

The Tragedy of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark
By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

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From the Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library

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

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

The New Folger Editions of Shakespeare's plays, which are the basis for the texts realized here in digital form, are special because of their

origin. The Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, DC, is the single greatest documentary source of Shakespeare's works. An unparalleled collection of early modern books, manuscripts, and artwork connected to Shakespeare, the Folger's holdings have been consulted extensively in the preparation of these texts. The Editions also reflect the expertise gained through the regular performance of Shakespeare's works in the Folger's Elizabethan Theatre.

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

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

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

Other editorial decisions involve choices about whether an unfamiliar

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

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Shakespeare texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in chains of magic were not bound,]"), half-square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: "With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,"), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: "O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?"). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

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

Synopsis

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

A spirit who claims to be the ghost of Hamlet's father describes his

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

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

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

Characters in the Play

THE GHOST

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

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

KING CLAUDIUS, brother to the late King Hamlet

OPHELIA

LAERTES, her brother

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

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius

HORATIO, Hamlet's friend and confidant

VOLTEMAND

CORNELIUS

ROSENCRANTZ

GUILDENSTERN

OSRIC

Gentlemen

A Lord

} *courtiers at the Danish court*

FRANCISCO

BARNARDO

MARCELLUS

} *Danish soldiers*

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway
A Captain in Fortinbras's army

Ambassadors to Denmark from England

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

Two Messengers

Sailors

Gravedigger

Gravedigger's companion

Doctor of Divinity

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

⟨ACT 1⟩

⟨Scene 1⟩

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two sentinels.

BARNARDO

Who's there?

FRANCISCO

Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BARNARDO

Long live the King!

FRANCISCO

Barnardo.

BARNARDO

He.

FRANCISCO

You come most carefully upon your hour.

BARNARDO

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

FRANCISCO

For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

BARNARDO

FTLN 0010 Have you had quiet guard? 10
FRANCISCO
FTLN 0011 Not a mouse stirring.
BARNARDO
FTLN 0012 Well, good night.
FTLN 0013 If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
FTLN 0014 The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

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

7

9

Hamlet

ACT 1. SC. 1

MARCELLUS
FTLN 0017 And liegemen to the Dane.
FRANCISCO
FTLN 0018 Give you good night.
MARCELLUS
FTLN 0019 O farewell, honest (soldier.) Who hath relieved
FTLN 0020 you? 20
FRANCISCO
FTLN 0021 Barnardo hath my place. Give you good night.
Francisco exits.
MARCELLUS
FTLN 0022 Holla, Barnardo.
BARNARDO
FTLN 0023 Say, what, is Horatio there?
HORATIO
FTLN 0024 A piece of him.
BARNARDO
FTLN 0025 Welcome, Horatio.—Welcome, good Marcellus. 25
HORATIO
FTLN 0026 What, has this thing appeared again tonight?
BARNARDO
FTLN 0027 I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0028 Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy
FTLN 0029 And will not let belief take hold of him
FTLN 0030 Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us. 30
FTLN 0031 Therefore I have entreated him along
FTLN 0032 With us to watch the minutes of this night,
FTLN 0033 That, if again this apparition come,
FTLN 0034 He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

HORATIO

FTLN 0035 Tush, tush, 'twill not appear. 35

BARNARDO

FTLN 0036 Sit down awhile,
FTLN 0037 And let us once again assail your ears,
FTLN 0038 That are so fortified against our story,
FTLN 0039 What we have two nights seen.

HORATIO

FTLN 0040 Well, sit we down, 40
FTLN 0041 And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

BARNARDO

FTLN 0042 Last night of all,
FTLN 0043 When yond same star that's westward from the pole
FTLN 0044 Had made his course t' illumine that part of heaven
FTLN 0045 Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, 45
FTLN 0046 The bell then beating one—

Enter Ghost.

MARCELLUS

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

BARNARDO

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

MARCELLUS, 「to Horatio」

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

BARNARDO

FTLN 0050 Looks he not like the King? Mark it, Horatio. 50

HORATIO

FTLN 0051 Most like. It (harrows) me with fear and wonder.

BARNARDO

FTLN 0052 It would be spoke to.
MARCELLUS

FTLN 0053 Speak to it, Horatio.
HORATIO

FTLN 0054 What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
FTLN 0055 Together with that fair and warlike form 55
FTLN 0056 In which the majesty of buried Denmark
FTLN 0057 Did sometimes march? By heaven, I charge thee,
FTLN 0058 speak.
MARCELLUS

FTLN 0059 It is offended.
BARNARDO

FTLN 0060 See, it stalks away. 60
HORATIO

FTLN 0061 Stay! speak! speak! I charge thee, speak!
Ghost exits.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0062 'Tis gone and will not answer.
BARNARDO

FTLN 0063 How now, Horatio, you tremble and look pale.
FTLN 0064 Is not this something more than fantasy?
FTLN 0065 What think you on 't? 65
HORATIO

FTLN 0066 Before my God, I might not this believe
FTLN 0067 Without the sensible and true avouch
FTLN 0068 Of mine own eyes.

FTLN 0069 MARCELLUS
 Is it not like the King?

FTLN 0070 HORATIO
As thou art to thyself. 70

FTLN 0071 Such was the very armor he had on
FTLN 0072 When he the ambitious Norway combated.
FTLN 0073 So frowned he once when, in an angry parle,
FTLN 0074 He smote the sledged 'Polacks' on the ice.
FTLN 0075 'Tis strange. 75
MARCELLUS

FTLN 0076 Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,

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

FTLN 0102	Against the which a moiety competent	
FTLN 0103	Was gaged by our king, which had <returned>	
FTLN 0104	To the inheritance of Fortinbras	
FTLN 0105	Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same comart	105
FTLN 0106	And carriage of the article 「designed,」	
FTLN 0107	His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,	
FTLN 0108	Of unimprovèd mettle hot and full,	
FTLN 0109	Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there	
FTLN 0110	Sharked up a list of lawless resolute	110

FTLN 0111 For food and diet to some enterprise
FTLN 0112 That hath a stomach in 't; which is no other
FTLN 0113 (As it doth well appear unto our state)
FTLN 0114 But to recover of us, by strong hand
FTLN 0115 And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands 115
FTLN 0116 So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
FTLN 0117 Is the main motive of our preparations,
FTLN 0118 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
FTLN 0119 Of this posthaste and rummage in the land.

[BARNARDO

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

HORATIO

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

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

Enter Ghost.

FTLN 0138 But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
FTLN 0139 I'll cross it though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
It spreads his arms.
FTLN 0140 If thou hast any sound or use of voice, 140
FTLN 0141 Speak to me.

FTLN 0142 If there be any good thing to be done
FTLN 0143 That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
FTLN 0144 Speak to me.
FTLN 0145 If thou art privy to thy country's fate, 145
FTLN 0146 Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
FTLN 0147 O, speak!
FTLN 0148 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
FTLN 0149 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
FTLN 0150 For which, they say, <you> spirits oft walk in death, 150
FTLN 0151 Speak of it.

The cock crows.

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

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0153 Shall I strike it with my partisan?

HORATIO

FTLN 0154 Do, if it will not stand.

BARNARDO

FTLN 0155 'Tis here. 155

HORATIO

FTLN 0156 'Tis here.

<Ghost exits.>

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0157 'Tis gone.

FTLN 0158 We do it wrong, being so majestic,
FTLN 0159 To offer it the show of violence,
FTLN 0160 For it is as the air, invulnerable, 160
FTLN 0161 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BARNARDO

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

HORATIO

FTLN 0163 And then it started like a guilty thing
FTLN 0164 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard

FTLN 0165 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 165
FTLN 0166 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
FTLN 0167 Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
FTLN 0168 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
FTLN 0169 Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies

FTLN 0170	To his confine, and of the truth herein	170
FTLN 0171	This present object made probation.	
	MARCELLUS	
FTLN 0172	It faded on the crowing of the cock.	
FTLN 0173	Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes	
FTLN 0174	Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,	
FTLN 0175	This bird of dawning singeth all night long;	175
FTLN 0176	And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,	
FTLN 0177	The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,	
FTLN 0178	No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,	
FTLN 0179	So hallowed and so gracious is that time.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0180	So have I heard and do in part believe it.	180
FTLN 0181	But look, the morn in russet mantle clad	
FTLN 0182	Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.	
FTLN 0183	Break we our watch up, and by my advice	
FTLN 0184	Let us impart what we have seen tonight	
FTLN 0185	Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,	185
FTLN 0186	This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.	
FTLN 0187	Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it	
FTLN 0188	As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?	
	MARCELLUS	
FTLN 0189	Let's do 't, I pray, and I this morning know	
FTLN 0190	Where we shall find him most convenient.	190

They exit.

⟨Scene 2⟩

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

KING

FTLN 0191 Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

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

FTLN 0220	Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress	30
FTLN 0221	His further gait herein, in that the levies,	
FTLN 0222	The lists, and full proportions are all made	
FTLN 0223	Out of his subject; and we here dispatch	
FTLN 0224	You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand,	
FTLN 0225	For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,	35
FTLN 0226	Giving to you no further personal power	
FTLN 0227	To business with the King more than the scope	
FTLN 0228	Of these dilated articles allow.	

Giving them a paper.

FTLN 0229	Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.	
	CORNELIUS/VOLTEMAND	
FTLN 0230	In that and all things will we show our duty.	40
	KING	
FTLN 0231	We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.	
	<i>⟨Voltemand and Cornelius exit.⟩</i>	
FTLN 0232	And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?	
FTLN 0233	You told us of some suit. What is 't, Laertes?	
FTLN 0234	You cannot speak of reason to the Dane	
FTLN 0235	And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg,	45
FTLN 0236	Laertes,	
FTLN 0237	That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?	
FTLN 0238	The head is not more native to the heart,	
FTLN 0239	The hand more instrumental to the mouth,	
FTLN 0240	Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.	50
FTLN 0241	What wouldst thou have, Laertes?	
	LAERTES	
FTLN 0242	My dread lord,	
FTLN 0243	Your leave and favor to return to France,	
FTLN 0244	From whence though willingly I came to Denmark	
FTLN 0245	To show my duty in your coronation,	55
FTLN 0246	Yet now I must confess, that duty done,	
FTLN 0247	My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France	
FTLN 0248	And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.	
	KING	
FTLN 0249	Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?	

	POLONIUS	
FTLN 0250	Hath, my lord, [wrung from me my slow leave	60
FTLN 0251	By laborsome petition, and at last	
FTLN 0252	Upon his will I sealed my hard consent.]	
FTLN 0253	I do beseech you give him leave to go.	
	KING	
FTLN 0254	Take thy fair hour, Laertes. Time be thine,	
FTLN 0255	And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—	65
FTLN 0256	But now, my cousin Hamlet and my son—	
	HAMLET, [<i>aside</i>]	

FTLN 0257	A little more than kin and less than kind.	
	KING	
FTLN 0258	How is it that the clouds still hang on you?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0259	Not so, my lord; I am too much in the sun.	
	QUEEN	
FTLN 0260	Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,	70
FTLN 0261	And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.	
FTLN 0262	Do not forever with thy vailèd lids	
FTLN 0263	Seek for thy noble father in the dust.	
FTLN 0264	Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,	
FTLN 0265	Passing through nature to eternity.	75
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0266	Ay, madam, it is common.	
	QUEEN	
FTLN 0267	If it be,	
FTLN 0268	Why seems it so particular with thee?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0269	“Seems,” madam? Nay, it is. I know not “seems.”	
FTLN 0270	'Tis not alone my inky cloak, <good> mother,	80
FTLN 0271	Nor customary suits of solemn black,	
FTLN 0272	Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,	
FTLN 0273	No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,	
FTLN 0274	Nor the dejected havior of the visage,	
FTLN 0275	Together with all forms, moods, ¹ shapes of grief,	85
FTLN 0276	That can <denote> me truly. These indeed “seem,”	
FTLN 0277	For they are actions that a man might play;	

FTLN 0278	But I have that within which passes show,	
FTLN 0279	These but the trappings and the suits of woe.	
	KING	
FTLN 0280	'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,	90
FTLN 0281	Hamlet,	
FTLN 0282	To give these mourning duties to your father.	
FTLN 0283	But you must know your father lost a father,	
FTLN 0284	That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound	
FTLN 0285	In filial obligation for some term	95
FTLN 0286	To do obsequious sorrow. But to persever	

FTLN 0287	In obstinate condolement is a course	
FTLN 0288	Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief.	
FTLN 0289	It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,	
FTLN 0290	A heart unfortified, (a) mind impatient,	100
FTLN 0291	An understanding simple and unschooled.	
FTLN 0292	For what we know must be and is as common	
FTLN 0293	As any the most vulgar thing to sense,	
FTLN 0294	Why should we in our peevish opposition	
FTLN 0295	Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,	105
FTLN 0296	A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,	
FTLN 0297	To reason most absurd, whose common theme	
FTLN 0298	Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,	
FTLN 0299	From the first corse till he that died today,	
FTLN 0300	“This must be so.” We pray you, throw to earth	110
FTLN 0301	This unprevailing woe and think of us	
FTLN 0302	As of a father; for let the world take note,	
FTLN 0303	You are the most immediate to our throne,	
FTLN 0304	And with no less nobility of love	
FTLN 0305	Than that which dearest father bears his son	115
FTLN 0306	Do I impart toward you. For your intent	
FTLN 0307	In going back to school in Wittenberg,	
FTLN 0308	It is most retrograde to our desire,	
FTLN 0309	And we beseech you, bend you to remain	
FTLN 0310	Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,	120
FTLN 0311	Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.	

QUEEN

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

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 today

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,

125

130

FTLN 0321
FTLN 0322

And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Flourish. All but Hamlet exit.

HAMLET

FTLN 0323
FTLN 0324
FTLN 0325
FTLN 0326
FTLN 0327
FTLN 0328
FTLN 0329
FTLN 0330
FTLN 0331
FTLN 0332
FTLN 0333
FTLN 0334
FTLN 0335
FTLN 0336
FTLN 0337
FTLN 0338
FTLN 0339
FTLN 0340
FTLN 0341
FTLN 0342

O, that this too, too sullied flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed 135
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 140
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 145
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!), 150
A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,

FTLN 0343
FTLN 0344
FTLN 0345
FTLN 0346
FTLN 0347
FTLN 0348
FTLN 0349
FTLN 0350
FTLN 0351
FTLN 0352
FTLN 0353
FTLN 0354

Like Niobe, all tears—why she, (even she)
(O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourned longer!), married with my 155
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 gallèd eyes, 160
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 Barnardo.

HORATIO

FTLN 0355 Hail to your Lordship. 165

HAMLET

FTLN 0356 I am glad to see you well.

FTLN 0357 Horatio—or I do forget myself!

HORATIO

FTLN 0358 The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET

FTLN 0359 Sir, my good friend. I'll change that name with you.

FTLN 0360 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?— 170

FTLN 0361 Marcellus?

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0362 My good lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 0363 I am very glad to see you. *[To Barnardo.]* Good
FTLN 0364 even, sir.—

FTLN 0365 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg? 175

HORATIO

FTLN 0366 A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 0367 I would not hear your enemy say so,

FTLN 0368 Nor shall you do my ear that violence

FTLN 0369 To make it truster of your own report

FTLN 0370 Against yourself. I know you are no truant. 180

FTLN 0371 But what is your affair in Elsinore?

FTLN 0372 We'll teach you to drink <deep> ere you depart.

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

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

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

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

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

FTLN 0378	Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.	
FTLN 0379	Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven	
FTLN 0380	Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!	190
FTLN 0381	My father—methinks I see my father.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0382	Where, my lord?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0383	In my mind's eye, Horatio.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0384	I saw him once. He was a goodly king.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0385	He was a man. Take him for all in all,	195
FTLN 0386	I shall not look upon his like again.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0387	My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0388	Saw who?	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0389	My lord, the King your father.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0390	The King my father?	200
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0391	Season your admiration for a while	
FTLN 0392	With an attent ear, till I may deliver	
FTLN 0393	Upon the witness of these gentlemen	
FTLN 0394	This marvel to you.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0395	For God's love, let me hear!	205
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0396	Two nights together had these gentlemen,	
FTLN 0397	Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch,	

FTLN 0398	In the dead waste and middle of the night,	
FTLN 0399	Been thus encountered: a figure like your father,	
FTLN 0400	Armed at point exactly, cap-à-pie,	210
FTLN 0401	Appears before them and with solemn march	
FTLN 0402	Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked	
FTLN 0403	By their oppressed and fear-surprisèd eyes	
FTLN 0404		

FTLN 0405	Within his truncheon's length, whilst they, distilled	
FTLN 0406	Almost to jelly with the act of fear,	215
FTLN 0407	Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me	
FTLN 0408	In dreadful secrecy impart they did,	
FTLN 0409	And I with them the third night kept the watch,	
FTLN 0410	「Where, as」 they had delivered, both in time,	
FTLN 0411	Form of the thing (each word made true and good),	220
FTLN 0412	The apparition comes. I knew your father;	
	These hands are not more like.	

HAMLET

FTLN 0413	But where was this?	
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MARCELLUS

FTLN 0414	My lord, upon the platform where we watch.	
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HAMLET

FTLN 0415	Did you not speak to it?	225
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HORATIO

FTLN 0416	My lord, I did,	
FTLN 0417	But answer made it none. Yet once methought	
FTLN 0418	It lifted up its head and did address	
FTLN 0419	Itself to motion, like as it would speak;	
FTLN 0420	But even then the morning cock crew loud,	230
FTLN 0421	And at the sound it shrunk in haste away	
FTLN 0422	And vanished from our sight.	

HAMLET

FTLN 0423	'Tis very strange.	
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HORATIO

FTLN 0424	As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true.	
FTLN 0425	And we did think it writ down in our duty	235
FTLN 0426	To let you know of it.	

HAMLET

FTLN 0427	Indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.	
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FTLN 0428	Hold you the watch tonight?	
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ALL

FTLN 0429	We do, my lord.	
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HAMLET

FTLN 0430	Armed, say you?	240
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FTLN 0431	Armed, my lord.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0432	From top to toe?	
	ALL	
FTLN 0433	My lord, from head to foot.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0434	Then saw you not his face?	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0435	O, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.	245
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0436	What, looked he frowningly?	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0437	A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0438	Pale or red?	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0439	Nay, very pale.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0440	And fixed his eyes upon you?	250
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0441	Most constantly.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0442	I would I had been there.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0443	It would have much amazed you.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0444	Very like. Stayed it long?	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0445	While one with moderate haste might tell a	255
FTLN 0446	hundred.	
	BARNARDO/MARCELLUS	
FTLN 0447	Longer, longer.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0448	Not when I saw 't.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0449	His beard was grizzled, no?	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0450	It was as I have seen it in his life,	260
FTLN 0451	A sable silvered.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0452	I will watch 'tonight.]	
FTLN 0453	Perchance 'twill walk again.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0454	I warrant it will.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0455	If it assume my noble father's person,	265

FTLN 0456
FTLN 0457
FTLN 0458

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,

39

Hamlet

ACT 1. SC. 3

FTLN 0459
FTLN 0460
FTLN 0461
FTLN 0462
FTLN 0463
FTLN 0464

Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap tonight, 270
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

FTLN 0465

Our duty to your Honor. 275

HAMLET

FTLN 0466

Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.
〔All but Hamlet〕 exit.

FTLN 0467
FTLN 0468
FTLN 0469
FTLN 0470
FTLN 0471

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 280
eyes.

He exits.

〈Scene 3〉

Enter Laertes and Ophelia, his sister.

LAERTES

FTLN 0472
FTLN 0473
FTLN 0474
FTLN 0475

My necessaries are embarked. Farewell.
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convey 〈is〉 assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA

FTLN 0476

Do you doubt that? 5

LAERTES

FTLN 0477
FTLN 0478
FTLN 0479

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,

FTLN 0480	Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,	
FTLN 0481	The perfume and suppliance of a minute,	10
FTLN 0482	No more.	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 0483	No more but so?	
	LAERTES	
FTLN 0484	Think it no more.	

