

SHAKESPEARE FREE LIBRARY SCRIPTS

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLETTE
PRINCESS OF DENMARK
by William Shakespeare

transformed and edited by Peter Gould

for

“Get Thee to the Funnery”

at the Sign of the Four
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THE TRAGEDY OF Hamlette, PRINCESS OF DENMARK

by William Shakespeare,
with help from Peter Gould.

the characters

1. Claudius, King of Denmark, father to Hamlette
2. Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, younger sister to Hamlette's dead mother (therefore Hamlette's aunt) also her father's new wife
3. Hamlette, daughter to the King, and niece to the present queen
 4. Horatia, friend to Hamlette
 5. Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.
 6. Ophelia, daughter to Polonius.
 7. Laertes, son to Polonius.
 8. Rosey Krantz, a lady.
 9. Gilda Stern, a lady.
 10. Osric, courtier.
 11. Marcellus, Officer.
 12. Bernardo, officer.
 13. Francisco , a soldier
14. First Traveling Player/Actor: Player King & Player Villain
15. Second Traveling Player: Player Queen
16. Third Traveling Player: Mime King
17. Fourth Traveling Player: Mime Faithful Queen
18. Fifth Traveling Player: Mime Murdering Queen
 19. First Clown, gravedigger
 20. Second Clown, gravedigger
 21. Ambassador from England
 22. Ambassador from Norway
 23. Ghost of Hamlette's Mother.
 24. A Priest

in addition: Messenger, Laertes's Man, Lord, Sailors, Courtiers, Attendants.

Scene 1.

*Elsinore. the Castle Battlements. Enter two Sentinels:-
first, Francisco, pacing at his post; then Bernardo, who approaches him.*

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 Horatia and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Exit Francisco. Enter Horatia and Marcellus.

Ber: Stand, ho! Who is there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane.

Ber. What, is Horatia there ?

Hor. A piece of her.

Ber. Welcome, dear Horatia. Welcome, good Marcellus.

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

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. Horatia says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of her
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us.
Therefore I have entreated her along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That, if again this apparition come,
She 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 t'illuminate that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself
The bell then beating one---

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace! break thee off! Look where it comes again!

Ber. In the same figure, like the Queen who's dead.

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

Ber. Looks it not like the Queen? Mark it, Horatia.

Hor. Most like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatia.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night?
By heaven I charge thee speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor. Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee speak! *Exit Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatia? 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 Queen?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very dress that she had on

When last she did receive me. This is strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,

With brooding stalk has she gone by our watch.

Hor. Hmm, in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

They say in Rome

A little ere the mighty Caesar 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---

Enter Ghost again.

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

I'll cross it, though it blast me.- Stay illusion! *Spreads her arms.*

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which happily foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak!

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone!

Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being so majestic,

To offer it the show of violence;

For it is as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

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

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
 To his confine--

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Ber. Aye, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

Hor. Break we our watch up; and by my advice
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlette; for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to Hamlette.
 Do you consent? As needful in our loves,
 Fitting our duty?

Ber. Let's do it, we both pray.

Mar. And I this morning know
 Where we shall find the royal family gathered. *Exeunt.*

Scene 2.

*Elsinore. A room of state in the Castle. Enter Claudius, King of Denmark,
 Gertrude the Queen, Hamlette, Polonius, Laertes and his sister Ophelia.*

King. Though yet of our dear wife her 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 her
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
 Have we, with an auspicious, 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 we have work to do: affairs of state--
 Ophelia, first, You told us of some suit.
 What wouldst thou beg, Ophelia,
 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, Ophelia?

Oph. My lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
To show my duty in your marriage, yet
I must confess it now, 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. She hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon her will I seal'd my hard consent.

I do beseech you give her leave to go.

Queen. Take thy fair hour, Ophelia. Time be thine,
And thy best graces! Spend it at thy will!

Exit Ophelia.

But now, my Hamlette---

(suggestion: have a boy stand up first, then Hamlette replaces him. Thus the decision to switch Hamlet's gender is made visible and clear to the audience)

Queen:may I call you daughter?

Ham. [*aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind!

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

Ham. Not so, my lady. I'm too much in the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlette, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on me.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble mother in the dust.

Thou know'st 'tis common. All that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam, Nay, it is. I know not 'seems.'

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected havior of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,

That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within which passeth show-

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlette,
To give these mourning duties to your mother;

But you must know, your mother lost a mother;
 That mother lost, lost hers, and the survivor bound
 In filial obligation for some term
 To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
 In obstinate condolment is a course
 Of impious stubbornness.

Queen. 'Tis too much grief.

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is death of mothers. We pray you throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 As of a mother.

King. And Hamlette, let the world take note
 You are the most immediate to our throne.

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, and our daughter dear.

Queen. Let not thy father lose his prayers, Hamlette.
 I pray thee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

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

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

Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlette.

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! God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not two.
 So excellent a queen, so loving to my father
 That she might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit his 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 man!-
 O God! A beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer--married with my aunt!
 My mother's younger sister, but no more
 like her than I to Venus. Within a month,
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in his galléd eyes,
 He marries! O, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue! *Enter Horatia, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*

Hor. Hail to your ladyship!

Ham. Dear Horatia! I am glad to see you well.

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

Ham. Marcellus?

Mar. My good lady!

Ham. I am very glad to see you.- *[To Bernardo]* Good even, sir.-

Ber. My lady.

Ham. My friends, what brings you all to Elsinore?

'Twas not to take a cup of tea with me.

Hor. My lady, I came to see your mother's funeral.

Ham. I prithee do not mock me, fellow student.

I think it was to see my father's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lady, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatia! The funeral bak'd meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatia!

My mother- methinks I see my mother.

Hor. O, where, my lady?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatia.

Hor. I saw her once. She was a goodly queen.

Ham. She was a woman, take her for all in all.

I shall not look upon her like again.

Hor. My lady, I think I saw her yesternight.

Ham. Saw? who?

Hor. My lady, the Queen your mother.

Ham. The Queen my mother?

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 encount'ed. A figure like your mother,
 Dressed most exactly in her fashion,
 Appears before them and with solemn march
 Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice she walk'd
 By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
 Within an arm's length; whilst they both distill'd
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
 Stand dumb and speak not to her. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
 And I with them the third night kept the watch;
 I saw your mother's ghost.

Ham. But where was this?

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

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Ber. We did, my lady.
 But answer made it none.

Mar. Yet once we thought
 It lifted up its head and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak---

Ber. 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 lady, 'tis all true;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, friends. But this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night?

Both [Mar. and Ber.] We do, my lady.

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

Hor. I warr'nt it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble mother'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;
 Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
 I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your ladyship.

Ham. As mine to you. Farewell. *Exeunt all but Hamlette*
 My mother's spirit! Abroad! All is not well.
 I fear some foul play. Would the night were come! *Exit.*

Scene 3.

Elsinore. A room in the house of Polonius. Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Oph. My necessaries are embark'd. Farewell.

And, brother, let me hear from you.

Laer. Do you doubt that?

Oph. For Hamlette, and the trifling of her 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.

