
FTLN 3079	By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight	180
FTLN 3080	Till our scale turn the beam! O rose of May,	
FTLN 3081	Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!	
FTLN 3082	O heavens, is 't possible a young maid's wits	
FTLN 3083	Should be as mortal as ⟨an old⟩ man's life?	
FTLN 3084	⟨Nature is fine in love, and, where 'tis fine,	185
FTLN 3085	It sends some precious instance of itself	
FTLN 3086	After the thing it loves.⟩	
	OPHELIA <i>「sings」</i>	
FTLN 3087	<i>They bore him barefaced on the bier,</i>	
FTLN 3088	<i>⟨Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,⟩</i>	
FTLN 3089	<i>And in his grave rained many a tear.</i>	190
FTLN 3090	Fare you well, my dove.	
	LAERTES	
FTLN 3091	Hadst thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge,	
FTLN 3092	It could not move thus.	
FTLN 3093	OPHELIA You must sing “A-down a-down”—and you	
FTLN 3094	“Call him a-down-a.”—O, how the wheel becomes	195
FTLN 3095	it! It is the false steward that stole his master's	
FTLN 3096	daughter.	
FTLN 3097	LAERTES This nothing's more than matter.	
FTLN 3098	OPHELIA There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.	
FTLN 3099	Pray you, love, remember. And there is pansies,	200
FTLN 3100	that's for thoughts.	
FTLN 3101	LAERTES A document in madness: thoughts and remembrance	
FTLN 3102	fitted.	
FTLN 3103	OPHELIA There's fennel for you, and columbines.	
FTLN 3104	There's rue for you, and here's some for me; we	205
FTLN 3105	may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. You ⟨must⟩ wear	
FTLN 3106	your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would	
FTLN 3107	give you some violets, but they withered all when	
FTLN 3108	my father died. They say he made a good end.	
FTLN 3109	<i>「Sings.」 For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.</i>	210
	LAERTES	
FTLN 3110	Thought and afflictions, passion, hell itself	
FTLN 3111	She turns to favor and to prettiness.	

「Scene 6」

Enter Horatio and others.

FTLN 3145 HORATIO What are they that would speak with me?

FTLN 3146 GENTLEMAN Seafaring men, sir. They say they have
FTLN 3147 letters for you.

FTLN 3148 HORATIO Let them come in. 「*Gentleman exits.*」 I do not
FTLN 3149 know from what part of the world I should be
FTLN 3150 greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

5

Enter Sailors.

FTLN 3151 SAILOR God bless you, sir.

FTLN 3152 HORATIO Let Him bless thee too.

FTLN 3153 SAILOR He shall, sir, 〈an ’t〉 please Him. There’s a letter
FTLN 3154 for you, sir. It came from th’ ambassador that was
FTLN 3155 bound for England—if your name be Horatio, as I
FTLN 3156 am let to know it is. 「*He hands Horatio a letter.*」

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FTLN 3157 HORATIO 〈*reads the letter*〉 *Horatio, when thou shalt have*
FTLN 3158 *overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the*
FTLN 3159 *King. They have letters for him. Ere we were two days*
FTLN 3160 *old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave*
FTLN 3161 *us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on*
FTLN 3162 *a compelled valor, and in the grapple I boarded them.*
FTLN 3163 *On the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone*
FTLN 3164 *became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like*
FTLN 3165 *thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to*
FTLN 3166 *do a 〈good〉 turn for them. Let the King have the letters*
FTLN 3167 *I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much speed*
FTLN 3168 *as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in*
FTLN 3169 *thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too*
FTLN 3170 *light for the 〈bore〉 of the matter. These good fellows*
FTLN 3171 *will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*
FTLN 3172 *hold their course for England; of them I have*
FTLN 3173 *much to tell thee. Farewell.*

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FTLN 3174 〈*He*〉 *that thou knowest thine,*
FTLN 3175 *Hamlet.*

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FTLN 3176 Come, I will ⟨give⟩ you way for these your letters
 FTLN 3177 And do 't the speedier that you may direct me
 FTLN 3178 To him from whom you brought them.

They exit.

「Scene 7」

Enter King and Laertes.

KING

FTLN 3179 Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
 FTLN 3180 And you must put me in your heart for friend,
 FTLN 3181 Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
 FTLN 3182 That he which hath your noble father slain
 FTLN 3183 Pursued my life.

5

LAERTES

It well appears. But tell me
 FTLN 3185 Why you ⟨proceeded⟩ not against these feats,
 FTLN 3186 So criminal and so capital in nature,
 FTLN 3187 As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
 FTLN 3188 You mainly were stirred up.

10

KING

O, for two special reasons,
 FTLN 3190 Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinewed,
 FTLN 3191 But yet to me they're strong. The Queen his mother
 FTLN 3192 Lives almost by his looks, and for myself
 FTLN 3193 (My virtue or my plague, be it either which),
 FTLN 3194 She is so ⟨conjunctive⟩ to my life and soul
 FTLN 3195 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 FTLN 3196 I could not but by her. The other motive
 FTLN 3197 Why to a public count I might not go
 FTLN 3198 Is the great love the general gender bear him,
 FTLN 3199 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
 FTLN 3200 Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 FTLN 3201 Convert his gyves to graces, so that my arrows,
 FTLN 3202 Too slightly timbered for so ⟨loud a wind,⟩
 FTLN 3203 Would have reverted to my bow again,
 FTLN 3204 But not where I have aimed them.

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LAERTES

FTLN 3205 And so have I a noble father lost,

FTLN 3206 A sister driven into desp'rate terms,
 FTLN 3207 Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
 FTLN 3208 Stood challenger on mount of all the age 30
 FTLN 3209 For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

KING

FTLN 3210 Break not your sleeps for that. You must not think
 FTLN 3211 That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
 FTLN 3212 That we can let our beard be shook with danger
 FTLN 3213 And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more. 35
 FTLN 3214 I loved your father, and we love ourself,
 FTLN 3215 And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger with letters.

FTLN 3216 〈How now? What news?
 FTLN 3217 MESSENGER Letters, my lord, from
 FTLN 3218 Hamlet.〉 40

FTLN 3219 These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

FTLN 3220 KING From Hamlet? Who brought them?

MESSENGER

FTLN 3221 Sailors, my lord, they say. I saw them not.
 FTLN 3222 They were given me by Claudio. He received them
 FTLN 3223 [Of him that brought them.] 45

FTLN 3224 KING Laertes, you shall hear
 FTLN 3225 them.—

FTLN 3226 Leave us. *〈Messenger exits.〉*

FTLN 3227 「Reads.」 *High and mighty, you shall know I am set*
 FTLN 3228 *naked on your kingdom. Tomorrow shall I beg leave to* 50
 FTLN 3229 *see your kingly eyes, when I shall (first asking 〈your〉*
 FTLN 3230 *pardon) thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden*
 FTLN 3231 *〈and more strange〉 return. 〈Hamlet.〉*

FTLN 3232 What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

FTLN 3233 Or is it some abuse and no such thing? 55

FTLN 3234 LAERTES Know you the hand?

FTLN 3235 KING 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked"—

FTLN 3236 And in a postscript here, he says "alone."

