bad condition self-abuse reporting live.

Pol.

God, I was the desert.

Pork.

Weird board'kin, the use of people.

The people of the desert scape whipping? After using my

The honor of the subject of the value of the attribute

Grace your. .

Pol.

Come on, gentlemen.

Pork.

It was a friend of him to play tomorrow.

[Exeunt Polonius with all the Players but the First.] [Exeunt polonium and all the players for the first time.]

Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can you play 'The Murder of Gonzago'? You hear, old friend? You play the murder of Gonzago.

I 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 you not? You ha't tomorrow night. You can learn important The sound of the word color settings, Invest. You can again?

I Play.
Ay, my lord.

Ham.

Very well.--Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. .-- According to this principle, artificial.

[Exit First Player.] [Exit first player.]

--My good friends [to Ros. and Guild.], I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore. - My good friends [to ROS. Side.] And we Tonight: Welcome to Elsinore.

Ros.

Good my lord! My primary!

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.] [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ham.

Ay, so, God b' wi' ye!
Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wan'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba?

Pork.

Yeah, so, God B 'to wash' ya!
Now I'm just.
Oh, a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player,
Novel, a dream of passion.
This is the power of your soul check.
That from her working all of the face WAN d;
Tears woke up in the fields.
Broken by Cole, and all the work of
This form is missing? This is all for you!
About hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,	What is hecuba, and she or he hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What	She's crying, I see. I want,
would he do,	
Had he the motive and the cue for	The intention of the appointment of the suffering.
passion	
That I have? He would drown the stage	. Drowning in tears.
with tears	
And cleave the general ear with horrid	And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
speech;	
Make mad the guilty, and appal the	Make mad the guilty app-free.
free;	
Confound the ignorant, and amaze,	Confused, I got a surprise.
indeed,	
The very faculties of eyes and ears.	The faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,	Now,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,	Dull and muddy-mettled, high,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my	Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of your cause
cause,	
And can say nothing; no, not for a king	Not even the king.
Upon whose property and most dear	If the most valuable asset in life.
life	
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a	Who lost the Battle. I did?
coward?	
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate	Who calls me villain? The rest of my party more?
across?	
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my	Plucks my beard is blowing in your face?
face?	
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the	The port and nose? That way
lie i' the throat	
As deep as to the lungs? who does me	However, after the lungs? No, it's not, huh?
this, ha?	
'Swounds, I should take it: for it cannot	'Swounds, I should or not.
be	
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall	But I am Pigeon liver and lack of gas.
To make oppression bitter; or ere this	Oppression bitter.
I should have fatted all the region kites	They're fat all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy	It worked blood vessels, bawdy villain!
villain!	
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous,	Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
kindless villain!	
O, vengeance!	Oh, revenge!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most	About what an idiot I am! That's very brave.
brave,	
That I, the son of a dear father	My son loved the father of murder,
murder'd,	

Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,	You will be prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell.
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words	According to Scripture, wet my heart on my words.
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,	The fall-a curse so boring.
A scullion!	And serve!
Fie upon't! foh!--About, my brain! I have heard	Party! In front of the house!-- On my brain! I hear
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,	Creatures of sin, sitting to play as well.
Have by the very cunning of the scene	It's very hard scene.
Been struck so to the soul that presently	You've hit the soul, today.
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;	They announce their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak	Murder no tongue, will speak.
With most miraculous organ, I'll have these players	Another miracle tool, these players.
Play something like the murder of my father	Play the murder of my father.
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;	Before my uncle:I see his appearance;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,	I'm a tent person if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen	I know. The wind
May be the devil: and the devil hath power	The devil and the devil and the power of
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps	Satisfied with the shape, the
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,--	My weakness, melancholy,--
As he is very potent with such spirits,--	If it's very severe, like ghosts,--
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds	Human rights violations please I need a reason.
More relative than this.--the play's the thing	Relative.-- Play
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.	On the conscience of the king.
[Exit.]	[Left]
ACT III.	Phase III.
Scene I. A room in the Castle.	Scene I. a castle.
[Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and	[Enter King, Queen, polonium, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,

Guildenstern.]

King.

And can you, by no drift of
circumstance,

Get from him why he puts on this
confusion,

Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros.

He does confess he feels himself
distracted,

But from what cause he will by no
means speak.

Guil.

Nor do we find him forward to be
sounded,

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof
When we would bring him on to some
confession
Of his true state.

Queen.

Did he receive you well?

Ros.

Most like a gentleman.

Guil.

But with much forcing of his
disposition.

Ros.

Niggard of question; but, of our
demands,

Most free in his reply.

Queen.

Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros.

Madam, it so fell out that certain
players

We o'er-raught 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,

Guildenstern.]

King.

This, by no drift of situation.

Deal why it was Chaos.

A firm grip of every day, quietly.

With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros.

Him evidence that human disturbance of

What I'm saying.

The Gui tool.

Doesn't that sound,

In a gentle madness, and aloof

However, some of the evidence.

It's right now.

Queen.

It was.

Ros.

Most of the men.

The Gui tool.

There is a strong disposition.

Ros.

Nigger heaven of the issue, the company should

Most Free his answer.

Queen.

There was a barn.

Do you have any hobbies?

Ros.

Blood is located for a few players.

Also, the hall-raught on the way: of these,

There is no happy

Hearing: he court,

And, as I think, they have already order I think that in order to
This night to play before him. It is the night / play.

Pol.

'Tis most true;
And he beseech'd me to entreat your
majesties
To hear and see the matter.

Pol.

It's true;
We can never see His glory.
To hear and see.

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 on to these
delights.

King.

Every heart Vice-not contents
Listen to or Ltd. More to be.
We get
Drive his purpose on to these fun.

Ros.

We shall, my lord.

Ros.

We, my main.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.] [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

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 myself,--lawful espials,--
-

King.

Sweet Gertrude,
Because we have closely sent for Hamlet here.
Common by accident.
Affront Ophelia:
My dad and I, through espials,--

Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing,
unseen,

It is, therefore, to, see, invisible,

We may of their encounter frankly
judge;

We encounter frankly judge;

And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

And if he,
In the spring in the temple of love is not
If you are suffering from.

Queen.

I shall obey you:--
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy
cause
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope
your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way
again,

Queen.

I watch:--
Part, Ophelia, I
That's a good reason good
Villages nature. I hope your reputation.
Your normal,

To both your honours.

Oph.

Madam, I wish it may.

[Exit Queen.]

Pol.

Ophelia, walk you here.--Gracious, so please you,

We will bestow ourselves.--[To Ophelia.] Read on this book;

That show of such an exercise may colour

Your loneliness.--We are oft to blame in this,--

'Tis too much prov'd,--that with devotion's visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er

The Devil himself.

King.

[Aside.] O, 'tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it

Than is my deed to my most painted word:

O heavy burden!

Pol.

I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

[Exeunt King and Polonius.]

[Enter Hamlet.]

Ham.

To be, or not to be,--that is the question:--

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them?--To die,--

The award of excellence.

The Op -.

Ma'am.

[Exit Queen.]

Pol.

Ophelia, go.-- All right, please.

Thing.-- [To Ophelia.] Read this book;

This type of movement, color

Your loneliness.-- We often blame it.

It's also a test - I'm the best.

And the fear of God. Sugar Hall.

The devil himself.

King.

[.] Oh, that.

Freedom and smart, Vice-the sound on the sense of conscience.

Harlot's cheek, the beauty and the plaster art

Characterized in that it is ugly.

These are my actions, my most painted word:

A heavy load!

Pol.

Come let us offer, Sir.

[Exeunt King polonium.]

[Enter Hamlet.]

Pork.

In the question -

Whether tis nobler in the mind.

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Armed against a sea of Troubles

By your observation? Death. - -

to sleep,--

No more; and by a sleep to say we end Sleep to say we end

The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks The heartache and a thousand natural disasters.

That flesh is heir to,--'tis a consummation

The meat, there is no choice.

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,--to sleep;--

Good. Death sleep.

To sleep! perchance to dream:--ay, there's the rub;

. Perchance to dream: - ay friction;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

And in that sleep of death, what dreams,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

When we mix death.

Must give us pause: there's the respect

There's no delay in connection with

That makes calamity of so long life;

This tragedy, the long-term;

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

The load on the whips and scorns of time

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

See the evil, the proud contumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,

The pain of despis, the laws delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

The insolence of office and the spurns

When he himself might his quietus make

Be patient, the features of the value of

If they do the quietus

With a bare bodkin? who would these fardels bear,

A bare'body kin? These fardels,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

Groaning and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,--

The fear of death?

The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn

The undiscover country from the bone.

No traveller returns,--puzzles the will,

The trip back, - in puzzles

And makes us rather bear those ills we have

I'm using an argument that it's bad.

Than fly to others that we know not of?

Than fly to others that we know?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

Like the good cowards of all

And thus the native hue of resolution

If it's the color resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;

Is sicklied of the hall of the pale cast of thought;

And enterprises of great pith and

The company's training and this time,

moment,

With this regard, their currents turn
awry,

And lose the name of action.--Soft you
now!

The fair Ophelia!--Nymph, in thy
orisons

Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph.

Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a
day?

Ham.

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph.

My lord, I have remembrances of yours

That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you, now receive them.

Ham.

No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

Oph.

My honour'd lord, you know right well
you did;

And with them words of so sweet
breath compos'd

As made the things more rich; their
perfume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove
unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham.

Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph.

My lord?

Ham.

Are you fair?

Oph.

What means your lordship?

That's what, now on the left.

And name.-- Soft!

The fair Ophelia!-- Nymph, in thy orisons

All my sins remember.

The Op -.

Sir,

What an honor it is for a few days?

Pork.

I humbly Thank you, etc.

The Op -.

Sir, I have the memory.

I longed again to provide.

I ask you to get.

Pork.

You

I never gave you anything.

The Op -.

My honor, Good morning.;

. The words of " I called the game.

As for the things more rich their perfume lost,

These are more for your heart.

Rich gifts wax poor, when givers and cruel.

But, my main.

Pork.

Ha,ha, ha! Your honest?

The Op -.

Sir?

Pork.

.

The Op -.

Does that say about you?

Ham.

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

Oph.

Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham.

Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform

honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can

translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox,

but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph.

Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham.

You should not have believ'd me; for virtue cannot so

inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you

not.

Oph.

I was the more deceived.

Ham.

Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of

sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse

me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me:

I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my

beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give

them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I

do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all;

believe none of us. Go thy ways to a

Pork.

In this case, to be honest, fair, integrity is not allowed

Conversation.

The Op -.

It's a beauty, Sir, a good product and accuracy.

Pork.

A., the real power and beauty of an early convert

Honesty what is the influence of the power of trust, you can

The interpretation of the beauty of the picture:that of paradox.

During that test. I love it.

The Op -.

In fact, the main format I think.

Pork.

It must be believe the fifth;this power can not

Inoculate our old stock of the company, and herbs.

.

The Op -.

I'm alive.

Pork.

There are hospital nuns: why wouldst Tower

Criminal record? I myself have different honest in the AD.

What was my mom my kept

I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at

Beck has put it, ideas

The shape or time to act. What should be, as well as colleagues.

Do, crawling between earth and heaven. We are arrant knaves, all

nunnery. Where's your
father?

Oph.

At home, my lord.

Ham.

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he
may play the fool
nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph.

O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham.

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

Oph.

O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham.

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

[Exit.]

Oph.

O, what a noble mind is here
o'erthrown!

. Go thy way to a nunnery. If you

Dad?

The Op -.

In my main.

Pork.

The dog may

Also in their homes. Was Hello.

The Op -.

O,help him sweet heavens!

Pork.

Don't get married, I'm ready. You will destroy us has,--

It's as pure as the snow from the license.

Plots. There are patients on the Monk, the: farewell. Withered

Demand to see, to see, smart people know how.

The monster is used. The Monk, too early.

Was Hello.

The Op -.

To go back to heaven with him!

Pork.

I heard the painting is enough, and God.

On the surface, separation: jig,

Calm, lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make

Ho on know. With him

I'm mad at. I have to say, no marriage.

Married, but every one drives, other storage like

. For the monks,.

[Left]

The Op -.

Oh, your thoughts here!

The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye,
tongue, sword,

The expectancy and rose of the fair
state,

The glass of fashion and the mould of
form,

The observ'd of all observers,--quite,
quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and
wretched

That suck'd the honey of his music
vows,

Now see that noble and most sovereign
reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune
and harsh;

That unmatch'd form and feature of
blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see
what I see!

[Re-enter King and Polonius.]

King.

Love! his affections do not that way
tend;

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd
form a little,

Was not like madness. There's
something in his soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on
brood;

And I do doubt the hatch and the
disclose

Will be some danger: which for to
prevent,

I have in quick determination

Thus set it down:--he shall with speed
to England

For the demand of our neglected
tribute:

Haply the seas, and countries different,

With variable objects, shall expel

This something-settled matter in his
heart;

Community, scholars, soldiers, eye, tongue, sword.

Expectations,

The glass of fashion, mold of form.

Of of heart. Of all observers, quite!

For women the most depressed. And miserable

That sucked the honey of your vows,

Noble is also an independent factor

Like sweet bells jangled, major revision;

Proposed is compatible with the shape of features of blown
youth

The court, with ecstasy:O,,

I noticed it, I see!

[Enter the king polonium.]

King.

Love! Love your tend;

No, I said I, a little

Was not like madness. Your soul

O'er which her melancholy seat;

Many of them reveal the hatch.

Be some danger which for to prevent,

I made a quick decision.

This group: - Adam at high speed in the UK

The requirement is to be organized by:

Here y days, various countries,

And the value for the production

Residence in your 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 his
grief

Sprung from neglected love.--How
now, Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet
said;

We heard it all.--My lord, do as you
please;

But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat
him

To show his grief: let her be round with
him;

And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the
ear

Of all their conference. If she find him
not,

To England send him; or confine him
where

Your wisdom best shall think.

King.

It shall be so:

Madness in great ones must not
unwatch'd go.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. A hall in the Castle.

[Enter Hamlet and certain Players.]

Ham.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
pronounced it to you,

trippingly on the tongue: but if you
mouth it, as many of your

players do, I had as lief the town crier
spoke my lines. Nor do

not saw the air too much with your
hand, thus, but use all

This brain to win this.

Fashion. I think you are.

Pol.

I don't want

Primeval sorrow

Developed, organized.-- How now, Ophelia!

You don't need the first suburb and

I have to say.-- Sir, if you please;

Just after the game,

Let his Queen Mother all the time I keep.

To show his grief let her be round;

Not a lot of room to please the ear.

All the meeting. But it's

Britain was limited

The wisdom the most, I think.

King.

Will:

Madness disable tracking.

[Exeunt.]

. The hall of the castle.

[Enter Hamlet and a few players.]

Pork.

Speak the speech, I pray you, too.

Trippingly on the tongue. Mouth a lot

If the player was Leif the town crier. Not

In the air, in this way, the use of all

gently: for in the very torrent, tempest,	That very torrent so violent.
and, as I may say,	
whirlwind of passion, you must acquire	Only passion, you have to get to. zaz,
and beget a	
temperance that may give it	Moderation is smooth. Of the answers.
smoothness. O, it offends me to the	
soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated	Songs, hear a robustious periwig-pate on a fellow passion rip
fellow tear a passion to	
tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of	Tears, very bad, to split the ears of a fool who
the groundlings, who,	
for the most part, are capable of nothing	You can pool.
but inexplicable dumb	
shows and noise: I would have such a	The noise was a cream or
fellow whipped for o'erdoing	
Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray	Termagant-Herods Herod:pray you understand that.
you avoid it.	
I Player.	I'm an actor.
I warrant your honour.	I warrant your honor.
Ham.	Pork.
Be not too tame neither; but let your	Not even that your customers.
own discretion be your	
tutor: suit the action to the word, the	The teacher fits the action to the word classic.
word to the action; with	
this special observance, that you	This is a special set o, simplicity.
o'erstep not the modesty of	
nature: for anything so overdone is	Nature of jul From the purpose of playing,
from the purpose of playing,	
whose end, both at the first and now,	Eventually, the first saved.
was and is, to hold, as	
'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show	tw Paris, the mirror of nature, in accordance with?
virtue her own image,	
scorn her own image, and the very age	Her disdain for a picture, age, and myself, of the physical.
and body of the time his	
form and pressure. Now, this overdone,	In a state of stress. Now, it's overrated, slow,
or come tardy off, though	
it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but	It makes the unskilful laugh, not stable.
make the judicious	
grieve; the censure of the which one	Unfortunately, a reminder.
must in your allowance,	
o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O,	o all Theater. It's the players.
there be players that I	
have seen play,--and heard others	To see, play, hear about other's good,
praise, and that highly,--not	
to speak it profanely, that, neither	Not profanely, but accent.
having the accent of	

Christians, nor the gait of Christian,
pagan, nor man, have so
strutted and bellowed that I have
thought some of nature's
journeymen had made men, and not
made them well, they imitated
humanity so abominably.