FTLN 0485	For nature, crescent, does not grow alone	
FTLN 0486	In thews and (bulk,) but, as this temple waxes,	15
FTLN 0487	The inward service of the mind and soul	
FTLN 0488	Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,	
FTLN 0489	And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch	
FTLN 0490	The virtue of his will; but you must fear,	
FTLN 0491	His greatness weighed, his will is not his own,	20
FTLN 0492	(For he himself is subject to his birth.)	
FTLN 0493	He may not, as unvalued persons do,	
FTLN 0494	Carve for himself, for on his choice depends	
FTLN 0495	The safety and ^{the} health of this whole state.	
FTLN 0496	And therefore must his choice be circumscribed	25
FTLN 0497	Unto the voice and yielding of that body	
FTLN 0498	Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves	
FTLN 0499	you,	
FTLN 0500	It fits your wisdom so far to believe it	
FTLN 0501	As he in his particular act and place	30
FTLN 0502	May give his saying deed, which is no further	
FTLN 0503	Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.	
FTLN 0504	Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain	
FTLN 0505	If with too credent ear you list his songs	
FTLN 0506	Or lose your heart or your chaste treasure open	35
FTLN 0507	To his unmastered importunity.	
FTLN 0508	Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister,	
FTLN 0509	And keep you in the rear of your affection,	
FTLN 0510	Out of the shot and danger of desire.	
FTLN 0511	The chariest maid is prodigal enough	40
FTLN 0512	If she unmask her beauty to the moon.	
FTLN 0513	Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.	
FTLN 0514	The canker galls the infants of the spring	

FTLN 0515 Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
FTLN 0516 And, in the morn and liquid dew of youth, 45
FTLN 0517 Contagious blastments are most imminent.
FTLN 0518 Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear.
FTLN 0519 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA

FTLN 0520 I shall the effect of this good lesson keep

43

Hamlet

ACT 1. SC. 3

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

LAERTES

FTLN 0527 O, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

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

POLONIUS

FTLN 0531 Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame! 60
FTLN 0532 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
FTLN 0533 And you are stayed for. There, my blessing with
FTLN 0534 thee.

FTLN 0535 And these few precepts in thy memory
FTLN 0536 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, 65
FTLN 0537 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.

FTLN 0538 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
FTLN 0539 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
FTLN 0540 Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel,

FTLN 0541 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment 70
FTLN 0542 Of each new-hatched, unfledged courage. Beware
FTLN 0543 Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,

FTLN 0544 Bear 't that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
FTLN 0545 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.

FTLN 0546 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. 75
FTLN 0547 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
FTLN 0548 But not expressed in fancy (rich, not gaudy),
FTLN 0549 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
FTLN 0550 And they in France of the best rank and station
FTLN 0551 <Are> of a most select and generous chief in that. 80
FTLN 0552 Neither a borrower nor a lender <be,>
FTLN 0553 For <loan> oft loses both itself and friend,

45

Hamlet

ACT 1. SC. 3

FTLN 0554 And borrowing <dulls the> edge of husbandry.
FTLN 0555 This above all: to thine own self be true,
FTLN 0556 And it must follow, as the night the day, 85
FTLN 0557 Thou canst not then be false to any man.
FTLN 0558 Farewell. My blessing season this in thee.

LAERTES

FTLN 0559 Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POLONIUS

FTLN 0560 The time invests you. Go, your servants tend.

LAERTES

FTLN 0561 Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well 90
FTLN 0562 What I have said to you.

OPHELIA

FTLN 0563 'Tis in my memory locked,
FTLN 0564 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAERTES

FTLN 0565 Farewell.

Laertes exits.

POLONIUS

FTLN 0566 What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you? 95

OPHELIA

FTLN 0567 So please you, something touching the Lord
FTLN 0568 Hamlet.

POLONIUS

FTLN 0569 Marry, well bethought.
FTLN 0570 'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
FTLN 0571 Given private time to you, and you yourself 100
FTLN 0572 Have of your audience been most free and
FTLN 0573 bounteous.

FTLN 0574 If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,
FTLN 0575 And that in way of caution), I must tell you
FTLN 0576 You do not understand yourself so clearly 105
FTLN 0577 As it behooves my daughter and your honor.
FTLN 0578 What is between you? Give me up the truth.

OPHELIA

FTLN 0579 He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
FTLN 0580 Of his affection to me.

POLONIUS

FTLN 0581 Affection, puh! You speak like a green girl 110
FTLN 0582 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
FTLN 0583 Do you believe his "tenders," as you call them?

47

Hamlet

ACT 1. SC. 3

OPHELIA

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

POLONIUS

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

OPHELIA

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

POLONIUS

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

OPHELIA

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

POLONIUS

FTLN 0595 Ay, (springs) to catch woodcocks. I do know,
FTLN 0596 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul 125
FTLN 0597 Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
FTLN 0598 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
FTLN 0599 Even in their promise as it is a-making,
FTLN 0600 You must not take for fire. From this time
FTLN 0601 Be something scanted of your maiden presence. 130
FTLN 0602 Set your entreatments at a higher rate

FTLN 0603 Than a command to parle. For Lord Hamlet,
FTLN 0604 Believe so much in him that he is young,
FTLN 0605 And with a larger (tether) may he walk
FTLN 0606 Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia, 135
FTLN 0607 Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
FTLN 0608 Not of that dye which their investments show,
FTLN 0609 But mere (implorators) of unholy suits,
FTLN 0610 Breathing like sanctified and pious 「bawds」
FTLN 0611 The better to (beguile.) This is for all: 140
FTLN 0612 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
FTLN 0613 Have you so slander any moment leisure

49

Hamlet

ACT 1. SC. 4

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

「Scene 4」

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

HAMLET
FTLN 0617 The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
HORATIO
FTLN 0618 It is (a) nipping and an eager air.
HAMLET
FTLN 0619 What hour now?
HORATIO
FTLN 0620 I think it lacks of twelve.
MARCELLUS
FTLN 0621 No, it is struck. 5
HORATIO
FTLN 0622 Indeed, I heard it not. It then draws near the season
FTLN 0623 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
A flourish of trumpets and two pieces goes off.
FTLN 0624 What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET

FTLN 0625 The King doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,
FTLN 0626 Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring upspring reels; 10
FTLN 0627 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
FTLN 0628 The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
FTLN 0629 The triumph of his pledge.

HORATIO

FTLN 0630 Is it a custom?

HAMLET

FTLN 0631 Ay, marry, is 't, 15
FTLN 0632 But, to my mind, though I am native here
FTLN 0633 And to the manner born, it is a custom
FTLN 0634 More honored in the breach than the observance.
FTLN 0635 [This heavy-headed 'revel' east and west
FTLN 0636 Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations. 20
FTLN 0637 They clepe us drunkards and with swinish phrase
FTLN 0638 Soil our addition. And, indeed, it takes

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

Enter Ghost.

HORATIO

FTLN 0658 Look, my lord, it comes.

HAMLET

FTLN 0659 Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

FTLN 0660 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,

FTLN 0661 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from 45
FTLN 0662 hell,

FTLN 0663 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,

FTLN 0664 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

FTLN 0665 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee "Hamlet,"

FTLN 0666 "King," "Father," "Royal Dane." O, answer me! 50

FTLN 0667 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell

FTLN 0668 Why thy canonized bones, hearsèd in death,

FTLN 0669 Have burst their cerements; why the sepulcher,

FTLN 0670 Wherein we saw thee quietly interred,

FTLN 0671 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws 55

53

Hamlet

ACT 1. SC. 4

FTLN 0672 To cast thee up again. What may this mean

FTLN 0673 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,

FTLN 0674 Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,

FTLN 0675 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature

FTLN 0676 So horridly to shake our disposition 60

FTLN 0677 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

FTLN 0678 Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

⟨Ghost⟩ beckons.

HORATIO

FTLN 0679 It beckons you to go away with it

FTLN 0680 As if it some impartment did desire

FTLN 0681 To you alone. 65

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0682 Look with what courteous action

FTLN 0683 It waves you to a more removèd ground.

FTLN 0684 But do not go with it.

HORATIO

FTLN 0685 No, by no means.

HAMLET

FTLN 0686	It will not speak. Then I will follow it.	70
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0687	Do not, my lord.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0688	Why, what should be the fear?	
FTLN 0689	I do not set my life at a pin's fee.	
FTLN 0690	And for my soul, what can it do to that,	
FTLN 0691	Being a thing immortal as itself?	75
FTLN 0692	It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0693	What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?	
FTLN 0694	Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff	
FTLN 0695	That beetles o'er his base into the sea,	
FTLN 0696	And there assume some other horrible form	80
FTLN 0697	Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason	
FTLN 0698	And draw you into madness? Think of it.	
FTLN 0699	[The very place puts toys of desperation,	
FTLN 0700	Without more motive, into every brain	
FTLN 0701	That looks so many fathoms to the sea	85
FTLN 0702	And hears it roar beneath.]	

	HAMLET	
FTLN 0703	It waves me still.—Go on, I'll follow thee.	
	MARCELLUS	
FTLN 0704	You shall not go, my lord.	
	<i>〔They hold back Hamlet.〕</i>	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0705	Hold off your hands.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0706	Be ruled. You shall not go.	90
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0707	My fate cries out	
FTLN 0708	And makes each petty arture in this body	
FTLN 0709	As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.	
FTLN 0710	Still am I called. Unhand me, gentlemen.	
FTLN 0711	By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!	95
FTLN 0712	I say, away!—Go on. I'll follow thee.	
	<i>Ghost and Hamlet exit.</i>	

HORATIO

FTLN 0713 He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS

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

HORATIO

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

MARCELLUS

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

HORATIO

FTLN 0717 Heaven will direct it.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0718 Nay, let's follow him.

They exit.

「Scene 5」

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

HAMLET

FTLN 0719 Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak. I'll go no
FTLN 0720 further.

GHOST

FTLN 0721 Mark me.

57

Hamlet

ACT 1. SC. 5

HAMLET

FTLN 0722 I will.

GHOST

FTLN 0723 My hour is almost come 5

FTLN 0724 When I to sulf'rous and tormenting flames

FTLN 0725 Must render up myself.

HAMLET

FTLN 0726 Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST

FTLN 0727 Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing

FTLN 0728 To what I shall unfold. 10

HAMLET

FTLN 0729 Speak. I am bound to hear.

GHOST

FTLN 0730 So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET

FTLN 0731 What?

GHOST

FTLN 0732 I am thy father's spirit,

FTLN 0733 Doomed for a certain term to walk the night 15

FTLN 0734 And for the day confined to fast in fires

FTLN 0735 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

FTLN 0736 Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid

FTLN 0737 To tell the secrets of my prison house,

FTLN 0738 I could a tale unfold whose lightest word 20

FTLN 0739 Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,

FTLN 0740 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their

FTLN 0741 spheres,

FTLN 0742 Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,

FTLN 0743 And each particular hair to stand an end, 25

FTLN 0744 Like quills upon the fearful porpentine.

FTLN 0745 But this eternal blazon must not be

FTLN 0746 To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!

FTLN 0747 If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

HAMLET

FTLN 0748 O God! 30

GHOST

FTLN 0749 Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET

FTLN 0750 Murder?

GHOST

FTLN 0751 Murder most foul, as in the best it is,

FTLN 0752 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAMLET

FTLN 0753 Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift 35

FTLN 0754 As meditation or the thoughts of love,

FTLN 0755 May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST

FTLN 0756 I find thee apt;

FTLN 0757 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
FTLN 0758

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

FTLN 0789	The leprous distilment, whose effect
FTLN 0790	Holds such an enmity with blood of man
FTLN 0791	That swift as quicksilver it courses through
FTLN 0792	The natural gates and alleys of the body,

FTLN 0793	And with a sudden vigor it doth <posset>	75
FTLN 0794	And curd, like eager droppings into milk,	
FTLN 0795	The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,	
FTLN 0796	And a most instant tetter barked about,	
FTLN 0797	Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust	
FTLN 0798	All my smooth body.	80
FTLN 0799	Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand	
FTLN 0800	Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched,	
FTLN 0801	Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,	
FTLN 0802	Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled,	
FTLN 0803	No reck'ning made, but sent to my account	85
FTLN 0804	With all my imperfections on my head.	
FTLN 0805	O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!	
FTLN 0806	If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.	
FTLN 0807	Let not the royal bed of Denmark be	
FTLN 0808	A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.	90
FTLN 0809	But, howsoever thou pursues this act,	
FTLN 0810	Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive	
FTLN 0811	Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven	
FTLN 0812	And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge	
FTLN 0813	To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.	95
FTLN 0814	The glowworm shows the matin to be near	
FTLN 0815	And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.	
FTLN 0816	Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me.	

<He exits.>

HAMLET

FTLN 0817	O all you host of heaven! O Earth! What else?	
FTLN 0818	And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart,	100
FTLN 0819	And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,	
FTLN 0820	But bear me <stiffly> up. Remember thee?	
FTLN 0821	Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat	
FTLN 0822	In this distracted globe. Remember thee?	
FTLN 0823	Yea, from the table of my memory	105

FTLN 0824	I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
FTLN 0825	All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
FTLN 0826	That youth and observation copied there,
FTLN 0827	And thy commandment all alone shall live

FTLN 0828	Within the book and volume of my brain,	110
FTLN 0829	Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!	
FTLN 0830	O most pernicious woman!	
FTLN 0831	O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!	
FTLN 0832	My tables—meet it is I set it down	
FTLN 0833	That one may smile and smile and be a villain.	115
FTLN 0834	At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.	

[*He writes.*]

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

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

FTLN 0838	HORATIO My lord, my lord!	120
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FTLN 0839	MARCELLUS Lord Hamlet.
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FTLN 0840	HORATIO Heavens secure him!
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FTLN 0841	HAMLET So be it.
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FTLN 0842	MARCELLUS Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
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FTLN 0843	HAMLET Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, (bird,) come!	125
	MARCELLUS	

FTLN 0844	How is ’t, my noble lord?
	HORATIO

FTLN 0845	What news, my lord?
	HAMLET

FTLN 0846	O, wonderful!
	HORATIO

FTLN 0847	Good my lord, tell it.
	HAMLET

FTLN 0848	No, you will reveal it.	130
	HORATIO	

FTLN 0849	Not I, my lord, by heaven.
	MARCELLUS

FTLN 0850	Nor I, my lord.
	HAMLET

FTLN 0851	How say you, then? Would heart of man once think
FTLN 0852	it?

FTLN 0853	But you’ll be secret?	135
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HORATIO/MARCELLUS

FTLN 0854 Ay, by heaven, (my lord.)

HAMLET

FTLN 0855 There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmark

FTLN 0856 But he's an arrant knave.

HORATIO

FTLN 0857 There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave

FTLN 0858 To tell us this. 140

HAMLET

FTLN 0859 Why, right, you are in the right.

FTLN 0860 And so, without more circumstance at all,

FTLN 0861 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,

FTLN 0862 You, as your business and desire shall point you

FTLN 0863 (For every man hath business and desire, 145

FTLN 0864 Such as it is), and for my own poor part,

FTLN 0865 I will go pray.

HORATIO

FTLN 0866 These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 0867 I am sorry they offend you, heartily;

FTLN 0868 Yes, faith, heartily. 150

HORATIO

FTLN 0869 There's no offense, my lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 0870 Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,

FTLN 0871 And much offense, too. Touching this vision here,

FTLN 0872 It is an honest ghost—that let me tell you.

FTLN 0873 For your desire to know what is between us, 155

FTLN 0874 O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,

FTLN 0875 As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

FTLN 0876 Give me one poor request.

HORATIO

FTLN 0877 What is 't, my lord? We will.

HAMLET

FTLN 0878 Never make known what you have seen tonight. 160

HORATIO/MARCELLUS

FTLN 0879 My lord, we will not.

HAMLET

FTLN 0880 Nay, but swear 't.

HORATIO

FTLN 0881 In faith, my lord, not I.
MARCELLUS
FTLN 0882 Nor I, my lord, in faith.
HAMLET
FTLN 0883 Upon my sword. 165

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Hamlet

ACT 1. SC. 5

FTLN 0884 MARCELLUS
We have sworn, my lord, already.
FTLN 0885 HAMLET
Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
FTLN 0886 GHOST *cries under the stage*
Swear.
FTLN 0887 HAMLET
Ha, ha, boy, sayst thou so? Art thou there,
FTLN 0888 truepenny? 170
FTLN 0889 Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage.
FTLN 0890 Consent to swear.
FTLN 0891 HORATIO
Propose the oath, my lord.
FTLN 0892 HAMLET
Never to speak of this that you have seen,
FTLN 0893 Swear by my sword. 175
FTLN 0894 GHOST, 「*beneath*」
Swear.
FTLN 0895 HAMLET
Hic et ubique? Then we'll shift our ground.
FTLN 0896 Come hither, gentlemen,
FTLN 0897 And lay your hands again upon my sword.
FTLN 0898 Swear by my sword 180
FTLN 0899 Never to speak of this that you have heard.
FTLN 0900 GHOST, 「*beneath*」
Swear by his sword.
FTLN 0901 HAMLET
Well said, old mole. Canst work i' th' earth so fast?—
FTLN 0902 A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.
FTLN 0903 HORATIO
O day and night, but this is wondrous strange. 185
HAMLET

FTLN 0904 And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
FTLN 0905 There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
FTLN 0906 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come.
FTLN 0907 Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
FTLN 0908 How strange or odd some'er I bear myself 190
FTLN 0909 (As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
FTLN 0910 To put an antic disposition on)
FTLN 0911 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
FTLN 0912 With arms encumbered thus, or this headshake,
FTLN 0913 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, 195

FTLN 0914 As “Well, well, we know,” or “We could an if we
FTLN 0915 would,”
FTLN 0916 Or “If we list to speak,” or “There be an if they
FTLN 0917 might,”
FTLN 0918 Or such ambiguous giving-out, to note 200
FTLN 0919 That you know aught of me—this do swear,
FTLN 0920 So grace and mercy at your most need help you.
GHOST, 「*beneath*」
FTLN 0921 Swear.
HAMLET
FTLN 0922 Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit.—So, gentlemen,
FTLN 0923 With all my love I do commend me to you, 205
FTLN 0924 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
FTLN 0925 May do t' express his love and friending to you,
FTLN 0926 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together,
FTLN 0927 And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
FTLN 0928 The time is out of joint. O cursèd spite 210
FTLN 0929 That ever I was born to set it right!
FTLN 0930 Nay, come, let's go together.

They exit.

⟨ACT 2⟩

「Scene 1」

Enter old Polonius with his man (Reynaldo.)

POLONIUS

Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

REYNALDO

I will, my lord.

POLONIUS

You shall do marvelous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquire

Of his behavior.

5

REYNALDO

My lord, I did intend it.

POLONIUS

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

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;

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

keep,

10

What company, at what expense; and finding

By this encompassment and drift of question

That they do know my son, come you more nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it.

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

15

As thus: "I know his father and his friends

And, in part, him." Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

REYNALDO

Ay, very well, my lord.

POLONIUS

"And, in part, him, but," you may say, "not well.

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FTLN 0950	But if 't be he I mean, he's very wild,	20
FTLN 0951	Addicted so and so." And there put on him	
FTLN 0952	What forgeries you please—marry, none so rank	
FTLN 0953	As may dishonor him, take heed of that,	
FTLN 0954	But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips	
FTLN 0955	As are companions noted and most known	25
FTLN 0956	To youth and liberty.	
	REYNALDO	
FTLN 0957	As gaming, my lord.	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 0958	Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,	
FTLN 0959	Quarreling, drabbing—you may go so far.	
	REYNALDO	
FTLN 0960	My lord, that would dishonor him.	30
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 0961	Faith, (no,) as you may season it in the charge.	
FTLN 0962	You must not put another scandal on him	
FTLN 0963	That he is open to incontinency;	
FTLN 0964	That's not my meaning. But breathe his faults so	
FTLN 0965	quaintly	35
FTLN 0966	That they may seem the taints of liberty,	
FTLN 0967	The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,	
FTLN 0968	A savageness in unreclaimèd blood,	
FTLN 0969	Of general assault.	
	REYNALDO	
FTLN 0970	But, my good lord—	40
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 0971	Wherefore should you do this?	
	REYNALDO	
FTLN 0972	Ay, my lord, I would know that.	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 0973	Marry, sir, here's my drift,	
FTLN 0974	And I believe it is a fetch of wit.	
FTLN 0975	You, laying these slight sullies on my son,	45
FTLN 0976	As 'twere a thing a little soiled (i' th') working,	
FTLN 0977	Mark you, your party in converse, him you would	
FTLN 0978	sound,	
FTLN 0979	Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes	
FTLN 0980	The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured	50
FTLN 0981	He closes with you in this consequence:	
FTLN 0982	"Good sir," or so, or "friend," or "gentleman,"	
FTLN 0983	According to the phrase or the addition	
FTLN 0984	Of man and country—	

Farewell.

Reynaldo exits.

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia, what's the matter?

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Hamlet

ACT 2. SC. 1

OPHELIA

O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted! 85

POLONIUS

With what, i' th' name of God?

