

SHAKESPEARE'S TRAGEDY OF
HAMLET,
PRINCE OF DENMARK

Progress Theatre 2017

Claudius (<i>King of Denmark</i>)	John Turner
Hamlet (<i>daughter to former and niece to present King</i>)	Megan Turnell
Polonius (<i>Lord Chamberlain</i>)	Richard Tripp
Horatio (<i>friend To Hamlet</i>)	Kate Shaw
Laertes (<i>son To Polonius</i>)	Alex Critchley
Rosencrantz	Izzy Hayden
Guildenstern	Chloe Stokes
Osric	Steph Dewar
Bernardo	Tara O'Connor
Francisco	Emma Doyle
Ghost of Hamlet's Father	Jim McGuigan
First Gravedigger	Mikhail Franklin
Second Gravedigger	Tara O'Connor
First Player	Steph Dewar
Second Player	Emma Doyle
Players	Claudia Wittkowski Tara O'Connor
Gertrude (<i>Queen of Denmark, and mother of Hamlet</i>)	Liz Paulo
Ophelia (<i>daughter of Polonius</i>)	Tanvi Virmani
Director	Aidan Moran



HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

Scene I.—EL SINORE. A Platform before the Castle. Night.

[Francisco on his post. Enter to him Bernardo]

Bernardo. Who's there?

Francisco. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Bernardo. Long live the king!

Francisco. Bernardo?

Bernardo. She.

Francisco. You come most carefully upon your hour.

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

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

Bernardo. Have you had quiet guard?

Francisco. Not a mouse stirring.

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

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

Horatio. Friends to this ground.

Marcellus. And liegemen to the Dane.

[Enter Horatio and Marcellus]

Francisco. Give you good night.

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

Francisco. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night.

[Exit Francisco]

Marcellus. Holloa! Bernardo!

Bernardo. Say- What, is Horatio there?

Horatio. A piece of him.

Bernardo. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

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

Bernardo. I have seen nothing.

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

Horatio. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Bernardo. Come, let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

Horatio. Well, let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

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

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

[Enter Ghost]

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

Horatio. Most like:—it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Bernardo. It would be spoke to.

Marcellus. Speak to it, Horatio.

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

Marcellus. It is offended.

Bernardo. See! it stalks away!

Horatio. Stay!—speak!—speak, I charge thee, speak!

[Exit Ghost]

Marcellus. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bernardo. How now, Horatio! You tremble, and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you of it?

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

Marcellus. Is it not like the king?

Horatio. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated.

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

Horatio. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But in the gross and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

[Re-enter Ghost]

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

I'll cross it, though it blast me

Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me:

If there be any good thing to be done,

That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,

Speak to me:

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak!

O, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

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

Speak of it:—stay, and speak!

[Exit Ghost]

Marcellus. 'Tis gone!

We do it wrong, being so majestical,

To offer it the show of violence.

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

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

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

[Exeunt]

ACT I - Scene II.—A ROOM OF STATE IN THE PALACE.

[Trumpet March.

Enter the King and Queen, preceded by Polonius, Hamlet, Laertes, and Attendants.]

Claudius. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
 The memory be green; and that it us befitted
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
 The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
 Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
 And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And loose your voice: what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

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

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

Polonius. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
 By laboursome petition; and, at last,
 Upon his will I sealed my hard consent):
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

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

Hamlet. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

- Claudius. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
- Hamlet. Not so, my lord; I am too much i'the sun.
- Gertrude. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
- Hamlet. Ay, madam, it is common.
- Gertrude. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
- Hamlet. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play.
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
- Claudius. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow: But to perséver
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to Heaven.
We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his daughter,
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our daughter.

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

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

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

[Trumpet March repeated. Exeunt King and Queen, followed by Polonius, Laertes, and Attendants]

Hamlet. O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't,—Frailty, thy name is Woman!—
A little month; or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears --why she, even she--
O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer - she married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules.
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

[Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus]

- Horatio. Hail to your lordship!
- Hamlet. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget myself.
- Horatio. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
- Hamlet. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?
- Marcellus. My good lord,—
- Hamlet. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
- Horatio. A truant disposition, good my lord.
- Hamlet. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself: I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
- Horatio. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
- Hamlet. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
- Horatio. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
- Hamlet. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in Heaven
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.
- Horatio. Where, My lord?
- Hamlet. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
- Horatio. I saw him once; he was a goodly Claudius.

- Hamlet. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
- Horatio. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
- Hamlet. Saw who?
- Horatio. My lord, the king your father.
- Hamlet. The king my father!
- Horatio. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
- Hamlet. For Heaven's love, let me hear.
- Horatio. Two nights together had these honoured guards,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprisèd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes.
- Hamlet. But where was this?
- Marcellus. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.
- Hamlet. Did you not speak to it?
- Horatio. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away;
And vanish'd from our sight.

Hamlet. 'Tis very strange.

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

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

Marcellus. We do, my lord.

Hamlet. Arm'd, say you?

Marcellus. Arm'd, my lord.

Hamlet. From top to toe?

Marcellus. My lord, from head to foot.

