

The Tragedy of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmark
By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited by BARBARA A. MOWAT
and PAUL WERSTINE

Folger Shakespeare Library

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

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

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

Michael Witmore
Director, Folger Shakespeare Library

Textual Introduction

By Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine

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

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

The editors of the Moby™ Shakespeare produced their text long before scholars fully understood the proper grounds on which to make the thousands of decisions that Shakespeare editors face. The Folger Library Shakespeare Editions, on which the Folger Digital Texts depend, make this editorial process as nearly transparent as is possible, in contrast to older texts, like the Moby™, which hide editorial interventions. The reader of the Folger Shakespeare knows where the text has been altered because editorial interventions are signaled by square brackets (for example, from *Othello*: "[If she in

chains of magic were not bound,']), half square brackets (for example, from *Henry V*: “With [blood] and sword and fire to win your right,”), or angle brackets (for example, from *Hamlet*: “O farewell, honest <soldier.> Who hath relieved/you?”). At any point in the text, you can hover your cursor over a bracket for more information.

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

Synopsis

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

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

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

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

CHARACTERS in the Play

THE GHOST

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

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

KING CLAUDIUS, brother to the late King Hamlet

OPHELIA

LAERTES, her brother

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

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius

HORATIO, Hamlet's friend and confidant

VOLTEMAND

CORNELIUS

ROSENCRANTZ

GUILDENSTERN

OSRIC

Gentlemen

A Lord

} *courtiers at the Danish court*

FRANCISCO

BARNARDO

MARCELLUS

} *Danish soldiers*

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway

A Captain in Fortinbras's army

Ambassadors to Denmark from England

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

Two Messengers

Sailors

Gravedigger

Gravedigger's companion

Doctor of Divinity

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

⟨Scene 1⟩

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two sentinels.

FTLN 0001 BARNARDO Who's there?
 FRANCISCO
 FTLN 0002 Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.
 FTLN 0003 BARNARDO Long live the King!
 FTLN 0004 FRANCISCO Barnardo.
 FTLN 0005 BARNARDO He. 5
 FRANCISCO
 FTLN 0006 You come most carefully upon your hour.
 BARNARDO
 FTLN 0007 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.
 FRANCISCO
 FTLN 0008 For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,
 FTLN 0009 And I am sick at heart.
 FTLN 0010 BARNARDO Have you had quiet guard? 10
 FTLN 0011 FRANCISCO Not a mouse stirring.
 FTLN 0012 BARNARDO Well, good night.
 FTLN 0013 If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
 FTLN 0014 The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

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

FTLN 0017 MARCELLUS And liegemen to the Dane.
 FTLN 0018 FRANCISCO Give you good night.
 MARCELLUS
 FTLN 0019 O farewell, honest ⟨soldier.⟩ Who hath relieved
 FTLN 0020 you? 20
 FRANCISCO
 FTLN 0021 Barnardo hath my place. Give you good night.
Francisco exits.

FTLN 0022 MARCELLUS Holla, Barnardo.
 FTLN 0023 BARNARDO Say, what, is Horatio there?
 FTLN 0024 HORATIO A piece of him.
 BARNARDO
 FTLN 0025 Welcome, Horatio.—Welcome, good Marcellus. 25
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0026 What, has this thing appeared again tonight?
 FTLN 0027 BARNARDO I have seen nothing.
 MARCELLUS
 FTLN 0028 Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy
 FTLN 0029 And will not let belief take hold of him
 FTLN 0030 Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us. 30
 FTLN 0031 Therefore I have entreated him along
 FTLN 0032 With us to watch the minutes of this night,
 FTLN 0033 That, if again this apparition come,
 FTLN 0034 He may approve our eyes and speak to it.
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0035 Tush, tush, 'twill not appear. 35
 FTLN 0036 BARNARDO Sit down awhile,
 FTLN 0037 And let us once again assail your ears,
 FTLN 0038 That are so fortified against our story,
 FTLN 0039 What we have two nights seen.
 FTLN 0040 HORATIO Well, sit we down, 40
 FTLN 0041 And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.
 FTLN 0042 BARNARDO Last night of all,
 FTLN 0043 When yond same star that's westward from the pole
 FTLN 0044 Had made his course t' illumine that part of heaven
 FTLN 0045 Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, 45
 FTLN 0046 The bell then beating one—

Enter Ghost.

MARCELLUS

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

BARNARDO

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

MARCELLUS, [to Horatio]

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

BARNARDO

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

HORATIO

FTLN 0051 Most like. It ⟨harrows⟩ me with fear and wonder.

BARNARDO

FTLN 0052 It would be spoke to.

FTLN 0053 MARCELLUS Speak to it, Horatio.

HORATIO

FTLN 0054 What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,

FTLN 0055 Together with that fair and warlike form 55

FTLN 0056 In which the majesty of buried Denmark

FTLN 0057 Did sometimes march? By heaven, I charge thee,

FTLN 0058 speak.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0059 It is offended.

FTLN 0060 BARNARDO See, it stalks away. 60

HORATIO

FTLN 0061 Stay! speak! speak! I charge thee, speak!

Ghost exits.

FTLN 0062 MARCELLUS 'Tis gone and will not answer.

BARNARDO

FTLN 0063 How now, Horatio, you tremble and look pale.

FTLN 0064 Is not this something more than fantasy?

FTLN 0065 What think you on 't? 65

HORATIO

FTLN 0066 Before my God, I might not this believe

FTLN 0067 Without the sensible and true avouch

FTLN 0068 Of mine own eyes.

FTLN 0069	MARCELLUS	Is it not like the King?	
FTLN 0070	HORATIO	As thou art to thyself.	70
FTLN 0071		Such was the very armor he had on	
FTLN 0072		When he the ambitious Norway combated.	
FTLN 0073		So frowned he once when, in an angry parle,	
FTLN 0074		He smote the sledged 'Polacks' on the ice.	
FTLN 0075		'Tis strange.	75
	MARCELLUS		
FTLN 0076		Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,	
FTLN 0077		With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.	
	HORATIO		
FTLN 0078		In what particular thought to work I know not,	
FTLN 0079		But in the gross and scope of mine opinion	
FTLN 0080		This bodes some strange eruption to our state.	80
	MARCELLUS		
FTLN 0081		Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,	
FTLN 0082		Why this same strict and most observant watch	
FTLN 0083		So nightly toils the subject of the land,	
FTLN 0084		And <why> such daily <cast> of brazen cannon	
FTLN 0085		And foreign mart for implements of war,	85
FTLN 0086		Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task	
FTLN 0087		Does not divide the Sunday from the week.	
FTLN 0088		What might be toward that this sweaty haste	
FTLN 0089		Doth make the night joint laborer with the day?	
FTLN 0090		Who is 't that can inform me?	90
FTLN 0091	HORATIO	That can I.	
FTLN 0092		At least the whisper goes so: our last king,	
FTLN 0093		Whose image even but now appeared to us,	
FTLN 0094		Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,	
FTLN 0095		Thereto pricked on by a most emulate pride,	95
FTLN 0096		Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet	
FTLN 0097		(For so this side of our known world esteemed him)	
FTLN 0098		Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a sealed compact,	
FTLN 0099		Well ratified by law and heraldry,	
FTLN 0100		Did forfeit, with his life, all <those> his lands	100
FTLN 0101		Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror.	

FTLN 0102	Against the which a moiety competent	
FTLN 0103	Was gaged by our king, which had <returned>	
FTLN 0104	To the inheritance of Fortinbras	
FTLN 0105	Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same comart	105
FTLN 0106	And carriage of the article 「designed,」	
FTLN 0107	His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,	
FTLN 0108	Of unimprovèd mettle hot and full,	
FTLN 0109	Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there	
FTLN 0110	Sharked up a list of lawless resolute	110
FTLN 0111	For food and diet to some enterprise	
FTLN 0112	That hath a stomach in 't; which is no other	
FTLN 0113	(As it doth well appear unto our state)	
FTLN 0114	But to recover of us, by strong hand	
FTLN 0115	And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands	115
FTLN 0116	So by his father lost. And this, I take it,	
FTLN 0117	Is the main motive of our preparations,	
FTLN 0118	The source of this our watch, and the chief head	
FTLN 0119	Of this posthaste and rummage in the land.	
	[BARNARDO	
FTLN 0120	I think it be no other but e'en so.	120
FTLN 0121	Well may it sort that this portentous figure	
FTLN 0122	Comes armèd through our watch so like the king	
FTLN 0123	That was and is the question of these wars.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 0124	A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.	
FTLN 0125	In the most high and palmy state of Rome,	125
FTLN 0126	A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,	
FTLN 0127	The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead	
FTLN 0128	Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;	
FTLN 0129	As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,	
FTLN 0130	Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,	130
FTLN 0131	Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,	
FTLN 0132	Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.	
FTLN 0133	And even the like precurse of 「feared」 events,	
FTLN 0134	As harbingers preceding still the fates	
FTLN 0135	And prologue to the omen coming on,	135

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

Enter Ghost.

FTLN 0138 But soft, behold! Lo, where it comes again!
 FTLN 0139 I'll cross it though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!

It spreads his arms.

FTLN 0140 If thou hast any sound or use of voice, 140

FTLN 0141 Speak to me.

FTLN 0142 If there be any good thing to be done

FTLN 0143 That may to thee do ease and grace to me,

FTLN 0144 Speak to me.

FTLN 0145 If thou art privy to thy country's fate, 145

FTLN 0146 Which happily foreknowing may avoid,

FTLN 0147 O, speak!

FTLN 0148 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

FTLN 0149 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

FTLN 0150 For which, they say, ⟨you⟩ spirits oft walk in death, 150

FTLN 0151 Speak of it. *The cock crows.*

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

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0153 Shall I strike it with my partisan?

FTLN 0154 HORATIO Do, if it will not stand.

FTLN 0155 BARNARDO 'Tis here. 155

FTLN 0156 HORATIO 'Tis here.

⟨Ghost exits.⟩

FTLN 0157 MARCELLUS 'Tis gone.

FTLN 0158 We do it wrong, being so majestic,

FTLN 0159 To offer it the show of violence,

FTLN 0160 For it is as the air, invulnerable, 160

FTLN 0161 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BARNARDO

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

HORATIO

FTLN 0163 And then it started like a guilty thing

FTLN 0164 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard

FTLN 0165 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 165
 FTLN 0166 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 FTLN 0167 Awake the god of day, and at his warning,
 FTLN 0168 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
 FTLN 0169 Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
 FTLN 0170 To his confine, and of the truth herein 170
 FTLN 0171 This present object made probation.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0172 It faded on the crowing of the cock.
 FTLN 0173 Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
 FTLN 0174 Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
 FTLN 0175 This bird of dawning singeth all night long; 175
 FTLN 0176 And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,
 FTLN 0177 The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
 FTLN 0178 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 FTLN 0179 So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

HORATIO

FTLN 0180 So have I heard and do in part believe it. 180
 FTLN 0181 But look, the morn in russet mantle clad
 FTLN 0182 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.
 FTLN 0183 Break we our watch up, and by my advice
 FTLN 0184 Let us impart what we have seen tonight
 FTLN 0185 Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, 185
 FTLN 0186 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
 FTLN 0187 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it
 FTLN 0188 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0189 Let's do 't, I pray, and I this morning know
 FTLN 0190 Where we shall find him most convenient. 190

They exit.

⟨Scene 2⟩

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

KING

FTLN 0191	Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death	
FTLN 0192	The memory be green, and that it us befitted	
FTLN 0193	To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom	
FTLN 0194	To be contracted in one brow of woe,	
FTLN 0195	Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature	5
FTLN 0196	That we with wisest sorrow think on him	
FTLN 0197	Together with remembrance of ourselves.	
FTLN 0198	Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,	
FTLN 0199	Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state,	
FTLN 0200	Have we (as 'twere with a defeated joy,	10
FTLN 0201	With an auspicious and a dropping eye,	
FTLN 0202	With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,	
FTLN 0203	In equal scale weighing delight and dole)	
FTLN 0204	Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barred	
FTLN 0205	Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone	15
FTLN 0206	With this affair along. For all, our thanks.	
FTLN 0207	Now follows that you know. Young Fortinbras,	
FTLN 0208	Holding a weak supposal of our worth	
FTLN 0209	Or thinking by our late dear brother's death	
FTLN 0210	Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,	20
FTLN 0211	Colleaguèd with this dream of his advantage,	
FTLN 0212	He hath not failed to pester us with message	
FTLN 0213	Importing the surrender of those lands	
FTLN 0214	Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,	
FTLN 0215	To our most valiant brother—so much for him.	25
FTLN 0216	Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.	
FTLN 0217	Thus much the business is: we have here writ	
FTLN 0218	To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,	
FTLN 0219	Who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears	

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

「Giving them a paper.」

FTLN 0229 Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.
 CORNELIUS/VOLTEMAND

FTLN 0230 In that and all things will we show our duty. 40
 KING

FTLN 0231 We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.
 style="text-align: center;">〈Voltemand and Cornelius exit.〉

FTLN 0232 And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 FTLN 0233 You told us of some suit. What is 't, Laertes?
 FTLN 0234 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
 FTLN 0235 And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, 45
 FTLN 0236 Laertes,
 FTLN 0237 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
 FTLN 0238 The head is not more native to the heart,
 FTLN 0239 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 FTLN 0240 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. 50
 FTLN 0241 What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

FTLN 0242 LAERTES My dread lord,
 FTLN 0243 Your leave and favor to return to France,
 FTLN 0244 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
 FTLN 0245 To show my duty in your coronation, 55
 FTLN 0246 Yet now I must confess, that duty done,
 FTLN 0247 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France
 FTLN 0248 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

KING

FTLN 0249 Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

POLONIUS

FTLN 0250 Hath, my lord, [wrung from me my slow leave 60
 FTLN 0251 By laborsome petition, and at last
 FTLN 0252 Upon his will I sealed my hard consent.]
 FTLN 0253 I do beseech you give him leave to go.

KING

FTLN 0254 Take thy fair hour, Laertes. Time be thine,
 FTLN 0255 And thy best graces spend it at thy will.— 65
 FTLN 0256 But now, my cousin Hamlet and my son—

HAMLET, [aside]

FTLN 0257 A little more than kin and less than kind.

KING

FTLN 0258 How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET

FTLN 0259 Not so, my lord; I am too much in the sun.