OPHELIA

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,
No hat upon his head, his stockings fouled,
Ungartered, and down-gyvèd to his ankle, 90
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosèd out of hell
To speak of horrors—he comes before me.

POLONIUS

Mad for thy love? 95

OPHELIA

My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

POLONIUS

What said he?

OPHELIA

He took me by the wrist and held me hard.
Then goes he to the length of all his arm, 100
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stayed he so.
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down, 105
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,

FTLN 1040 And, with his head over his shoulder turned, 110
FTLN 1041 He seemed to find his way without his eyes,
FTLN 1042 For out o' doors he went without their helps
And to the last bended their light on me.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1043 Come, go with me. I will go seek the King.
FTLN 1044 This is the very ecstasy of love,
FTLN 1045 Whose violent property fordoes itself 115

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Hamlet

ACT 2. SC. 2

FTLN 1046 And leads the will to desperate undertakings
FTLN 1047 As oft as any passions under heaven
FTLN 1048 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
FTLN 1049 What, have you given him any hard words of late?

OPHELIA

FTLN 1050 No, my good lord, but as you did command 120
FTLN 1051 I did repel his letters and denied
FTLN 1052 His access to me.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1053 That hath made him mad.
FTLN 1054 I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
FTLN 1055 I had not coted him. I feared he did but trifle 125
FTLN 1056 And meant to wrack thee. But beshrew my jealousy!
FTLN 1057 By heaven, it is as proper to our age
FTLN 1058 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
FTLN 1059 As it is common for the younger sort
FTLN 1060 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King. 130
FTLN 1061 This must be known, which, being kept close, might
FTLN 1062 move
FTLN 1063 More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
FTLN 1064 Come.

They exit.

⟨Scene 2⟩

*Flourish. Enter King and Queen, Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern 「and Attendants.」*

KING

FTLN 1065 Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
FTLN 1066 Moreover that we much did long to see you,
FTLN 1067 The need we have to use you did provoke
FTLN 1068 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
FTLN 1069 Of Hamlet's transformation, so call it, 5
FTLN 1070 Sith nor th' exterior nor the inward man
FTLN 1071 Resembles that it was. What it should be,
FTLN 1072 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him

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Hamlet

ACT 2. SC. 2

FTLN 1073 So much from th' understanding of himself
FTLN 1074 I cannot dream of. I entreat you both 10
FTLN 1075 That, being of so young days brought up with him
FTLN 1076 And sith so neighbored to his youth and havior,
FTLN 1077 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
FTLN 1078 Some little time, so by your companies
FTLN 1079 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather 15
FTLN 1080 So much as from occasion you may glean,
FTLN 1081 [Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus]
FTLN 1082 That, opened, lies within our remedy.

QUEEN

FTLN 1083 Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of you,
FTLN 1084 And sure I am two men there is not living 20
FTLN 1085 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
FTLN 1086 To show us so much gentry and goodwill
FTLN 1087 As to expend your time with us awhile
FTLN 1088 For the supply and profit of our hope,
FTLN 1089 Your visitation shall receive such thanks 25
FTLN 1090 As fits a king's remembrance.

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 1091 Both your Majesties
FTLN 1092 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
FTLN 1093 Put your dread pleasures more into command
FTLN 1094 Than to entreaty. 30

GUILDENSTERN

FTLN 1095 But we both obey,
FTLN 1096 And here give up ourselves in the full bent
FTLN 1097 To lay our service freely at your feet,

FTLN 1098 To be commanded.
 KING
 FTLN 1099 Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern. 35
 QUEEN
 FTLN 1100 Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.
 FTLN 1101 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 FTLN 1102 My too much changèd son.—Go, some of you,
 FTLN 1103 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.
 GUILDENSTERN
 FTLN 1104 Heavens make our presence and our practices 40
 FTLN 1105 Pleasant and helpful to him!

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Hamlet

ACT 2. SC. 2

QUEEN

FTLN 1106 Ay, amen!
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern exit
 「with some Attendants.」

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1107 Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
 FTLN 1108 Are joyfully returned.

KING

FTLN 1109 Thou still hast been the father of good news. 45

POLONIUS

FTLN 1110 Have I, my lord? I assure my good liege
 FTLN 1111 I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
 FTLN 1112 Both to my God and to my gracious king,
 FTLN 1113 And I do think, or else this brain of mine
 FTLN 1114 Hunts not the trail of policy so sure 50
 FTLN 1115 As it hath used to do, that I have found
 FTLN 1116 The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

KING

FTLN 1117 O, speak of that! That do I long to hear.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1118 Give first admittance to th' ambassadors.
 FTLN 1119 My news shall be the fruit to that great feast. 55

KING

FTLN 1120 Thyself do grace to them and bring them in.
[Polonius exits.]

FTLN 1121 He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
 FTLN 1122 The head and source of all your son's distemper.

QUEEN

FTLN 1123 I doubt it is no other but the main—
 FTLN 1124 His father's death and our (o'erhasty) marriage. 60

KING

FTLN 1125 Well, we shall sift him.

*Enter Ambassadors (Voltemand and Cornelius [with]
 Polonius.)*

FTLN 1126 Welcome, my good friends.
 FTLN 1127 Say, Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLTEMAND

FTLN 1128 Most fair return of greetings and desires.
 FTLN 1129 Upon our first, he sent out to suppress 65
 FTLN 1130 His nephew's levies, which to him appeared
 FTLN 1131 To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,
 FTLN 1132 But, better looked into, he truly found
 FTLN 1133 It was against your Highness. Whereat, grieved
 FTLN 1134 That so his sickness, age, and impotence 70
 FTLN 1135 Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
 FTLN 1136 On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys,
 FTLN 1137 Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
 FTLN 1138 Makes vow before his uncle never more
 FTLN 1139 To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty. 75
 FTLN 1140 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
 FTLN 1141 Gives him three-score thousand crowns in annual
 FTLN 1142 fee
 FTLN 1143 And his commission to employ those soldiers,
 FTLN 1144 So levied as before, against the Polack, 80
 FTLN 1145 With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[He gives a paper.]

FTLN 1146 That it might please you to give quiet pass
 FTLN 1147 Through your dominions for this enterprise,

FTLN 1148 On such regards of safety and allowance
 FTLN 1149 As therein are set down. 85
 KING
 FTLN 1150 It likes us well,
 FTLN 1151 And, at our more considered time, we'll read,
 FTLN 1152 Answer, and think upon this business.
 FTLN 1153 Meantime, we thank you for your well-took labor.
 FTLN 1154 Go to your rest. At night we'll feast together. 90
 FTLN 1155 Most welcome home!

[*Voltemand and Cornelius*] *exit.*

POLONIUS

FTLN 1156 This business is well ended.
 FTLN 1157 My liege, and madam, to expostulate
 FTLN 1158 What majesty should be, what duty is,

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Hamlet

ACT 2. SC. 2

FTLN 1159 Why day is day, night night, and time is time 95
 FTLN 1160 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 FTLN 1161 Therefore, (since) brevity is the soul of wit,
 FTLN 1162 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
 FTLN 1163 I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.
 FTLN 1164 "Mad" call I it, for, to define true madness, 100
 FTLN 1165 What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
 FTLN 1166 But let that go.

QUEEN

FTLN 1167 More matter with less art.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1168 Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
 FTLN 1169 That he's mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity, 105
 FTLN 1170 And pity 'tis 'tis true—a foolish figure,
 FTLN 1171 But farewell it, for I will use no art.
 FTLN 1172 Mad let us grant him then, and now remains
 FTLN 1173 That we find out the cause of this effect,
 FTLN 1174 Or, rather say, the cause of this defect, 110
 FTLN 1175 For this effect defective comes by cause.
 FTLN 1176 Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
 FTLN 1177 Perpend.
 FTLN 1178 I have a daughter (have while she is mine)
 FTLN 1179 Who, in her duty and obedience, mark, 115

FTLN 1180 Hath given me this. Now gather and surmise.
FTLN 1181 *「He reads.」 To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the*
FTLN 1182 *most beautified Ophelia—*
FTLN 1183 That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; “beautified” is a
FTLN 1184 vile phrase. But you shall hear. Thus: *「He reads.」* 120
FTLN 1185 *In her excellent white bosom, these, etc.—*

QUEEN

FTLN 1186 Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS

FTLN 1187 Good madam, stay awhile. I will be faithful.
 「He reads the」 letter.
FTLN 1188 *Doubt thou the stars are fire,*
FTLN 1189 *Doubt that the sun doth move,* 125
FTLN 1190 *Doubt truth to be a liar,*
FTLN 1191 *But never doubt I love.*

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Hamlet

ACT 2. SC. 2

FTLN 1192 *O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I have not*
FTLN 1193 *art to reckon my groans, but that I love thee best, O*
FTLN 1194 *most best, believe it. Adieu.* 130
FTLN 1195 *Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst*
FTLN 1196 *this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

FTLN 1197 This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me,
FTLN 1198 And more (above,) hath his solicitings,
FTLN 1199 As they fell out by time, by means, and place, 135
FTLN 1200 All given to mine ear.

KING

FTLN 1201 But how hath she received his love?

POLONIUS

FTLN 1202 What do you think of me?

KING

FTLN 1203 As of a man faithful and honorable.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1204 I would fain prove so. But what might you think, 140
FTLN 1205 When I had seen this hot love on the wing
FTLN 1206 (As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
FTLN 1207 Before my daughter told me), what might you,
FTLN 1208 Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think,
FTLN 1209 If I had played the desk or table-book 145

FTLN 1210 Or given my heart a (winking,) mute and dumb,
 FTLN 1211 Or looked upon this love with idle sight?
 FTLN 1212 What might you think? No, I went round to work,
 FTLN 1213 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
 FTLN 1214 "Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star. 150
 FTLN 1215 This must not be." And then I prescripts gave her,
 FTLN 1216 That she should lock herself from (his) resort,
 FTLN 1217 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens;
 FTLN 1218 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,
 FTLN 1219 And he, repelled (a short tale to make), 155
 FTLN 1220 Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
 FTLN 1221 Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
 FTLN 1222 Thence to (a) lightness, and, by this declension,
 FTLN 1223 Into the madness wherein now he raves
 FTLN 1224 And all we mourn for. 160
 KING, 「to Queen」
 FTLN 1225 Do you think (’tis) this?

QUEEN

FTLN 1226 It may be, very like.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1227 Hath there been such a time (I would fain know
 FTLN 1228 that)

FTLN 1229 That I have positively said "'Tis so," 165

FTLN 1230 When it proved otherwise?

KING

FTLN 1231 Not that I know.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1232 Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

FTLN 1233 If circumstances lead me, I will find

FTLN 1234 Where truth is hid, though it were hid, indeed, 170

FTLN 1235 Within the center.

KING

FTLN 1236 How may we try it further?

POLONIUS

FTLN 1237 You know sometimes he walks four hours together

FTLN 1238 Here in the lobby.

QUEEN

FTLN 1239 So he does indeed. 175
POLONIUS
FTLN 1240 At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.
FTLN 1241 *['To the King.']* Be you and I behind an arras then.
FTLN 1242 Mark the encounter. If he love her not,
FTLN 1243 And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
FTLN 1244 Let me be no assistant for a state, 180
FTLN 1245 But keep a farm and carters.

KING
FTLN 1246 We will try it.

Enter Hamlet (reading on a book.)

QUEEN
FTLN 1247 But look where sadly the poor wretch comes
FTLN 1248 reading.

POLONIUS
FTLN 1249 Away, I do beseech you both, away. 185
FTLN 1250 I'll board him presently. O, give me leave.

King and Queen exit ['with Attendants.']

FTLN 1251 How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET
FTLN 1252 Well, God-a-mercy.

POLONIUS
FTLN 1253 Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET
FTLN 1254 Excellent well. You are a fishmonger. 190

POLONIUS
FTLN 1255 Not I, my lord.

HAMLET
FTLN 1256 Then I would you were so honest a man.

POLONIUS
FTLN 1257 Honest, my lord?

HAMLET
FTLN 1258 Ay, sir. To be honest, as this world goes, is to
FTLN 1259 be one man picked out of ten thousand. 195

POLONIUS

FTLN 1260	That's very true, my lord.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1261	For if the sun breed maggots in a dead	
FTLN 1262	dog, being a good kissing carrion—Have you a	
FTLN 1263	daughter?	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 1264	I have, my lord.	200
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1265	Let her not walk i' th' sun. Conception is a	
FTLN 1266	blessing, but, as your daughter may conceive,	
FTLN 1267	friend, look to 't.	
	POLONIUS, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 1268	How say you by that? Still harping on	
FTLN 1269	my daughter. Yet he knew me not at first; he said I	205
FTLN 1270	was a fishmonger. He is far gone. And truly, in my	
FTLN 1271	youth, I suffered much extremity for love, very near	
FTLN 1272	this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my	
FTLN 1273	lord?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1274	Words, words, words.	210
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 1275	What is the matter, my lord?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1276	Between who?	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 1277	I mean the matter that you read, my lord.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1278	Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here	
FTLN 1279	that old men have gray beards, that their faces are	215
FTLN 1280	wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and	
FTLN 1281	plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of	
FTLN 1282	wit, together with most weak hams; all which, sir,	
FTLN 1283	though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I	
FTLN 1284	hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for	220
FTLN 1285	yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if, like a crab,	
FTLN 1286	you could go backward.	
	POLONIUS, 「 <i>aside</i> 」	
FTLN 1287	Though this be madness, yet there is	
FTLN 1288	method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?	

HAMLET

FTLN 1289 Into my grave? 225

POLONIUS

FTLN 1290 Indeed, that's out of the air. *「Aside.」* How
FTLN 1291 pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness
FTLN 1292 that often madness hits on, which reason and
FTLN 1293 *⟨sanity⟩* could not so prosperously be delivered of. I
FTLN 1294 will leave him *⟨and suddenly contrive the means of* 230
FTLN 1295 *meeting between him⟩* and my daughter.—My lord,
FTLN 1296 I will take my leave of you.

HAMLET

FTLN 1297 You cannot, *⟨sir,⟩* take from me anything that I
FTLN 1298 will more willingly part withal—except my life,
FTLN 1299 except my life, except my life. 235

POLONIUS

FTLN 1300 Fare you well, my lord.

HAMLET, *「aside」*

FTLN 1301 These tedious old fools.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1302 You go to seek the Lord Hamlet. There he is.

ROSENCRANTZ, *「to Polonius」*

FTLN 1303 God save you, sir.

「Polonius exits.」

GUILDENSTERN

FTLN 1304 My honored lord. 240

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 1305 My most dear lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 1306 My *⟨excellent⟩* good friends! How dost thou,
FTLN 1307 Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do
FTLN 1308 you both?

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 1309 As the indifferent children of the earth. 245

GUILDENSTERN

FTLN 1310 Happy in that we are not *⟨overhappy.⟩*
FTLN 1311 On Fortune's *⟨cap,⟩* we are not the very button.

HAMLET

FTLN 1312 Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 1313 Neither, my lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 1314	Then you live about her waist, or in the	250
FTLN 1315	middle of her favors?	
	GULDENSTERN	
FTLN 1316	Faith, her privates we.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1317	In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true!	
FTLN 1318	She is a strumpet. What news?	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1319	None, my lord, but <that> the world's	255
FTLN 1320	grown honest.	

	HAMLET	
FTLN 1321	Then is doomsday near. But your news is not	
FTLN 1322	true. <Let me question more in particular. What	
FTLN 1323	have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of	
FTLN 1324	Fortune that she sends you to prison hither?	260
	GULDENSTERN	
FTLN 1325	Prison, my lord?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1326	Denmark's a prison.	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1327	Then is the world one.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1328	A goodly one, in which there are many confines,	
FTLN 1329	wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o'	265
FTLN 1330	th' worst.	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1331	We think not so, my lord.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1332	Why, then, 'tis none to you, for there is	
FTLN 1333	nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it	
FTLN 1334	so. To me, it is a prison.	270
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1335	Why, then, your ambition makes it one.	
FTLN 1336	'Tis too narrow for your mind.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1337	O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and	
FTLN 1338	count myself a king of infinite space, were it not	

FTLN 1339	that I have bad dreams.	275
	GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 1340	Which dreams, indeed, are ambition,	
FTLN 1341	for the very substance of the ambitious is merely	
FTLN 1342	the shadow of a dream.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1343	A dream itself is but a shadow.	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1344	Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy	280
FTLN 1345	and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1346	Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs	
FTLN 1347	and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows.	
FTLN 1348	Shall we to th' court? For, by my fay, I cannot	
FTLN 1349	reason.	285
	ROSENCRANTZ/GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 1350	We'll wait upon you.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1351	No such matter. I will not sort you with the	
FTLN 1352	rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an	
FTLN 1353	honest man, I am most dreadfully attended.) But,	
FTLN 1354	in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at	290
FTLN 1355	Elsinore?	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1356	To visit you, my lord, no other occasion.	

	HAMLET	
FTLN 1357	Beggar that I am, I am (even) poor in thanks;	
FTLN 1358	but I thank you, and sure, dear friends, my thanks	
FTLN 1359	are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for?	295
FTLN 1360	Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation?	
FTLN 1361	Come, come, deal justly with me. Come, come; nay,	
FTLN 1362	speak.	
	GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 1363	What should we say, my lord?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1364	Anything but to th' purpose. You were sent	300
FTLN 1365	for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks	

FTLN 1366	which your modesties have not craft enough to	
FTLN 1367	color. I know the good king and queen have sent for	
FTLN 1368	you.	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1369	To what end, my lord?	305
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1370	That you must teach me. But let me conjure	
FTLN 1371	you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy	
FTLN 1372	of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved	
FTLN 1373	love, and by what more dear a better	
FTLN 1374	proposer can charge you withal: be even and direct	310
FTLN 1375	with me whether you were sent for or no.	
	ROSENCRANTZ, 「to Guildenstern」	
FTLN 1376	What say you?	
	HAMLET, 「aside」	
FTLN 1377	Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If	
FTLN 1378	you love me, hold not off.	
	GULDENSTERN	
FTLN 1379	My lord, we were sent for.	315
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1380	I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation	
FTLN 1381	prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the	
FTLN 1382	King and Queen molt no feather. I have of late, but	
FTLN 1383	wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all	
FTLN 1384	custom of exercises, and, indeed, it goes so heavily	320
FTLN 1385	with my disposition that this goodly frame, the	
FTLN 1386	Earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most	
FTLN 1387	excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging	
FTLN 1388	firmament, this majestical roof, fretted	
FTLN 1389	with golden fire—why, it appeareth nothing to me	325
FTLN 1390	but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.	
FTLN 1391	What ⟨a⟩ piece of work is a man, how noble in	
FTLN 1392	reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving	

FTLN 1393	how express and admirable; in action how like	
FTLN 1394	an angel, in apprehension how like a god: the	330
FTLN 1395	beauty of the world, the paragon of animals—and	
FTLN 1396	yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man	

FTLN 1397	delights not me, <no,> nor women neither, though by	
FTLN 1398	your smiling you seem to say so.	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1399	My lord, there was no such stuff in my	335
FTLN 1400	thoughts.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1401	Why did you laugh, then, when I said “man	
FTLN 1402	delights not me”?	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1403	To think, my lord, if you delight not in	
FTLN 1404	man, what Lenten entertainment the players shall	340
FTLN 1405	receive from you. We coted them on the way, and	
FTLN 1406	hither are they coming to offer you service.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1407	He that plays the king shall be welcome—his	
FTLN 1408	Majesty shall have tribute on me. The adventurous	
FTLN 1409	knight shall use his foil and target, the lover shall	345
FTLN 1410	not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his	
FTLN 1411	part in peace, <the clown shall make those laugh	
FTLN 1412	whose lungs are ¹ tickle o’ th’ sear,> and the lady	
FTLN 1413	shall say her mind freely, or the <blank> verse shall	
FTLN 1414	halt for ’t. What players are they?	350
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1415	Even those you were wont to take such	
FTLN 1416	delight in, the tragedians of the city.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1417	How chances it they travel? Their residence,	
FTLN 1418	both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1419	I think their inhibition comes by the	355
FTLN 1420	means of the late innovation.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1421	Do they hold the same estimation they did	
FTLN 1422	when I was in the city? Are they so followed?	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1423	No, indeed are they not.	
	<HAMLET	
FTLN 1424	How comes it? Do they grow rusty?	360
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1425	Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted	
FTLN 1426	pace. But there is, sir, an aerie of children, little	
FTLN 1427	eyases, that cry out on the top of question and are	
FTLN 1428	most tyrannically clapped for ’t. These are now the	

FTLN 1429	fashion and so 「berattle」 the common stages (so	365
FTLN 1430	they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid	
FTLN 1431	of goose quills and dare scarce come thither.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1432	What, are they children? Who maintains 'em?	
FTLN 1433	How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality	
FTLN 1434	no longer than they can sing? Will they not say	370
FTLN 1435	afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common	
FTLN 1436	players (as it is 「most like,」 if their means are	
FTLN 1437	no better), their writers do them wrong to make	
FTLN 1438	them exclaim against their own succession?	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1439	Faith, there has been much 「to-do」 on	375
FTLN 1440	both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tar	
FTLN 1441	them to controversy. There was for a while no	
FTLN 1442	money bid for argument unless the poet and the	
FTLN 1443	player went to cuffs in the question.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1444	Is 't possible?	380
	GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 1445	O, there has been much throwing	
FTLN 1446	about of brains.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1447	Do the boys carry it away?	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1448	Ay, that they do, my lord—Hercules	
FTLN 1449	and his load too.)	385
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1450	It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of	
FTLN 1451	Denmark, and those that would make mouths at	
FTLN 1452	him while my father lived give twenty, forty, fifty,	
FTLN 1453	a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little.	
FTLN 1454	'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural,	390
FTLN 1455	if philosophy could find it out.	
	<i>A flourish (for the Players.)</i>	
	GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 1456	There are the players.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1457	Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore.	
FTLN 1458	Your hands, come then. Th' appurtenance of welcome	

FTLN 1459 is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply 395
FTLN 1460 with you in this garb, (lest my) extent to the players,
FTLN 1461 which, I tell you, must show fairly outwards, should
FTLN 1462 more appear like entertainment than yours. You are
FTLN 1463 welcome. But my uncle-father and aunt-mother are
FTLN 1464 deceived. 400

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Hamlet

ACT 2. SC. 2

GUILDENSTERN

FTLN 1465 In what, my dear lord?

