The Yale Shakespeare

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK

EDITED BY
JACK RANDALL CRAWFORD

NEW HAVEN • YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON • HUMPHREY MILFORD
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS • MCMXVII

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First published, October, 1917

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The facsimile opposite represents the title-page of the Elizabethan Club copy of the Second Quarto (1604). Only three copies of this edition are known to survive.

THE YALE SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

WILBUR L. CROSS TUCKER BROOKE

WILLARD HIGLEY DURHAM

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION

OF THE

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, YALE UNIVERSITY,

ON THE FUND

GIVEN TO THE YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS IN 1917

BY THE MEMBERS OF THE

KINGSLEY TRUST ASSOCIATION

TO COMMEMORATE THE SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE FOUNDING OF THE SOCIETY

Hamlet—Prince of Denmark

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark

HAMLET, Son to the late, and Nephew to the present King

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway

HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet

POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain

LAERTES, his Son

VOLTIMAND,
CORNELIUS,
ROSENCRANTZ,
GUILDENSTERN,
OSRIC,
A Gentleman,
} Courtiers

A Priest

MARCELLUS,
BERNARDO,
} Officers

FRANCISCO, a Soldier

REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius

A Captain

English Ambassadors

Players. Two Clowns, Grave-diggers

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark and Mother to Hamlet

OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailor, Messenger, and Attendants

Ghost of Hamlet's Father

SCENE: Denmark.]

Footnotes

Dramatis Personæ; cf. n.

ACT FIRST

Scene One

[Elsinore. A Platform of the Castle]

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Sentinels.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

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

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

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good-night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good-night.

Mar. O! farewell, honest soldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good-night. Exit Francisco.

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,
What! is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What! has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

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

Hor. Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

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

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,— Enter the Ghost.

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

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

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

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

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

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and war-like form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

Exit the Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale: Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on 't?

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

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

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

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

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is 't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet— 84
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands 88
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras, 92
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same covenant,
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full, 96
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in 't; which is no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state— 101
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it, 104
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

[Ber. I think it be no other but e'en so; 108
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye. 112
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse;
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.]

Enter Ghost again.

But, soft! behold! lo! where it comes again.
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

It spreads his arms.

Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O! speak;
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,

The cock crows.

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

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Exit Ghost.

Mar. 'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

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

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons, I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill;
Break we our watch up; and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

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

Scene Two

[A Room of State in the Castle]

Enter Claudius, King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes and his sister, Ophelia, [and] Lords attendant.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this war-like state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with the dream of his advantage,

He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Enter Voltimand and Cornelius.
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow.
Farewell and let your haste commend your duty.

[Cor.] Vol. } In that and all things will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.
Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice; what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

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

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:]
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

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

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

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

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

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

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

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

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

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious sorrow; but to persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father; for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,

It is most retrograde to our desire;
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

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

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

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

Exeunt [all except Hamlet.]

Ham. O! that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.
Fie on 't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown

By what it fed on; and yet, within a month,
Let me not think on 't: Frailty, thy name is woman!
A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears; why she, even she,— 149
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with mine uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month, 153
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O! most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets. 157
It is not nor it cannot come to good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well. 160
Horatio, or I do forget myself.

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

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus? 165

Mar. My good lord,—

Ham. I am very glad to see you. [To Bernardo.] Good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord. 169

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

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

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

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

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

Hor. O! where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? Who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king, my father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

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

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

Ham. But where was this?

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

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up it head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

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

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me. 224
Hold you the watch to-night?

Mar.
Ber. } We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Mar.
Ber. } Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Mar.
Ber. } My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face? 228

Hor. O yes! my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What! look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale or red? 232

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long? 236

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar.
Ber. } Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled, no?

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

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

Hor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

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

Exit.

Scene Three

[Polonius' Apartment in the Castle]

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

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

Oph. Do you doubt that?

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

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,
Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body

Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his [particular act and place]
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauty to the moon;
Virtue herself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
The canker galls the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

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

Laer. O! fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my father comes.
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There, my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you; go, your servants tend.

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

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

Laer. Farewell. Exit Laertes.

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

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so,—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

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

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

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

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

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

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this time
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to 't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord. Exeunt.

Scene Four

[A Platform of the Castle]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces [of ordnance] go off.

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.
[This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plausive manners; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,
To his own scandal.]

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane; O! answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

Ghost beckons Hamlet.

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

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

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak; then, will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

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

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

Ham. It wafts me still. Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands!

Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen, 84
[Breaking from them.]
By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:
I say, away! Go on, I'll follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him. 88

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

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt.

Scene Five

[A more remote Part of the Platform]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

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

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

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

Ham. Alas! poor ghost.

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

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

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

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

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

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

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

Ham. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet! what a falling-off was there;
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebona in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire;
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else? 92
And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee! 97
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there; 101
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven! 104
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, my tables,—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: 109
[Writing.]
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't. 112

Hor. and Mar. (Within.) My lord! my lord!

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord Hamlet!

Hor. Heaven secure him!

Mar. So be it!

Hor. Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

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

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord? 117

Ham. O! wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven!

Mar. Nor I, my lord. 120

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be secret?

Hor.
Mar. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he 's an arrant knave. 124

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part; 128
You, as your business and desire shall point you,—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is,—and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray. 132

Hor. These are but wild and hurling words, my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence, too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

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

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

Hor.
Mar. } My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear. Ghost cries under the stage.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! sayst thou so? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

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

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

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

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioner! once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or thus, head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, 'Well, well, we know,' or, 'We could, an if we would;'
Or, 'If we list to speak,' or, 'There be, an if they might;'
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear. [They swear.]

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint; O cursed spite, 188
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. Exeunt.

Footnotes to Act I

Scene One

S. d. Platform: level space on castle ramparts
3 Long . . . king!; cf. n.
13 rivals: partners
15 Friends . . . Dane; cf. n.
16 Give you: God give you
19 piece; cf. n.
23 fantasy: imagination
29 approve: confirm
37 his; cf. n.
42 scholar; cf. n.
43 mark: observe closely
45 It . . . to; cf. n.
49 sometimes: formerly
57 sensible: involving the use of one of the senses
avouch: assurance
62 parle: parley
63 sledded Polacks: Poles on sledges (?); cf. n.
65 jump: just
67 thought: train of thinking
68 gross and scope: general drift
70 Good now; cf. n.
72 toils: causes to toil
subject: people, subjects
73 cast: founding
74 mart: traffic, buying and selling
75 impress: enforced service
77 toward: in preparation
83 prick'd on: incited
emulate: ambitious

87 law and heraldry; cf. n.
89 seiz'd of: possessed of
90 moiety competent: equal amount
91 gaged: staked
94 carriage: import
design'd: drawn up
96 unimproved: unproved (?); cf. n.
hot and full: exceedingly ardent
97 skirts: outskirts
98 Shark'd up: picked up at haphazard
list; cf. n.
resolutes: desperadoes
99 For . . . diet; cf. n.
100 stomach; cf. n.
103 compulsative: involving compulsion
106 head: origin
107 romage: commotion, bustle
109 sort: fit
112 mote: minute particle of dust
113 palmy state: flourishing sovereignty
117 As . . . blood; cf. n.
118 Disasters: unfavorable aspects; cf. n.
moist star: moon
120 sick . . . doomsday; cf. n.
121 precurse: heralding
122 still: constantly
123 prologue: introduction
125 climatures: regions (?); cf. n.
127 cross: meet, face; cf. n.
131 [do] grace: do honor to
134 happily: haply
136 uphoarded; cf. n.
140 partisan; cf. n.
150 cock; cf. n.
154 extravagant: vagrant
erring: wandering

hies: hastens
155 confine: place of confinement
156 probation: proof
158 'gainst that: by the time that
162 planets strike; cf. n.
163 takes: bewitches
164 gracious: instinct with goodness

Scene Two

4 brow of woe: aspect of woe
9 jointress: joint possessor, or, dowager
10 defeated: disfigured
11 auspicious: happy
dropping: tearful
13 dole: grief
18 weak supposal: low opinion
20 disjoint: at loose ends
frame: order
21 Colleagued: allied
dream of his advantage: imaginary superiority
23 Importing: bearing as its purport
24 bands: agreements
31 gait: proceeding
32 proportions: supplies, forces
38 delated: expressly stated
44 the Dane: the king of Denmark
45 lose your voice: speak to no purpose
47 native: closely and congenitally connected
48 instrumental: serviceable
50 Dread my lord: my dread lord
51 leave and favour: kind permission
56 leave and pardon: indulgence [to depart]
60 hard: given with difficulty
63 graces: virtues

65 kin . . . kind; cf. n.
67 i' the sun; cf. n.
70 vailed: down-cast
72 common: the common lot
75 particular: personal
79 windy suspiration: tempestuous sighing
forc'd: against one's will
80 fruitful: copious
81 haviour: behavior
83 denote: portray
92 obsequious: dutiful
93 condolement: sorrowing
99 vulgar thing: common experience
105 corse: corpse
107 unprevailing: unavailing
109 immediate: next in succession
112 impart: bestow
113 Wittenberg; cf. n.
114 retrograde: contrary
115 bend: incline
127 rouse: bumper
bruit: echo
130 resolve: dissolve
132 canon: law
134 uses: usages
137 merely: entirely
140 Hyperion; cf. n.
141 beteem: allow
149 Niobe; cf. n.
150 discourse of reason: reasoning power
155 flushing: redness
galled: sore with weeping
156 post: hasten
157 dexterity: facility
161 forget myself; cf. n.
169 disposition: temperament, mood

180 bak'd meats: meat pies; cf. n.
182 dearest: direst
192 Season: temper, qualify
admiration: wonder, astonishment
193 attent: attentive
198 vast: waste; cf. n.
200 cap-a-pe: from head to foot
204 truncheon: officer's staff
distill'd: melted
205 act: operation
216 it: its
229 beaver: face-guard of a helmet
237 tell: count
239 grizzled: grey
241 sable: heraldic term for black
247 tenable: that which may be kept

Scene Three

2 give benefit: are favorable
3 convoy: means of conveyance
6 fashion: mere form
toy in blood: passing amorous fancy
7 violet; cf. n.
primy: early
8 Forward: precocious
9 suppliance: diversion
11 crescent: growing
12 thews: bodily strength
temple: body
14 withal: also
15 soil: blemish
cautel: trickery
16 virtue of his will: his virtuous intentions
19 unvalu'd: of low rank

23 voice and yielding: approval and compliance
26 place: position as a prince; cf. n.
27 deed: effect
30 credent: trustful
list: listen to
32 unmaster'd: unrestrained
36 chariest: most scrupulous
39 canker: 'worm,' that destroys leaves and buds, particularly the rose
galls: injures
infants: young plants
40 buttons: buds
disclos'd: opened
41 liquid dew: while the dew is still fresh
42 blastments: blights
47 ungracious: graceless
49 puff'd: bloated from excess
50 primrose path: path of pleasure
51 recks: heeds
rede: counsel
53 double; cf. n.
54 Occasion: opportunity
56 wind . . . of; cf. n.
58 precepts; cf. n.
59 character: inscribe
60 unproportion'd: inordinate
61 familiar: friendly
64 dull thy palm: make thy palm less sensitive to true hospitality
65 unfleg'd: immature
69 censure: opinion
71 express'd in fancy: singular in design
74 Are . . . that; cf. n.
77 husbandry: thrift
83 tend: are in waiting
90 Marry: an oath derived from the name of Saint Mary

92 private time: time in private visits
94 put on: impressed on
99 tenders: offers; cf. n.
101 green: inexperienced
102 Unsifted: untried
circumstance: state of affairs
107 sterling: legal currency
Tender: have a regard for
115 springes: snares
woodcocks; cf. n.
122 entreatments: conversations, interviews
126 in few: briefly
127 brokers: go-betweens, procurers
128 investments: vestments, clothes
129 implorators: solicitors
133 slander: bring reproach upon

Scene Four

2 eager: sharp
8 wake: hold a revel by night
9 Keeps wassail: holds a drinking-bout
up-spring: wild dance of German origin
10 Rhenish: Rhine wine
12 pledge: toast
18 traduc'd and tax'd: defamed and censured
19 clepe: call
swinish: gross
20 Soil our addition: blemish our good name
22 attribute: reputation
24 mole: blemish
26 his; cf. n.
27 complexion: natural tendency
28 pales: palings
29 o'er-leavens: makes too light

30 plausive: pleasing
32 nature's livery: natural attributes
fortune's star: the position in which one is placed by fortune
34 undergo: bear the weight of
36 dram of eale; cf. n.
39 ministers of grace: messengers of God
40 spirit of health: good spirit
goblin: evil spirit
43 questionable: inviting question
47 canoniz'd: buried according to the Church's rule
hearsed: coffined
48 cerements: grave-clothes
49 inurn'd: interred
53 glimpses of the moon: the earth by night
56 reaches: capacities
59 impartment: communication
65 at . . . fee: at even a trifling value
69 flood: sea
71 beetles: overhangs threateningly
73 deprive . . . reason: dethrone reason from its sovereignty
75 toys of desperation: whims involving thoughts of self-destruction
83 Nemean lion's; cf. n.
nerve: sinew, tendon
85 lets: hinders
89 issue: outcome

Scene Five

17 spheres: orbits
18 knotted: neatly arranged
combined: smoothly combed
19 an: on
20 porpentine: porcupine

21 eternal blazon: revelation of eternity; cf. n.
25 unnatural: i.e., for one brother to kill another
31 apt: ready to learn
32 fat weed; cf. n.
33 Lethe; cf. n.
wharf: bank
35 orchard: garden
37 process: narrative
38 abus'd: deceived
42 adulterate: adulterous
62 hebona: yew, notorious for its poisonous properties
64 leperous: causing leprosy
67 gates and alleys; cf. n.
68 posset: curdle
69 eager: sour
71 instant: instantaneous
tetter: skin eruption
72 lazar-like: leprous-like
75 dispatch'd: bereft
77 Unhousel'd: without having received the Holy Communion
disappointed: unprepared
unanel'd: without having received extreme unction
78 reckoning: confession and absolution
80 horrible; cf. n.
83 luxury: lasciviousness
89 matin: morning
90 uneffectual: losing its effect
97 distracted globe: confused head
98 table: writing-tablet
99 fond: foolish
100 saws: maxims
pressures: impressions—as of a seal
110 word: watch-word
115 hillo, ho, ho: falconer's hunting call
116 come, bird, come: call which falconers use to their hawk in the air

124 arrant: thoroughgoing
127 without more circumstance: without further details
133 hurling: violent
136 Saint Patrick; cf. n.
138 honest ghost; cf. n.
140 O'ermaster 't: conquer it
150 true-penny: honest fellow
154 sword; cf. n.
156 Hic et ubique: here and everywhere
163 pioner: digger, miner
167 your; cf. n.
171 meet: proper
172 antic: fantastic
174 encumber'd: probably folded
175 doubtful: ambiguous
177 an if: an intensive form of if
178 to note: to give a sign
188 spite: vexatious circumstance

ACT SECOND

Scene One

[Polonius' Apartment in the Castle]

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and finding
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;
As thus, 'I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him;' do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

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

As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord?