QUEEN

FTLN 0260 Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off, 70
 FTLN 0261 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
 FTLN 0262 Do not forever with thy vailèd lids
 FTLN 0263 Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
 FTLN 0264 Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
 FTLN 0265 Passing through nature to eternity. 75

HAMLET

FTLN 0266 Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN If it be,

FTLN 0268 Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAMLET

FTLN 0269 "Seems," madam? Nay, it is. I know not "seems."
 FTLN 0270 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, <good> mother, 80
 FTLN 0271 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 FTLN 0272 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
 FTLN 0273 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 FTLN 0274 Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
 FTLN 0275 Together with all forms, moods, [shapes] of grief, 85
 FTLN 0276 That can <denote> me truly. These indeed "seem,"
 FTLN 0277 For they are actions that a man might play;

FTLN 0278 But I have that within which passes show,
 FTLN 0279 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING

FTLN 0280 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, 90
 FTLN 0281 Hamlet,
 FTLN 0282 To give these mourning duties to your father.
 FTLN 0283 But you must know your father lost a father,
 FTLN 0284 That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
 FTLN 0285 In filial obligation for some term 95
 FTLN 0286 To do obsequious sorrow. But to persever
 FTLN 0287 In obstinate condolment is a course
 FTLN 0288 Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief.
 FTLN 0289 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
 FTLN 0290 A heart unfortified, *<a>* mind impatient, 100
 FTLN 0291 An understanding simple and unschooled.
 FTLN 0292 For what we know must be and is as common
 FTLN 0293 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 FTLN 0294 Why should we in our peevish opposition
 FTLN 0295 Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven, 105
 FTLN 0296 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 FTLN 0297 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 FTLN 0298 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 FTLN 0299 From the first corse till he that died today,
 FTLN 0300 "This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth 110
 FTLN 0301 This unprevailing woe and think of us
 FTLN 0302 As of a father; for let the world take note,
 FTLN 0303 You are the most immediate to our throne,
 FTLN 0304 And with no less nobility of love
 FTLN 0305 Than that which dearest father bears his son 115
 FTLN 0306 Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 FTLN 0307 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 FTLN 0308 It is most retrograde to our desire,
 FTLN 0309 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 FTLN 0310 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye, 120
 FTLN 0311 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN

FTLN 0312 Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.
 FTLN 0313 I pray thee, stay with us. Go not to Wittenberg.

HAMLET

FTLN 0314 I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING

FTLN 0315 Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply. 125
 FTLN 0316 Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come.
 FTLN 0317 This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
 FTLN 0318 Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof
 FTLN 0319 No jocund health that Denmark drinks today
 FTLN 0320 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell, 130
 FTLN 0321 And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
 FTLN 0322 Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Flourish. All but Hamlet exit.

HAMLET

FTLN 0323 O, that this too, too sullied flesh would melt,
 FTLN 0324 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
 FTLN 0325 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed 135
 FTLN 0326 His canon 'gainst ⟨self-slaughter!⟩ O God, God,
 FTLN 0327 How ⟨weary,⟩ stale, flat, and unprofitable
 FTLN 0328 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 FTLN 0329 Fie on 't, ah fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden
 FTLN 0330 That grows to seed. Things rank and gross in nature 140
 FTLN 0331 Possess it merely. That it should come ⟨to this:⟩
 FTLN 0332 But two months dead—nay, not so much, not two.
 FTLN 0333 So excellent a king, that was to this
 FTLN 0334 Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
 FTLN 0335 That he might not betem the winds of heaven 145
 FTLN 0336 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth,
 FTLN 0337 Must I remember? Why, she ⟨would⟩ hang on him
 FTLN 0338 As if increase of appetite had grown
 FTLN 0339 By what it fed on. And yet, within a month
 FTLN 0340 (Let me not think on 't; frailty, thy name is woman!), 150
 FTLN 0341 A little month, or ere those shoes were old
 FTLN 0342 With which she followed my poor father's body,

FTLN 0343 Like Niobe, all tears—why she, *⟨even she⟩*
 FTLN 0344 (O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
 FTLN 0345 Would have mourned longer!), married with my 155
 FTLN 0346 uncle,
 FTLN 0347 My father's brother, but no more like my father
 FTLN 0348 Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
 FTLN 0349 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 FTLN 0350 Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes, 160
 FTLN 0351 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
 FTLN 0352 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 FTLN 0353 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
 FTLN 0354 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

FTLN 0355 HORATIO Hail to your Lordship. 165
 FTLN 0356 HAMLET I am glad to see you well.
 FTLN 0357 Horatio—or I do forget myself!
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0358 The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0359 Sir, my good friend. I'll change that name with you.
 FTLN 0360 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?— 170
 FTLN 0361 Marcellus?
 FTLN 0362 MARCELLUS My good lord.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0363 I am very glad to see you. *['To Barnardo.']* Good
 FTLN 0364 even, sir.—
 FTLN 0365 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg? 175
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0366 A truant disposition, good my lord.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0367 I would not hear your enemy say so,
 FTLN 0368 Nor shall you do my ear that violence
 FTLN 0369 To make it truster of your own report
 FTLN 0370 Against yourself. I know you are no truant. 180
 FTLN 0371 But what is your affair in Elsinore?
 FTLN 0372 We'll teach you to drink *⟨deep⟩* ere you depart.

	HORATIO		
FTLN 0373	My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.		
	HAMLET		
FTLN 0374	I prithee, do not mock me, fellow student.		
FTLN 0375	I think it was to <see> my mother's wedding.	185	
	HORATIO		
FTLN 0376	Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.		
	HAMLET		
FTLN 0377	Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral baked meats		
FTLN 0378	Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.		
FTLN 0379	Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven		
FTLN 0380	Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!	190	
FTLN 0381	My father—methinks I see my father.		
	HORATIO		
FTLN 0382	Where, my lord?		
FTLN 0383	HAMLET In my mind's eye, Horatio.		
	HORATIO		
FTLN 0384	I saw him once. He was a goodly king.		
	HAMLET		
FTLN 0385	He was a man. Take him for all in all,	195	
FTLN 0386	I shall not look upon his like again.		
	HORATIO		
FTLN 0387	My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.		
FTLN 0388	HAMLET Saw who?		
	HORATIO		
FTLN 0389	My lord, the King your father.		
FTLN 0390	HAMLET The King my father?	200	
	HORATIO		
FTLN 0391	Season your admiration for a while		
FTLN 0392	With an attent ear, till I may deliver		
FTLN 0393	Upon the witness of these gentlemen		
FTLN 0394	This marvel to you.		
FTLN 0395	HAMLET For God's love, let me hear!	205	
	HORATIO		
FTLN 0396	Two nights together had these gentlemen,		
FTLN 0397	Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch,		

FTLN 0398 In the dead waste and middle of the night,
 FTLN 0399 Been thus encountered: a figure like your father,
 FTLN 0400 Armed at point exactly, cap-à-pie, 210
 FTLN 0401 Appears before them and with solemn march
 FTLN 0402 Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked
 FTLN 0403 By their oppressed and fear-surprisèd eyes
 FTLN 0404 Within his truncheon's length, whilst they, distilled
 FTLN 0405 Almost to jelly with the act of fear, 215
 FTLN 0406 Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
 FTLN 0407 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
 FTLN 0408 And I with them the third night kept the watch,
 FTLN 0409 'Where, as' they had delivered, both in time,
 FTLN 0410 Form of the thing (each word made true and good), 220
 FTLN 0411 The apparition comes. I knew your father;
 FTLN 0412 These hands are not more like.
 FTLN 0413 HAMLET But where was this?
 MARCELLUS
 FTLN 0414 My lord, upon the platform where we watch.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0415 Did you not speak to it? 225
 FTLN 0416 HORATIO My lord, I did,
 FTLN 0417 But answer made it none. Yet once methought
 FTLN 0418 It lifted up its head and did address
 FTLN 0419 Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
 FTLN 0420 But even then the morning cock crew loud, 230
 FTLN 0421 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
 FTLN 0422 And vanished from our sight.
 FTLN 0423 HAMLET 'Tis very strange.
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0424 As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true.
 FTLN 0425 And we did think it writ down in our duty 235
 FTLN 0426 To let you know of it.
 FTLN 0427 HAMLET Indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 FTLN 0428 Hold you the watch tonight?
 FTLN 0429 ALL We do, my lord.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0430 Armed, say you? 240

FTLN 0431 ALL Armed, my lord.

FTLN 0432 HAMLET From top to toe?

FTLN 0433 ALL My lord, from head to foot.

FTLN 0434 HAMLET Then saw you not his face?

HORATIO

FTLN 0435 O, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up. 245

FTLN 0436 HAMLET What, looked he frowningly?

HORATIO

FTLN 0437 A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

FTLN 0438 HAMLET Pale or red?

HORATIO

FTLN 0439 Nay, very pale.

FTLN 0440 HAMLET And fixed his eyes upon you? 250

HORATIO

FTLN 0441 Most constantly.

FTLN 0442 HAMLET I would I had been there.

FTLN 0443 HORATIO It would have much amazed you.

FTLN 0444 HAMLET Very like. Stayed it long?

HORATIO

FTLN 0445 While one with moderate haste might tell a 255

FTLN 0446 hundred.

FTLN 0447 BARNARDO/MARCELLUS Longer, longer.

HORATIO

FTLN 0448 Not when I saw 't.

FTLN 0449 HAMLET His beard was grizzled, no?

HORATIO

FTLN 0450 It was as I have seen it in his life, 260

FTLN 0451 A sable silvered.

FTLN 0452 HAMLET I will watch 't tonight.

FTLN 0453 Perchance 'twill walk again.

FTLN 0454 HORATIO I warrant it will.

HAMLET

FTLN 0455 If it assume my noble father's person, 265

FTLN 0456 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

FTLN 0457 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

FTLN 0458 If you have hitherto concealed this sight,

FTLN 0459	Let it be tenable in your silence still;	
FTLN 0460	And whatsomever else shall hap tonight,	270
FTLN 0461	Give it an understanding but no tongue.	
FTLN 0462	I will requite your loves. So fare you well.	
FTLN 0463	Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,	
FTLN 0464	I'll visit you.	
FTLN 0465	ALL Our duty to your Honor.	275
	HAMLET	
FTLN 0466	Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.	
	<i>「All but Hamlet」 exit.</i>	
FTLN 0467	My father's spirit—in arms! All is not well.	
FTLN 0468	I doubt some foul play. Would the night were come!	
FTLN 0469	Till then, sit still, my soul. ⟨Foul⟩ deeds will rise,	
FTLN 0470	Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's	280
FTLN 0471	eyes.	
	<i>He exits.</i>	

⟨Scene 3⟩

Enter Laertes and Ophelia, his sister.

	LAERTES	
FTLN 0472	My necessaries are embarked. Farewell.	
FTLN 0473	And, sister, as the winds give benefit	
FTLN 0474	And convey ⟨is⟩ assistant, do not sleep,	
FTLN 0475	But let me hear from you.	
FTLN 0476	OPHELIA Do you doubt that?	5
	LAERTES	
FTLN 0477	For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,	
FTLN 0478	Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,	
FTLN 0479	A violet in the youth of primy nature,	
FTLN 0480	Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,	
FTLN 0481	The perfume and suppliance of a minute,	10
FTLN 0482	No more.	
FTLN 0483	OPHELIA No more but so?	
FTLN 0484	LAERTES Think it no more.	

FTLN 0485	For nature, crescent, does not grow alone	
FTLN 0486	In thews and ⟨bulk,⟩ but, as this temple waxes,	15
FTLN 0487	The inward service of the mind and soul	
FTLN 0488	Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,	
FTLN 0489	And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch	
FTLN 0490	The virtue of his will; but you must fear,	
FTLN 0491	His greatness weighed, his will is not his own,	20
FTLN 0492	⟨For he himself is subject to his birth.⟩	
FTLN 0493	He may not, as unvalued persons do,	
FTLN 0494	Carve for himself, for on his choice depends	
FTLN 0495	The safety and 「the」 health of this whole state.	
FTLN 0496	And therefore must his choice be circumscribed	25
FTLN 0497	Unto the voice and yielding of that body	
FTLN 0498	Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says he loves	
FTLN 0499	you,	
FTLN 0500	It fits your wisdom so far to believe it	
FTLN 0501	As he in his particular act and place	30
FTLN 0502	May give his saying deed, which is no further	
FTLN 0503	Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.	
FTLN 0504	Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain	
FTLN 0505	If with too credent ear you list his songs	
FTLN 0506	Or lose your heart or your chaste treasure open	35
FTLN 0507	To his unmastered importunity.	
FTLN 0508	Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister,	
FTLN 0509	And keep you in the rear of your affection,	
FTLN 0510	Out of the shot and danger of desire.	
FTLN 0511	The chariest maid is prodigal enough	40
FTLN 0512	If she unmask her beauty to the moon.	
FTLN 0513	Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.	
FTLN 0514	The canker galls the infants of the spring	
FTLN 0515	Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,	
FTLN 0516	And, in the morn and liquid dew of youth,	45
FTLN 0517	Contagious blastments are most imminent.	
FTLN 0518	Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear.	
FTLN 0519	Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 0520	I shall the effect of this good lesson keep	

FTLN 0521 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother, 50
 FTLN 0522 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
 FTLN 0523 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
 FTLN 0524 Whiles, ⟨like⟩ a puffed and reckless libertine,
 FTLN 0525 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
 FTLN 0526 And recks not his own rede. 55
 FTLN 0527 LAERTES O, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

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

FTLN 0531 Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame! 60
 FTLN 0532 The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
 FTLN 0533 And you are stayed for. There, my blessing with
 FTLN 0534 thee.
 FTLN 0535 And these few precepts in thy memory
 FTLN 0536 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, 65
 FTLN 0537 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 FTLN 0538 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
 FTLN 0539 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 FTLN 0540 Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel,
 FTLN 0541 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment 70
 FTLN 0542 Of each new-hatched, unfledged courage. Beware
 FTLN 0543 Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
 FTLN 0544 Bear 't that th' opposèd may beware of thee.
 FTLN 0545 Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.
 FTLN 0546 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. 75
 FTLN 0547 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 FTLN 0548 But not expressed in fancy (rich, not gaudy),
 FTLN 0549 For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
 FTLN 0550 And they in France of the best rank and station
 FTLN 0551 ⟨Are⟩ of a most select and generous chief in that. 80
 FTLN 0552 Neither a borrower nor a lender ⟨be,⟩
 FTLN 0553 For ⟨loan⟩ oft loses both itself and friend,

FTLN 0554	And borrowing ⟨dulls the⟩ edge of husbandry.	
FTLN 0555	This above all: to thine own self be true,	
FTLN 0556	And it must follow, as the night the day,	85
FTLN 0557	Thou canst not then be false to any man.	
FTLN 0558	Farewell. My blessing season this in thee.	
	LAERTES	
FTLN 0559	Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 0560	The time invests you. Go, your servants tend.	
	LAERTES	
FTLN 0561	Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well	90
FTLN 0562	What I have said to you.	
FTLN 0563	OPHELIA 'Tis in my memory locked,	
FTLN 0564	And you yourself shall keep the key of it.	
FTLN 0565	LAERTES Farewell.	<i>Laertes exits.</i>
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 0566	What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?	95
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 0567	So please you, something touching the Lord	
FTLN 0568	Hamlet.	
FTLN 0569	POLONIUS Marry, well bethought.	
FTLN 0570	'Tis told me he hath very oft of late	
FTLN 0571	Given private time to you, and you yourself	100
FTLN 0572	Have of your audience been most free and	
FTLN 0573	bounteous.	
FTLN 0574	If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,	
FTLN 0575	And that in way of caution), I must tell you	
FTLN 0576	You do not understand yourself so clearly	105
FTLN 0577	As it behooves my daughter and your honor.	
FTLN 0578	What is between you? Give me up the truth.	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 0579	He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders	
FTLN 0580	Of his affection to me.	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 0581	Affection, puh! You speak like a green girl	110
FTLN 0582	Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.	
FTLN 0583	Do you believe his "tenders," as you call them?	