I Player.

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

Ham.

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

[Exeunt Players.]

[Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and
Guildenstern.]

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

Pol.

And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham.

Bid the players make haste.

[Exit Polonius.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. and Guil.

We will, my lord.

[Exeunt Ros. and Guil.]

Ham.

What, ho, Horatio!

[Enter Horatio.]

Christian and walking the Christian men also, you must be

Strutted and bellowed that I thought it was a part of nature.

Passengers, for men, imitation

People abominably.

I'm an actor.

The evolution of it, but very satisfactory, Sir.

Pork.

Evolution. Clown

In this group, we also have

People laugh, and then set on some quantity of barren

The audience laughed too much, he or she should.

Problems can be considered:that's villanous

Show more disaster free. Go

.

[Exeunt players.]

[Enter polonium, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.]

How now, Sir! The king was working.

Pol.

The Queen, now.

Pork.

Application, mobile magic.

[From polonium.]

If two people are connected.

Ros. And the Gui Tool.

Also, my main.

[Exeunt Ros. And the Gui Tool.]

Pork.

What, Ho, Horatio!

[Enter Horatio.]

Hor.

Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham.

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

Hor.

O, my dear lord,--

Ham.

Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be 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 herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bles'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled
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

And let me remind you.

What a beautiful castle, and services.

Pork.

Horace, the art of e-garden as only a man.
E. Hall, COP. All.

And let me remind you.

Oh, my God - - -

Pork.

But I don't think I flatter;
What is developed in this work,
Income was, and I was in a good mood.
Animals dress? Why poverty always?
As the sweet Spit of wonder proud.
Pregnant hinges of the knee.
Second-hand and used to suck up to. ?
My soul for a house you choose
That men distinguish, her choice.
He signed a friend or by yourself: you have already
Alike, suffering, worry;
Men fortune the Viking, compensation
You TA the garden, etc., It's great fun
Blood and judgment, as well as a combination of
Tap to vote for
Sounds like what she please stop. People
Not the suffering of slaves and to wear.
In the heart's core, ay, in my heart,

this.--

And as a friend.-- .--

There is a play to-night before the king; Parenting night in front of the king.

One scene of it comes near the
circumstance,

The area in the near future the situation.

Which I have told thee, of my father's
death:

Were friends since the death of his father.

I pr'ythee, when thou see'st that act a-
foot,

Common address only the act of feet.

Even with the very comment of thy
soul

Also with the note of your soul.

Observe mine uncle: if his occulted
guilt

Observe my uncle if his occulted guilt

Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

Not unkennel in one speech.

It is a damned ghost that we have seen;

From the spirit we have;

And my imaginations are as foul

My thoughts intermittently.

As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful
note;

As Vulcan's stithy. Remember to pay attention to remember.

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;

I'm in my eyes rivet on the surface;

And, after, we will both our judgments
join

After that the two in our opinion to join

In censure of his seeming.

Rebuke freedom.

Hor.

And let me remind you.

Well, my lord:

Also, my main.

If he steal aught the whilst this play is
playing,

We steal everything to play,

And scape detecting, I will pay the
theft.

-Scape is identified, the payment will be stolen.

Ham.

Pork.

They are coming to the play. I must be
idle:

They play. No picture:

Get you a place.

.

[Danish march. A flourish. Enter King,
Queen, Polonius, Ophelia,

"Denmark. . Enter the King, Queen, polonium, Ophelia,

Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others.]

Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and others].

King.

King.

How fares our cousin Hamlet?

How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham.

Pork.

Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's
dish: I eat the air,

Best, "faith is the Chameleon of food in the air.

promise-crammed: you cannot feed
capons so.

Promise-crammed, you cannot feed chickens.

King.

King.

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

Ham.

No, nor mine now. My lord, you play'd
once i' the university, you
say? [To Polonius.]

Pol.

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

Ham.

What did you enact?

Pol.

I did enact Julius Caesar; I was kill'd i'
the Capitol; Brutus
killed me.

Ham.

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

Ros.

Ay, my lord; they stay upon your
patience.

Queen.

Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by
me.

Ham.

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

Pol.

O, ho! do you mark that? [To the King.] Oh, oh! ... [The king]

Ham.

Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
[Lying down at Ophelia's feet.]

Oph.

No, my lord.

Ham.

I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph.

Ay, my lord.

I'm also in this answer, Hamlet, these words are not

The My.

Pork.

No, not even me. Oh, my God, the University,
Say? [Polonium]

Pol.

I, my God, math is very good.

Pork.

What do you feel?

Pol.

I strengthen the case, Caesar, or Kill"the Capitol, Brutus,
Kill.

Pork.

It was a brute part of the murder capital a calf there. .

.

Ros.

A., my main grow impatient.

Queen.

Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit.

Pork.

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

Pol.

Oh, oh! ... [The king]

Pork.

For the girls in your program?
[To lie on Ophelia's feet.]

The Op -.

No, sir.

Pork.

I mean, my head upon your lap?

The Op -.

Yes, sir.

Ham.

Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph.

I think nothing, my lord.

Ham.

That's a fair thought to lie between
maids' legs.

Oph.

What is, my lord?

Ham.

Nothing.

Oph.

You are merry, my lord.

Ham.

Who, I?

Oph.

Ay, my lord.

Ham.

O, your only jig-maker! What should a
man do but be merry?

for look you how cheerfully my mother
looks, and my father died

within 's two hours.

Oph.

Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham.

So long? Nay then, let the devil wear
black, for I'll have a

suit of sables. O heavens! die two
months ago, and not forgotten

yet? Then there's hope a great man's
memory may outlive his life

half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build
churches then; or else

shall he suffer not thinking on, with the
hobby-horse, whose

epitaph is 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-
horse is forgot!'

[Trumpets sound. The dumb show
enters.]

[Enter a King and a Queen very

Pork.

I think. National organizations?

The Op -.

I think, Sir.

Pork.

It's right between the couple.

The Op -.

So my main?

Pork.

.

The Op -.

So glad, Sir.

Pork.

Man.

The Op -.

Yes, sir.

Pork.

O, your only jig Maker. Some people have fun.

The appearance and health of the mother, father, death.

In a couple of hours.

The Op -.

But, it's not two months, Sir.

Pork.

So long? But the devil wear black for that.

A suit of sand. Of the garden of Eden! He died two months ago,
unforgettable.

Again? So the older memory can live the life.

And a half years, called on women in the community after the
other.

He's not supposed to be a hobby-horse.

Epitaph of, OF, of, the hobby horse, I forgot!"

[The sound of the trumpet. The dam show.]

[Enter the king and Queen very loving, hugging the Queen.

lovingly; the Queen embracing
him and he her. She kneels, and makes
show of protestation
unto him. He takes her up, and declines
his head upon her

neck: 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, pours poison in the
king's ears, and exit. The

Queen returns, finds the King dead, and
makes passionate action.

The Poisoner with some three or four
Mutes, comes 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

awhile, but in the end accepts his love.]

[Exeunt.]

Oph.

What means this, my lord?

Ham.

Marry, this is miching mallecho; it
means mischief.

Oph.

Belike this show imports the argument
of the play.

[Enter Prologue.]

Ham.

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

Oph.

Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham.

Ay, or any show that you'll show him:
be not you ashamed to

show, he'll not shame to tell you what it
means.

Oph.

Him, and he her. He kneels down, protestation

. He's under the head.

Capital:through a bank of flowers: she, seeing

He turned to leave. Anonymous colleague, Mr.

The crown,the love poured poison in the Kings ears, and exit.
The

The Queen returns finds the king dead, and with great
enthusiasm.

Poison And is designed,

Interest in the petition. The body is carried away. The

Poisoning Wu ferries Queen of a gift the ten refuse.

Sounds, but in the end accepts love.]

[Exeunt.]

The Op -.

In addition to that, Sir?

Pork.

The wedding, the seedlings of mallecho, mischief.

The Op -.

Bella. who will come of the discussion in the play.

[Enter the prologue.]

Pork.

We know with the players that can't be a lawyer;

They're all learning.

The Op -.

Also, how is it?

Pork.

Yes, we need to show that you're not shy.

Show that you are ashamed of....

The Op -.

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

Pro.

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

Ham.

Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph.

'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham.

As woman's love.

[Enter a King and a Queen.]

P. King.

Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,

And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen

About the world have times twelve thirties been,

Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,

Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen.

So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done!

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,

So far from cheer and from your former state.

That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,

Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:

For women's fear and love holds quantity;

In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;

I've heard about you, mark.

Deal.

For us, and for our tragedy,
Here, bending, mercy,
We beg you to stay.

Pork.

This is the introduction of a stranger on it?

The Op -.

It is, Sir.

Pork.

Like women like.

[Enter the king and the Queen.]

P.... In.

Full thirty times had Phoebus is round.

Neptune's salt wash Tellus world,

Thirty a number of satellites.... Paul's lightning

The world on file.

Love, the hymen.

Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P.... Kevin.

There's a lot of waiting for the sun and the moon

Again count o'er my love!

From there, you will need to diseases.

So much fun, from the situation.

The lack of trust. However, I honestly

Discomfort, my main is not

Women's fear and love share the size of

Something, too, and limbs.

Now, what you love, this test and what do you know;

And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so:
Where love is great, the littlest doubts
are fear;

Where little fears grow great, great love
grows there.

P. King.

Faith, I must leave thee, love, and
shortly too;

My operant powers their functions
leave to do:

And thou shalt live in this fair world
behind,

Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as
kind

For husband shalt thou,--

P. Queen.

O, confound the rest!

Such love must needs be treason in my
breast:

In second husband let me be accurst!

None wed the second but who kill'd the
first.

Ham.

[Aside.] Wormwood, wormwood!

P. Queen.

The instances that second marriage
move

Are base respects of thrift, but none of
love.

A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in
bed.

P. King.

I do believe you think what now you
speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to memory;

Of violent birth, but poor validity:

Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on
the tree;

But fall unshaken when they mellow
be.

Most necessary 'tis that we forget

My love, sit down, my fear is:

Love, the smallest of doubts, fears;

More of a concern, increasingly, with a great love.

P.... In.

Faith, I must leave the test. And

My operant function of power:

And you have to live in this world behind,

All due respect, below, and y such

Your husband ...

P.... Kevin.

Oh, the hell with everyone else!

Don't need be treason in my breast:

Both my husband let me be accurst!

Without water, not to kill her.

Pork.

[.] Bitter, bitter!

P.... Kevin.

In the case of a second marriage move

Basis points of savings is not love.

The second time it was the death of my husband.

As the day of the second husband lovingly on the bed.

P.... In.

I think you think, he's calling.

However, we are not very tasty.

The goal, but worked memory.

Of violent birth, but poor validity:

The unripe fruit, sitting on a tree.

But in the fall, disturbed, but relaxed.

Most very necessary that we forget

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy

Their own enactures with themselves destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange

That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies,

The poor 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.

P. Queen.

Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me day and night!

Payment of such debt:

What is our passion. we offer,

The enthusiasm of the latter, the Vice President of a lost cause.

The violence of grief and joy.

They enactures self-destruction:

Fun is more like a sad Vice and lament;

Grief, joy, happiness narrow, thin an accident.

This world is not about Yes, is think.

Also I love all the fate of change.

"That's a question left in this document,

If you like the luck, and the love of God.

You are loved now.

Poor pre-friends of the enemy.

-Under the love Horoscope has a tendency to:

For those not in need, a friend;

I want hollow, little buddy.

Directly Seasons him his enemy.

Until the end.

Our decision and the fate of the back run.

Our devices are overthrown;

Our way of thinking, about our company:

There are also strict water of the husband;

But dying for your attention when first Lord is dead.

P.... Kevin.

The world I'm giving the food in heaven!

Interests games lock at night.

To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my
scope!

Each opposite that blanks the face of
joy

Meet what I would have well, and it
destroy!

Both here and hence pursue me lasting
strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham.

If she should break it now! [To
Ophelia.]

P. King.

'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here
awhile;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would
beguile

The tedious day with sleep.

[Sleeps.]

P. Queen.

Sleep rock thy brain,

And never come mischance between us
twain!

[Exit.]

Ham.

Madam, how like you this play?

Queen.

The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham.

O, but she'll keep her word.

King.

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

Ham.

No, no! They do but jest, poison in jest;
no offence i' the
world.

King.

What do you call the play?

Ham.

Despair Confidence and hope!

Anchors for the heart in prison. and more!

All the opposite of idle fun.

Also, is the players.

All this and the pursuit of the ongoing conflict,

As a widow, as his wife.

Pork.

That's all! [To Ophelia.]

P.... In.

'Tis a deep choice. SWEET, SOUNDS;

My soul will grow dull, and fain would turn

Boring day.

[Changed]

P.... Kevin.

Sleep rock your brain.

I'm tough with you can!

[Left]

Pork.

His wife, what was?

Queen.

Doth protest too much I think.

Pork.

Of, in your own words.

King.

Have you ever heard the argument. There is no attack?

Pork.

No, not at all. But jest,poison in jest;no offense."

In the world.

King.

What do you call it?

Pork.

The Mouse-trap. Marry, how?
Tropically. This play is the
image of a murder done in Vienna:
Gonzago is the duke's name;
his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon;
'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 wince; our withers
are unwrung.

[Enter Lucianus.]

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the
King.

Oph.

You are a good chorus, my lord.

Ham.

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

Oph.

You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham.

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

Oph.

Still better, and worse.

Ham.

So you must take your husbands.--
Begin, murderer; pox, leave

thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:--
'The croaking raven doth
bellow for revenge.'

Luc.

Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit,
and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature
seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds
collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice
infected,

The mouse trap. Marriage, is how much? And..... It is played in

Images, homicide, Vienna:Gonzago is the Duke's name;

His wife, baptista: anonymous, that knavish of

Works: m? Great free

Soul to touch, no? The gallbladder, and nine said essential xlsio
can read and shriveled.

The unwrung.

[Enter Lucian.]

It's Lucian portus, nephew.

The Op -.

It can be a good chorus, my Lord.

Pork.

Translation my.

Dummies dally.

The Op -.

I, the Lord,.

Pork.

The cost of this, however, convex were taken.

The Op -.

If you are good or bad.

Pork.

.. Her husband.-- Start, murder, smallpox,

The ghoulis face. Second: - "the croaking of the raven,
Lieutenant.

In the next part revenge.'

Luke.

I'm Black, a food, drug, and time, agreement.

Categories season, else no creature seeing;

Mix the title, of midnight weeds collected

With hecate's ban by the court, together with transmission,

Thy natural magic and dire property
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.]

Ham.

He poisons him i' the garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago:

The story is extant, and written in very choice Italian; you

shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph.

The King rises.

Ham.

What, frightened with false fire!

Queen.

How fares my lord?

Pol.

Give o'er the play.

King.

Give me some light:--away!

All.

Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.]

Ham.

Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while 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

razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor.

Half a share.

Ham.

A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,

Your natural magic and dire Property
Clean living take.

[Pour Poison old ear.]

Pork.

He set her up in the garden, on real estate. His name's Gonzago:

The story exists, and in the choice of Italy; .

It is not known murderer gets the love. Of gonzago.

The Op -.

The king plant.

Pork.

What, frightened with false.

Queen.

Fee Sir?

Pol.

Give o'er.

King.

Due to light snow.

All.

Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.]

Pork.

Why, the stricken deer without a cry,
HART-Unger-game;

In several workshops, to sleep:

Of the world.--

That is, the forest of wings,

The operation of the Turkish people-Two from the state

Hot shoes, and scholarship, a cry of players, Sir?

And let me remind you.

And a half.

Pork.

In general, Ichiro.

Because, you know, oh Damon dear,

This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very--pajock.

Hor.

You might have rhymed.

Ham.

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

Hor.

Very well, my lord.

Ham.

Upon the talk of the poisoning?--

Hor.

I did very well note him.

Ham.

Ah, ha!--Come, some music! Come, the
recorders!--

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike he likes it not, perdy.
Come, some music!

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Guil.

Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word
with you.

Ham.

Sir, a whole history.

Guil.

The king, sir--

Ham.

Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil.

Is, in his retirement, marvellous
distempered.

Ham.

With drink, sir?

Guil.

No, my lord; rather with choler.

This area was dismantled
Of Jove himself, and now songs".

Very, very-pajock.

And let me remind you.

They're beads.

Pork.

O good Horatio what the ghost of words .

Of pounds! Ati see?

And let me remind you.

Also, my main.

Pork.

Talk about poisoning?--

And let me remind you.

I didn't notice.

Pork.

Ah,ha!-- Come, some music! Come, the recorders!--

As for the king like not the comedy,
Why, Yes, Bella, per Ryan.
Come, some music!

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

The Gui tool.

Sir, let me talk to you.

Pork.

Sir, all history.

The Gui tool.

The king, -

Pork.

Ay,Sir, did it?

The Gui tool.

A great retirement distempered.

Pork.

To drink, Sir?

The Gui tool.

No, the head and the collar.