Laer. No more but so?

Oph. Think it no more.

Perhaps she loves you now,

But she herself is subject to her birth.

She may not, as unvalued persons do,

Carve for herself, for on her choice depends

The safety and the health of this whole state.

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain

If with too credent ear you list her songs,

Or lose your heart, or her chaste treasure plunder

Because of her imploring.

Fear it, Laertes, fear it, my dear brother,

And keep you in the rear of your affection,

Out of the shot and danger of desire.

Laer. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep

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

Do not as some ungracious pastors do,

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,

Herself the primrose path of dalliance treads

Not heeding her own advice!

Oph. O, fear me not! *Enter Polonius.*

I stay too long. But here my father comes.

Pol. Yet here, Ophelia? 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.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them unto thy heart 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 censure kindly, 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 woman,
 And they in France of the best rank and station
 Are the very glass of fashion, as you know.
 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!

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

Pol. The time invites you. Go, your servants tend.

Oph. Farewell, Laertes, and remember well
 What I have said to you.

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

Oph. Farewell. *Exit.*

Pol. What is't, Laertes, she hath said to you?

Laer. So please you, something touching Princess Hamlette.

Pol. Marry, well bethought!

'Tis told me she hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you, and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

I must tell you: if this news be so,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly
 As it behooves my son and your honour.
 What is between you? Give me up the truth.

Laer. She hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
 Of her affection to me.

Pol. Affection? Pooh! You speak like a green girl!
 Do you believe her tenders as you call them?

Laer. My lord, she hath importun'd me with love
 In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it. Go to, go to!

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

Pol. Ay, springs to catch a woodcock! I do know,
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows. Laertes, from this time

Be something scanted of your manly presence.
 For Lady Hamlette, do not believe her vows;
 Believe so much in her, that she's a princess,
 And with a larger tether may she walk
 Than may be given you. In few, Laertes,
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
 Have you so slander any moment leisure
 As to give words or talk with Princess Hamlette.
 Look to't, I charge you. Come your ways.
Laer. I shall obey, my lord. *Exeunt.*

Scene 4.

Elsinore. The platform before the Castle. Enter Hamlette, Horatia & 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. It then draws near the season
 Wherein the spirit held her wont to walk.
A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces go off.
 What does this mean, my lady?
Ham. The King and his new Queen do wake to-night
 Keep wassail, and the swagg'ring upspring reels,
 And, as they drain their draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
 The triumph of their marriage.
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 call us drunkards and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition; and indeed it takes
 From our achievements.
 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, some defect that they carry--

Their virtues else- be they as pure as grace,
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault. This dram of evil-- *Enter Ghost*

Hor. Look, my lady, 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 Hannah,
 Queen, mother, 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! *Ghost beckons Hamlette.*

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 lady!

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lady,
 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.

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

Mar. You shall not go, my lady.

Ham. Keep your hands off me!

Hor. Be rul'd. You shall not go. *[Ghost beckons.]*

Ham. Still am I call'd. Unhand me, friends.
 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that stops me!-
 I say, away!- Go on. I'll follow thee. *Exeunt Ghost and Hamlette.*

Hor. She waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey her.

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

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. *Exeunt.*

Scene 5.

Another part of the fortifications. Enter Ghost and Hamlette.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous 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. I am thy mother's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Until my sins 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.
List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear mother love-

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge her 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. Now, Hamlette, hear.

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd. But know, my dear dear daughter,
The serpent that did sting thy mother's life
Now wears her crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul!
My aunt? Queen Gertrude?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of her wit, with traitorous gifts-
 O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce!- won to her shameful lust
 The will of thy most seeming-virtuous father.
 O Hamlette, 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 him in marriage.

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air.
 Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour my sister stole
 With juice of cursed hemlock in a vial,
 And in the porches of my ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with the blood
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body,
 And with a sudden vigour it doth curd
 The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine!
 Thus was I, sleeping, by a sister's hand
 Of life, of crown, of husband, quick dispatch'd;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.

Ham. O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damnéd incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this deed,
 Act not against thy father. Leave him to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in his bosom lodge
 To prick and sting him. Fare thee well at once.
 The glowworm shows the morning to be near
 And gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Adieu! Remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. Hold, hold, my heart!
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 That youth and girlish gossip copied there,

And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain.

O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned woman!

Hor. (*within*) My lady, my lady! *Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

Mar. What news, my lady?

Ham. O, wonderful!

Hor. Good lady, tell it.

Ham. No, you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, by heaven!

Mar. Nor I, my lady.

Ham. 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,

Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lady? We will.

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

Both. My lady, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my lady, not I.

Mar. Nor I, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. My lady, we have sworn already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed. *Ghost cries under the stage.*

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Aha girl, say'st thou so? Art thou there, true-penny?

Come on! You hear this gossip in the cellarage.

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lady.

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, gentle friends,

And lay your hands again upon my sword.

Never to speak of this that you have heard:

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear by her sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! Canst work i' th' earth so fast?

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, Horatia,
 than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come! Swear.

Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear. [*They swear.*]

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!
So, friends, let us go in together now;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
However strange or odd I bear myself
(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on),
Never, at such times seeing me,
Reveal my madness is but counterfeit.
Is it agreed?

Hor. & Mar. Agreed, my lady.

Ham. Then come, let's go together.
The time is out of joint. O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right! *Exeunt.*

Scene 6.

{beginning of Original Act II}

Elsinore. A room in the house of Polonius. Enter Laertes.

Laer. Father! Father!

Enter Polonius.

Pol. How now, Laertes? What's the matter?

Laer. O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of God?

Laer. My lord, as I was resting in my closet,
Lady Hamlette, with her doublet all unbrac'd,
No bonnet on her head, her hair undone,
Pale as her blouse, her knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if she had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors- she comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

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

Pol. What said she?

Laer. She took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes she to the length of all her arm,
And, with her other hand thus o'er her brow,
She falls to such perusal of my face
As if she would draw me. Long stay'd she so.
Then rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all her frame
And end her being. That done, she lets me go,
And with her head over her shoulder turn'd
She seem'd to find her way without her eyes,

For out o' doors she went without their help
And to the last bended their light on me.

Pol. 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 her any hard words of late?

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

Pol. That hath made her mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not noted her. I fear'd she did but trifle
With thee; by heaven. Come, go we to the King.
This must be known; which, if it were kept hid,
Might bring more grief upon us. Come, Laertes.

Exeunt.

Scene 7.

The throne room. Enter King, Queen, Rosey Krantz and Gilda Stern & others.

King. Welcome, dear Rosey Krantz and Gilda Stern--
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlette's transformation.

Queen. So we call it,
Since not the outer nor the inward woman
Resembles what it was.

King. What it should be,
More than her mother's death, that thus hath put her
So much from th' understanding of herself,
I cannot dream of.

Queen. I--we--entreat you both
That, being of so young days brought up with her,
You draw her on to girlish pleasures, and
Gather what information you may glean--

King. --Whether aught to us unknown afflicts her thus
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good ladies, she hath talk'd so much about you,
I'm sure there are not two women anywhere
To whom she more adheres. If it will please you
Thus to expend your time with us awhile
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

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

Gil. 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, Rosey Krantz and gentle Gilda Stern.