FTLN 3237 Can you 〈advise〉 me?

 LAERTES

FTLN 3238 I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come. 60
 FTLN 3239 It warms the very sickness in my heart
 FTLN 3240 That I ⟨shall⟩ live and tell him to his teeth
 FTLN 3241 “Thus didst thou.”

FTLN 3242 KING If it be so, Laertes
 FTLN 3243 (As how should it be so? how otherwise?), 65
 FTLN 3244 Will you be ruled by me?

FTLN 3245 LAERTES Ay, my lord,
 FTLN 3246 So you will not o’errule me to a peace.

KING
 FTLN 3247 To thine own peace. If he be now returned,
 FTLN 3248 As ⟨checking⟩ at his voyage, and that he means 70
 FTLN 3249 No more to undertake it, I will work him
 FTLN 3250 To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
 FTLN 3251 Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
 FTLN 3252 And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
 FTLN 3253 But even his mother shall uncharge the practice 75
 FTLN 3254 And call it accident.

FTLN 3255 [LAERTES My lord, I will be ruled,
 FTLN 3256 The rather if you could devise it so
 FTLN 3257 That I might be the organ.

FTLN 3258 KING It falls right. 80
 FTLN 3259 You have been talked of since your travel much,
 FTLN 3260 And that in Hamlet’s hearing, for a quality
 FTLN 3261 Wherein they say you shine. Your sum of parts
 FTLN 3262 Did not together pluck such envy from him
 FTLN 3263 As did that one, and that, in my regard, 85
 FTLN 3264 Of the unworthiest siege.

FTLN 3265 LAERTES What part is that, my lord?

KING
 FTLN 3266 A very ribbon in the cap of youth—
 FTLN 3267 Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes
 FTLN 3268 The light and careless livery that it wears 90
 FTLN 3269 Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
 FTLN 3270 Importing health and graveness.] Two months since

FTLN 3271	Here was a gentleman of Normandy.	
FTLN 3272	I have seen myself, and served against, the French,	
FTLN 3273	And they can well on horseback, but this gallant	95
FTLN 3274	Had witchcraft in 't. He grew unto his seat,	
FTLN 3275	And to such wondrous doing brought his horse	
FTLN 3276	As had he been encorpsed and demi-natured	
FTLN 3277	With the brave beast. So far he topped <my> thought	
FTLN 3278	That I in forgery of shapes and tricks	100
FTLN 3279	Come short of what he did.	
FTLN 3280	LAERTES	A Norman was 't?
FTLN 3281	KING	A Norman.
	LAERTES	
FTLN 3282	Upon my life, Lamord.	
FTLN 3283	KING	The very same. 105
	LAERTES	
FTLN 3284	I know him well. He is the brooch indeed	
FTLN 3285	And gem of all the nation.	
FTLN 3286	KING	He made confession of you
FTLN 3287	And gave you such a masterly report	
FTLN 3288	For art and exercise in your defense,	110
FTLN 3289	And for your rapier most especial,	
FTLN 3290	That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed	
FTLN 3291	If one could match you. [The 'scrimers of their	
FTLN 3292	nation	
FTLN 3293	He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,	115
FTLN 3294	If you opposed them.] Sir, this report of his	
FTLN 3295	Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy	
FTLN 3296	That he could nothing do but wish and beg	
FTLN 3297	Your sudden coming-o'er, to play with you.	
FTLN 3298	Now out of this—	120
FTLN 3299	LAERTES	What out of this, my lord?
	KING	
FTLN 3300	Laertes, was your father dear to you?	
FTLN 3301	Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,	
FTLN 3302	A face without a heart?	
FTLN 3303	LAERTES	Why ask you this? 125

KING

FTLN 3304 Not that I think you did not love your father,
 FTLN 3305 But that I know love is begun by time
 FTLN 3306 And that I see, in passages of proof,
 FTLN 3307 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
 FTLN 3308 [There lives within the very flame of love 130
 FTLN 3309 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
 FTLN 3310 And nothing is at a like goodness still;
 FTLN 3311 For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
 FTLN 3312 Dies in his own too-much. That we would do
 FTLN 3313 We should do when we would; for this “would” 135
 FTLN 3314 changes
 FTLN 3315 And hath abatements and delays as many
 FTLN 3316 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
 FTLN 3317 And then this “should” is like a ‘spendthrift’ sigh,
 FTLN 3318 That hurts by easing. But to the quick of th’ ulcer:] 140
 FTLN 3319 Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
 FTLN 3320 To show yourself indeed your father’s son
 FTLN 3321 More than in words?

FTLN 3322 LAERTES To cut his throat i’ th’ church.

KING

FTLN 3323 No place indeed should murder sanctuarize; 145
 FTLN 3324 Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
 FTLN 3325 Will you do this? Keep close within your chamber.
 FTLN 3326 Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home.
 FTLN 3327 We’ll put on those shall praise your excellence
 FTLN 3328 And set a double varnish on the fame 150
 FTLN 3329 The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine,
 FTLN 3330 together
 FTLN 3331 And wager ⟨on⟩ your heads. He, being remiss,
 FTLN 3332 Most generous, and free from all contriving,
 FTLN 3333 Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease, 155
 FTLN 3334 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
 FTLN 3335 A sword unbated, and in a ⟨pass⟩ of practice
 FTLN 3336 Requite him for your father.

FTLN 3337 LAERTES I will do 't,
 FTLN 3338 And for <that> purpose I'll anoint my sword. 160
 FTLN 3339 I bought an unction of a mountebank
 FTLN 3340 So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
 FTLN 3341 Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
 FTLN 3342 Collected from all simples that have virtue
 FTLN 3343 Under the moon, can save the thing from death 165
 FTLN 3344 That is but scratched withal. I'll touch my point
 FTLN 3345 With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
 FTLN 3346 It may be death.

FTLN 3347 KING Let's further think of this,
 FTLN 3348 Weigh what convenience both of time and means 170
 FTLN 3349 May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
 FTLN 3350 And that our drift look through our bad
 FTLN 3351 performance,
 FTLN 3352 'Twere better not assayed. Therefore this project
 FTLN 3353 Should have a back or second that might hold 175
 FTLN 3354 If this did blast in proof. Soft, let me see.
 FTLN 3355 We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings—
 FTLN 3356 I ha 't!
 FTLN 3357 When in your motion you are hot and dry
 FTLN 3358 (As make your bouts more violent to that end) 180
 FTLN 3359 And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared
 FTLN 3360 him
 FTLN 3361 A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
 FTLN 3362 If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
 FTLN 3363 Our purpose may hold there.—But stay, what 185
 FTLN 3364 noise?

Enter Queen.