HAMLET

FTLN 1466 I am but mad north-north-west. When the
FTLN 1467 wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1468 Well be with you, gentlemen.

HAMLET

FTLN 1469 Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too—at 405
FTLN 1470 each ear a hearer! That great baby you see there is
FTLN 1471 not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 1472 Haply he is the second time come to
FTLN 1473 them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

HAMLET

FTLN 1474 I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the 410
FTLN 1475 players; mark it.—You say right, sir, a Monday
FTLN 1476 morning, 'twas then indeed.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1477 My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAMLET

FTLN 1478 My lord, I have news to tell you: when Roscius 415
FTLN 1479 was an actor in Rome—

POLONIUS

FTLN 1480 The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 1481 Buzz, buzz.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1482 Upon my honor—
HAMLET

FTLN 1483 Then came each actor on his ass.
POLONIUS

FTLN 1484 The best actors in the world, either for 420
FTLN 1485 tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical,
FTLN 1486 historical-pastoral, (tragical-historical,
FTLN 1487 tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,) scene individable, or
FTLN 1488 poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor
FTLN 1489 Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, 425
FTLN 1490 these are the only men.

HAMLET

FTLN 1491 O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure
FTLN 1492 hadst thou!

POLONIUS

FTLN 1493 What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAMLET

FTLN 1494 Why, 430
FTLN 1495 *One fair daughter, and no more,*
FTLN 1496 *The which he lovèd passing well.*

POLONIUS, [aside]

FTLN 1497 Still on my daughter.

HAMLET

FTLN 1498 Am I not i' th' right, old Jephthah?

FTLN 1499 POLONIUS
If you call me “Jephthah,” my lord: I have a 435
FTLN 1500 daughter that I love passing well.

HAMLET

FTLN 1501 Nay, that follows not.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1502 What follows then, my lord?

HAMLET

FTLN 1503 Why,
FTLN 1504 *As by lot, God wot* 440
FTLN 1505 and then, you know,
FTLN 1506 *It came to pass, as most like it was—*
FTLN 1507 the first row of the pious chanson will show you

FTLN 1508

more, for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

FTLN 1509

You are welcome, masters; welcome all.—I am glad 445

FTLN 1510

to see thee well.—Welcome, good friends.—O (my)

FTLN 1511

old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee

FTLN 1512

last. Com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What,

FTLN 1513

my young lady and mistress! (By 'r) Lady, your Ladyship

FTLN 1514

is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by 450

FTLN 1515

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

FTLN 1516

piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the

FTLN 1517

ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to 't

FTLN 1518

like (French) falconers, fly at anything we see. We'll

FTLN 1519

have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your 455

FTLN 1520

quality. Come, a passionate speech.

(FIRST) PLAYER

FTLN 1521

What speech, my good lord?

HAMLET

FTLN 1522

I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it

FTLN 1523

was never acted, or, if it was, not above once; for

FTLN 1524

the play, I remember, pleased not the million: 460

FTLN 1525

'twas caviary to the general. But it was (as I

FTLN 1526

received it, and others whose judgments in such

FTLN 1527

matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play,

FTLN 1528

well digested in the scenes, set down with as much

FTLN 1529

modesty as cunning. I remember one said there 465

FTLN 1530

were no sallets in the lines to make the matter

FTLN 1531

savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict

FTLN 1532

the author of affection, but called it an honest

FTLN 1533

method, [as wholesome as sweet and, by very much,

FTLN 1534

more handsome than fine.] One speech in 't I 470

FTLN 1535

chiefly loved. 'Twas Aeneas' (tale) to Dido, and

FTLN 1536

thereabout of it especially when he speaks of

FTLN 1537

Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at

FTLN 1538

this line—let me see, let me see:

FTLN 1539

The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast— 475

FTLN 1540 'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus:
 FTLN 1541 *The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,*
 FTLN 1542 *Black as his purpose, did the night resemble*
 FTLN 1543 *When he lay couchèd in th' ominous horse,*
 FTLN 1544 *Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared* 480
 FTLN 1545 *With heraldry more dismal. Head to foot,*
 FTLN 1546 *Now is he total gules, horridly tricked*
 FTLN 1547 *With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,*
 FTLN 1548 *Baked and impasted with the parching streets,*
 FTLN 1549 *That lend a tyrannous and a damnèd light* 485
 FTLN 1550 *To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath and fire,*
 FTLN 1551 *And thus o'ersizèd with coagulate gore,*
 FTLN 1552 *With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus*
 FTLN 1553 *Old grandsire Priam seeks.*
 FTLN 1554 So, proceed you. 490

POLONIUS

FTLN 1555 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good
 FTLN 1556 accent and good discretion.

FTLN 1557 <FIRST> PLAYER *Anon he finds him*
 FTLN 1558 *Striking too short at Greeks. His antique sword,*
 FTLN 1559 *Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,* 495
 FTLN 1560 *Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,*
 FTLN 1561 *Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;*
 FTLN 1562 *But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword*
 FTLN 1563 *Th' unnervèd father falls. <Then senseless Ilium,>*
 FTLN 1564 *Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top* 500
 FTLN 1565 *Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash*
 FTLN 1566 *Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo, his sword,*
 FTLN 1567 *Which was declining on the milky head*
 FTLN 1568 *Of reverend Priam, seemed i' th' air to stick.*

FTLN 1569 *So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood* 505
 FTLN 1570 *<And,> like a neutral to his will and matter,*
 FTLN 1571 *Did nothing.*
 FTLN 1572 *But as we often see against some storm*
 FTLN 1573 *A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,*
 FTLN 1574 *The bold winds speechless, and the orb below* 510
 FTLN 1575 *As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder*

FTLN 1576 *Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,*
 FTLN 1577 *Arousèd vengeance sets him new a-work,*
 FTLN 1578 *And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall*
 FTLN 1579 *On Mars's armor, forged for proof eterne,* 515
 FTLN 1580 *With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword*
 FTLN 1581 *Now falls on Priam.*
 FTLN 1582 *Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods*
 FTLN 1583 *In general synod take away her power,*
 FTLN 1584 *Break all the spokes and ^ffellies^l from her wheel,* 520
 FTLN 1585 *And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven*
 FTLN 1586 *As low as to the fiends!*

POLONIUS
 FTLN 1587 *This is too long.*

HAMLET
 FTLN 1588 *It shall to the barber's with your beard.—*
 FTLN 1589 *Prithee say on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or* 525
 FTLN 1590 *he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.*

⟨FIRST⟩ PLAYER
 FTLN 1591 *But who, ah woe, had seen the moblèd queen—*

HAMLET
 FTLN 1592 *“The moblèd queen”?*

POLONIUS
 FTLN 1593 *That's good. (⟨“^fMoblèd^l queen” is good.⟩)*

⟨FIRST⟩ PLAYER
 FTLN 1594 *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames* 530
 FTLN 1595 *With ⟨bisson rheum,⟩ a clout upon that head*
 FTLN 1596 *Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,*
 FTLN 1597 *About her lank and all o'erteemèd loins*
 FTLN 1598 *A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up—*
 FTLN 1599 *Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,* 535
 FTLN 1600 *'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have*
 FTLN 1601 *pronounced.*
 FTLN 1602 *But if the gods themselves did see her then*

FTLN 1603 *When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport*
 FTLN 1604 *In mincing with his sword her ⟨husband's⟩ limbs,* 540
 FTLN 1605 *The instant burst of clamor that she made*
 FTLN 1606 *(Unless things mortal move them not at all)*

FTLN 1607	<i>Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven</i>	
FTLN 1608	<i>And passion in the gods.</i>	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 1609	Look whe'er he has not turned his color and	545
FTLN 1610	has tears in 's eyes. Prithee, no more.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1611	'Tis well. I'll have thee speak out the rest of	
FTLN 1612	this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players	
FTLN 1613	well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used,	
FTLN 1614	for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the	550
FTLN 1615	time. After your death you were better have a bad	
FTLN 1616	epitaph than their ill report while you live.	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 1617	My lord, I will use them according to their	
FTLN 1618	desert.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1619	God's (bodykins,) man, much better! Use every	555
FTLN 1620	man after his desert and who shall 'scape	
FTLN 1621	whipping? Use them after your own honor and	
FTLN 1622	dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in	
FTLN 1623	your bounty. Take them in.	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 1624	Come, sirs.	560
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1625	Follow him, friends. We'll hear a play	
FTLN 1626	tomorrow. <i>〔As Polonius and Players exit, Hamlet speaks to</i>	
	<i>the First Player.〕</i>	
FTLN 1627	Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can	
FTLN 1628	you play "The Murder of Gonzago"?	
	〔FIRST〕 PLAYER	
FTLN 1629	Ay, my lord.	565
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1630	We'll ha 't tomorrow night. You could, for (a)	
FTLN 1631	need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen	
FTLN 1632	lines, which I would set down and insert in 't,	
FTLN 1633	could you not?	
	〔FIRST〕 PLAYER	
FTLN 1634	Ay, my lord.	570
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1635	Very well. Follow that lord—and look you	
FTLN 1636	mock him not. <i>〔First Player exits.〕</i> My good friends,	
FTLN 1637	I'll leave you till night. You are welcome to Elsinore.	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1638	Good my lord.	

HAMLET

FTLN 1639 Ay, so, good-bye to you. 575

[*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*¹ *exit.*

Now I am alone.

FTLN 1640 O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

FTLN 1641 Is it not monstrous that this player here,

FTLN 1642 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

FTLN 1643 Could force his soul so to his own conceit 580

FTLN 1644 That from her working all (his) visage wanned,

FTLN 1645 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

FTLN 1646 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

FTLN 1647 With forms to his conceit—and all for nothing!

FTLN 1648 For Hecuba! 585

FTLN 1649 What's Hecuba to him, or he to (Hecuba,)

FTLN 1650 That he should weep for her? What would he do

FTLN 1651 Had he the motive and (the cue) for passion

FTLN 1652 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears

FTLN 1653 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech, 590

FTLN 1654 Make mad the guilty and appall the free,

FTLN 1655 Confound the ignorant and amaze indeed

FTLN 1656 The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,

FTLN 1657 A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak

FTLN 1658 Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause, 595

FTLN 1659 And can say nothing—no, not for a king

FTLN 1660 Upon whose property and most dear life

FTLN 1661 A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?

FTLN 1662 Who calls me “villain”? breaks my pate across?

FTLN 1663 Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face? 600

FTLN 1664 Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' th' throat

FTLN 1665 As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

FTLN 1666 Ha! 'Swounds, I should take it! For it cannot be

FTLN 1667 But I am pigeon-livered and lack gall

FTLN 1668 To make oppression bitter, or ere this 605

FTLN 1669 I should (have) fatted all the region kites

FTLN 1670 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!

FTLN 1671 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless

FTLN 1672 villain!

FTLN 1674	⟨O vengeance!⟩	610
FTLN 1675	Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,	
FTLN 1676	That I, the son of a dear 「father」 murdered,	
FTLN 1677	Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,	
FTLN 1678	Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words	
FTLN 1679	And fall a-cursing like a very drab,	615
FTLN 1680	A stallion! Fie upon 't! Foh!	
FTLN 1681	About, my brains!—Hum, I have heard	
FTLN 1682	That guilty creatures sitting at a play	
FTLN 1683	Have, by the very cunning of the scene,	
FTLN 1684	Been struck so to the soul that presently	620
FTLN 1685	They have proclaimed their malefactions;	
FTLN 1686	For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak	
FTLN 1687	With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players	
FTLN 1688	Play something like the murder of my father	
FTLN 1689	Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;	625
FTLN 1690	I'll tent him to the quick. If he do blench,	
FTLN 1691	I know my course. The spirit that I have seen	
FTLN 1692	May be a ⟨devil,⟩ and the ⟨devil⟩ hath power	
FTLN 1693	T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,	
FTLN 1694	Out of my weakness and my melancholy,	630
FTLN 1695	As he is very potent with such spirits,	
FTLN 1696	Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds	
FTLN 1697	More relative than this. The play's the thing	
FTLN 1698	Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.	

He exits.

「ACT 3」

「Scene 1」

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,
Guildenstern, (and) Lords.*

KING

FTLN 1699 And can you by no drift of conference
FTLN 1700 Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
FTLN 1701 Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
FTLN 1702 With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 1703 He does confess he feels himself distracted, 5
FTLN 1704 But from what cause he will by no means speak.

GUILDENSTERN

FTLN 1705 Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
FTLN 1706 But with a crafty madness keeps aloof
FTLN 1707 When we would bring him on to some confession
FTLN 1708 Of his true state. 10

QUEEN

FTLN 1709 Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 1710 Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN

FTLN 1711 But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 1712 Niggard of question, but of our demands
FTLN 1713 Most free in his reply. 15

QUEEN

FTLN 1714 Did you assay him to any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 1715 Madam, it so fell out that certain players

123

125

Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 1

FTLN 1716 We o'erraught on the way. Of these we told him,
FTLN 1717 And there did seem in him a kind of joy
FTLN 1718 To hear of it. They are here about the court, 20
FTLN 1719 And, as I think, they have already order
FTLN 1720 This night to play before him.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1721 'Tis most true,
FTLN 1722 And he beseeched me to entreat your Majesties
FTLN 1723 To hear and see the matter. 25

KING

FTLN 1724 With all my heart, and it doth much content me
FTLN 1725 To hear him so inclined.
FTLN 1726 Good gentlemen, give him a further edge
FTLN 1727 And drive his purpose into these delights.

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 1728 We shall, my lord. 30

*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern
[and Lords] exit.*

KING

FTLN 1729 Sweet Gertrude, leave us (too,)
FTLN 1730 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
FTLN 1731 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
FTLN 1732 Affront Ophelia.
FTLN 1733 Her father and myself, (lawful espials,) 35
FTLN 1734 (Will) so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
FTLN 1735 We may of their encounter frankly judge
FTLN 1736 And gather by him, as he is behaved,
FTLN 1737 If 't be th' affliction of his love or no
FTLN 1738 That thus he suffers for. 40

QUEEN

FTLN 1739 I shall obey you.
FTLN 1740 And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
FTLN 1741 That your good beauties be the happy cause
FTLN 1742 Of Hamlet's wildness. So shall I hope your virtues
FTLN 1743 Will bring him to his wonted way again, 45
FTLN 1744 To both your honors.

OPHELIA

FTLN 1745 Madam, I wish it may.
[Queen exits.]

POLONIUS

FTLN 1746 Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,

FTLN 1747 We will bestow ourselves. *[To Ophelia.]* Read on this
FTLN 1748 book, 50

FTLN 1749 That show of such an exercise may color
FTLN 1750 Your ⟨loneliness.⟩—We are oft to blame in this
FTLN 1751 (’Tis too much proved), that with devotion’s visage
FTLN 1752 And pious action we do sugar o’er
FTLN 1753 The devil himself. 55

KING, 「*aside*」

FTLN 1754 O, ’tis too true!

FTLN 1755 How smart a lash that speech doth give my
FTLN 1756 conscience.

FTLN 1757 The harlot’s cheek beautied with plast’ring art

FTLN 1758 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it 60

FTLN 1759 Than is my deed to my most painted word.

FTLN 1760 O heavy burden!

POLONIUS

FTLN 1761 I hear him coming. ⟨Let’s⟩ withdraw, my lord.

「*They withdraw.*」

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET

FTLN 1762 To be or not to be—that is the question:

FTLN 1763 Whether ’tis nobler in the mind to suffer 65

FTLN 1764 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

FTLN 1765 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles

FTLN 1766 And, by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep—

FTLN 1767 No more—and by a sleep to say we end

FTLN 1768 The heartache and the thousand natural shocks 70

FTLN 1769 That flesh is heir to—’tis a consummation

FTLN 1770 Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep—

FTLN 1771 To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there’s the rub,

FTLN 1772 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

FTLN 1773 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, 75

FTLN 1774 Must give us pause. There’s the respect

FTLN 1775 That makes calamity of so long life.

FTLN 1776 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

FTLN 1777 Th’ oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,

FTLN 1778 The pangs of despised love, the law’s delay,

80

FTLN 1779 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 FTLN 1780 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 FTLN 1781 When he himself might his quietus make
 FTLN 1782 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 FTLN 1783 To grunt and sweat under a weary life, 85
 FTLN 1784 But that the dread of something after death,
 FTLN 1785 The undiscovered country from whose bourn
 FTLN 1786 No traveler returns, puzzles the will
 FTLN 1787 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 FTLN 1788 Than fly to others that we know not of? 90
 FTLN 1789 Thus conscience does make cowards (of us all,)
 FTLN 1790 And thus the native hue of resolution
 FTLN 1791 Is (sicklied) o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 FTLN 1792 And enterprises of great pitch and moment
 FTLN 1793 With this regard their currents turn awry 95
 FTLN 1794 And lose the name of action.—Soft you now,
 FTLN 1795 The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
 FTLN 1796 Be all my sins remembered.

OPHELIA

FTLN 1797 Good my lord,
 FTLN 1798 How does your Honor for this many a day? 100

HAMLET

FTLN 1799 I humbly thank you, well.

OPHELIA

FTLN 1800 My lord, I have remembrances of yours
 FTLN 1801 That I have longèd long to redeliver.
 FTLN 1802 I pray you now receive them.

HAMLET

FTLN 1803 No, not I. I never gave you aught. 105

OPHELIA

FTLN 1804 My honored lord, you know right well you did,
 FTLN 1805 And with them words of so sweet breath composed
 FTLN 1806 As made (the) things more rich. Their perfume
 FTLN 1807 lost,
 FTLN 1808 Take these again, for to the noble mind 110
 FTLN 1809 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
 FTLN 1810 There, my lord.

	HAMLET	
FTLN 1811	Ha, ha, are you honest?	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 1812	My lord?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1813	Are you fair?	115
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 1814	What means your Lordship?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1815	That if you be honest and fair, (your honesty)	
FTLN 1816	should admit no discourse to your beauty.	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 1817	Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce	
FTLN 1818	than with honesty?	120
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1819	Ay, truly, for the power of beauty will sooner	
FTLN 1820	transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than	
FTLN 1821	the force of honesty can translate beauty into his	
FTLN 1822	likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now	
FTLN 1823	the time gives it proof. I did love you once.	125
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 1824	Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1825	You should not have believed me, for virtue	
FTLN 1826	cannot so (inoculate) our old stock but we shall	
FTLN 1827	relish of it. I loved you not.	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 1828	I was the more deceived.	130
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1829	Get thee (to) a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be	
FTLN 1830	a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest,	
FTLN 1831	but yet I could accuse me of such things that it	
FTLN 1832	were better my mother had not borne me: I am	
FTLN 1833	very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offenses	135
FTLN 1834	at my beck than I have thoughts to put them	
FTLN 1835	in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act	
FTLN 1836	them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling	
FTLN 1837	between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves	
FTLN 1838	(all;) believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.	140
FTLN 1839	Where's your father?	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 1840	At home, my lord.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1841	Let the doors be shut upon him that he may	
FTLN 1842	play the fool nowhere but in 's own house. Farewell.	
	OPHELIA	

FTLN 1843 O, help him, you sweet heavens! 145
HAMLET
FTLN 1844 If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague
FTLN 1845 for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as
FTLN 1846 snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a

133

Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 1

FTLN 1847 nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry,
FTLN 1848 marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what 150
FTLN 1849 monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and
FTLN 1850 quickly too. Farewell.