Ham.

Your wisdom should show itself more
richer to signify this to
the doctor; for me to put him to his
purgation would perhaps
plunge him into far more choler.

Guil.

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

Ham.

I am tame, sir:--pronounce.

Guil.

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

Ham.

You are welcome.

Guil.

Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not
of the right breed.

If it shall please you to make me a
wholesome answer, I will do
your mother's commandment: if not,
your pardon and my return
shall be the end of my business.

Ham.

Sir, I cannot.

Guil.

What, my lord?

Ham.

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

Ros.

Then thus she says: your behaviour
hath struck her into
amazement and admiration.

Pork.

Your wisdom is needed by the rich and mean.

Doctor, I'm purgation of

Move him into more choler.

The Gui tool.

My God, put the words in the frame to start.

So intense....

Pork.

I: - pronunciation.

The Gui tool.

The Queen, his mother, almost in the temple of the spirit.

He's sent me.

Pork.

You're welcome.

The Gui tool.

No, sir, it's disrespectful. he's not the kind of.

If, as a healthy answer,

Your mother is not well, forgive me and come back

I'm from the business.

Pork.

Sir.

The Gui tool.

What's that, Sir?

Pork.

Make a wholesome answer, my wit, such as

We respond, and it will be fine, or more, as you say,

My mom, I

So -

Ros.

Then, thus she says: your behavior was that
Surprise and admiration.

Ham.

O wonderful son, that can so stonish a mother!--But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's 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.

And 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 upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham.

Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros.

How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself

for your succession in Denmark?

Ham.

Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows'--the proverb is something musty.

[Re-enter the Players, with recorders.]

O, the recorders!--let me see one.--To withdraw with you:--why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil.**Pork.**

You're a lovely woman, stonish a mother!-- Not

The sequel on the heels of 'a mother's love?

Ros.

He wants to talk to you in your tent in the bed.

Pork.

We, therefore, the time of the Mother. All

More business with us?

Ros.

Sir, do you love me.

Pork.

Yes, scavengers and thieves.

Ros.

Sir, what is the reason of free? First,

Bar the door, but the freedom of the banned unfortunately.

Friends.

Pork.

Sir my cut.

Ros.

What was supposed to be the voice of the king.

The series in Denmark.

Pork.

Yes, sir, but the grass grows, the proverb is something.

Stale smell.

[Enter players, with recorders.]

Or, recorders,: -. -- Draws can be: - why

To see the wind, like

For saturated.

The Gui tool.

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

Ham.

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

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

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 music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

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

Pork.

Don't need to be understood. Also, we are in the pipeline?

The Gui tool.

My main.

Pork.

I see.

The Gui tool.

It's not possible.

Pork.

I can provide.

The Gui tool.

There is no connection, and it's my main.

Pork.

'Tis false:the management of these ventages your

The fingers and thumb, breath in the mouth.

Discourse most eloquent music. Because of the beginning.

The Gui tool.

I can command all the reports of peace;I

.

Pork.

Why, say! .

I seem to know you, you'd stop

Breaking the heart of the secret, using my radio.

The lowest note on the compass will be a lot of music.

Ideal for voice, this little organ is capable of.

To talk to. 'Sbl love this and this too.

Press? In addition, other musical instruments, but it can be

Not being able to play.

[Enter Polonius.]

God bless you, sir!

Pol.

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

Ham.

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

Pol.

By the mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

Ham.

Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol.

It is backed like a weasel.

Ham.

Or like a whale.

Pol.

Very like a whale.

Ham.

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

Pol.

I will say so.

[Exit.]

Ham.

By-and-by is easily said.

[Exit Polonius.]

--Leave me, friends.

[Exeunt Ros, Guil., Hor., and Players.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.--

[Enter polonium.]

God bless you, sir!

Pol.

Sir, you, and me.

Pork.

And you can see a cloud there it's almost in the shopping center?

Pol.

For the mass, it's like a camel.

Pork.

I think it is like a weasel.

Pol.

Here, like a weasel.

Pork.

Like a whale.

Pol.

So.....

Pork.

If the mother can be.-- They I'm a fool.

At the top of time. This.

Pol.

.

[Left]

Pork.

Easy, he said.

[From polonium.]

You won't be able to my friends.

[Exeunt ROS gui tool. And let me remind you. And players.]

'Tis now the witching time of night,

When the church yawn, really breathes himself.

Calls to this world:now could I drink hot blood.

It's bitter business as the day.

Like an earthquake. Soft! Now, the most common The most.--

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
 I will speak daggers to her, but use
 none;
 My tongue and soul in this be
 hypocrites,--
 How in my words somever she be
 shent,
 To give them seals never, my soul,
 consent!

[Exit.]

Scene III. A room in the Castle.

[Enter King, Rosencrantz, and
 Guildenstern.]

King.

I like him not; nor stands it safe with us
 To let his madness range. Therefore
 prepare you;
 I your commission will forthwith
 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.

Guil.

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

Ros.

The single and peculiar life is bound,
 With all the strength and armour of the
 mind,
 To keep itself from 'noyance; but much
 more
 That spirit upon whose weal depend
 and rest
 The lives of many. The cease of
 majesty
 Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth

Of heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
 The spirit of Nero to take part in our chest:
 I would be cruel, unnatural;
 I say daggers, but don't use;
 The tongue and the heart of hyenas.--
 A few words somever was tooth no.
 Like the seal, my soul, consent!

[Left]

Scene III. The rooms of the castle.

[Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.]

King.

It is also known and safe.
 If your stuff. So, in preparation).
 The Commission immediately from the,
 In England, you can:
 Our country is in the real estate market to suffer.
 It's dangerous to close the subway for a long time.
 Of lunacies.

The Gui tool.

If you want
 Most holy and religious fear.
 Our body Safety
 That live and feed on the severity.

Ros.

A single and unique life related,
 All power armor of the soul,
 From noyance, but much more.
 She appreciates the answers to the holidays.
 Most of the people in your life in order to prevent the throne.

draw

What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel,

Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence,

Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone

Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King.

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

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros and Guil.

We will haste us.

[Exeunt Ros. and Guil.]

[Enter Polonius.]

Pol.

My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:

Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home:

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,

'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear

The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

The mold is the only thing the bay down.

Near machine wheels.

Fixed, the site of the upper part of the mountain.

The wings of a million great people, and down.

Mortise and close to me, if applicable,

Small annexment, results,

Now bad ruins. Not

Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

King.

Hand, I pray you, that's a quick cruise;

We offer handcuffs, the fear of this.

It is also free-----.

Ros gui tool.

In a hurry.

[Exeunt Ros. And the Gui Tool.]

[Enter polonium.]

Pol.

My main like of mom's Closet:

The background of the array to move the

The hearing process is not a tax.:

And like you said, it was reasonable

It's not the crowd,

Since nature, and some o

Good. Low prices, Liege:

I want it so bed

I know.

King.

Thanks, my main.

[Exit Polonius.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;

It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,--

A brother's murder!--Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will:

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;

And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect. What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,--

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy

But to confront the visage of offence?

And what's in prayer but this twofold force,--

To be forestalled ere we come to fall,

Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;

My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!--

That cannot be; since I am still possess'd

Of those effects for which I did the murder,--

My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.

May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?

In the corrupted currents of this world

Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;

And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself

Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;

[From polonium.]

Of, the guilt of incense in the sky;

He's the main person is a curse,--

A brother's murder!-- Prayer

To tilt the cutting.:

My power, the sin of failure, my strength and commitment;

The human Double of the business,

I'm about to be created in the very beginning,

Ignored. It's cursed hand.

Thicker than brother's blood ...

It doesn't rain enough sweet perfumes

To see the snow white? Whereto have mercy

But the strike attack?

This prayer times the power.

Be early in the fall.

Or to forgive everything? For that only;

My. But, oh, what form of application

I'm doing? Excuse me about the family sold!--

You won't be

The effect of the murder--

My crown, my ambition, my Queen.

That forgive the crime?

Damage distribution in the world.

The attack of the hotel, but push through the law;

And Fynych the wicked prize itself.

Buy the Torah, but it is not so over

There is no shuffling;--there the action
lies

In his true nature; and we ourselves
compell'd,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our
faults,

To give in evidence. What then? what
rests?

Try what repentance can: what can it
not?

Yet what can it when one cannot
repent?

O wretched state! O bosom black as
death!

O 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.

[Retires and kneels.]

[Enter Hamlet.]

Ham.

Now might I do it pat, now he is
praying;

And now I'll do't;--and so he goes to
heaven;

And so am I reveng'd.--that would be
scann'd:

A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of
bread;

With all his crimes broad blown, as
flush as May;

And how his audit stands, who knows
save heaven?

But in our circumstance and course of
thought,

'Tis heavy with him: and am I, then,
reveng'd,

There is no rotation, step

Your true nature and we ourselves compell,

Teeth, the amount of error

Proof. So, what is it? What to choose?

I'm referring to why.

There is no option to take care of.

O the situation worse! Oh, bosom black as death"".

O limed soul that struggling to be

Art fascinating! Help, angels! Inside the barn:

Bow, stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe!

It can't be.

[Retirement kneeling.]

[Enter Hamlet.]

Pork.

Now, to save;

Now, I'm doing it for God's sake.

I revenge. This is a scan':.

Evil killed her father, and so

It's just that men, Villa transfers

Paradise.....

Of employment, compensation, and Vengeance.

My dad is too big, the bread;

All his crimes broad-blown, a flash there;

And how do you review, who knows the sky to save?

And of course ideas.

'Tis the key, Mr.; I, then, reveng,

To take him in the purging of his soul,	The purging of my soul.
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?	During the season, the thought of his transition?
No.	.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent:	The sword, the worst is not:
When he is drunk asleep; or in his rage;	To drink, to sleep, your anger;
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;	Whore tourist bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act	Game, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;--	Than to enjoy salvation,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;	Are we waiting for, on the heels kick at heaven;
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black	The spirit of the place and I want black.
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:	As hell, whereto. Mother's residence:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.	This physical, the fall of the blue.
[Exit.]	[Left]
[The King rises and advances.]	[The king rises.]
King.	King.
My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:	My words fly, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.	Words without thoughts to heaven.
[Exit.]	[Left]
Scene IV. Another room in the castle.	. Another room in the castle.
[Enter Queen and Polonius.]	[Enter the Queen and polonium.]
Pol.	Pol.
He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:	She was one-one. To say it in:
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,	They say it's not so different.
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood between	And that grace the screen with
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.	Heat. I quietly e Park.
Pray you, be round with him.	Applications for this round.
Ham.	Pork.
[Within.] Mother, mother, mother!	[From within] mother, mother, mother!
Queen.	Queen.

I'll warrant you:

Fear me not:--withdraw; I hear him coming.

[Polonius goes behind the arras.]

[Enter Hamlet.]

Ham.

Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen.

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham.

Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen.

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham.

Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen.

Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham.

What's the matter now?

Queen.

Have you forgot me?

Ham.

No, by the rood, not so:

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,

And,--would it were not so!--you are my mother.

Queen.

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

Ham.

Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

I can assure you:

Fear not:--withdraw; I hear.

[Polonium behind the Arras.]

[Enter Hamlet.]

Pork.

Now, mother, what's the difference?

Queen.

Hamlet, thou hast your father.

Pork.

Mom, dad.

Queen.

Come, come, you answer with an active tongue.

Pork.

You, you, evil language.

Queen.

Why, now, Hamlet!

Pork.

What's the difference?

Queen.

I forgot.

Pork.

Not Sarah:

The Queen, your husband's, brother's wife,

It was!-- My mom.

Queen.

But, then, I define the story.

Pork.

Come on, Come on, and I am not moving;

You can't install the Glass.

You can the contents.

Queen.

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

Help, help, ho!

Pol.

[Behind.] What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham.

How now? a rat? [Draws.]

Dead for a ducat, dead!

[Makes a pass through the arras.]

Pol.

[Behind.] O, I am slain!

[Falls and dies.]

Queen.

O me, what hast thou done?

Ham.

Nay, I know not: is it the king?

[Draws forth Polonius.]

Queen.

O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham.

A bloody deed!--almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king and marry with his brother.

Queen.

As kill a king!

Ham.

Ay, lady, 'twas my word.--

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

[To Polonius.]

I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.--

Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

Queen.

What awaits me there? Murder and violence?--

Help, Help, Ho!

Pol.

[Back] what, Ho! Help, Help, Help!

Pork.

It's how much? A mouse? [Draws.]

Dead Ducat, dead!

[Arr.]

Pol.

[Back] know!

[?]

Queen.

Me, and what do you.

Pork.

But.....

[Note: polonium.]

Queen.

Of, rash, that blood!

Pork.

Blood to login!-- I want my mommy.

If you kill the king in marriage by her brother.

Queen.

A.

Pork.

Ay,lady,'n my words.--

The wretched, rash, disturbing the peace!

[Polonium]

Friends: the country;

Dylai just busy a little bit of danger.--

Leave a shakedown of your hands:peace. Account.

All. Rip the heart: I,

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.

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: heaven's face
 doth glow;
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the
 doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen.

Ah 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 curls; the front of Jove
 himself;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and
 command;

It penetration;
 Ensemble personally don't Braz.
 It is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen.

And Dar just wag your tongue.
 Noise so rude against me?

Pork.

These steps
 For the grace and blush of modesty;
 Calls virtue hypocrite, balance
 The right amount of love innocent.
 The blister is there, and the promise of a wedding.
 Fake dicers:O this Act
 As the body of contraction plucks
 Soul, and sweet religion

With Rhapsody of words:heaven's face the sub-light;
 Yeah, it's the solidity and the mass of the compound.
 And tristful face of the law.
 Cancer of the disease.

Queen.

Private law
 The roar of the sound of Thunder.

Pork.

Please click here for the photo-book, -
 Counterfeit presentment.
 What a grace was seated on his forehead.;
 Hyperion's curls the front of Jove women;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command

A station like the herald Mercury
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:
 A combination and a form, indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his
 seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man;
 This was your husband.--Look you now
 what follows:
 Here is your husband, like a milldew'd
 ear
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have
 you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave
 to feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you
 eyes?
 You cannot call it love; for at your age
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's
 humble,

And waits upon the judgment: and what
 judgment

Would step from this to this? Sense,
 sure, you have,

Else could you not have motion: but
 sure that sense

Is apoplex'd; for madness would not
 err;

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so
 thrall'd

But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
 To serve in such a difference. What
 devil was't

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-
 blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without
 sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling
 sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush?
 Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron's
 bones,

Center, the transfer of mercury.
 New lights, heaven kissing Hill:
 The mixture, in fact,
 God didn't put the stamp

To give the world assurance of a man;
 It was your husband.-- Invisible?

It's your husband, like a milldew. Ear

Blasting her voice. .

This mountain leave to feed,

And the Battle Station? Ha! .

You can't phone, your age.

Hey-day in the blood to tame

-Waiting for judgment and discretion.

This. I mean, we,

Why is it a good movement

The apoplex, crazy, to get;

Also a state of ecstasy in the hallway of drugs.

To reserve some amount of choice.

. What the devil

Because then he has to do it, because the saints. hoodman-
 blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without looking

Ears without hands or eyes, of the smell.

And the color of the blue part right?
 Therefore, sad.

Of it. Which at the same time a mixture? Rebel hell

No, you can't Muti the other if the house of bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no
shame

When the compulsive ardour gives the
charge,

Since frost itself as actively doth burn,

And reason panders will.

Queen.

O Hamlet, speak no more:

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very
soul;

And there I see such black and grained
spots

As will not leave their tinct.

Ham.

Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,

Stew'd in corruption, honeying and
making love

Over the nasty sty,--

Queen.

O, speak to me no more;

These words like daggers enter in mine
ears;

No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham.

A murderer and a villain;

A slave that is not twentieth part the
tithe

Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

That from a shelf the precious diadem
stole

And put it in his pocket!

Queen.

No more.

Ham.

A king of shreds and patches!--

[Enter Ghost.]

Save me and hover o'er me with your

The fire of youth. let's stop with the wax.

Melt in your fire:a declaration without shame.

When the compulsive ardor,

Since the ice of a mess as the Vice President of the whole
world.

That the Parties to the radar.

Queen.

Of hamlet in spoken:

John just my eyes into my soul;

And a lot of black and a fine instead of

If, therefore, tin..

Pork.

No, but life.

The rank sweat of a enseamed bed.

Stew infection baby, love

Disgusting, barley,--

Queen.

Oh, talk to me.;

These words like daggers enter my ears;

More sweet Hamlet.

Pork.

Killer, evil;

Worked this fun part of the zaku

In the previous example, the sub-King;

With a cutpurse of the Empire and the rule of

It's from the shelf the value of turban software

Put it in your pocket!

Queen.

.

Pork.

The king of shreds and patches!--

[Enter Ghost.]

wings,

You heavenly guards!--What would
your gracious figure?

Queen.

Alas, he's mad!

Ham.

Do you not come your tardy son to
chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go
by

The 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 you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold
discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly
peep;

And, as the sleeping soldiers in the
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?