QUEEN
 FTLN 3365 One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
 FTLN 3366 So fast they follow. Your sister's drowned, Laertes.
 FTLN 3367 LAERTES Drowned? O, where?
 QUEEN
 FTLN 3368 There is a willow grows askant the brook 190

FTLN 3369	That shows his ⟨hoar⟩ leaves in the glassy stream.	
FTLN 3370	Therewith fantastic garlands did she make	
FTLN 3371	Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,	
FTLN 3372	That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,	
FTLN 3373	But our cold maids do “dead men’s fingers” call	195
FTLN 3374	them.	
FTLN 3375	There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds	
FTLN 3376	Clamb’ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,	
FTLN 3377	When down her weedy trophies and herself	
FTLN 3378	Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,	200
FTLN 3379	And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,	
FTLN 3380	Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds,	
FTLN 3381	As one incapable of her own distress	
FTLN 3382	Or like a creature native and endued	
FTLN 3383	Unto that element. But long it could not be	205
FTLN 3384	Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,	
FTLN 3385	Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay	
FTLN 3386	To muddy death.	
FTLN 3387	LAERTES Alas, then she is drowned.	
FTLN 3388	QUEEN Drowned, drowned.	210
	LAERTES	
FTLN 3389	Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,	
FTLN 3390	And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet	
FTLN 3391	It is our trick; nature her custom holds,	
FTLN 3392	Let shame say what it will. When these are gone,	
FTLN 3393	The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord.	215
FTLN 3394	I have a speech o’ fire that fain would blaze,	
FTLN 3395	But that this folly drowns it. <i>He exits.</i>	
FTLN 3396	KING Let’s follow, Gertrude.	
FTLN 3397	How much I had to do to calm his rage!	
FTLN 3398	Now fear I this will give it start again.	220
FTLN 3399	Therefore, let’s follow.	
		<i>They exit.</i>

「Scene 1」

Enter 「Gravedigger and Another」

FTLN 3400	「GRAVEDIGGER」	Is she to be buried in Christian burial,	
FTLN 3401		when she willfully seeks her own salvation?	
FTLN 3402	OTHER	I tell thee she is. Therefore make her grave	
FTLN 3403		straight. The crowner hath sat on her and finds it	
FTLN 3404		Christian burial.	5
FTLN 3405	「GRAVEDIGGER」	How can that be, unless she drowned	
FTLN 3406		herself in her own defense?	
FTLN 3407	OTHER	Why, 'tis found so.	
FTLN 3408	「GRAVEDIGGER」	It must be <i>〈se offendendo〉</i> it cannot be	
FTLN 3409		else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself	10
FTLN 3410		wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three	
FTLN 3411		branches—it is to act, to do, to perform. <i>〈Argal,〉</i> she	
FTLN 3412		drowned herself wittingly.	
FTLN 3413	OTHER	Nay, but hear you, goodman delver—	
FTLN 3414	「GRAVEDIGGER」	Give me leave. Here lies the water;	15
FTLN 3415		good. Here stands the man; good. If the man go to	
FTLN 3416		this water and drown himself, it is (will he, nill he)	
FTLN 3417		he goes; mark you that. But if the water come to him	
FTLN 3418		and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he	
FTLN 3419		that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his	20
FTLN 3420		own life.	
FTLN 3421	OTHER	But is this law?	
FTLN 3422	「GRAVEDIGGER」	Ay, marry, is 't—crowner's 'quest law.	

FTLN 3423 OTHER Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been
 FTLN 3424 a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' 25
 FTLN 3425 Christian burial.

FTLN 3426 「GRAVEDIGGER」 Why, there thou sayst. And the more
 FTLN 3427 pity that great folk should have count'nance in this
 FTLN 3428 world to drown or hang themselves more than
 FTLN 3429 their even-Christian. Come, my spade. There is no 30
 FTLN 3430 ancient gentlemen but gard'ners, ditchers, and
 FTLN 3431 grave-makers. They hold up Adam's profession.

FTLN 3432 OTHER Was he a gentleman?

FTLN 3433 「GRAVEDIGGER」 He was the first that ever bore arms.

FTLN 3434 〈OTHER Why, he had none. 35

FTLN 3435 「GRAVEDIGGER」 What, art a heathen? How dost thou
 FTLN 3436 understand the scripture? The scripture says Adam
 FTLN 3437 digged. Could he dig without arms?〉 I'll put another
 FTLN 3438 question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the
 FTLN 3439 purpose, confess thyself— 40

FTLN 3440 OTHER Go to!

FTLN 3441 「GRAVEDIGGER」 What is he that builds stronger than
 FTLN 3442 either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

FTLN 3443 OTHER The gallows-maker; for that 〈frame〉 outlives a
 FTLN 3444 thousand tenants. 45

FTLN 3445 「GRAVEDIGGER」 I like thy wit well, in good faith. The
 FTLN 3446 gallows does well. But how does it well? It does
 FTLN 3447 well to those that do ill. Now, thou dost ill to say the
 FTLN 3448 gallows is built stronger than the church. Argal, the
 FTLN 3449 gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come. 50

FTLN 3450 OTHER “Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright,
 FTLN 3451 or a carpenter?”

FTLN 3452 「GRAVEDIGGER」 Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

FTLN 3453 OTHER Marry, now I can tell.

FTLN 3454 「GRAVEDIGGER」 To 't. 55

FTLN 3455 OTHER Mass, I cannot tell.

〈Enter Hamlet and Horatio afar off.〉

FTLN 3456 「GRAVEDIGGER」 Cudgel thy brains no more about it,

FTLN 3457 for your dull ass will not mend his pace with
 FTLN 3458 beating. And, when you are asked this question
 FTLN 3459 next, say “a grave-maker.” The houses he makes 60
 FTLN 3460 lasts till doomsday. Go, get thee in, and fetch me a
 FTLN 3461 stoup of liquor.

*「The Other Man exits
 and the Gravedigger digs and sings.」*

FTLN 3462 *In youth when I did love, did love,*
 FTLN 3463 *Methought it was very sweet*
 FTLN 3464 *To contract—O—the time for—a—my behove, 65*
 FTLN 3465 *O, methought there—a—was nothing—a—meet.*

FTLN 3466 HAMLET Has this fellow no feeling of his business? He
 FTLN 3467 sings in grave-making.

FTLN 3468 HORATIO Custom hath made it in him a property of
 FTLN 3469 easiness. 70

FTLN 3470 HAMLET 'Tis e'en so. The hand of little employment
 FTLN 3471 hath the daintier sense.

「GRAVEDIGGER」 *〈sings〉*
 FTLN 3472 *But age with his stealing steps*
 FTLN 3473 *Hath clawed me in his clutch,*
 FTLN 3474 *And hath shipped me into the land, 75*
 FTLN 3475 *As if I had never been such.*

「He digs up a skull.」

FTLN 3476 HAMLET That skull had a tongue in it and could sing
 FTLN 3477 once. How the knave jowls it to the ground as if
 FTLN 3478 'twere Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder!
 FTLN 3479 This might be the pate of a politician which this ass 80
 FTLN 3480 now o'erreaches, one that would circumvent God,
 FTLN 3481 might it not?

FTLN 3482 HORATIO It might, my lord.

FTLN 3483 HAMLET Or of a courtier, which could say “Good
 FTLN 3484 morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?” 85
 FTLN 3485 This might be my Lord Such-a-one that praised my
 FTLN 3486 Lord Such-a-one's horse when he went to beg it,
 FTLN 3487 might it not?

FTLN 3488 HORATIO Ay, my lord.