OPHELIA

FTLN 1851 Heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET

FTLN 1852 I have heard of your paintings <too,> well
FTLN 1853 enough. God hath given you one face, and you 155
FTLN 1854 make yourselves another. You jig and amble, and
FTLN 1855 you <lisp;> you nickname God's creatures and make
FTLN 1856 your wantonness <your> ignorance. Go to, I'll no
FTLN 1857 more on 't. It hath made me mad. I say we will have
FTLN 1858 no more marriage. Those that are married already, 160
FTLN 1859 all but one, shall live. The rest shall keep as they are.
FTLN 1860 To a nunnery, go.

He exits.

OPHELIA

FTLN 1861 O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
FTLN 1862 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
FTLN 1863 sword, 165
FTLN 1864 <Th' expectancy> and rose of the fair state,
FTLN 1865 The glass of fashion and the mold of form,
FTLN 1866 Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
FTLN 1867 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
FTLN 1868 That sucked the honey of his musicked vows, 170
FTLN 1869 Now see <that> noble and most sovereign reason,
FTLN 1870 Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh;
FTLN 1871 That unmatched form and stature of blown youth
FTLN 1872 Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me
FTLN 1873 T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see! 175

KING, 「*advancing with*」 *Polonius*

FTLN 1874 Love? His affections do not that way tend;
FTLN 1875 Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
FTLN 1876 Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
FTLN 1877 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
FTLN 1878 And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose 180
FTLN 1879 Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
FTLN 1880 I have in quick determination

135

Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 2

FTLN 1881 Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England
FTLN 1882 For the demand of our neglected tribute.
FTLN 1883 Haply the seas, and countries different, 185
FTLN 1884 With variable objects, shall expel
FTLN 1885 This something-settled matter in his heart,
FTLN 1886 Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
FTLN 1887 From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

POLONIUS

FTLN 1888 It shall do well. But yet do I believe 190
FTLN 1889 The origin and commencement of his grief
FTLN 1890 Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
FTLN 1891 You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
FTLN 1892 We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please,
FTLN 1893 But, if you hold it fit, after the play 195
FTLN 1894 Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him
FTLN 1895 To show his grief. Let her be round with him;
FTLN 1896 And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
FTLN 1897 Of all their conference. If she find him not,
FTLN 1898 To England send him, or confine him where 200
FTLN 1899 Your wisdom best shall think.

KING

FTLN 1900 It shall be so.
FTLN 1901 Madness in great ones must not (unwatched) go.
They exit.

「Scene 2」

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.

HAMLET

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced

it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth
it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the
town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air
too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; 5
for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say,
whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and
beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O,

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Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 2

it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious,
periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very 10
rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the
most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable
dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow
whipped for o'erdoing Termagant. It out-Herods
Herod. Pray you, avoid it. 15

PLAYER

I warrant your Honor.

HAMLET

Be not too tame neither, but let your own
discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the
word, the word to the action, with this special
observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of 20
nature. For anything so o'erdone is from the purpose
of playing, whose end, both at the first and
now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to
nature, to show virtue her (own) feature, scorn her
own image, and the very age and body of the time 25
his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come
tardy off, though it makes the unskillful laugh,
cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure
of (the) which one must in your allowance o'erweigh
a whole theater of others. O, there be players that I 30
have seen play and heard others (praise) (and that
highly), not to speak it profanely, that, neither
having th' accent of Christians nor the gait of
Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and

FTLN 1936 bellowed that I have thought some of nature's 35
FTLN 1937 journeymen had made men, and not made them
FTLN 1938 well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

PLAYER

FTLN 1939 I hope we have reformed that indifferently
FTLN 1940 with us, (sir.)

HAMLET

FTLN 1941 O, reform it altogether. And let those that play 40
FTLN 1942 your clowns speak no more than is set down for
FTLN 1943 them, for there be of them that will themselves
FTLN 1944 laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators
FTLN 1945 to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary

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Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 2

FTLN 1946 question of the play be then to be considered. 45
FTLN 1947 That's villainous and shows a most pitiful ambition
FTLN 1948 in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready.

⟨Players exit.⟩

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz.

FTLN 1949 How now, my lord, will the King hear this piece of
FTLN 1950 work?

POLONIUS

FTLN 1951 And the Queen too, and that presently. 50

HAMLET

FTLN 1952 Bid the players make haste.

⟨Polonius exits.⟩

FTLN 1953 Will you two help to hasten them?

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 1954 Ay, my lord.

They exit.

HAMLET

FTLN 1955 What ho, Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

HORATIO

FTLN 1956 Here, sweet lord, at your service. 55

HAMLET

FTLN 1957 Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
FTLN 1958 As e'er my conversation coped withal.

HORATIO

FTLN 1959 O, my dear lord—

(HAMLET)

FTLN 1960 Nay, do not think I flatter,
FTLN 1961 For what advancement may I hope from thee 60
FTLN 1962 That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
FTLN 1963 To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
FTLN 1964 flattered?

FTLN 1965 No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp
FTLN 1966 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee 65
FTLN 1967 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

FTLN 1968 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
FTLN 1969 And could of men distinguish, her election
FTLN 1970 Hath sealed thee for herself. For thou hast been
FTLN 1971 As one in suffering all that suffers nothing, 70
FTLN 1972 A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
FTLN 1973 Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blessed are those
FTLN 1974 Whose blood and judgment are so well
FTLN 1975 commedled

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Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 2

FTLN 1976 That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger 75
FTLN 1977 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
FTLN 1978 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
FTLN 1979 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
FTLN 1980 As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

FTLN 1981 There is a play tonight before the King. 80
FTLN 1982 One scene of it comes near the circumstance
FTLN 1983 Which I have told thee of my father's death.

FTLN 1984 I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
FTLN 1985 Even with the very comment of thy soul
FTLN 1986 Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt 85
FTLN 1987 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
FTLN 1988 It is a damnèd ghost that we have seen,
FTLN 1989 And my imaginations are as foul
FTLN 1990 As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note,
FTLN 1991

	For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,	90
FTLN 1992	And, after, we will both our judgments join	
FTLN 1993	In censure of his seeming.	
	HORATIO	
	Well, my lord.	
FTLN 1994	If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing	
FTLN 1995	And 'scape <detecting>, I will pay the theft.	95
FTLN 1996		
	<i><Sound a flourish.></i>	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 1997	They are coming to the play. I must be idle.	
FTLN 1998	Get you a place.	
	<i>Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums. <Enter> King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, <Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant with 「the King's」 guard carrying torches.></i>	
	KING	
FTLN 1999	How fares our cousin Hamlet?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2000	Excellent, i' faith, of the chameleon's dish. I	
FTLN 2001	eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed	100
FTLN 2002	capons so.	
	KING	
FTLN 2003	I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet. These	
FTLN 2004	words are not mine.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2005	No, nor mine now. 「 <i>To Polonius.</i> 」 My lord, you	
FTLN 2006	played once i' th' university, you say?	105
<hr/>		
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	<i>Hamlet</i>	
		ACT 3. SC. 2
<hr/>		
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 2007	That did I, my lord, and was accounted a	
FTLN 2008	good actor.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2009	What did you enact?	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 2010	I did enact Julius Caesar. I was killed i' th'	
FTLN 2011	Capitol. Brutus killed me.	110

	HAMLET	
FTLN 2012	It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a	
FTLN 2013	calf there.—Be the players ready?	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 2014	Ay, my lord. They stay upon your	
FTLN 2015	patience.	
	QUEEN	
FTLN 2016	Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.	115
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2017	No, good mother. Here's metal more	
FTLN 2018	attractive.	
	<i>〔Hamlet takes a place near Ophelia.〕</i>	
	POLONIUS, <i>〔to the King〕</i>	
FTLN 2019	Oh, ho! Do you mark that?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2020	Lady, shall I lie in your lap?	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 2021	No, my lord.	120
	〈HAMLET	
FTLN 2022	I mean, my head upon your lap?	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 2023	Ay, my lord.〉	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2024	Do you think I meant country matters?	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 2025	I think nothing, my lord.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2026	That's a fair thought to lie between maids'	125
FTLN 2027	legs.	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 2028	What is, my lord?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2029	Nothing.	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 2030	You are merry, my lord.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2031	Who, I?	130
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 2032	Ay, my lord.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2033	O God, your only jig-maker. What should a	
FTLN 2034	man do but be merry? For look you how cheerfully	
FTLN 2035	my mother looks, and my father died within 's two	
FTLN 2036	hours.	135
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 2037	Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.	

HAMLET

FTLN 2038 So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black,
FTLN 2039 for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens, die two
FTLN 2040 months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's
FTLN 2041 hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half
FTLN 2042 a year. But, by 'r Lady, he must build churches, then, 140

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Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 2

FTLN 2043 or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the
FTLN 2044 hobby-horse, whose epitaph is "For oh, for oh, the
FTLN 2045 hobby-horse is forgot."

The trumpets sounds. Dumb show follows.

FTLN 2046 *Enter a King and a Queen, (very lovingly,) the Queen 145*
FTLN 2047 *embracing him and he her. (She kneels and makes show of*
FTLN 2048 *protestation unto him.) He takes her up and declines his*
FTLN 2049 *head upon her neck. He lies him down upon a bank of*
FTLN 2050 *flowers. She, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon*
FTLN 2051 *(comes) in another man, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours 150*
FTLN 2052 *poison in the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The Queen*
FTLN 2053 *returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action. The*
FTLN 2054 *poisoner with some three or four come in again, seem to*
FTLN 2055 *condole with her. The dead body is carried away. The*
FTLN 2056 *poisoner woos the Queen with gifts. She seems harsh 155*
FTLN 2057 *awhile but in the end accepts (his) love.*

〔Players exit.〕

OPHELIA

FTLN 2058 What means this, my lord?

HAMLET

FTLN 2059 Marry, this (is miching) mallecho. It means
FTLN 2060 mischief.

OPHELIA

FTLN 2061 Belike this show imports the argument of the
FTLN 2062 play. 160

Enter Prologue.

HAMLET

FTLN 2063 We shall know by this fellow. The players

FTLN 2064 cannot keep (counsel;) they'll tell all.

OPHELIA

FTLN 2065 Will he tell us what this show meant?

HAMLET

FTLN 2066 Ay, or any show that you will show him. Be 165

FTLN 2067 not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you

FTLN 2068 what it means.

OPHELIA

FTLN 2069 You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the

FTLN 2070 play.

PROLOGUE

FTLN 2071 *For us and for our tragedy,* 170

FTLN 2072 *Here stooping to your clemency,*

FTLN 2073 *We beg your hearing patiently.*

[He exits.]

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Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 2

HAMLET

FTLN 2074 Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?

OPHELIA

FTLN 2075 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 2076 As woman's love. 175

Enter [the Player] King and Queen.

PLAYER KING

FTLN 2077 *Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round*

FTLN 2078 *Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' (orbèd) ground,*

FTLN 2079 *And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen*

FTLN 2080 *About the world have times twelve thirties been*

FTLN 2081 *Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands* 180

FTLN 2082 *Unite commutual in most sacred bands.*

PLAYER QUEEN

FTLN 2083 *So many journeys may the sun and moon*

FTLN 2084 *Make us again count o'er ere love be done!*

FTLN 2085 *But woe is me! You are so sick of late,*

FTLN 2086 *So far from cheer and from (your) former state,* 185

FTLN 2087 *That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,*

FTLN 2088	<i>Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must.</i>	
FTLN 2089	<i>[For women fear too much, even as they love,]</i>	
FTLN 2090	<i>And women's fear and love hold quantity,</i>	
FTLN 2091	<i>In neither aught, or in extremity.</i>	190
FTLN 2092	<i>Now what my (love) is, proof hath made you know,</i>	
FTLN 2093	<i>And, as my love is sized, my fear is so:</i>	
FTLN 2094	<i>[Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;</i>	
FTLN 2095	<i>Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.]</i>	
	PLAYER KING	
FTLN 2096	<i>Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too.</i>	195
FTLN 2097	<i>My operant powers their functions leave to do.</i>	
FTLN 2098	<i>And thou shall live in this fair world behind,</i>	
FTLN 2099	<i>Honored, beloved; and haply one as kind</i>	
FTLN 2100	<i>For husband shalt thou—</i>	
FTLN 2101	PLAYER QUEEN <i>O, confound the rest!</i>	200
FTLN 2102	<i>Such love must needs be treason in my breast.</i>	
FTLN 2103	<i>In second husband let me be accurst.</i>	
FTLN 2104	<i>None wed the second but who killed the first.</i>	

HAMLET

FTLN 2105	<i>That's wormwood!</i>	
	PLAYER QUEEN	
FTLN 2106	<i>The instances that second marriage move</i>	205
FTLN 2107	<i>Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.</i>	
FTLN 2108	<i>A second time I kill my husband dead</i>	
FTLN 2109	<i>When second husband kisses me in bed.</i>	
	PLAYER KING	
FTLN 2110	<i>I do believe you think what now you speak,</i>	
FTLN 2111	<i>But what we do determine oft we break.</i>	210
FTLN 2112	<i>Purpose is but the slave to memory,</i>	
FTLN 2113	<i>Of violent birth, but poor validity,</i>	
FTLN 2114	<i>Which now, the fruit unripe, sticks on the tree</i>	
FTLN 2115	<i>But fall unshaken when they mellow be.</i>	
FTLN 2116	<i>Most necessary 'tis that we forget</i>	215
FTLN 2117	<i>To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.</i>	
FTLN 2118	<i>What to ourselves in passion we propose,</i>	
FTLN 2119	<i>The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.</i>	
FTLN 2120	<i>The violence of either grief or joy</i>	

FTLN 2121	<i>Their own enactures with themselves destroy.</i>	220
FTLN 2122	<i>Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;</i>	
FTLN 2123	<i>Grief ⟨joys,⟩ joy grieves, on slender accident.</i>	
FTLN 2124	<i>This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange</i>	
FTLN 2125	<i>That even our loves should with our fortunes change;</i>	
FTLN 2126	<i>For 'tis a question left us yet to prove</i>	225
FTLN 2127	<i>Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.</i>	
FTLN 2128	<i>The great man down, you mark his favorite flies;</i>	
FTLN 2129	<i>The poor, advanced, makes friends of enemies.</i>	
FTLN 2130	<i>And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,</i>	
FTLN 2131	<i>For who not needs shall never lack a friend,</i>	230
FTLN 2132	<i>And who in want a hollow friend doth try</i>	
FTLN 2133	<i>Directly seasons him his enemy.</i>	
FTLN 2134	<i>But, orderly to end where I begun:</i>	
FTLN 2135	<i>Our wills and fates do so contrary run</i>	
FTLN 2136	<i>That our devices still are overthrown;</i>	235
FTLN 2137	<i>Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.</i>	
FTLN 2138	<i>So think thou wilt no second husband wed,</i>	
FTLN 2139	<i>But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.</i>	

PLAYER QUEEN

FTLN 2140	<i>Nor Earth to me give food, nor heaven light,</i>	
FTLN 2141	<i>Sport and repose lock from me day and night,</i>	240
FTLN 2142	<i>[To desperation turn my trust and hope,</i>	
FTLN 2143	<i>「An¹ anchor's cheer in prison be my scope.]</i>	
FTLN 2144	<i>Each opposite that blanks the face of joy</i>	
FTLN 2145	<i>Meet what I would have well and it destroy.</i>	
FTLN 2146	<i>Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,</i>	245
FTLN 2147	<i>If, once a widow, ever I be wife.</i>	

HAMLET

FTLN 2148 *If she should break it now!*

PLAYER KING

FTLN 2149	<i>'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile.</i>	
FTLN 2150	<i>My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile</i>	
FTLN 2151	<i>The tedious day with sleep.</i>	250

⟨Sleeps.⟩

FTLN 2152 *PLAYER QUEEN Sleep rock thy brain,*
 FTLN 2153 *And never come mischance between us twain.*

「*Player Queen exits.*」

HAMLET

FTLN 2154 Madam, how like you this play?

QUEEN

FTLN 2155 The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

HAMLET

FTLN 2156 O, but she'll keep her word.

255

KING

FTLN 2157 Have you heard the argument? Is there no
FTLN 2158 offense in 't?

HAMLET

FTLN 2159 No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest. No
FTLN 2160 offense i' th' world.

KING

FTLN 2161 What do you call the play?

260

HAMLET

FTLN 2162 "The Mousetrap." Marry, how? Tropically.

FTLN 2163 This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna.
FTLN 2164 Gonzago is the duke's name, his wife Baptista. You
FTLN 2165 shall see anon. 'Tis a knavish piece of work, but
FTLN 2166 what of that? Your Majesty and we that have free
FTLN 2167 souls, it touches us not. Let the galled jade wince;
FTLN 2168 our withers are unwrung.

265

Enter Lucianus.

FTLN 2169 This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

OPHELIA

FTLN 2170 You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

153

Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 2

HAMLET

FTLN 2171 I could interpret between you and your love,
FTLN 2172 if I could see the puppets dallying.

270

OPHELIA

FTLN 2173 You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

HAMLET

FTLN 2174 It would cost you a groaning to take off mine
FTLN 2175 edge.

	OPHELIA	
FTLN 2176	Still better and worse.	275
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2177	So you mis-take your husbands.—Begin,	
FTLN 2178	murderer. ⟨Pox,⟩ leave thy damnable faces and	
FTLN 2179	begin. Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for	
FTLN 2180	revenge.	
	LUCIANUS	
FTLN 2181	<i>Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time</i>	280
FTLN 2182	<i>agreeing,</i>	
FTLN 2183	<i>⟨Confederate⟩ season, else no creature seeing,</i>	
FTLN 2184	<i>Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,</i>	
FTLN 2185	<i>With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice ⟨infected,⟩</i>	
FTLN 2186	<i>Thy natural magic and dire property</i>	285
FTLN 2187	<i>On wholesome life ⟨usurp⟩ immediately.</i>	
	<i>⟨Pours the poison in his ears.⟩</i>	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2188	He poisons him i' th' garden for his estate. His	
FTLN 2189	name's Gonzago. The story is extant and written in	
FTLN 2190	very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the	
FTLN 2191	murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.	290
	<i>⟦Claudius rises.⟧</i>	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 2192	The King rises.	
	⟨HAMLET	
FTLN 2193	What, frightened with false fire?⟩	
	QUEEN	
FTLN 2194	How fares my lord?	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 2195	Give o'er the play.	
	KING	
FTLN 2196	Give me some light. Away!	295
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 2197	Lights, lights, lights!	
	<i>All but Hamlet and Horatio exit.</i>	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2198	<i>Why, let the stricken deer go weep,</i>	
FTLN 2199	<i>The hart ungallèd play.</i>	
FTLN 2200	<i>For some must watch, while some must sleep:</i>	
FTLN 2201	<i>Thus runs the world away.</i>	300

FTLN 2202	Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the	
FTLN 2203	rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me) with <two>	
FTLN 2204	Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a	
FTLN 2205	fellowship in a cry of players?	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 2206	Half a share.	305
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2207	A whole one, I.	
FTLN 2208	<i>For thou dost know, O Damon dear,</i>	
FTLN 2209	<i>This realm dismantled was</i>	
FTLN 2210	<i>Of Jove himself, and now reigns here</i>	
FTLN 2211	<i>A very very—pajock.</i>	310
	HORATIO	
FTLN 2212	You might have rhymed.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2213	O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for	
FTLN 2214	a thousand pound. Didst perceive?	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 2215	Very well, my lord.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2216	Upon the talk of the poisoning?	315
	HORATIO	
FTLN 2217	I did very well note him.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2218	Ah ha! Come, some music! Come, the	
FTLN 2219	recorders!	
FTLN 2220	<i>For if the King like not the comedy,</i>	
FTLN 2221	<i>Why, then, belike he likes it not, perdy.</i>	320
FTLN 2222	Come, some music!	
	<i>Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.</i>	
	GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 2223	Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word	
FTLN 2224	with you.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2225	Sir, a whole history.	
	GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 2226	The King, sir—	325
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2227	Ay, sir, what of him?	
	GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 2228	Is in his retirement marvelous	

ROSENCRANTZ

Then thus she says: your behavior hath
struck her into amazement and admiration.