Queen. Thanks, Gilda Stern, and gentle Rosey Krantz.

And I beseech you instantly to visit
 Our too much changed daughter.- Masters, go,
 And bring these ladies to where Hamlette is.

Gil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
 Pleasant and helpful to her!

King. Ay, amen!

Exeunt Rosey and Gilda [with some Attendants], seen off by the King.

Enter Polonius.

call this scene 7b

Queen. Polonius, good minister, what news?

Pol. Assure you, my good queen,
 I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
 Both to my God and to my gracious king;

Queen. Your drift, Polonius?

Pol. That 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 Hamlette's lunacy.

Queen. O, speak of that! That do I long to hear. *Re-enter King*
 He tells me, my dear Claudius, he hath found
 The head and source of Hamlette's deep distemper.

King. I doubt it is no other but the main,
 Her mother's death and our o'erhasty marriage.
 But, we shall sift him. Proceed, dear counselor.

Pol. My liege, and madam, to expostulate
 What majesty should be, what duty is,
 Why day is day, night is night, and time is time.
 Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
 Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
 I will be brief. Your noble daughter's 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 she 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.
 Consider.

I have a son (or have while he is mine),
 Who in his duty and obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.
[Reads the letter.] 'To the celestial, most handsome Laertes,'-

Queen. Came this from Hamlette to him?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile. I will be faithful.

[Reads.] 'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
 Doubt that the sun doth move;
 Doubt truth to be a liar;
 But never doubt I love.

'O dear Laertes, I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best,
 O most best, believe it. Adieu.

'Thine evermore, Hamlette.'

This note my son hath shown me.

King. But how hath he
 Receiv'd her love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. Even so!

When I had seen this hot love on the wing
 From thy young mistress, thus I did bespeak:
 'The Princess Hamlette is out of thy star.
 This must not be.' And then I prescripts gave him,
 That he should lock himself from her resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
 Which done, he took the fruits of my advice,
 And she, 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 she raves,
 And we all mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very like.

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

King. Not that I know.

Pol. [*points to his head & shoulder*] Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

King. How may we prove this further?

Pol. You know sometimes
She walks or takes her tea here in the lobby.

Queen. So she does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose Laertes to her.
Be you and I behind an arras then.
Mark the encounter. If she love him not,
And not made mad by his refusal,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and cattle.

King. We'll try it.

Enter Hamlette 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 her presently. O, give me leave.

Exeunt King and Queen, [with Attendants].

Scene 8

the same room in the castle

Pol. How does my Lady Hamlette?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lady?

Ham. Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lady. [*aside*] She knows me not.

Ham. Hmmph. Have you a son?

Pol. I have, my lady.

Ham. Let him not walk i' th' sun. Conception is a blessing, but not as your son and I may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. [*aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my son. She is far gone, far gone! And truly in my youth I suff'ered much extremity for love- very near this. I'll speak to her again.-
What do you read, my lady?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lady?

Ham. Between who?

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

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 a method in't.-I will leave her and contrive the means of a meeting between her and Laertes.- My honourable lady, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

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

Enter Rosey and Gilda.

Pol. Fare you well, my lady.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to seek the Princess Hamlette. There she is. *Exit Polonius.*

Scene 9

the same room in the castle

Gil. My honour'd lady!

Ros. My most dear lady!

Ham. My excellent good friends! Good girls, how do ye both?

Gil. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Ros. Happy in that we are not over-happy.

Gil. On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lady.

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

Guil. Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O! most true! she is a strumpet. But, what news bring you?

Ros. None, my lady, 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 Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lady; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you. But: out with it, were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me. Come, come! Nay, speak.

Gil. What should we say, my lady?

Ham. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lady?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our sisterhood, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. [*aside*] What say you?

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

Gil. My lady, 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, and indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the

earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire- why, it appeareth no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me- no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lady, 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 lady, if you delight not in men, what humble compensation the players shall receive from you.

Ham. Players? What players?

Ros. Even those you used to take such delight in, the traveling tragedians.

Gil. Here they come now.

Flourish for the Players.

Ham. Ladies, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come! You are welcome.

(Beckons them closer.) My aunt-mother and uncle-father are deceiv'd.

Gil. In what, my dear lady?

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, ladies!

Ham. Hark you, Gilda. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it.- Indeed, you don't say; a Monday morning; twas so indeed.

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

Ham. My lady, I have news to tell you. Blah blah blah...

Pol. The players are arrived.

Ham. No!

Pol. Upon my honour-

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass- *Enter five or six Players.*

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!

Ham. You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. *(Hamlette improvises personal greetings to the players.)* - I am glad to see thee well.- Welcome, good friends. We'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality. Come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my good lady?

Ham. Well, something from "Othello," may it be?

1. Play. *(upon a female player as the exquisite corpse.)*

Very good, my lord.

[Othello: Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity. O cursed slave!
Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh!]

Pol. Look, whe'r he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Prithee no more!

Ham. 'Tis well. Well done. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd? Do you hear? Let them be well us'd.

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

Ham. God's bodykins, 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. *Exit Polonius.*

Ham. Follow him, friends. We'll hear a play to-morrow. *Hamlette detains the Players.* Dost thou hear me, old friends? Can you play 'The Murder of Gonzaga'?

1st Player. Ay, my lady.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a mime, a dumb show, a few moments long, to perform tomorrow, could you not?

2nd Player. Ay, my lady.

Ham. Very well. I will teach it to you later. Follow that lord--and look you mock him not.

[Exit Players.]

My good friends, go with them. You are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lady!

Ham. Ay, so, God b' wi' ye!

Gil. With you, my lady. *[Exeunt Rosey Krantz & Gilda Stern]*

Scene 10

The same.

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 Desdemona!
 What's Desdemone to him, or he to her,

That he should weep for him? 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 queen,
 Upon whose property and most dear life
 A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
 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's crows
 With this whore's guts. Bloody bawdy villain!
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
 O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
 That I, the daughter of a mother 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! Hum, 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 mother
 Before the King and Queen. I'll watch her close.
 I'll tent her to the quick. If she but blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
 May be a devil; and the devil hath power
 T' 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 means
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the Queen.

Exit.

Scene 11 {beginning of original Act III}*Elsinore. A room in the Castle.**Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Laertes, Rosey, Gilda.*

Queen. You've not learned why she puts on this confusion,
This turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. She does confess she feels herself distracted,
But from what cause she will by no means speak.

Gil. But with a crafty madness keeps aloof
When we would bring her on to some confession
Of her true state.

King. Did you interest her to any pastime?

Gil. My Lord, it so fell out that certain players
Come here to entertain. Of these we told her,
And there did seem in her a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are here about the court,
And, as I think, they have already arranged
This night to play before her.

Pol. 'Tis most true;
And she 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 her so inclin'd.
Good ladies, give to her a further edge
And drive her purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord. *Exeunt Rosey and Gilda.*

King. Sweet Gertrude, we have sent for Hamlette hither,
That she, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Laertes.