FTLN 3489	HAMLET	Why, e'en so. And now my Lady Worm's,	90
FTLN 3490		chapless and knocked about the ⟨mazard⟩ with a	
FTLN 3491		sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had	
FTLN 3492		the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the	
FTLN 3493		breeding but to play at loggets with them? Mine	
FTLN 3494		ache to think on 't.	95
	「GRAVEDIGGER」	⟨sings⟩	
FTLN 3495		<i>A pickax and a spade, a spade,</i>	
FTLN 3496		<i>For and a shrouding sheet,</i>	
FTLN 3497		<i>O, a pit of clay for to be made</i>	
FTLN 3498		<i>For such a guest is meet.</i>	
		<i>「He digs up more skulls.」</i>	
FTLN 3499	HAMLET	There's another. Why may not that be the	100
FTLN 3500		skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his	
FTLN 3501		quillities, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why	
FTLN 3502		does he suffer this mad knave now to knock him	
FTLN 3503		about the sconce with a dirty shovel and will not tell	
FTLN 3504		him of his action of battery? Hum, this fellow might	105
FTLN 3505		be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes,	
FTLN 3506		his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers,	
FTLN 3507		his recoveries. ⟨Is this the fine of his fines and the	
FTLN 3508		recovery of his recoveries,⟩ to have his fine pate full	
FTLN 3509		of fine dirt? Will ⟨his⟩ vouchers vouch him no more	110
FTLN 3510		of his purchases, and ⟨double ones too,⟩ than the	
FTLN 3511		length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very	
FTLN 3512		conveyances of his lands will scarcely lie in this box,	
FTLN 3513		and must th' inheritor himself have no more, ha?	
FTLN 3514	HORATIO	Not a jot more, my lord.	115
FTLN 3515	HAMLET	Is not parchment made of sheepskins?	
FTLN 3516	HORATIO	Ay, my lord, and of calves' skins too.	
FTLN 3517	HAMLET	They are sheep and calves which seek out	
FTLN 3518		assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—	
FTLN 3519		Whose grave's this, sirrah?	120
FTLN 3520	「GRAVEDIGGER」	Mine, sir.	
FTLN 3521	「Sings.」	⟨O,⟩ <i>a pit of clay for to be made</i>	
FTLN 3522		<i>⟨For such a guest is meet.⟩</i>	

FTLN 3523 HAMLET I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in 't.
 FTLN 3524 「GRAVEDIGGER」 You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore 'tis 125
 FTLN 3525 not yours. For my part, I do not lie in 't, yet it is
 FTLN 3526 mine.
 FTLN 3527 HAMLET Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine.
 FTLN 3528 'Tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou
 FTLN 3529 liest. 130
 FTLN 3530 「GRAVEDIGGER」 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again
 FTLN 3531 from me to you.
 FTLN 3532 HAMLET What man dost thou dig it for?
 FTLN 3533 「GRAVEDIGGER」 For no man, sir.
 FTLN 3534 HAMLET What woman then? 135
 FTLN 3535 「GRAVEDIGGER」 For none, neither.
 FTLN 3536 HAMLET Who is to be buried in 't?
 FTLN 3537 「GRAVEDIGGER」 One that was a woman, sir, but, rest
 FTLN 3538 her soul, she's dead.
 FTLN 3539 HAMLET How absolute the knave is! We must speak by 140
 FTLN 3540 the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the
 FTLN 3541 Lord, Horatio, this three years I have took note of
 FTLN 3542 it: the age is grown so picked that the toe of the
 FTLN 3543 peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he
 FTLN 3544 galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been 145
 FTLN 3545 grave-maker?
 FTLN 3546 「GRAVEDIGGER」 Of ⟨all⟩ the days i' th' year, I came to 't
 FTLN 3547 that day that our last King Hamlet overcame
 FTLN 3548 Fortinbras.
 FTLN 3549 HAMLET How long is that since? 150
 FTLN 3550 「GRAVEDIGGER」 Cannot you tell that? Every fool can
 FTLN 3551 tell that. It was that very day that young Hamlet
 FTLN 3552 was born—he that is mad, and sent into England.
 FTLN 3553 HAMLET Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?
 FTLN 3554 「GRAVEDIGGER」 Why, because he was mad. He shall 155
 FTLN 3555 recover his wits there. Or if he do not, 'tis no great
 FTLN 3556 matter there.
 FTLN 3557 HAMLET Why?
 FTLN 3558 「GRAVEDIGGER」 'Twill not be seen in him there. There
 FTLN 3559 the men are as mad as he. 160

FTLN 3560 HAMLET How came he mad?

FTLN 3561 「GRAVEDIGGER」 Very strangely, they say.

FTLN 3562 HAMLET How “strangely”?

FTLN 3563 「GRAVEDIGGER」 Faith, e’en with losing his wits.

FTLN 3564 HAMLET Upon what ground? 165

FTLN 3565 「GRAVEDIGGER」 Why, here in Denmark. I have been

FTLN 3566 sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

FTLN 3567 HAMLET How long will a man lie i’ th’ earth ere he rot?

FTLN 3568 「GRAVEDIGGER」 Faith, if he be not rotten before he die

FTLN 3569 (as we have many pocky corsers 〈nowadays〉 that will 170

FTLN 3570 scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some

FTLN 3571 eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine

FTLN 3572 year.

FTLN 3573 HAMLET Why he more than another?

FTLN 3574 「GRAVEDIGGER」 Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his 175

FTLN 3575 trade that he will keep out water a great while; and

FTLN 3576 your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead

FTLN 3577 body. Here’s a skull now hath lien you i’ th’ earth

FTLN 3578 three-and-twenty years.

FTLN 3579 HAMLET Whose was it? 180

FTLN 3580 「GRAVEDIGGER」 A whoreson mad fellow’s it was.

FTLN 3581 Whose do you think it was?

FTLN 3582 HAMLET Nay, I know not.

FTLN 3583 「GRAVEDIGGER」 A pestilence on him for a mad rogue!

FTLN 3584 He poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. 185

FTLN 3585 This same skull, sir, was, sir, Yorick’s skull, the

FTLN 3586 King’s jester.

FTLN 3587 HAMLET This?

FTLN 3588 「GRAVEDIGGER」 E’en that.

FTLN 3589 HAMLET, 「*taking the skull*」 〈Let me see.〉 Alas, poor 190

FTLN 3590 Yorick! I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite

FTLN 3591 jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath bore me on his

FTLN 3592 back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in

FTLN 3593 my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung

FTLN 3594 those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. 195

FTLN 3595 Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your

FTLN 3596 songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to
 FTLN 3597 set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your
 FTLN 3598 own grinning? Quite chapfallen? Now get you to my
 FTLN 3599 lady's (chamber,) and tell her, let her paint an inch 200
 FTLN 3600 thick, to this favor she must come. Make her laugh
 FTLN 3601 at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.
 FTLN 3602 HORATIO What's that, my lord?
 FTLN 3603 HAMLET Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this
 FTLN 3604 fashion i' th' earth? 205
 FTLN 3605 HORATIO E'en so.
 FTLN 3606 HAMLET And smelt so? Pah! *「He puts the skull down.」*
 FTLN 3607 HORATIO E'en so, my lord.
 FTLN 3608 HAMLET To what base uses we may return, Horatio!
 FTLN 3609 Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of 210
 FTLN 3610 Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?
 FTLN 3611 HORATIO 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider
 FTLN 3612 so.
 FTLN 3613 HAMLET No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither,
 FTLN 3614 with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it, (as 215
 FTLN 3615 thus:) Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander
 FTLN 3616 returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth
 FTLN 3617 we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he
 FTLN 3618 was converted might they not stop a beer barrel?
 FTLN 3619 Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, 220
 FTLN 3620 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.
 FTLN 3621 O, that that earth which kept the world in awe
 FTLN 3622 Should patch a wall t' expel the (winter's) flaw!