355

HAMLET

O wonderful son that can so 'stonish a mother!
But is there no sequel at the heels of this
mother's admiration? Impart.

ROSENCRANTZ

She desires to speak with you in her
closet ere you go to bed.

360

HAMLET

We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
Have you any further trade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ

My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET

And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ

Good my lord, what is your cause of
distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your
own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend.

365

HAMLET

Sir, I lack advancement.

ROSENCRANTZ

How can that be, when you have the
voice of the King himself for your succession in
Denmark?

370

159

Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 2

HAMLET

Ay, sir, but "While the grass grows"—the
proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players with recorders.

O, the recorders! Let me see one. *[He takes a
recorder and turns to Guildenstern.]*

To withdraw
with you: why do you go about to recover the wind

375

FTLN 2278	of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?	
	GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 2279	O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my	
FTLN 2280	love is too unmannerly.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2281	I do not well understand that. Will you play	380
FTLN 2282	upon this pipe?	
	GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 2283	My lord, I cannot.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2284	I pray you.	
	GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 2285	Believe me, I cannot.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2286	I do beseech you.	385
	GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 2287	I know no touch of it, my lord.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2288	It is as easy as lying. Govern these ventages	
FTLN 2289	with your fingers and (thumb,) give it breath with	
FTLN 2290	your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent	
FTLN 2291	music. Look you, these are the stops.	390
	GUILDENSTERN	
FTLN 2292	But these cannot I command to any	
FTLN 2293	utt'rance of harmony. I have not the skill.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2294	Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing	
FTLN 2295	you make of me! You would play upon me, you	
FTLN 2296	would seem to know my stops, you would pluck	395
FTLN 2297	out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me	
FTLN 2298	from my lowest note to (the top of) my compass;	
FTLN 2299	and there is much music, excellent voice, in this	
FTLN 2300	little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood,	
FTLN 2301	do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?	400
FTLN 2302	Call me what instrument you will, though you (can)	
FTLN 2303	fret me, you cannot play upon me.	

Enter Polonius.

FTLN 2304	God bless you, sir.	
-----------	---------------------	--

POLONIUS

My lord, the Queen would speak with you,
and presently.

405

HAMLET

Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in
shape of a camel?

POLONIUS

By th' Mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

HAMLET

Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS

It is backed like a weasel.

410

HAMLET

Or like a whale.

POLONIUS

Very like a whale.

〈HAMLET〉

Then I will come to my mother by and by.

〔*Aside.*〕 They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will
come by and by.

415

〈POLONIUS〉

I will say so.

〈HAMLET〉

“By and by” is easily said. Leave me,
friends.

〔*All but Hamlet exit.*〕

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn and hell itself 〈breathes〉

420

out

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot

blood

And do such 〈bitter〉 business as the day

Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother.

425

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.

Let me be cruel, not unnatural.

I will speak 〈daggers〉 to her, but use none.

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:

430

How in my words somever she be shent,

To give them seals never, my soul, consent.

He exits.

「Scene 3」

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

KING

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

5

GUILDENSTERN

We will ourselves provide.
 Most holy and religious fear it is
 To keep those many many bodies safe
 That live and feed upon your Majesty.

10

ROSENCRANTZ

The single and peculiar life is bound
 With all the strength and armor of the mind
 To keep itself from noyance, but much more
 That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
 The lives of many. The cress of majesty
 Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
 What's near it with it; or it is a massy wheel
 Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
 To whose (huge) spokes ten thousand lesser things
 Are mortised and adjoined, which, when it falls,
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 Attends the boist'rous (ruin.) Never alone
 Did the king sigh, but (with) a general groan.

15

20

KING

Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage,
 For we will fetters put about this fear,
 Which now goes too free-footed.

25

ROSENCRANTZ

We will haste us.

「*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*」*exit.*

Enter Polonius.

165

Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 3

POLONIUS

My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.

Behind the arras I'll convey myself

To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him

home;

And, as you said (and wisely was it said),

'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear

The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege.

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed

And tell you what I know.

KING

Thanks, dear my lord.

「*Polonius*」*exits.*

O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven;

It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,

A brother's murder. Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will.

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,

And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin

And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy

But to confront the visage of offense?

And what's in prayer but this twofold force,

To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,

Or (pardoned) being down? Then I'll look up.

My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder"?

That cannot be, since I am still possessed

FTLN 2362

FTLN 2363

FTLN 2364

FTLN 2365

FTLN 2366

FTLN 2367

FTLN 2368

FTLN 2369

FTLN 2370

FTLN 2371

FTLN 2372

FTLN 2373

FTLN 2374

FTLN 2375

FTLN 2376

FTLN 2377

FTLN 2378

FTLN 2379

FTLN 2380

FTLN 2381

FTLN 2382

FTLN 2383

FTLN 2384

FTLN 2385

FTLN 2386

FTLN 2387

FTLN 2388

FTLN 2389

FTLN 2390

30

35

40

45

50

55

FTLN 2391 Of those effects for which I did the murder:
FTLN 2392 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
FTLN 2393 May one be pardoned and retain th' offense? 60
FTLN 2394 In the corrupted currents of this world,
FTLN 2395 Offense's gilded hand may ⟨shove⟩ by justice,

167

Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 3

FTLN 2396 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
FTLN 2397 Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above:
FTLN 2398 There is no shuffling; there the action lies 65
FTLN 2399 In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,
FTLN 2400 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
FTLN 2401 To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
FTLN 2402 Try what repentance can. What can it not?
FTLN 2403 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent? 70
FTLN 2404 O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
FTLN 2405 O limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,
FTLN 2406 Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay.
FTLN 2407 Bow, stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel
FTLN 2408 Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe. 75
FTLN 2409 All may be well.

「*He kneels.*」

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET

FTLN 2410 Now might I do it ⟨pat,⟩ now he is a-praying,
FTLN 2411 And now I'll do 't.
FTLN 2412 *And so he goes to heaven,*
FTLN 2413 And so am I ⟨revenged.⟩ That would be scanned: 80
FTLN 2414 A villain kills my father, and for that,
FTLN 2415 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
FTLN 2416 To heaven.
FTLN 2417 Why, this is ⟨hire⟩ and ⟨salary,⟩ not revenge.
FTLN 2418 He took my father grossly, full of bread, 85
FTLN 2419 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
FTLN 2420 And how his audit stands who knows save heaven.
FTLN 2421 But in our circumstance and course of thought

FTLN 2422 'Tis heavy with him. And am I then revenged
 FTLN 2423 To take him in the purging of his soul, 90
 FTLN 2424 When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
 FTLN 2425 No.
 FTLN 2426 Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.
 「He sheathes his sword.」
 FTLN 2427 When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,

169

Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 4

FTLN 2428 Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed, 95
 FTLN 2429 At game, a-swearing, or about some act
 FTLN 2430 That has no relish of salvation in 't—
 FTLN 2431 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
 FTLN 2432 And that his soul may be as damned and black
 FTLN 2433 As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays. 100
 FTLN 2434 This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.
 「Hamlet」 exits.

KING, *「rising」*

FTLN 2435 My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
 FTLN 2436 Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
 He exits.

「Scene 4」

Enter (Queen) and Polonius.

POLONIUS

FTLN 2437 He will come straight. Look you lay home to him.
 FTLN 2438 Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear
 FTLN 2439 with
 FTLN 2440 And that your Grace hath screened and stood
 FTLN 2441 between 5
 FTLN 2442 Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here.
 FTLN 2443 Pray you, be round (with him).

HAMLET, *within*

FTLN 2444 Mother, mother, mother!)

QUEEN

FTLN 2445 I'll (warrant) you. Fear me not. Withdraw,

FTLN 2446

I hear him coming.

10

Polonius hides behind the arras.

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET

FTLN 2447

Now, mother, what's the matter?

QUEEN

FTLN 2448

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET

FTLN 2449

Mother, you have my father much offended.

171

Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 4

QUEEN

FTLN 2450

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET

FTLN 2451

Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

15

QUEEN

FTLN 2452

Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET

FTLN 2453

What's the matter now?

QUEEN

FTLN 2454

Have you forgot me?

HAMLET

FTLN 2455

No, by the rood, not so.

FTLN 2456

You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,

20

FTLN 2457

And (would it were not so) you are my mother.

QUEEN

FTLN 2458

Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAMLET

FTLN 2459

Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge.

FTLN 2460

You go not till I set you up a glass

FTLN 2461

Where you may see the (inmost) part of you.

25

QUEEN

FTLN 2462

What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?

FTLN 2463

Help, ho!

POLONIUS, *behind the arras*

FTLN 2464

What ho! Help!

HAMLET

FTLN 2465

How now, a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead.

*〔He kills Polonius〕 by thrusting a rapier
through the arras.〕*

POLONIUS, *〔behind the arras〕*

FTLN 2466

O, I am slain!

30

QUEEN

FTLN 2467

O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET

FTLN 2468

Nay, I know not. Is it the King?

QUEEN

FTLN 2469

O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAMLET

FTLN 2470

A bloody deed—almost as bad, good mother,

FTLN 2471

As kill a king and marry with his brother.

35

QUEEN

FTLN 2472

As kill a king?

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Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 4

HAMLET

FTLN 2473

Ay, lady, it was my word.

〔He pulls Polonius' body from behind the arras.〕

FTLN 2474

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.

FTLN 2475

I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune.

FTLN 2476

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.

40

FTLN 2477

〔To Queen.〕 Leave wringing of your hands. Peace, sit
you down,

FTLN 2478

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall

FTLN 2479

If it be made of penetrable stuff,

FTLN 2480

If damnèd custom have not brazed it so

45

FTLN 2481

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

QUEEN

FTLN 2483

What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

FTLN 2484

In noise so rude against me?

HAMLET

FTLN 2485

Such an act

FTLN 2486

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

50

FTLN 2487

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose

FTLN 2488

From the fair forehead of an innocent love

FTLN 2489

And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows

FTLN 2490	As false as dicers' oaths—O, such a deed	
FTLN 2491	As from the body of contraction plucks	55
FTLN 2492	The very soul, and sweet religion makes	
FTLN 2493	A rhapsody of words! Heaven's face does glow	
FTLN 2494	O'er this solidity and compound mass	
FTLN 2495	With heated visage, as against the doom,	
FTLN 2496	Is thought-sick at the act.	60

QUEEN

FTLN 2497	Ay me, what act	
FTLN 2498	That roars so loud and thunders in the index?	

HAMLET

FTLN 2499	Look here upon this picture and on this,	
FTLN 2500	The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.	
FTLN 2501	See what a grace was seated on this brow,	65
FTLN 2502	Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,	
FTLN 2503	An eye like Mars' to threaten and command,	
FTLN 2504	A station like the herald Mercury	
FTLN 2505	New-lighted on a (heaven)-kissing hill,	

FTLN 2506	A combination and a form indeed	70
FTLN 2507	Where every god did seem to set his seal	
FTLN 2508	To give the world assurance of a man.	
FTLN 2509	This was your husband. Look you now what follows.	
FTLN 2510	Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear	
FTLN 2511	Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?	75
FTLN 2512	Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed	
FTLN 2513	And batten on this moor? Ha! Have you eyes?	
FTLN 2514	You cannot call it love, for at your age	
FTLN 2515	The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble	
FTLN 2516	And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment	80
FTLN 2517	Would step from this to this? [Sense sure you have,	
FTLN 2518	Else could you not have motion; but sure that sense	
FTLN 2519	Is apoplexed; for madness would not err,	
FTLN 2520	Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,	
FTLN 2521	But it reserved some quantity of choice	85
FTLN 2522	To serve in such a difference.] What devil was 't	
FTLN 2523	That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?	
FTLN 2524	[Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,	

FTLN 2525 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
 FTLN 2526 Or but a sickly part of one true sense 90
 FTLN 2527 Could not so mope.] O shame, where is thy blush?
 FTLN 2528 Rebellious hell,
 FTLN 2529 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
 FTLN 2530 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
 FTLN 2531 And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame 95
 FTLN 2532 When the compulsive ardor gives the charge,
 FTLN 2533 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 FTLN 2534 And reason ⟨panders⟩ will.

QUEEN

FTLN 2535 O Hamlet, speak no more!
 FTLN 2536 Thou turn'st my eyes into my ⟨very⟩ soul, 100
 FTLN 2537 And there I see such black and ⟨grainèd⟩ spots
 FTLN 2538 As will ⟨not⟩ leave their tinct.

HAMLET

FTLN 2539 Nay, but to live
 FTLN 2540 In the rank sweat of an enseamèd bed,
 FTLN 2541 Stewed in corruption, honeying and making love 105
 FTLN 2542 Over the nasty sty!

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Hamlet

ACT 3. SC. 4

QUEEN

FTLN 2543 O, speak to me no more!
 FTLN 2544 These words like daggers enter in my ears.
 FTLN 2545 No more, sweet Hamlet!

HAMLET

FTLN 2546 A murderer and a villain, 110
 FTLN 2547 A slave that is not twentieth part the ⟨tithe⟩
 FTLN 2548 Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings,
 FTLN 2549 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 FTLN 2550 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
 FTLN 2551 And put it in his pocket— 115

QUEEN

FTLN 2552 No more!

HAMLET

FTLN 2553 A king of shreds and patches—

Enter Ghost.

FTLN 2554 Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
FTLN 2555 You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious
FTLN 2556 figure? 120

QUEEN

FTLN 2557 Alas, he's mad.

HAMLET

FTLN 2558 Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
FTLN 2559 That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
FTLN 2560 Th' important acting of your dread command?
FTLN 2561 O, say! 125

GHOST

FTLN 2562 Do not forget. This visitation
FTLN 2563 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
FTLN 2564 But look, amazement on thy mother sits.
FTLN 2565 O, step between her and her fighting soul.
FTLN 2566 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works. 130
FTLN 2567 Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAMLET

FTLN 2568 How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN

FTLN 2569 Alas, how is 't with you,
FTLN 2570 That you do bend your eye on vacancy
FTLN 2571 And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse? 135
FTLN 2572 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
FTLN 2573 And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,
FTLN 2574 Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
FTLN 2575 Start up and stand an end. O gentle son,

FTLN 2576 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper 140
FTLN 2577 Sprinkle cool patience! Whereon do you look?

HAMLET

FTLN 2578 On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares.
FTLN 2579 His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
FTLN 2580 Would make them capable. 「*To the Ghost.*」 Do not
FTLN 2581 look upon me, 145
FTLN 2582 Lest with this piteous action you convert
FTLN 2583 My stern effects. Then what I have to do

FTLN 2584 Will want true color—tears perchance for blood.
 QUEEN

FTLN 2585 To whom do you speak this?
 HAMLET

FTLN 2586 Do you see nothing there? 150
 QUEEN

FTLN 2587 Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.
 HAMLET

FTLN 2588 Nor did you nothing hear?
 QUEEN

FTLN 2589 No, nothing but ourselves.
 HAMLET

FTLN 2590 Why, look you there, look how it steals away!
 FTLN 2591 My father, in his habit as he lived! 155
 FTLN 2592 Look where he goes even now out at the portal!
Ghost exits.

QUEEN

FTLN 2593 This is the very coinage of your brain.
 FTLN 2594 This bodiless creation ecstasy
 FTLN 2595 Is very cunning in.
 HAMLET

FTLN 2596 (Ecstasy?) 160

FTLN 2597 My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time
 FTLN 2598 And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
 FTLN 2599 That I have uttered. Bring me to the test,
 FTLN 2600 And (I) the matter will reword, which madness
 FTLN 2601 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace, 165
 FTLN 2602 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
 FTLN 2603 That not your trespass but my madness speaks.
 FTLN 2604 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
 FTLN 2605 Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
 FTLN 2606 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven, 170

FTLN 2607 Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
 FTLN 2608 And do not spread the compost on the weeds
 FTLN 2609 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue,
 FTLN 2610 For, in the fatness of these pury times,
 FTLN 2611 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg, 175

FTLN 2612 Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.
 QUEEN

FTLN 2613 O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!
 HAMLET

FTLN 2614 O, throw away the worser part of it,
 FTLN 2615 And ‹live› the purer with the other half!
 FTLN 2616 Good night. But go not to my uncle's bed. 180
 FTLN 2617 Assume a virtue if you have it not.
 FTLN 2618 [That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
 FTLN 2619 Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
 FTLN 2620 That to the use of actions fair and good
 FTLN 2621 He likewise gives a frock or livery 185
 FTLN 2622 That aptly is put on.] Refrain ‹tonight,›
 FTLN 2623 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 FTLN 2624 To the next abstinence, [the next more easy;
 FTLN 2625 For use almost can change the stamp of nature
 FTLN 2626 And either ‹...› the devil or throw him out 190
 FTLN 2627 With wondrous potency.] Once more, good night,
 FTLN 2628 And, when you are desirous to be blest,
 FTLN 2629 I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord
 ‹Pointing to Polonius.›

FTLN 2630 I do repent; but heaven hath pleased it so
 FTLN 2631 To punish me with this and this with me, 195
 FTLN 2632 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 FTLN 2633 I will bestow him and will answer well
 FTLN 2634 The death I gave him. So, again, good night.
 FTLN 2635 I must be cruel only to be kind.
 FTLN 2636 This bad begins, and worse remains behind. 200
 FTLN 2637 [One word more, good lady.]

QUEEN

FTLN 2638 What shall I do?

HAMLET

FTLN 2639 Not this by no means that I bid you do:
 FTLN 2640 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,
 FTLN 2641 Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse, 205
 FTLN 2642 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses
 FTLN 2643 Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,

FTLN 2644 Make you to ravel all this matter out
FTLN 2645 That I essentially am not in madness,
FTLN 2646 But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know, 210
FTLN 2647 For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
FTLN 2648 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
FTLN 2649 Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
FTLN 2650 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
FTLN 2651 Unpeg the basket on the house's top, 215
FTLN 2652 Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
FTLN 2653 To try conclusions, in the basket creep
FTLN 2654 And break your own neck down.

QUEEN

FTLN 2655 Be thou assured, if words be made of breath
FTLN 2656 And breath of life, I have no life to breathe 220
FTLN 2657 What thou hast said to me.

HAMLET

FTLN 2658 I must to England, you know that.

QUEEN

FTLN 2659 Alack,
FTLN 2660 I had forgot! 'Tis so concluded on.

HAMLET

FTLN 2661 [There's letters sealed; and my two schoolfellows, 225
FTLN 2662 Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged,
FTLN 2663 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way
FTLN 2664 And marshal me to knavery. Let it work,
FTLN 2665 For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
FTLN 2666 Hoist with his own petard; and 't shall go hard 230
FTLN 2667 But I will delve one yard below their mines
FTLN 2668 And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet
FTLN 2669 When in one line two crafts directly meet.]
FTLN 2670 This man shall set me packing.

FTLN 2671 I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room. 235
FTLN 2672 Mother, good night indeed. This counselor
FTLN 2673 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
FTLN 2674 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.—
FTLN 2675 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—
FTLN 2676 Good night, mother. 240

「They」 exit, (Hamlet tugging in Polonius.)

「ACT 4」

「Scene 1」

*Enter King and Queen, with Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern.*

KING

FTLN 2677 There's matter in these sighs; these profound heaves
FTLN 2678 You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
FTLN 2679 Where is your son?

QUEEN

FTLN 2680 [Bestow this place on us a little while.]

「Rosencrantz and Guildenstern exit.」

FTLN 2681 Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen tonight!

5

KING

FTLN 2682 What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN

FTLN 2683 Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
FTLN 2684 Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
FTLN 2685 Behind the arras hearing something stir,
FTLN 2686 Whips out his rapier, cries "A rat, a rat,"
FTLN 2687 And in this brainish apprehension kills
FTLN 2688 The unseen good old man.

10

KING

O heavy deed!

FTLN 2689 It had been so with us, had we been there.

FTLN 2690 His liberty is full of threats to all—

FTLN 2691 To you yourself, to us, to everyone.

FTLN 2692 Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?