Hamlet. Then saw you not His face?

Horatio. O, yes, my lord; his countenance was clear.

Hamlet. What, looked he frowningly?

Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet. Pale or red?

Horatio. Nay, very pale.

Hamlet. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Horatio. Most constantly.

Hamlet. I would I had been there.

Horatio. It would have much amaz'd you.

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

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

Marcellus. } Longer, longer.
Bernardo. }

Horatio. Not when I saw it.

Hamlet. His beard was grizzl'd, No?

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

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

Horatio. I warrant it will.

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

Horatio. Our duty to your honour.

Hamlet. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.

[Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would the night were come;
Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.

[Exit]

ACT I - Scene III.—A ROOM IN POLONIUS'S HOUSE.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia

Laertes. My necessaries are embarked: farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
Let me hear from you.

Ophelia. Do you doubt that?

Laertes. For Hamlet, 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.

Ophelia. No more but so?

Laertes. Think it no more.
She may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for herself; for on her choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list her songs.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes:
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

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

Laertes. O, fear me not.
I stay too long;—but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius

Polonius. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for. There,—my blessing with you!
And these few precepts in thy memory—
Look thou charácter. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks 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 it, that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

Laertes. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

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

Laertes. Farewell.
[Exit Laertes.]

Polonius. What is it, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Ophelia. So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.

Polonius. 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:
If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution), I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

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

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

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

Polonius. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or, you'll tender me a fool.

Ophelia. My lord, she hath impórtun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

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

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

Polonius. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any leisure moment,
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.

Ophelia. I shall obey, my lord.
[Exeunt]

ACT I - Scene IV.—THE PLATFORM. Night.

[Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus]

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

Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Hamlet. What hour now?

Horatio. I think it lacks of twelve.

Marcellus. No, it is struck.

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

[A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot off without.]
What does this mean, my lord?

Hamlet. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Horatio. Is it a custom?

Hamlet. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

[Enter Ghost]

Horatio. Look, my lord, it comes!

Hamlet. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee—Hamlet,
King, father: Royal Dane: O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Ghost beckons.]

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

[Ghost beckons again.]

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

Horatio. No, by no means.

Hamlet. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Horatio. Do not, my lord.

Hamlet. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?

[Ghost beckons.]

It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.

Horatio. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
And draw you into madness?

[Ghost beckons.]

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

Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.

Hamlet. Hold off your hands.

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

Hamlet. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[Ghost beckons]

Still am I call'd:—unhand me!
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—
I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.

Horatio He waxes desperate with imagination.

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

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

Marcellus. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Horatio. Heaven will direct it.

Marcellus. Nay, let's follow him.

[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet, followed at a distance by Horatio and Marcellus.]

ACT I - Scene V.—A MORE REMOTE PART OF THE
PLATFORM. Night.

[Re-enter Ghost and Hamlet]

Hamlet. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Hamlet. I will.

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

Hamlet. Alas, poor ghost!

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

Hamlet. Speak; I am bound to hear.

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

Hamlet. What?

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

Hamlet. O Heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

- Hamlet. Murder!
- Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
- Hamlet. Haste me to know it, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
- Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
- Hamlet. O, my prophetic soul! my uncle!
- Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
Won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body
And with a sudden vigour doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand

Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatch'd:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd;
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Hamlet. 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 damnèd incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught: leave her to Heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire:
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[Exit]

Hamlet. 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 forms, all pressures past,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven,
I have sworn't.

Horatio. (*Without.*) My lord, my lord,——

Marcellus. (*Without.*) Lord Hamlet,——

Horatio. (*Without.*) Heaven secure her!

Hamlet. So be it!

Marcellus. (*Without.*) Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

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

[Enter Horatio and Marcellus]

Marcellus. How is't, my noble lord?

Horatio. What news, my lord?

Hamlet. O, wonderful!

Horatio. Good my lord, tell it.

Hamlet. No, you will reveal it.

Horatio. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Marcellus. Nor I, my lord.

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

Horatio. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Marcellus. }

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

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

Hamlet. Why, right; you are in the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:
You as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is;—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

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

Hamlet. I am sorry they offend you, heartily.

Horatio. There's no offence, my lord.

Hamlet. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence, too. Touching this vision here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
 For your desire to know what is between us,
 O'er-master it as you may. And now, good friends,
 As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
 Give me one poor request.

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

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

Horatio. My lord, we will not.
 Marcellus.

Hamlet. Nay, but swear't.

Horatio. Propose the oath, my lord.

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

[Horatio and Marcellus place each their right hand on Hamlet's sword.]

Ghost. *(Beneath.)* Swear.

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

Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
 There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
 Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
 But come;—
 Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
 How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
 As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet
 To put an antick disposition on,—
 That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
 With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
 As, Well, we know; or, We could, an if we would; or, If
 we list to speak;—or, There be, an if they might;—
 Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
 That you know aught of me:—This do you swear,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you!

[Horatio and Marcellus again place their hands on Hamlet's sword.]

Ghost. *(Beneath.)* Swear.