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, (Lords attendant,) and the
 corpse 「of Ophelia, with a Doctor of Divinity.」*

FTLN 3623 But soft, but soft awhile! Here comes the King,
 FTLN 3624 The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow? 225
 FTLN 3625 And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken
 FTLN 3626 The corse they follow did with desp'rate hand
 FTLN 3627 For do its own life. 'Twas of some estate.
 FTLN 3628 Couch we awhile and mark. *「They step aside.」*

FTLN 3629	LAERTES	What ceremony else?	230
FTLN 3630	HAMLET	That is Laertes, a very noble youth. Mark.	
FTLN 3631	LAERTES	What ceremony else?	
	DOCTOR		
FTLN 3632		Her obsequies have been as far enlarged	
FTLN 3633		As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful,	
FTLN 3634		And, but that great command o'ersways the order,	235
FTLN 3635		She should in ground unsanctified been lodged	
FTLN 3636		Till the last trumpet. For charitable prayers	
FTLN 3637		⟨Shards,⟩ flints, and pebbles should be thrown on	
FTLN 3638		her.	
FTLN 3639		Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,	240
FTLN 3640		Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home	
FTLN 3641		Of bell and burial.	
	LAERTES		
FTLN 3642		Must there no more be done?	
FTLN 3643	DOCTOR	No more be done.	
FTLN 3644		We should profane the service of the dead	245
FTLN 3645		To sing a requiem and such rest to her	
FTLN 3646		As to peace-parted souls.	
FTLN 3647	LAERTES	Lay her i' th' earth,	
FTLN 3648		And from her fair and unpolluted flesh	
FTLN 3649		May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,	250
FTLN 3650		A minist'ring angel shall my sister be	
FTLN 3651		When thou liest howling.	
FTLN 3652	HAMLET, ¹ <i>to Horatio</i>	What, the fair Ophelia?	
FTLN 3653	QUEEN	Sweets to the sweet, farewell!	
		¹ <i>She scatters flowers.</i>	
FTLN 3654		I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;	255
FTLN 3655		I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,	
FTLN 3656		And not have strewed thy grave.	
FTLN 3657	LAERTES	O, treble woe	
FTLN 3658		Fall ten times ⟨treble⟩ on that cursèd head	
FTLN 3659		Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense	260
FTLN 3660		Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,	
FTLN 3661		Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.	
		<i>⟨Leaps in the grave.⟩</i>	

FTLN 3692 Woo't drink up eisel, eat a crocodile?

FTLN 3693 I'll do 't. Dost <thou> come here to whine?
 FTLN 3694 To outface me with leaping in her grave? 295
 FTLN 3695 Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
 FTLN 3696 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
 FTLN 3697 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
 FTLN 3698 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
 FTLN 3699 Make Ossa like a wart. Nay, an thou 'lt mouth, 300
 FTLN 3700 I'll rant as well as thou.

FTLN 3701 QUEEN This is mere madness;
 FTLN 3702 And <thus> awhile the fit will work on him.
 FTLN 3703 Anon, as patient as the female dove
 FTLN 3704 When that her golden couplets are disclosed, 305
 FTLN 3705 His silence will sit drooping.

FTLN 3706 HAMLET Hear you, sir,
 FTLN 3707 What is the reason that you use me thus?
 FTLN 3708 I loved you ever. But it is no matter.
 FTLN 3709 Let Hercules himself do what he may, 310
 FTLN 3710 The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

Hamlet exits.

KING
 FTLN 3711 I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

Horatio exits.

FTLN 3712 「To Laertes.」 Strengthen your patience in our last
 FTLN 3713 night's speech.
 FTLN 3714 We'll put the matter to the present push.— 315
 FTLN 3715 Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—
 FTLN 3716 This grave shall have a living monument.
 FTLN 3717 An hour of quiet thereby shall we see.
 FTLN 3718 Till then in patience our proceeding be.

They exit.

FTLN 3749 But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

FTLN 3750 HORATIO I beseech you.

HAMLET

FTLN 3751 Being thus benetted round with 「villainies,」

FTLN 3752 Or I could make a prologue to my brains,

FTLN 3753 They had begun the play. I sat me down, 35

FTLN 3754 Devised a new commission, wrote it fair—

FTLN 3755 I once did hold it, as our statists do,

FTLN 3756 A baseness to write fair, and labored much

FTLN 3757 How to forget that learning; but, sir, now

FTLN 3758 It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know 40

FTLN 3759 Th' effect of what I wrote?

FTLN 3760 HORATIO Ay, good my lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 3761 An earnest conjuration from the King,

FTLN 3762 As England was his faithful tributary,

FTLN 3763 As love between them like the palm might flourish, 45

FTLN 3764 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear

FTLN 3765 And stand a comma 'tween their amities,

FTLN 3766 And many suchlike 「ases」 of great charge,

FTLN 3767 That, on the view and knowing of these contents,

FTLN 3768 Without debatement further, more or less, 50

FTLN 3769 He should those bearers put to sudden death,

FTLN 3770 Not shriving time allowed.

FTLN 3771 HORATIO How was this sealed?

HAMLET

FTLN 3772 Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.

FTLN 3773 I had my father's signet in my purse, 55

FTLN 3774 Which was the model of that Danish seal;

FTLN 3775 Folded the writ up in the form of th' other,

FTLN 3776 〈Subscribed〉 it, gave 't th' impression, placed it

FTLN 3777 safely,

FTLN 3778 The changeling never known. Now, the next day 60

FTLN 3779 Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent

FTLN 3780 Thou knowest already.

HORATIO

FTLN 3781 So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

 HAMLET

FTLN 3782 ⟨Why, man, they did make love to this employment.⟩
 FTLN 3783 They are not near my conscience. Their defeat 65
 FTLN 3784 Does by their own insinuation grow.
 FTLN 3785 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
 FTLN 3786 Between the pass and fell incensèd points
 FTLN 3787 Of mighty opposites.
 FTLN 3788 HORATIO Why, what a king is this! 70

HAMLET

FTLN 3789 Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon—
 FTLN 3790 He that hath killed my king and whored my mother,
 FTLN 3791 Popped in between th' election and my hopes,
 FTLN 3792 Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
 FTLN 3793 And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect 75
 FTLN 3794 conscience
 FTLN 3795 ⟨To quit him with this arm? And is 't not to be
 FTLN 3796 damned
 FTLN 3797 To let this canker of our nature come
 FTLN 3798 In further evil? 80

HORATIO

FTLN 3799 It must be shortly known to him from England
 FTLN 3800 What is the issue of the business there.