OPHELIA

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

POLONIUS

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

OPHELIA

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

POLONIUS

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

OPHELIA

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

POLONIUS

FTLN 0595 Ay, ⟨springes⟩ to catch woodcocks. I do know,
 FTLN 0596 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul 125
 FTLN 0597 Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
 FTLN 0598 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
 FTLN 0599 Even in their promise as it is a-making,
 FTLN 0600 You must not take for fire. From this time
 FTLN 0601 Be something scanted of your maiden presence. 130
 FTLN 0602 Set your entreatments at a higher rate
 FTLN 0603 Than a command to parle. For Lord Hamlet,
 FTLN 0604 Believe so much in him that he is young,
 FTLN 0605 And with a larger ⟨tether⟩ may he walk
 FTLN 0606 Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia, 135
 FTLN 0607 Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
 FTLN 0608 Not of that dye which their investments show,
 FTLN 0609 But mere ⟨implorators⟩ of unholy suits,
 FTLN 0610 Breathing like sanctified and pious 'bawds'
 FTLN 0611 The better to ⟨beguile.⟩ This is for all: 140
 FTLN 0612 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth
 FTLN 0613 Have you so slander any moment leisure

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

They exit.

[Scene 4]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

HAMLET

FTLN 0617 The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

HORATIO

FTLN 0618 It is ⟨a⟩ nipping and an eager air.

FTLN 0619 HAMLET What hour now?

FTLN 0620 HORATIO I think it lacks of twelve.

FTLN 0621 MARCELLUS No, it is struck. 5

HORATIO

FTLN 0622 Indeed, I heard it not. It then draws near the season

FTLN 0623 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

A flourish of trumpets and two pieces goes off.

FTLN 0624 What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET

FTLN 0625 The King doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,

FTLN 0626 Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring upspring reels; 10

FTLN 0627 And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

FTLN 0628 The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out

FTLN 0629 The triumph of his pledge.

FTLN 0630 HORATIO Is it a custom?

FTLN 0631 HAMLET Ay, marry, is 't, 15

FTLN 0632 But, to my mind, though I am native here

FTLN 0633 And to the manner born, it is a custom

FTLN 0634 More honored in the breach than the observance.

FTLN 0635 [This heavy-headed 'revel' east and west

FTLN 0636 Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations. 20

FTLN 0637 They clepe us drunkards and with swinish phrase

FTLN 0638 Soil our addition. And, indeed, it takes

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

Enter Ghost.

FTLN 0658 HORATIO Look, my lord, it comes.
 HAMLET

FTLN 0659 Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
 FTLN 0660 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,
 FTLN 0661 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from 45
 FTLN 0662 hell,
 FTLN 0663 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 FTLN 0664 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 FTLN 0665 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee "Hamlet,"
 FTLN 0666 "King," "Father," "Royal Dane." O, answer me! 50
 FTLN 0667 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 FTLN 0668 Why thy canonized bones, hearsèd in death,
 FTLN 0669 Have burst their cerements; why the sepulcher,
 FTLN 0670 Wherein we saw thee quietly interred,
 FTLN 0671 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws 55

FTLN 0672 To cast thee up again. What may this mean
 FTLN 0673 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
 FTLN 0674 Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
 FTLN 0675 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 FTLN 0676 So horridly to shake our disposition 60
 FTLN 0677 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 FTLN 0678 Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?
⟨Ghost⟩ beckons.

HORATIO

FTLN 0679 It beckons you to go away with it
 FTLN 0680 As if it some impartment did desire
 FTLN 0681 To you alone. 65

FTLN 0682 MARCELLUS Look with what courteous action
 FTLN 0683 It waves you to a more removèd ground.
 FTLN 0684 But do not go with it.

FTLN 0685 HORATIO No, by no means.

HAMLET

FTLN 0686 It will not speak. Then I will follow it. 70

HORATIO

FTLN 0687 Do not, my lord.

FTLN 0688 HAMLET Why, what should be the fear?

FTLN 0689 I do not set my life at a pin's fee.
 FTLN 0690 And for my soul, what can it do to that,
 FTLN 0691 Being a thing immortal as itself? 75
 FTLN 0692 It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

HORATIO

FTLN 0693 What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?
 FTLN 0694 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 FTLN 0695 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 FTLN 0696 And there assume some other horrible form 80
 FTLN 0697 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
 FTLN 0698 And draw you into madness? Think of it.
 FTLN 0699 [The very place puts toys of desperation,
 FTLN 0700 Without more motive, into every brain
 FTLN 0701 That looks so many fathoms to the sea 85
 FTLN 0702 And hears it roar beneath.]

HAMLET

FTLN 0703 It waves me still.—Go on, I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0704 You shall not go, my lord. *「They hold back Hamlet.」*

FTLN 0705 HAMLET Hold off your hands.

HORATIO

FTLN 0706 Be ruled. You shall not go. 90

FTLN 0707 HAMLET My fate cries out

FTLN 0708 And makes each petty arture in this body

FTLN 0709 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

FTLN 0710 Still am I called. Unhand me, gentlemen.

FTLN 0711 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me! 95

FTLN 0712 I say, away!—Go on. I'll follow thee.

Ghost and Hamlet exit.

HORATIO

FTLN 0713 He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS

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

HORATIO

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

MARCELLUS

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

HORATIO

FTLN 0717 Heaven will direct it.

FTLN 0718 MARCELLUS Nay, let's follow him.

They exit.

「Scene 5」

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

HAMLET

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

FTLN 0720 further.

GHOST

FTLN 0721 Mark me.

FTLN 0722	HAMLET	I will.	
FTLN 0723	GHOST	My hour is almost come	5
FTLN 0724		When I to sulf'rous and tormenting flames	
FTLN 0725		Must render up myself.	
FTLN 0726	HAMLET	Alas, poor ghost!	
	GHOST		
FTLN 0727		Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing	
FTLN 0728		To what I shall unfold.	10
FTLN 0729	HAMLET	Speak. I am bound to hear.	
	GHOST		
FTLN 0730		So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.	
FTLN 0731	HAMLET	What?	
FTLN 0732	GHOST	I am thy father's spirit,	
FTLN 0733		Doomed for a certain term to walk the night	15
FTLN 0734		And for the day confined to fast in fires	
FTLN 0735		Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature	
FTLN 0736		Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid	
FTLN 0737		To tell the secrets of my prison house,	
FTLN 0738		I could a tale unfold whose lightest word	20
FTLN 0739		Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,	
FTLN 0740		Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their	
FTLN 0741		spheres,	
FTLN 0742		Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,	
FTLN 0743		And each particular hair to stand an end,	25
FTLN 0744		Like quills upon the fearful porpentine.	
FTLN 0745		But this eternal blazon must not be	
FTLN 0746		To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!	
FTLN 0747		If thou didst ever thy dear father love—	
FTLN 0748	HAMLET	O God!	30
	GHOST		
FTLN 0749		Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.	
FTLN 0750	HAMLET	Murder?	
	GHOST		
FTLN 0751		Murder most foul, as in the best it is,	
FTLN 0752		But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.	
	HAMLET		
FTLN 0753		Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift	35

FTLN 0754 As meditation or the thoughts of love,
 FTLN 0755 May sweep to my revenge.

FTLN 0756 GHOST I find thee apt;
 FTLN 0757 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 FTLN 0758 That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, 40
 FTLN 0759 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.
 FTLN 0760 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
 FTLN 0761 A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
 FTLN 0762 Is by a forgèd process of my death
 FTLN 0763 Rankly abused. But know, thou noble youth, 45
 FTLN 0764 The serpent that did sting thy father's life
 FTLN 0765 Now wears his crown.

FTLN 0766 HAMLET O, my prophetic soul! My uncle!
 GHOST

FTLN 0767 Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 FTLN 0768 With witchcraft of his wits, with traitorous gifts— 50
 FTLN 0769 O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
 FTLN 0770 So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
 FTLN 0771 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
 FTLN 0772 O Hamlet, what ⟨a⟩ falling off was there!
 FTLN 0773 From me, whose love was of that dignity 55
 FTLN 0774 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 FTLN 0775 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
 FTLN 0776 Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
 FTLN 0777 To those of mine.
 FTLN 0778 But virtue, as it never will be moved, 60
 FTLN 0779 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
 FTLN 0780 So, ⟨lust,⟩ though to a radiant angel linked,
 FTLN 0781 Will ⟨sate⟩ itself in a celestial bed
 FTLN 0782 And prey on garbage.
 FTLN 0783 But soft, methinks I scent the morning air. 65
 FTLN 0784 Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
 FTLN 0785 My custom always of the afternoon,
 FTLN 0786 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
 FTLN 0787 With juice of cursèd hebona in a vial
 FTLN 0788 And in the porches of my ears did pour 70

FTLN 0789	The leprous distilment, whose effect	
FTLN 0790	Holds such an enmity with blood of man	
FTLN 0791	That swift as quicksilver it courses through	
FTLN 0792	The natural gates and alleys of the body,	
FTLN 0793	And with a sudden vigor it doth <i>⟨posset⟩</i>	75
FTLN 0794	And curd, like eager droppings into milk,	
FTLN 0795	The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,	
FTLN 0796	And a most instant tetter barked about,	
FTLN 0797	Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust	
FTLN 0798	All my smooth body.	80
FTLN 0799	Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand	
FTLN 0800	Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched,	
FTLN 0801	Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,	
FTLN 0802	Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled,	
FTLN 0803	No reck'ning made, but sent to my account	85
FTLN 0804	With all my imperfections on my head.	
FTLN 0805	O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!	
FTLN 0806	If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.	
FTLN 0807	Let not the royal bed of Denmark be	
FTLN 0808	A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.	90
FTLN 0809	But, howsomever thou pursues this act,	
FTLN 0810	Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive	
FTLN 0811	Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven	
FTLN 0812	And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge	
FTLN 0813	To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.	95
FTLN 0814	The glowworm shows the matin to be near	
FTLN 0815	And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.	
FTLN 0816	Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me.	<i>⟨He exits.⟩</i>
HAMLET		
FTLN 0817	O all you host of heaven! O Earth! What else?	
FTLN 0818	And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart,	100
FTLN 0819	And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,	
FTLN 0820	But bear me <i>⟨stiffly⟩</i> up. Remember thee?	
FTLN 0821	Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat	
FTLN 0822	In this distracted globe. Remember thee?	
FTLN 0823	Yea, from the table of my memory	105

FTLN 0824 I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
 FTLN 0825 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 FTLN 0826 That youth and observation copied there,
 FTLN 0827 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 FTLN 0828 Within the book and volume of my brain, 110
 FTLN 0829 Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!
 FTLN 0830 O most pernicious woman!
 FTLN 0831 O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!
 FTLN 0832 My tables—meet it is I set it down
 FTLN 0833 That one may smile and smile and be a villain. 115
 FTLN 0834 At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.

「*He writes.*」

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

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

FTLN 0838 HORATIO My lord, my lord! 120
 FTLN 0839 MARCELLUS Lord Hamlet.
 FTLN 0840 HORATIO Heavens secure him!
 FTLN 0841 HAMLET So be it.
 FTLN 0842 MARCELLUS Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
 FTLN 0843 HAMLET Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, ⟨bird,⟩ come! 125
 MARCELLUS
 FTLN 0844 How is 't, my noble lord?
 FTLN 0845 HORATIO What news, my lord?
 FTLN 0846 HAMLET O, wonderful!
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0847 Good my lord, tell it.
 FTLN 0848 HAMLET No, you will reveal it. 130
 HORATIO
 FTLN 0849 Not I, my lord, by heaven.
 FTLN 0850 MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 0851 How say you, then? Would heart of man once think
 FTLN 0852 it?
 FTLN 0853 But you'll be secret? 135

FTLN 0854 HORATIO/MARCELLUS Ay, by heaven, ⟨my lord.⟩
 HAMLET

FTLN 0855 There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmark
 FTLN 0856 But he's an arrant knave.

HORATIO

FTLN 0857 There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
 FTLN 0858 To tell us this. 140

FTLN 0859 HAMLET Why, right, you are in the right.
 FTLN 0860 And so, without more circumstance at all,
 FTLN 0861 I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
 FTLN 0862 You, as your business and desire shall point you
 FTLN 0863 (For every man hath business and desire, 145
 FTLN 0864 Such as it is), and for my own poor part,
 FTLN 0865 I will go pray.

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

FTLN 0867 I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
 FTLN 0868 Yes, faith, heartily. 150

FTLN 0869 HORATIO There's no offense, my lord.

HAMLET

FTLN 0870 Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
 FTLN 0871 And much offense, too. Touching this vision here,
 FTLN 0872 It is an honest ghost—that let me tell you.
 FTLN 0873 For your desire to know what is between us, 155
 FTLN 0874 O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
 FTLN 0875 As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
 FTLN 0876 Give me one poor request.

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

HAMLET

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

FTLN 0879 HORATIO/MARCELLUS My lord, we will not.

FTLN 0880 HAMLET Nay, but swear 't.

FTLN 0881 HORATIO In faith, my lord, not I.