Save me, move o'er my wings.

Your castle!-- Elegant figures?

Queen.

Crazy!

Pork.

It's not too late son of local data,

I mean, the time and the passion,

Key requirements of the procedure?

Oh, don't tell!

Spirit.

Don't forget. This tour

Also whet his almost blunted purpose.

The surprise of his mother's account:

O,step between her and her fighting soul, -

I lost the most weak and most strong work.

The story, Hamlet.

Pork.

How's that, Miss?

Queen.

Sad, how,

I the song of an empty room.

Of incorporal. Hold the discussion?

On your mood sky peep;

As the soldiers slept at the bell,

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,

Start in a standing position. Light, son.

The heat, the fire of your theme

Sprinkle the cold! It?

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 upon me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert

My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance
for blood.

Queen.

To whom do you speak this?

Ham.

Do you see nothing there?

Queen.

Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham.

Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen.

No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham.

Why, look you there! look how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look, where he goes, even now out at the portal!

[Exit Ghost.]

Queen.

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

Ham.

Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,

And makes as healthful music: it is not madness

That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which

Pork.

Your, your! Pale he glares!

This form and cause conjoin, preaching to stones

-- No, look,

Love it's pathetic action you convert

The stern effect of what I'm doing.

Also, the true color, tears, maybe blood.

Queen.

Who is it?

Pork.

What it also?

Queen.

"As for all.

Pork.

I want what to ask?

Queen.

No, there's nothing there.

Pork.

Why, look you there! Of theft.

My dad, in his character as his album try!

After looking at the current portal!

[Exit Ghost.]

Queen.

The first appearance on the brain.
This bodiless creation ecstasy.
Very to victory.

Pork.

Ecstasy!

My heart, like a sub-temperately keep time

And if the health of the music, that's not crazy.

And all the people I have to check it out.

My re-word, which madness

madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love
of grace,

Lay not that flattering unction to your
soul

That not your trespass, but my madness
speaks:

It will but skin and film the ulcerous
place,

Whilst rank corruption, mining all
within,

Infects unseen. Confess yourself to
heaven;

Repent what's past; avoid what is to
come;

And do not spread the compost on the
weeds,

To make them ranker. Forgive me this
my virtue;

For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him
good.

Queen.

O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in
twain.

Ham.

O, throw away the 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 habits evil, 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
easy;

For use almost can change the stamp of
nature,

And either curb the devil, or throw him

Game-game. Mother of love and grace.

Lay not Flattering unction to the soul.

No invasion of the madness of language:

Still film The ulcerous,

The availability of the site pollution of the environment,
minerals,

Transmission time invisible. Report of nature;

Treat not past; avoid what is to come;

Spread the compost on the weeds,

Of the tool. Excuse me, Tommy.;

The best of these Puri y times.

According to this, you must forgive me, doctor.

You're the sidewalk, Woo for leave.

Queen.

O Hamlet, the gap center is available.

Pork.

Or throw away the worse part of it,
Now the other half.

Good night he's not my uncle's bed;

I assumed by you.

It's a monster character, a side dish

Against all odds, are angels,--

This use of actions fair and good.

Was the lock or navigation

Memory. Avoid the night;

I mean, loans

The next stop easier.

Another use of the atom, not natural.

out

Or to stop the devil up.

With wondrous potency. Once more,
good-night:

And wonderful effect. Once more, good night:

And when you are desirous to be bles'd, Should be fun.

I'll blessing beg of you.--For this same
lord

Angel, my Saviour.-- It is similar to the main

[Pointing to Polonius.]

[Index polonium.]

I do repent; but heaven hath pleas'd it
so,

I'm referring to, but he was in heaven, I think,

To punish me with this, and this with
me,

To punish me with this, please?

That I must be their scourge and
minister.

Must be the scourge and Minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well We put, and

The death I gave him. So again, good-
night.--

For the dead. Too good.--

I must be cruel, only to be kind:

I have to be bright just to be nice.:

Thus bad begins, and worse remains
behind.--

So, bad start, worse remains behind.--

One word more, good lady.

One word, women.

Queen.

Queen.

What shall I do?

What should I do?

Ham.

Pork.

Not this, by no means, that I bid you
do:

Don't like it, I read:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to
bed;

The expansion of King Bed,

Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you
his mouse;

Pinch your cheek and mouse.

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,

In addition, a pair of reechy love.

Or paddling in your neck with his
damn'd fingers,

Or sailing at the beginning of the Want index

Make you to ravel all this matter out,

Make you to Ravel all that matters.

That I essentially am not in madness,

I'm actually not mad,

But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let
him know;

It's also crazy. Tw Paris well let me know.

For who that's but a queen, fair, sober,
wise,

Along with that, the queen, the right, amount,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a
gib,

I think, out of the paddock, from a bat, a gib,

Such dear concernings hide? who
would do so?

Brother concern rating hide? ?

No, in despite of sense and secrecy,

No, in a sense, hidden,

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.

There's letters seal'd: and my two
 schoolfellows,--
 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 petard: and 't shall
 go hard
 But I will delve one yard below their
 mines
 And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis
 most sweet,
 When in one line two crafts directly
 meet.--
 This man shall set me packing:

 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour
 room.--
 Mother, good-night.--Indeed, this
 counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret, and most
 grave,
 Who was in life a foolish peating
 knave.

Unpeg the basket on the houses top
 The birds fly and like the famous APE,
 As a conclusion, the basket goes.
 And break your neck tap.

Queen.

Be assured that we are committed to

 And the breath of life, I don't have a receiver

 Can you tell me.

Pork.

It's coming from you.

Queen.

Alas,
 Oh, I forgot,"this is also the conclusion.

Pork.

Character mark: my school has them.

 I hope like adders Fang.--

 Their job was to sweep

 I'm working on knavery. Let it;
 "Tis the game with engineer
 To prevent himself petard: and it's not hard.

 I will learn about one meter under my

 Shoot the moon:Oh, that's too sweet.

 In one line two crafts directly meet.--

 This is one set package:

 I had to drag the guts into the neighboring room.

 Mom, it's good.-- In fact, this consultant.

 Now more serious,

 The life of fools chained free Prince.

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you:--

Good night, mother.

[Exeunt severally; Hamlet, dragging out Polonius.]

ACT IV.

Scene I. A room in the Castle.

[Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

King.

There's matter in these sighs. These profound heaves

You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.

Where is your son?

Queen.

Bestow this place on us a little while.

[To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who go out.]

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

King.

What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen.

Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend

Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries 'A rat, a rat!'

And in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King.

O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Come, Sir, from. Towards the end:--

Good night, mom.

[Exeunt different in the neighborhood, dragging the polonium.]

.

Scene I. a castle.

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

King.

It he sighs. These deep problems.

Will: it's set up.

Your son?

Queen.

From.

[Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who go out.]

Oh, my God, what I see.

King.

What, Gertrude? It's a kind of "village".

Queen.

Mad as the sea and wind, two of the competition.

Power:in his lawless fit,
The background of the array, the detonators.

Shoot, light, and sound,"mouse, mouse!"

This brain'ish worry kills
The invisible old man.

King.

Heavy certificate.

It was, and it was there.

Free threats,
But, we're lonely.

If the blood is combination the answer?

It was laid, and 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, let it feed
Even 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,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is
done.

King.

O Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains
touch

But we will ship him hence: and this
vile deed

We must with all our majesty and skill

Both countenance and excuse.--Ho,
Guildenstern!

[Re-enter Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern.]

Friends both, go join you with some
further aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he
dragg'd him:

Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring
the body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in
this.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.] [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our
wisest friends;

And let them know both what we mean
to do

And what's untimely done: so haply

All Short-term, the joint management

This is crazy. You like

It was not the most appropriate;

Also, the owner of the family disease.

If you read the transmission.

Practice for students. He's gone?

Queen.

From both your body and kill you.:

Of the hall, who in his madness, like ore

In the mining industry, and metal base.

Fresh data observed on the goings-on.

King.

O Gertrude, come on.

The sun is no sooner in the mountains to touch.

Also, it's disgusting. certification

If, however, all the greatness and skill

Face to face.-- Ho, Guildenstern!

[Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Friends, support people:

The neighborhood in this madness polonium kill

From my mom's Closet hath he drag racing was:

Your golf of the nature of the public, and bring the body.

In the church there. I pray for you, and quickly.

Come, Gertrude, we call her smart friends.;

Let them know that we're not going

slander,--

Whose whisper o'er the world's
diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,--may miss
our name,

And hit the woundless air.--O, come
away!

My soul is full of discord and dismay.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. Another room in the Castle.

[Enter Hamlet.]

Ham.

Safely stowed.

Ros. and Guil.

[Within.] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham.

What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O,
here they come.

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ros.

What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body?

Ham.

Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis
kin.

Ros.

Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it
thence,

And bear it to the chapel.

Ham.

Do not believe it.

Ros.

Believe what?

Ham.

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

Prematurely to do here Spain the phenomenon.--

Process o'er the world is a circle

The level of your cannon empty

Moving the body of toxins in his name.

The woundless.-- Oh, come on.

My soul is in controversy and disappointment.

[Exeunt.]

. Another room in the castle.

[Enter Hamlet.]

Pork.

Safety and conservation.

Ros. And the Gui Tool.

[From within] Hamlet! The head of the village!

Pork.

What's that noise? Who calls on Hamlet? The.....

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ros.

So, Sir, the body.

Pork.

The worst, and of the relatives.< Address>

Ros.

But it is, therefore,

And the bear, and the church.

Pork.

Believe.

Ros.

Believe what?

Pork.

I can't advise her, not me. In addition, the.

Demanded of a sponge!-- And son

.

Ros.

Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham.

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

again.

Ros.

I understand you not, my lord.

Ham.

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

Ros.

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

Ham.

The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body.

The king is a thing,--

Guil.

A thing, my lord!

Ham.

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

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. Another room in the Castle.

[Enter King, attended.]

King.

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

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

Ros.

I, the Lord?

Pork.

Ay, sir, that the skin of the King's face, and his reward,

They are the authorities. The officers of the king best service

The monkey in the corner of the jaw;

First in your mouth before swallowing when you need it.

To get in, but push you, a dry sponge

.

Ros.

I understand you, sir.

Pork.

Glad knavish speech sleeps. Fools the ear.

Ros.

Sir, it is necessary that

King.

Pork.

The king, the king.

The king is also ...

The Gui tool.

Also, my main!

Pork.

Of me. Hide Fox.

[Exeunt.]

Scene III. Another room in the castle.

[Enter King, attended.]

King.

I sent a request.

How dangerous that man for free!

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, the offender's
scourge is weigh'd,

But never the offence. To bear all
smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must
seem

Deliberate pause: diseases desperate
grown

By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

[Enter Rosencrantz.]

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.

At supper! where?

Ham.

Not where he eats, but where he is
eaten: a certain

convocation of politic worms are e'en at

Only the power of the law.

You are loved also, ladies and gentlemen,

People love to judge, but

And Taipei, the offender is a major disaster.

. Burden soft.

It suddenly sent away.

A deliberate pause: diseases desperate economic growth

And desperate devices reliev,
Or not at all.

[Enter Rosencrantz.]

How! What rating card?

Ros.

The body is thin, Sir,

You can get it.

King.

Also.

Ros.

So, Sir, and you know your enjoyment.

King.

.

Ros.

Ho, Guildenstern! Bringing my main.

[Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.]

King.

Now, Hamlet, polonium?

Pork.

Dinner.

King.

Lunch! Where?

Pork.

Eat, eat:

him. Your worm is your

only emperor for diet: we fat all
creatures else to fat us, and

we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat
king and your lean beggar

is but variable service,--two dishes, but
to one table: that's

the end.

King.

Alas, alas!

Ham.

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

King.

What dost thou mean by this?

Ham.

Nothing but to show you how a king
may go a progress through
the guts of a beggar.

King.

Where is Polonius?

Ham.

In heaven: send thither to see: if your
messenger find him not
there, seek him i' the other place
yourself. But, indeed, if you
find him not within this month, you
shall nose him as you go up
the stairs into the lobby.

King.

Go seek him there. [To some
Attendants.]

Ham.

He will stay till you come.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

King.

Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial
safety,--

Which we do tender, as we dearly
grieve

Convocation of political worms A e'en him. Worm in

Only the King's diet: fat in all creation, other oil,

Too fat for larvae: fat king to the beggar, without a lot of fat.

But variable service--two dishes to the table:

The end.

King.

Alas, alas!

Pork.

People fish a worm said to the king,

The fish fed on that worm.

King.

Do you come on.

Pork.

But how's the progress.

The guts of a beggar.

King.

Is polonium?

Pork.

See from there to see if you Messenger find him.

But you need to work and other places. If you

Not within this month, the nose as you go on.

The stairs in the hallway.

King.

. [.]

Pork.

It will be used.

[Exeunt.]

King.

Hamlet, the law, and our Security--

I was very sad.

For that which thou hast done,--must
send thee hence

With fiery quickness: therefore prepare
thyself;

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and everything is
bent

For England.

Ham.

For England!

King.

Ay, Hamlet.

Ham.

Good.

King.

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

Ham.

I see a cherub that sees them.--But,
come; for England!--

Farewell, dear mother.

King.

Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham.

My mother: father and mother is man
and wife; man and wife is

one flesh; and so, my mother.--Come,
for England!

[Exit.]

King.

Follow him at foot; tempt him with
speed aboard;

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-
night:

Away! for everything is seal'd and done

That else leans on the affair: pray you,
make haste.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.] [Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at
aught,--

As my great power thereof may give
thee sense,

You-it should send the building.

And burning speed:therefore prepare thyself;

Bark in the wind,

Team Bennett.

Field.

Pork.

England!

King.

Yes, Hamlet.

Pork.

Good.

King.

So I John have.

Pork.

Please the child.-- Even in the UK!--

Hello, my mom.

King.

His loving father, Hamlet.

Pork.

My mother:mom and dad are man and wife man and wife.

One flesh, so my mother.-- Come, for England!

[Left]

King.

I, and tempting her with the speed of riding;

Delay I-in the evening:

. On every signing.

Other:the prayer, hurry up.

In the UK, like, will John have every thing,--

I think that a large part of these friends,

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

Pays homage to us,--thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process; which imports at full,

By letters conjuring to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,

Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

[Exit.]

Scene IV. A plain in Denmark.

[Enter Fortinbras, and Forces marching.]

For.

Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish king:

Tell him that, by his license, Fortinbras Craves the conveyance of a promis'd march

Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

If that his majesty would aught with us, We shall express our duty in his eye; And let him know so.

Capt.

I will do't, my lord.

For.

Go softly on.

[Exeunt all For. and Forces.]

[Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, &c.]

Ham.

Good sir, whose powers are these?

His intelligence and raw-red.

After the Danish sword, and thy free

Management, to find and define cool.

Our sovereign process, which imports,

By letters conjuring to

The present death of Hamlet. So, in the United Kingdom;

On so busy in my blood, she develops,

Abuse, we have one night in Taipei,

Howe, on top of me, the joy in the hall begins.

[Left]

. Open in Denmark.

[Enter Fortinbras, and forces marching.....]

.

The captain, from me greet the Danish King:

And that, by his license, Fortinbras

Crave conveyance of promise.

Kingdom. You know the meeting place.

To understand something,

We have the expression

No.

Captain.

You, sir.

.

So, the light.

[Exeunt. Strong.]

[Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,&c.]

Pork.

There's a good support ability.

Capt.

They are of Norway, sir.

Ham.

How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Capt.

Against some part of Poland.

Ham.

Who commands them, sir?

Capt.

The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham.

Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Capt.

Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not
farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham.

Why, then the Polack never will defend
it.

Capt.

Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Ham.

Two thousand souls and twenty
thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this
straw:

This is the imposthume of much wealth
and peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no
cause without

Why the man dies.--I humbly thank
you, sir.

Capt.

God b' wi' you, sir.

[Exit.]

Captain.

His, Norway.

Pork.

Unit I the English language, I see.

Captain.

The list Poland.

Pork.

To order, Sir?

Captain.

The nephew of Norway, Fortinbras.

Pork.

So, here, Poland,
Or on what line?

Captain.

The real story, or if not too far
However, to get a small piece of land
And it's not profit but the name.

To pay five Ducati, and I don't farm.

A product of Norway, Paul.

And the carrier level is considered to be sold paid.

Pork.

Why, then folk.

Captain.

It's already the castle.

Pork.

Two thousand souls and twenty thousand Ducat.

Discuss the problem of:

It imposthume of the property and the peace.

On the inside fold, and this leads to

Why a dead man.-- I humbly Thank you.

Captain.

God b is not.

[Left]

Ros.

Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham.

I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[Exeunt all but 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
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

Sure he that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason

To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven
scruple

Of thinking too precisely on the 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
puff'd,

Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger
dare,

Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be
great

Ros.

I don't, Sir?

Pork.

Go one by one. A little before that.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.]

What kind of information.

And spur my dull revenge! Some people

A good man on the market.