Hamlet. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So friends,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a woman as Hamlet is
May do, to express her love and friending to you,
Heaven willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
Nay, come, let's go together.

[Exeunt]

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.**Scene I.—A ROOM IN POLONIUS'S HOUSE.**

Enter Polonius, meeting Ophelia.

Polonius. How now, Ophelia! What's the matter?

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

Polonius. With what, in the name of Heaven?

Ophelia. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with her doublet all unbrac'd;
Pale as her shirt; her knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
She comes before me.

Polonius. Mad for thy love?

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

Polonius. What said he?

Ophelia. 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 she would draw it. Long staid she so;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice her head thus waving up and down,
She rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all her bulk
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 helps,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Polonius. Come, go with me; I will go seek the King.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
What, have you given her any hard words of late?

Ophelia. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel her letters, and denied

Her access to me.

Polonius. That hath made her mad.
 Come, go we to the king:
 This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
 More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
 Come.

[Exeunt] Blackout, Music

ACT II - Scene II.—A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants

Claudius. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation. What it should be,
More than her father's death, that thus hath put her
So much from the understanding of herself,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw her on to pleasures, and to gather,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts her thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Gertrude. Good gentlefolk, she hath much talk'd of you;
And sure I am two friends there are not living
To whom she more adheres. If it will please you
So to expend your time with us a while,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

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

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

Claudius. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Gertrude. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.
I do beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changèd daughter. Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlefolk where Hamlet is.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and Attendants]

[Enter Polonius]

Polonius. Now do I think (or else this brain of mine

Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath us'd to do), that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

Claudius. O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.

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

Gertrude. More matter, with less art.

Polonius. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus,
Perpend.

I have a daughter, have, while she is mine,
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and surmise.

[Reads] To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia,—
That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, beautified is a vile phrase: but you shall
hear. Thus:
In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.

Gertrude. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Polonius. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.—
[Reads.]

*Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt thou the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;*

*But never doubt, I love.
O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers;
I have not art to reckon my groans: but that
I love thee best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.
Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to her, Hamlet.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me:
And more above, hath her solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to my ear.

Claudius. But how hath she
Receiv'd his love?

Polonius. What do you think of me?

Claudius. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Polonius. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing
(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me), what might you,
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the desk or table book;
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus did I bespeak:
*Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy sphere;
This must not be:* and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from her resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And she, repuls'd (a short tale to make),
Fell into sadness; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

Claudius. Do you think 'tis this?

Gertrude. It may be, very likely.

Polonius. Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know that,)
That I have positively said, *'tis so,*

When it proved otherwise?

Claudius. Not that I know.

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

Claudius. How may we try it further?

Polonius. You know, sometimes she walks for hours together
Here in the lobby.

Gertrude. So she does, indeed.

Polonius. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to her:
Mark the encounter: if she love her not,
And be not from her reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

Claudius. We will try it.

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

Polonius. Away, I do beseech you both, away:
I'll board her presently.

[*Exeunt King and Queen*]

[*Enter Hamlet, reading*]

Polonius. How does my good lord Hamlet?

Hamlet. Excellent well.

Polonius. Do you know me, my lord?

Hamlet. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Polonius. Not I, my lord.

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

- Polonius. Honest, my lord!
- Hamlet. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.
- Polonius. That's very true, my lord.
- Hamlet. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,—
Have you a daughter?
- Polonius. I have, my lord.
- Hamlet. Let her not walk i'the sun: conception is a blessing; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to't, look to't, look to't.
- Polonius. [*Aside.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet she knew me not at first; she said I was a fishmonger. I'll speak to her again.—What do you read, my lord?
- Hamlet. Words, words, words.
- Polonius. What is the matter, my lord?
- Hamlet. Between who?
- Polonius. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.
- Hamlet. 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 of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.
- Polonius. [*Aside.*] Though this be madness, yet there's method in it.
Will you walk out of the air, my lord?
- Hamlet. Into my grave?
- Polonius. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant sometimes her replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave her, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between her and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.
- Hamlet. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part

withall, except my life, except my life, except my life.

Polonius. Fare you well, my lord.
[Exit Polonius]

Hamlet. These tedious old fools!

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]

Guildenstern. My honor'd lord!—

Rosencrantz. My most dear lord!—

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

Rosencrantz. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guildenstern. Happy, in that we are not over-happy;
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Hamlet. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Rosencrantz. Neither, my lord.

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

Guildenstern. 'Faith, her privates we.

Hamlet. In the secret parts of fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?

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

Hamlet. Then is dooms-day near: but your news is not true. In the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Rosencrantz. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Hamlet. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guildenstern. What should we say, my lord?

Hamlet. Any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour:

I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Rosencrantz. To what end, my lord?

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

Rosencrantz. *[To Guildenstern.]* What say you?

Hamlet. Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—if you love me, hold not off.

Guildenstern. My lord, we were sent for.

Hamlet. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a steril promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears 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,—nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

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

Hamlet. Why did you laugh, then, when I said, Man delights not me?

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

Hamlet. She that plays the king shall be welcome, his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.—What players are they?

