

## ACT I

### SCENE I. Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO

Bernardo

Who's there?

Francisco

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Bernardo

Long live the king!

Francisco

Bernardo?

Bernardo

He.

Francisco

You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bernardo

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

Francisco

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

Bernardo

Have you had quiet guard?

Francisco

Not a mouse stirring.

Bernardo

Well, good night.

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

Francisco

I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?  
Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS

Horatio

Friends to this ground.

Marcellus

And liegemen to the Dane.

Francisco

Give you good night.

Marcellus

O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you?

Francisco

Bernardo has my place.

Give you good night.

Exit

Marcellus

Holla! Bernardo!

Bernardo

Say,

What, is Horatio there?

Horatio

A piece of him.

Bernardo

Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Marcellus

What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Bernardo

I have seen nothing.

Marcellus

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:  
Therefore I have entreated him along  
With us to watch the minutes of this night;  
That if again this apparition come,  
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Horatio

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Bernardo

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

Horatio

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Bernardo

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,—

Enter Ghost

Marcellus

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

Bernardo

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

Marcellus

Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Bernardo

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

Horatio

Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Bernardo

It would be spoke to.

Marcellus

Question it, Horatio.

Horatio

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!

Marcellus

It is offended.

Bernardo

See, it stalks away!

Horatio

Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!  
Exit Ghost

Marcellus

'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bernardo

How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?  
What think you on't?

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

Marcellus  
Is it not like the king?

Horatio  
As thou art to 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.

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

Horatio  
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.

Marcellus

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?

Horatio

That can I;  
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,  
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant 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 seized 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 covenant,



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.

Bernardo

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.

Horatio

A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.  
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:  
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:  
And even the like precursor of fierce events,  
As harbingers preceding still the fates  
And prologue to the omen coming on,  
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

But soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter Ghost

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,

That may to thee do ease and grace to me,

Speak to me:

Cock crows

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid, O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

Speak of it: stay, and speak! Stop it, Marcellus.

Marcellus

Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Horatio

Do, if it will not stand.

Bernardo

'Tis here!

Horatio

'Tis here!

Marcellus

'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.

Bernardo

It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

Horatio

And then it started like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,  
The cock, that is the trumpet to the 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.

Marcellus

It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long:

And then, they say, no spirit dares 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.

Horatio

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?

Marcellus

Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know

Where we shall find him most conveniently.

Exeunt

## SCENE II. A room of state in the castle.

Enter KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE, HAMLET, POLONIUS,  
LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants

King Claudius

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death  
The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe,  
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature  
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,  
The imperial jointress to this warlike state,  
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,—  
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,  
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,  
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—  
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd  
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.  
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,  
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,  
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death  
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,  
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,  
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,  
Importing the surrender of those lands  
Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,

To our most valiant brother. So much for him.  
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting:  
Thus much the business is: we have here writ  
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—  
Who, impotent and bed-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 delated articles allow.  
Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cornelius & Voltimand  
In that and all things will we show our duty.

King Claudius  
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 loose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,  
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?  
The head is not more native to the heart,  
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laertes

My dread 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 Claudius

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

Polonius

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 Claudius

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,—

Hamlet

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

King Claudius

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Hamlet

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

Queen Gertrude

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.

Hamlet

Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen Gertrude

If it be,  
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Hamlet

Seems, madam! nay it is; I know not 'seems.'  
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,



Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,  
Together with all forms, moods, shapes 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 Claudius

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,  
To give these mourning duties to your father:  
But, you must know, your father lost a father;  
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound  
In filial obligation for some term  
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere  
In obstinate condolement is a course  
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;  
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,  
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,  
An understanding simple and 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 son.

Queen Gertrude

Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:  
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

Hamlet

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King Claudius

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

Hamlet

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! God!  
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature  
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:  
So excellent a king; that was, to this,  
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother  
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what 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 follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she—  
O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle,  
My father's brother, but no more like my father  
Than I to Hercules: within a month:  
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
It is not nor it cannot come to good:  
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.  
Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO

Horatio  
Hail to your lordship!

Hamlet  
I am glad to see you well:  
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

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

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

Marcellus  
My good lord—

Hamlet  
I am very glad to see you. Good even, sir.  
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Horatio

A truant disposition, good my lord.

Hamlet

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

Horatio

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

Hamlet

I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;  
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Horatio

Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Hamlet

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven  
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!  
My father!—methinks I see my father.

Horatio

Where, my lord?

Hamlet

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Horatio

I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Hamlet

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

I shall not look upon his like again.

Horatio

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Hamlet

Saw? who?

Horatio

My lord, the king your father.

Hamlet

The king my father!

Horatio

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

Hamlet

For God's love, let me hear.

Horatio

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 he walk'd  
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled  
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.

Hamlet

But where was this?

Marcellus

My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Hamlet

Did you not speak to it?

Horatio

My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once methought

It lifted up its head and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak;

But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight.

Hamlet

'Tis very strange.

Horatio

As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it.



Hamlet

Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

Marcellus & Bernardo

We do, my lord.

Hamlet

Arm'd, say you?

Marcellus & Bernardo

Arm'd, my lord.

Hamlet

From top to toe?

Marcellus & Bernardo

My lord, from head to foot.

Hamlet

Then saw you not his face?

Horatio

O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Hamlet

What, look'd he frowningly?

Horatio

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet

Pale or red?

Horatio

Nay, very pale.

Hamlet

And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Horatio

Most constantly.

Hamlet

I would I had been there.

Horatio

It would have much amazed you.

Hamlet

Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Horatio

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Marcellus & Bernardo

Longer, longer.