FTLN 0882 MARCELLUS Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMLET

FTLN 0883 Upon my sword. 165

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

They exit.

[Scene 1]

Enter old Polonius with his man (Reynaldo.)

POLONIUS

FTLN 0931 Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

FTLN 0932 REYNALDO I will, my lord.

POLONIUS

FTLN 0933 You shall do marvelous wisely, good Reynaldo,

FTLN 0934 Before you visit him, to make inquire

FTLN 0935 Of his behavior. 5

FTLN 0936 REYNALDO My lord, I did intend it.

POLONIUS

FTLN 0937 Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,

FTLN 0938 Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;

FTLN 0939 And how, and who, what means, and where they

FTLN 0940 keep, 10

FTLN 0941 What company, at what expense; and finding

FTLN 0942 By this encompassment and drift of question

FTLN 0943 That they do know my son, come you more nearer

FTLN 0944 Than your particular demands will touch it.

FTLN 0945 Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him, 15

FTLN 0946 As thus: "I know his father and his friends

FTLN 0947 And, in part, him." Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

FTLN 0948 REYNALDO Ay, very well, my lord.

POLONIUS

FTLN 0949 "And, in part, him, but," you may say, "not well.

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

FTLN 0985	REYNALDO	Very good, my lord.	55
FTLN 0986	POLONIUS	And then, sir, does he this, he does—what	
FTLN 0987		was I about to say? By the Mass, I was about to say	
FTLN 0988		something. Where did I leave?	
FTLN 0989	REYNALDO	At “closes in the consequence,” <at “friend,	
FTLN 0990		or so,” and “gentleman.”>	60
	POLONIUS		
FTLN 0991		At “closes in the consequence”—ay, marry—	
FTLN 0992		He closes thus: “I know the gentleman.	
FTLN 0993		I saw him yesterday,” or “th’ other day”	
FTLN 0994		(Or then, or then, with such or such), “and as you	
FTLN 0995		say,	65
FTLN 0996		There was he gaming, there <o’ertook> in ’s rouse,	
FTLN 0997		There falling out at tennis”; or perchance	
FTLN 0998		“I saw him enter such a house of sale”—	
FTLN 0999		<i>Videlicet</i> , a brothel—or so forth. See you now	
FTLN 1000		Your bait of falsehood take this carp of truth;	70
FTLN 1001		And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,	
FTLN 1002		With windlasses and with assays of bias,	
FTLN 1003		By indirections find directions out.	
FTLN 1004		So by my former lecture and advice	
FTLN 1005		Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?	75
	REYNALDO		
FTLN 1006		My lord, I have.	
FTLN 1007	POLONIUS	God be wi’ you. Fare you well.	
FTLN 1008	REYNALDO	Good my lord.	
	POLONIUS		
FTLN 1009		Observe his inclination in yourself.	
FTLN 1010	REYNALDO	I shall, my lord.	80
FTLN 1011	POLONIUS	And let him ply his music.	
FTLN 1012	REYNALDO	Well, my lord.	
	POLONIUS		
FTLN 1013		Farewell. <i>Reynaldo exits.</i>	

Enter Ophelia.

FTLN 1014 How now, Ophelia, what’s the matter?

OPHELIA

FTLN 1015 O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted! 85

FTLN 1016 POLONIUS With what, i' th' name of God?

OPHELIA

FTLN 1017 My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
FTLN 1018 Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,
FTLN 1019 No hat upon his head, his stockings fouled,
FTLN 1020 Ungartered, and down-gyvèd to his ankle, 90

FTLN 1021 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

FTLN 1022 And with a look so piteous in purport

FTLN 1023 As if he had been loosèd out of hell

FTLN 1024 To speak of horrors—he comes before me.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1025 Mad for thy love? 95

FTLN 1026 OPHELIA My lord, I do not know,

FTLN 1027 But truly I do fear it.

FTLN 1028 POLONIUS What said he?

OPHELIA

FTLN 1029 He took me by the wrist and held me hard.
FTLN 1030 Then goes he to the length of all his arm, 100

FTLN 1031 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,

FTLN 1032 He falls to such perusal of my face

FTLN 1033 As he would draw it. Long stayed he so.

FTLN 1034 At last, a little shaking of mine arm,

FTLN 1035 And thrice his head thus waving up and down, 105

FTLN 1036 He raised a sigh so piteous and profound

FTLN 1037 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk

FTLN 1038 And end his being. That done, he lets me go,

FTLN 1039 And, with his head over his shoulder turned,

FTLN 1040 He seemed to find his way without his eyes, 110

FTLN 1041 For out o' doors he went without their helps

FTLN 1042 And to the last bended their light on me.

POLONIUS

FTLN 1043 Come, go with me. I will go seek the King.

FTLN 1044 This is the very ecstasy of love,

FTLN 1045 Whose violent property fordoes itself 115

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

OPHELIA

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

POLONIUS That hath made him mad.

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

They exit.

⟨Scene 2⟩

*Flourish. Enter King and Queen, Rosencrantz and
 Guildenstern [and Attendants.]*

KING

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

FTLN 1106 QUEEN

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

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS

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

KING

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

POLONIUS

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

KING

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

POLONIUS

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

KING

FTLN 1120 Thyself do grace to them and bring them in.
「Polonius exits.」

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

QUEEN

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

KING

FTLN 1125 Well, we shall sift him.

Enter Ambassadors ⟨Voltmand and Cornelius «with»
Polonius.⟩

FTLN 1159	Why day is day, night night, and time is time	95
FTLN 1160	Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.	
FTLN 1161	Therefore, ⟨since⟩ brevity is the soul of wit,	
FTLN 1162	And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,	
FTLN 1163	I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.	
FTLN 1164	“Mad” call I it, for, to define true madness,	100
FTLN 1165	What is ’t but to be nothing else but mad?	
FTLN 1166	But let that go.	
FTLN 1167	QUEEN More matter with less art.	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 1168	Madam, I swear I use no art at all.	
FTLN 1169	That he’s mad, ’tis true; ’tis true ’tis pity,	105
FTLN 1170	And pity ’tis ’tis true—a foolish figure,	
FTLN 1171	But farewell it, for I will use no art.	
FTLN 1172	Mad let us grant him then, and now remains	
FTLN 1173	That we find out the cause of this effect,	
FTLN 1174	Or, rather say, the cause of this defect,	110
FTLN 1175	For this effect defective comes by cause.	
FTLN 1176	Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.	
FTLN 1177	Perpend.	
FTLN 1178	I have a daughter (have while she is mine)	
FTLN 1179	Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,	115
FTLN 1180	Hath given me this. Now gather and surmise.	
FTLN 1181	<i>〔He reads.〕 To the celestial, and my soul’s idol, the</i>	
FTLN 1182	<i>most beautified Ophelia—</i>	
FTLN 1183	That’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase; “beautified” is a	
FTLN 1184	vile phrase. But you shall hear. Thus: <i>〔He reads.〕</i>	120
FTLN 1185	<i>In her excellent white bosom, these, etc.—</i>	
FTLN 1186	QUEEN Came this from Hamlet to her?	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 1187	Good madam, stay awhile. I will be faithful.	
	<i>〔He reads the〕 letter.</i>	
FTLN 1188	<i>Doubt thou the stars are fire,</i>	
FTLN 1189	<i>Doubt that the sun doth move,</i>	125
FTLN 1190	<i>Doubt truth to be a liar,</i>	
FTLN 1191	<i>But never doubt I love.</i>	

FTLN 1192	<i>O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I have not</i>	
FTLN 1193	<i>art to reckon my groans, but that I love thee best, O</i>	
FTLN 1194	<i>most best, believe it. Adieu.</i>	130
FTLN 1195	<i>Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst</i>	
FTLN 1196	<i>this machine is to him, Hamlet.</i>	
FTLN 1197	This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me,	
FTLN 1198	And more ⟨above,⟩ hath his solicitings,	
FTLN 1199	As they fell out by time, by means, and place,	135
FTLN 1200	All given to mine ear.	
FTLN 1201	KING But how hath she received his love?	
FTLN 1202	POLONIUS What do you think of me?	
	KING	
FTLN 1203	As of a man faithful and honorable.	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 1204	I would fain prove so. But what might you think,	140
FTLN 1205	When I had seen this hot love on the wing	
FTLN 1206	(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,	
FTLN 1207	Before my daughter told me), what might you,	
FTLN 1208	Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think,	
FTLN 1209	If I had played the desk or table-book	145
FTLN 1210	Or given my heart a ⟨winking,⟩ mute and dumb,	
FTLN 1211	Or looked upon this love with idle sight?	
FTLN 1212	What might you think? No, I went round to work,	
FTLN 1213	And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:	
FTLN 1214	“Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star.	150
FTLN 1215	This must not be.” And then I prescripts gave her,	
FTLN 1216	That she should lock herself from ⟨his⟩ resort,	
FTLN 1217	Admit no messengers, receive no tokens;	
FTLN 1218	Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,	
FTLN 1219	And he, repelled (a short tale to make),	155
FTLN 1220	Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,	
FTLN 1221	Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,	
FTLN 1222	Thence to ⟨a⟩ lightness, and, by this declension,	
FTLN 1223	Into the madness wherein now he raves	
FTLN 1224	And all we mourn for.	160
FTLN 1225	KING, [to Queen] Do you think ⟨’tis⟩ this?	

FTLN 1226	QUEEN	It may be, very like.	
	POLONIUS		
FTLN 1227		Hath there been such a time (I would fain know	
FTLN 1228		that)	
FTLN 1229		That I have positively said "'Tis so,"	165
FTLN 1230		When it proved otherwise?	
FTLN 1231	KING	Not that I know.	
	POLONIUS		
FTLN 1232		Take this from this, if this be otherwise.	
FTLN 1233		If circumstances lead me, I will find	
FTLN 1234		Where truth is hid, though it were hid, indeed,	170
FTLN 1235		Within the center.	
FTLN 1236	KING	How may we try it further?	
	POLONIUS		
FTLN 1237		You know sometimes he walks four hours together	
FTLN 1238		Here in the lobby.	
FTLN 1239	QUEEN	So he does indeed.	175
	POLONIUS		
FTLN 1240		At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.	
FTLN 1241		「 <i>To the King.</i> 」 Be you and I behind an arras then.	
FTLN 1242		Mark the encounter. If he love her not,	
FTLN 1243		And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,	
FTLN 1244		Let me be no assistant for a state,	180
FTLN 1245		But keep a farm and carters.	
FTLN 1246	KING	We will try it.	
 <i>Enter Hamlet</i> <i>⟨reading on a book.⟩</i>			
	QUEEN		
FTLN 1247		But look where sadly the poor wretch comes	
FTLN 1248		reading.	
	POLONIUS		
FTLN 1249		Away, I do beseech you both, away.	185
FTLN 1250		I'll board him presently. O, give me leave.	
<i>King and Queen exit</i> 「 <i>with Attendants.</i> 」			
FTLN 1251		How does my good Lord Hamlet?	
FTLN 1252	HAMLET	Well, God-a-mercy.	

FTLN 1253	POLONIUS	Do you know me, my lord?	
FTLN 1254	HAMLET	Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.	190
FTLN 1255	POLONIUS	Not I, my lord.	
FTLN 1256	HAMLET	Then I would you were so honest a man.	
FTLN 1257	POLONIUS	Honest, my lord?	
FTLN 1258	HAMLET	Ay, sir. To be honest, as this world goes, is to	
FTLN 1259		be one man picked out of ten thousand.	195
FTLN 1260	POLONIUS	That's very true, my lord.	
FTLN 1261	HAMLET	For if the sun breed maggots in a dead	
FTLN 1262		dog, being a good kissing carrion—Have you a	
FTLN 1263		daughter?	
FTLN 1264	POLONIUS	I have, my lord.	200
FTLN 1265	HAMLET	Let her not walk i' th' sun. Conception is a	
FTLN 1266		blessing, but, as your daughter may conceive,	
FTLN 1267		friend, look to 't.	
FTLN 1268	POLONIUS, [aside]	How say you by that? Still harping on	
FTLN 1269		my daughter. Yet he knew me not at first; he said I	205
FTLN 1270		was a fishmonger. He is far gone. And truly, in my	
FTLN 1271		youth, I suffered much extremity for love, very near	
FTLN 1272		this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my	
FTLN 1273		lord?	
FTLN 1274	HAMLET	Words, words, words.	210
FTLN 1275	POLONIUS	What is the matter, my lord?	
FTLN 1276	HAMLET	Between who?	
FTLN 1277	POLONIUS	I mean the matter that you read, my lord.	
FTLN 1278	HAMLET	Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here	
FTLN 1279		that old men have gray beards, that their faces are	215
FTLN 1280		wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and	
FTLN 1281		plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of	
FTLN 1282		wit, together with most weak hams; all which, sir,	
FTLN 1283		though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I	
FTLN 1284		hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for	220
FTLN 1285		yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if, like a crab,	
FTLN 1286		you could go backward.	
FTLN 1287	POLONIUS, [aside]	Though this be madness, yet there is	
FTLN 1288		method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?	

FTLN 1289 HAMLET Into my grave? 225
 FTLN 1290 POLONIUS Indeed, that's out of the air. *Aside.* How
 FTLN 1291 pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness
 FTLN 1292 that often madness hits on, which reason and
 FTLN 1293 *sanity* could not so prosperously be delivered of. I
 FTLN 1294 will leave him *and suddenly contrive the means of* 230
 FTLN 1295 *meeting between him* and my daughter.—My lord,
 FTLN 1296 I will take my leave of you.
 FTLN 1297 HAMLET You cannot, *sir,* take from me anything that I
 FTLN 1298 will more willingly part withal—except my life,
 FTLN 1299 except my life, except my life. 235
 FTLN 1300 POLONIUS Fare you well, my lord.
 FTLN 1301 HAMLET, *aside* These tedious old fools.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.

FTLN 1302 POLONIUS You go to seek the Lord Hamlet. There he is.
 FTLN 1303 ROSENCRANTZ, *to Polonius* God save you, sir.
Polonius exits.
 FTLN 1304 GUILDENSTERN My honored lord. 240
 FTLN 1305 ROSENCRANTZ My most dear lord.
 FTLN 1306 HAMLET My *excellent* good friends! How dost thou,
 FTLN 1307 Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do
 FTLN 1308 you both?
 ROSENCRANTZ
 FTLN 1309 As the indifferent children of the earth. 245
 GUILDENSTERN
 FTLN 1310 Happy in that we are not *overhappy.*
 FTLN 1311 On Fortune's *cap,* we are not the very button.
 FTLN 1312 HAMLET Nor the soles of her shoe?
 FTLN 1313 ROSENCRANTZ Neither, my lord.
 FTLN 1314 HAMLET Then you live about her waist, or in the 250
 FTLN 1315 middle of her favors?
 FTLN 1316 GUILDENSTERN Faith, her privates we.
 FTLN 1317 HAMLET In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true!
 FTLN 1318 She is a strumpet. What news?
 FTLN 1319 ROSENCRANTZ None, my lord, but *that* the world's 255
 FTLN 1320 grown honest.