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

Hamlet. How chances it, they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit,

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

Rosencrantz. No, indeed, they are not.

Hamlet. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[Players play ukulele, off.]

Guildenstern. There are the players.

Hamlet. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guildenstern. In what, my dear lord?

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

Polonius. *(Without,)* Well be with you, gentlefolk!

Hamlet. Hark you, Guildenstern;—and Rosencrantz: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

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

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

[Enter Polonius]

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

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

Polonius. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Hamlet. Buz, buz!

Polonius. Upon my honour,—

Hamlet. Then came each actor on his ass.

Polonius. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral,

pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only players.

Hamlet. *O, Jephthah, judge of Israel,—what a treasure hadst thou!*

Polonius. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Hamlet. Why,—
*One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.*

Polonius. Still harping on my daughter.
[*Aside.*]

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

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

Hamlet. Nay, that follows not.

Polonius. What follows, then, my lord?

Hamlet. Why, *As by lot, God wot*, and then, you know, *It came to pass, As most like it was*,— The first row of the pious Chanson will show you more; for look, my abridgment comes.

[*Enter the Players*]

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all: O, old friend!
Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; Com'st thou to beard are welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: We'll have a speech straight: Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

Player 1. What speech, my lord?

Hamlet. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see;—

*The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,—'tis not so: it begins with Pyrrhus:
The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,*

*Black as his purpose, did the night resemble,
Old grandsire Priam seeks.*

Polonius. 'Fore Heaven, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

Hamlet. So proceed you.

Player 1. *Anon he finds him
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls.
But, as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold wind speechless, and the orb below
As hush as death; anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region; So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused vengeance sets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.—
Out, out, thou fickle Fortune!*

Polonius. This is too long.

Hamlet. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.— Say on;—come to Hecuba.

Player 1. *But who, ah woe, had seen the mobled queen—*

Hamlet. The mobled queen?

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

Player 1. *Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames;
A clout upon that head
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounced.*

Polonius. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Prithee, no more.

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

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

Hamlet. Much better: Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Polonius. Come, ladies.

Hamlet. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.

[Exit Polonius with some of the Players]

Old friend—My good friends I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore—can you play the murder of Gonzago?

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]

Player 1. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would insert in't—could you not?

Player 1. Ay, my lord.

Hamlet. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.

[Exit Player]

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba?
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i'the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this,
Ha?
Why, I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a scold, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fye upon't! fye! About, my brains! I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil: and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me to damn me: I'll have good grounds
More relative than this: The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

Blackout. Music. R flap down, L up.

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.**Scene I.—A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.**

[Enter King and Queen, preceded by Polonius. Ophelia, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern, in blackout]

Claudius. And can you, by no drift of conference,
Get from her why she puts on this confusion?

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

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

Gertrude. Did you assay her
To any pastime?

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

Polonius. 'Tis most true:
And she beseech'd me to entreat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

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

Rosencrantz. We shall, my lord.
[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]

Claudius. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That she, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia:
Her father and myself (lawful espials),
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by her, as she is behaved,
If't be the affliction of her love or no
That thus she suffers for.

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

Ophelia. Madam, I wish it may.
[Exit Queen]

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

Claudius. O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience! *[Aside.]*

Polonius. I hear her coming: let's withdraw, my lord.
[Exeunt King and Polonius, and Ophelia,]
[Enter Hamlet]

Hamlet. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,
No more;—and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep,—
To sleep! perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action. [—*Ophelia returns*.—] Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

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

Hamlet. I humbly thank you; well.

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

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

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

Hamlet. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Ophelia. My lord?

Hamlet. Are you fair?

Ophelia. What means your lordship?

- Hamlet. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.
- Ophelia. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?
- Hamlet. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.
- Ophelia. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.
- Hamlet. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.
- Ophelia. I was the more deceived.
- Hamlet. Get thee to a nunnery: Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?
- Ophelia. At home, my lord.
- Hamlet. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in his own house. Farewell.
- Ophelia. O, help her, you sweet heavens!
- Hamlet. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; go; go.
- Ophelia. Heavenly powers, restore him!
- Hamlet. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; Heaven hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname Heaven's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more of't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit Hamlet]

Ophelia. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of her musick vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh:
O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

[Exit Ophelia]

[Re-enter King and Polonius.]

Claudius. Love! Her affections do not that way tend;
Nor 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;
She shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something-settled matter in her heart;
Whereon her brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of herself. What think you on't?

Polonius. It shall do well: But yet I do 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,
Let her queen mother all alone entreat her
To show her grief: let her be round with her;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send her; or confine her where
Your wisdom best shall think.

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

[Exeunt. Music. House lights.]

[INTERVAL]

Set portraits of Claudius & Hamlet Snr. Flaps up.

[Lights up. Enter Hamlet and a Player]

Hamlet. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hands 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 perrywig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: Pray you, avoid it.

Player 1. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of christians, nor the gait of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Player 1. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Hamlet. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

[Exit Player]

Hamlet. What, ho, Horatio!
[Enter Horatio]

Horatio. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Hamlet. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Horatio. O, my dear lord.