To sleep and feed? Livestock.

It was such a big discussion.

Accommodation before and after,

The ability to This God of reason.

The fussy we are accustomed to. It

Bestial oblivion, or anxious anxiety.

Think about the past, in the case,--

I think, a quarter, is but one part of wisdom

And three parts coward, - I do not know.

Why say so,"

Sith and reason strong,

. An example of the total of the world recommend that you:

The army of such mass and charge,

Under the guidance of a delicate dance Prince;

The spirit of God wild full,

That leaves it is not visible

In the open air, so deadly and

All that luck, death, and danger dare,

Also, the eggs, the shell. That's right, you can

Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand
I, then,

That have a father 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 fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a
plot

Whereon the numbers cannot try the
cause,

Which is not tomb enough and
continent

To hide the slain?--O, from this time
forth,

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing
worth!

[Exit.]

Scene V. Elsinore. A room in the
Castle.

[Enter Queen and Horatio.]

Queen.

I will not speak with her.

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' the world, and hems,
and beats her heart;

Spurns enviously at straws; speaks
things in doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is

There he provokes a discussion.

Big, leaves.

An expression of respect. How, then,

If the Father killed, a mother stain,

A feeling of freedom, my blood.

All sleep? Despite my shame, I see

On the death of a couple thousand people.

So, a fantasy, a game of Glory,

Graves like beds fight for a plot.

It can't be the case.

Not buried the continent.

To hide the slain?-- Oh, it's time,

My thoughts in the blood or.

[Left]

Scene V Elsinore. The rooms of the castle.

[Enter Queen and Horatio.]

Queen.

.

Janet.

She's demanding to attract attention:
Your mood will needs be pitied.

Queen.

How so much?

Janet.

My dad said, "he's heard about

The world, the tent, and beats your heart.

Spurns envy are difficult; talking about not true.

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.

'Twere good she were spoken with; for
she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding
minds.

Queen.

Let her come in.

[Exit Horatio.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems Prologue to some great
amiss:

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

[Re-enter Horatio with Ophelia.]

Oph.

Where is the beauteous majesty of
Denmark?

Queen.

How now, Ophelia?

Oph. [Sings.]

How should I your true love know
From another one?

By his cockle bat and' staff
And his sandal shoon.

Queen.

Alas, sweet lady, what imports this
song?

Oph.

Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[Sings.]

He is dead and gone, lady,

Possible meaning:speech,

However, the unshaped, the effects of the action
The listener to the collection, its purpose,

And Botch the words up to me.

At the time, like the sign of the product.

More ideas

Also, there is no prayer.

Tw compere problems, and strew

Risk assurance-the production of ideas.

Queen.

So.....

[Exit Horatio.]

My soul is sick as sin.

Each toy seems prologue to the crisis:

So full of innocent jealousy is guilt.
It discharges your fear to get lost.

[Re-enter Horatio with Ophelia.]

The Op -.

This beautiful Queen of Denmark.

Queen.

How now, Ophelia?

The Op -. [Song]

How do you Aichi

Other.

By his Cockle daughter team.

His sandals. shoon.

Queen.

Sad, sweet, girls, as well as activate it?

The Op -.

Can you say that? But, to save.

[Song]

Death, women.

He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Queen.

Nay, but Ophelia--

Oph.

Pray you, mark.

[Sings.]

White his shroud as the mountain snow, White his Shroud as the mountain snow.

[Enter King.]

Queen.

Alas, look here, my lord!

Oph.

[Sings.]

Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King.

How do you, pretty lady?

Oph.

Well, God dild you! They say the owl
was a baker's daughter.

Lord, we know what we are, but know
not what we may be. God be at
your table!

King.

Conceit upon her father.

Oph.

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

[Sings.]

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day
All in the morning bedtime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

Death due to;
Head of grass, green leaves
He went back behind the rock.

Queen.

No, but Ophelia--

The Op -.

Prayer.

[Song]

White his Shroud as the mountain snow.

[Enter King.]

Queen.

A work of Art you see here, Sir!

The Op -.

[Song]

Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did
Actually-just love.

King.

Now, women?

The Op -.

Well, my dildo! The owl was a baker's daughter.

Sir, we know what we know. Oh, my God.

Table!

King.

The loss of your dad.

The Op -.

Also see I can't

It's called:

[Song]

Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day
All morning to sleep.
Because of the screen.
On Valentine's Day.

Then he stood up, and Donna's got her clothes.
And rasp the door to the room.
However, as a child, a girl.
No.

King.

Pretty Ophelia!

Oph.

Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

[Sings.]

By Gis and by Saint 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 would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An 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

choose but weep, to think they would lay him i' the cold ground.

My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good

counsel.--Come, my coach!--Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.

[Exit.]

King.

Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.

[Exit Horatio.]

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs

All from her father's death. 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

King.

Pretty Ophelia!

The Op -.

Indeed, without an oath, but in the end:

[Song]

Gis Saint charity,
Alas and.

Young man, if you don't, don't;
The raven is also an error.

Said I'm stopping it.

We promise well get married.

Otherwise, by yonder sun.

And he would come to my bed.

King.

This.

The Op -.

I am capable of. We have to be patient: you can't.

Take crying, think they're cool.

My brother the same thing.

Lawyers-- come, my coach!-- Good night, girls night out, sweet

Girls, good night, night.

[Left]

King.

Woman her good when I see it.

[Exit Horatio.]

Oh, the poison of deep sorrow for the hot spring.

Every one of his father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,

During this time of sorrow come not single spies.

In the army! First, her father was murdered:

Secondly, I was, and he most violent author of

Private remove: the people muddled,

muddled,

Thick and and unwholesome in their
thoughts and whispers

For good Polonius' death; and we have
done but greenly

In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor
Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair
judgment,

Without the which we are pictures or
mere beasts:

Last, and as much containing as all
these,

Her brother is in secret come from
France;

Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in
clouds,

And wants not buzzers to infect his ear

With pestilent speeches of his father's
death;

Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,

Will nothing stick our person to arraign

In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude,
this,

Like to a murdering piece, in many
places

Give, me superfluous death.

[A noise within.]

Queen.

Alack, what noise is this?

King.

Where are my Switzers? let them guard
the door.

[Enter a Gentleman.]

What is the matter?

Gent.

Save yourself, my lord:

The ocean, overpeering of his list,

Eats not the flats with more impetuous
haste

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,

O'erbears your offices. The rabble call
O office. Casting main;

Thick with the patient the process.

Good polonium death, and even green.

The hugger-mugger your poor Ophelia

Maintaining the right sentence.

"Link building services:

Finally, they include

My brother in secret from France.

Feed her, clouds

No buzz'ers to infect the ear.

With pestilent speeches of his father's death

He drew attention to the need to keep food,

This, to justice.

Middle ear ear. Gertrude, this,

The murder, in a lot of places.

What it should be.

[Noise within.]

Queen.

Alas, what noise.

King.

My Switzers? As the guards.

[Enter a gentleman.]

What's the problem?

Janet.

But, my main.

Online overpeering list

Know and inspiration of the fast.

The young Laertes, wild head.

O office. Casting main;

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 'Choose we! Laertes shall be king!'

Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,

'Laertes shall be king! Laertes king!'

Queen.

How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

[A noise within.]

King.

The doors are broke.

[Enter Laertes, armed; Danes following.]

Laer.

Where is this king?--Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes.

No, let's come in.

Laer.

I pray you, give me leave.

Danes.

We will, we will.

[They retire without the door.]

Laer.

I thank you:--keep the door.--O thou vile king,

Give me my father!

Queen.

Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer.

That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot

If the world is about to begin,

Old, forgotten, unknown,

The ratifiers and props of every

They crio us! Laertes King!'

Cap, tongue, heart, clouds

'Laertes King! Laertes!

Queen.

How happy false choice, too, cry!

Oh, that's a lie in the case of Denmark.

[Noise within.]

King.

The door of failure.

[Enter Laertes, Armed, Denmark.]

Class.

Where is it ... gentlemen, take all that without.

Denmark.

.

Class.

We're asking for.

Denmark.

.

[They retire to the door.]

Class.

Thank you: --- Vile King.

My dad.

Queen.

Calm Laertes.

Class.

A drop of blood, calm declare that many bright eyes;

Crying betrayed my father, brands the harlot

Even here, between the chaste
unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King.

What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?--
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our
person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it
would,

Acts little of his will.--Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.--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
blackest devil!

Conscience and grace, to the
profoundest pit!

I dare damnation:--to this point I stand,-
-

That both the worlds, I give to
negligence,

Let come what comes; only I'll be
reveng'd

Most thoroughly for my father.

King.

Who shall stay you?

Laer.

My will, not all the world:

Also, unsmirched/

I really.

King.

What is the cause, Laertes,
That your rebellion looks great. -

Gertrude do not fear our person:

There is no God, Lieutenant-hedge King.

It's cheating, but PIP, what was it

Action.-- I, Laertes,

Why is Art Ltd. This area. And, Gertrude:--

.

Class.

And that's my dad.

King.

Death.

Queen.

It's not him.

King.

I call it filling.

Class.

? No juggling with:

Honestly! Vows to the blackest devil!

North, grace profoundest pit!

Duty a curse: - to the point that I'm suffering.

The world of Natasha,

I only revenge.

Recently, my father.

King.

People are waiting for?

Class.

My whole world

And for my means, I'll husband them so And he, my husband,
well,

They shall go far with little.

King.

Good Laertes,

If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in
your revenge

That, sweepstake, you will draw both
friend and foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer.

None but his enemies.

King.

Will you know them then?

Laer.

To his good friends thus wide I'll ope
my arms;

And, like the kind life-rendering
pelican,

Repast them with my blood.

King.

Why, now you speak

Like a good child and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father's
death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment pierce

As day does to your eye.

Danes.

[Within] Let her come in.

Laer.

How now! What noise is that?

[Re-enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed
with straws and
flowers.]

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven
times salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine
eye!--

By heaven, thy madness shall be paid

They're very small.

King.

Good Laertes,

If you want to be sure

His father's death warrant revenge.

Sweepstake, and also the Friends of enemies,

The winner and the loser?

Class.

If you are suffering from.

King.

We have a lot of them?

Class.

His friends, the various g my hands;

Like the life-rendering Pelican,

A feast of blood.

King.

Why in this story.

No kids, gentleman.

I'm guilty of the death of the Father

I have more respect and sadness,

Level to your judgment pierce

Like today.

Denmark.

].

Class.

How! Noise?

[Re-enter Ophelia, especially in the body as fertilizer.

Flowers]

Oh, dry heat in my brain! Tears of the work of salt.

Burn the power of purpose!--

by weight,

Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!--
O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine,

It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph.

[Sings.]

They bore him barefac'd on the bier
Hey no nonny, nonny, hey nonny
And on his grave rain'd many a tear.--
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer.

Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph.

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

Laer.

This nothing's more than matter.

Oph.

There's rosemary, that's for
remembrance; pray, love,

remember: and there is pansies, 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;

By heaven, your madness the paid by weight

Company size Fund. O Rose of May!

My daughter's dear sister, sweet Ophelia!--

Of the garden of Eden! Or, a young lady of wisdom

It should be as bad as Life.

Natural is good, and 'tis

Some precious instance of itself.

After.

The Op -.

[Song]

Hole barefac of the closet.
Hey no nonny, nonny. Rest
On his grave rain many a tear.--
The price of a double!

Class.

Would you change some of your wisdom, revenge, convincing.
She couldn't move.

The Op -.

You must sing 'down a-down the phone. The
How wheel. A lawyer, your friend.
Master.

Class.

It's not.

The Op -.

There's rosemary, that's a memory, prayer, love,
Note: there is pansies, that's thoughts.

Class.

A document in madness, thoughts, memory equipped.

The Op -.

North. columbines:there's Street.

and here's some for me:--we may call it
herb of grace o'

Sundays:--O, you must wear your rue
with a difference.--There's a

daisy:--I would give you some violets,
but they wither'd all when

my father died:--they say he made a
good end,--

[Sings.]

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,--

Laer.

Thought and affliction, passion, hell
itself,

She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph.

[Sings.]

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 was as white as snow,

All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,

And we cast away moan:

God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.--
God b' wi' ye.

[Exit.]

Laer.

Do you see this, O God?

King.

Laertes, I must commune with your
grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,

Make choice of whom your wisest
friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt
you and me.

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our
kingdom give,

And here's some for me: - good herb of grace o

Sunday: - O, rue. The

Daisy: - it would give you some violets, but the dead in all
cases

My dad died:he was, -

[Song]

Sweet Robin my joy, -

Class.

The mind and the temple, the passion, damn it.

Your support and love.

The Op -.

[Song]

Also.

Also.

No, he's dead.

Without death-bed.

He never.

His beard as white as snow.

All flaxen was his poll:

つ つ つ つ

From the invisible dark:

God ha ' mercy!

Every Christian heart in prayer.-- God b to wash you.

[Left]

Class.

Now, is it God's?

King.

Laertes district and sad.

And ask. You

Select a person one of your friends is conclusive from you.

The judge rounded.

If a direct or collateral hand

To connect with our Kingdom,

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 burial,-
-

No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er
his bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation,--

Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven
to earth,

That I must call't in question.

King.

So you shall;

And where the offence is let the great
axe fall.

I pray you go with me.

[Exeunt.]

Scene VI. Another room in the Castle.

[Enter Horatio and a Servant.]

Hor.

What are they that would speak with
me?

Servant.

Sailors, sir: they say they have letters
for you.

Hor.

Let them come in.

[Exit Servant.]

I do not know from what part of the
world

I should be greeted, if not from Lord
Hamlet.

[Enter Sailors.]

Our crown, our life, our being

You will find satisfaction.

Be content to lend your patience,

And we together work and your soul.

According to the content.

Class.

However, it is.

His death, the complexity and the funeral.

No trophy, sword also hatchment I asked for his bones.

It's not official, Tex boast,--

Crying precedent used from the sky,

There are issues of phone.

King.

It;

Attack.

Prayer.

[Exeunt.]

Area sixth. Another room in the castle.

[Enter Horatio and a servant.]

And let me remind you.

What do they think?

Server.

Team members: said character.

And let me remind you.

.

[Exit servant.]

I don't know what part of the world.

The speech comes Hamlet.

[Enter sailors.]

I Sailor.
God bless you, sir.

Hor.

Let him bless thee too.

Sailor.

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

Hor.

[Reads.] 'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked

this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have

letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of

very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves 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 wouldst fly death. I have words

to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too

light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring

thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course

for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET.'

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;

I'm a sailor.
God bless you, sir.

And let me remind you.

And then bless.

Sailor.

He, Sir,. The characters,

The English Ambassador, was in England, in the case of

His name is Horatio, I think.

And let me remind you.

[Read] 'Horatio, is all I see

These brothers, King.

Character. I'm a pirate

Very warlike appointment for inspection. Also, it looks like

Slow of sail, we put confidence companies of the business.

Drive:the current picture from the ship, and I

It has become their prisoner. As a thief

Too bad, as I cut.

. The king the letters I have sent, and repair

I'm as sharp as thou wouldst go back. In my own words.

In my ears, and the pool, as well as

The light hole. From this place.

Friends. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course

For the British to talk to you. Was Hello.

So you do know him, Hamlet.'

On any account. But a letter like this;

And do't the speedier, that you may
direct me

To him from whom you brought them.
[Exeunt.]

Scene VII. Another room in the Castle.
[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
Pursu'd 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.

O, for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much
unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The
queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and for
myself,--
My virtue or my plague, be it either
which,--
She's so conjunctive to my life and
soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his
sphere,
I could not but by her. The other
motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear

No, as soon as I can.

Their protocols.
[Exeunt.]

In the area VII. Another room in the castle.
[Enter King Laertes.]

King.

In the future, your conscience my acquittance seal,
You have to, for my friends.
Sith you have heard, and ear.
And then he, your noble father was murdered.
Puri. My life.

Class.

You can also take me.
The reason is that not known
So crimeful and origin of capital
For your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You sti fiverr.

King.

O,for two special reasons
Or, maybe you unsinew,
. The Queen Mother
My life ...
My power or the plague,--
Me and my life,
If the movement of the stars in this area.
. Other motives,
Why the public accounts.
I love the general gender plug it in;

him;

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,

Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,

Too slightly timber'd 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 my revenge will come.

King.

Break not your sleeps for that:--you must not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull

That we can let our beard be shook with danger,

And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:

I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;

And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,--

[Enter a Messenger.]

How now! What news?

Mess.

Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:

This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King.

From Hamlet! Who brought them?

Mess.

Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:

Who, dipping all the guilt of the Mother,

Like the spring that turneth wood stone

Convert his gyves to get out so that my arrows,

A few trees, I'm the voice of the spirit

I'm back my bow,

If you are focusing on.

Class.

If a noble father lost;

Sister, in a desperate situation.

"The voice is back.

It was a challenge on the mountain of all ages.

The perfection: - my revenge is coming.

King.

Break to sleep, but I don't think.