HAMLET

FTLN 3801 It will be short. The interim's mine,
 FTLN 3802 And a man's life's no more than to say "one."
 FTLN 3803 But I am very sorry, good Horatio, 85
 FTLN 3804 That to Laertes I forgot myself,
 FTLN 3805 For by the image of my cause I see
 FTLN 3806 The portraiture of his. I'll 「court」 his favors.
 FTLN 3807 But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
 FTLN 3808 Into a tow'ring passion. 90
 FTLN 3809 HORATIO Peace, who comes here?⟩

Enter ⟨Osric,⟩ a courtier.

FTLN 3810 OSRIC Your Lordship is right welcome back to
 FTLN 3811 Denmark.

FTLN 3812	HAMLET	I ⟨humbly⟩ thank you, sir. <i>「Aside to Horatio.」</i>	
FTLN 3813		Dost know this waterfly?	95
FTLN 3814	HORATIO, <i>「aside to Hamlet」</i>	No, my good lord.	
FTLN 3815	HAMLET, <i>「aside to Horatio」</i>	Thy state is the more gracious,	
FTLN 3816		for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much	
FTLN 3817		land, and fertile. Let a beast be lord of beasts and his	
FTLN 3818		crib shall stand at the king's mess. 'Tis a chough,	100
FTLN 3819		but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.	
FTLN 3820	OSRIC	Sweet lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I	
FTLN 3821		should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.	
FTLN 3822	HAMLET	I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of	
FTLN 3823		spirit. ⟨Put⟩ your bonnet to his right use: 'tis for the	105
FTLN 3824		head.	
FTLN 3825	OSRIC	I thank your Lordship; it is very hot.	
FTLN 3826	HAMLET	No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is	
FTLN 3827		northerly.	
FTLN 3828	OSRIC	It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.	110
FTLN 3829	HAMLET	But yet methinks it is very ⟨sultry⟩ and hot ⟨for⟩	
FTLN 3830		my complexion.	
FTLN 3831	OSRIC	Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as	
FTLN 3832		'twere—I cannot tell how. My lord, his Majesty	
FTLN 3833		bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager	115
FTLN 3834		on your head. Sir, this is the matter—	
FTLN 3835	HAMLET	I beseech you, remember. <i>「He motions to Osric to put on his hat.」</i>	
FTLN 3836	OSRIC	Nay, good my lord, for my ease, in good faith.	
FTLN 3837		[Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes—believe	
FTLN 3838		me, an absolute <i>「gentleman,」</i> full of most excellent	120
FTLN 3839		differences, of very soft society and great showing.	
FTLN 3840		Indeed, to speak <i>「feelingly」</i> of him, he is the card or	
FTLN 3841		calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the	
FTLN 3842		continent of what part a gentleman would see.	
FTLN 3843	HAMLET	Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in	125
FTLN 3844		you, though I know to divide him inventorially	
FTLN 3845		would dozy th' arithmetic of memory, and yet but	
FTLN 3846		yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the	

FTLN 3847 verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great
 FTLN 3848 article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness 130
 FTLN 3849 as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his
 FTLN 3850 mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage,
 FTLN 3851 nothing more.

FTLN 3852 OSRIC Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

FTLN 3853 HAMLET The concernancy, sir? Why do we wrap the 135
 FTLN 3854 gentleman in our more rawer breath?

FTLN 3855 OSRIC Sir?

FTLN 3856 HORATIO Is 't not possible to understand in another
 FTLN 3857 tongue? You will to 't, sir, really.

FTLN 3858 HAMLET, *['to Osric']* What imports the nomination of 140
 FTLN 3859 this gentleman?

FTLN 3860 OSRIC Of Laertes?

FTLN 3861 HORATIO His purse is empty already; all 's golden words
 FTLN 3862 are spent.

FTLN 3863 HAMLET Of him, sir. 145

FTLN 3864 OSRIC I know you are not ignorant—

FTLN 3865 HAMLET I would you did, sir. Yet, in faith, if you did, it
 FTLN 3866 would not much approve me. Well, sir?]

FTLN 3867 OSRIC You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes
 FTLN 3868 is— 150

FTLN 3869 [HAMLET I dare not confess that, lest I should compare
 FTLN 3870 with him in excellence. But to know a man well
 FTLN 3871 were to know himself.

FTLN 3872 OSRIC I mean, sir, for *['his']* weapon. But in the imputation
 FTLN 3873 laid on him by them, in his meed he's 155
 FTLN 3874 unfellowed.]

FTLN 3875 HAMLET What's his weapon?

FTLN 3876 OSRIC Rapier and dagger.

FTLN 3877 HAMLET That's two of his weapons. But, well—

FTLN 3878 OSRIC The King, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary 160
 FTLN 3879 horses, against the which he has impawned, as I
 FTLN 3880 take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their
 FTLN 3881 assigns, as girdle, *(hangers,)* and so. Three of the
 FTLN 3882 carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very

FTLN 3883	responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and	165
FTLN 3884	of very liberal conceit.	
FTLN 3885	HAMLET What call you the “carriages”?	
FTLN 3886	[HORATIO I knew you must be edified by the margent	
FTLN 3887	ere you had done.]	
FTLN 3888	OSRIC The ⟨carriages,⟩ sir, are the hangers.	170
FTLN 3889	HAMLET The phrase would be more germane to the	
FTLN 3890	matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides. I	
FTLN 3891	would it ⟨might⟩ be “hangers” till then. But on. Six	
FTLN 3892	Barbary horses against six French swords, their	
FTLN 3893	assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages—	175
FTLN 3894	that’s the French bet against the Danish. Why is this	
FTLN 3895	all ‹“impawned,”› ‹as⟩ you call it?	
FTLN 3896	OSRIC The King, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen	
FTLN 3897	passes between yourself and him, he shall not	
FTLN 3898	exceed you three hits. He hath laid on twelve for	180
FTLN 3899	nine, and it would come to immediate trial if your	
FTLN 3900	Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.	
FTLN 3901	HAMLET How if I answer no?	
FTLN 3902	OSRIC I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person	
FTLN 3903	in trial.	185
FTLN 3904	HAMLET Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his	
FTLN 3905	Majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me. Let	
FTLN 3906	the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the	
FTLN 3907	King hold his purpose, I will win for him, an I can.	
FTLN 3908	If not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd	190
FTLN 3909	hits.	
FTLN 3910	OSRIC Shall I deliver you ⟨e’en⟩ so?	
FTLN 3911	HAMLET To this effect, sir, after what flourish your	
FTLN 3912	nature will.	
FTLN 3913	OSRIC I commend my duty to your Lordship.	195
FTLN 3914	HAMLET Yours. ‹ <i>Osric exits.</i> › ‹He⟩ does well to commend	
FTLN 3915	it himself. There are no tongues else for ’s	
FTLN 3916	turn.	
FTLN 3917	HORATIO This lapwing runs away with the shell on his	
FTLN 3918	head.	200

FTLN 3919 HAMLET He did <comply,> sir, with his dug before he
 FTLN 3920 sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same
 FTLN 3921 breed that I know the drossy age dotes on) only got
 FTLN 3922 the tune of the time, and, out of an habit of
 FTLN 3923 encounter, a kind of <yeasty> collection, which carries 205
 FTLN 3924 them through and through the most 「fanned」
 FTLN 3925 and <winnowed> opinions; and do but blow them to
 FTLN 3926 their trial, the bubbles are out.