FTLN 1321	HAMLET	Then is doomsday near. But your news is not	
FTLN 1322		true. (Let me question more in particular. What	
FTLN 1323		have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of	
FTLN 1324		Fortune that she sends you to prison hither?	260
FTLN 1325	GUILDENSTERN	Prison, my lord?	
FTLN 1326	HAMLET	Denmark's a prison.	
FTLN 1327	ROSENCRANTZ	Then is the world one.	
FTLN 1328	HAMLET	A goodly one, in which there are many confines,	
FTLN 1329		wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o'	265
FTLN 1330		th' worst.	
FTLN 1331	ROSENCRANTZ	We think not so, my lord.	
FTLN 1332	HAMLET	Why, then, 'tis none to you, for there is	
FTLN 1333		nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it	
FTLN 1334		so. To me, it is a prison.	270
FTLN 1335	ROSENCRANTZ	Why, then, your ambition makes it one.	
FTLN 1336		'Tis too narrow for your mind.	
FTLN 1337	HAMLET	O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and	
FTLN 1338		count myself a king of infinite space, were it not	
FTLN 1339		that I have bad dreams.	275
FTLN 1340	GUILDENSTERN	Which dreams, indeed, are ambition,	
FTLN 1341		for the very substance of the ambitious is merely	
FTLN 1342		the shadow of a dream.	
FTLN 1343	HAMLET	A dream itself is but a shadow.	
FTLN 1344	ROSENCRANTZ	Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy	280
FTLN 1345		and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.	
FTLN 1346	HAMLET	Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs	
FTLN 1347		and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows.	
FTLN 1348		Shall we to th' court? For, by my fay, I cannot	
FTLN 1349		reason.	285
FTLN 1350	ROSENCRANTZ/GUILDENSTERN	We'll wait upon you.	
FTLN 1351	HAMLET	No such matter. I will not sort you with the	
FTLN 1352		rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an	
FTLN 1353		honest man, I am most dreadfully attended.) But,	
FTLN 1354		in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at	290
FTLN 1355		Elsinore?	
FTLN 1356	ROSENCRANTZ	To visit you, my lord, no other occasion.	

FTLN 1357	HAMLET	Beggar that I am, I am ⟨even⟩ poor in thanks;	
FTLN 1358		but I thank you, and sure, dear friends, my thanks	
FTLN 1359		are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for?	295
FTLN 1360		Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation?	
FTLN 1361		Come, come, deal justly with me. Come, come; nay,	
FTLN 1362		speaking.	
FTLN 1363	GUILDENSTERN	What should we say, my lord?	
FTLN 1364	HAMLET	Anything but to th' purpose. You were sent	300
FTLN 1365		for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks	
FTLN 1366		which your modesties have not craft enough to	
FTLN 1367		color. I know the good king and queen have sent for	
FTLN 1368		you.	
FTLN 1369	ROSENCRANTZ	To what end, my lord?	305
FTLN 1370	HAMLET	That you must teach me. But let me conjure	
FTLN 1371		you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy	
FTLN 1372		of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved	
FTLN 1373		love, and by what more dear a better	
FTLN 1374		proposer can charge you withal: be even and direct	310
FTLN 1375		with me whether you were sent for or no.	
FTLN 1376	ROSENCRANTZ, [to Guildenstern]	What say you?	
FTLN 1377	HAMLET, [aside]	Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If	
FTLN 1378		you love me, hold not off.	
FTLN 1379	GUILDENSTERN	My lord, we were sent for.	315
FTLN 1380	HAMLET	I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation	
FTLN 1381		prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the	
FTLN 1382		King and Queen molt no feather. I have of late, but	
FTLN 1383		wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all	
FTLN 1384		custom of exercises, and, indeed, it goes so heavily	320
FTLN 1385		with my disposition that this goodly frame, the	
FTLN 1386		Earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most	
FTLN 1387		excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging	
FTLN 1388		firmament, this majestical roof, fretted	
FTLN 1389		with golden fire—why, it appeareth nothing to me	325
FTLN 1390		but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.	
FTLN 1391		What ⟨a⟩ piece of work is a man, how noble in	
FTLN 1392		reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving	

FTLN 1393	how express and admirable; in action how like	
FTLN 1394	an angel, in apprehension how like a god: the	330
FTLN 1395	beauty of the world, the paragon of animals—and	
FTLN 1396	yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man	
FTLN 1397	delights not me, ⟨no,⟩ nor women neither, though by	
FTLN 1398	your smiling you seem to say so.	
FTLN 1399	ROSENCRANTZ My lord, there was no such stuff in my	335
FTLN 1400	thoughts.	
FTLN 1401	HAMLET Why did you laugh, then, when I said “man	
FTLN 1402	delights not me”?	
FTLN 1403	ROSENCRANTZ To think, my lord, if you delight not in	
FTLN 1404	man, what Lenten entertainment the players shall	340
FTLN 1405	receive from you. We coted them on the way, and	
FTLN 1406	hither are they coming to offer you service.	
FTLN 1407	HAMLET He that plays the king shall be welcome—his	
FTLN 1408	Majesty shall have tribute on me. The adventurous	
FTLN 1409	knight shall use his foil and target, the lover shall	345
FTLN 1410	not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his	
FTLN 1411	part in peace, ⟨the clown shall make those laugh	
FTLN 1412	whose lungs are 「tickle」 o’ th’ sear,⟩ and the lady	
FTLN 1413	shall say her mind freely, or the ⟨blank⟩ verse shall	
FTLN 1414	halt for ’t. What players are they?	350
FTLN 1415	ROSENCRANTZ Even those you were wont to take such	
FTLN 1416	delight in, the tragedians of the city.	
FTLN 1417	HAMLET How chances it they travel? Their residence,	
FTLN 1418	both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.	
FTLN 1419	ROSENCRANTZ I think their inhibition comes by the	355
FTLN 1420	means of the late innovation.	
FTLN 1421	HAMLET Do they hold the same estimation they did	
FTLN 1422	when I was in the city? Are they so followed?	
FTLN 1423	ROSENCRANTZ No, indeed are they not.	
FTLN 1424	⟨HAMLET How comes it? Do they grow rusty?	360
FTLN 1425	ROSENCRANTZ Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted	
FTLN 1426	pace. But there is, sir, an aerie of children, little	
FTLN 1427	eyases, that cry out on the top of question and are	
FTLN 1428	most tyrannically clapped for ’t. These are now the	

FTLN 1429	fashion and so 「berattle」 the common stages (so	365
FTLN 1430	they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid	
FTLN 1431	of goose quills and dare scarce come thither.	
FTLN 1432	HAMLET What, are they children? Who maintains 'em?	
FTLN 1433	How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality	
FTLN 1434	no longer than they can sing? Will they not say	370
FTLN 1435	afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common	
FTLN 1436	players (as it is 「most like,」 if their means are	
FTLN 1437	no better), their writers do them wrong to make	
FTLN 1438	them exclaim against their own succession?	
FTLN 1439	ROSENCRANTZ Faith, there has been much 「to-do」 on	375
FTLN 1440	both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tar	
FTLN 1441	them to controversy. There was for a while no	
FTLN 1442	money bid for argument unless the poet and the	
FTLN 1443	player went to cuffs in the question.	
FTLN 1444	HAMLET Is 't possible?	380
FTLN 1445	GUILDENSTERN O, there has been much throwing	
FTLN 1446	about of brains.	
FTLN 1447	HAMLET Do the boys carry it away?	
FTLN 1448	ROSENCRANTZ Ay, that they do, my lord—Hercules	
FTLN 1449	and his load too.}	385
FTLN 1450	HAMLET It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of	
FTLN 1451	Denmark, and those that would make mouths at	
FTLN 1452	him while my father lived give twenty, forty, fifty,	
FTLN 1453	a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little.	
FTLN 1454	'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural,	390
FTLN 1455	if philosophy could find it out.	
	<i>A flourish {for the Players.}</i>	
FTLN 1456	GUILDENSTERN There are the players.	
FTLN 1457	HAMLET Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore.	
FTLN 1458	Your hands, come then. Th' appurtenance of welcome	
FTLN 1459	is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply	395
FTLN 1460	with you in this garb, {lest my} extent to the players,	
FTLN 1461	which, I tell you, must show fairly outwards, should	
FTLN 1462	more appear like entertainment than yours. You are	
FTLN 1463	welcome. But my uncle-father and aunt-mother are	
FTLN 1464	deceived.	400

FTLN 1465 GUILDENSTERN In what, my dear lord?
 FTLN 1466 HAMLET I am but mad north-north-west. When the
 FTLN 1467 wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

FTLN 1468 POLONIUS Well be with you, gentlemen.
 FTLN 1469 HAMLET Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too—at 405
 FTLN 1470 each ear a hearer! That great baby you see there is
 FTLN 1471 not yet out of his swaddling clouts.
 FTLN 1472 ROSENCRANTZ Haply he is the second time come to
 FTLN 1473 them, for they say an old man is twice a child.
 FTLN 1474 HAMLET I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the 410
 FTLN 1475 players; mark it.—You say right, sir, a Monday
 FTLN 1476 morning, 'twas then indeed.
 FTLN 1477 POLONIUS My lord, I have news to tell you.
 FTLN 1478 HAMLET My lord, I have news to tell you: when Roscius
 FTLN 1479 was an actor in Rome— 415
 FTLN 1480 POLONIUS The actors are come hither, my lord.
 FTLN 1481 HAMLET Buzz, buzz.
 FTLN 1482 POLONIUS Upon my honor—
 FTLN 1483 HAMLET Then came each actor on his ass.
 FTLN 1484 POLONIUS The best actors in the world, either for 420
 FTLN 1485 tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical,
 FTLN 1486 historical-pastoral, ‹tragic-historical,
 FTLN 1487 tragic-comical-historical-pastoral,› scene individable, or
 FTLN 1488 poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor
 FTLN 1489 Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, 425
 FTLN 1490 these are the only men.
 FTLN 1491 HAMLET O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure
 FTLN 1492 hadst thou!
 FTLN 1493 POLONIUS What a treasure had he, my lord?
 FTLN 1494 HAMLET Why, 430
 FTLN 1495 *One fair daughter, and no more,*
 FTLN 1496 *The which he lovèd passing well.*
 FTLN 1497 POLONIUS, [aside] Still on my daughter.
 FTLN 1498 HAMLET Am I not i' th' right, old Jephthah?

FTLN 1499 POLONIUS If you call me “Jephthah,” my lord: I have a 435
 FTLN 1500 daughter that I love passing well.
 FTLN 1501 HAMLET Nay, that follows not.
 FTLN 1502 POLONIUS What follows then, my lord?
 FTLN 1503 HAMLET Why,
 FTLN 1504 *As by lot, God wot* 440
 FTLN 1505 and then, you know,
 FTLN 1506 *It came to pass, as most like it was—*
 FTLN 1507 the first row of the pious chanson will show you
 FTLN 1508 more, for look where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

FTLN 1509 You are welcome, masters; welcome all.—I am glad 445
 FTLN 1510 to see thee well.—Welcome, good friends.—O ⟨my⟩
 FTLN 1511 old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee
 FTLN 1512 last. Com’st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What,
 FTLN 1513 my young lady and mistress! ⟨By ’r⟩ Lady, your ladyship
 FTLN 1514 is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by 450
 FTLN 1515 the altitude of a chopine. Pray God your voice, like a
 FTLN 1516 piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the
 FTLN 1517 ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We’ll e’en to ’t
 FTLN 1518 like ⟨French⟩ falconers, fly at anything we see. We’ll
 FTLN 1519 have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your 455
 FTLN 1520 quality. Come, a passionate speech.
 FTLN 1521 ⟨FIRST⟩ PLAYER What speech, my good lord?
 FTLN 1522 HAMLET I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it
 FTLN 1523 was never acted, or, if it was, not above once; for
 FTLN 1524 the play, I remember, pleased not the million: 460
 FTLN 1525 ’twas caviary to the general. But it was (as I
 FTLN 1526 received it, and others whose judgments in such
 FTLN 1527 matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play,
 FTLN 1528 well digested in the scenes, set down with as much
 FTLN 1529 modesty as cunning. I remember one said there 465
 FTLN 1530 were no sallets in the lines to make the matter
 FTLN 1531 savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict
 FTLN 1532 the author of affection, but called it an honest

FTLN 1533	method, [as wholesome as sweet and, by very much,	
FTLN 1534	more handsome than fine.] One speech in 't I	470
FTLN 1535	chiefly loved. 'Twas Aeneas' ⟨tale⟩ to Dido, and	
FTLN 1536	thereabout of it especially when he speaks of	
FTLN 1537	Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at	
FTLN 1538	this line—let me see, let me see:	
FTLN 1539	<i>The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcanian beast—</i>	475
FTLN 1540	'tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus:	
FTLN 1541	<i>The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,</i>	
FTLN 1542	<i>Black as his purpose, did the night resemble</i>	
FTLN 1543	<i>When he lay couchèd in th' ominous horse,</i>	
FTLN 1544	<i>Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared</i>	480
FTLN 1545	<i>With heraldry more dismal. Head to foot,</i>	
FTLN 1546	<i>Now is he total gules, horridly tricked</i>	
FTLN 1547	<i>With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,</i>	
FTLN 1548	<i>Baked and impasted with the parching streets,</i>	
FTLN 1549	<i>That lend a tyrannous and a damnèd light</i>	485
FTLN 1550	<i>To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath and fire,</i>	
FTLN 1551	<i>And thus o'ersizèd with coagulate gore,</i>	
FTLN 1552	<i>With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus</i>	
FTLN 1553	<i>Old grandsire Priam seeks.</i>	
FTLN 1554	So, proceed you.	490
FTLN 1555	POLONIUS 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good	
FTLN 1556	accent and good discretion.	
FTLN 1557	⟨FIRST⟩ PLAYER <i>Anon he finds him</i>	
FTLN 1558	<i>Striking too short at Greeks. His antique sword,</i>	
FTLN 1559	<i>Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,</i>	495
FTLN 1560	<i>Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,</i>	
FTLN 1561	<i>Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;</i>	
FTLN 1562	<i>But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword</i>	
FTLN 1563	<i>Th' unnervèd father falls. ⟨Then senseless Ilium,⟩</i>	
FTLN 1564	<i>Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top</i>	500
FTLN 1565	<i>Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash</i>	
FTLN 1566	<i>Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For lo, his sword,</i>	
FTLN 1567	<i>Which was declining on the milky head</i>	
FTLN 1568	<i>Of reverend Priam, seemed i' th' air to stick.</i>	