The apartment was boring.

We can let our beard pictures of danger.

I think it's one of my hobbies. Just heard.:

I love her father, my soul;

Along with that, I hope, -

Enter a messenger.]

How! What?

Mess.

Letters, my Lord, Hamlet:

It's the King, The Queen.

King.

"In the neighborhood"! It was.

Mess.

The team, and my salvation will not be:

They were given me by Claudio:--he
receiv'd them

Of him that brought them.

King.

Laertes, you shall hear them.

Leave us.

[Exit Messenger.]

[Reads]'High and mighty,--You shall
know I am set naked on your

kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave
to see your kingly eyes:

when I shall, first asking your pardon
thereunto, recount the

occasions of my sudden and more
strange return. HAMLET.'

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

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laer.

Know you the hand?

King.

'Tis Hamlet's character:--'Naked!'

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

Can you advise me?

Laer.

I am 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 didest thou.'

King.

If it be so, Laertes,--

As how should it be so? how
otherwise?--

Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer.

Ay, my lord;

So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

King.

To thine own peace. If he be now

Are due to Claudio:I'm getting.

Your.

King.

Laertes heard.

To leave.

[Exit Messenger.]

[Reads]'high voltage", and I AM set naked on your

Kingdom. Tomorrow, back to my vacation:

The first time was forgiveness here.

My sudden and more strange. Hamlet.

That means what? All the way home?

Or is there some abuse and no such thing?

Class.

Knowledge of hand?

King.

'Tis Hamlet's character:--' naked!'

As a post-note,".'

?

Class.

I'm lost, Sir. Let;

It heats up very the disease in the head.

I was used to the teeth.

"So do we'.

King.

We, Laertes,--

How could you not. How? -

This is rula?

Class.

Yes, sir;

Is the o.

King.

Our Hello. If you're doing this to me ...

return'd--

As checking at his voyage, and that he means

No more to undertake it,--I will work him

To exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:

And for his death no wind shall breathe;

But even his mother shall uncharge the practice

And call it accident.

Laer.

My lord, I will be rul'd;

The rather if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King.

It falls right.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality

Wherein they say you shine: your sum of parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him

As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer.

What part is that, my lord?

King.

A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes

The light and careless livery that it wears

Than settled age his sables and his weeds,

Importing health and graveness.--Two months since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,--
I've seen myself and serv'd against the

Like a delivery confirmation, and it says

So I'm working.

Frames in my device

This is a man not choose but fall:

And for his death no wind of breath;

Even my mother uncharge practice.

Phone of the accident.

Class.

My main will be rul';

Like genius

Maybe I've got the tool.

King.

Company.

I would like to have the visit,

It's hamlet of the discussion, the quality of

Where they say the lightning: part

He was and orange envy

And, my point.

The unworthiest siege.

Class.

What's that, Sir?

King.

Very movie with the hat.

Independent youth little.

Light aircraft are covered

Most of the housing of the "sand, weeds,

Health destroying.-- Two months later,

A gentleman of Normandy,--

French,

And they can well on horseback: but
this gallant

Had witchcraft in't: he grew unto his
seat;

And to such wondrous doing brought
his horse,

As had he been incorps'd and demi-
natur'd

With the brave beast: so far he topp'd
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 especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight
indeed

If one could match you: the scrimers of
their nation

He swore, had neither motion, guard,
nor eye,

If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of
his

Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and
beg

Your sudden coming o'er, to play with

I'm alone, service, French,

The horse:its epic

It was the magic included in the seat;

How wonderful of your horse,

So, incorps, and supernatural, too.

Brave beast:so far he's top jep my

I, forgery of shapes and tricks,
A short time.

Class.

Norman was't?

King.

Norman.

Class.

Your life, Lamond.

King.

The same thing.

Class.

There is also loot it.

-Jewel of all nations.

King.

In his confession;
However, the report. Report
Art movement of the defense.
And it is lighter than special.

And sounds, it shows absolutely

If we are able to adjust the scrimers the country.

Your unique range of motion, and the guards too.

We oppo. Sir, the report beyond

Is Hamlet, then the kingdom of elves. Me, people are jealous.

Doing something, the end.

him.

Now, out of this,--

Laer.

What out of this, my lord?

King.

Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a
sorrow,

A face without a heart?

Laer.

Why ask you this?

King.

Not that I think you did not love your
father;

But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of
love

A kind of wick or snuff that will abate
it;

And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too much: that we
would do,

We should do when we would; for this
'would' changes,

And hath abatements and delays as
many

As there are tongues, are hands, are
accidents;

And then this 'should' is like a
spendthrift sigh,

That hurts by easing. But to the quick o'
the ulcer:--

Hamlet comes back: what would you
undertake

To show yourself your father's son in
deed

More than in words?

Laer.

To cut his throat i' the church.

Her suddenly come to the hall to play with him.

Now, it's ...

Class.

What are these, my Lord?

King.

Laertes was your father?

And if a painting of sorrow,

Face?

Class.

That's why.

King.

Don't think you don't like your father;

But I know love is begun by
I mean, you're part of the resistance.
At the same time, sparks and fire.

The very fire of love.

First base, I'm sorry

Not good,
Good growth plurisy,

Dying myself when you want,

Still now, this kind of change....

And abatements delay as much.

The tongue, the hands, accidents

It should be a spendthrift sigh,

The easy pain. Fast hurts.:--

Hamlet comes back: what are you doing.

Son of my father's certificate.

More?

Class.

Church.

King.

No place, indeed, should murder
sanctuarize;

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
choose

A sword unbated, and, in a pass of
practice,

Requite him for your father.

Laer.

I will do't:

And for that purpose I'll anoint my
sword.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so
rare,

Collected from all simples that have
virtue

Under the moon, can save the thing
from death

This is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch
my point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him
slightly,

It may be death.

King.

Let's further think of this;

King.

So, in fact, murder the receiver can;

Revenge for being different. But, good Laertes,

Still, this is the secret of the room.

Hamlet comes back or I'm going home.:

Is your best qualities

Set a double varnish on the fame.

Taken. When you

Bet on the head: he's careless.

The most generous, and free from all contriving,

If the opinion of transparencies, so that with

I was a little worried, you can choose

A sword unbated, practical

To repay him for your father.

Class.

No.:

He oil my sword.

I bought a unction of a mountebank,
Not fatal, dip a knife.

Blood no cataplasm so rare,

Collected from all the vegetables that they have the power.

Under the moon can save you from death.

That's not all, destroyed all:

This contagion, Poison,

.

King.

Like 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 did 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
dry,--

As make your bouts more violent to
that 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
stuck,

Our purpose may hold there.

[Enter Queen.]

How now, sweet queen!

Queen.

One woe doth tread upon another's
heel,

So fast they follow:--your sister's
drown'd, Laertes.

Laer.

Drown'd! O, where?

Queen.

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy
stream;

There with fantastic garlands did she
come

Of crowsflowers, nettles, daisies, and
long purples,

Minor burns all the time. says

If the shape of the case failed,

And that our drift look bad.

Tw. Paris B: and therefore this project.

Every one of these events.

It was a test. Soft! Me:--

Still festive wager on your cunnings,--

I don't:

This movement, temperature, drying--

If the games are more intense about it.

For drink, I'll be ready.

Full nonce;this is but to play,

As for a place to leave the toxic, I was stuck.

Our goal is to.

[Enter Queen.]

How now, sweet Queen!

Queen.

One of lieutenant in the heels,

In addition to fast as follows: - your sister the story, Laertes.

Class.

Drowning, of course! ?

Queen.

There's willow, but diagonally faction.

This hoar leaves in the current mirror.

Great torch.

The crowsflowers, nettles, daisies, and purples,

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,

But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.

There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds

Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke;

When down her weedy trophies and herself

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;

Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes;

As one incapable of her own distress,

Or like a creature native and indu'd

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 douts it.

[Exit.]

King.

It's the education of a priest, a grosser name,

But cold, wife, like dead people.

Pendant boughs her Coronet weeds

Clamb absent-minded, envious sliver broke;

When down her weedy trophies and herself.

Gushing. Clothes spread wide;

And I'm like a fish I took it.

It was chaunted snatches of old songs;

Want to be able to emphasize the human.

Or if the creature's natural behavior.

The leading feature is no longer that.

Her dress, heavy drinking,

The duration of lame of her melodic.

Mud and death.

Class.

Unfortunately, she was drawing?

Queen.

Fortunately, in.

Class.

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,

It's forbidden by my tears, but

It was a craft, practice them,

Let shame say what we don't

Women.-- Hello, Sir.

I have a speech of fire, Payne was blaze,

This folly douts.

[Left]

King.

Let's follow, Gertrude;	Also, Gertrude;
How much I had to do to calm his rage!	How much would he need to do to calm your anger!
Now fear I this will give it start again;	I'm afraid at first.
Therefore let's follow.	So.....

[Exeunt.]	[Exeunt.]
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ACT V.	Act V....
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Scene I. A churchyard.	To see the monuments.
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[Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.]	[Enter two clowns, with Spades,&c.]
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1 Clown.	1 a clown.
Is she to be buried in Christian burial when she wilfully seeks her own salvation?	He is to be buried at the funeral of a Christian that's on purpose. People are looking for salvation?

2 Clown.	2 Piero.
I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crown hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.	My friend was in the grave one by one. crown sat., The Christian cemetery.

1 Clown.	1 a clown.
How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?	How can that be, if he drown himself in defense?

2 Clown.	2 Piero.
Why, 'tis found so.	Why, it's in.

1 Clown.	1 a clown.
It must be se offendendo; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an	Must be se offendendo. For this Steps to prevent myself wittingly, it argues that:-

act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.	The act gave branches of the third, the introduction: ar antimalware, she drowned herself wittingly.
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

2 Clown.	2 Piero.
Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,--	No, but hear you, Goodman delver,--

1 Clown.	1 a clown.
Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes,--mark you that: but if the water come	. Water is good for The man;good: if the man go to the idea itself, that is, We nill we, mark-it's good water.

to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is	They finished himself drowning ar antimalware.
-------------------------------------------------------------------	------------------------------------------------

not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life. Is guilty for not shortens his 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 o' Christian burial.

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 their even Christian.--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 thyself,--

2 Clown.

Go to.

1 Clown.

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

2 Piero.

And all this is legal?

1 a clown.

Ay, marry, is't-crowner's quest law.

2 Piero.

You the truth, no? It was

The woman was buried, ' the burial of the Christians.

1 a clown.

Why,'st:and the more pity, great people.

All the faces of this world, and it was the weakest.

Even more than the Christian.-- Come, spade. Not

Old, but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers:these are

The door to the dam profession.

2 Piero.

For the gentleman?

1 a clown.

The first record of the condition of the weapon.

2 Piero.

That's why.

1 a clown.

What, Pagans? How to understand the Bible?

Bible, this man is one drilling without weapons? I

Put another problem is the answer)

The goal, to know himself, the ...

2 Piero.

.

1 a clown.

It builds stronger than either the Mason,

Ships, the carpenter?

2 Clown.

The gallows-maker; for that frame
outlives 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 asked this

question next, say 'a grave-maker;' the
houses he makes last

till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan;
fetch me a stoup of

liquor.

[Exit Second Clown.]

[Digs and sings.]

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet;

To contract, O, the time for, ah, my
behave,

2 Piero.

The verdict of the Creator that frame outlives a thousand
tenants.

1 a clown.

I'm your, preparation for work,

But..... Not so hard.

You don't have a disease, the tree is built stronger.

Church, ar antimalware, the application is so poor. For you.

2 Piero.

People are more powerful than the Mason, shipwright,
carpenter?

1 a clown.

Oh, tell me that, a feather.

2 Piero.

Marriage can be like.

1 a clown.

.

2 Piero.

Hello, I can't say.

[Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.]

1 a clown.

The ones his brain was obviously part of.

Don't adjust your speed with beating, when you asked for it.

Problems next, say 'a big manufacturer, The House eventually.

Until the crisis. , Yaughan;the availability of treading.

In order to.

[Exit second clown.]

[Playing and singing.]

Young I love love
Methought sweet;

Contract, your time, Ah, my behave,

O, 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
employment hath the daintier

sense.

1 Clown.

[Sings.]

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipp'd me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.]

Ham.

That skull had a tongue in it, and could
sing once: how the

knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere
Cain's jawbone, that

did the first murder! This might be the
pate of a politician,

which this ass now o'erreaches; one that
would circumvent God,

might it not?

Hor.

It might, my lord.

Ham.

Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good
morrow, sweet lord!

How dost thou, good lord?' This might
be my lord such-a-one, that

praised my lord such-a-one's horse
when he meant to beg

it,--might it not?

Hor.

Ay, my lord.

O, methought, there was nothing.

Pork.

It's not business sense, poetry.

Grave decisions?

And let me remind you.

This behavior of yours.

Pork.

'Tis ever a garden of employing it most Set of

Mean.

1 a clown.

[Song]

Even at the age of, theft,
Is the battery the clutch.
And shipp, i, Land
If I was.

Skull.]

Pork.

The skull tongue, sing, how

Prince Giles is, like the tw Paris Cain's jaw-bone,

Did the first murder! This is the Party of politicians.

It's now or understand God.

No?

And let me remind you.

Also, my main.

Pork.

Or, say, " Good morning, dear sir!

How are you, God?' This is my main-

An assessment of the major-one of the horses for the sake of
saving

-No?

And let me remind you.

Yes, sir.

Ham.

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

1 Clown.

[Sings.]

A pickaxe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet;
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull].

Ham.

There's another: why may not that be
the skull of a lawyer?

Where be his quiddits now, his quilletts,
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

finer, 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

scarcely lie in this box; and must the
inheritor himself have no

more, ha?

Pork.

Why is Electric Zoo, and now my lady worm's, chapless, and
bankruptcy.

Mazar, sexton's spade:revolution

It was magic. Did these bones cost

Production war loggets gy beat them? My pain.

.

1 a clown.

[Song]

A pick and shovel,
On and shadow wallpaper,
Puddle clay
No.

[Invest, another star].

Pork.

But why the skull of a lawyer?

You can quiddits now, his quilletts, cases, tenures,

And? Why does he serve now to fuck

Like wall lamps, sludge, don't be

Your battery? Pig! It's all-in time.

Also the buyer is a country of laws, regulations, recognizances,

Fines, Double vouchers, his recovery is very

You're right, the recovery, to receive, to be all right.

The Association of fine dirt? Your ticket vouchers for

Buy, Double vertical and horizontal

A pair of indentures? The conveyances of the country.

Many in this field; and that he is the heir itself is not

Ha?

Hor.

Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham.

Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor.

Ay, my lord, And of calf-skins too.

Ham.

They are sheep and calves which seek
out assurance in that. I

will speak to this fellow.--Whose
grave's this, sir?

1 Clown.

Mine, sir.

[Sings.]

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

Ham.

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

1 Clown.

You lie out on't, sir, and therefore 'tis
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 it is
thine: 'tis for

the dead, not for the quick; therefore
thou liest.

1 Clown.

'Tis a quick lie, sir; 't will away again
from me to you.

Ham.

What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clown.

For no man, sir.

Ham.

What woman then?

1 Clown.

For none neither.

Ham.**And let me remind you.**

Don't write more, Sir.

Pork.

Don't sheep the sheep-skin?

And let me remind you.

Yes, sir, of calfskin leather.

Pork.

The sheep and cattle on the responsibility. I

Talk with this person.-- Grave's this, Sir?

1 a clown.

To me, sir.

[Song]

The pool soil.

No.

Pork.

I believe the company, lies don't.

1 a clown.

You're lying, it's so:my part

No.

Pork.

In toast, you can't say it is his:'tis

Of the dead, it's liesl.

1 a clown.

It's quick, Sir;t.

Pork.

No, you there?

1 a clown.

Site.

Pork.

What women?

1 a clown.

.

Pork.

Who is to be buried in't?

1 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 undo 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 the courtier he

galls his kibe.--How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clown.

Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our

last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham.

How long is that since?

1 Clown.

Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the

very day that young Hamlet was born,-- he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham.

Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1 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?

1 Clown.

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

Ham.

How came he mad?

Who's buried?

1 a clown.

Women, his soul, he's dead.

Pork.

How complete it really! We must speak by the card.

The complexity is open. Oh, God, Horatio, these three

Year, age, economic growth was rapid.

The toe of the farmer is not so near the heel of the courtier.

Galls box alabaster.-- You will be a great manufacturer.

1 a clown.

Every day, it's time not our day.

The last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Pork.

It's how much?

1 a clown.

Can you say that? Any fool can say that.

Day young Hamlet was born, and he's angry.

.

Pork.

One year of marriage, and why is it in England?

1 a clown.

Why was he so angry about the recovery of your wisdom.

Also, it's not important.

Pork.

Why?

1 a clown.

'Twill that was, man, things.

Pork.

Mad?

1 Clown.
Very strangely, they say.

Ham.

How strangely?

1 Clown.
Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham.

Upon what ground?

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

Ham.