We'll so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge
And gather by her, as she is behav'd,
If't be th' affliction of her love, or no,
That thus she suffers.

Queen. Laertes, I do wish
That your attraction be the happy cause
Of Hamlette's wildness. So shall I hope your virtues
Will bring her to her wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Laer. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. Laertes, walk you here.- Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. *(To Laertes, giving him a Bible :)*
Read the Good Book,
That prayerful exercise may hide
Your upset.- Is it not well proved, my King,

That with such show of pious action, of devotion,
 We may conceal our inward turmoil, though
 The Devil himself be in us?

Queen. O, 'tis true!

(aside) How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!

Pol. I hear her coming. Let's withdraw. *Exeunt King, Queen, and Polonius].*

Scene 12

the royal room. Enter Hamlette.

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 heartache, 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,
 When she can take herself to her own rest
 With her own dagger? Who would these burdens 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....
 Soft you now!
 Handsome Laertes!- Friend, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins rememb'ed.

Laer. Good my lady,

How does your honour for this many a day?

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

Laer. My lady, I have remembrances of yours
 That I have longéd long to re-deliver.
 I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I!

I never gave you aught.

Laer. My honour'd lady, 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 lady.

Ham. Ha, ha! Are you honest?

Laer. My lady?

Ham. Are you fair?

Laer. What means your ladyship?

Ham. I did love you once.

Laer. Indeed, my lady, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me. I loved you not.

Laer. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? What should such fellows as you do
with me? Get me to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Laer. At home, my lady.

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

Laer. O, help her, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy wife's dowry: be she as chaste
as ice, as pure as snow, she shalt not escape perfidy. Go, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs
marry, marry a fool; for wise women know well enough what happens when they grow
too old for you. The nunnery for me, and quickly too. Farewell.

Laer. O heavenly powers, restore her!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given us one face, and you
make another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp; you 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—
To the nunnery! *Exit.*

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

Th' expectancy, sweet rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers- quite, quite down!
And I, of suitors most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of her music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form of youthful womanhood
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me

T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see! *Enter King, Queen, and Polonius.*

Pol. How now, Laertes? You need not tell us what
the Princess said. We heard it all---

King. And what she spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in her soul
O'er which her melancholy sits on brood.

Queen. And I do fear the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger.
Shall we not set it down: she sail to England?

King. To England?

Queen. To England.
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This matter from her heart.

King. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of her grief
Sprung from neglected love.- My lord, do as you please;
But if you hold it fit, after the play
Entreat her to a conference. Myself
I'll hide nearby to hear. If mad we find her,
To England send her; or confine her where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so.

Queen. Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. *Exeunt.*

Scene 13.

A hall in the Castle.

Enter Hamlette, Horatia and two of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as live 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 your 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 whipp'd. Pray you avoid it.

2 Player. 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.

3 Player. We will obey, your ladyship.

Ham. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them. For there be those 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 goes
unconsidered. That's villanous and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.
Go make you ready!

Players. We will, my Lady. *Exeunt Players.*

Ham. Horatia!

Hor. Here, sweet lady, at your service.

Ham. Horatia, thou art as just a woman friend
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lady!

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of women choose, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself. Give me that friend
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear her
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this---
This play to-night before the King and Queen:
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my mother's death.

I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my aunt. If her occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen.

Observe the queen
While I mine eyes do rivet to her face,
And after we will both our judgments join.

Hor. Well, my lady.

If she steal anything while this play is playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Sound a flourish. [Enter Trumpets and Kettledrums. Danish march.
[Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Laertes, Rosey Krantz, Gilda Stern,
and other Lords attendant, with the Guard carrying torches.*

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

Queen. How fares our cousin Hamlette?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish. I eat the air, promise-cramm'd. You cannot
feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlette. These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lady. They stay upon your patience.

King. Come hither, my dear Hamlette, sit by me.

Ham. No, good father. Here's metal more attractive.

Pol. *[to the King]* O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. *[to Laertes]* Sir, shall I sit in your lap?

Laer. No, my lady.

Ham. Then shall you sit in my lap?

Laer. No, my lady.

Ham. I mean, your head upon my lap?

Laer. I think not!

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Laer. I think nothing, my lady.

Ham. That's a fair thought, no? to lie between maids' legs.

Laer. What is, my lady?

Ham. Nothing.

Laer. You are merry, my lady.

Ham. Who, I?

Laer. Ay, my lady.

Ham. O God, what should a woman do but be merry? For look you how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours.

Laer. Nay 'tis twice two months, my lady.

Ham. Indeed, so long?

Scene 14

The great hall.

The main event is preceded by various jugglers and tumblers. The dumb show enters.

The dumb show is mimed while two actors declaim lines describing the scene.

Fifth Player: Prologue. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently. *[Exit]*

Enter [two Players who will speak--read lines-- as King and Queen.]

Enter [two other Players who will mime actions of King and Queen.]

THE MIME: *King and a Queen embrace very lovingly; the Queen embracing him and he her. He kneels, and makes show of protestation unto her. He declines his head upon her neck. She lays herself down upon a bank of flowers. He, seeing her asleep, leaves her.*

Laer. What means this, my lady?

Ham. Ooh, it means mischief.

Player Queen. Faith, I must leave thee, Love,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For good wife shalt thou-

Player King. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
With second wife let me then be accurst!
None wed the second but who killed the first.

Ham. *[aside]* Wormwood, wormwood!

Player King. The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my good wife dead

When second wife embraces me in bed.

Player Queen. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;
So think thou wilt no new wife ever wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lady's dead.

Player King. Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once you've gone, I take a younger wife!

Player Queen. 'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile.
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

Player King. Sleep rock thy brain,
She sleeps.

And never come mischance between us twain! *Exit.*

Ham. Father, how like you this play?

King. The King he doth protest too much, methinks.

Queen. What do you call this play?

Ham. 'The Mousetrap.' 'Tis a knavish piece of work; but what o' that? Your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not.

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

Ham. No, no! They do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' th' world.
Here comes the villain, sister to the Queen.

Laer. You are as good as a chorus, my lady.

THE MIME CONTINUES: Fifth mime player, a woman, comes in, removes queen's crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeper's ears, & leaves her.

Player Villain. 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!

Ham. Excellent! You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzaga's husband.

Laer. The Queen rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire?

King. How fares my Queen? [*Exit Queen, swooning, followed by King.*]

Ham. Stay, Father. The end is near.

THE MIME CONTINUES: The King returns, finds the Queen dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner comes in again, seems to condole with him. The dead body is carried away by two of the pre-show mummies. The Poisoner woos the King with loving gesture. He seems unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts her love.

King: No! I'll see no more!

Pol. Give o'er the play.

All. Lights, lights, lights!

Exeunt all but Hamlette and Horatia. and a player with recorder.

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

Hor. Very well, my lady.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note her. *Enter Rosey and Gilda.*

Gil. My lady good, vouchsafe a word with us.

Ham. A word! make it a whole history.