FTLN 2693 It will be laid to us, whose providence
FTLN 2694

15

FTLN 2695 Should have kept short, restrained, and out of haunt
 FTLN 2696 This mad young man. But so much was our love, 20
 FTLN 2697 We would not understand what was most fit,
 FTLN 2698 But, like the owner of a foul disease,
 FTLN 2699 To keep it from divulging, let it feed
 FTLN 2700 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

QUEEN

FTLN 2701 To draw apart the body he hath killed, 25
 FTLN 2702 O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
 FTLN 2703 Among a mineral of metals base,
 FTLN 2704 Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

KING

FTLN 2705 O Gertrude, come away!
 FTLN 2706 The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch 30
 FTLN 2707 But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
 FTLN 2708 We must with all our majesty and skill
 FTLN 2709 Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

FTLN 2710 Friends both, go join you with some further aid.
 FTLN 2711 Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain, 35
 FTLN 2712 And from his mother's closet hath he dragged him.
 FTLN 2713 Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
 FTLN 2714 Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

⟨Rosencrantz and Guildenstern exit.⟩

FTLN 2715 Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends
 FTLN 2716 And let them know both what we mean to do 40
 FTLN 2717 And what's untimely done. 「...」
 FTLN 2718 [Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
 FTLN 2719 As level as the cannon to his blank
 FTLN 2720 Transports his poisoned shot, may miss our name
 FTLN 2721 And hit the woundless air.] O, come away! 45
 FTLN 2722 My soul is full of discord and dismay.

They exit.

「Scene 2」
 〈Enter Hamlet.〉

HAMLET

Safely stowed.

〈GENTLEMEN, *within*

Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!〉

HAMLET

But soft, what noise? Who calls on Hamlet?

O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz, 〈Guildenstern,〉 and others.

ROSENCRANTZ

What have you done, my lord, with the dead body? 5

HAMLET

〈Compounded〉 it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

ROSENCRANTZ

Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence

And bear it to the chapel.

HAMLET

Do not believe it.

ROSENCRANTZ

Believe what? 10

HAMLET

That I can keep your counsel and not mine

own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what

replication should be made by the son of a king?

ROSENCRANTZ

Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAMLET

Ay, sir, that soaks up the King's countenance, 15

his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the

King best service in the end. He keeps them like (an

ape) an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed,

to be last swallowed. When he needs what you have

gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you 20

FTLN 2743 shall be dry again.

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 2744 I understand you not, my lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 2745 I am glad of it. A knavish speech sleeps in a

FTLN 2746 foolish ear.

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 2747 My lord, you must tell us where the 25

FTLN 2748 body is and go with us to the King.

HAMLET

FTLN 2749 The body is with the King, but the King is not

FTLN 2750 with the body. The King is a thing—

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Hamlet

ACT 4. SC. 3

FTLN 2751 GULDENSTERN

FTLN 2751 A “thing,” my lord?

HAMLET

FTLN 2752 Of nothing. Bring me to him. (Hide fox, and 30

FTLN 2753 all after!)

They exit.

「Scene 3」

Enter King and two or three.

KING

FTLN 2754 I have sent to seek him and to find the body.

FTLN 2755 How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

FTLN 2756 Yet must not we put the strong law on him.

FTLN 2757 He's loved of the distracted multitude,

FTLN 2758 Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; 5

FTLN 2759 And, where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weighed,

FTLN 2760 But never the offense. To bear all smooth and even,

FTLN 2761 This sudden sending him away must seem

FTLN 2762 Deliberate pause. Diseases desperate grown

FTLN 2763 By desperate appliance are relieved 10

FTLN 2764 Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz.

FTLN 2765 How now, what hath befallen?

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 2766 Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,

FTLN 2767 We cannot get from him.

KING

FTLN 2768 But where is he? 15

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 2769 Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

KING

FTLN 2770 Bring him before us.

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 2771 Ho! Bring in the lord.

They enter [with Hamlet.]

KING

FTLN 2772 Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET

FTLN 2773 At supper. 20

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Hamlet

ACT 4. SC. 3

KING

FTLN 2774 At supper where?

HAMLET

FTLN 2775 Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A

FTLN 2776 certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at

FTLN 2777 him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We

FTLN 2778 fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves 25

FTLN 2779 for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is

FTLN 2780 but variable service—two dishes but to one table.

FTLN 2781 That's the end.

[KING

FTLN 2782 Alas, alas!

HAMLET

FTLN 2783 A man may fish with the worm that hath eat 30

FTLN 2784 of a king and eat of the fish that hath fed of that

FTLN 2785 worm.]

	KING	
FTLN 2786	What dost thou mean by this?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2787	Nothing but to show you how a king may go a	
FTLN 2788	progress through the guts of a beggar.	35
	KING	
FTLN 2789	Where is Polonius?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2790	In heaven. Send thither to see. If your messenger	
FTLN 2791	find him not there, seek him i' th' other	
FTLN 2792	place yourself. But if, indeed, you find him not	
FTLN 2793	within this month, you shall nose him as you go up	40
FTLN 2794	the stairs into the lobby.	
	KING, 「to Attendants.」	
FTLN 2795	Go, seek him there.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2796	He will stay till you come.	
		「Attendants exit.」
	KING	
FTLN 2797	Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety	
FTLN 2798	(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve	45
FTLN 2799	For that which thou hast done) must send thee	
FTLN 2800	hence	
FTLN 2801	⟨With fiery quickness.⟩ Therefore prepare thyself.	
FTLN 2802	The bark is ready, and the wind at help,	
FTLN 2803	Th' associates tend, and everything is bent	50
FTLN 2804	For England.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2805	For England?	
	KING	
FTLN 2806	Ay, Hamlet.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2807	Good.	
	KING	
FTLN 2808	So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.	55

FTLN 2809 HAMLET
I see a cherub that sees them. But come, for

FTLN 2810

England.

FTLN 2811

Farewell, dear mother.

KING

FTLN 2812

Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET

FTLN 2813

My mother. Father and mother is man and wife,

60

FTLN 2814

Man and wife is one flesh, (and) so, my mother.—

FTLN 2815

Come, for England.

He exits.

KING

FTLN 2816

Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard.

FTLN 2817

Delay it not. I'll have him hence tonight.

FTLN 2818

Away, for everything is sealed and done

65

FTLN 2819

That else leans on th' affair. Pray you, make haste.

〔All but the King exit.〕

FTLN 2820

And England, if my love thou hold'st at aught

FTLN 2821

(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

FTLN 2822

Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

FTLN 2823

After the Danish sword, and thy free awe

70

FTLN 2824

Pays homage to us), thou mayst not coldly set

FTLN 2825

Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

FTLN 2826

By letters congruing to that effect,

FTLN 2827

The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England,

FTLN 2828

For like the hectic in my blood he rages,

75

FTLN 2829

And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,

FTLN 2830

Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

He exits.

〔Scene 4〕

Enter Fortinbras with his army over the stage.

FORTINBRAS

FTLN 2831

Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish king.

FTLN 2832

Tell him that by his license Fortinbras

FTLN 2833

Craves the conveyance of a promised march

FTLN 2834

Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

FTLN 2835	If that his Majesty would aught with us,	5
FTLN 2836	We shall express our duty in his eye;	
FTLN 2837	And let him know so.	
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 2838	I will do 't, my lord.	
	FORTINBRAS	
FTLN 2839	Go softly on.	
	<i>「All but the Captain exit.」</i>	
	<i>[Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, 「Guildenstern,」 and others.</i>	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2840	Good sir, whose powers are these?	10
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 2841	They are of Norway, sir.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2842	How purposed, sir, I pray you?	
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 2843	Against some part of Poland.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2844	Who commands them, sir?	
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 2845	The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.	15
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2846	Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,	
FTLN 2847	Or for some frontier?	
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 2848	Truly to speak, and with no addition,	
FTLN 2849	We go to gain a little patch of ground	
FTLN 2850	That hath in it no profit but the name.	20
FTLN 2851	To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;	
FTLN 2852	Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole	
FTLN 2853	A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2854	Why, then, the Polack never will defend it.	
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 2855	Yes, it is already garrisoned.	25
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2856	Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats	
FTLN 2857	Will not debate the question of this straw.	
FTLN 2858	This is th' impostume of much wealth and peace,	
FTLN 2859	That inward breaks and shows no cause without	
FTLN 2860	Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.	30
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 2861	God be wi' you, sir.	

He exits.

ROSENCRANTZ

Will 't please you go, my lord?

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Hamlet

ACT 4. SC. 4

HAMLET

I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

〔All but Hamlet exit.〕

How all occasions do inform against me

And spur my dull revenge. What is a man

35

If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.

Sure He that made us with such large discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason

40

To fust in us unused. Now whether it be

Bestial oblivion or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on th' event

(A thought which, quartered, hath but one part

wisdom

45

And ever three parts coward), I do not know

Why yet I live to say "This thing's to do,"

Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means

To do 't. Examples gross as Earth exhort me:

Witness this army of such mass and charge,

50

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed

Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,

55

Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw

When honor's at the stake. How stand I, then,

That have a father killed, a mother stained,

60

Excitements of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep, while to my shame I see

The imminent death of twenty thousand men

That for a fantasy and trick of fame

FTLN 2895
FTLN 2896

Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,

65

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Hamlet

ACT 4. SC. 5

FTLN 2897
FTLN 2898
FTLN 2899

Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth
My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth!

He exits.]

「Scene 5」

Enter Horatio, (Queen,) and a Gentleman.

QUEEN

FTLN 2900

I will not speak with her.

GENTLEMAN

FTLN 2901

She is importunate,

FTLN 2902

Indeed distract; her mood will needs be pitied.

QUEEN

FTLN 2903

What would she have?

GENTLEMAN

FTLN 2904

She speaks much of her father, says she hears

5

FTLN 2905

There's tricks i' th' world, and hems, and beats her
heart,

FTLN 2906

Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt

FTLN 2907

That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,

FTLN 2908

Yet the unshapèd use of it doth move

10

FTLN 2909

The hearers to collection. They (aim) at it

FTLN 2910

And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;

FTLN 2911

Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield

FTLN 2912

them,

FTLN 2913

Indeed would make one think there might be

15

FTLN 2914

thought,

FTLN 2915

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

FTLN 2916

HORATIO

FTLN 2917

'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may

FTLN 2918

strew

FTLN 2919

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

20

「QUEEN」

Let her come in.

「Gentleman exits.」

「Aside.」 To my sick soul (as sin's true nature is),

Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss.

So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

25

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Hamlet

ACT 4. SC. 5

〈Enter Ophelia distracted.〉

OPHELIA

Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN

How now, Ophelia?

OPHELIA 「sings」

How should I your true love know

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff

And his sandal shoon.

30

QUEEN

Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA

Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.

「Sings.」 *He is dead and gone, lady,*

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

35

Oh, ho!

QUEEN

Nay, but Ophelia—

OPHELIA

Pray you, mark.

「Sings.」 *White his shroud as the mountain snow—*

40

Enter King.

QUEEN

Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA ^{⌈sings⌋}

*Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the ground did not go
With true-love showers.*

45

KING

How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA

Well, God dild you. They say the owl was a
baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are but
know not what we may be. God be at your table.

KING

Conceit upon her father.

50

OPHELIA

Pray let's have no words of this, but when
they ask you what it means, say you this:

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Hamlet

ACT 4. SC. 5

^{⌈Sings.⌋} *Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.*

55

*Then up he rose and donned his clothes
And dupp'd the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

60

KING

Pretty Ophelia—

OPHELIA

Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on 't:

^{⌈Sings.⌋} *By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack and fie for shame,
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By Cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she "Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed."*

65

He answers:

*"So would I 'a done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed."*

70

KING

FTLN 2971 How long hath she been thus?
 OPHELIA
 FTLN 2972 I hope all will be well. We must be patient,
 FTLN 2973 but I cannot choose but weep to think they would
 FTLN 2974 lay him i' th' cold ground. My brother shall know of 75
 FTLN 2975 it. And so I thank you for your good counsel. Come,
 FTLN 2976 my coach! Good night, ladies, good night, sweet
 FTLN 2977 ladies, good night, good night.

⟨She exits.⟩

KING

Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.

「Horatio exits.」

FTLN 2979 O, this is the poison of deep grief. It springs 80
 FTLN 2980 All from her father's death, and now behold!
 FTLN 2981 O Gertrude, Gertrude,
 FTLN 2982 When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
 FTLN 2983 But in battalions: first, her father slain;
 FTLN 2984 Next, your son gone, and he most violent author 85
 FTLN 2985 Of his own just remove; the people muddied,

FTLN 2986 Thick, and unwholesome in ⟨their⟩ thoughts and
 FTLN 2987 whispers
 FTLN 2988 For good Polonius' death, and we have done but
 FTLN 2989 greenly 90
 FTLN 2990 In hugger-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia
 FTLN 2991 Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
 FTLN 2992 Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts;
 FTLN 2993 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 FTLN 2994 Her brother is in secret come from France, 95
 FTLN 2995 Feeds on ⟨his⟩ wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 FTLN 2996 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 FTLN 2997 With pestilent speeches of his father's death,
 FTLN 2998 Wherein necessity, of matter beggared,
 FTLN 2999 Will nothing stick our person to arraign 100
 FTLN 3000 In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude, this,
 FTLN 3001 Like to a murd'ring piece, in many places
 FTLN 3002 Gives me superfluous death.

A noise within.

〈QUEEN

Alack, what noise is this?)

KING

Attend!

Where is my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter a Messenger.

What is the matter?

MESSENGER

Save yourself, my lord.

The ocean, overpeering of his list,

Eats not the flats with more impiteous haste

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,

O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him "lord,"

And, as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

The ratifiers and props of every word,

〈They〉 cry "Choose we, Laertes shall be king!"

Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,

"Laertes shall be king! Laertes king!"

A noise within.

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Hamlet

ACT 4. SC. 5

QUEEN

How cheerfully on the false trail they cry.

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

KING

The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes with others.

LAERTES

Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

ALL

No, let's come in!

LAERTES

I pray you, give me leave.

ALL

We will, we will.

LAERTES

FTLN 3025 I thank you. Keep the door. 「*Followers exit.*」 O, thou
FTLN 3026 vile king,
FTLN 3027 Give me my father!

QUEEN

FTLN 3028 Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES

FTLN 3029 That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me 130
FTLN 3030 bastard,
FTLN 3031 Cries "cuckold" to my father, brands the harlot
FTLN 3032 Even here between the chaste unsmirched brow
FTLN 3033 Of my true mother.

KING

FTLN 3034 What is the cause, Laertes, 135
FTLN 3035 That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
FTLN 3036 Let him go, Gertrude. Do not fear our person.
FTLN 3037 There's such divinity doth hedge a king
FTLN 3038 That treason can but peep to what it would,
FTLN 3039 Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes, 140
FTLN 3040 Why thou art thus incensed.—Let him go,
FTLN 3041 Gertrude.—
FTLN 3042 Speak, man.

LAERTES

FTLN 3043 Where is my father?

KING

FTLN 3044 Dead. 145

QUEEN

FTLN 3045 But not by him.

KING

FTLN 3046 Let him demand his fill.

LAERTES

FTLN 3047 How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
FTLN 3048 To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!
FTLN 3049 Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit! 150
FTLN 3050 I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
FTLN 3051 That both the worlds I give to negligence,
FTLN 3052 Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged

FTLN 3053	Most thoroughly for my father.	
	KING	
FTLN 3054	Who shall stay you?	155
	LAERTES	
FTLN 3055	My will, not all the ⟨world.⟩	
FTLN 3056	And for my means, I'll husband them so well	
FTLN 3057	They shall go far with little.	
	KING	
FTLN 3058	Good Laertes,	
FTLN 3059	If you desire to know the certainty	160
FTLN 3060	Of your dear father, is 't writ in your revenge	
FTLN 3061	That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and	
FTLN 3062	foe,	
FTLN 3063	Winner and loser?	
	LAERTES	
FTLN 3064	None but his enemies.	165
	KING	
FTLN 3065	Will you know them, then?	
	LAERTES	
FTLN 3066	To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms	
FTLN 3067	And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,	
FTLN 3068	Repast them with my blood.	
	KING	
FTLN 3069	Why, now you speak	170
FTLN 3070	Like a good child and a true gentleman.	
FTLN 3071	That I am guiltless of your father's death	
FTLN 3072	And am most sensibly in grief for it,	
FTLN 3073	It shall as level to your judgment 'pear	
FTLN 3074	As day does to your eye.	175
FTLN 3075	<i>A noise within:</i> ⟨“Let her come in!”	
	LAERTES⟩	
FTLN 3076	How now, what noise is that?	
	<i>Enter Ophelia.</i>	
FTLN 3077	O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt	
FTLN 3078	Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!	

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 ^{⌈sings⌋}	
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.	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 3093	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.	
	LAERTES	
FTLN 3097	This nothing's more than matter.	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 3098	There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.	
FTLN 3099	Pray you, love, remember. And there is pansies,	200
FTLN 3100	that's for thoughts.	
	LAERTES	
FTLN 3101	A document in madness: thoughts and remembrance	
FTLN 3102	fitted.	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 3103	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	^{⌈Sings.⌋} <i>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.	

OPHELIA ^{〔sings〕}

FTLN 3112 *And will he not come again?*
 FTLN 3113 *And will he not come again?*
 FTLN 3114 *No, no, he is dead.* 215
 FTLN 3115 *Go to thy deathbed.*
 FTLN 3116 *He never will come again.*

FTLN 3117 *His beard was as white as snow,*
 FTLN 3118 *〈All〉 flaxen was his poll.*
 FTLN 3119 *He is gone, he is gone,* 220
 FTLN 3120 *And we cast away moan.*
 FTLN 3121 *God 'a mercy on his soul.*
 FTLN 3122 *And of all Christians' souls, 〈I pray God.〉 God be wi'*
 FTLN 3123 *you.*

〈She exits.〉

LAERTES

FTLN 3124 *Do you 〈see〉 this, O God?* 225

KING

FTLN 3125 *Laertes, I must commune with your grief,*
 FTLN 3126 *Or you deny me right. Go but apart,*
 FTLN 3127 *Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,*
 FTLN 3128 *And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.*
 FTLN 3129 *If by direct or by collateral hand* 230
 FTLN 3130 *They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,*
 FTLN 3131 *Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,*
 FTLN 3132 *To you in satisfaction; but if not,*
 FTLN 3133 *Be you content to lend your patience to us,*
 FTLN 3134 *And we shall jointly labor with your soul* 235
 FTLN 3135 *To give it due content.*

LAERTES

FTLN 3136 *Let this be so.*
 FTLN 3137 *His means of death, his obscure funeral*
 FTLN 3138 *(No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,*
 FTLN 3139 *No noble rite nor formal ostentation)* 240
 FTLN 3140 *Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,*
 FTLN 3141 *That I must call 't in question.*

KING

FTLN 3142 *So you shall,*
 FTLN 3143 *And where th' offense is, let the great ax fall.*
 FTLN 3144 *I pray you, go with me.* 245

They exit.

「Scene 6」

Enter Horatio and others.

HORATIO

FTLN 3145 What are they that would speak with me?

GENTLEMAN

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

HORATIO

FTLN 3148 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.*

SAILOR

FTLN 3151 God bless you, sir.

HORATIO

FTLN 3152 Let Him bless thee too.

SAILOR

FTLN 3153 He shall, sir, (an 't) please Him. There's a letter
FTLN 3154 for you, sir. It came from th' ambassador that was 10
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.*」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* 15
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* 20
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* 25
 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.*
 FTLN 3174 *⟨He⟩ that thou knowest thine,* 30
 FTLN 3175 *Hamlet.*

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Hamlet

ACT 4. SC. 7

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

FTLN 3184 *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

FTLN 3189 *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), 15
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, 20
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, 25
FTLN 3204 But not where I have aimed them.

LAERTES

FTLN 3205 And so have I a noble father lost,

225

Hamlet

ACT 4. SC. 7

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?

MESSENGER

FTLN 3217 Letters, my lord, from
FTLN 3218 Hamlet.) 40
FTLN 3219 These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

KING

FTLN 3220 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
	KING	
FTLN 3224	Laertes, you shall hear	
FTLN 3225	them.—	
FTLN 3226	Leave us.	
		<i>⟨Messenger exits.⟩</i>
FTLN 3227	<i>〔Reads.〕</i> 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
	LAERTES	
FTLN 3234	Know you the hand?	
	KING	
FTLN 3235	'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."	
	KING	
FTLN 3242	If it be so, Laertes	
FTLN 3243	(As how should it be so? how otherwise?),	65
FTLN 3244	Will you be ruled by me?	
	LAERTES	
FTLN 3245	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.

[LAERTES

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

KING

FTLN 3258 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.

LAERTES

FTLN 3265 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.

LAERTES

FTLN 3280 A Norman was 't?

KING

FTLN 3281 A Norman.

LAERTES

Upon my life, Lamord.

KING

The very same.

105

LAERTES

I know him well. He is the brooch indeed

And gem of all the nation.

KING

He made confession of you

And gave you such a masterly report

For art and exercise in your defense,

And for your rapier most especial,

That he cried out 'twould be a sight indeed

If one could match you. [The 'scrimers of their
nation

He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,

If you opposed them.] Sir, this report of his

Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy

That he could nothing do but wish and beg

Your sudden coming-o'er, to play with you.