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

1 Clown.
Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,--
as we have many
pocky corsers now-a-days that will
scarce hold the laying in,--he
will last you some eight year or nine
year: a tanner will last
you nine year.

Ham.

Why he more than another?

1 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 whoreson dead body. Here's a
skull now; this skull hath lain
in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham.

Whose was it?

1 Clown.
A whoreson, mad fellow's it was:
whose do you think it was?

Ham.

Nay, I know not.

1 Clown.

1 a clown.
Very strange to say.

Pork.

What's weird?

1 a clown.
Faith, e Park lost, and wisdom.

Pork.

What?

1 a clown.
Why, here in Denmark to be sexton here, men and kids.
So.....

Pork.

How long the people on the ground is devastating?

1 a clown.
Faith, if he's not rotten mold like a lot of

Pocket corset-less installation,

Also, eight and a half year period:.

We've analyzed.

Pork.

??

1 a clown.
Why, Sir, his hide is so tan business.

Water also the water is much decayer

The whoreson dead body. It's a star now skull and lies.

And in the world.

Pork.

It was something?

1 a clown.
And whoreson, say, who do you think?

Pork.

But....

1 a clown.

A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a There's an epidemic and mad rogue!" Details available flag &
 pour'd a flagon of
 Rhenish on my head once. This same Rhenish on my head. This skull of yorick
 skull, sir, was Yorick's
 skull, the king's jester. The planet, the king of projects.

Ham.

This?

1 Clown.

E'en that.

Ham.

Let me see. [Takes the skull.] Alas,
 poor Yorick!--I knew him,

Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of
 most excellent fancy: he

hath borne me on his back a thousand
 times; and now, how abhorred

in my imagination it is! my gorge rises
 at it. Here hung those

lips that I have 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 on a roar?
 Not one now, to mock your

own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now,
 get you to my lady's

chamber, and tell her, let her paint an
 inch thick, to this

favour she must come; make her laugh
 at that.--Pr'ythee, Horatio,
 tell me one thing.

Hor.

What's that, my lord?

Ham.

Dost thou think Alexander looked o'
 this fashion i' the earth?

Hor.

E'en so.

Ham.

And smelt so? Pah!

[Throws down the skull.]

Hor.

Pork.

It?

1 a clown.

E garden.

Pork.

Let me see. [From cranium.] Unfortunately, poor yorick!-- I
 know,

Horatio a Fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent ideas:

She draws her a thousand times, how abhorred

In my imagination! The channel costs. It depends on the
 method of

Lips when we kissed how delicious it is. Your digestive erectile
 dysfunction

It? Your gambols? Your songs? The flashes of happiness,

Security was put on the table on a roar? As such, false

The owners smiling? A pretty-to fall? It's a female.

The room, like color, cm thick, it

For people, make her laugh.-- PR, Horatio,

Tell me one thing.

And let me remind you.

What's that, Sir?

Pork.

You, Alexander looked o this fashion,"the world?

And let me remind you.

E garden.

Pork.

And the smell? Pah!

[Investment under the skull.]

And let me remind you.

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 into dust; the dust is

earth; of earth we make loam; and why
of that loam whereto he

was converted might they not stop a
beer-barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to
clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind
away.

O, that that earth which kept the world
in awe

Should patch a wall to expel the
winter's flaw!

But soft! but soft! aside!--Here comes
the king.

[Enter priests, &c, in procession; the
corpse of Ophelia,

Laertes, and Mourners following; King,
Queen, their Trains, &c.]

The queen, the courtiers: who is that
they follow?

And with such maimed rites? This doth
betoken

The corse they follow did with
desperate hand

Fordo it own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile and mark.

E garden.

Pork.

As a base I used, Horatio! Why, if they

Ideas of the value of the flour of Alexander he was

To start,the Parliament-hole?

And let me remind you.

Tw compere to consider too curiously.

Pork.

Not faith, not even one iota to be modesty.

Enough, and the possibility of living also thus:Alexander died,

Alexander was buried, Alexander sit, dust and dust

The world, earth, loam, and why of the loam whereto he

It converts stop a beer barrel?

Imperious Caesar dead, and earth.

In order to block the hole with the wind.

Oh, it's the world. In the world of drink.

A piece of the wall to expel the winter flaw!

Soft! Soft! More!-- This is the king.

[Enter God&c, abdomen of the body Ophelia,

Laertes, grieving, King, Queen,cars,&c.]

The Queen of [people.

As lame rite? This is the lowest precursor

Of course, the way of despair.

Ford your life: don't.

Sofa little mark.

[Retiring with Horatio.]

Laer.

What ceremony else?

Ham.

That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

Laer.

What ceremony else?

1 Priest.

Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have warranties: her death was doubtful;

And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd

Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,

Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her,

Yet here she is allowed her virgin rites,

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and burial.

Laer.

Must there no more be done?

1 Priest.

No more be done;

We should profane the service of the dead

To sing a requiem and such rest to her

As to peace-parted souls.

Laer.

Lay her i' the earth;--

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh

May violets spring!--I tell thee, churlish priest,

A ministering angel shall my sister be

When thou liest howling.

Ham.

What, the fair Ophelia?

[Retiring with Horatio.]

Class.

The celebration.

Pork.

That is Laertes,

Very noble youth:mark.

Class.

The celebration.

1. Monk.

Her obsequies was enlarg

We have warranty:her death was doubtful;

And in order to o,

He ground unsanctified have lodge.

Until the last trumpet, love, prayer

Materials, stones, pebbles,

But here she was a virgin rites,

He strewments, to bring home.

The level of fill.

Class.

You don't need more info?

1. Monk.

This is not done;

Can't services, death

To sing a requiem and such rest to her

Also hello to another.

Class.

Chan, on the ground.

Fair and not contaminated meat.

Violets spring!--I have a friend, a rude Temple,

Server angels, the nurses.

The lies don't whine.

Pork.

What, right Ophelia?

Queen.

Sweets to the sweet: farewell.

[Scattering flowers.]

I hop'd thou shouldst 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 ten times treble on that cursed head

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious
sense

Depriv'd thee of!--Hold off the earth
awhile,

Till I have caught her once more in
mine arms:

[Leaps into the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and
dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have
made,

To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head

Of blue Olympus.

Ham.

[Advancing.]

What is he whose grief

Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase
of sorrow

Conjures the wandering stars, and
makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is
I,

Hamlet the Dane.

[Leaps into the grave.]

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 splenetic and

Queen.

Sweets to the sweet:farewell.

[Scattering flowers.]

I jump, I also need to have to be "hamlet" of his wife.

I thought about his bride-to sleep on deck, sweet girl,

And strew. At the beginning of the fall to the grave.

Class.

Of the product.

Fall ten times treble and cursed my head.

Love the L thy most ingenious sense

Depriv!-- Host, voices of the world,

We got her in my arms.:

[Dramatically.]

Now it's a pile of dust on the living and the dead,

Apartment mountain,

O old Pelion of the sky'ish head.

Blue Olympus.

Pork.

[.]

It's sad

Bears important? The words of sorrow

Conjures the wandering stars, about

Like wonder-wounded hearers? It

Hamlet the Dane.

[Dramatically.]

Class.

Satan take your time!

[Effort]

Pork.

- Gweddi have.

Common, and your fingers from my throat;

rash,

Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness fear: away thy
hand!

King.

Pluck them asunder.

Queen.

Hamlet! Hamlet!

All.

Gentlemen!--

Hor.

Good my lord, be quiet.

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

Ham.

Why, I will fight with him upon this
theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen.

O my son, what theme?

Ham.

I 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.

'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't fast?
woul't tear thyself?

Woul't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't.--Dost thou come here to
whine?

To outface me with leaping in her
grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

Not splenetic, rash,

Not to me something dangerous,

Let your wiseness fear:away your time!

King.

Fruit trees two parts.

Queen.

Hamlet! Hamlet!

All.

Gentlemen!--

And let me remind you.

My main, and stability.

[The attendants part them from the grave.]

Pork.

What this war topic

The eyelids don't shake.

Queen.

Of us.

Pork.

I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers

Total/

Make the amount.-- What a gift, what is it?

King.

Oh, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen.

The love of God, your interest!

Pork.

'Swounds, Mae sylt:

Surgery do? Not to fight? Soon? Are your tears?

Woul't drink up eisel? There, crocodile?

-- Are you complaining about?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

It'll be buried in advance people.:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let
them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning
zone,

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

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen.

This is mere madness:

And thus a while the fit will work on
him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets 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 thee, good Horatio, wait upon
him.--

[Exit Horatio.]

[To Laertes]

Strengthen your patience in our last
night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present
push.--

Good Gertrude, set some watch over
your son.--

This grave shall have a living
monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then in patience our proceeding be.

[Exeunt.]

Some Pratt of the hills, an investment.

There are millions of acres in the United States. The company
is located

Scorch for your own good. The combustion zone

To make the OSS as chronic! But, it's mouth.

I >.

Queen.

This is crazy:

These work;

Anonymous, patients in women as

That her golden couplets are disk.

Your silent brother.

Pork.

Information;

The use of?

I love it because it's not material.

Let Hercules himself,

The cat Mew, and dog.

[Left]

King.

I pray you, Horatio waiting.--

[Exit Horatio.]

[Laertes]

Strengthen your patience during tonight's speech

You have now pushed.--

Good Gertrude.

This cemetery is the living monument:

At the same time of a quiet or.

Until then, be patient.

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. A hall in the Castle.

[Enter Hamlet and Horatio.]

Ham.

So much for this, sir: now let me see the other;

You do remember all the circumstance? The situation?

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 mutinies in the bilboes. Rashly,

And prais'd be rashness for it,--let us know,

Our indiscretion sometime 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 scarf'd about me, in the dark

Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;

Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew

To mine own room again: making so bold,

My fears forgetting manners, to unseal Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,

O royal knavery! an exact command,-- Larded with many several sorts of reasons,

Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,

. The hall of the castle.

[Enter Hamlet and Horatio.]

Pork.

A: My

And let me remind you.

Pay attention, Sir!

Pork.

Sir, my heart was like a war.

Don't let me sleep: methought and

Follow moti / in the bilboes. He will find,

And praise. Patience--,

For our curiosity. We are, etc.

The company has a deep plot I need.

God makes right.

Hard-is.

And let me remind you.

.

Pork.

Of my cabin.

My sea-gown scarf, in the dark.

Peaches.... and I feel;

Special in the package, and pull.

My room again: making so bold.

My fear and forget the character, you need to open

Grand Committee, I found, Horatio,

O Royal knavery! The right--

Larded a number of reasons.

Importing Denmark's health and England's too.

With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,--

That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor.

Is't possible?

Ham.

Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou bear me how I did proceed?

Hor.

I beseech you.

Ham.

Being thus benetted round with villanies,--

Or I could make a prologue to my brains,

They had begun the play,--I sat 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

The effect of what I wrote?

Hor.

Ay, good my lord.

Ham.

An earnest conjuration from the king,--
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm
might flourish;

As peace should still her wheaten
garland wear

And stand a comma 'tween their
amities;

And many such-like as's of great

And, oh! Such bugs and goblins in my life.--

I mean, management, leisure bated,
Not to stay the grinding of the axe,
The head is removed from the register.

And let me To remind you.

It's not possible?

Pork.

Here's the hearing Committee.

Suddenly in charge of me how I continue?

And let me remind you.

I can provide.

Pork.

Be benefit round, Villa to open the green door,--

Or I can do a prologue to my brain.

I also;

Deathbed, the new Commission, wrote it fair:

I once did, as our given.

The dirt, writing, and work.

They forget that learning, but,

It's a journal service. Withered.

The results of what I'm writing?

And let me remind you.

Yes, sir.

Pork.

Every spell from the king.

England was a faithful tributary;

If pulse is active;

Hello, wheat in a dress of flowers.

And the comma (tween their amities;

charge,--

That, on the view and know of these contents,

Without debatement further, more or less,

He should the bearers put to sudden death,

Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor.

How was this seal'd?

Ham.

Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.

I had my father's signet in my purse,

Which was the model of that Danish seal:

Folded the writ up in the form of the other;

Subscrib'd it: gave't the impression;
plac'd it safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the next day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent

Thou know'st already.

Hor.

So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham.

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

They are not near my conscience; their defeat

Does by their own insinuation grow:

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes

Between the pass and fell incensed points

Of mighty opposites.

Hor.

Why, what a king is this!

Ham.

Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now

Not a lot,--

Is there a sale of such content,

Without debatement further,

The carriers gave a sudden death.

Not shriving time.

And let me remind you.

How was it locked.

Pork.

Why was heaven's law.

My father, the seal of my purse.

The model of that Danish seal:

I folded the warrant in the form of other

Subscription I would write;a lot of room in the safe.

The vundo. Today, one day after

For our sea battle, and it was sequent

O must.

And let me remind you.

Are Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.

Pork.

Why do people even make love to this employment.

And conscience, and the failure

And sculpture:

It's dangerous when you Base natural.

Pass and fell incensed points

With strong opposition.

And let me remind you.

Why, the king is here!

Pork.

He's not, I think, my friend, I -

upon,--

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd
my mother;

Popp'd in between the election and my
hopes;

Thrown out his angle for my proper
life,

And with such cozenage--is't not
perfect 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 is mine;
And a man's life is no more than to say
One.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his: I'll court his
favours:

But, sure, the bravery of his grief did
put me

Into a towering passion.

Hor.

Peace; who comes here?

[Enter Osric.]

Osr.

Your lordship is right welcome back to
Denmark.

Ham.

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

Hor.

No, my good lord.

Ham.

Thy state is the more gracious: for 'tis a

It's kill the score, and who. Mom;

Pop choice and look forward to

The angle is also appropriate for life.

Such as a cozenage is not from the north.

Finished downloads. It's not a curse.

That mouth ulcers natural next.

And evil?

And let me remind you.

It should be Britain.

What business problems.

Pork.

It will be in a short span of time short the property;

A person's life.

I'm sorry, Horatio, good,

It's Laertes I forgot myself,

An example of the case.

Portraits of the Court of his love:

Also, the courage and the nerve.

Enthusiasm.

And let me remind you.

Hello.

[Enter Osa minimalist.]

Osa.

You essential your return to Denmark.

Pork.

I humbly Thank you. Six water jet?

And let me remind you.

No, I'm good.

Pork.

vice to know him. He

hath much land, and fertile: let a beast
be lord of beasts, and

his crib shall stand at the king's mess;
'tis a chough; but, as I

say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr.

Sweet lord, if your lordship were at
leisure, I should

impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham.

I will receive it 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. But, my lord, his majesty bade
me signify to you that

he has laid a great wager on your head.
Sir, this is the

matter,--

Ham.

I beseech you, remember,--

[Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.]

Osr.

Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in
good faith. Sir, here

is newly come to court Laertes; believe
me, an absolute

gentleman, full of most excellent

Your situation is more of grace; 'tis a vice to know him. .

She has a lot of land fertility: let the animal be in the hall.

Your kid's in bed, he's the king of Chaos, it's cho, but,

Say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osa.

Sweet Castle, leadership, recreation centers provide

Given you for his glory.

Pork.

Get all my might. Enter the

Bonnet, on the right use it on your head.

Osa.

It was important, T. If we don't get very hot.

Pork.

No, this time, it's the north wind.

Osa.

It's a different cold, Sir, indeed.

Pork.

I think it's very stuffy and warm within my color.

Osa.

Okay, my main is also hot and cold,--"tw Paris-I can't.

. But, Sir, as the king, and told him my intention.

It was a big gamble on the head. Sir,

Material

Pork.

I'm alive, and that -

[Hamlet moves him his hat.]

Osa.

But, integrity, mining, and integrity. Sir, here.

Newly come to court Laertes;how to completely

differences, of very soft

society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he

is the card or calendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the

continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham.

Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you;--though, I

know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of

memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail.

But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great

article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness as, to make

true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else

would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr.

Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham.

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

Osr.

Sir?

Hor.

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

Ham.

What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr.

Of Laertes?

Hor.

His purse is empty already: all's golden

The most excellent differences, very soft.

Tags:really, to speak with feeling, however, that

The card or calendar of gentry, known as

On the continent the division of men.

Pork.

Sir, definement in the factory,

The division was inventorially says in the calculation of

Memory, New York, and her fast sailing.

Also, there's a lot of features, it should be encouraging.

Features her. Injection of the deficit, rareness, as,

In fact, a decision of policy to him, his semblable glass,

Him, his umbrage.

Osa.

Your important phone number of getting it wrong.

Pork.

The concernancy,Sir? Why did you wrap the gentleman in

Raw bar breath?

Osa.

Sir?

And let me remind you.

It's not easy to understand another tongue? No,

Sir.

Pork.

Export and import of the suggestions of this gentleman.

Osa.

Of Laertes?

And let me remind you.

words are spent.

Ham.

Of him, sir.

Osr.

I know, you are not ignorant,--

Ham.

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

Osr.

You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is,--

Ham.

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

Osr.

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

Ham.