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing; you may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

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

According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does,—
what was I about to say? By the mass I was
about to say something: where did I leave?

Rey. At 'closes in the consequence.'
At 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,' ay, marry;
He closes with you thus: 'I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was a' gaming; there o'ertook in 's rouse;
There failing out at tennis;' or perchance,
'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord!

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey. Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell! Exit Reynaldo.

Enter Ophelia.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

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

Pol. With what, in the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

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

Pol. What said he?

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

And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What! have you given him any hard words of late?

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

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
Come. Exeunt.

Scene Two

[A Room in the Castle]

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, with others.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
[Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,]
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Mighty by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

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

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

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

Guil. Heavens make our presence, and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, [and some Attendants.]

Enter Polonius.

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

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, one to my gracious king;
And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O! speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.
[Exit Polonius.]
He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

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

King. Well, we shall sift him.

Enter Polonius, Voltimand, and Cornelius.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack;
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[Giving a paper.]
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business:
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labour.

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home.

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Pol. This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is 't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter, have while she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: now, gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified
Ophelia.—"
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; 'beautified'

is a vile phrase; but you shall hear. Thus:
"In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—"

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.
Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.
O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers:
I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I
love thee best, O most best! believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him,
HAMLET."
This in obedience hath my daughter shown me;
And more above, hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she
Received his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

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

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

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

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

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
[Pointing to his head and shoulder.]
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an arras then;

Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a book.

Queen. But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away! I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently.
Exeunt King, Queen, [and Attendants.]
O! give me leave.
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honesty my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't.

Pol. [Aside.] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

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

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. [Aside.] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air. [Aside.] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter. My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

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

Pol. Fare you well, my lord. [Going.]

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

Ros. [To Polonius.] God save you, sir!

[Exit Polonius.]

Guil. Mine honoured lord!

Ros. My most dear lord!

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

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

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

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe? 238

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waist, or in
the middle of her favours? 241

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O!
most true; she is a strumpet. What news? 244

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

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

Guil. Prison, my lord! 252

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are
many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark
being one o' the worst. 257

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is
nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes
it so: to me it is a prison. 261

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. 269

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow. 273

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason. 277

Ros.
Guil. } We'll wait upon you.

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

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion. 285

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it

a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord? 292

Ham. Why anything, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you. 297

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no! 305

Ros. [Aside to Guildenstern.] What say you?

Ham. Nay, then, I have an eye of you. If you love me, hold not off. 309

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late,—but wherefore I know not,—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firma-

ment, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so.

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

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me?'

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

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of the city.

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

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

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow rusty?

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

Ham. What! are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to-do on both sides: and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O! there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

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

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

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players—which, I tell you, must show fairly outward—should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

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

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

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

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

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

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

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

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why
"One fair daughter and no more,
The which he loved passing well."

Pol. [Aside.] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

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

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord?

Ham. Why,
"As by lot, God wot."
And then, you know,
"It came to pass, as most like it was.—"
The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look where my abridgments come.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. I am glad to see thee well: welcome, good friends. O, my old friend! Thy face is valanced since I saw thee last: comest thou to beard me in Denmark? What! my young lady and mistress! By 'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are welcome. We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,
I but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above
once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the
million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was—
as I received it, and others, whose judgments in
such matters cried in the top of mine—an ex-
cellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down
with as much modesty as cunning. I remember
one said there were no sallets in the lines to
make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the
phrase that might indict the author of affecta-
tion; but called it an honest method, [as whole-
some as sweet, and by very much more handsome
than fine.] One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas
Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it espe-
cially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter.
If it live in your memory, begin at this line:
let me see, let me see:—

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—"
'Tis not so, it begins with Pyrrhus:—
"The rugged Pyrrhus, he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks." [So proceed you.]

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent and good discretion.

First Play. "Anon, he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command. Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for lo! his sword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and the orb below
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod, take away her power;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

First Play. "But who, O! who had seen the mobled queen—"

Ham. 'The mobled queen?'—

Pol. That's good; 'mobled queen' is good.

First Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods."

Pol. Look! wh'er he has not turned his colour and has tears in 's eyes. Prithee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

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

Ham. God's bodikins, man, much better; use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. Exit Polonius, [with all the Players but the First.] Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

First Play. Ay, my lord.

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

First Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [Exit First Player. To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.] My good friends, I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi' ye! Now I am alone.
O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I:
Is it not monstrous that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her? What would he do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Swounds, I should take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O! vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave
That I, the son of a dear [father] murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon 't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy—
As he is very potent with such spirits—
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king. Exit.

Footnotes to Act II

Scene One

7 Danskers: Danes
8 keep: live
10 encompassment: 'talking round' a subject
12 demands: questions
13 Take: assume
19 put on: impute to
20 forgeries: invented tales
rank: excessive
22 wanton: unrestrained
26 Drabbing: associating with immoral women
30 incontinency: habitual loose behavior
31 quaintly: ingeniously
32 taints of liberty: blemishes due to freedom
34 unreclaimed: untamed
35 Of general assault: to which all are liable; cf. n.
38 fetch of warrant: justifiable trick
39 sulllies: blemishes
43 prenominate: aforesaid
45 closes: agrees
consequence: conclusion
51 leave: leave off
58 a': he
o'ertook in 's rouse: drunk
60 house of sale: house of ill fame
61 Videlicet: namely
64 reach: ability
65 windlasses: roundabout ways
assays of bias: indirect attempts
66 indirections: devious courses

directions: straight courses—i.e., the truth
67 lecture: instruction
71 inclination in yourself: character for yourself
73 ply his music: go his own gait
77 closet: apartment
78 doublet: close-fitting coat
unbrac'd: unfastened
80 down-gyved: hanging down like gyves or fetters
90 perusal: scrutiny
95 bulk: breast
102 ecstasy: madness
103 property: nature
fordoes: destroys
112 quoted: observed
113 wrack: ruin
beshrew: curse
jealousy: suspicion, mistrust
115 cast beyond: be over subtle
119 More . . . love; cf. n.

Scene Two

11 of so young days: from such early youth
12 neighbour'd . . . humour: near in age and temperament
13 vouchsafe your rest: please to reside
18 open'd: revealed
22 gentry: courtesy
24 supply and profit: aid and successful outcome
30 in the full bent: to the utmost degree of mental capacity
47 policy: conduct of public affairs
52 fruit: dessert
56 main: the chief point
67 borne in hand: deluded
69 in fine: in conclusion
71 assay: trial

73 fee: payment
79 regards . . . allowance; cf. n.
81 consider'd: fit for considering
86 expostulate: set forth one's views
90 wit: judgment, understanding
91 flourishes: embellishments
98 figure: figure of speech
105 Perpend: consider
109 beautified: beautiful, or, accomplished
112 these: i.e., these lines
119 ill at: unskilled at making
numbers: verses
120 reckon: number metrically, scan
123 machine: bodily frame; cf. n.
126 more above: moreover
127 fell out: occurred
means: opportunities of access
137 winking: with eyes shut, i.e., allowed my heart to connive
139 round: straightforwardly
140 bespeak: address
141 out of thy star: above the position allotted thee by fortune
148 watch: state of sleeplessness
149 lightness: lightheadedness
declension: decline
159 centre: middle point of the earth
163 arras: hanging tapestry
164 encounter: manner of behavior
170 board: accost
presently: immediately
174 fishmonger; cf. n.
184 good kissing; cf. n.
187 conception; cf. n.
197 matter: substance
198 Between who?; cf. n.
203 purging: discharging
204 amber . . . gum; cf. n.

207 honesty: decency
216 pregnant: full of meaning
217 happiness: appropriateness
218 prosperously: successfully
224 withal: with
235 indifferent: ordinary, average
237 on . . . button; cf. n.
244 strumpet; cf. n.
272 quality: nature
274 beggars bodies; cf. n.
275 outstretched: strutting
276 fay: faith
277 reason: argue
278 wait upon: accompany
279 sort: class
282 beaten way: ordinary course
288 too dear a halfpenny; cf. n.
290 free: voluntary
296 colour: disguise
300 conjure: adjure
301 consonancy of youth: being of the same age
303 better proposer: more skillful exhorter
304 even: straightforward
308 have an eye of you: have an eye upon you
312 prevent: precede
discovery: disclosure
319 brave: splendid
320 fretted: adorned
324 faculty: capacity
325 express: well-modelled
326 apprehension: understanding
328 quintessence; cf. n.
332 stuff: matter
337 lenten: meagre
338 coted: passed
343 foil and target: sword and shield

344 humorous man: actor of whimsical characters
345 clown: low comedian
346 tickle o' the sere: yield easily to any impulse; cf. n.
348 halt: limp
353 residence: remaining in one place
355 inhibition: formal prohibition
356 innovation; cf. n.
357 estimation: reputation
362 aery: nest; cf. n.
363 eyases: young hawks
cry . . . question: recite at the highest pitch of the voice; cf. n.
364 tyrannically: outrageously
365 berattle: fill with din
common stages: public theatres
367 afraid of goose-quills: afraid of being satirized
370 escoted: maintained
371 quality: profession
373 common players: professional players
376 succession: future, or, inheritance
379 tarre: incite
380 argument: subject-matter, plot
381 cuffs: blows
385 carry it away: carry the day
386 Hercules and his load; cf. n.
390 mows: grimaces
391 ducats: gold or silver coins
392 in little: in miniature
'Sblood: God's blood
394 Flourish: a trumpet call
397 appurtenance: proper accompaniment
399 comply: observe the formalities of courtesy
garb: manner
extent: showing of kindness
407 handsaw: saw managed with one hand; cf. n.
411 swaddling-clouts: bandages in which newborn children

were wrapped
419 Roscius; cf. n.
421 Buzz, buzz: an exclamation of contempt
427 scene individable; cf. n.
428 poem unlimited; cf. n.
Seneca; cf. n.
429 Plautus; cf. n.
law of writ and the liberty; cf. n.
431 Jephthah: title of an old ballad; cf. n.
436 passing: surpassing
446 'as most like it was': as was most probable
447 row: stanza, verse, column of print (?)
chanson: song
448 abridgments: means of whiling away the time
451 valanced: 'curtained,' with a beard
454 By 'r lady: By our Lady (The Virgin)
455 chopine: a Venetian raised shoe often worn by actors
456 uncurrent: not passable as lawful coinage
457 cracked . . . ring; cf. n.
460 straight: immediately
466 caviare . . . general; cf. n.
468 cried in the top of: spoke with a louder voice of authority than
469 digested: arranged; cf. n.
470 modesty: without exaggeration, moderation
cunning: skill in technique
471 sallets . . . savoury; cf. n.
473 indict: convict
475 handsome; cf. n.
476 fine: elaborately fashioned
477 Æneas' tale to Dido; cf. n.
481 Hyrcanian; cf. n.
485 ominous horse; cf. n.
488 gules: red
trick'd: spotted
490 impasted: made into a paste

493 o'er-sized: covered with something like size, a kind of glue
501 Repugnant to: resisting
503 fell: cruel
504 senseless: without physical sensation
510 painted tyrant: picture of a tyrant in a tapestry
511 a neutral: one indifferent
matter: task
513 against: just before
514 rack: mass of cloud
516 anon: presently
517 region: the air
520 proof eterne: eternal impenetrability
524 synod: assembly
525 fellies: the pieces of wood of which the circumference is made
526 nave: hub
530 jig: lively dance, often accompanied by coarse comic verses or dialogue
531 bawdry: indecency
532 Hecuba; cf. n.
533 mobled: muffled; cf. n.
537 bisson rheum: blinding tears (?)
clout: piece of cloth
539 o'er-teemed: exhausted by excessive child-bearing
542 pronounc'd: proclaimed
548 made milch: made weep
550 turned . . . colour: grown pale
554 bestowed: lodged
555 abstracts: summary accounts
561 God's bodikins; cf. n.
573 for a need: in case of necessity
dozen or sixteen lines; cf. n.
584 peasant: base
587 conceit: imagination
590 function: action of the body
suiting: fitting

591 forms: bodily expression
595 cue; cf. n.
597 horrid: horrible
598 free: free from offence, guiltless
602 muddy-mettled: dull-spirited
peak: mope about
603 John-a-dreams: dreamy fellow; cf. n.
unpregnant of: not quickened by
605 property; cf. n.
606 defeat: destruction
612 Swounds: God's wounds
613 But: but that
pigeon-liver'd: meek; cf. n.
614 make oppression bitter: make me feel the bitterness of oppression
615 region kites: kites of the air
617 kindless: unnatural
623 drab: street woman
624 scullion: kitchen servant
625 About, my brain: bestir yourself, my brain, or, my brain, on another tack
634 tent: probe
blench: start aside
639 spirits: mental moods
641 relative: relevant, to the purpose

ACT THIRD

Scene One

[A Room in the Castle]

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Lords.

King. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

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

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

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

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

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

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

[Exit Queen.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [To Ophelia.] Read on this book;
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [Aside.] O! 'tis too true;
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!

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

Exeunt [King and Polonius.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and, by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

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

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

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

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

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

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

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

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

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

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

Oph. O! help him, you sweet heavens!

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

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance.

Go to, I'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad.
I say, we will have no more marriages; those
that are married already, all but one, shall live;
the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

Exit Hamlet.

Oph. O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown:
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy: O! woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on 't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs: let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Scene Two

[A Hall in the Castle]

Enter Hamlet and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and—as I may say—whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who

for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. 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 nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journey-men had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O! reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that

will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. Exeunt Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

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

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. Exit Polonius.
Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. } We will, my lord.
Guil. }

Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Ham. What, ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

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

Hor. O! my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle; if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And after we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

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

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

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so.

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

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

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

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

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

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me.

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

Pol. [To the King.] O ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at Ophelia's feet.]

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord. 125

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

Oph. What is, my lord? 128

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord. 132

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours. 136

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by 'r lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, 'For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot.' 146

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.

Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief. 149

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all. 153

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him; be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means. 157

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

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

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

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter [two Players as] King and his Queen.

[P.] King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

[P.] Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women's fear and love holds quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
[Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.]

[P.] King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shall live in this fair world behind,

Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind
For husband shall thou—

[P.] Queen. O! confound the rest;
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second but who killed the first.

Ham. [Aside.] Wormwood, wormwood.

[P.] Queen. The instances that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

[P.] King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revels grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contrary run
That our devices still are overthrown,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

[P.] Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
[To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!]
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now!

[P.] King. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. (Sleeps.)

[P.] Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain! Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O! but she'll keep her word.

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

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play?

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

Enter [Player as] Lucianus.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are a good chorus, my lord.

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

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

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

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands. Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come; the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

(Pours the poison in his ears.)

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. "Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away."
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.
For"thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock."

Hor. You might have rimed.

Ham. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!
For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike he likes it not, perdy."
Come, some music!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me

to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

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

Ham. I am tame, sir; pronounce.

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

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased; but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

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

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

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

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

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

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

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

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

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

Enter the Players, with recorders.

O! the recorders: let me see one. To withdraw with you: why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

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

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

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

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

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent music. Look you, these are the stops.

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

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

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

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

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by. [Aside.] They fool me to the top of my bent. [Aloud.] I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so. Exit.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends. [Exeunt all but Hamlet.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

Exit.

Scene Three

[A Room in the Castle]

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

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

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

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance; but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf doth draw
What's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

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

Gent. We will haste us.

Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

Exit [Polonius.]

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't;
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder?'
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder.
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain the offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,

And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay;
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be well. [Retires and kneels.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do 't: and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent;
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act

That has no relish of salvation in 't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. Exit.

[The King rises and advances.]

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

Scene Four

[The Queen's Closet]

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him;
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. (Within.) Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius hides behind the arras.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And,—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

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

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [Behind.] What, ho! help! help! help!

Ham. [Draws.] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!

[Makes a thrust through the arras.]

Kills Polonius.

Pol. [Behind.] O! I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the king?

Queen. O! what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
[Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.]
[To Polonius.] Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
[To the Queen.] Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff,
If damned custom have not brass'd it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths; O! such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words; heaven's face doth glow,
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband: look you now, what follows.
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? [Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference.] What devil was 't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
[Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.]
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet! speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

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

Queen. O! speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer, and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O! say.

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O! step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands an end. O gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look upon me;
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away;
My father, in his habit as he liv'd;
Look! where he goes, even now, out at the portal.

Exit Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word, which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
[That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on.] Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: [the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master ev'n the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency.] Once more, good-night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
[Pointing to Polonius.]
I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good-night.
I must be cruel only to be kind:
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
[One word more, good lady.]

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,

To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack!
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. [There's letters seal'd; and my two school-fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O! 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.]
This man shall set me packing;
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
Mother, good-night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good-night, mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Footnotes to Act III

Scene One

1 drift of circumstance: roundabout method
2 confusion: mental agitation
3 Grating: harassing
7 forward: ready, disposed
12 forcing of his disposition: with apparent unwillingness
13 niggard of question: sparing of conversation
14 assay: challenge
17 o'er-raught: overtook
26 edge: incitement
29 closely: privately
31 Affront: meet
32 espials: spies
34 frankly: freely
40 wildness: madness
43 Gracious: a courteous epithet, here used without a substantive
45 exercise: employment
47 too much proved: found by too frequent experience
48 pious action: i.e., implies that Ophelia's book was a book of devotions
52 to: in comparison with
59 take . . . troubles; cf. n.
65 rub: obstacle
67 shuffled off: sloughed off
mortal coil: turmoil of mortal life
68 give us pause: cause us to hesitate
respect: consideration
72 dispriz'd: held in contempt
73 office: people holding official position

spurns: insults
75 quietus: release from life
76 bare: unsheathed, or, small
bodkin: dagger
fardels: burdens
79 bourn: boundary
83 conscience: sense of right and wrong (?), or, thought of consequences
84 native hue: natural color, or, complexion
85 sicklied o'er: covered with a sickly tint
cast: tinge
86 pith and moment: gravity and importance; cf. I. iv. 22
87 regard: consideration
currents: courses
89 orisons: prayers
91 for this many a day: all this long time
103 honest: chaste
110 commerce: intercourse
116 time: present age
121 inoculate: engraft
122 relish: taste
126 indifferent: tolerably
129 beck: command
150 your paintings: i.e., that women paint their faces
153 nickname: travesty; cf. n.
154 make your wantonness your ignorance: i.e., affect ignorance as a mask for wantonness
155 on 't: of it
161 expectancy: source of hope
162 glass: mirror
mould: model
166 sovereign: supreme
168 feature: proportion of the whole body
blown: blossoming, in its bloom
169 Blasted: withered
175 disclose: hatching

181 variable: various
182 something-settled: somewhat settled
183 beating: pondering
184 fashion of himself: his ordinary manner
194 find: find out

Scene Two

2 trippingly: rapidly, but with neat articulation
3 mouth: speak loudly with false emphasis and indistinctness
8 beget: attain
temperance: moderation
10 robustious: boisterous
periwig-pated: wearing a wig
12 groundlings; cf. n.
13 capable of: able to receive impressions from
14 inexplicable dumb-shows; cf. n.
16 Termagant; cf. n.
out-herods Herod; cf. n.
24 from: apart from
28 pressure: impressed character, stamp
29 come tardy off: inadequately done
31 which one: one of whom
32 allowance: acknowledgment
38 journeymen: laborers not yet masters of their trade
45 there be of them: there are some; cf. n.
47 barren: barren of wit
59 just: balanced
60 cop'd withal: came in contact with
65 candied: flattering
66 pregnant hinges: easily inclined joints
67 thrift: profit
69 election: choice
74 blood: passions
76 stop: a hole in wind instruments for controlling the sound

84 very comment: most intense observation
85 occulted: hidden
86 unkennel: reveal
89 Vulcan; cf. n.
stithy: smithy, or, anvil
92 censure: giving an opinion
seeming: appearance
95 be idle: act mad; cf. n.
98 chameleon's dish; cf. n.
101 have nothing with: can make nothing of
109 Julius Cæsar; cf. n.
110 Capitol; cf. n.
111 part: action
113 stay upon: wait for
114 patience: permission
117 metal: material
139 suit of sables: suit of rich fur
143 suffer not thinking on: be forgotten
144 hobby-horse: one of the participants in the morris dance; cf. n.
S. d. Hautboys: wooden double-reed instruments of high pitch
S. d. The dumb-show enters; cf. n.
S. d. Mutes: actors without speaking parts
148 miching mallecho: skulking mischief; cf. n.
150 imports: indicates
153 counsel: secret
158 naught: wanton
161 stooping: bowing
163 posy: motto, short verse
167 cart: chariot
168 wash: sea
Tellus'; cf. n.
169 borrow'd sheen: reflected light
172 commutual: an intensive form of 'mutual'
177 I distrust you: I have misgivings on your account
179 quantity: proportion

180 In . . . extremity: in either no feeling or the very deepest
186 operant: active
194 instances: motives, inducements
move: suggest
201 validity: strength
209 enactures: fulfilments
220 hollow: insincere
225 ends: results
229 Sport: pleasure; cf. n.
231 anchor's: anchorite's
232 opposite: contrary thing
blanks: blanches, makes pale
242 protest: vow
250 Tropically: figuratively
251 image: representation
252 duke's name; cf. n.
256 galled jade: horse sore from chafing
withers: shoulders
257 unwrung: not galled
259 chorus: in Elizabethan drama one who speaks a prologue summarising the action
260 interpret; cf. n.
267 pox: small-pox, used frequently as an imprecation
268 the croaking . . . revenge; cf. n.
271 Confederate: conspiring to assist
273 Hecate; cf. n.
282 false fire; cf. n.
284 Give o'er: stop
287 deer go weep; cf. n.
291 forest of feathers: an allusion to the plumes worn by tragic actors
292 turn Turk: change completely
293 Provincial roses: rosettes imitating the damask rose; cf. n.
razed: slashed, i.e., with cuts or openings
294 fellowship: partnership
cry: company; cf. n.

295 share: i.e., in the profits of the company; cf. n.
297 Damon; cf. n.
298 dismantled: deprived
300 pajock: peacock (?); cf. n.
308 recorders: wind instruments of the flute type
310 perdy: a corruption of par Dieu
317 distempered: disordered; cf. n.
320 choler: anger; cf. n.
323 purgation: purging; cf. n.
326 frame: definite form
328 pronounce: speak
334 wholesome: sensible
355 pickers and stealers: hands; cf. n.
363 voice: support
365 'While . . . grows'; cf. n.
367 withdraw with: speak privately with
368 recover the wind of: keep watch upon; cf. n.
369 toil: snare
378 know no touch: have no skill at all
380 ventages: holes, stops
391 compass: range of voice
392 organ: musical instrument, the recorder
395 fret; cf. n.
409 bent: degree of endurance; cf. n.
413 witching: when spells are cast
419 Nero; cf. n.
423 shent: rebuked
424 give them seals: confirm them by making words into deeds

Scene Three

2 range: rove, roam
3 forthwith dispatch: prepare at once
5 terms: condition
8 fear: caution

11 single and peculiar: private individual
13 noyance: harm
14 weal: welfare
15 cease: cessation, euphemism for 'death'
16 gulf: whirlpool
21 annexment: appendage
22 Attends: accompanies
24 Arm: prepare
29 process: interview
tax . . . home: censure effectually
33 of vantage: from a favorable position, or, in addition
37 primal: primeval; cf. n.
44 thicker than itself: made over double its normal thickness
47 confront: oppose directly
49 forestalled: prevented in anticipation
54 effects: i.e., things acquired by an action
55 ambition: i.e., the realization of ambition (so also offence in 56)
58 gilded hand: hand using bribes of gold
59 wicked prize: reward of wickedness
60 Buys out: corrupts
61 shuffling: practice of trickery
lies: used in its legal sense; cf. n.
63 teeth and forehead: very face
64 rests: remains
68 limed: caught with bird-lime
69 engaged: entangled
75 would: requires to
scann'd: examined, considered
79 hire and salary: i.e., a reward
80 full of bread: without opportunity to fast; cf. n.
81 broad blown: in full bloom
flush: lusty
82 audit: account
83 in our circumstance and course: according to our vague ideas

86 passage: i.e., to the other world
88 hent: intention
92 relish: flavor
96 physic: medicine, i.e., the postponement

Scene Four

1 lay home: talk plainly
2 broad: free, unrestrained
4 heat: anger
14 rood: cross
37 brass'd: hardened
38 proof and bulwark: an impenetrable defence
sense: feeling
46 contraction: marriage contract
48 rhapsody of words: meaningless string of words
glow: blush
49 solidity and compound mass: the earth
50 tristful: sad
doom: doomsday
52 index: preface
54 counterfeit presentment: portrayed likeness
56 front: forehead
58 station: poise
64 ear: ear of wheat
67 batten: grow fat on
moor: a barren upland; cf. n.
69 hey-day: state of excitement, youthful high spirits
71 Sense: reasoning power
72 motion: emotion (?)
73 apoplex'd: atrophied
74 thrall'd: enslaved
75 quantity of choice: power to choose
76 difference: disagreement
77 cozen'd: cheated

hoodman-blind: blind man's buff
79 sans: without
81 mope: act aimlessly
83 mutine: rise in mutiny
86 charge: command
88 panders: ministers to the gratifications of
90 grained: ingrained
91 tinct: color
92 enseamed: greasy
97 tithe: tenth part
98 precedent: former
vice: buffoon; cf. n.
99 cut-purse: pickpocket
102 shreds and patches: rabble and fools (?); cf. n.
107 laps'd in time and passion: "having suffered time to go by and passion to cool" (?)
108 important: urgent
117 incorporal: incorporeal
120 bedded: smooth, flatly brushed
life in excrements: living outgrowth
125 conjoin'd: united
126 capable: capable of feeling
127 convert: turn aside
128 effects: purposes
129 want true colour: lack true cause
134 habit: dress
143 re-word: repeat word for word
144 gambol from: skip away from
grace: God
145 unction: salve
148 mining: undermining
153 fatness: grossness
pursy: corpulent
155 curb and woo: bow and beg
163 use: habitual practice
169 master; cf. n.