[Enter a Lord.]

FTLN 3927 LORD My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by
 FTLN 3928 young Osric, who brings back to him that you 210
 FTLN 3929 attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your
 FTLN 3930 pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will
 FTLN 3931 take longer time.

FTLN 3932 HAMLET I am constant to my purposes. They follow
 FTLN 3933 the King's pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is 215
 FTLN 3934 ready now or whensoever, provided I be so able as
 FTLN 3935 now.

FTLN 3936 LORD The King and Queen and all are coming down.

FTLN 3937 HAMLET In happy time.

FTLN 3938 LORD The Queen desires you to use some gentle 220
 FTLN 3939 entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

FTLN 3940 HAMLET She well instructs me. 「*Lord exits.*」]

FTLN 3941 HORATIO You will lose, my lord.

FTLN 3942 HAMLET I do not think so. Since he went into France, I
 FTLN 3943 have been in continual practice. I shall win at the 225
 FTLN 3944 odds; <but> thou wouldst not think how ill all's here
 FTLN 3945 about my heart. But it is no matter.

FTLN 3946 HORATIO Nay, good my lord—

FTLN 3947 HAMLET It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of
 FTLN 3948 <gaingiving> as would perhaps trouble a woman. 230

FTLN 3949 HORATIO If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will
 FTLN 3950 forestall their repair hither and say you are not fit.

FTLN 3951 HAMLET Not a whit. We defy augury. There is <a>
 FTLN 3952 special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be
 FTLN 3953 <now,> 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be 235

FTLN 3954 now; if it be not now, yet it <will> come. The
 FTLN 3955 readiness is all. Since no man of aught he leaves
 FTLN 3956 knows, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be.

*A table prepared. <Enter> Trumpets, Drums, and Officers
 with cushions, King, Queen, 「Osric,」 and all the state,
 foils, daggers, <flagons of wine,> and Laertes.*

KING

FTLN 3957 Come, Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.
「He puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.」

HAMLET, 「to Laertes」

FTLN 3958 Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong; 240
 FTLN 3959 But pardon 't as you are a gentleman. This presence
 FTLN 3960 knows,

FTLN 3961 And you must needs have heard, how I am punished
 FTLN 3962 With a sore distraction. What I have done
 FTLN 3963 That might your nature, honor, and exception 245
 FTLN 3964 Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
 FTLN 3965 Was 't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet.

FTLN 3966 If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
 FTLN 3967 And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
 FTLN 3968 Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it. 250

FTLN 3969 Who does it, then? His madness. If 't be so,
 FTLN 3970 Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;
 FTLN 3971 His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

FTLN 3972 <Sir, in this audience>
 FTLN 3973 Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil 255
 FTLN 3974 Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
 FTLN 3975 That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
 FTLN 3976 And hurt my brother.

FTLN 3977 LAERTES I am satisfied in nature,
 FTLN 3978 Whose motive in this case should stir me most 260
 FTLN 3979 To my revenge; but in my terms of honor

FTLN 3980 I stand aloof and will no reconciliation
 FTLN 3981 Till by some elder masters of known honor
 FTLN 3982 I have a voice and precedent of peace
 FTLN 3983 To <keep> my name ungored. But <till> that time 265

FTLN 3984 I do receive your offered love like love
 FTLN 3985 And will not wrong it.

FTLN 3986 HAMLET I embrace it freely
 FTLN 3987 And will this brothers' wager frankly play.—
 FTLN 3988 Give us the foils. *⟨Come on.⟩* 270

FTLN 3989 LAERTES Come, one for me.
 FTLN 3990 HAMLET
 FTLN 3991 I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
 FTLN 3992 Your skill shall, like a star i' th' darkest night,
 FTLN 3993 Stick fiery off indeed.

FTLN 3994 LAERTES You mock me, sir. 275
 FTLN 3995 HAMLET No, by this hand.
 FTLN 3996 KING
 FTLN 3997 Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
 FTLN 3998 You know the wager?

FTLN 3999 HAMLET Very well, my lord.
 FTLN 4000 Your Grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side. 280
 FTLN 4001 KING
 FTLN 4002 I do not fear it; I have seen you both.
 FTLN 4003 But, since he is better, we have therefore odds.

FTLN 4004 LAERTES
 FTLN 4005 This is too heavy. Let me see another.
 FTLN 4006 HAMLET
 FTLN 4007 This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
 FTLN 4008 OSRIC Ay, my good lord. 285
 FTLN 4009 *⟨Prepare to play.⟩*
 FTLN 4010 KING
 FTLN 4011 Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.—
 FTLN 4012 If Hamlet give the first or second hit
 FTLN 4013 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
 FTLN 4014 Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.
 FTLN 4015 The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath, 290
 FTLN 4016 And in the cup an *⟨union⟩* shall he throw,
 FTLN 4017 Richer than that which four successive kings
 FTLN 4018 In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,

FTLN 4012	And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,	
FTLN 4013	The trumpet to the cannoneer without,	295
FTLN 4014	The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,	
FTLN 4015	“Now the King drinks to Hamlet.” Come, begin.	
FTLN 4016	And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.	
	<i>Trumpets the while.</i>	
FTLN 4017	HAMLET Come on, sir.	
FTLN 4018	LAERTES Come, my lord.	300
	<i>⟨They play.⟩</i>	
FTLN 4019	HAMLET One.	
FTLN 4020	LAERTES No.	
FTLN 4021	HAMLET Judgment!	
FTLN 4022	OSRIC A hit, a very palpable hit.	
FTLN 4023	LAERTES Well, again.	305
	KING	
FTLN 4024	Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine.	
FTLN 4025	Here’s to thy health.	
	<i>「He drinks and then drops the pearl in the cup.」</i>	
	<i>Drum, trumpets, and shot.</i>	
FTLN 4026	Give him the cup.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 4027	I’ll play this bout first. Set it by awhile.	
FTLN 4028	Come. <i>「They play.」</i> Another hit. What say you?	310
	LAERTES	
FTLN 4029	<i>⟨A touch, a touch.⟩</i> I do confess ’t.	
	KING	
FTLN 4030	Our son shall win.	
FTLN 4031	QUEEN He’s fat and scant of breath.—	
FTLN 4032	Here, Hamlet, take my napkin; rub thy brows.	
FTLN 4033	The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.	315
	<i>「She lifts the cup.」</i>	
FTLN 4034	HAMLET Good madam.	
FTLN 4035	KING Gertrude, do not drink.	
	QUEEN	
FTLN 4036	I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.	<i>「She drinks.」</i>
	KING, <i>「aside」</i>	
FTLN 4037	It is the poisoned cup. It is too late.	

HAMLET

FTLN 4038 I dare not drink yet, madam—by and by. 320

FTLN 4039 QUEEN Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES, 「*to Claudius*」

FTLN 4040 My lord, I'll hit him now.

FTLN 4041 KING I do not think 't.

LAERTES, 「*aside*」

FTLN 4042 And yet it is almost against my conscience.