Hamlet. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One scene of it comes near the circumstance
Which I have told thee of my father's death:
I pr'ythee when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

[Enter King and Queen, preceded by Polonius, Ophelia, Horatio, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.]

Claudius. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

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

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

- Hamlet. No, nor mine, now. My lord,—you played once in the university, you say?
- Polonius. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.
- Hamlet. And what did you enact?
- Polonius. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i'the Capitol; Brutus killed me.
- Hamlet. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?
- Rosencrantz. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.
- Gertrude. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.
- Hamlet. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.
- Polonius. O, ho! do you mark that?
- Hamlet. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?
- Ophelia. You are merry, my lord.
- Hamlet. O, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.
- Ophelia. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.
- Hamlet. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches, then.
- Ophelia. What means the play, my lord?
- Hamlet. Miching mallecho; it means mischief.
- Ophelia. But what is the argument of the play?
- [Enter a Player as Prologue].*
- Hamlet. We shall know by this fellow.
- Player. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,

We beg your hearing patiently.

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

Ophelia. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Hamlet. As woman's love.

[Enter a Player King and a Player Queen]

Player King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbèd ground,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

Player Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must.

Player King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do:
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou——

Player Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who kill'd the first.

Hamlet. That's wormwood.

Player King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
So think you thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

Player Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Player King. 'Tis deeply sworn.

Hamlet. If she should break it now!—

Player King. Sweet, leave me here awhile;
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

Player Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come mischance between us twain!

Hamlet. Madam, how like you this play?

Gertrude. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Hamlet. O, but she'll keep her word.

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

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

Claudius. What do you call the play?

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

[Enter player as Lucianus]

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King.

Ophelia. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Hamlet. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying. Begin, murderer; leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:——
The croaking raven
Doth bellow for revenge.

Player Lucianus. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the Sleeper's Ears.]

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

Claudius. Give me some light: away!

Polonius. Lights, lights, lights!
[Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.]

Hamlet. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungallèd play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away.—
O, good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?

Horatio. Very well, my lord.

Hamlet. Upon the talk of the poisoning.—

Horatio. I did very well note him.

Hamlet. Ah, ah! come, some musick! come, the recorders!

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]

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

Hamlet. Sir, a whole history.

Guildenstern. The king, sir,—

Hamlet. Ay, sir, what of him?

Guildenstern. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distempered.

Hamlet. With drink, sir?

Guildenstern. No, my lord, with choler.

Hamlet. Your wisdom should show itself more rich to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more choler.

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

Hamlet. I am tame, sir:—pronounce.

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

Hamlet. You are welcome.

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

Hamlet. Sir, I cannot.

Guildestern. What, my lord?

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

Rosencrantz. Then thus she says: Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Hamlet. O wonderful daughter, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?—impart.

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

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

Rosencrantz. My lord, you once did love me.

Hamlet. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

[Enter Musicians during next line]

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

Hamlet. Sir, I lack advancement.

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

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

O, the recorders:—let me see one.—So; withdraw with you:—

[Exeunt Musicians]

Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me

into a toil?

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

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

Guildenstern. My lord, I cannot.

Hamlet. I pray you.

Guildenstern. Believe me, I cannot.

Hamlet. I do beseech you.

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

Hamlet. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

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

Hamlet. 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. 'Sdeath, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

[Enter Polonius]

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

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

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

Hamlet. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Polonius. It is backed like a weasel.

Hamlet. Or like a whale?

Polonius. Very like a whale.

Hamlet. Then will I come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

Polonius. I will say so.

Hamlet. Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by. By and by is easily said.

[Exit Polonius]

Leave me, friends.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

[Exit. Music. Blackout]

ACT III Scene II.—A ROOM IN THE SAME.

[Enter Claudius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.]

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

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

Rosencrantz The single and peculiar life is bound
 With all the strength and armor of the mind
 To keep itself from noyance, but much more
 That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests
 The lives of many. The cress of majesty
 Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
 What's near it with it. Or it is a massy wheel
 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. Never alone
 Did the King sigh, but with a general groan.

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

Rosencrantz We will haste us.

[Exeunt, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]

Enter Polonius.]

Polonius My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
 Behind the arras I'll convey myself
 To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax her home,
 And as you said, and wisely was it said,
 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege,
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

Claudius Thanks, dear my lord.

[Exit Polonius]

O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven,
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will.
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offense?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up.
My fault is past, but, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder"?
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder:
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain th' offense?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law, but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay,
Bow, stubborn knees, and heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

[Enter Hamlet]

Hamlet Now might I do it pat, now 'a is a-praying;
And now I'll do't—and so 'a goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
'A took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then revenged,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No!
Up, blade, and know thou a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At game a-swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't—
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays,
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[Exit Hamlet]

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

[Exit Claudius. Light change to Queens Chamber. Music.]

ACT III - Scene III.—THE QUEEN'S CHAMBER.

[Enter Queen and Polonius]

Polonius. 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 sconce me even here.
Pray you, be round with her.

Gertrude. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear her coming.