171 be bless'd: to become blessed
176 answer: account for
182 bloat: bloated
183 wanton: wantonly
184 reechy: greasy
185 paddling: playing fondly
187 essentially: in my essential nature
190 paddock: toad
gib: tom-cat
191 dear concernings: affairs dearly concerning one
194 famous ape: a reference not yet identified
195 conclusions: experiments
204 mandate: command
sweep my way: clear my path
205 marshal: conduct
206 enginer: maker of military engines, sapper
207 Hoist: blown up
petar: small bomb
go hard But; cf. n.
211 set me packing: send me off quickly

ACT FOURTH

Scene One

[A Room in the Castle]

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

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

[Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.]
[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]
Ah! my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat! a rat!'
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,

But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd; 24
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

King. O Gertrude! come away. 28
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho! Guildenstern! 32

Enter Rosencrants and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him:
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this. 37
Exeunt [Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: [so, haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, 41
As level as the cannon to his blank
Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.] O! come away; 44
My soul is full of discord and dismay. Exeunt.

Scene Two

[Another Room in the Castle]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros.
Guil. } (Within.) Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet?
O! here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech
sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the
body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the
king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide
fox, and all after. Exeunt.

Scene Three

[Another Room in the Castle]

Enter King, [attended.]

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

Enter Rosencrantz.

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

[King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.]

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. [To some Attendants.] Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England!

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother. Come, for England! Exit.

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.
Away! for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans on the affair: pray you, make haste.
[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. Exit.

Scene Four

[Near Elsinore]

Enter Fortinbras with an army.

For. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

[Exeunt Fortinbras and Soldiers.]

[Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, &c.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Cap. They are of Norway, sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole
A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [Exit.]

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.
[Exeunt all except Hamlet.]

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say 'This thing's to do;'
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

Exit.]

Scene Five

[Elsinore. A Room in the Castle]

Enter Queen and Horatio, [with a Gentleman.]

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [Exit Gentleman.]
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.

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. "How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staffs
And his sandal shoon."

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

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.
He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf;
At his heels a stone."
O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.
White his shroud as the mountain snow,—"

Enter King.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord.

Oph. "Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers."

King. How do you, pretty lady?

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

King. Conceit upon her father.

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

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more."

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make an end on 't:
By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By Cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed."

King. How long hath she been thus?

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

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.
[Exit Horatio.]

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; but he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude! this,
Like to a murdering-piece, in many places
Gives me superfluous death. A noise within.

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter a Messenger.

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

Mess. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your 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!'

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke. Noise within.

Enter Laertes with others.

Laer. Where is the king? Sirs, stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

[They retire without the door.]

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou vile king!
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd. Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most throughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is 't writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And like the kind life-rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And am most sensibly in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

A noise within. [Voices.] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is 't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Oph. "They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—"
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

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

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you; and here's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O! you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. They say he made a good end,—

"For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy."

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. "And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow
All flaxen was his poll,
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!"
And of all Christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' ye! Exit Ophelia.

Laer. Do you see this, O God?

King. Laertes, I must common with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure burial,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.

King. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me. Exeunt.

Scene Six

[Another Room in the Castle

Enter Horatio with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Atten. Sailors, sir: they say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in. [Exit Attendant.]
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailor.

Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

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

Reads the letter.

Hor. "Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very war-like appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,
HAMLET."

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

Scene Seven

[A Room in the Castle]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursu'd my life.

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

King. O! for two special reasons;
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks, and for myself,—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,

Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more;
I lov'd your father, and we love ourself,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
[Of him that brought them.]

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.
Leave us. Exit Messenger.
High and mighty, you shall know I am set
naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I
beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall,
first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the
occasions of my sudden and more strange re-
turn. HAMLET."
What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked,'
And in a postscript here, he says, 'alone.'
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
'Thus didst thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes,
As how should it be so? how otherwise?
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,
As checking at his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

[Laer. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could devise it so
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
Did not together pluck such envy from him
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,
Importing health and graveness.] Two months since
Here was a gentleman of Normandy.
I've seen myself, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in 't, he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beast; so far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was 't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamond.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you; [the scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them.] Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg

Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
[There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still,
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do,
We should do when we would, for this 'would' changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this 'should' is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer;]
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' the church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home;
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you, bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do 't;
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see;
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings:
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. [But stay! what noise?]

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet queen!

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

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas! then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

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

King. Let's follow, Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage! 193
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. Exeunt.

Footnotes to Act IV

Scene One

1 heaves: prolonged sighs
11 brainish apprehension: insane illusion, or, brain-sick mood
12 heavy: grievous
17 providence: foresight
18 short: under control, tethered
out of haunt: out of company
22 divulging: becoming known
26 mineral: mine
36 fair: courteously
40 so, haply, slander; cf. n.
41 diameter: extent from side to side
42 level: straight
blank: white spot in the centre of a target
44 woundless: invulnerable

Scene Two

13 replication: reply
17 countenance: favor
authorities: offices of authority
29 The . . . body; cf. n.
32 Hide fox, and all after: signal cry in the game of hide-and-seek

Scene Three

4 distracted: without power of forming logical judgments
6 scourge: punishment
weigh'd: estimated, considered
7 bear: execute
smooth and even: pleasantly and equably
10 appliance: remedy
21 convocation: assembly; cf. n.
politic: crafty
25 variable service: variety of food
34 progress: state journey
48 bent: prepared
57 at foot: close behind
60 leans on: depends upon
63 cicatrice: scar
64 free awe: awe still felt but no longer enforced by arms
65 set: esteem
66 process: formal command
69 hectic: wasting fever
71 haps: fortunes

Scene Four

3 conveyance: convoy
6 in his eye: in his presence
8 softly: slowly
9 powers: troops
15 main: chief part, or, chief power
17 no addition: without adding fine words, or, without amplification
22 ranker: richer
sold in fee: sold absolutely
26 debate: bring to a settlement
straw: trifling matter
27 imposthume: abscess
34 market: marketing

36 large discourse: latitude of comprehension
39 fust: become mouldy
40 Bestial oblivion: animal-like forgetfulness
41 event: outcome
45 Sith: since
47 charge: expense
50 mouths: grimaces
54 argument: cause
58 Excitements: incentives
61 trick: trifle
64 continent: receptacle

Scene Five

Scene V, S. d.; cf. n.
2 importunate: persistent
5 tricks: deceptions
6 Spurns: kicks
enviously: spitefully
in doubt: ambiguous
8 unshaped: artless
9 collection: inference
aim: guess
11 yield them: bring her words forth
13 nothing: not at all
much: very
15 ill-breeding: plotting ill
18 great amiss: calamity
19 artless: unskilful
20 spills: ruins
S. d. Cf. n.
25 cockle hat: pilgrim's hat; cf. n.
26 shoon: shoes
38 larded: garnished
42 God 'ild: God reward

owl was a baker's daughter; cf. n.
54 dupp'd: opened
59 by Gis: by Jesus
62 Cock: perversion of 'God' in oaths
81 remove: removal
muddied: confused in mind
83 greenly: foolishly
84 In hugger-mugger: secretly
89 wonder: doubt
in clouds: in gloom, or, invisible
90 buzzers: tale-bearers
92 Wherein: i.e., in which pestilent speeches
93 nothing stick: not at all hesitate
94 In ear and ear: in many ears
95 murdering-piece: small cannon firing case shot
97 Switzers: Swiss guards; cf. n.
99 overpeering: rising above
list: boundary
101 head: hostile advance
110 counter: following the trail in a direction opposite to that which the game has taken
118 cuckold: husband with an unfaithful wife
131 grace: sense of duty
133 give to negligence: disregard
136 My will: as regards my will
141 swoopstake: indiscriminately; cf. n.
145 life-rendering pelican; cf. n.
146 Repast: feed
149 sensibly: feelingly
160 fine: delicate, subtle
161 instance: illustrative example
164 Hey non nonny; cf. n.
171 wheel; cf. n.
false steward; cf. n.
174 rosemary; cf. n.
176 pansies; cf. n.

177 document: lesson
179 fennel: emblem of flattery
columbines: emblems of thanklessness
180 rue: emblem of repentance; cf. n.
182 difference; cf. n.
183 daisy: emblem of dissemblers
violets: emblems of faithfulness
186 For . . . joy; cf. n.
187 passion: suffering
188 favour: charm
189 And . . . again; cf. n.
195 poll: head
197 cast away: shipwrecked
202 common: share
203 right: equitable treatment
206 collateral: indirect
207 touch'd: implicated
213 means: manner
obscure: lowly, mean
214 trophy: emblem, or, memorial over a grave
hatchment: tablet displaying armorial bearings
215 ostentation: funeral ceremony
217 call 't in question: demand an explanation

Scene Six

13 overlooked: perused
17 appointment: equipment
24 repair: come
28 bore: literally, calibre, hence importance
34 way: passage

Scene Seven

3 knowing: intelligent, or, convinced
5 Pursu'd: sought
7 capital: punishable by death
10 unsinew'd: weak
14 conjunctive: closely united
17 count: legal indictment
18 general gender: common people
20 spring; cf. n.
21 gyves: leg-irons; cf. n.
22 slightly timber'd: of too light a wood
23 reverted: returned; cf. n.
27 praises . . . again; cf. n.
28 challenger on mount; cf. n.
40 Claudio; cf. n.
44 naked: without resources
50 abuse: imposture
51 character: handwriting
62 checking: stopping short
67 uncharge: acquit of guilt
practice: stratagem
70 organ: instrument
falls: happens
76 siege: rank; cf. n.
part: attribute
77 riband: ribbon
79 livery: garb
80 weeds: garments
81 health: prosperity
84 can well: are skilled
87 incorps'd and demi-natur'd; cf. n.
88 topp'd: surpassed
89 in . . . tricks; cf. n.
95 confession: report
96 masterly report; cf. n.
97 art and exercise: skilful exercise
defence: science of defence

100 scrimers: fencers
105 play: fence
112 passages of proof; cf. n.
117 plurisy: fulness; cf. n.
120 abatements: diminutions
122 spendthrift sigh; cf. n.
131 put on: instigate
136 peruse: inspect
138 unbated: not blunted
pass of practice; cf. n.
140 anoint: smear
141 mountebank; cf. n.
143 cataplasm: poultice
144 simples: medicinal herbs
145 moon; cf. n.
150 our shape: part we purpose to act
154 blast in proof: burst when tested
155 cunnings: skill; cf. n.
157 motion: bodily exertion
160 for the nonce: for the purpose
161 stuck: thrust
168 hoar: greyish-white
170 crow-flowers: buttercups; cf. n.
long purples: early purple orchids
171 liberal: licentious
173 coronet: garlanded
175 weedy: of plants
179 incapable: having no understanding
180 indu'd: endowed with qualities fitting her
188 trick: custom
190 woman; cf. n.
192 douts: puts out, extinguishes

ACT FIFTH

Scene One

[A Churchyard]

Enter two Clowns.

[First] Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Other. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

[First] Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Other. Why, 'tis found so.

[First] Clo. It must be se offendendo; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Other. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver,—

[First] Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that? but if the water come to him, and drown him, he

drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Other. But is this law?

[First] Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

Other. Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

[First] Clo. Why, there thou sayest; and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

[First] Clo. A' was the first that ever bore arms.

Other. Why, he had none.

[First] Clo. What! art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

Other. Go to.

[First] Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Other. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

[First] Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well, but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again; come.

Other. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

[First] Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

[First] Clo. To 't.

Other. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio afar off.

[First] Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, 'a grave-maker:' the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit other Clown.]

[First Clown digs, and] sings.

"In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract, O! the time, for-a my behove,
O! methought there was nothing meet."

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

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

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

Clown sings.

"But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
As if I had never been such."

[Throws up a skull.]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-offices, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revo-

lution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on 't.

Clown sings.

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

[Throws up another skull.]

Ham. There's another; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyance of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins, too.

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

[First] Clo. Mine, sir,
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet."

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

[First] Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

[First] Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

[First] Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

[First] Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

[First] Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked

that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

[First] Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

[First] Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

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

[First] Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

[First] Clo. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

[First] Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

[First] Clo. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

[First] Clo. Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

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

[First] Clo. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,—he will last you some eight year or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another? 186

[First] Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years. 192

Ham. Whose was it?

[First] Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not. 196

[First] Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This!

[First] Clo. E'en that. 202

Ham. Let me see.—[Takes the skull.]—Alas! poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and

now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord? 218

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! 222

[Puts down the skull.]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? 227

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

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why

of that loam, whereto he was converted, might
they not stop a beer-barrel?
Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw."
But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, [a Priest,] and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo it own life; 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile. and mark.

[Retiring with Horatio.]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful,
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' the earth; 262
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia? 266

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell!
[Scattering flowers.]
I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O! treble woe 270
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of. Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.
Leaps into the grave.
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made, 276
To o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow 279
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into the grave.]

Laer. The devil take thy soul! 282

[Grapples with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For though I am not splenetive and rash
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Away thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O! he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? [woo't fast?] woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day. Exit.

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.
[Exit Horatio.]
[To Laertes.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. Exeunt.

Scene Two

[A Hall in the Castle]

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other;
You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

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

Hor. Is 't possible?