Gil. The Queen, milady-

Ham. Ay, what of her?

Gil. Is in her retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ros. The King, your father, in most great affliction of spirit hath sent us to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Ros. Nay, good lady, if it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your father's commandment--

Ham. Friend, I cannot.

Ros. What, my lady?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseas'd. But to the matter! My father, you say-

Ros. Your father says: your behaviour hath struck him into amazement and admiration.

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

Ros. He desires to speak with you ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lady, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers!

Ros. Good my lady, 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. Girl, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you are the Princess of Denmark?

Hamlette refers to the player with recorder.

Ham. Let me have that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Gil. I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Gil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Gil. I know no touch of it, my lady.

Ham. It is as easy as lying. Govern these vents with your fingers and thumbs, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Gil. But these cannot I command to any utt'rance 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 play'd 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 lady, the King would speak with you, and presently.

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

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

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale.

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my father by-and-by. 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 Hamlette.]

'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 father!
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to him, but use none.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites-
But if tongue's words destroy him, so be it. *Exit.*

Scene 15.

A room in the Castle. Enter Queen, Rosey and Gilda.

Queen. We like her not, nor stands it safe with us
To let her madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
That she to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow
Out of her lunacies.

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

Ros. Aye, majesty does not go down alone,
But like a gulf doth draw what's near it with it.

Guil. 'Tis like 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 boist'rous ruin.

Ros. Never alone

Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

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

Both. We will haste us. *Exeunt R & G. Enter Polonius.*

Pol. My lady, she's going to her father's closet.

Behind the arras I'll convey myself.

'Tis meet that some more audience than her father,
Since nature makes him partial, should o'erhear
The speech. Fare you well, my Queen.

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed

And tell you what I know.

Queen. thanks, dear counselor. *Exit [Polonius].*

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

It hath a primal curse upon't,

A sister's murder! Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will.

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent.

What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with sister's blood,

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Then I'll look up;

My fault is past. (*tries to pray*) 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 King.

May one be pardon'd and retain th' 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 its true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,

To give confession. O bosom black as death!

O heart with strings of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!

All may be well. Help me, angels!

She kneels. Enter Hamlette.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now she is praying;

And now I'll do't. And so she goes to heaven,

And so am I reveng'd.
 A villain kills my Mother; and for that,
 Her daughter, I, do this same villain send
 Direct to heaven. And am I then reveng'd,
 To take her in the purging of her soul,
 When she is fit and seasoned for her passage?
 No.

Up, sword.
 When she is drunk asleep;
 Or in th' incestuous pleasure in their bed;
 At flirting, swearing, or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't-
 Then trip her, that her heels may kick at heaven,
 And that her soul may be as damn'd and black
 As hell, whereto it goes. My father waits.
 Though your prayers preserve you now, they come too late.

Exit.

Queen. *[rises]* My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.
 Words without thoughts never to heaven go. *Exit.*

Scene 15a.

The King's closet. Enter King and Polonius.

Pol. She will come straight. Look you lay home to her.
 Tell her her pranks have been too broad to bear with,
 And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between
 Much heat and her. I'll silence me even here.

Ham. *(within)* Father!

King. Fear me not. Withdraw; I hear her coming.

[Polonius hides behind the arras.] Enter Hamlette.

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

King. Hamlette, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Father, you have my mother much offended.

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

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

King. Why, how now, Hamlette?

Ham. What's the matter now?

King. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so!

You are the King, your wife's sister's husband,
 And (would it were not so!) you are my Father.

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

Ham. Come, Father, 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.

King. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. *[behind]* What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. *[draws her father's sword]* How now? a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead!

[Makes a pass through the arras and kills Polonius.]

Pol. *[behind]* O, I am slain!

King. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not. Is it the Queen?

King. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed- almost as bad, good Father,
As kill a queen, and marry her younger sister.

King. As kill a queen?

Ham. Ay, Sir, it was my word.

[Lifts up the arras and sees 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.

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 braz'd it so

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

King. 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 gamblers' oaths.

King. Ay me, what act

That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

*Hamlette shows her Father her locket,
and the one round his neck.*

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two sisters.

See what a grace was seated on this brow;

Athena's eyes, the front of Aphrodite,

An eye like Hera's, to threaten and command;

A combination and a form indeed

Where every god did seem to set his seal

To give the world assurance of a woman.

This was your wife. Look you now what follows.

Here is your wife, like a mildew'd ear

Blasting her wholesome sister. 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 heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
 Would step from this to this? What devil was't
 Hath robbed you of your judgment?

O shame! where is thy blush? ---

King. O Hamlette, speak no more!

Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul--

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!

King. O, speak to me no more!

These words like daggers enter in mine ears.

No more, sweet Hamlette!

Ham. A murderer and a villain!

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
 That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
 And put it in her pocket!

King. No more!

Ham. A queen of shreds and patches!-

Enter the Ghost

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

King. Alas, she's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your daughter now to chide,
 That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
 Th' important acting of your dread command?

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 But look, amazement on thy father sits.
 O step between him and his fighting soul.
 Speak to him, Hamlette.

Ham. How is it with you, Father?

King. Alas, how is't with you,
 That stare at vacancy? O please, my daughter,
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience! Whereon do you look?

Ham. On her, on her! Look you how pale she glares!

King. Of whom do you speak?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

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

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

King. No, nothing but ourselves.

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

Exit Ghost.

King. 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 utt'red. Father, 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.

King. O Hamlette, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. Then throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half,
Good night- but bed not with the queen tonight.
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
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,
Once more, good night;
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.- For this same lord,
I do repent; and I 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. (*Exit, then returns*)
One word more, good Father.

King. What shall I do?

Ham. Don't let the bloat Queen tempt you to her bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you her mouse;
Nor let her, for a pair of reechy kisses,
Or paddling in your waist with her damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft. I would she did not know.

King. 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, right? So says the Queen--

King. I had forgot. 'Tis so concluded on....

Ham. There's letters seal'd; (*Aside:*) and my two schoolmates,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar; and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines
And blow them at the moon. Father, good night.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.-
Indeed, this counsellor is now still, and grave
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, Father.

Exit Hamlette, tugging in Polonius.

Scene 16

[original ACT IV. Scene I.]

Elsinore. A room in the Castle. Enter King and Queen apart.

Queen. There's matter in these sighs. These profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.

King. Ah, mine own lady, what I've seen to-night!

Queen. Seen what, my Lord? And how does Hamlette?

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

Queen. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there.
Her 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 girl. 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 she gone?

King. To draw apart the body she hath kill'd;

Queen. O Claudius, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
 But we will ship her hence; and this vile deed
 We must with all our majesty and skill

Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Gilda Stern! *Enter Rosey Krantz and Gilda Stern.*

Friends both--

Hamlette in madness hath Polonius slain,
 And from her father's closet hath she dragg'd him.

Go seek her out; speak fair, and bring the body
 Into the chapel. I pray you haste in this. *Exeunt*

Come, Claudius, we'll call up our wisest friends
 And let them know both what we mean to do
 And what's untimely done. O, come away!
 My soul is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Scene 17.