[Polonius hides himself]

[Enter Hamlet]

Hamlet Now, mother, what's the matter?

Gertrude. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Hamlet. Mother, you have my father much offended.

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

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

Gertrude. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Hamlet. What's the matter now?

Gertrude. Have you forgot me?

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

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

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

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

Polonius. *[Behind.]* What, ho! help!

Hamlet. How now! a rat?

[Draws]

Dead, for a ducat, dead!

[Hamlet stabs behind the arras.]

Polonius. *[Behind]* O, I am slain!

[Falls and dies.]

Gertrude. O me, what hast thou done?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

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

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

Gertrude. As kill a king!

Hamlet. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

[To body of Polonius]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better.
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 damnèd custom have not brazed it so,
That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

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

Hamlet. 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 dicer's oaths: O, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words.—
Ah, me, that act!

Gertrude. Ah me, what act?

Hamlet. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hypérion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man;
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for, at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: And what judgment
Would step from this to this?
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine, in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire.

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

Hamlet. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,——

Gertrude. O, speak to me no more;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Hamlet. A murderer and a villain:
A slave that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord;—a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Gertrude. No more!

Hamlet. A king

Of shreds and patches.

[Enter Ghost]

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

Gertrude. Alas, she's mad!

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

Ghost. Do not forget: This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul.
Speak to her Hamlet.

Hamlet. How is it with you, lady?

Gertrude. Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep.
O gentle daughter,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

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

Gertrude. To whom do you speak this?

Hamlet. Do you see nothing there?

Gertrude. Nothing at all; yet all that is, I see.

Hamlet. Nor did you nothing hear?

Gertrude. No, nothing but ourselves.

Hamlet. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!

My father in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit Ghost.]

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

Hamlet. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music: It is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.

Gertrude. O, Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Hamlet. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,
I do repent:
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.

[Exit Queen, with pictures]

I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.

[Exit Hamlet. Blackout. Music. SM strike chair.]

END OF ACT THIRD.

ACT IV.**Scene I.—THRONE ROOM.**

[Enter King and Queen]

Claudius. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate: 'tis fit we understand them.
How does Hamlet?

Gertrude. 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 her rapier, cries A rat, a rat!
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

Claudius. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
Where is she gone?

Gertrude. To draw apart the body she hath kill'd.

Claudius. 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, Guildenstern!

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from her mother'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 Rosencrantz and Guildenstern]

Go, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.

[Exit Queen]

How dangerous is it that Hamlet goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on her:
She's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence.

[Enter Rosencrantz]

How now! what hath befallen?

Rosencrantz. Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,
We cannot get from her.

Claudius. But where is she?

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

Claudius. Bring him before us.

Rosencrantz. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

[Enter Hamlet, Guildenstern, and Attendants]

Claudius. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Hamlet. At supper.

Claudius. At supper? Where?

Hamlet. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politick
worms are e'en at him.

Claudius. Where's Polonius?

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

Claudius. Go seek him there.

Hamlet. He will stay till you come.

[Exit Guildenstern]

Claudius. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Must send thee hence:
Therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
For England.

Hamlet. For England!

Claudius. Ay, Hamlet.

Hamlet. Good.

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

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

Claudius. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

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

[Exit Hamlet]

Claudius. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Away! for everything is seal'd and done.

[Exit Rosencrantz]

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
Thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
For thou must cure me: 'Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

[Exit Claudius]

[Enter Queen and Horatio]

Gertrude. — I will not speak with her.

Horatio. She is importunate; indeed, distract:
'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Gertrude. Let her come in.

[Exit Horatio. Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia]

Ophelia. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Gertrude. How now, Ophelia!

Ophelia. [Singing.] How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

Gertrude. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Ophelia. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

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

[Enter the King]

Gertrude. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Ophelia. Pray you, mark.
[Sings.] White his shroud as the mountain-snow,
Larded all with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

Claudius. How do you, pretty lady?

Ophelia. Well, Heaven 'ield you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

Claudius. Conceit upon her father.

Ophelia. Pray, you, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:
To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I, a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:

Claudius. Pretty Ophelia!

Ophelia. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:
Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

Claudius. How long hath she been thus?

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

[Exit]

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

[Exit Horatio,]

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

[Enter Marcellus]

Claudius. What is the matter?

Marcellus. Save yourself, my lord:
The young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'rbears your officers. The rabble call him lord;
They cry, Choose we: Laertes shall be king!
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!

[Noises off]

Laertes. I pray you, give me leave.

Rabble. We will, we will.

[Enter Laertes, armed]

Laertes. Where is this king? O, thou vile king, Give me my father.

Gertrude. Calmly, good Laertes.

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

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

Laertes. Where is my father?

Claudius. Dead.

Gertrude. But not by him.

Claudius. Let him demand his fill.

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

Claudius. Who shall stay you!

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

Claudius. Good Laertes,
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear
As day does to your eye.

Horatio. *[Without.]* Oh, poor Ophelia!

Claudius. Let her come in.

[Enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with Straws and Flowers.]

Laertes. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Ophelia. They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
And on his grave rain many a tear,—
Fare you well, my dove!