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

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with villainies,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission, wrote it fair;

I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm should flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like 'As'es of great charge,
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham, Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gave 't th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes

Between the pass and fell-incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my mother,
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is 't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? and is 't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

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

Ham. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.'
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Enter young Osric.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. [Aside to Horatio.] Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. [Aside to Hamlet.] No, my good lord.

Ham. [Aside to Horatio.] Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

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

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

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

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

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

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.]

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. [Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full

of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do 't, sir, really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purse is empty already; all 's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir.]

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

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

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

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

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

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

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

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on; six Barbary horses against six French

swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 'imponed,' as you call it?

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

Ham. How if I answer no?

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

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought; the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you so?

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

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [Exit Osric.] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the

same bevy, that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out. 202

[Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time. 207

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

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down. 213

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play. 217

Ham. She well instructs me.] [Exit Lord.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart; but it is no matter. 224

Hor. Nay, good my lord,—

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

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

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes?
[Let be.]

Enter King, Queen, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with foils and gauntlets, a table and flagons of wine on it.

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir; I've done you wrong;
But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,
That might your nature, honour and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was 't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness. If 't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, 257
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge; but in my terms of honour 260
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known honour,
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love, 265
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me. 268

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand. 272

King. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both;
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

Prepare to play.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet!' Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. They play.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well; again.

King. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine; 296
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.

Trumpets sound; and shot goes off.

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come.—[They play.] Another hit; what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess. 300

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam!

King. Gertrude, do not drink. 304

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

King. [Aside.] It is the poison'd cup! it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face. 308

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think 't.

Laer. [Aside.] And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence. 312
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [They] play.

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

In scuffling they change rapiers.

King. Part them! they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come, again. [The Queen falls.]

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

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

Osr. How is it, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric; 320
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swounds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink, [—O my dear Hamlet!

The drink, the drink;] I am poison' d. [Dies.]

Ham. O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [Laertes falls.]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good; 328
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo! here I lie, 332
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work. Hurts the King.

All. Treason! treason!

King. O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion;—is thy union here?
Follow my mother. King dies.

Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! Dies.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,—O! I could tell you—
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

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

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have 't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me.
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.

March afar off, and shout within.

What war-like noise is this?

Enter Osric.

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives
This war-like volley.

Ham. O! I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy the election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited—The rest is silence. Dies.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince,

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, and English Ambassador, with drum, colours, and Attendants.

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads; all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;

For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally: and, for his passage,
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

Exeunt marching, after the which, a peal of ordnance are shot off.

Footnotes to Act V

Scene One

S. d. Clowns: low comedians, or, peasants; cf. n.
4 crowner: coroner
sat on: passed on
9 se offendendo; cf. n.
12 branches: divisions [of learning]
13 argal: corruption of ergo, therefore
15 delver: digger
24 quest: inquest
32 even: fellow
37 bore arms; cf. n.
44 confess thyself; cf. n.
59 unyoke; cf. n.
68 Yaughan; cf. n.
stoup: two quart measure
69 In . . . love; cf. n.
71 behove: benefit
75 property of easiness; cf. n.
81 intil: into
84 jowls: dashes
87 o'er-offices: exercises his office over
97 chapless: lacking the lower jaw
mazzard: head
101 loggats; cf. n.
107 quiddities: subtleties
108 quillets: minute distinctions
tenures; cf. n.
110 sconce: head
111 action of battery; cf. n.
113 recognizances; cf. n.

statutes; cf. n.
115 fines; cf. n.
vouchers; cf. n.
116 recoveries; cf. n.
fine: end
119 indentures: mutual agreements
120 conveyance; cf. n.
127 assurance: security; cf. n.
149 absolute: precise
150 by the card: with precision; cf. n.
152 picked: fastidious
154 kibe: chilblain
182 pocky: diseased
189 sore: grievous
190 whoreson: plagued
215 favour: appearance
228 curiously: minutely
231 likelihood: probability
240 flaw: squall of wind
245 estate: rank
250 enlarg'd: extended
251 warrantise: warrant
doubtful: suspicious
255 Shards: fragments of pottery
256 crants: garlands; cf. n.
257 strewments: flowers strewn on a grave
262 peace-parted: departed in peace
272 ingenious: delicately sensitive
277 Pelion; cf. n.
280 wandering stars: planets
285 splenetive: quick-tempered
297 forbear: leave alone
299 Woo't: wilt thou
300 eisel: vinegar; cf. n.
306 burning zone: path of the sun
308 This . . . drooping; cf. n.

311 golden couplets; cf. n.
318 in: in the thought of
319 present push: immediate trial
321 living: lasting

Scene Two

6 mutines: mutineers
bilboes: shackles
9 pall: fail
13 sea-gown; cf. n.
15 Finger'd: pilfered
22 bugs . . . life; cf. n.
23 supervise: perusal
bated: deducted
29 be-netted: ensnared
30 prologue . . . play; cf. n.
33 statists: statesmen
36 yeoman's service: good and faithful service
41 wheaten garland: emblem of peace
42 comma: bond of connection; cf. n.
43 'As'es; cf. n.
47 shriving-time: time for absolution
48 ordinant: controlling
50 model: exact likeness
52 Subscrib'd: signed, or, addressed
impression: i.e., of the seal
53 changeling: substitute
59 insinuation: artful intrusion
61 fell-incensed: cruelly angered
62 opposites: opponents
63 stand . . . upon: vitally concern
65 election; cf. n.
66 angle: fishing-hook
67 cozenage: cheating

78 count: make account of
79 bravery: ostentatious display
84 water-fly; cf. n.
90 mess; cf. n.
chough: small chattering bird (?); cf. n.
109 remember; cf. n.
110 mine ease; cf. n.
112 absolute: perfect
113 differences: distinguishing features
soft: gentle
115 card: directory
118 definement: description
perdition: loss
119 divide inventorially: catalogue
121 yaw: stagger; cf. n.
neither: too
123 great article: large scope
infusion: character imparted by nature
125 semblable: like
126 trace: follow
umbrage: shadow
129 concernancy: meaning
130 more rawer: too unskilled
132 another tongue; cf. n.
134 nomination: naming
142 approve me: commend me
146 compare with: vie with
149 imputation: reputation
meed: merit, worth
150 unfellowed: without an equal
155 imponed: staked
157 assigns: appurtenances
hangers: straps from which a sword is suspended
158 carriages: hangers
159 dear to fancy: unusual in design
responsive: corresponding

160 delicate: finely wrought
liberal conceit: tasteful design
162 margent: commentary
165 german: appropriate
174 twelve for nine; cf. n.
181 breathing time: exercise period
193 lapwing: peewit; cf. n.
197 drossy: frivolous, or, composed of dross, unrefined
198 tune: temper, humor, mood
199 yesty: frothy
201 fond and winnowed; cf. n.
214 In happy time: at an appropriate time
227 gain-giving: misgiving
242 presence: royal assembly
245 exception: disapproval
258 satisfied in nature; cf. n.
263 voice: opinion
264 ungor'd: uninjured
269 foil; cf. n.
271 Stick . . . off: stand out in relief
283 quit; cf. n.
286 union: pearl
289 kettle: kettledrum
301 fat: out of training
302 napkin: handkerchief
313 wanton: spoiled child
316 **S. d.** cf. n.
322 swounds: swoons
342 temper'd: compounded
350 sergeant: sheriff's officer
355 Roman; cf. n.
367 o'er-crows: overpowers
371 occurrents: incidents
372 solicited: moved; cf. n.
374 flights: troops
378 quarry: heap of slain

cries on havoc: proclaims merciless slaughter (?); cf. n.

392 stage: platform

396 casual: unpremeditated

397 forc'd: unreal

403 rights of memory: ancient claims

406 draw on more: be seconded by others

411 been put on: been put to the proof, tried

NOTES

Dramatis Personæ. A list of characters was first given in the Quarto of 1676, although it is commonly stated that Rowe's edition of 1709 contained the first list.

I. i. 3. Long . . . king! The pass-word or reply to the sentry's challenge.

I. i. 15. Friends . . . Dane. Probably the officers' pass-word.

I. i. 19. piece. A humorous expression equivalent to 'something like him,' or possibly Horatio means to imply that, because of his skepticism, he is with them in bodily form but not in intellectual sympathy. (Chambers.)

I. i. 37. his. Regularly used for 'its.' The latter form had not yet come into common use.

I. i. 42. scholar. Exorcisms of evil spirits were performed in Latin and hence by scholars.

I. i. 45. It . . . to. It was believed that a ghost could not speak until spoken to.

I. i. 63. sledded Polacks. Various suggestions have been made concerning the meaning of these words for the reason that the second Quarto and first Folio have 'sleaded (F1 sledded) pollax' which conceivably could mean a poleaxe weighted with a sledge or hammer at the back. When, however, later references in the play to Polacks are taken into consideration, the meaning given in the gloss seems the more probable.

I. i. 70. Good now. Interjectional expression denoting entreaty.

I. i. 87. law and heraldry. The forms of both the common law and the law of arms having been duly observed. The latter would give the compact binding force in honor. Nobles who signed binding agreements were wont to have their coats of arms added to their signatures.

I. i. 96. unimproved. Other conjectures are: 'not turned to account,' 'untutored,' 'undisciplined.'

I. i. 98. list. Literally, a special catalogue of the soldiers of a force; here used in the sense of an indiscriminately chosen crowd.

I. i. 99. For . . . diet. For no pay but their keep. (Moberly.) Perhaps, however, the meaning is 'as food and diet to keep the enterprise going.'

I. i. 100. stomach. I.e., gives an opportunity for courage. With a quibble on the literal meaning.

I. i. 117. As . . . blood. The abruptness of the transition in the sense has led some commentators to believe either (1) that there is a line missing, or (2) that ll. 121–125 should be inserted between ll. 116 and 117. Attempts have also been made to emend the text by adding a conjectural line.

I. i. 118. Disasters. In North's Plutarch, Julius Cæsar, whence Shakespeare drew his account of the strange omens preceding Cæsar's assassination, the sun was said to be darkened.

I. i. 120. sick . . . doomsday. A reference to the Biblical account of the events to occur at the second coming of the Son of Man. Cf. Matthew 24. 29 and Revelation 6. 12.

I. i. 125. climatures. Possibly used for those who live under the same climate. (Clarendon.)

I. i. 127. cross. The usual interpretation has been to accept this as meaning crossing the spot where an apparition had appeared, and thus subjecting Horatio, according to traditional ghost-lore, to the spectre's malignant influence. This explanation is rejected by Onions, who gives the reading of the gloss.

I. i. 136. uphoarded. If while alive a person had hidden gold and placed it under a charm, it was necessary, for his soul's quiet, to release it from the spell. (Illustrated by Steevens from Dekker's Knight's Conjuring.)

I. i. 140. partisan. A long-handled spear with a blade having one or more lateral cutting projections.

I. i. 150. cock. It was a tradition that at cock-crow spirits returned to their confines.

I. i. 162. planets strike. The malignant aspects of planets, according to the pseudo-science of astrology, were supposed to be able to injure incautious travellers by night.

I. ii. 65. kin . . . kind. I.e., more than his actual kinship and less than a natural relation. 'Kind' is here used equivocally for 'natural' and also for 'affectionate.' A proverbial expression occurring elsewhere in Elizabethan literature.

I. ii. 67. i' the sun. Probably Hamlet means he is too much in the unwelcome sunshine of the King's favor. The reply is purposely enigmatical. There is a quibble on 'sun' and 'son.'

I. ii. 113. Wittenberg. A famous German university, founded in 1502.

I. ii. 140. Hyperion. The Titanic sun god, but here used for Apollo.

I. ii. 149. Niobe. A daughter of Tantalus, who boasted that she had more sons and daughters than Leto. Consequently Apollo and Artemis slew her children with arrows, and she herself was turned by Zeus into a stone upon Mount Sipylus in Lydia, where she shed tears all the summer long.

I. ii. 161. forget myself. I.e., or I have lost the knowledge even of myself.

I. ii. 180. bak'd meats. It was an old custom to have a feast as part of the funeral ceremonies.

I. ii. 198. vast. It here means emptiness, the time when no living thing was seen.

I. iii. 7. violet. Early violets were proverbial examples of transitory things.

I. iii. 26. place. The reading of the first Folio is 'peculiar Sect and force.'

I. iii. 53. double. I.e., because Laertes had already taken leave of his father.

I. iii. 56. wind . . . of. Wind blowing from a stern quarter, hence 'behind,' 'favorable.'

I. iii. 58. precepts. Many parallels for several of these precepts have been discovered.

I. iii. 74. Are . . . that. Various conjectures have been suggested: 'are most select and generous in that' (White); 'select and generous, are most choice in that' (Steevens); 'are most select and generous, chiefly in that.' The emendation of the text here followed is that commonly accepted.

I. iii. 99. tenders. Polonius, in l. 106, uses 'tenders' in the sense of promises to pay, which, as he says, are not 'legal currency.'

I. iii. 115. woodcocks. The woodcock was supposed to be a witless bird easily snared.

I. iv. 36. dram of eale. Possibly 'eale' is a corruption of 'e'il,' the contracted form of 'evil.' The rest of the passage is equally uncertain. The Cambridge Shakespeare records about forty conjectures. Dowden's conjecture seems to come nearest to the sense of the passage; 'out of a mere doubt or suspicion the dram of evil degrades in reputation all the noble substance to its own [substance].'