A passage in the Castle. Enter Hamlette.

Ham. Safely stow'd.

Ros/Gil. (*within*) Hamlette! Lady Hamlette!

Ham. And here they come.

Enter Rosey and Gilda

Gil. What have you done, my lady, with the 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. And to be demanded by a sponge, what replication should be made by the daughter
 of a king?

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

Ham. Ay, Miss; that soaks up the Queen's countenance, her rewards, her authorities. But
 such officers do the Queen best service in the end. When she needs what you have glean'd, it
 is but squeezing you and, Sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lady.

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

Ros. Lady, 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 lady?

Ham. Of nothing. Bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.

Enter Queen, followed by King.

Queen. I have sent to seek her and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this girl goes loose!

How now? What hath befall'n?

Gil. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lady,

We cannot get from her.

Queen. Now, Hamlette, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

Queen. At supper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation of politic worms are even at him. That's the end.

Queen. 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.

Queen. Hamlette: where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven. Send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him in th'other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stair, into the lobby.

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

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

King. Hamlette, this deed, for thine especial safety,-

This deed which thou hast done,- must send thee hence

With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself.

The bark is ready and the wind at help,

Th' associates tend, and everything is bent

For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlette.

Ham. Good.

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

Ham. I see an angel that sees them. But come, for England!

Farewell, dear Father.

King. Thy loving mother, Hamlette.

Ham. My mother! Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England!

Exit.

Queen. Follow her at foot; tempt her with speed aboard.

Delay it not; I'll have her hence to-night.

Away! for everything is seal'd and done

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

Exeunt Rosey and Gilda

And, England, if thou lovest me, effect
 The present death of Hamlette. Do it, England;
 For like the hectic in my blood she rages,
 And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. *Exit.*

Scene 18

Near Elsinore.

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the stage.

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

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go softly on.

Exeunt [all but the Captain].

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, [Guildenstern,] and others.

Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?

Capt. They are of Norway, Lady.

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

Capt. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, sir?

Capt. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

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

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

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

Capt. Yes, it is already garrison'd.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.

Capt. God b' wi' you, my lady. *[Exit.]*

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

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

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.]

How all occasions do inform against me
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a woman,

If her chief good and market of her time
 Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason
 To fust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on th' 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,'
 Since 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 eggshell. 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 mother klll'd, a father 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!

Scene 19.

Elsinore. A room in the Castle. Enter Horatia, Queen, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with him.

Gent. He is importunate, indeed distract.
His mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would he have?

Gent. He speaks much of his father, and hems, and beats
His heart; and yet his words are nothing.

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

Queen. Let him 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 Laertes distracted, followed by his Man

Laer. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Laertes?

Laer. *(sings)*

How should I your true-love know
From another one?
By his cockle bat and' staff
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, young lord, what import hath this song?

Laer. Say you? Nay, pray You mark.

(Sings) He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Laertes-

Laer. Pray you mark.

(Sings) White his shroud as the mountain snow- *Enter King.*

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord!

Laer. *(Sings)*

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

King. How do you, Sir?

Laer. *(Sings)* To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,

All in the morning betime,
And I will be at your window,
To be your Valentine....

King. Noble Laertes! How long hath he been thus?

Laer. I cannot choose but weep to think they would lay him i' th' cold ground. My sister 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, with his Man

King. Follow him close; give him good watch, I pray you.

Exit Horatia.

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from his father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies.

But in battalions! First, his father slain;
 And then our daughter gone, and she the author
 Of her own just remove; the people whispering
 Of good Polonius' death, and our strange haste
 In hugger-mugger to inter him; now
 Laertes is divided from his judgment
 Without the which we are Pictures or mere beasts;
 And last, his sister has come home from France;
 And wants not buzzers to infect her ear
 With pestilent speeches of her father's death--

A noise within.

Queen. Alack, what noise is this? *Enter a Messenger.*

King. 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 Ophelia, in a riotous head,
 O'erbears Your offices. The rabble call her Queen!

King. The doors are broke.

Enter Ophelia

Oph. O thou vile king,
 Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Ophelia.

King. What is the cause, Ophelia,
 That thy rebellion looks so giantlike?
 Let her go, Gertrude. Tell me, Ophelia,
 Why thou art thus incens'd. Let her go, Gertrude.
 Speak, girl.

Oph. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him!

King. Let her demand her fill.

Oph. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
 I dare damnation. I will be reveng'd
 Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Oph. Not all the world!

Queen. Good Ophelia,
 If you desire to know the certainty
 Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge
 That you'll do battle with both friend and foe?

Oph. None but his enemies.

Queen. Will you know them then?

Oph. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms

Queen. Why, now you speak like a good daughter.

That we are 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: 'Let him come in.'

Oph. How now? What noise is that?

Enter Laertes.

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.

Dear man, kind brother, sweet Laertes!
 O heavens! is't possible a young man's wits
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Laer. (*sings*)

They bore him barefac'd on the bier
 (Hey non nony, nony, hey nony)
 And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
 Fare you well, my dove!

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

Laer. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. Pray you, love, remember. And there is
 pansies, that's for thoughts.

Oph. A document in madness! Thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Laer. There's fennel for you, and columbines. There's rue for you, and here's some for me.
 There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father died.
 They say he made a good end.

[*Sings*] And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead;

Go to thy deathbed;

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 'a'mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God b' wi' you. *Exit.*

Oph. Do you see this, O God?

King. Ophelia, I must commune with your grief,
 Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
 Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
 And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
 If by direct or by collateral hand
 They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction.

Queen. 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.

Oph. Let this be so.
His means of death, his obscure funeral-
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.

Queen. So you shall;
And where th' offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with us. *Exeunt*

Scene 20.

Elsinore. Another room in the Castle. Enter Horatia with an Attendant.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Servant. Seafaring men, ma'am. 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 princess Hamlette. *Enter Sailor.*

Sailor. God bless you, lady.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sailor. There's a letter for you, my lady,- if your name be Horatia, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. (*reads the letter*) 'Horatia, when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give this fellow some means to the King. He has letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me with 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 speed as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb. This good fellow will bring thee where I am. Rosey Krantz and Gilda Stern hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. Hamlette.'

Come, I will show you to the King, the speedier that you may direct me to her from whom you brought this letter. *Exeunt.*

Scene 21

Elsinore. Another room in the Castle. Enter Queen and Ophelia.

Queen. Now you must put me in your heart for friend,
Since you have heard, and with a knowing ear,

That she who hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Oph. It well appears. But tell me
Why th' King proceeded not against these feats
So crimeful and so capital in nature.

Queen. 'Tis for the love the Danish people bear her,
Who, dipping all her faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert her faults to graces; so that our arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to our bow again,
And not where we had aim'd them.

Oph. And so have I a noble father lost;
A brother driven into desp'rate terms,
But my revenge will come. *Enter a Messenger with letters.*

Queen. How now? What news?

Mess. Letters, my lady, from Hamlette, for the King--

Queen. From Hamlette? Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lady, they say; I saw them not.