Now out of this—

110

115

120

LAERTES

What out of this, my lord?

KING

Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,

A face without a heart?

LAERTES

Why ask you this?

125

KING

Not that I think you did not love your father,

But that I know love is begun by time

And that I see, in passages of proof,

Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.

[There lives within the very flame of love

A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,

And nothing is at a like goodness still;

130

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 ¹spendthrift¹ 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?

LAERTES

FTLN 3322 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.

LAERTES

FTLN 3337 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.

KING

FTLN 3347 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 cunning—
 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.

LAERTES

FTLN 3367 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 crowsfeet, 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.

LAERTES

FTLN 3387 Alas, then she is drowned.

QUEEN

FTLN 3388 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.

He exits.

KING

FTLN 3396 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.

They exit.

「ACT 5」

「Scene 1」

Enter 「Gravedigger and Another.」

「GRAVEDIGGER」

FTLN 3400 Is she to be buried in Christian burial,
FTLN 3401 when she willfully seeks her own salvation?

OTHER

FTLN 3402 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

「GRAVEDIGGER」

FTLN 3405 How can that be, unless she drowned
FTLN 3406 herself in her own defense?

OTHER

FTLN 3407 Why, 'tis found so.

「GRAVEDIGGER」

FTLN 3408 It must be (*se offendendo*;) 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. (*Argal*,) she
FTLN 3412 drowned herself wittingly.

OTHER

FTLN 3413 Nay, but hear you, goodman delver—

「GRAVEDIGGER」

FTLN 3414 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.

OTHER

FTLN 3421 But is this law?

「GRAVEDIGGER」

FTLN 3422 Ay, marry, is 't—crowner's 'quest law.

FTLN 3423	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.	
	「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3426	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.	
	OTHER	
FTLN 3432	Was he a gentleman?	
	「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3433	He was the first that ever bore arms.	
	〈OTHER	
FTLN 3434	Why, he had none.	35
	「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3435	What, art a heathen? How dost thou	
FTLN 3436	understand the scripture? The scripture says Adam	
FTLN 3437	dugged. 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
	OTHER	
FTLN 3440	Go to!	
	「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3441	What is he that builds stronger than	
FTLN 3442	either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?	
	OTHER	
FTLN 3443	The gallows-maker; for that 〈frame〉 outlives a	
FTLN 3444	thousand tenants.	45
	「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3445	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
	OTHER	
FTLN 3450	“Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright,	
FTLN 3451	or a carpenter?”	
	「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3452	Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.	
	OTHER	
FTLN 3453	Marry, now I can tell.	
	「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3454	To 't.	55
	OTHER	

FTLN 3455 Mass, I cannot tell.

⟨Enter Hamlet and Horatio afar off.⟩

「GRAVEDIGGER」

FTLN 3456 Cudgel thy brains no more about it,

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Hamlet

ACT 5. SC. 1

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.*

HAMLET

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

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

FTLN 3470 '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.」

HAMLET

FTLN 3476 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?
 HORATIO
 FTLN 3482 It might, my lord.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 3483 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?
 HORATIO
 FTLN 3488 Ay, my lord.

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Hamlet

ACT 5. SC. 1

HAMLET
 FTLN 3489 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 *A pickax and a spade, a spade,*
 FTLN 3496 *For and a shrouding sheet,*
 FTLN 3497 *O, a pit of clay for to be made*
 FTLN 3498 *For such a guest is meet.*
「He digs up more skulls.」
 HAMLET
 FTLN 3499 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?

HORATIO
 FTLN 3514 Not a jot more, my lord. 115

HAMLET
 FTLN 3515 Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

HORATIO
 FTLN 3516 Ay, my lord, and of calves' skins too.

HAMLET
 FTLN 3517 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

「GRAVEDIGGER」
 FTLN 3520 Mine, sir.
 FTLN 3521 「Sings.」 *〈O,〉 a pit of clay for to be made*
 FTLN 3522 *〈For such a guest is meet.〉*

HAMLET
 FTLN 3523 I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in 't.

「GRAVEDIGGER」
 FTLN 3524 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.

HAMLET
 FTLN 3527 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

「GRAVEDIGGER」
 FTLN 3530 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again
 FTLN 3531 from me to you.

HAMLET
 FTLN 3532 What man dost thou dig it for?

「GRAVEDIGGER」
 FTLN 3533 For no man, sir.

HAMLET
 FTLN 3534 What woman then? 135

「GRAVEDIGGER」

FTLN 3535

For none, neither.

HAMLET

FTLN 3536

Who is to be buried in 't?

「GRAVEDIGGER」

FTLN 3537

One that was a woman, sir, but, rest

FTLN 3538

her soul, she's dead.

HAMLET

FTLN 3539

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?

「GRAVEDIGGER」

FTLN 3546

Of ⟨all⟩ the days i' th' year, I came to 't

FTLN 3547

that day that our last King Hamlet overcame

FTLN 3548

Fortinbras.

HAMLET

FTLN 3549

How long is that since? 150

「GRAVEDIGGER」

FTLN 3550

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.

HAMLET

FTLN 3553

Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

「GRAVEDIGGER」

FTLN 3554

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.

HAMLET

FTLN 3557

Why?

「GRAVEDIGGER」

FTLN 3558

'Twill not be seen in him there. There

FTLN 3559

the men are as mad as he. 160

FTLN 3560	How came he mad? 「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3561	Very strangely, they say.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3562	How “strangely”? 「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3563	Faith, e’en with losing his wits.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3564	Upon what ground?	165
	「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3565	Why, here in Denmark. I have been	
FTLN 3566	sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3567	How long will a man lie i’ th’ earth ere he rot? 「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3568	Faith, if he be not rotten before he die	
FTLN 3569	(as we have many pocky corses 〈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.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3573	Why he more than another? 「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3574	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.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3579	Whose was it?	180
	「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3580	A whoreson mad fellow’s it was.	
FTLN 3581	Whose do you think it was?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3582	Nay, I know not. 「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3583	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.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3587	This? 「GRAVEDIGGER」	
FTLN 3588	E’en that.	
	HAMLET, 「 <i>taking the skull</i> 」	
FTLN 3589	〈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

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Hamlet

ACT 5. SC. 1

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.

HORATIO

FTLN 3602 What's that, my lord?

HAMLET

FTLN 3603 Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this
FTLN 3604 fashion i' th' earth? 205

HORATIO

FTLN 3605 E'en so.

HAMLET

FTLN 3606 And smelt so? Pah!

〔He puts the skull down.〕

HORATIO

FTLN 3607 E'en so, my lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 3608 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 bunghole?

HORATIO

FTLN 3611 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider
FTLN 3612 so.

HAMLET

FTLN 3613 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 Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate.
 FTLN 3628 Couch we awhile and mark.

[They step aside.]

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Hamlet

ACT 5. SC. 1

LAERTES
 FTLN 3629 What ceremony else? 230
 HAMLET
 FTLN 3630 That is Laertes, a very noble youth. Mark.
 LAERTES
 FTLN 3631 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?
 DOCTOR
 FTLN 3643 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.

LAERTES

FTLN 3647 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.

HAMLET, 「to Horatio」

FTLN 3652 What, the fair Ophelia?

QUEEN

FTLN 3653 Sweets to the sweet, farewell!

「*She scatters flowers.*」

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.

LAERTES

FTLN 3657 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.

〈*Leaps in the grave.*〉

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Hamlet

ACT 5. SC. 1

FTLN 3662 Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
FTLN 3663 Till of this flat a mountain you have made
FTLN 3664 T' o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head 265
FTLN 3665 Of blue Olympus.

HAMLET, 「advancing」

FTLN 3666 What is he whose grief
FTLN 3667 Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow
FTLN 3668 Conjures the wand'ring stars and makes them stand
FTLN 3669 Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, 270
FTLN 3670 Hamlet the Dane.

LAERTES, 「coming out of the grave」

FTLN 3671 The devil take thy soul!

HAMLET

FTLN 3672 Thou pray'st not well.

「*They grapple.*」

FTLN 3673 I prithee take thy fingers from my throat,

FTLN 3674 For though I am not splenitive (and) rash, 275

FTLN 3675 Yet have I in me something dangerous,

FTLN 3676 Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

KING

FTLN 3677 Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN

FTLN 3678 Hamlet! Hamlet!

ALL

FTLN 3679 Gentlemen! 280

HORATIO

FTLN 3680 Good my lord, be quiet.

「*Hamlet and Laertes are separated.*」

HAMLET

FTLN 3681 Why, I will fight with him upon this theme

FTLN 3682 Until my eyelids will no longer wag!

QUEEN

FTLN 3683 O my son, what theme?

HAMLET

FTLN 3684 I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers 285

FTLN 3685 Could not with all their quantity of love

FTLN 3686 Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

KING

FTLN 3687 O, he is mad, Laertes!

QUEEN

FTLN 3688 For love of God, forbear him.

HAMLET

FTLN 3689 'Swounds, show me what thou 't do. 290

FTLN 3690 Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't tear

FTLN 3691 thyself,

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.

QUEEN

FTLN 3701 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.

HAMLET

FTLN 3706 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.

「Scene 2」
Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

HAMLET

FTLN 3719 So much for this, sir. Now shall you see the other.

FTLN 3720	You do remember all the circumstance?	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 3721	Remember it, my lord!	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3722	Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting	
FTLN 3723	That would not let me sleep. (Methought) I lay	5
FTLN 3724	Worse than the mutines in the (bilboes.) Rashly—	
FTLN 3725	And praised be rashness for it: let us know,	
FTLN 3726	Our indiscretion sometime serves us well	
FTLN 3727	When our deep plots do pall; and that should learn	
FTLN 3728	us	10
FTLN 3729	There's a divinity that shapes our ends,	
FTLN 3730	Rough-hew them how we will—	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 3731	That is most	
FTLN 3732	certain.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3733	Up from my cabin,	15
FTLN 3734	My sea-gown scarfed about me, in the dark	
FTLN 3735	Groped I to find out them; had my desire,	
FTLN 3736	Fingered their packet, and in fine withdrew	
FTLN 3737	To mine own room again, making so bold	
FTLN 3738	(My fears forgetting manners) to unfold	20
FTLN 3739	Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,	
FTLN 3740	A royal knavery—an exact command,	
FTLN 3741	Larded with many several sorts of reasons	
FTLN 3742	Importing Denmark's health and England's too,	
FTLN 3743	With—ho!—such bugs and goblins in my life,	25
FTLN 3744	That on the supervise, no leisure bated,	
FTLN 3745	No, not to stay the grinding of the ax,	
FTLN 3746	My head should be struck off.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 3747	Is 't possible?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3748	Here's the commission. Read it at more leisure.	30
	「 <i>Handing him a paper.</i> 」	

HORATIO

I beseech you.

HAMLET

Being thus benetted round with 「villainies,」

Or I could make a prologue to my brains,

They had begun the play. I sat me down,

Devised a new commission, wrote it fair—

I once did hold it, as our statist do,

A baseness to write fair, and labored much

How to forget that learning; but, sir, now

It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know

Th' effect of what I wrote?

HORATIO

Ay, good my lord.

HAMLET

An earnest conjuration from the King,

As England was his faithful tributary,

As love between them like the palm might flourish,

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear

And stand a comma 'tween their amities,

And many suchlike 「ases」 of great charge,

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,

Without debatement further, more or less,

He should those bearers put to sudden death,

Not shriving time allowed.

HORATIO

How was this sealed?

HAMLET

Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.

I had my father's signet in my purse,

Which was the model of that Danish seal;

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

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

safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the next day

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

Thou knowest already.

HORATIO

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.

HORATIO

FTLN 3788 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

HORATIO

FTLN 3809 Peace, who comes here?)

Enter <Osric,> a courtier.

OSRIC

FTLN 3810 Your Lordship is right welcome back to

FTLN 3811 Denmark.

HAMLET

FTLN 3812 I (humbly) thank you, sir. *「Aside to Horatio.」*

FTLN 3813 Dost know this waterfly?

95

HORATIO, *「aside to Hamlet」*

FTLN 3814 No, my good lord.

HAMLET, *「aside to Horatio」*

FTLN 3815 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.

OSRIC

FTLN 3820 Sweet lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I

FTLN 3821 should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

HAMLET

FTLN 3822 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.

OSRIC

FTLN 3825 I thank your Lordship; it is very hot.

HAMLET

FTLN 3826 No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is

FTLN 3827 northerly.

OSRIC

FTLN 3828 It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

110

HAMLET

FTLN 3829 But yet methinks it is very (sultry) and hot (for)

FTLN 3830 my complexion.

OSRIC

FTLN 3831 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—

HAMLET

FTLN 3835 I beseech you, remember. *「He motions to*

Osric to put on his hat.」

OSRIC

FTLN 3836 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 *「gentleman,」* full of most excellent

120

FTLN 3839 differences, of very soft society and great showing.

FTLN 3840 Indeed, to speak *「feelingly」* 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.
HAMLET
FTLN 3843 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

267

Hamlet

ACT 5. SC. 2

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.

OSRIC

FTLN 3852 Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAMLET

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

OSRIC

FTLN 3855 Sir?

HORATIO

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

HAMLET, *[to Osric]*

FTLN 3858 What imports the nomination of 140
FTLN 3859 this gentleman?

OSRIC

FTLN 3860 Of Laertes?

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

FTLN 3863 Of him, sir. 145

OSRIC

FTLN 3864 I know you are not ignorant—

HAMLET

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

OSRIC

You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes

is—

150

[HAMLET

I dare not confess that, lest I should compare
with him in excellence. But to know a man well
were to know himself.

OSRIC

I mean, sir, for [his] weapon. But in the imputation
laid on him by them, in his meed he's
unfellowed.]

155

HAMLET

What's his weapon?

OSRIC

Rapier and dagger.

HAMLET

That's two of his weapons. But, well—

OSRIC

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

160

responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and
of very liberal conceit.

165

HAMLET

What call you the "carriages"?

[HORATIO

I knew you must be edified by the margent
ere you had done.]

OSRIC

The (carriages,) sir, are the hangers.

170

HAMLET

The phrase would be more germane to the
matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides. I
would it (might) be "hangers" till then. But on. Six
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?	
	OSRIC	
FTLN 3896	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.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3901	How if I answer no?	
	OSRIC	
FTLN 3902	I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person	
FTLN 3903	in trial.	185
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3904	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.	
	OSRIC	
FTLN 3910	Shall I deliver you (e'en) so?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3911	To this effect, sir, after what flourish your	
FTLN 3912	nature will.	
	OSRIC	
FTLN 3913	I commend my duty to your Lordship.	195
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3914	Yours. 「 <i>Osric exits.</i> 」 (He) does well to commend	
FTLN 3915	it himself. There are no tongues else for 's	
FTLN 3916	turn.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 3917	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.*

LORD

FTLN 3927 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.

HAMLET

FTLN 3932 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.

LORD

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

HAMLET

FTLN 3937 In happy time.

LORD

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

HAMLET

FTLN 3940 She well instructs me.

「*Lord exits.*」]

HORATIO

FTLN 3941 You will lose, my lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 3942 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.

HORATIO

FTLN 3946 Nay, good my lord—

HAMLET

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

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

FTLN 3951 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

273

Hamlet

ACT 5. SC. 2

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.

LAERTES

FTLN 3977 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 unged. But <till> that time 265

275

Hamlet

ACT 5. SC. 2

FTLN 3984 I do receive your offered love like love
FTLN 3985 And will not wrong it.
HAMLET
FTLN 3986 I embrace it freely
FTLN 3987 And will this brothers' wager frankly play.—
FTLN 3988 Give us the foils. <Come on.> 270
LAERTES
FTLN 3989 Come, one for me.
HAMLET
FTLN 3990 I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
FTLN 3991 Your skill shall, like a star i' th' darkest night,
FTLN 3992 Stick fiery off indeed.
LAERTES
FTLN 3993 You mock me, sir. 275
HAMLET
FTLN 3994 No, by this hand.
KING
FTLN 3995 Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
FTLN 3996 You know the wager?
HAMLET
FTLN 3997 Very well, my lord.
FTLN 3998 Your Grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side. 280
KING
FTLN 3999 I do not fear it; I have seen you both.
FTLN 4000 But, since he is better, we have therefore odds.
LAERTES
FTLN 4001 This is too heavy. Let me see another.
HAMLET
FTLN 4002 This likes me well. These foils have all a length?
OSRIC
FTLN 4003 Ay, my good lord. 285

⟨Prepare to play.⟩

KING

FTLN 4004 Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.—

FTLN 4005 If Hamlet give the first or second hit

FTLN 4006 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

FTLN 4007 Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

FTLN 4008 The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath, 290

FTLN 4009 And in the cup an ⟨union⟩ shall he throw,

FTLN 4010 Richer than that which four successive kings

FTLN 4011 In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,

277

Hamlet

ACT 5. SC. 2

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.

Trumpets the while.

HAMLET

FTLN 4017 Come on, sir.

LAERTES

FTLN 4018 Come, my lord. 300

⟨They play.⟩

HAMLET

FTLN 4019 One.

LAERTES

FTLN 4020 No.

HAMLET

FTLN 4021 Judgment!

OSRIC

FTLN 4022 A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES

FTLN 4023 Well, again. 305

KING

FTLN 4024 Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine.

FTLN 4025 Here's to thy health.

「He drinks and then drops the pearl in the cup.」

Drum, trumpets, and shot.

Give him the cup.

FTLN 4026

HAMLET

FTLN 4027 I'll play this bout first. Set it by awhile.

FTLN 4028 Come. 「*They play.*」 Another hit. What say you?

310

LAERTES

FTLN 4029 〈A touch, a touch.〉 I do confess 't.

KING

FTLN 4030 Our son shall win.

QUEEN

FTLN 4031 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

「*She lifts the cup.*」

HAMLET

FTLN 4034 Good madam.

KING

FTLN 4035 Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN

FTLN 4036 I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me.

「*She drinks.*」

KING, 「*aside*」

FTLN 4037 It is the poisoned cup. It is too late.

279

Hamlet

ACT 5. SC. 2

HAMLET

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

320

QUEEN

FTLN 4039 Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES, 「*to Claudius*」

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

KING

FTLN 4041 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.

LAERTES

FTLN 4046 Say you so? Come on.

⟨Play.⟩

OSRIC

Nothing neither way.

LAERTES

Have at you now!

330

「*Laertes wounds Hamlet. Then ⟨in scuffling they change rapiers,⟩ and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*」

KING

Part them. They are incensed.

HAMLET

Nay, come again.

「*The Queen falls.*」

OSRIC

Look to the Queen there, ho!

HORATIO

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

OSRIC

How is 't, Laertes?

335

LAERTES

Why as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric.

「*He falls.*」

I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

HAMLET

How does the Queen?

KING

She swoons to see them bleed.

QUEEN

No, no, the drink, the drink! O, my dear Hamlet!

340

The drink, the drink! I am poisoned.

「*She dies.*」

HAMLET

O villainy! Ho! Let the door be locked.

「*Osric exits.*」

Treachery! Seek it out.

LAERTES

It is here, Hamlet. ⟨Hamlet,⟩ thou art slain.

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.>

ALL

FTLN 4072 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.>

LAERTES

FTLN 4077 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.

HORATIO

FTLN 4091 Never believe it.

FTLN 4092 I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
FTLN 4093 Here's yet some liquor left. 375

「He picks up the cup.」

HAMLET

FTLN 4094 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.

FTLN 4103 *A march afar off (and 「shot」 within.)*
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.

HAMLET

FTLN 4107 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.)*

FORTINBRAS

FTLN 4118 Where is this sight? 400

HORATIO

What is it you would see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

FORTINBRAS

This quarry cries on havoc. O proud Death,

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell

That thou so many princes at a shot

405

So bloodily hast struck?

AMBASSADOR

The sight is dismal,

And our affairs from England come too late.

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing

To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,

410

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.

Where should we have our thanks?

HORATIO

Not from his

mouth,

Had it th' ability of life to thank you.

415

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars, and you from England,

Are here arrived, give order that these bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view,

420

And let me speak to (th') yet unknowing world

How these things came about. So shall you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,

Of deaths put on by cunning and (forced) cause,

425

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook

Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I

Truly deliver.

FORTINBRAS

Let us haste to hear it

And call the noblest to the audience.

430

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune.

I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,

Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

HORATIO

Of that I shall have also cause to speak,

287

Hamlet

ACT 5. SC. 2

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

FORTINBRAS

FTLN 4159

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.)*