I. iv. 83. Nemean lion's. One of the powerful monsters slain by Hercules.

I. v. 21. blazon. Literally, to portray armorial bearings in their proper colors.

I. v. 32. fat weed. It has been suggested that Shakespeare meant by this the asphodel referred to by Lucian in connection with Lethe. However, there is a reference in Seneca's Hercules Furens to the Taxus tree overleaning the quiet lake of Lethe. This is the Latin name for the yew tree, which exudes a resinous substance from its leaves. It could, therefore, be described as a 'fat weed.'

I. v. 33. Lethe. A river (sometimes called a lake) of the Greek underworld, whose waters gave forgetfulness of the past to those who drank of them.

I. v. 67. gates and alleys. Shakespeare here implies as much as was then known touching the circulation of the blood. (Hudson.)

I. v. 80. horrible. The tradition of the stage assigns this line to Hamlet. It was so spoken by, among others, Garrick, Kemble, and Irving. Betterton probably omitted it, for it is marked for omission in the Quarto of 1676.

I. v. 136. Saint Patrick. He. was the keeper of purgatory; the patron saint of all blunders and confusion (Moberly); he banished serpents from Ireland, hence he was the proper saint to take cognizance of the report that a serpent stung Hamlet's father. (Dowden.) If Hamlet's oath requires any explanation, the first surmise appears the more probable.

I. v. 138. honest ghost. I.e., an actual ghost, and not the devil or an evil spirit in disguise. Cf. Hamlet's doubt upon this point later.

I. v. 154. sword. It was customary to swear upon the sword, because the hilt made the form of the cross. Such an oath was binding both in military honor and in religion.

I. v. 167. your. Does not mean Horatio's philosophy, but refers to philosophy in general.

II. i. 35. Of general assault. Chambers plausibly suggests that the meaning may be 'a passionate desire to assail all kinds of experience.'

II. i. 119. More . . . love. The line is obscure, but Hudson paraphrases it as follows: 'By keeping Hamlet's love secret we may cause more of grief to others than of hatred on his part by disclosing it.'

II. ii. 79. regards . . . allowance. I.e., terms securing the safety of the country and regulating the passage of troops through it. (Clarendon.)

II. ii. 123. machine. Such endings were not uncommon in Euphuistic letters.

II. ii. 174. fishmonger. The word is probably used here in some cant coarse sense, such as 'wencher' or 'seller of women's chastity.'

II. ii. 184. good kissing. I.e., carrion fit for kissing by the sun. Warburton suggested the emendation 'God kissing carrion' but there appears no necessity for accepting this.

II. ii. 187. conception. There is a quibble here on conception as 'understanding' and as 'the state of being pregnant.'

II. ii. 198. Between who? Hamlet deliberately misunderstands 'matter' to mean a cause of dispute.

II. ii. 204. amber . . . gum. I.e., in reference to the exudings from the weak eyes of old men.

II. ii. 237. on . . . button. I.e., we have not reached the summit of good fortune.

II. ii. 244. strumpet. I.e., because of Fortune's fickleness.

II. ii. 274. beggars bodies. I.e., if ambition is but a shadow, then monarchs and heroes, who have attained ambition, are in possession only of a shadow; whereas beggars, who have not attained ambition, at least possess something material—i.e., their bodies. But every beggar may long for ambition—a shadow—and hence the monarchs and heroes who are in possession of their ambitions, are but the beggars' shadows—i.e., have this shadow for which the beggar longs in vain.

II. ii. 288. dear a halfpenny. Too dear at a halfpenny, of insignificant value.

II. ii. 328. quintessence. A term in alchemy. The fifth essence of ancient and mediæval philosophy, supposed to be the substance of which the heavenly bodies were composed, and to

be actually latent in all things: hence, pure essence or extract, essential part of a thing. (Murray.)

II. ii. 346. tickle o' the sere. Literally, the 'sere' is the catch of a gunlock that holds the hammer. Hence a trigger that goes off at a light touch. (Nicholson.)

II. ii. 356. innovation. This speech does not appear in the Quarto of 1603 but does in the Quarto of 1604. There are two conjectures as to the meaning: (1) On January 30, 1603–4, a license was granted to the children of the Revels to play at the Blackfriars Theatre and elsewhere; (2) or, it refers to the custom of introducing personal abuse into plays. Either might be described as an 'innovation.'

II. ii. 362. aery. This refers to the young choristers of the Chapel Royal [and of St. Paul's] who acted plays.

II. ii. 363. cry . . . question. This is also interpreted as meaning 'exclaim against (lampoon) those who are at the top of their profession, (or, the best productions of the dramatic pen).'

II. ii. 386. Hercules and his load. The reference may be to the sign of the Globe Theatre which represented Hercules carrying the globe. The sign itself was an allusion to the story of Hercules relieving Atlas.

II. ii. 407. handsaw. The phrase is proverbial. It has been conjectured that handsaw is a corruption of 'her(o)nsew,' 'her(o)nshaw'—a heron or hern. It is probable, however, that Hamlet uses the corrupted form in its derived sense of being able to recognize two dissimilar objects.

II. ii. 419. Roscius. A famous Roman actor whose intellectual capacities lifted him above the stigma usually attached to his profession.

II. ii. 427. scene individable. Probably a play which follows the classical rules relating to the three unities of time, place, and action—hence usually a tragedy. Cf. note on Seneca below.

II. ii. 428. poem unlimited. Probably a play which disregarded the unities; or, a comedy in which unlimited license was used in treating the material. Cf. note on Plautus below.

II. ii. 428. Seneca. A Roman rhetorical writer of tragedies whose plays were during the Renaissance considered models of classic technique. See Appendix A for notes on Senecan influence in Hamlet.

II. ii. 429. Plautus. A Roman comic dramatist who was the model for comedy technique during the Renaissance. Cf. The Comedy of Errors.

II. ii. 429. law of writ and the liberty. There are two conjectures as to the meaning: (1) 'law of writ,' plays written according to the classical rules; and 'liberty,' plays which do not follow these rules; (2) adhering to the text, hence, 'law of writ'; 'liberty,' plays in which the dialogue was extemporized by the actors, as in the Italian commedia dell' arte. This editor believes 'law of writ' to refer to 'tragedy,' (cf. scene individable); 'liberty' to refer to 'comedy,' (cf. poem unlimited).

II. ii. 431. Jephthah. There were several old ballads on this subject. Cf. Percy's Reliques, 2d. ed., 1757, for a copy of one of the ballads.

II. ii. 457. Cracked . . . ring. Having the circle broken that surrounds the sovereign's head on a coin. Here used quibblingly for a voice that has changed and hence is 'cracked' in its 'ring' or purity of tone. It is, of course, a boy actor of women's parts that Hamlet is addressing.

II. ii. 466. Caviare . . . general. I.e., a delicacy for which the general public has no relish.

II. ii. 469. digested. Cf. the Prologue to Troilus and Cressida, 23–29.

II. ii. 471. no sallets . . . savoury. No ribaldry to spice the lines.

II. ii. 475. handsome. I.e., its beauty was not that of elaborate diction or polish, but that of structure and proportion.

II. ii. 477. Æneas' tale to Dido. The passage inserted here should be compared with Marlowe and Nash's Dido, Queen of Carthage (1594), II. 1. 214 ff. It is a matter of critical dispute whether Shakespeare intended this passage as burlesque or whether he selected deliberately the earlier turgid romantic style to contrast with his more realistic dramatic method in this scene. The latter seems the more probable.

II. ii. 481. Hyrcanian beast. The tiger. So described by Virgil. Cf. Æneid, IV. 366.

II. ii. 485. ominous horse. The wooden horse in which the Greeks lay hidden until the Trojans dragged it within the walls.

II. ii. 532. Hecuba. The wife of Priam.

II. ii. 533. mobled. The first Folio has 'inobled,' which is probably a misprint. 'Mobled' is a debased form of 'muffled.' It is clearly Shakespeare's intention to make use of an unusual word here, as may be seen by Hamlet's query and Polonius' approval.

II. ii. 561. God's bodikins. A corruption of an oath 'by God's body.'

II. ii. 573. dozen or sixteen lines. There has been much discussion concerning the possibility of identifying the passage written by Hamlet. Chambers (Warwick Shakespeare) suggests Lucianus' speech, III. ii. 270 ff., which is interrupted by the

King's rising. Others point to the Player King's speech, III. ii. 198 ff., because its philosophy is characteristic of Hamlet. The question is not one to which an authoritative answer can be given.

II. ii. 595. cue. A technical stage term for the last words of an actor's line to which another actor replied.

II. ii. 603. John-a-dreams. Armin's Nest of Ninnies (1608) contains the following definition: "His name is Iohne, indeede, saies the cinick; but neither Iohn-a-nods, nor Iohn-a-dreames, yet either as you take Itt."

II. ii. 605. property. His crown, his wife, everything, in short, which he might be said to be possessed of, except his life. (Furness.)

II. ii. 613. pigeon-liver'd. It was believed that pigeons were gentle because they had no gall.

III. i. 59. take . . . troubles. Many commentators have felt that this line contains a badly mixed metaphor and consequently have suggested various unnecessary emendations. The phrase 'sea of troubles,' in the sense of a 'mass of troubles,' however, occurs elsewhere in Elizabethan literature. Cf. Greene's Mamillia, ed. Grosart, vol. II., p. 18; "hauing himself escaped the seas of trouble and care," and Dekker's The Wonder of a Kingdome, ed. 1873, vol. IV., p. 230:

I never heard mongst all your Romane spirits,
That any held so bravely up his head,
In such a sea of troubles (that come rouling
One on anothers necke) as Lotti doth.

III. i. 153. nickname. I.e., by painting your face and by your fashionable affectations you turn human beings (God's creatures) into figures that bear the same resemblance to reality that a nickname does to a Christian name. Or possibly

this is an allusion to the Elizabethan court fashion of giving animal names to the various courtiers.

III. ii. 12. groundlings. The inferior portion of the audience who paid a penny for standing room in the yard or pit.

III. ii. 14. inexplicable dumb-shows. Pantomimes illustrating the subsequent action of the play, often so crudely performed that they were 'inexplicable.'

III. ii. 16. Termagant. A noisy character representing a supposed god of the Saracens in some of the mystery plays.

III. ii. 16. out-herods. I.e., outdoes even the extravagant acting of the character of Herod in the mystery plays. Cf. the stage direction in the Coventry play of The Nativity, "Here Erode ragis in the pagond, and in the strete also."

III. ii. 45. there be of them, etc. Examples of gags and stage business introduced by clowns are found in The Pilgrimage to Parnassus, V:

"if thou canst but drawe thy mouth awrye, laye thy legg over thy staffe, sawe a piece of cheese asunder with thy dagger, lape up drinke on the earth, I warrant thee theile laughe mightilie."

III. ii. 89. Vulcan. He was the armorer of the gods.

III. ii. 95. be idle. This may have its usual meanings of 'purposeless,' 'intent upon nothing in particular.' So in King Lear, I. iii. 17. However, in Hall's Chronicles, the phrase 'ydle and weak in his wit' occurs.

III. ii. 98. chameleon's dish. It was believed that chameleons fed on air.

III. ii. 109. Julius Cæsar. The universities gave many representations within their walls of plays in Latin and English. A Latin play on Cæsar's death was acted at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1582. Cf. also the title-page of the 1603 Quarto of Hamlet.

III. ii. 110. Capitol. The murder of Cæsar actually took place in the Theatre of Pompey, which stood in the Campus Martins. Shakespeare transfers the scene to the Capitol both in Julius Cæsar and in Antony and Cleopatra.

III. ii. 144. hobby-horse. In the morris dance, a figure of a horse made of light material and fastened around the waist of a performer, who went through various antics. The quotation here may be from a ballad perhaps satirizing Puritan opposition to May-games.

III. ii. 146. S. d. The dumb-show enters. In Gorboduc and many early plays a 'dumb-show' was introduced to give a pantomimic representation or suggestion of the action that was to follow.

III. ii. 148. miching mallecho. Mallecho is from the Spanish malhecho, meaning 'mischief.'

III. ii. 168. Tellus'. The goddess of the earth, who received and nourished the sown seed.

III. ii. 229. sport and repose. Here the objects of the verb.

III. ii. 252. duke's name. In the first Quarto the leading characters are called Duke and Duchess. In the second Quarto and the First Folio, except for this line, they are always King and Queen. In revising his play, Shakespeare overlooked this instance.

III. ii. 260. interpret. At 'puppet shows' or 'motions' the dialogue was spoken by a person concealed behind the stage. This was called 'interpreting.'

III. ii. 268. The croaking . . . revenge. Cf. The True Tragedie of Richard the Third (p. 61, Shake. Soc. reprint):

The screeking raven sits croking for revenge,
Whole herds of beasts come bellowing for revenge.

III. ii. 273. Hecate. Diana, in her aspect as infernal goddess, was regarded as the queen of witches.

III. ii. 282. false fire. A proverbial expression.

III. ii. 287. deer go weep. It was a popular belief that the deer, when badly wounded, retires from the herd and goes apart to weep and die.

III. ii. 293. Provincial roses. So called either from Provence, or from Provins, the latter a town forty miles from Paris.

III. ii. 294. cry. Literally, a pack of hounds—here, troop or company.

III. ii. 295. share. Theatrical companies were organized on a profit-sharing basis.

III. ii. 297. Damon. An allusion to the classical story of the friendship of Damon and Pythias (or Phintias).

III. ii. 300. pajock. Various conjectures, but in Scotland a peacock is often called a "peajock." Skeat, however, derives 'pajock' from 'patch,' a 'pied fool.' Spenser calls a ragamuffin a 'patchocke.'

III. ii. 317. distempered. This word was used both of mental and of bodily disorder. Hamlet pretends to understand it in the latter sense.

III. ii. 320. choler. The other meaning of 'choler' is bilious disorder, and so again Hamlet pretends to misunderstand it.