What's his weapon?

Osr.

Rapier and dagger.

Ham.

That's two of his weapons:--but well.

Osr.

The king, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses:

against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French

rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and

so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy,

very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of

very liberal conceit.

Ham.

The wallet is empty, all Golden words are spent.

Pork.

Even so, Sir.

Osa.

I know that you are ignorant,--

Pork.

I, however, faith is not

Approved.-- English.

Osa.

We don't know what excellence Laertes is, -

Pork.

Dare to admit to be fair I have to compare.

The good people, too.

Osa.

I mean, the weapons, the imputation laid on

I mean, the meed he's unfellowed.

Pork.

What's your weapon?

Osa.

Bright,.

Pork.

Of the two weapons:

Osa.

The king of the UK, this intervention has six horses Barbara:

Of imponed, as I was in France.

rapiers and poniards, a belt, a hanger,

So:three carriages, in faith, are very expensive luxurious.

Reaction process, elegant car.

Very liberal Cut.

Pork.

What call you the carriages?

Hor.

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

Osr.

The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham.

The phrase would be more german to
the matter if we could

carry cannon by our sides. I would it
might be hangers till then.

But, on: six Barbary horses against six
French swords, their

assigns, and three liberal conceited
carriages: that's the French

bet against the Danish: why is this all
imponed, as you call it?

Osr.

The king, sir, hath laid that, in a dozen
passes between

your and him, he shall not exceed you
three hits: he hath

laid on twelve for nine; and it would
come to immediate trial

if your lordship would vouchsafe the
answer.

Ham.

How if I answer no?

Osr.

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

Ham.

Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it
please his majesty,

it is the breathing time of day with me:
let the foils be

brought, the gentleman willing, and the
king hold his purpose,

I will win for him if I can; if not, I will
gain nothing but my

shame and the odd hits.

Osr.

What about the passengers?

And let me remind you.

I know you will be built by the margent did.

Osa.

The car, a hanger.

Pork.

This word in German.

Code our sides. Of the hanger.

Barbara Tsushima six French swords, their

Liberal and proud of our vehicle: French

Sure the Danish: why is this imponed as you call it?

Osa.

The king of England, set it up, in a dozen passes between

Please note that we're more than that, I hit it.

Site XIV. Immediately after the test

Your key would vouchsafe the answer.

Pork.

How, if I don't answer?

Osa.

I mean, my lord, the opposition of the case.

Pork.

Site. From the hall, please Your Majesty,

It's a breath of day with paper money.

Men, and the king hold his purpose,

I'll beat him if I could be with you, too, my.

Shy, open source solutions.

Osa.

Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

Ham.

To this effect, sir; after what flourish
your nature will.

Osr.

I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham.

Yours, yours.

[Exit Osric.]

He does well to commend it himself;
there are no tongues else
for's turn.

Hor.

This lapwing runs away with the shell
on his head.

Ham.

He did comply with his dug before he
suck'd it. Thus has he,--and

many more of the same bevy that I
know the drossy age dotes on,--

only got the tune of the time and
outward habit of encounter;

a kind of yesty collection, which carries
them through and

through the most fanned and winnowed
opinions; and do but blow

them to their trial, the bubbles are out,

[Enter a Lord.]

Lord.

My lord, his majesty commended him
to you by young Osric,

who brings back to him that you attend
him in the hall: he sends

to know if your pleasure hold to play
with Laertes, or that you

will take longer time.

Ham.

I am constant to my purposes; they
follow the king's pleasure:

if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now
or whensoever, provided

I be so able as now.

I will re-send your email in?

Pork.

This effect is, and then work in nature.

Osa.

I now have my own.

Pork.

.

[From OSU.]

It is also characterized by itself is not any other language.

Number.

And let me remind you.

This lapwing of the shell length.

Pork.

Continue downloads to take before they are absorbed. In this
way, he is.

The most successful of the truck. drossy age of the gift, and ...

Version of hours of practice.

So yeah Beattie, a collection stage.

Through her heart and winnowed opinions; and do but blow

In the test, air bubbles,

[.]

.

My Lord, His Majesty commended to the young OSU!,

A young woman taking part in the hall from

Know if you the pleasure to play Laertes.

Take the time most of the time.

Pork.

I'm sure my purpose is the King's pleasure:

However fitness as a foreign language, my, now whensoever,

They can.

Lord.

The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham.

In happy time.

Lord.

The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to

Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham.

She well instructs me.

[Exit Lord.]

Hor.

You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham.

I do not think so; since he went into France I have been in

continual practice: I shall win at the odds. 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 gain-giving as

would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor.

If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their

repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham.

Not a whit, we defy augury: there's a special providence in

the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be

not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come:

the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves,

what is't to leave betimes?

.

The king and Queen and going down.

Pork.

The joy of the time.

.

The Queen desired for use and entertainment.

Laertes before.

Pork.

He also is shown.

[Exit Lord.]

And let me remind you.

You will lose this wager, my Lord.

Pork.

I don't think. No, France.

Proceed to the gym, get on the contrary. It wouldst not

How ill all's here about my heart: but it's the worst.

And let me remind you.

No, sir,--

Pork.

Even stupidity is a type of benefits, like

There are a wide variety of problems.

And let me remind you.

Hate how we take into account the factor of the street.

Correction here.

Pork.

It is small, however, it is a challenge that the provision specified

The fall of a sparrow. It can be, it doesn't come.

The site is still:

If all the people free nothing word,

What's early?

[Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osric, and Attendants with foils &c.]

King.

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

[The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.]

Ham.

Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong:

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd 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 does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does 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.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts

That I have shot my arrow o'er the house

And hurt my brother.

Laer.

I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir

[Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, OSU store, which Transparencies,&c.]

King.

Come, Hamlet, come on, this hand from me.

[King Laertes of Hamlet.

Pork.

Give me your pardon, sir: I'm sure:

Excuse us, you're a gentleman.

This presence know need to hear?

How is that my punishment is enough one.

Etc.

Nature, honor and exception.

Near the beginning, this statement is not crazy.

Is Hamlet wrong Laertes? "The village":

As a neighborhood yourself to be TA the garden,

He adjusts the wrong Laertes,

After"suburb","suburb"refuse.

? In his madness

The cement of the party, this is not right;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in the crowd.

Let my disclaiming from the user is bad.

Free the most generous I thought.

I shot the arrow. however, the

And the pain of his brother.

Class.

I am satisfied in nature,

I mean, in this case, nervousness,

me most

To my revenge. But in my terms of honour

I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation

Till by some elder masters of known honour

I have a voice and precedent 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.

Ham.

I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.--
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer.

Come, one for me.

Ham.

I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star in the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer.

You mock me, sir.

Ham.

No, by this hand.

King.

Give them the foils, young Osric.
Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham.

Very well, my lord;
Your grace has laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King.

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

Laer.

My revenge. My Mr.

I'm indifferent, reconciliation

Most of the elderly people are known to respect.

I have a voice and the history of peace.

Name of the subject strainer. At the same time.

The sense of love.

It was a mistake.

Pork.

I embrace it freely

This brother's wager frankly play.--

Aluminum foil.

Class.

If.

Pork.

I'll be your foil, Laertes, mining news

Skills, stars in the dark of night.

Stick to fire away.

Class.

You are lying, Sir.

Pork.

No, it is.

King.

Of the foils, young osa minimalist. Cousin Hamlet,

You know the challenges?

Pork.

Also, my main;

Grace the power struggle of the weaker side.

King.

Not afraid, not with you.;

Of all the bad habits.

Class.

This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham.

This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

[They prepare to play.]

Osr.

Ay, my good lord.

King.

Set me the stoups of wine upon that table,--

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,

'Now the king drinks to Hamlet.'--
Come, begin:--

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham.

Come on, sir.

Laer.

Come, my lord.

[They play.]

Ham.

One.

Laer.

No.

Ham.

Judgment!

Osr.

It's too heavy.

Pork.

This is my favorite. These foil?

[In preparation.]

Osa.

Yes, and the best.

King.

Set the stoups of wine on the table.

If the neighborhood during the first semester,
In response to the level

In addition, each of the chest wall and weapons.

The king, drink to Hamlet's better breath.

On the glass, repeat.

The rich Kings four straight.

Danish consumption. Give me the cup;

We love the Kettle, trumpet language.

The trumpet of cannon without,

The big guns in heaven, and heaven and earth.

"Now the king drinks to Hamlet."-- Come on, here we go: -

The judge, in warning.

Pork.

Yes, certainly, Sir.

Class.

Come on, Sir.

[.]

Pork.

.

Class.

.

Pork.

Think!

Osa.

A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer.

Well;--again.

King.

Stay, give me drink.--Hamlet, this pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health.--

[Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.]

Give him the cup.

Ham.

I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.-

-

Come.--Another hit; what say you?

[They play.]

Laer.

A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King.

Our son shall win.

Queen.

He's fat, and scant of breath.--

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

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham.

Good madam!

King.

Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen.

I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.

King.

[Aside.] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

Ham.

I dare not drink yet, madam; by-and-by.

Queen.

Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer.

My lord. I'll hit him now.

Beating, obviously very hurt.

Class.

!

King.

Minute Hamlet, this Pearl is your own;

This is the house.--

[The sound of a trumpet, cannon shot".]

And in the cup.

Pork.

I'm getting this game, first install.--

.-- Another hit, what do you say?

[.]

Class.

Touch-a, touch-a confession.

King.

The Son of win.

Queen.

Under breathe.--

Here, Hamlet, napkin, rub thy brows:

Queen merry-go-round fortune, Hamlet.

Pork.

A good woman!

King.

Don't drink.

Queen.

I am, sir;I pray.

King.

[.] And it's not too late.

Pork.

Don't dare to drink-Ms.....

Queen.

So, that's what clothes.

Class.

Sir. I strike.

King.

I do not think't.

Laer.

[Aside.] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham.

Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;

I pray you pass with your best violence: I pray to get through the best of violence:
I am afeard you make a wanton of me. I'm afraid that you can.

Laer.

Say you so? come on.

[They play.]

Osr.

Nothing, neither way.

Laer.

Have at you now!

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]

King.

Part them; they are incens'd.

Ham.

Nay, come again!

[The Queen falls.]

Osr.

Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor.

They bleed on both sides.--How is it, my lord?

Osr.

How is't, Laertes?

Laer.

Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osrice;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham.

King.

I don't think.

Class.

[.] Coming around profit, not my conscience.

Pork.

In the third, Laertes, you but dally;

I pray to get through the best of violence:
I'm afraid that you can.

Class.

Do you guys say? .

[.]

Osa.

Nothing.

Class.

.

[Laertes wounds down, scuffling employees

Change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]

King.

Part., Ltd. Area.

Pork.

But, not anymore!

[Queen]

Osa.

Look at the Queen, oh!

And let me remind you.

Bleeding from both sides.-- How's that, Sir?

Osa.

How is it, Laertes?

Class.

Why, as a woodcock his spring, OSU!;

I signed up for your And my Brad.

Pork.

How does the Queen?

King.

She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen.

No, no! the drink, the drink!--O my dear Hamlet!--

The drink, the drink!--I am poison'd.

[Dies.]

Ham.

O villany!--Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out.

[Laertes falls.]

Laer.

It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good;

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,

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.]

Osric and Lords.

Treason! treason!

King.

O, yet defend me, friends! I am but hurt.

Ham.

Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion.--Is thy union here?

What, the Queen?

King.

She passes out like bleeding.

Queen.

No, not at all. Drink, drink!-- Oh, my dear Hamlet!--

Drink, drink!-- I have been created.

[Dead]

Pork.

O Villa mount!-- Oh! Lock I think:
Brad! .

[Laertes]

Class.

It is here, Hamlet:Hamlet, art slain;

The medical world is friendship;

Friends while Half-Life

Hazardous materials at home.

Unbated and the kingdom of the elves. About me:a foul in practice

This will be done;and here, here,

It will not be able to rise again: your mother is toxic.:

..--The king, the king of the guilt.

Pork.

The point of the kingdom of the elves. Me!--

Then, with the beginning of the autumn term.

[Stabs the king.]

OSU minimalist and gentlemen.

Brad! Brad!

King.

Of be protected!!!! I'm asking you.

Pork.

It's prostitution, murder, buy, Dana,

Drink this.-- House.

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 and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me!

[Dies.]

Ham.

Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.--

I am dead, Horatio.--Wretched queen, adieu!--

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time,--as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest,--O, I could tell you,--

But let it be.--Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor.

Never believe it:

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.--

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham.

As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have't.--

O good Horatio, what a wounded name, Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart, Absent thee from felicity awhile,

My mom.

[The king is dead.]

Class.

He;

The poison of anger, I think.--

Exchange rate Nobel"the village":

Me, my dad died, not his friend.

Also.

[Dead]

Pork.

Heaven free to make them! A.--

I, Horatio.-- The wretched Queen, goodbye!--

Also, look pale and shivering in this place,

It's an advertisement or an audience this Law

.And as this fell Sergeant, death,

He is strict in his arrest,. And....,--

.-- Horatio, I am dead;

Of pentref just report on it.

Satisfaction.

And let me remind you.

Good:

Antique Roman than a Dane.--

Here are some severe.

Pork.

Usually start the person.

I want a cup of tea and going to heaven, I need to be.--

O good Horatio, wounded there,

Also it is not known, and live!

"Are you ready to bring your heart Missing a friend buy,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain, This harsh world to draw our breath in pain.

To tell my story.-- Me.--

[March afar off, and shot within.] [March away, and the inner part of the ball.]

What warlike noise is this? What warlike noise.

Osr.

Osa.

Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

Young Fortinbras, with Conquest of Poland.

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

The ambassadors of England gives
This volleyball fight.

Ham.

Pork.

O, I die, Horatio;

O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:

Toxicity also of the hall crows my spirit:

I cannot live to hear the news from England;

I can't live to hear the news from England;

But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more
and less,

I do prophecy the election lights
Of Fortinbras: my sound.

Which have solicited.--the rest is
silence.

Yes, occurrents,

-- Of silence.

[Dies.]

[Dead]

Hor.

And let me remind you.

Now cracks a noble heart.--Good night,
sweet prince,

Now, break a noble heart.-- Good night, sweet Prince

And flights of angels sing thee to thy
rest!

Flight of angels sing you to.

Why does the drum come hither?

Why dance here?

[March within.]

[March within.]

[Enter Fortinbras, the English
Ambassadors, and others.]

[Enter Fortinbras, the Ambassador of English.]

Fort.

Fortress.

Where is this sight?

Where is that one?

Hor.

And let me remind you.

What is it you will see?

What is it?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your
search.

If anything, stop.

Fort.

Fortress.

This quarry cries on havoc.--O proud
death,

This is my cry in the explosion.-- Glad from death,

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

1 Ambassador.

The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too
late:

The ears are senseless that should give
us hearing,

To tell him his commandment is
fulfill'd

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are
dead:

Where should we have our thanks?

Hor.

Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their
death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody
question,

You from the Polack wars, and you
from England,

Are here arriv'd, give order that these
bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing
world

How these things came about: so shall
you hear

Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual
slaughters;

Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd
cause;

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this
can I

Truly deliver.

Fort.

Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.

What a feast for our eternal cells

Every one of the heads in the picture.
So bloodily hast.

1. Ambassador.

The field of view is dark;

Affairs from England come too.

The ears are senseless, but please go listen

Move the command on the subject.

Of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:

Where Are you?

And let me remind you.

In the mouth,

For example, life thanks:

He didn't give orders for his death.

From, Jump, this bloody question,

From the Polish wars, England,

It arriv I'm giving these institutions

On the stage will be placed for viewing

All. The gift to the world.

What is the issue.

Physical, blood, unnatural acts,

Accident judgments, casual slaughters;

Death is hard and "power". It

And, murder, is wrong.

October application by the inventors Heads: all this can I

In fact successful.

Fortress.

Are you in a hurry.

-Most noble.

For me, with sorrow I embrace my
fortune:

I have some rights of memory in this
kingdom,

Which now, to claim my vantage doth
invite me.

Hor.

Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will
draw on more:

But let this same be presently
perform'd,

Even while men's minds are wild: lest
more mischance

On plots and errors happen.

Fort.

Let four captains

Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage;

For he was likely, had he been put on,

To have prov'd most royally: and, for
his passage,

The soldiers' music and the rites of war

Speak loudly for him.--

Take up the bodies.--Such a sight as
this

Becomes the field, but here shows
much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[A dead march.]

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

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:

I have some rights of memory in this kingdom

That's the argument my observation, the Vice President of
invited.

And let me remind you.

Guests also lead to language.

And exit from the sound.:

However Today , engaged.

Also, a man with a heart of the wild:ever mischance

Plots and errors happen.

Fortress.

Another captain

My village as a soldier to the stage;

On

I will check it big:and, on your trip.

The soldiers music and the atmosphere of war.

The discussion is over.--

.-- Such a scene as this.

But, it's a different crisis.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[Dies.]

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies, and then there's pearls.

Weapon shot.In.]