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

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

Laertes. This nothing's more than matter.

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

- Laertes. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.
- Ophelia. There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o'Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died:—They say he made a good end,——For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy—
- Laertes. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favour and to prettiness.
- Ophelia. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
Heaven 'a mercy on his soul!
And of all christian souls, I pray Heaven. Heaven be wi' you.
- [Exit Ophelia, Queen following.]*
- Laertes. Do you see this, O Heaven?
- Claudius. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right.
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.
- Laertes. 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.
- Claudius. So you shall;
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.
- [Enter Bernardo]*
How now! what news?
- Bernardo. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the Gertrude.

Claudius. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Bernardo. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not.

Claudius. Laertes, you shall hear them.— Leave us.

[Exit Bernardo]

[Reads.] High and mighty, You shall know I am set naked on your kingdom.
To morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking
your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange
return.

Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Laertes. Know you the hand?

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

Laertes. I am lost in it, my lord. But let her come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell her to her teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

Claudius. If it be so, Laertes,
Will you be rul'd by me?

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

Claudius. To thine own peace.
Some two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,
He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with her envy,
That she could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,——

Laertes. What out of this, my lord?

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

Laertes. Why ask you this?

Claudius. Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er 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
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

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

Claudius. Let's further think of this;
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,
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 prepared
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If she by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

[Enter Gertrude]

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

Laertes. Drown'd! O, where?

Gertrude. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
 Therewith fantastick garlands did she make
 Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples;
 There, on the pendent boughs her cornet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
 When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
 Fell in the weeping brook.

Laertes. Alas, then, she is drown'd?

Gertrude. Drown'd, drown'd.

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

[Exeunt. Blackout. Music. Grave out. R flap down.]

END OF ACT FOURTH.

ACT V.
Scene I.—A CHURCH YARD.

[Enter Gravedigger 1, Gravedigger 2 is found in Grave with spade]

Gravedigger 1. Is she to be buried in christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Gravedigger 2 I tell thee she is; therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it christian burial.

Gravedigger 1. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

Gravedigger 2 Why, 'tis found so.

Gravedigger 1. It must be se offendendo; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: If I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Gravedigger 2 Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

Gravedigger 1. 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.

Gravedigger 2 But is this law?

Gravedigger 1. Ay, marry is't; crowner's-quest law.

Gravedigger 2 Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

Gravedigger 1. Why, there thou say'st: And the more pity that great folks should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.

Gravedigger 2 Was he a gentleman?

Gravedigger 1. He was the first that ever bore arms. I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself——

Gravedigger 2 Go to.

Gravedigger 1. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Gravedigger 2 The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

Gravedigger 1. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; But how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

Gravedigger 2 Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

Gravedigger 1. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

Gravedigger 2 Marry, now I can tell.

Gravedigger 1. To't.

Gravedigger 2 Mass, I cannot tell.

Gravedigger 1. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker, the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee inside, and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2nd Clown,]

Gravedigger 1 *[digs and sings]*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very sweet,

[Enter Hamlet and Horatio]

To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was nothing meet.

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

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

Hamlet. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Gravedigger 1. But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.]

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

Horatio. It might, my lord.

[Gravedigger throws up bones.]

Hamlet. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine ache to think on't.

Gravedigger 1. *[Sings.]*
A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up a skull.]

Hamlet. There's another: Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quilletts, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? I will speak to this fellow.— Whose grave's this, sirrah?

Gravedigger 1. Mine, sir.— *[Sings.]*
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

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

Gravedigger 1. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

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

Gravedigger 1. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Hamlet. What man dost thou dig it for?

Gravedigger 1. For no man, sir.

Hamlet. What woman, then?

Gravedigger 1. For none, neither.

Hamlet. Who is to be buried in't?

Gravedigger 1. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Hamlet. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us, How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Gravedigger 1. Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet. How long's that since?

Gravedigger 1. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was the very day that young Hamlet was born, her that is mad, and sent into England.

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

Gravedigger 1. Why, because she was mad: she shall recover her wits there; or, if she do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet. Why?

Gravedigger 1. 'Twill not be seen in her there; there the folk are as mad as she.

Hamlet. How came she mad?

Gravedigger 1. Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet. How strangely?

Gravedigger 1. 'Faith, e'en with losing her wits.

Hamlet. Upon what ground?

Gravedigger 1. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

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

Gravedigger 1. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet. Why he more than another?

Gravedigger 1. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your ill-begotten dead body. Here's a skull now, hath lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

Hamlet. Whose was it?

Gravedigger 1. O, a mad fellow's it was: Whose do you think it was?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not.

Gravedigger 1. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Hamlet. This?

Gravedigger 1. E'en that.

Hamlet. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? Quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Horatio. What's that, my lord?

Hamlet. Dost thou think Alexander look'd o'this fashion i'the earth?

Horatio. E'en so.

Hamlet. And smelt so? pah!

Horatio. E'en so, my lord.

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

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

Hamlet. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft! aside: Here comes the king,
The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?

And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark.