III. ii. 323. purgation. Another word of double meaning: (1) clearing from the accusation or suspicion of guilt; (2) purging in the medical sense.

III. ii. 355. pickers and stealers. An allusion to the phrase in the Catechism, "Keep my hands from picking and stealing."

III. ii. 365. 'While . . . grows.' A proverb of frequent occurrence. Cf. Heywood's Proverbs "while the grass groweth the horse sterveth," and Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra (1578), "Whylst grass doth growe, oft sterves the seely steede."

III. ii. 368. recover the wind of. A hunting term, meaning, keep watch upon (as upon the game, when following it down the wind).

III. ii. 395. fret. Frets are stops of instruments of the lute or guitar kind. Hamlet also uses it quibblingly to mean 'annoy.'

III. ii. 409. bent. An expression derived from archery; the bow has its 'bent' when it is drawn as far as it can be.

III. ii. 419. Nero. He murdered his mother, Agrippina.

III. iii. 37. primal. The curse of Cain. Cf. Genesis 4. 2.

III. iii. 61. lies. Is sustainable, as an action at law.

III. iii. 80. full of bread. Cf. Ezekiel 16. 49.

III. iv. 67. moor. With a quibble upon the meaning 'swarthy complexioned.'

III. iv. 98. vice. The Vice was a stock character in the Moralities. Although personifying the weaker side of human

nature, he was represented as a buffoon and supplied much of the comic element in these plays.

III. iv. 102. shreds and patches. The usual interpretation is to assume that this refers to the motley dress of the Vice (cf. 'patch' = a 'pied fool'), but it may conceivably refer to the subjects the King rules, although no commentator gives authority for this assumption.

III. iv. 169. master. A word has dropped out of the earlier texts, and the present emendation 'master' is derived from the fourth Folio.

III. iv. 207. go hard But. Introduces a statement of what will happen unless overwhelming difficulties prevent it.

IV. i. 40. so, haply, slander. Added by Capell.

IV. ii. 29. The . . . body. A passage about which there have been many conjectures. If Hamlet is not designedly talking mere nonsense, a possible interpretation is: "The King is still alive (i.e., with his body), but he is not with the dead body (i.e., of Polonius)."

IV. iii. 21. convocation. The commentators maintain that this is an allusion to the famous Diet or convocation of the dignitaries of the German Empire held at Worms in 1521. It was before this Diet that Martin Luther was summoned to appear. There is no necessity of putting this far-fetched interpretation upon this passage. In John Wyclif's The Ave Maria, ed. E. E. T. S., p. 206, occurs: "the rotten body [of man] that is worms' meat."

IV. v. S. d. Here the first Folio omits the Gentleman, no doubt, as Collier suggested, to avoid the employment of another actor.

IV. v. 20., S. d. The direction in the Quarto of 1603 is, "Enter Ofelia playing on a lute, and her haire downe, singing." This is the basis for the traditional stage-business.

IV. v. 25. cockle hat. The cockle hat, staff, and sandals were the guise of a pilgrim and often the disguise of a lover. Cf. Romeo's costume at the ball in Romeo and Juliet. The hat was so called from the custom of putting cockle-shells upon pilgrims' hats. The shell was used to denote that the pilgrim had been to the shrine of St. James of Compostella in Spain.

IV. v. 42. owl . . . daughter. There is an old mediæval legend that a baker's daughter was turned into an owl for refusing bread to our Lord.

IV. v. 97. Switzers. The kings of France employed Swiss mercenaries as guards, and the term 'Switzer' gradually became almost synonymous with 'guard.'

IV. v. 141. swoopstake. A gambling term used when the winner clears the board of all the stakes.

IV. v. 145. life-rendering pelican. It was a common belief that the pelican either fed its young or restored them to life when dead with its own blood. It was thus an emblem of self-sacrifice.

IV. v. 164. Hey non nonny. Such meaningless refrains are common in old songs. Cf. 169, 'a-down.'

IV. v. 171. wheel. Although this word is usually rendered 'burden,' 'refrain,' it is possible that Ophelia is referring to singing at the spinning wheel.

IV. v. 171. false steward. This ballad or story is unknown at the present day.

IV. v. 174. rosemary. Flower symbolism was an elaborate system in mediæval and Elizabethan England. Cf. The Handfull of Pleasant Delights (1684):

Rosemarie is for remembrance,
  betweene vs daie and night:
Wishing that I might alwaies haue
  you present in my sight.

Rosemary was also often strewn on biers. Cf. Romeo and Juliet, IV. v. 79; Winter's Tale, IV. iii. 74.

IV. v. 176. pansies. French, pensées; a country emblem of love and courtship.

IV. v. 180. rue. It was usually mingled with holy water and then known as 'herb of grace.' Hence "we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays." Wormwood, the emblem of remorse, was likewise called herb of grace.

IV. v. 182. difference. An heraldic bearing, distinguishing the arms of one branch of the same family from another. Ophelia implies that for the Queen rue signifies the remembrance of things to be repented, for herself—regret. Thus the "difference."

IV. v. 186. For . . . joy. The music for this song is contained in Anthony Holborne's Citharn Schoole (1597). It is probably a Robin Hood ballad now lost.

IV. v. 189. And . . . again. This song appears under the titles: The Merry Milkmaids and The Milkmaids' Dumps.

IV. vii. 20. spring. There are several springs in England whose water is so heavily charged with lime that they will petrify with a deposit of lime any object placed in them. There is one at King's Newnham in Warwickshire and another at Knaresborough in Yorkshire.

IV. vii. 21. gyves. I.e., would turn punishments inflicted upon Hamlet into proofs of his good qualities.

IV. vii. 23. reverted. I.e., the 'loud wind' of popular affection for Hamlet would have caused Claudius' shafts to recoil upon himself.

IV. vii. 27. praises . . . again. I.e., if praises may return to what is now no more—viz., Ophelia's natural charm.

IV. vii. 28. challenger on mount. I.e., her worth challenged all the age to deny her perfection. 'Of all the age' qualifies 'challenger,' not 'mount.'

IV. vii. 40. Claudio. A character who does not appear in the play.

IV. vii. 76. siege. Literally 'seat,' thence 'rank,' because people sat at table in order of precedence.

IV. vii. 87. incorps'd and demi-natur'd. I.e., like a Centaur, half horse, half man. Literally, of one body with and half partaking of the nature of his horse.

IV. vii. 89. in . . . tricks. I.e., I could not contrive so many proofs of dexterity as he could perform.

IV. vii. 96. masterly report. I.e., a report describing Laertes as a master of fence.

IV. vii. 112. passages of proof. I.e., instances from practical experience of the world.

IV. vii. 117. plurisy. Often used where today one would say 'plethora.'

IV. vii. 122. spendthrift sigh. A satisfactory paraphrase has not as yet been suggested. The meaning is probably: "the recognition of a 'should' when it is too late is like a wasteful or

supererogatory sigh, which pains even while giving relief." The difficulty lies in the adjectival use of 'spendthrift.'

IV. vii. 138. pass of practice. It may mean either (1) a treacherous thrust, or (2) a thrust in which you are practised. The former is more probable.

IV. vii. 141. mountebank. These men were quack-doctors who journeyed from town to town selling miraculous remedies and forbidden poisons.

IV. vii. 145. moon. It was believed that to gather herbs by moonlight added to their medicinal value. It is possible, however, that here the meaning is simply 'on earth.'

IV. vii. 155. cunnings. The first Folio reads commings, possibly fencing bouts. Cf. Cotgrave: Venuë—a comming; also, a vennie in fencing.

IV. vii. 170. crow-flowers. It is probable that Shakespeare is still carrying on his flower symbolism in the garlands worn by Ophelia. Thus the crow-flower was also called 'the fair maid of France'; long purples were said to represent the cold hand of death; nettles meant 'stung to the quick'; and the daisy sometimes imported 'pure virginity' or 'spring of life.' (Parkinson.)

IV. vii. 190. woman. I.e., when these tears are shed the woman in me, what I have inherited from my mother, will have come out.

V. i. S. d. Clowns. The term applies both to peasants and to actors of low comedy rôles. In stage directions it usually means the latter.

V. i. 9. se offendendo. The clown's mistake for se defendendo, which would itself be a mistake, since this was the verdict in the case of justifiable homicide.

V. i. 37. bore arms. A quibble on bearing a coat of arms and the literal meaning.

V. i. 44. confess thyself. Half of an old proverb. The rest was 'and be hanged.' Or possibly 'confess thyself a fool.'

V. i. 59. unyoke. Literally, 'you may then free your cattle from the yoke'; hence, 'your day's work is done.'

V. i. 68. Yaughan. Some ale-house is probably intended, perhaps the one attached to the Globe theatre. The name is Welsh and, therefore, is not necessarily a corruption of the German, 'Johann,' as has been suggested by some commentators.

V. i. 69. In . . . love. This song, by Lord Vaux, is found in Tottel's Miscellany (1557), p. 173, under the title The aged louer renounceth loue, although the Clown sings a confused and blundering version of it.

V. i. 75. property of easiness. I.e., custom has made it natural to him to take his task easily.

V. i. 101. loggats. A game in which thick sticks are thrown to lie as near as possible to a stake fixed in the ground or to a block of wood on a floor.

V. i. 108. tenures. The act, right, or manner of holding, as real estate, property of a superior; manner in, or period for, which anything is had and enjoyed.

V. i. 111. action of battery. Right to sue for an unlawful attack by beating and wounding.

V. i. 113. recognizances. Bonds or obligations of record testifying the recognizor to owe to the recognizee a certain sum of money.

V. i. 113. statutes. Particular modes of recognizance or acknowledgement for securing debts, which thereby became a charge upon the party's land. (Ritson.)

V. i. 114. vouchers. Persons who are called upon to warrant a tenant's title.

V. i. 116. fines, recoveries. Processes by which entailed estates were commonly transferred from one party to another.

V. i. 120. conveyance. Document by which transference of property is effected.

V. i. 127. assurance. Also used with quibble on its legal meaning 'evidence of the conveyance or settlement of property.'

V. i. 150. by the card. There are two conjectures as to the original meaning: (1) that 'card' refers to the card on which the thirty-two points of the mariner's compass are marked, hence 'precision'; (2) that it alludes to the 'card' or 'calender' of etiquette. Cf. Osric's use of the word.

V. i. 256. crants. Garlands appear to have been borne before the bodies of unmarried women to the grave, and were hung up in church.

V. i. 277. Pelion. Pelion, Olympus, and Ossa (l. 305) are three mountains in the north of Thessaly. The Titans, warring with the gods, are said to have attempted to pile Ossa on Pelion in an effort to scale Olympus.

V. i. 300. eisel. Some commentators have taken this word for the name of a river, but there seems no plausible basis for such an interpretation. Cf. The Salisbury Primer (1555): "I beseech thee for the bitterness of the aysell and gall that thou tasted."

V. i. 308. This . . . drooping. The first Folio assigns this speech to the King.

V. i. 311. golden couplets. The dove lays but two eggs and the young, when first disclosed, are covered with a yellow down. Cf. III. i. 174.

V. ii. 13. sea-gown. "A coarse, high-collared and short-sleeved gown, reaching down to the mid leg, and used most by seamen and sailors." (Onions.)

V. ii. 22. bugs . . . life. I.e., with such enumeration of bugbears and imaginary terrors if Hamlet were allowed his life.

V. ii. 30. prologue . . . play. I.e., before I had formed my real plan, my brains had done their work.

V. ii. 42. comma. There have been many conjectures, but the meaning of the text appears obvious as it stands.

V. ii. 43. 'As'es. A quibble on 'as,' the conditional particle, and 'ass,' the beast of burden.

V. ii. 65. election. The Danish throne was elective.

V. ii. 84. water-fly. Used for a vain or idly busy person, but probably also with reference to the gaudy attire of the foolish courtier.

V. ii. 90. mess. "One of the groups of persons, normally four, into which the company at a banquet was divided." (Onions.)

V. ii. 90. chough. This word also meant, sometimes, a provincial boor—but it is hardly likely that a "water-fly" whose crib stood at the King's mess was a mere provincial boor, nor does Osric's affected courtier speech correspond to this description. Cf. also 193, 'lapwing.' Nevertheless, many commentators so interpret it.

V. ii. 109. remember. The phrase 'remember thy courtesy' was a conventional one for 'be covered.' Cf. Love's Labour's Lost, V. i. 106.

V. ii. 110. mine ease. This again was the conventional apologetic reply for declining the invitation of 'remember thy courtesy.'

V. ii. 121. yaw. Nautical figure; the literal meaning is difficult to define precisely, but the sense of the line appears to be 'and yet but stagger in the attempt to overtake his perfections.' Osric is himself puzzled as Hamlet intended he should be.

V. ii. 132. another tongue. I.e., in plain language, instead of in this affected courtier speech.

V. ii. 174. twelve for nine. The exact details of this wager are a matter of doubt. The meaning probably is that in every dozen passes Laertes will not score more than twelve hits to Hamlet's nine. It might, therefore, take twenty-one passes to decide this.

V. ii. 193. lapwing. It was said when newly hatched to run about with the shell on its head.

V. ii. 201. fond and winnowed. This phrase has not been satisfactorily explained. The metaphor is a mixed one. "Fond" means "foolish," and "winnowed," according to Craig, "sensible." That is, this "yesty collection" gives the appearance of being able to range through all shades of opinions from foolish to wise, but subject them to a real test and "the bubbles are out."

V. ii. 258. satisfied in nature. Though his natural tendency is to be satisfied with Hamlet's explanation, yet his artificial honor as a courtier requires that the matter shall be adjudicated.