Horatio

Not when I saw't.

Hamlet

His beard was grizzled—no?

Horatio

It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd.

Hamlet

I will watch to-night;

Perchance 'twill walk again.

Horatio

I warrant it will.

Hamlet

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

All

Our duty to your honour.

Hamlet

Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.  
Exeunt all but HAMLET  
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;  
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!  
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.  
Exit

### **SCENE III. A room in Polonius' house.**

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA

Laertes

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.

Ophelia

Do you doubt that?

Laertes

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 suppliance of a minute; No more.

Ophelia

No more but so?

Laertes

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

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 unvalued persons do,  
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
The safety and health of this whole state;  
And therefore must his choice be circumscribed  
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 'scapes not calumnious strokes:  
The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,  
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent.  
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:  
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Ophelia

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

Laertes

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.

Polonius

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!  
And these few precepts in thy memory  
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,

Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,  
And they in France of the best rank and station  
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all: to thine ownself be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

Laertes

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Polonius

The time invites you; go; your servants tend.

Laertes

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

Ophelia

'Tis in my memory lock'd,



And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laertes

Farewell.

Exit

Polonius

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

Ophelia

So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Polonius

Marry, well bethought:

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late

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 behoves my daughter and your honour.

What is between you? give me up the truth.

Ophelia

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders

Of his affection to me.

Polonius

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

Ophelia

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

Polonius

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

Ophelia

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

Polonius

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

Ophelia

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

Polonius

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 somewhat 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 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.

Ophelia

I shall obey, my lord.

Exeunt

#### **SCENE IV. The platform.**

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS

Hamlet

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Horatio

It is a nipping and an eager air.

Hamlet

What hour now?

Horatio

I think it lacks of twelve.

Hamlet

No, it is struck.

Horatio

Indeed? I heard it not: then it 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?

Hamlet

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

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

Horatio

Is it a custom?

Hamlet

Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west

Makes us traduced 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 chances in particular men,

That for some vicious mole of nature in them,

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

Since nature cannot choose his origin—

By 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,

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

Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,

As infinite as man may undergo—

Shall in the general censure take corruption

From that particular fault: the dram of eale

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt  
To his own scandal.

Horatio

Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost

Hamlet

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 comest 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 canonized bones, hearsed in death,  
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,  
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,  
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature  
So horridly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?  
Ghost beckons HAMLET

Horatio

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

Marcellus

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

Horatio

No, by no means.

Hamlet

It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Horatio

Do not, my lord.

Hamlet

Why, what should be the fear?  
I do not set my life in 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.

Horatio

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

Hamlet  
It waves me still.  
Go on; I'll follow thee.

Marcellus  
You shall not go, my lord.

Hamlet  
Hold off your hands.

Horatio  
Be ruled; you shall not go.

Hamlet  
My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body



As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.  
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.  
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

Horatio  
He waxes desperate with imagination.

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

Horatio  
Have after. To what issue will this come?

Marcellus  
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Horatio  
Heaven will direct it.

Marcellus  
Nay, let's follow him.  
Exeunt

**SCENE V. Another part of the platform.**

Enter GHOST and HAMLET

Hamlet

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

Ghost

Mark me.

Hamlet

I will.

Ghost

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

Hamlet

Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost

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

Hamlet

Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Hamlet

What?

Ghost

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

Hamlet

O God!

Ghost

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Hamlet

Murder!

Ghost

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

Hamlet

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

Ghost

I find thee apt;  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:  
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

Hamlet

O my prophetic soul! My uncle!

Ghost

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—  
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:  
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!  
From me, whose love was of that dignity  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage, and to decline  
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of mine!  
But virtue, as it never will be moved,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,  
So lust, though to a radiant angel 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  
The natural gates and alleys of the body,  
And with a sudden vigour doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth body.  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:  
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head:  
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:  
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.  
Exit

Hamlet  
O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?

And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
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'm sure it may be so in Denmark:  
[*Writing*] So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'  
I have sworn 't.

Marcellus & Horatio

[*Within*] My lord, my lord,—

Marcellus

[*Within*] Lord Hamlet,—

Horatio

[*Within*] Heaven secure him!

Hamlet

So be it!

Horatio

[*Within*] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

Hamlet

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

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS

Marcellus

How is't, my noble lord?

Horatio

What news, my lord?

Hamlet

O, wonderful!

Horatio

Good my lord, tell it.

Hamlet



No; you'll reveal it.

Horatio

Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Marcellus

Nor I, my lord.

Hamlet

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

But you'll be secret?

Horatio & Marcellus

Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Hamlet

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

But he's an arrant knave.

Horatio

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

To tell us this.

Hamlet

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 desire shall point you;  
For every man has business and desire,  
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,  
Look you, I'll go pray.

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

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

Horatio  
There's no offence, my lord.

Hamlet  
Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, 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.

Horatio  
What is't, my lord? we will.

Hamlet

Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Horatio & Marcellus

My lord, we will not.

Hamlet

Nay, but swear't.

Horatio

In faith,

My lord, not I.

Marcellus

Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Hamlet

Upon my sword.

Marcellus

We have sworn, my lord, already.

Hamlet

Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost

[*Beneath*] Swear.

Hamlet

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

Come on—you hear this fellow in the cellarage—  
Consent to swear.

Horatio

Propose the oath, my lord.

Hamlet

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

Ghost

[*Beneath*] Swear.

Hamlet

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.

Hamlet

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

A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.

Horatio

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Hamlet

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 headshake,

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 not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you, Swear.

Ghost

[*Beneath*] Swear.

Hamlet

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!

They swear

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 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