FTLN 1569	<i>So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood</i>	505
FTLN 1570	<i>⟨And,⟩ like a neutral to his will and matter,</i>	
FTLN 1571	<i>Did nothing.</i>	
FTLN 1572	<i>But as we often see against some storm</i>	
FTLN 1573	<i>A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,</i>	
FTLN 1574	<i>The bold winds speechless, and the orb below</i>	510
FTLN 1575	<i>As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder</i>	
FTLN 1576	<i>Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,</i>	
FTLN 1577	<i>Arouseè vengeance sets him new a-work,</i>	
FTLN 1578	<i>And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall</i>	
FTLN 1579	<i>On Mars's armor, forged for proof eterne,</i>	515
FTLN 1580	<i>With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword</i>	
FTLN 1581	<i>Now falls on Priam.</i>	
FTLN 1582	<i>Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods</i>	
FTLN 1583	<i>In general synod take away her power,</i>	
FTLN 1584	<i>Break all the spokes and ffellies from her wheel,</i>	520
FTLN 1585	<i>And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven</i>	
FTLN 1586	<i>As low as to the fiends!</i>	
FTLN 1587	POLONIUS This is too long.	
FTLN 1588	HAMLET It shall to the barber's with your beard.—	
FTLN 1589	Prithee say on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or	525
FTLN 1590	he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.	
	⟨FIRST⟩ PLAYER	
FTLN 1591	<i>But who, ah woe, had seen the moblèd queen—</i>	
FTLN 1592	HAMLET “The moblèd queen”?	
FTLN 1593	POLONIUS That's good. ⟨“Moblèd queen” is good.⟩	
	⟨FIRST⟩ PLAYER	
FTLN 1594	<i>Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames</i>	530
FTLN 1595	<i>With ⟨bisson rheum,⟩ a clout upon that head</i>	
FTLN 1596	<i>Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,</i>	
FTLN 1597	<i>About her lank and all o'erteemèd loins</i>	
FTLN 1598	<i>A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up—</i>	
FTLN 1599	<i>Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,</i>	535
FTLN 1600	<i>'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have</i>	
FTLN 1601	<i>pronounced.</i>	
FTLN 1602	<i>But if the gods themselves did see her then</i>	

FTLN 1603	<i>When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport</i>	
FTLN 1604	<i>In mincing with his sword her ⟨husband's⟩ limbs,</i>	540
FTLN 1605	<i>The instant burst of clamor that she made</i>	
FTLN 1606	<i>(Unless things mortal move them not at all)</i>	
FTLN 1607	<i>Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven</i>	
FTLN 1608	<i>And passion in the gods.</i>	
FTLN 1609	POLONIUS Look whe'er he has not turned his color and	545
FTLN 1610	has tears in 's eyes. Prithee, no more.	
FTLN 1611	HAMLET 'Tis well. I'll have thee speak out the rest of	
FTLN 1612	this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players	
FTLN 1613	well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used,	
FTLN 1614	for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the	550
FTLN 1615	time. After your death you were better have a bad	
FTLN 1616	epitaph than their ill report while you live.	
FTLN 1617	POLONIUS My lord, I will use them according to their	
FTLN 1618	desert.	
FTLN 1619	HAMLET God's ⟨bodykins,⟩ man, much better! Use every	555
FTLN 1620	man after his desert and who shall 'scape	
FTLN 1621	whipping? Use them after your own honor and	
FTLN 1622	dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in	
FTLN 1623	your bounty. Take them in.	
FTLN 1624	POLONIUS Come, sirs.	560
FTLN 1625	HAMLET Follow him, friends. We'll hear a play	
FTLN 1626	tomorrow. <i>〔As Polonius and Players exit, Hamlet speaks to</i>	
FTLN 1627	<i>the First Player.〕</i> Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can	
FTLN 1628	you play “The Murder of Gonzago”?	
FTLN 1629	〔FIRST〕 PLAYER Ay, my lord.	565
FTLN 1630	HAMLET We'll ha 't tomorrow night. You could, for ⟨a⟩	
FTLN 1631	need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen	
FTLN 1632	lines, which I would set down and insert in 't,	
FTLN 1633	could you not?	
FTLN 1634	〔FIRST〕 PLAYER Ay, my lord.	570
FTLN 1635	HAMLET Very well. Follow that lord—and look you	
FTLN 1636	mock him not. <i>〔First Player exits.〕</i> My good friends,	
FTLN 1637	I'll leave you till night. You are welcome to Elsinore.	
FTLN 1638	ROSENCRANTZ Good my lord.	

HAMLET

FTLN 1639	Ay, so, good-bye to you.	575
	[<i>Rosencrantz and Guildenstern</i>] <i>exit</i> .	
FTLN 1640	Now I am alone.	
FTLN 1641	O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!	
FTLN 1642	Is it not monstrous that this player here,	
FTLN 1643	But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,	
FTLN 1644	Could force his soul so to his own conceit	580
FTLN 1645	That from her working all ⟨his⟩ visage wanned,	
FTLN 1646	Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,	
FTLN 1647	A broken voice, and his whole function suiting	
FTLN 1648	With forms to his conceit—and all for nothing!	
FTLN 1649	For Hecuba!	585
FTLN 1650	What's Hecuba to him, or he to ⟨Hecuba,⟩	
FTLN 1651	That he should weep for her? What would he do	
FTLN 1652	Had he the motive and ⟨the cue⟩ for passion	
FTLN 1653	That I have? He would drown the stage with tears	
FTLN 1654	And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,	590
FTLN 1655	Make mad the guilty and appall the free,	
FTLN 1656	Confound the ignorant and amaze indeed	
FTLN 1657	The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,	
FTLN 1658	A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak	
FTLN 1659	Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,	595
FTLN 1660	And can say nothing—no, not for a king	
FTLN 1661	Upon whose property and most dear life	
FTLN 1662	A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?	
FTLN 1663	Who calls me “villain”? breaks my pate across?	
FTLN 1664	Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?	600
FTLN 1665	Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' th' throat	
FTLN 1666	As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?	
FTLN 1667	Ha! 'Swounds, I should take it! For it cannot be	
FTLN 1668	But I am pigeon-livered and lack gall	
FTLN 1669	To make oppression bitter, or ere this	605
FTLN 1670	I should ⟨have⟩ fatted all the region kites	
FTLN 1671	With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!	
FTLN 1672	Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless	
FTLN 1673	villain!	

[Scene 1]

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,
Guildenstern, & Lords.*

KING

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

ROSENCRANTZ

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

GUILDENSTERN

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

FTLN 1709 QUEEN Did he receive you well?

FTLN 1710 ROSENCRANTZ Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN

FTLN 1711 But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROSENCRANTZ

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

FTLN 1714 QUEEN Did you assay him to any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 1715 Madam, it so fell out that certain players

FTLN 1716	We o'erraught on the way. Of these we told him,	
FTLN 1717	And there did seem in him a kind of joy	
FTLN 1718	To hear of it. They are here about the court,	20
FTLN 1719	And, as I think, they have already order	
FTLN 1720	This night to play before him.	
FTLN 1721	POLONIUS	'Tis most true,
FTLN 1722	And he beseeched me to entreat your Majesties	
FTLN 1723	To hear and see the matter.	25
	KING	
FTLN 1724	With all my heart, and it doth much content me	
FTLN 1725	To hear him so inclined.	
FTLN 1726	Good gentlemen, give him a further edge	
FTLN 1727	And drive his purpose into these delights.	
	ROSENCRANTZ	
FTLN 1728	We shall, my lord.	<i>Rosencrantz and Guildenstern</i> <i>「and Lords」 exit.</i>
FTLN 1729	KING	Sweet Gertrude, leave us ⟨too,⟩
FTLN 1730	For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,	
FTLN 1731	That he, as 'twere by accident, may here	
FTLN 1732	Affront Ophelia.	
FTLN 1733	Her father and myself, ⟨lawful espials,⟩	35
FTLN 1734	⟨Will⟩ so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,	
FTLN 1735	We may of their encounter frankly judge	
FTLN 1736	And gather by him, as he is behaved,	
FTLN 1737	If 't be th' affliction of his love or no	
FTLN 1738	That thus he suffers for.	40
FTLN 1739	QUEEN	I shall obey you.
FTLN 1740	And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish	
FTLN 1741	That your good beauties be the happy cause	
FTLN 1742	Of Hamlet's wildness. So shall I hope your virtues	
FTLN 1743	Will bring him to his wonted way again,	45
FTLN 1744	To both your honors.	
FTLN 1745	OPHELIA	Madam, I wish it may. <i>「Queen exits.」</i>
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 1746	Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,	

FTLN 1747	We will bestow ourselves. 「 <i>To Ophelia.</i> 」 Read on this	
FTLN 1748	book,	50
FTLN 1749	That show of such an exercise may color	
FTLN 1750	Your ⟨loneliness.⟩—We are oft to blame in this	
FTLN 1751	(’Tis too much proved), that with devotion’s visage	
FTLN 1752	And pious action we do sugar o’er	
FTLN 1753	The devil himself.	55
FTLN 1754	KING, 「 <i>aside</i> 」 O, ’tis too true!	
FTLN 1755	How smart a lash that speech doth give my	
FTLN 1756	conscience.	
FTLN 1757	The harlot’s cheek beautied with plast’ring art	
FTLN 1758	Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it	60
FTLN 1759	Than is my deed to my most painted word.	
FTLN 1760	O heavy burden!	
	POLONIUS	
FTLN 1761	I hear him coming. ⟨Let’s⟩ withdraw, my lord.	
	「 <i>They withdraw.</i> 」	

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET

FTLN 1762	To be or not to be—that is the question:	
FTLN 1763	Whether ’tis nobler in the mind to suffer	65
FTLN 1764	The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,	
FTLN 1765	Or to take arms against a sea of troubles	
FTLN 1766	And, by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep—	
FTLN 1767	No more—and by a sleep to say we end	
FTLN 1768	The heartache and the thousand natural shocks	70
FTLN 1769	That flesh is heir to—’tis a consummation	
FTLN 1770	Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep—	
FTLN 1771	To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there’s the rub,	
FTLN 1772	For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,	
FTLN 1773	When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,	75
FTLN 1774	Must give us pause. There’s the respect	
FTLN 1775	That makes calamity of so long life.	
FTLN 1776	For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,	
FTLN 1777	Th’ oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,	

FTLN 1811	HAMLET	Ha, ha, are you honest?	
FTLN 1812	OPHELIA	My lord?	
FTLN 1813	HAMLET	Are you fair?	115
FTLN 1814	OPHELIA	What means your Lordship?	
FTLN 1815	HAMLET	That if you be honest and fair, <i><your honesty></i>	
FTLN 1816		should admit no discourse to your beauty.	
FTLN 1817	OPHELIA	Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce	
FTLN 1818		than with honesty?	120
FTLN 1819	HAMLET	Ay, truly, for the power of beauty will sooner	
FTLN 1820		transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than	
FTLN 1821		the force of honesty can translate beauty into his	
FTLN 1822		likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now	
FTLN 1823		the time gives it proof. I did love you once.	125
FTLN 1824	OPHELIA	Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.	
FTLN 1825	HAMLET	You should not have believed me, for virtue	
FTLN 1826		cannot so <i><inoculate></i> our old stock but we shall	
FTLN 1827		relish of it. I loved you not.	
FTLN 1828	OPHELIA	I was the more deceived.	130
FTLN 1829	HAMLET	Get thee <i><to></i> a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be	
FTLN 1830		a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest,	
FTLN 1831		but yet I could accuse me of such things that it	
FTLN 1832		were better my mother had not borne me: I am	
FTLN 1833		very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offenses	135
FTLN 1834		at my beck than I have thoughts to put them	
FTLN 1835		in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act	
FTLN 1836		them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling	
FTLN 1837		between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves	
FTLN 1838		<i><all;></i> believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.	140
FTLN 1839		Where's your father?	
FTLN 1840	OPHELIA	At home, my lord.	
FTLN 1841	HAMLET	Let the doors be shut upon him that he may	
FTLN 1842		play the fool nowhere but in 's own house. Farewell.	
FTLN 1843	OPHELIA	O, help him, you sweet heavens!	145
FTLN 1844	HAMLET	If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague	
FTLN 1845		for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as	
FTLN 1846		snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a	

FTLN 1847	nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry,	
FTLN 1848	marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what	150
FTLN 1849	monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and	
FTLN 1850	quickly too. Farewell.	
FTLN 1851	OPHELIA Heavenly powers, restore him!	
FTLN 1852	HAMLET I have heard of your paintings ⟨too,⟩ well	
FTLN 1853	enough. God hath given you one face, and you	155
FTLN 1854	make yourselves another. You jig and amble, and	
FTLN 1855	you ⟨lisp;⟩ you nickname God's creatures and make	
FTLN 1856	your wantonness ⟨your⟩ ignorance. Go to, I'll no	
FTLN 1857	more on 't. It hath made me mad. I say we will have	
FTLN 1858	no more marriage. Those that are married already,	160
FTLN 1859	all but one, shall live. The rest shall keep as they are.	
FTLN 1860	To a nunnery, go. <i>He exits.</i>	
	OPHELIA	
FTLN 1861	O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!	
FTLN 1862	The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,	
FTLN 1863	sword,	165
FTLN 1864	⟨Th' expectancy⟩ and rose of the fair state,	
FTLN 1865	The glass of fashion and the mold of form,	
FTLN 1866	Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down!	
FTLN 1867	And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,	
FTLN 1868	That sucked the honey of his musicked vows,	170
FTLN 1869	Now see ⟨that⟩ noble and most sovereign reason,	
FTLN 1870	Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh;	
FTLN 1871	That unmatched form and stature of blown youth	
FTLN 1872	Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me	
FTLN 1873	T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!	175
	KING, [advancing with] Polonius	
FTLN 1874	Love? His affections do not that way tend;	
FTLN 1875	Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,	
FTLN 1876	Was not like madness. There's something in his soul	
FTLN 1877	O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,	
FTLN 1878	And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose	180
FTLN 1879	Will be some danger; which for to prevent,	
FTLN 1880	I have in quick determination	

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

POLONIUS

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

FTLN 1900 KING It shall be so.