HAMLET

FTLN 4043 Come, for the third, Laertes. You do but dally. 325

FTLN 4044 I pray you pass with your best violence.

FTLN 4045 I am ‹afeard› you make a wanton of me.

FTLN 4046 LAERTES Say you so? Come on. ‹*Play.*›

FTLN 4047 OSRIC Nothing neither way.

FTLN 4048 LAERTES Have at you now! 330

「*Laertes wounds Hamlet. Then ‹in scuffling they change rapiers,› and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*」

FTLN 4049 KING Part them. They are incensed.

FTLN 4050 HAMLET Nay, come again.

「*The Queen falls.*」

FTLN 4051 OSRIC Look to the Queen there, ho!

HORATIO

FTLN 4052 They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

FTLN 4053 OSRIC How is 't, Laertes? 335

LAERTES

FTLN 4054 Why as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrice. 「*He falls.*」

FTLN 4055 I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

HAMLET

FTLN 4056 How does the Queen?

FTLN 4057 KING She swoons to see them bleed.

QUEEN

FTLN 4058 No, no, the drink, the drink! O, my dear Hamlet! 340

FTLN 4059 The drink, the drink! I am poisoned. 「*She dies.*」

HAMLET

FTLN 4060 O villainy! Ho! Let the door be locked. 「*Osrice exits.*」

FTLN 4061 Treachery! Seek it out.

LAERTES

FTLN 4062 It is here, Hamlet. *⟨Hamlet,⟩* thou art slain.
 FTLN 4063 No med'cine in the world can do thee good. 345
 FTLN 4064 In thee there is not half an hour's life.
 FTLN 4065 The treacherous instrument is in *⟨thy⟩* hand,
 FTLN 4066 Unbated and envenomed. The foul practice
 FTLN 4067 Hath turned itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
 FTLN 4068 Never to rise again. Thy mother's poisoned. 350
 FTLN 4069 I can no more. The King, the King's to blame.

HAMLET

FTLN 4070 The point envenomed too! Then, venom, to thy
 FTLN 4071 work. *⟨Hurts the King.⟩*

FTLN 4072 ALL Treason, treason!

KING

FTLN 4073 O, yet defend me, friends! I am but hurt. 355

HAMLET

FTLN 4074 Here, thou incestuous, *⟨murd'rous,⟩* damnèd Dane,
 FTLN 4075 Drink off this potion. Is *⟨thy union⟩* here?
「Forcing him to drink the poison.」
 FTLN 4076 Follow my mother. *⟨King dies.⟩*

FTLN 4077 LAERTES He is justly served.

FTLN 4078 It is a poison tempered by himself. 360
 FTLN 4079 Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.
 FTLN 4080 Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
 FTLN 4081 Nor thine on me. *⟨Dies.⟩*

HAMLET

FTLN 4082 Heaven make thee free of it. I follow thee.—
 FTLN 4083 I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu.— 365
 FTLN 4084 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
 FTLN 4085 That are but mutes or audience to this act,
 FTLN 4086 Had I but time (as this fell sergeant, Death,
 FTLN 4087 Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you—
 FTLN 4088 But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead. 370
 FTLN 4089 Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
 FTLN 4090 To the unsatisfied.

FTLN 4091 HORATIO Never believe it.

FTLN 4092 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
 FTLN 4093 Here's yet some liquor left. *「He picks up the cup.」* 375
 FTLN 4094 HAMLET As thou 'rt a man,
 FTLN 4095 Give me the cup. Let go! By heaven, I'll ha 't.
 FTLN 4096 O God, Horatio, what a wounded name,
 FTLN 4097 Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind
 FTLN 4098 me! 380
 FTLN 4099 If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
 FTLN 4100 Absent thee from felicity awhile
 FTLN 4101 And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
 FTLN 4102 To tell my story.
A march afar off (and 「shot」 within.)
 FTLN 4103 What warlike noise is this? 385

Enter Osric.

OSRIC
 FTLN 4104 Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
 FTLN 4105 To th' ambassadors of England gives
 FTLN 4106 This warlike volley.
 FTLN 4107 HAMLET O, I die, Horatio!
 FTLN 4108 The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit. 390
 FTLN 4109 I cannot live to hear the news from England.
 FTLN 4110 But I do prophesy th' election lights
 FTLN 4111 On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice.
 FTLN 4112 So tell him, with th' occurrents, more and less,
 FTLN 4113 Which have solicited—the rest is silence. 395
 FTLN 4114 *〈O, O, O, O!〉* *〈Dies.〉*

HORATIO
 FTLN 4115 Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
 FTLN 4116 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.
「March within.」
 FTLN 4117 Why does the drum come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras with the 「English」 Ambassadors (with
 Drum, Colors, and Attendants.)*

FTLN 4118 FORTINBRAS Where is this sight? 400

FTLN 4119 HORATIO What is it you would see?
 FTLN 4120 If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

FTLN 4121 FORTINBRAS
 FTLN 4122 This quarry cries on havoc. O proud Death,
 FTLN 4123 What feast is toward in thine eternal cell
 FTLN 4124 That thou so many princes at a shot 405
 FTLN 4125 So bloodily hast struck?

FTLN 4126 AMBASSADOR The sight is dismal,
 FTLN 4127 And our affairs from England come too late.
 FTLN 4128 The ears are senseless that should give us hearing
 FTLN 4129 To tell him his commandment is fulfilled, 410
 FTLN 4130 That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
 FTLN 4131 Where should we have our thanks?

FTLN 4131 HORATIO Not from his
 FTLN 4132 mouth,
 FTLN 4133 Had it th' ability of life to thank you. 415
 FTLN 4134 He never gave commandment for their death.
 FTLN 4135 But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
 FTLN 4136 You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
 FTLN 4137 Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
 FTLN 4138 High on a stage be placed to the view, 420
 FTLN 4139 And let me speak to <th'> yet unknowing world
 FTLN 4140 How these things came about. So shall you hear
 FTLN 4141 Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
 FTLN 4142 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
 FTLN 4143 Of deaths put on by cunning and <forced> cause, 425
 FTLN 4144 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
 FTLN 4145 Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
 FTLN 4146 Truly deliver.

FTLN 4147 FORTINBRAS Let us haste to hear it
 FTLN 4148 And call the noblest to the audience. 430
 FTLN 4149 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune.
 FTLN 4150 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
 FTLN 4151 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

FTLN 4152 HORATIO
 Of that I shall have also cause to speak,

FTLN 4153 And from his mouth whose voice will draw ⟨on⟩ 435
FTLN 4154 more.
FTLN 4155 But let this same be presently performed
FTLN 4156 Even while men's minds are wild, lest more
FTLN 4157 mischance
FTLN 4158 On plots and errors happen. 440
FTLN 4159 FORTINBRAS Let four captains
FTLN 4160 Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,
FTLN 4161 For he was likely, had he been put on,
FTLN 4162 To have proved most royal; and for his passage,
FTLN 4163 The soldier's music and the rite of war 445
FTLN 4164 Speak loudly for him.
FTLN 4165 Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this
FTLN 4166 Becomes the field but here shows much amiss.
FTLN 4167 Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

*They exit, ⟨marching, after the which, a peal of
ordnance are shot off.⟩*