V. ii. 269. foil. That which sets something off to advantage, with a quibble on the meaning 'fencing foil.'

V. ii. 277. better'd. Some commentators take this to mean 'stands higher in reputation.'

V. ii. 283. quit. I.e., requite Laertes' winning of the first two bouts by gaining the third.

V. ii. 316. S. d. The usual method of representing upon the stage this exchange of rapiers is as follows: With a quick thrust Hamlet disarms Laertes. As the foil drops, Hamlet places his foot upon it, and, with a bow, offers Laertes his own in exchange. Courtesy compels Laertes to accept this, after which Hamlet stoops, picks up Laertes' foil from the ground, and resumes the bout.

V. ii. 355. Roman. It was a Roman custom to follow masters in death.

V. ii. 372. solicited. The sentence is left unfinished.

V. ii. 378. cries on havoc. Originally, to give an army the order 'havoc!' as the signal for pillaging.

APPENDIX A

Sources of the Play

There are two early references to the name 'Hamlet,' one in The Annals of Ireland by the Four Masters,[1] under the year 917, and the other in Snorri's Prose Edda, about three centuries later. The outline of the story of Hamlet, as we are familiar with it, is first found in the Historia Danica of Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish chronicler who lived at the end of the twelfth century.

Saxo's version contains the following elements in common with Shakespeare's: the murder of Hamlet's father by the latter's ambitious brother; the mother's incestuous marriage with the murderer; the son's feigned madness, or "folly," for the purpose of carrying out his revenge; a foreshadowing of the character of Ophelia by the girl thrown in Hamlet's way that the true state of his mind may be discovered; a foreshadowing of the character of Polonius; the scene between mother and son;[2] the voyage to England with two companions, during which Hamlet alters the letter, and the companions are put to death in his stead; Hamlet's return to kill his uncle, a deed which he accomplishes. The ending differs.

François de Belle-Forest published in 1570 a free translation of Saxo's Hamlet story in French prose in the fifth book of his Histoires Tragiques. Although many editions of this appeared in France before 1600, there is no evidence of an English version before the publication by Thomas Pavier of the Hystorie of Hamblet in 1608. This English translation differs in a few particulars from Belle-Forest, and these differences seem to be due to the influence of Shakespeare's play. Thus, in Belle-Forest the counsellor who acts the spy during Amleth's (Hamlet's) interview with his mother, conceals himself under a

bed-quilt, upon which Amleth leaps when entering the room and so discovers the eavesdropper. In the Hystorie, the counsellor hides behind the arras, as in the play. Again, Hamblet, at the moment of this discovery, calls out "A rat! A rat!", of which there is no trace in Belle-Forest.

There is one other conjectural source for Shakespeare's play, viz., an earlier play by another author on the same subject. The evidence for the existence of such a work is as follows: In 1589 was published Greene's Menaphon with a prefatory epistle by Thomas Nash "to the Gentlemen Students of both Vniuersities." In this epistle, Nash briefly reviews contemporary literature and refers to "whole Hamlets, I should say Handfulls of tragical speeches," linking this remark with a reference to Seneca.

The next reference to an early play of Hamlet is from the Diary of Philip Henslowe,[3] the theatrical manager, for the year 1594.

"Ye 9 of June 1594. R[eceive]d. at hamlet, viijs". At this time the Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's men were playing for Henslowe at the theatre at Newington Butts. The former company was the one to which Shakespeare belonged.

Lodge's Wit's miserie, and the World's madness, published in 1596, contains this passage: "[Hate Virtue is] a foul lubber, and looks as pale as the wisard of the ghost, which cried so miserably at the theator, like an oyster-wife, Hamlet reuenge."

This cumulative evidence is conclusive of the existence of a play on the subject of Hamlet at an earlier date than any surviving Shakespeare quarto.

The general consensus of opinion is that the earlier play was by Thomas Kyd, the author of the Spanish Tragedie. Nash's preface to Greene's Menaphon, already alluded to, contains a

punning reference to "the Kidde in Aesope's fable." Kyd's known plays show marked Senecan influence.[4] The probability that Kyd was the author of the earlier Hamlet is further substantiated by resemblances between the Spanish Tragedie and Shakespeare's Hamlet. In both the motive is revenge; the ghost of the victim relates his story; the hero feigns madness; in each play there is a faithful friend named Horatio; each contains a play within a play; the innocent and guilty alike are involved in the catastrophes.

Although no actual trace of this earlier play has been found, many scholars believe that a German manuscript, dated October 27, 1710, and published in 1781, preserves some material from the original version. This manuscript is possibly a modernized copy of an older one which was first translated when a troupe of English actors visited Germany at the end of the sixteenth century.[5] The German play is entitled, Der Bestrafte Brudermord oder: Prinz Hamlet aus Dänemark. (Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark). It opens with an allegorical prologue which shows unmistakable Senecan influence. Likewise Polonius is here called Corambus, which corresponds with his name 'Corambis' in the first Quarto. Otherwise this German play is exceedingly crude and coarse, although the outline of the plot action follows Shakespeare's closely. It is, however, devoid of all literary merit.

To sum up: the story of Hamlet was taken by Belle-Forest from Saxo's chronicle. Shakespeare received it either from Belle-Forest, direct, or from an earlier unknown publication of the translation of Belle-Forest of which the Hystorie of Hamblet is a later edition, or he founded his play on an earlier tragedy which was probably by Thomas Kyd. The traces of Senecan influence in Shakespeare's Hamlet are due either to this earlier play or to the general and common influence of Seneca upon Elizabethan tragic playwrights.

1. ↑ Cf. the Introduction to Gollancz's Hamlet in Iceland.
2. ↑ Cf. Hamlet, III. iv.
3. ↑ The entry differs from those Henslowe made when the play mentioned was a new one.
4. ↑ He was also the translator of a Seneca-like tragedy entitled Cornelia, by the French tragic writer Garnier.
5. ↑ On the other hand, the earliest reference known to a performance of Hamlet by English actors in Germany is in the year 1626.

APPENDIX B

History of the Play

The stage history of Hamlet is practically that of the English-speaking stage itself. Almost all the great actors of England and America, from Shakespeare's day to this, have appeared as the Prince. In addition, for the past one hundred years, it has been frequently played in the principal European countries. It is safe to say that no other play of Shakespeare's has been more often performed.

Richard Burbage, the leading actor of Shakespeare's company, was undoubtedly the first Hamlet. From the meagre accounts of his style of acting which have survived, we may infer that, like subsequent great interpreters of the part, he was distinguished for the ease and naturalness of his art.

After the Restoration, Thomas Betterton achieved great fame in this rôle. He was instructed in his interpretation by Sir William Davenant, who had seen the Blackfriars' company act the play. Betterton for the first time introduced scenery into Hamlet, and, if we are to trust the Quarto of 1676, established many of the traditions subsequently followed in acting versions.

David Garrick was the leading interpreter of Hamlet during the middle portion of the eighteenth century. He first appeared in the part on November 16, 1734, and continued to play it many times until he left the stage in 1776. Garrick introduced alterations of his own into the text, the chief of which was the omission of the churchyard scene (V. i.), but he was not followed by others in this. The latter years of the eighteenth century saw what many to this day consider must have been the greatest Hamlet of them all, John Philip Kemble, with his

sister, Mrs. Siddons, as Ophelia. Kemble restored the text as written by Shakespeare and abolished the Garrick innovations.

The nineteenth century has witnessed, in England and America, a number of excellent Hamlets, of whom the best remembered are Edmund Kean, Macready, Samuel Phelps, Fechter, Edwin Booth, Sir Henry Irving, Wilson Barrett, Sir Herbert Tree, Martin Harvey, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, and E. H. Sothern. In addition to the list of famous Hamlets, many of the leading actresses have, at one time or another, played Gertrude or Ophelia.

The most artistic and remarkable of the modern productions of Hamlet was that designed a few years ago by Gordon Craig for the Art Theatre in Moscow. Nor is there any indication that the popularity of this play upon the stage has dimmed. It still remains the test of the summit of achievement for the art of a tragic actor.

APPENDIX C

The Text

Three versions of Hamlet have survived. These are: the Quarto[1] of 1603; the Quarto of 1604; and the text of the First Folio (1623). All three of these texts differ from each other. Modern texts are based upon the Quarto of 1604 and the First Folio.

The Quarto of 1603 offers many perplexing problems. It is a brief[2] and mutilated text and the order of the scenes varies from that of the two accepted texts. The title-page is as follows:

THE | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET | Prince of Denmarke | By William Shake-speare. | As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse Ser- | uants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two V- | niuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where | [Vignette] | At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell. | 1603.

It is probable that this text was a pirated edition based upon notes taken in shorthand during a performance at the theatre. The differences, however, in the order of the scenes, the alteration in the conception of Gertrude's character, the almost total omission of the soliloquies, and the less subtle and elaborate dialogue throughout would seem to indicate that Hamlet was thoroughly revised before the publication of the second Quarto in 1604. Last of all, as tending to confirm this supposition, is the fact that certain of the characters appear under altered names in the later text; Corambis becomes Polonius, and Montano, Reynaldo.[3]

The text of the present edition is substantially that of Craig's Oxford Shakespeare (Oxford University Press).

The departures from this are of three kinds: (1) the stage directions of the first Folio (1623) or of the second Quarto (1604) have been restored wherever these existed, additional stage directions not found in the two original texts being placed in square brackets; (2) passages or whole lines occurring in the second Quarto, but not in the first Folio, have been enclosed in square brackets; (3) in a few instances a return has been made to the reading of the first Folio when the editor was of the opinion that an emendation of the text was unnecessary.

The following is a list of the alterations of the Craig text under (3), the words of the present text and of the first Folio preceding the colon, those of Craig's text following it. Minor changes of spelling and punctuation have not been noted.

I. ii. 82 moods: modes

I. ii. 190 Saw? Who?: Saw who?

I. ii. 191 The king, my father?: The king, my father!

I. ii. 200 Arm'd at all points: Armed at points

I. ii. 216 it: its

I. iii. 109 Roaming: Running

I. iii. 130 bonds: bawds

I. iv. 45 father, royal Dane; O! answer: father; royal Dane, O! answer

I. iv. 79 wafts: waves

I. v. 107 My tables, my tables: My tables

I. v. 133	hurling: whirling
I. v. 174	or thus, head shake; or this head-shake
II. ii. 45	God, one: God and
II. ii. 324	in form and moving: in form, in moving
II. ii. 388	[delete] 'very'
II. ii. 448	abridgments come: abridgment comes
II. ii. 462	my lord?: my good lord
II. ii. 483	arms: arm
III. i. 117	you: thee
III. ii. 42	with us, sir: with us
III. ii. 213	loves: love
III. ii. 382	excellent: eloquent
IV. vii. 92	Lamond: Lamord
V. i. 245	it: its
V. ii. 358	O good Horatio: O God! Horatio

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1. ↑ The text is published in Furness' Variorum Hamlet, vol. II.
2. ↑ It is about half the length of the Quarto of 1604.
3. ↑ Cf. also "Duke" and "Duchess" in place of King and Queen in The Murder of Gonzago; and "First Centinel" for Francisco.

APPENDIX D

Suggestions for Collateral Reading

William Hazlitt in Characters of Shakespeare's Plays (1817). (Reprinted in Everyman's Library.)

S. T. Coleridge in Lectures on Shakespeare, etc., 2 vols. (1849). (Reprinted in Everyman's Library.)

Helena Faucit in Shakespeare's Female Characters, Ophelia, pp. 1–21 (1885. 7th ed. 1914.).

Mrs. Jameson in Characteristics of Women, Ophelia, pp. 187–207. (New ed. Riverside Press, n. d.)

John Corbin, The Elizabethan Hamlet (1895).

A. C. Bradley in Shakespearean Tragedy (1904). (Hamlet, Lectures III and IV.)

Sidney Lee in Shakespeare and the Modern Stage (1906).

Charlton M. Lewis, The Genesis of Hamlet (1907).

Karl Werder, The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery, Eng. transl. (1907).

Thomas Kyd, The Spanish Tragedy, ed. by J. Schick (1907). (Temple Dramatists.)

William Winter in Shakespeare on the Stage (1911), chap. v, Hamlet.

W. F. Trench, Shakespeare's Hamlet (1913).

Stopford A. Brooke in Ten More Plays of Shakespeare, chap. iv, Hamlet (1913).

H. H. Furness, Variorum Hamlet, 2 vols. (1877).

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lecture: **37** (II. i. 67)

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Lethe: **28** (I. v. 33)

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mart: **4** (I. i. 74)

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mote: **5** (I. i. 112)

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native hue: **67** (III. i. 84)

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Nero: **86** (III. ii. 419)

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orchard: **28** (I. v. 35)

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pajock: **82** (III. ii. 300)

pales: **24** (I. iv. 28)

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partisan: **6** (I. i. 140)

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peruse: **124** (IV. vii. 136)

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pursu'd: **119** (IV. vii. 5)

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'Sblood: **54** (II. ii. 392)

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shark'd up: **5** (I. i. 98)

shent: **86** (III. ii. 423)

shoon: **110** (IV. v. 26)

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sicklied o'er: **67** (III. i. 85)

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stithy: **74** (III. ii. 89)

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straw: **107** (IV. iv. 26)

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'Swounds: **62** (II. ii. 612)

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Tellus: **77** (III. ii. 168)

temperance: **71** (III. ii. 8)

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tinct: **94** (III. iv. 91)

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toils (vb.): **4** (I. i. 72)

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toward: **4** (I. i. 77)

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The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, by William Shakespeare. The Yale Shakespeare, edited by Jack Randall Crawford. Yale University Press, New Haven, 1917.

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