FTLN 1901 Madness in great ones must not *⟨unwatched⟩* go.

They exit.

「Scene 2」

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.

FTLN 1902 HAMLET Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced
 FTLN 1903 it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth
 FTLN 1904 it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the
 FTLN 1905 town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air
 FTLN 1906 too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; 5
 FTLN 1907 for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say,
 FTLN 1908 whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and
 FTLN 1909 beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O,

FTLN 1910	it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious,	
FTLN 1911	periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very	10
FTLN 1912	raggs, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the	
FTLN 1913	most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable	
FTLN 1914	dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow	
FTLN 1915	whipped for o'erdoing Termagant. It out-Herods	
FTLN 1916	Herod. Pray you, avoid it.	15
FTLN 1917	PLAYER I warrant your Honor.	
FTLN 1918	HAMLET Be not too tame neither, but let your own	
FTLN 1919	discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the	
FTLN 1920	word, the word to the action, with this special	
FTLN 1921	observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of	20
FTLN 1922	nature. For anything so o'erdone is from the purpose	
FTLN 1923	of playing, whose end, both at the first and	
FTLN 1924	now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to	
FTLN 1925	nature, to show virtue her ⟨own⟩ feature, scorn her	
FTLN 1926	own image, and the very age and body of the time	25
FTLN 1927	his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come	
FTLN 1928	tardy off, though it makes the unskillful laugh,	
FTLN 1929	cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure	
FTLN 1930	of ⟨the⟩ which one must in your allowance o'erweigh	
FTLN 1931	a whole theater of others. O, there be players that I	30
FTLN 1932	have seen play and heard others ⟨praise⟩ (and that	
FTLN 1933	highly), not to speak it profanely, that, neither	
FTLN 1934	having th' accent of Christians nor the gait of	
FTLN 1935	Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and	
FTLN 1936	bellowed that I have thought some of nature's	35
FTLN 1937	journeymen had made men, and not made them	
FTLN 1938	well, they imitated humanity so abominably.	
FTLN 1939	PLAYER I hope we have reformed that indifferently	
FTLN 1940	with us, ⟨sir.⟩	
FTLN 1941	HAMLET O, reform it altogether. And let those that play	40
FTLN 1942	your clowns speak no more than is set down for	
FTLN 1943	them, for there be of them that will themselves	
FTLN 1944	laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators	
FTLN 1945	to laugh too, though in the meantime some necessary	

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

⟨Players exit.⟩

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz.

FTLN 1949 How now, my lord, will the King hear this piece of
 FTLN 1950 work?
 FTLN 1951 POLONIUS And the Queen too, and that presently. 50
 FTLN 1952 HAMLET Bid the players make haste. *⟨Polonius exits.⟩*
 FTLN 1953 Will you two help to hasten them?
 FTLN 1954 ROSENCRANTZ Ay, my lord. *They exit.*
 FTLN 1955 HAMLET What ho, Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

FTLN 1956 HORATIO Here, sweet lord, at your service. 55
 HAMLET
 FTLN 1957 Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
 FTLN 1958 As e'er my conversation coped withal.
 HORATIO
 FTLN 1959 O, my dear lord—
 FTLN 1960 *⟨HAMLET⟩* Nay, do not think I flatter,
 FTLN 1961 For what advancement may I hope from thee 60
 FTLN 1962 That no revenue hast but thy good spirits
 FTLN 1963 To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
 FTLN 1964 flattered?
 FTLN 1965 No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp
 FTLN 1966 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee 65
 FTLN 1967 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
 FTLN 1968 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
 FTLN 1969 And could of men distinguish, her election
 FTLN 1970 Hath sealed thee for herself. For thou hast been
 FTLN 1971 As one in suffering all that suffers nothing, 70
 FTLN 1972 A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
 FTLN 1973 Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and blessed are those
 FTLN 1974 Whose blood and judgment are so well
 FTLN 1975 commedled

FTLN 1976	That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger	75
FTLN 1977	To sound what stop she please. Give me that man	
FTLN 1978	That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him	
FTLN 1979	In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,	
FTLN 1980	As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—	
FTLN 1981	There is a play tonight before the King.	80
FTLN 1982	One scene of it comes near the circumstance	
FTLN 1983	Which I have told thee of my father's death.	
FTLN 1984	I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,	
FTLN 1985	Even with the very comment of thy soul	
FTLN 1986	Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt	85
FTLN 1987	Do not itself unkennel in one speech,	
FTLN 1988	It is a damnèd ghost that we have seen,	
FTLN 1989	And my imaginations are as foul	
FTLN 1990	As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note,	
FTLN 1991	For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,	90
FTLN 1992	And, after, we will both our judgments join	
FTLN 1993	In censure of his seeming.	
FTLN 1994	HORATIO Well, my lord.	
FTLN 1995	If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing	
FTLN 1996	And 'scape <detecting>, I will pay the theft.	95
	<i><Sound a flourish.></i>	
FTLN 1997	HAMLET They are coming to the play. I must be idle.	
FTLN 1998	Get you a place.	
	<i>Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums. <Enter> King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, <Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant with 「the King's」 guard carrying torches.></i>	
FTLN 1999	KING How fares our cousin Hamlet?	
FTLN 2000	HAMLET Excellent, i' faith, of the chameleon's dish. I	
FTLN 2001	eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed	100
FTLN 2002	capons so.	
FTLN 2003	KING I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet. These	
FTLN 2004	words are not mine.	
FTLN 2005	HAMLET No, nor mine now. 「To Polonius.」 My lord, you	
FTLN 2006	played once i' th' university, you say?	105

FTLN 2007	POLONIUS	That did I, my lord, and was accounted a	
FTLN 2008		good actor.	
FTLN 2009	HAMLET	What did you enact?	
FTLN 2010	POLONIUS	I did enact Julius Caesar. I was killed i' th'	
FTLN 2011		Capitol. Brutus killed me.	110
FTLN 2012	HAMLET	It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a	
FTLN 2013		calf there.—Be the players ready?	
FTLN 2014	ROSENCRANTZ	Ay, my lord. They stay upon your	
FTLN 2015		patience.	
FTLN 2016	QUEEN	Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.	115
FTLN 2017	HAMLET	No, good mother. Here's metal more	
FTLN 2018		attractive. <i>〔Hamlet takes a place near Ophelia.〕</i>	
FTLN 2019	POLONIUS, <i>〔to the King〕</i>	Oh, ho! Do you mark that?	
FTLN 2020	HAMLET	Lady, shall I lie in your lap?	
FTLN 2021	OPHELIA	No, my lord.	120
FTLN 2022	⟨HAMLET	I mean, my head upon your lap?	
FTLN 2023	OPHELIA	Ay, my lord.⟩	
FTLN 2024	HAMLET	Do you think I meant country matters?	
FTLN 2025	OPHELIA	I think nothing, my lord.	
FTLN 2026	HAMLET	That's a fair thought to lie between maids'	125
FTLN 2027		legs.	
FTLN 2028	OPHELIA	What is, my lord?	
FTLN 2029	HAMLET	Nothing.	
FTLN 2030	OPHELIA	You are merry, my lord.	
FTLN 2031	HAMLET	Who, I?	130
FTLN 2032	OPHELIA	Ay, my lord.	
FTLN 2033	HAMLET	O God, your only jig-maker. What should a	
FTLN 2034		man do but be merry? For look you how cheerfully	
FTLN 2035		my mother looks, and my father died within 's two	
FTLN 2036		hours.	135
FTLN 2037	OPHELIA	Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.	
FTLN 2038	HAMLET	So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black,	
FTLN 2039		for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens, die two	
FTLN 2040		months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's	
FTLN 2041		hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half	140
FTLN 2042		a year. But, by 'r Lady, he must build churches, then,	

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

The trumpets sounds. Dumb show follows.

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

〔Players exit.〕

FTLN 2058 OPHELIA What means this, my lord?
 FTLN 2059 HAMLET Marry, this <is miching> mallecho. It means
 FTLN 2060 mischief.
 FTLN 2061 OPHELIA Belike this show imports the argument of the 160
 FTLN 2062 play.

Enter Prologue.

FTLN 2063 HAMLET We shall know by this fellow. The players
 FTLN 2064 cannot keep <counsel;> they’ll tell all.
 FTLN 2065 OPHELIA Will he tell us what this show meant?
 FTLN 2066 HAMLET Ay, or any show that you will show him. Be 165
 FTLN 2067 not you ashamed to show, he’ll not shame to tell you
 FTLN 2068 what it means.
 FTLN 2069 OPHELIA You are naught, you are naught. I’ll mark the
 FTLN 2070 play.
 PROLOGUE
 FTLN 2071 *For us and for our tragedy,* 170
 FTLN 2072 *Here stooping to your clemency,*
 FTLN 2073 *We beg your hearing patiently. 〔He exits.〕*

FTLN 2074 HAMLET Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?
 FTLN 2075 OPHELIA 'Tis brief, my lord.
 FTLN 2076 HAMLET As woman's love. 175

Enter [the Player] King and Queen.

PLAYER KING

FTLN 2077 *Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round*
 FTLN 2078 *Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' (orbèd) ground,*
 FTLN 2079 *And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen*
 FTLN 2080 *About the world have times twelve thirties been*
 FTLN 2081 *Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands* 180
 FTLN 2082 *Unite commutual in most sacred bands.*

PLAYER QUEEN

FTLN 2083 *So many journeys may the sun and moon*
 FTLN 2084 *Make us again count o'er ere love be done!*
 FTLN 2085 *But woe is me! You are so sick of late,*
 FTLN 2086 *So far from cheer and from (your) former state,* 185
 FTLN 2087 *That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,*
 FTLN 2088 *Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must.*
 FTLN 2089 *[For women fear too much, even as they love,]*
 FTLN 2090 *And women's fear and love hold quantity,*
 FTLN 2091 *In neither aught, or in extremity.* 190
 FTLN 2092 *Now what my (love) is, proof hath made you know,*
 FTLN 2093 *And, as my love is sized, my fear is so:*
 FTLN 2094 *[Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;*
 FTLN 2095 *Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.]*

PLAYER KING

FTLN 2096 *Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too.* 195
 FTLN 2097 *My operant powers their functions leave to do.*
 FTLN 2098 *And thou shall live in this fair world behind,*
 FTLN 2099 *Honored, beloved; and haply one as kind*
 FTLN 2100 *For husband shalt thou—*

FTLN 2101 PLAYER QUEEN *O, confound the rest!* 200
 FTLN 2102 *Such love must needs be treason in my breast.*
 FTLN 2103 *In second husband let me be accurst.*
 FTLN 2104 *None wed the second but who killed the first.*

FTLN 2105	HAMLET	That's wormwood!	
	PLAYER QUEEN		
FTLN 2106		<i>The instances that second marriage move</i>	205
FTLN 2107		<i>Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.</i>	
FTLN 2108		<i>A second time I kill my husband dead</i>	
FTLN 2109		<i>When second husband kisses me in bed.</i>	
	PLAYER KING		
FTLN 2110		<i>I do believe you think what now you speak,</i>	
FTLN 2111		<i>But what we do determine oft we break.</i>	210
FTLN 2112		<i>Purpose is but the slave to memory,</i>	
FTLN 2113		<i>Of violent birth, but poor validity,</i>	
FTLN 2114		<i>Which now, the fruit unripe, sticks on the tree</i>	
FTLN 2115		<i>But fall unshaken when they mellow be.</i>	
FTLN 2116		<i>Most necessary 'tis that we forget</i>	215
FTLN 2117		<i>To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.</i>	
FTLN 2118		<i>What to ourselves in passion we propose,</i>	
FTLN 2119		<i>The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.</i>	
FTLN 2120		<i>The violence of either grief or joy</i>	
FTLN 2121		<i>Their own enactures with themselves destroy.</i>	220
FTLN 2122		<i>Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;</i>	
FTLN 2123		<i>Grief {joys,} joy grieves, on slender accident.</i>	
FTLN 2124		<i>This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange</i>	
FTLN 2125		<i>That even our loves should with our fortunes change;</i>	
FTLN 2126		<i>For 'tis a question left us yet to prove</i>	225
FTLN 2127		<i>Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.</i>	
FTLN 2128		<i>The great man down, you mark his favorite flies;</i>	
FTLN 2129		<i>The poor, advanced, makes friends of enemies.</i>	
FTLN 2130		<i>And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,</i>	
FTLN 2131		<i>For who not needs shall never lack a friend,</i>	230
FTLN 2132		<i>And who in want a hollow friend doth try</i>	
FTLN 2133		<i>Directly seasons him his enemy.</i>	
FTLN 2134		<i>But, orderly to end where I begun:</i>	
FTLN 2135		<i>Our wills and fates do so contrary run</i>	
FTLN 2136		<i>That our devices still are overthrown;</i>	235
FTLN 2137		<i>Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.</i>	
FTLN 2138		<i>So think thou wilt no second husband wed,</i>	
FTLN 2139		<i>But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.</i>	

PLAYER QUEEN

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

FTLN 2148 HAMLET If she should break it now!

PLAYER KING

FTLN 2149 *’Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile.*
 FTLN 2150 *My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile*
 FTLN 2151 *The tedious day with sleep.* *⟨Sleeps.⟩* 250

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

‘Player Queen exits.’

FTLN 2154 HAMLET Madam, how like you this play?

FTLN 2155 QUEEN The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

FTLN 2156 HAMLET O, but she’ll keep her word. 255

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

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

FTLN 2161 KING What do you call the play? 260

FTLN 2162 HAMLET “The Mousetrap.” Marry, how? Tropically.

FTLN 2163 This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna.