Queen. I'll give them to the King, now leave us, please. *Exit Messenger.*

Ophelia, you shall hear this.

[Reads] 'Father,-You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg
leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall recount the occasion of my sudden and more
strange return. 'Hamlette.'

What should this mean?

Oph. Know you the hand?

Queen. 'Tis Hamlette's character. Can you advise me?

Oph. I'm lost in it, my lady. But let her come!

It warms the very sickness in my heart
That I shall live and tell her to her teeth,
'Thus didest thou.'

Queen. Will you be rul'd by me, Ophelia?

Oph. Ay.

If you will not o'errule me to a peace.

Queen. To thine own peace. I will work her
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which she shall not choose but fall;
And her death-

Even her father would call it accident.

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

Queen. It falls right.

Ophelia, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,

A face without a heart?

Oph. Why ask you this?

Queen. Hamlette comes back. What would you undertake
To show yourself your father's daughter in deed
More than in words?

Oph. To cut her throat i' th' church!

Queen. Will you do this? Keep close within your chamber.
Hamlette return'd shall know you are come home.

You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And that in Hamlette's hearing, for a quality
Wherein they say you shine:

For art and exercise of self defence.

And for your rapier most especially,

All have cried out 'twould be a sight indeed

If one could match you.

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence

And wager on your heads. She, 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

An untipped sword, and, in a pass of practice,

Requite her for your father.

Oph. I will do't!

And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword.

I bought an ointment of a mountebank,

So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,

Where it draws blood can none be saved from death

Who is but scratch'd withal. I'll touch my point

With this contagion, that, if I gall her slightly,

It may be death.

Queen. If this should fall,

And that our plan show through our bad performance.

'Twere better not assay'd. Therefore this project

Should have a back or second, that might hold

If this did blast in proof. Soft! let me see.

When in your motion you are hot and dry-

As make your bouts more violent to that end-

And that she calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd her

A wine goblet; whereon but sipping, she-

If she by chance escape your venom'd stuck,

Our purpose may hold there.- But stay, what noise,

Enter Laertes's Man

How now, young man?

Man. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,

So fast they follow. Your brother's drown'd, Ophelia.

Oph. Drown'd! O, where?

Man. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
There with fantastic garlands did he come
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
There on the pendant boughs his coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down his weedy trophies and himself
Fell in the weeping brook. His clothes spread wide
Awhile they bore him up;
Which time he chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of his own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that his garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from his melodious lay
To muddy death.

Oph. Alas, then he is drown'd?

Man. Drown'd, drown'd.

Oph. Too much of water hast thou, poor Laertes,
Thus I forbid my tears. Adieu, my lady.
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze
But that this folly drowns it. *Exit.*

Queen. I bid you, follow.

How much I had to do to calm her rage.

Now fear I this will give it start again. *Exeunt.*

Scene 22

{original ACT V. Scene I}

Elsinore. A churchyard. Enter two Clowns, [with spades and pickaxes].

First Clown. Is he to be buried in Christian burial when he wilfully takes his own life?

Second. I tell thee he is; therefore make his grave straight. The coroner hath sate on him, and finds it Christian burial.

First. How can that be, unless he drown'd himself in his own defence?

Second. Why, 'tis found so.

First. It must be self defense; it cannot be else. 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.

Second. Will you ha' the truth an't? If this had not been a gentleman, he should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

First. Why, there thou say'st! And the more pity that great folk should have count'nance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than the likes of us. Come, my spade! We hold up Adam's profession.

Second. Was he a gentleman?

First. He was the first that ever bore arms.

Second. Why, he had none.

First. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digg'd. Could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself-

Second. Go to!

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

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

First. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Second. Marry, now I can tell!

First. To't.

Second. I cannot tell.

First. Cudgel thy brains no more about it. When you are ask'd this question next, say 'a grave-maker.' The houses he makes lasts till doomsday. Go, fetch me a stoup of liquor.

Exit Second Clown. Clown digs and sings. Enter Hamlette and Horatia

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 Throws up skulls and bones

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once. How the knave jowls it to the ground. This might be the pate of a Politician, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lady.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good morrow, sweet lord!

How dost thou, good lord?'

Hor. Ay, my lady.

Clown. *(Sings) Throws up [another skull].*

Ham. There's another. Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah? Clown. Mine, sir.

Clown *[Sings]* O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, m' lady.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One that was a man, Miss; but, rest his soul, he's dead.

Hor. How absolute the knave is! How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i' th' year, I came to't the very day that young Hamlette was born- she that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was she sent into England?

Clown. Why, because she was mad. She shall recover her wits there; or, if she do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be seen in her there. There all the women are as mad as she.

Ham. How came she mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown. By losing her wits.

Hor. How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. 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.

Hor. Why he more than another?

Clown. Why, lady, his hide is so tann'd with his trade that 'a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body. Here's a skull now. This skull hath lien in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. Whose do you think it was, my lady?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. This same skull was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatia.

A fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Where be your gibes now? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning?

But soft! but soft! aside! Here comes the King—

[Enter a funeral procession, King, Queen, Ophelia, with Lords attendant.]

Scene 22a

The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?

Oph. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Ophelia,

A very noble woman. Mark.

Oph. What ceremony else?

Priest. His obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty. His death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
He should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd
Till the last trumpet.

Oph. 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 him
As to peace-parted souls.

Oph. Lay him i' th' earth;
 And from his fair and unpolluted flesh
 May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
 A minist'ring angel shall my brother be
 When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, my sweet Laertes?

Queen. Farewell. [*Scatters flowers.*]

We hop'd thou shouldst have been our son-in-law;

King. We thought thy wedding day to've decked with flowers,
 And not have strew'd thy grave.

Oph. O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense

Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,

Till I have caught him once more in mine arms. [*Leaps in the grave*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead-

Ham. [*comes forward*] What is she whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand
 Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
 Hamlette the Dane. [*Leaps in after Ophelia.*]

Oph. The devil take thy soul! [*Grapples with her.*]

King. Pluck them asunder.

All. Ladies! Ladies! [*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

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

Queen. Upon what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Laertes. Forty thousand sisters
 Could not (with all their quantity of love)
 Make up my sum. What would thou do for him?

King. O, she is mad, Ophelia.

Queen. For love of God, forbear her!

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou't do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?

Woo't drink vinegar? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in his grave?

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. *Exit.*

King. I pray thee, my good Horatia, wait upon her. *Exit Horatia.*

Queen. (*to Ophelia*) Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech.
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
 Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Scene 22b.

Elsinore. A hall in the Castle. Enter Hamlette and Horatio. later Osric
Elsinore. A hall in the Castle. Enter Hamlette and Horatio.

Ham. You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor. I do remember it, my lady!

Ham. Well, in my heart there was a kind of fighting
 That would not let me sleep. And that should learn us
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will-

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up, then, 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, to unseal
 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatia,
 (O royal knavery!), an exact command,
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
 That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,
 No, not to stay the finding of the axe,
 My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission: written by the queen.
 But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. I sat me down;
 Wrote out a new commission. Wilt thou know
 Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lady.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
 As England was his faithful tributary,
 As love between them like the palm might flourish,
 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 mother's signet in my purse,
 Which was the model of that Danish seal;

Folded the writ up in the form of th' 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 Gilda Stern and Rosey Krantz go to't.