[Retiring with Horatio]

[Enter Priests, &c., in procession; the corpse of Ophelia, Laertes and Mourners following; King, Queen, their Trains, &c.]

Laertes. What ceremony else?

Hamlet. That is Laertes, A very noble youth.

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

Laertes. Must there no more be done?

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

Laertes. O, from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Hamlet. What, the fair Ophelia!

Gertrude. Sweets to the sweet: Farewell!

[Scattering flowers.]

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laertes. 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 a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'ertop old Pelion, or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.

Hamlet. 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,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laertes. The devil take thy soul! [*Grappling with her.*]

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

Claudius. Pluck them asunder.

Gertrude. Hamlet, Hamlet!

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

Gertrude. O my son, what theme?

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

Gertrude. O, she is mad, Laertes.

Hamlet. Come, show me what thou'lt do:
Wou'lt weep? wou'lt fight? wou'lt fast? wou'lt tear thyself?
I'll do't.—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

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

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

[Exit,]

Claudius. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon her.

[Exit Horatio]

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your daughter,

[Exit Queen]

Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.—
This grave shall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[Exeunt. Funeral music. Attendant re-enter to move bier. .Blackout.]

ACT V - Scene II.—HALL IN THE CASTLE.

[Enter Hamlet and Horatio]

Hamlet. But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his.

Horatio. Peace! who comes here?
[Enter Osric]

Osric. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Hamlet. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Horatio. No, my good lord.

Hamlet. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know her.

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

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

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

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

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

Hamlet. But yet, methinks it is very sultry and hot, for my complexion,—

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

Hamlet. I beseech you, remember——
[Hamlet moves Osric to put on her hat.]

Osric. Nay, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

- Hamlet. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?
- Osric. Of Laertes?
- Hamlet. Of him, sir.
- Osric. Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—
- Hamlet. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.
- Osric. I mean, sir, for his weapon.
- Hamlet. What is his weapon?
- Osric. Rapier and dagger.
- Hamlet. That's two of his weapons: but, well.
- Osric. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poignards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, or so: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.
- Hamlet. What call you the carriages?
- Osric. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.
- Hamlet. The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides.
- Osric. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.
- Hamlet. How if I answer no?
- Osric. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.
- Hamlet. Sir, it is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.
- Osric. Shall I deliver you so?

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

Osric. I commend my duty to your lordship.
[Exit]

Horatio. You will lose this wager, my lord.

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

Horatio. Nay, good my lord.

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

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

Hamlet. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.

[Exeunt. Music. Blackout.]

ACT V - Scene III.—ROOM IN THE CASTLE.

During blackout, King and Queen, on a dais, Laertes, Lords, Ladies, Osric and Attendants, with Foils, &c.,

[Enter Hamlet and Horatio]

Claudius. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand.

Hamlet. Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
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 brother.

Laertes. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge.
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Hamlet. I embrace it freely:
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laertes. Come, one for me.

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

Laertes. You mock me, sir.

Hamlet. No, by this hand.

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

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

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

Laertes. This is too heavy, let me see another.

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

Osric. Ay, my good lord.

Claudius. If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer to the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn.
Give me the cup;
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 king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Hamlet. Come on, sir.

Laertes. Come, my lord.
[They fence.]

Hamlet. One.

Laertes. No.

Hamlet. Judgment.

Osric. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laertes. Well:—again.

Claudius. Stay; give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
[Drops poison into the goblet.]

Here's to thy health.

[Pretends to drink.]

Give her the cup.

Hamlet. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come.
Another hit; What say you?

Laertes. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

Claudius. Our daughter shall win.

Gertrude. The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Hamlet. Good madam!—

Claudius. Gertrude, do not drink.

Gertrude. I have, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

Claudius. It is the poison'd cup; it is too late.

Laertes. I'll hit her now
And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Hamlet. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but dally;
I pray you, pass with your best violence;
I am afraid you make a wanton of me.

Laertes. Say you so? come on.

Claudius. Part them; they are incensed.

Hamlet. Nay, come, again.

[They fence, Hamlet disarms Laertes. The Queen falls]

Guildenstern. Look to the queen there, ho!

Horatio. How is it, my lord?

Osric. How is't, Laertes?

Laertes. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osric;
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

Hamlet. How does the queen?

Claudius. She swoons to see them bleed.

Gertrude. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O, my dear Hamlet,—
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd.

[Dies]

- Hamlet.* O villainy! Ho! let the doors be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out.
- Laertes.* It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's 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 mother's poison'd:
I can no more: the king, the king's to blame.
- Hamlet.* The point
Envenom'd too! Then, venom, to thy work.
Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damnèd Dane,
Follow my mother.
[Stabs the King, who dies]
- Laertes.* He is justly serv'd;
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!
[Dies.]
- Hamlet.* Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you,—
But let it be. Horatio,
Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
- Horatio.* Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.
- Hamlet.* O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absènt thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.—
O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit;
The rest is silence.

[Dies.]

Horatio. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night sweet prince:
 And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
 And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
 How these things came about: so shall you hear
 Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
 Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
 Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
 Truly deliver.

Blackout. Music. Curtain call

THE END.



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