Ham. Why, woman, they made love to this employment!
 They are not near my conscience; their defeat
 Does by their own insinuation grow.

Hor. Why, what a queen is this!

Ham. She kill'd my mother, bedded with my father;
 She angled for my life,-is't not right
 To quit her with this arm?

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

Ham. It will be short; the interim is mine,
 But I am very sorry, good Horatia,
 That to Ophelia I forgot myself,
 I'll court her favours.

But sure the bravery of her grief did put me
 Into a tow'ring passion.

Hor. Peace! Who comes here? *Enter Osric, a courtier.*

Osr. Your ladyship is welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir. *[Aside to Horatia]* Dost know this waterfly?

Hor. *[aside to Hamlette]* No, my good lady.

Osr. Sweet lady, if your ladyship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from
 his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your
 bonnet to his right use. 'Tis for the head.

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

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

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

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

Osr. Exceedingly, my lady; it is very sultry, But, my lady, his Majesty, and hers the Queen,
 bade me signify to you that they have laid a great wager on your head. Lady, this is the
 matter-

Ham. I beseech you remember.

[Hamlette moves him to put on his hat.]

Osr. Nay, good my lady; for mine ease, in good faith...here is newly come to court Ophelia;
 believe me, an absolute gentlewoman, Indeed, to speak feelingly of her, she is the card or
 calendar of gentry; for you shall find in her the continent of what part a gentleman would
 see.

Ham. Sir, her definement suffers no perdition in you; though to divide her inventorially
 in the verity of extolment, I take her to be a soul of great article, and her infusion of such
 dearth and rareness as, to make true diction of her, who else would trace her, her umbrage,

nothing more.

Os. Your ladyship speaks most infallibly of her.

Ham. The concernancy, sir? What imports the nomination of this maiden?

Os. Of Ophelia?

Hor. [*aside*] His purse is empty already. All's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of her, sir.

Os. You are not ignorant of what excellence Ophelia is reputed. For her weapon, my lady. They say she is unrivaled.

Ham. What's her weapon?

Os. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of her weapons- but well.

Os. The King, sir, hath wager'd with her. That is, lady, the Queen hath laid that, in a dozen passes between yourself and her, she shall not exceed you three hits; she hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial if your ladyship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please their Majesties, it is the breathing time of day with me. If the lady be willing, let the foils be brought. I will win for the Queen if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Os. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

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

Os. I commend my duty to your ladyship.

Ham. Yours, yours. *Exit Osric.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lady.

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

Hor. Nay, good my lady -

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is troubling nonetheless.

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

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

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lady, his Majesty sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Ophelia, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I follow the King's pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is ready.

Lord. The King and Queen and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Ophelia before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. *Exit Lord.*

*Enter King, Queen, Ophelia, Osric, and Lords, with other Attendants
with foils and gauntlets. A table and flagons of wine on it.*

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

[The King puts Ophelia's hand into Hamlette's]

Ham. Give me your pardon, I have done you wrong;
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 Hamlette wrong'd Ophelia? Never Hamlette.
Here, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
And hurt my sister.

Oph. I am satisfied in nature.
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

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

Oph. Come, one for me.

Queen. Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlette,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lady.
Your Grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

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

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

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

Os. Ay, my good lady. *Prepare to play.*

Queen. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
'Now the Queen drinks to Hamlette.'

King. Come, begin.
And you the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, then.

Oph. Come, my lady. *They play.*

Ham. One.

Oph. No.

Ham. Judgment!

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit. *[general applause]*

King. Hamlette, here's to thy health! *[Drum; trumpets sound]*

Queen. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health. *[Drum; trumpets sound; a piece goes off.]*
Give her the cup.

King picks cup up to give to Hamlette.

Ham. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come. *(They play.)* Another hit. What say you?

Oph. A touch, a touch; I do confess't.

Queen. Your daughter's winning.

King. She's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlette, take my napkin, rub thy brows.
The King carouses to thy fortune, Hamlette.

Ham. Dear Father!

Queen. Claudius, do not drink.

King. I will, my dear; I pray you pardon me. *Drinks.*

Queen. *[aside]* It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by-and-by.

King. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Oph. My lady, I'll hit her now.

[aside] And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come for the third, Ophelia! You but dally.

Oph. Say you so? Come on. *Play.*

Os. Nothing neither way. *The King begins to lurch*

Oph. Have at you now!

*Ophelia wounds Hamlette, then in scuffling,
they change rapiers, and Hamlette wounds Ophelia.*

Queen. Part them! They are incens'd.

Ham. Nay come! again!

The King falls.

Lord. Look to the King there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lady?

Os. How is't, Ophelia?

Oph. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric.
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the King?

Queen. He swoons to see them bleed.

King. No, no! the drink, the drink! O my dear Hamlette!
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd.

Dies.

Ham. O villany! Ho! let the door be lock'd.
Treachery! Seek it out. *Ophelia falls.*

Oph. It is here, Hamlette. Hamlette, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life.

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
 Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice
 Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
 Never to rise again. Thy father's poison'd.
 I can no more. The Queen, the Queen's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too?
 Then, venom, to thy work.

Hurts the Queen.

Queen. O, yet defend me, friends! I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
 Drink off this potion! Follow my mother and father!

Queen dies.

Oph. She is justly serv'd.

It is a poison temper'd by herself.
 Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlette.
 Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
 Nor thine on me!

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee. *Ophelia dies.*
 I'm dead, Horatia.

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. *[pause]* Horatia, 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 th'art a woman,
 Give me the cup. Let go! By heaven, I'll have it!

Throws the cup away.

O my dear friend, think what a wounded name
 Would 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. I die, Horatia!
 The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit.
 The rest is-silence. *Hamlette dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet princess,
 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

[March within.]

Why does the drum come hither?

Enter English & Norwegian Ambassadors,

with Drum & Colours.

Osric: Ambassadors from England and Norway, Lady.

Eng. Amb. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it you will see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

Eng. Amb. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud Death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell

That thou so many royals at a shot

So bloodily hast struck. The sight is dismal;

And our affairs from England come too late.

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing

To tell her her commandment is fulfill'd

That Rosey Krantz and Gilda Stern are dead.

Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from these mouths.

But since, Ambassadors,

You're 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. All this can I

Truly deliver.

Norw. Amb. Let us haste to hear it,

And call the noblest to the audience.

For me, with sorrow I embrace our fortune.

We have some rights of memory in this kingdom

Which now to claim, our vantage doth invite us.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,

Now, while all minds are wild, lest more mischance

On plots and errors happen. Let four captains

Bear Hamlette like a soldier to the stage;

For she was likely, had she been put on,

To have prov'd most royally; and for her passage

The soldiers' music and the rites of war

Speak loudly for her.

Take up the bodies.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

Exeunt marching; after the which a peal of ordnance are shot off.

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