FTLN 2164 Gonzago is the duke’s name, his wife Baptista. You

FTLN 2165 shall see anon. ’Tis a knavish piece of work, but

FTLN 2166 what of that? Your Majesty and we that have free 265

FTLN 2167 souls, it touches us not. Let the galled jade wince;

FTLN 2168 our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

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

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

FTLN 2171	HAMLET	I could interpret between you and your love,	270
FTLN 2172		if I could see the puppets dallying.	
FTLN 2173	OPHELIA	You are keen, my lord, you are keen.	
FTLN 2174	HAMLET	It would cost you a groaning to take off mine	
FTLN 2175		edge.	
FTLN 2176	OPHELIA	Still better and worse.	275
FTLN 2177	HAMLET	So you mis-take your husbands.—Begin,	
FTLN 2178		murderer. ⟨Pox,⟩ leave thy damnable faces and	
FTLN 2179		begin. Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for	
FTLN 2180		revenge.	
	LUCIANUS		
FTLN 2181		<i>Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time</i>	280
FTLN 2182		<i>agreeing,</i>	
FTLN 2183		<i>⟨Confederate⟩ season, else no creature seeing,</i>	
FTLN 2184		<i>Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,</i>	
FTLN 2185		<i>With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice ⟨infected,⟩</i>	
FTLN 2186		<i>Thy natural magic and dire property</i>	285
FTLN 2187		<i>On wholesome life ⟨usurp⟩ immediately.</i>	
		<i>⟨Pours the poison in his ears.⟩</i>	
FTLN 2188	HAMLET	He poisons him i' th' garden for his estate. His	
FTLN 2189		name's Gonzago. The story is extant and written in	
FTLN 2190		very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the	
FTLN 2191		murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.	290
		<i>⟦Claudius rises.⟧</i>	
FTLN 2192	OPHELIA	The King rises.	
FTLN 2193	⟨HAMLET	What, frightened with false fire?⟩	
FTLN 2194	QUEEN	How fares my lord?	
FTLN 2195	POLONIUS	Give o'er the play.	
FTLN 2196	KING	Give me some light. Away!	295
FTLN 2197	POLONIUS	Lights, lights, lights!	
		<i>All but Hamlet and Horatio exit.</i>	
	HAMLET		
FTLN 2198		<i>Why, let the stricken deer go weep,</i>	
FTLN 2199		<i>The hart ungallèd play.</i>	
FTLN 2200		<i>For some must watch, while some must sleep:</i>	
FTLN 2201		<i>Thus runs the world away.</i>	300

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

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

FTLN 2223	GUILDENSTERN Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word	
FTLN 2224	with you.	
FTLN 2225	HAMLET Sir, a whole history.	
FTLN 2226	GUILDENSTERN The King, sir—	325
FTLN 2227	HAMLET Ay, sir, what of him?	
FTLN 2228	GUILDENSTERN Is in his retirement marvelous	
FTLN 2229	distempered.	
FTLN 2230	HAMLET With drink, sir?	
FTLN 2231	GUILDENSTERN No, my lord, with choler.	330
FTLN 2232	HAMLET Your wisdom should show itself more richer	
FTLN 2233	to signify this to the doctor, for for me to put him to	
FTLN 2234	his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more	
FTLN 2235	choler.	

FTLN 2236	GUILDENSTERN	Good my lord, put your discourse into	335
FTLN 2237		some frame and ⟨start⟩ not so wildly from my	
FTLN 2238		affair.	
FTLN 2239	HAMLET	I am tame, sir. Pronounce.	
FTLN 2240	GUILDENSTERN	The Queen your mother, in most great	
FTLN 2241		affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.	340
FTLN 2242	HAMLET	You are welcome.	
FTLN 2243	GUILDENSTERN	Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not	
FTLN 2244		of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me	
FTLN 2245		a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's	
FTLN 2246		commandment. If not, your pardon and my return	345
FTLN 2247		shall be the end of ⟨my⟩ business.	
FTLN 2248	HAMLET	Sir, I cannot.	
FTLN 2249	ROSENCRANTZ	What, my lord?	
FTLN 2250	HAMLET	Make you a wholesome answer. My wit's	
FTLN 2251		diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, you	350
FTLN 2252		shall command—or, rather, as you say, my mother.	
FTLN 2253		Therefore no more but to the matter. My mother,	
FTLN 2254		you say—	
FTLN 2255	ROSENCRANTZ	Then thus she says: your behavior hath	
FTLN 2256		struck her into amazement and admiration.	355
FTLN 2257	HAMLET	O wonderful son that can so 'stonish a mother!	
FTLN 2258		But is there no sequel at the heels of this	
FTLN 2259		mother's admiration? Impart.	
FTLN 2260	ROSENCRANTZ	She desires to speak with you in her	
FTLN 2261		closet ere you go to bed.	360
FTLN 2262	HAMLET	We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.	
FTLN 2263		Have you any further trade with us?	
FTLN 2264	ROSENCRANTZ	My lord, you once did love me.	
FTLN 2265	HAMLET	And do still, by these pickers and stealers.	
FTLN 2266	ROSENCRANTZ	Good my lord, what is your cause of	365
FTLN 2267		distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your	
FTLN 2268		own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend.	
FTLN 2269	HAMLET	Sir, I lack advancement.	
FTLN 2270	ROSENCRANTZ	How can that be, when you have the	
FTLN 2271		voice of the King himself for your succession in	370
FTLN 2272		Denmark?	

FTLN 2273 HAMLET Ay, sir, but “While the grass grows”—the
FTLN 2274 proverb is something musty.

Enter the Players with recorders.

FTLN 2275 O, the recorders! Let me see one. *[He takes a*
FTLN 2276 *recorder and turns to Guildenstern.]* To withdraw 375
FTLN 2277 with you: why do you go about to recover the wind
FTLN 2278 of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?
FTLN 2279 GUILDENSTERN O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my
FTLN 2280 love is too unmannerly.
FTLN 2281 HAMLET I do not well understand that. Will you play 380
FTLN 2282 upon this pipe?
FTLN 2283 GUILDENSTERN My lord, I cannot.
FTLN 2284 HAMLET I pray you.
FTLN 2285 GUILDENSTERN Believe me, I cannot.
FTLN 2286 HAMLET I do beseech you. 385
FTLN 2287 GUILDENSTERN I know no touch of it, my lord.
FTLN 2288 HAMLET It is as easy as lying. Govern these ventages
FTLN 2289 with your fingers and *<thumb,>* give it breath with
FTLN 2290 your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent
FTLN 2291 music. Look you, these are the stops. 390
FTLN 2292 GUILDENSTERN But these cannot I command to any
FTLN 2293 utt’rance of harmony. I have not the skill.
FTLN 2294 HAMLET Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing
FTLN 2295 you make of me! You would play upon me, you
FTLN 2296 would seem to know my stops, you would pluck 395
FTLN 2297 out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me
FTLN 2298 from my lowest note to *<the top of>* my compass;
FTLN 2299 and there is much music, excellent voice, in this
FTLN 2300 little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. ’Sblood,
FTLN 2301 do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? 400
FTLN 2302 Call me what instrument you will, though you *<can>*
FTLN 2303 fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

FTLN 2304 God bless you, sir.

FTLN 2305 POLONIUS My lord, the Queen would speak with you,
 FTLN 2306 and presently. 405

FTLN 2307 HAMLET Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in
 FTLN 2308 shape of a camel?

FTLN 2309 POLONIUS By th' Mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.

FTLN 2310 HAMLET Methinks it is like a weasel.

FTLN 2311 POLONIUS It is backed like a weasel. 410

FTLN 2312 HAMLET Or like a whale.

FTLN 2313 POLONIUS Very like a whale.

FTLN 2314 ⟨HAMLET⟩ Then I will come to my mother by and by.
 FTLN 2315 ‹*Aside.*› They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will
 FTLN 2316 come by and by. 415

FTLN 2317 ⟨POLONIUS⟩ I will say so.

FTLN 2318 ⟨HAMLET⟩ “By and by” is easily said. Leave me,
 FTLN 2319 friends.

‹*All but Hamlet exit.*›

FTLN 2320 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
 FTLN 2321 When churchyards yawn and hell itself ⟨breathes⟩ 420
 FTLN 2322 out
 FTLN 2323 Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot
 FTLN 2324 blood
 FTLN 2325 And do such ⟨bitter⟩ business as the day
 FTLN 2326 Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother. 425
 FTLN 2327 O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
 FTLN 2328 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.
 FTLN 2329 Let me be cruel, not unnatural.
 FTLN 2330 I will speak ⟨daggers⟩ to her, but use none.
 FTLN 2331 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites: 430
 FTLN 2332 How in my words somever she be shent,
 FTLN 2333 To give them seals never, my soul, consent.

He exits.

[Scene 3]

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

KING

FTLN 2334 I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
 FTLN 2335 To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you.
 FTLN 2336 I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
 FTLN 2337 And he to England shall along with you.
 FTLN 2338 The terms of our estate may not endure 5
 FTLN 2339 Hazard so near 's as doth hourly grow
 FTLN 2340 Out of his brows.

FTLN 2341 GUILDENSTERN We will ourselves provide.
 FTLN 2342 Most holy and religious fear it is
 FTLN 2343 To keep those many many bodies safe 10
 FTLN 2344 That live and feed upon your Majesty.

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 2345 The single and peculiar life is bound
 FTLN 2346 With all the strength and armor of the mind
 FTLN 2347 To keep itself from noyance, but much more
 FTLN 2348 That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests 15
 FTLN 2349 The lives of many. The cress of majesty
 FTLN 2350 Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw
 FTLN 2351 What's near it with it; or it is a massy wheel
 FTLN 2352 Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
 FTLN 2353 To whose ⟨huge⟩ spokes ten thousand lesser things 20
 FTLN 2354 Are mortised and adjoined, which, when it falls,
 FTLN 2355 Each small annexment, petty consequence,
 FTLN 2356 Attends the boist'rous ⟨ruin.⟩ Never alone
 FTLN 2357 Did the king sigh, but ⟨with⟩ a general groan.

KING

FTLN 2358 Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage, 25
 FTLN 2359 For we will fetters put about this fear,
 FTLN 2360 Which now goes too free-footed.

FTLN 2361 ROSENCRANTZ We will haste us.

[Rosencrantz and Guildenstern] exit.

Enter Polonius.

POLONIUS

FTLN 2362 My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
 FTLN 2363 Behind the arras I'll convey myself 30
 FTLN 2364 To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax him
 FTLN 2365 home;
 FTLN 2366 And, as you said (and wisely was it said),
 FTLN 2367 'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother,
 FTLN 2368 Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear 35
 FTLN 2369 The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege.
 FTLN 2370 I'll call upon you ere you go to bed
 FTLN 2371 And tell you what I know.
 FTLN 2372 KING Thanks, dear my lord.

Polonius exits.

FTLN 2373 O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven; 40
 FTLN 2374 It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
 FTLN 2375 A brother's murder. Pray can I not,
 FTLN 2376 Though inclination be as sharp as will.
 FTLN 2377 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
 FTLN 2378 And, like a man to double business bound, 45
 FTLN 2379 I stand in pause where I shall first begin
 FTLN 2380 And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand
 FTLN 2381 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
 FTLN 2382 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 FTLN 2383 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy 50
 FTLN 2384 But to confront the visage of offense?
 FTLN 2385 And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
 FTLN 2386 To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,
 FTLN 2387 Or ⟨pardoned⟩ being down? Then I'll look up.
 FTLN 2388 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer 55
 FTLN 2389 Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder"?
 FTLN 2390 That cannot be, since I am still possessed
 FTLN 2391 Of those effects for which I did the murder:
 FTLN 2392 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 FTLN 2393 May one be pardoned and retain th' offense? 60
 FTLN 2394 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 FTLN 2395 Offense's gilded hand may ⟨shove⟩ by justice,

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

Enter Hamlet.

HAMLET

FTLN 2410 Now might I do it *⟨pat,⟩* now he is a-praying,
 FTLN 2411 And now I'll do 't. *「He draws his sword.」*
 FTLN 2412 And so he goes to heaven,
 FTLN 2413 And so am I *⟨revenged.⟩* That would be scanned: 80
 FTLN 2414 A villain kills my father, and for that,
 FTLN 2415 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 FTLN 2416 To heaven.
 FTLN 2417 Why, this is *⟨hire⟩* and *⟨salary,⟩* not revenge.
 FTLN 2418 He took my father grossly, full of bread, 85
 FTLN 2419 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
 FTLN 2420 And how his audit stands who knows save heaven.
 FTLN 2421 But in our circumstance and course of thought
 FTLN 2422 'Tis heavy with him. And am I then revenged
 FTLN 2423 To take him in the purging of his soul, 90
 FTLN 2424 When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
 FTLN 2425 No.
 FTLN 2426 Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.
「He sheathes his sword.」
 FTLN 2427 When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,

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

「Hamlet」 exits.

KING, 「rising」

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

He exits.

「Scene 4」

Enter 〈Queen〉 and Polonius.

POLONIUS

FTLN 2437 He will come straight. Look you lay home to him.
 FTLN 2438 Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear
 FTLN 2439 with
 FTLN 2440 And that your Grace hath screened and stood
 FTLN 2441 between 5
 FTLN 2442 Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here.
 FTLN 2443 Pray you, be round 〈with him.〉
 FTLN 2444 HAMLET, *within* Mother, mother, mother!
 FTLN 2445 QUEEN I'll 〈warrant〉 you. Fear me not. Withdraw,
 FTLN 2446 I hear him coming. 10

「Polonius hides behind the arras.」

Enter Hamlet.

FTLN 2447 HAMLET Now, mother, what's the matter?
 QUEEN
 FTLN 2448 Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
 HAMLET
 FTLN 2449 Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN

FTLN 2450 Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET

FTLN 2451 Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue. 15

QUEEN

FTLN 2452 Why, how now, Hamlet?

FTLN 2453 HAMLET What's the matter now?

QUEEN

FTLN 2454 Have you forgot me?

FTLN 2455 HAMLET No, by the rood, not so.

FTLN 2456 You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife, 20

FTLN 2457 And (would it were not so) you are my mother.

QUEEN

FTLN 2458 Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAMLET

FTLN 2459 Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge.

FTLN 2460 You go not till I set you up a glass

FTLN 2461 Where you may see the ⟨inmost⟩ part of you. 25

QUEEN

FTLN 2462 What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?

FTLN 2463 Help, ho!

FTLN 2464 POLONIUS, 「*behind the arras*」 What ho! Help!

HAMLET

FTLN 2465 How now, a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead.

「*He ⟨kills Polonius⟩ by thrusting a rapier
through the arras.*」

POLONIUS, 「*behind the arras*」

FTLN 2466 O, I am slain! 30

FTLN 2467 QUEEN O me, what hast thou done?

FTLN 2468 HAMLET Nay, I know not. Is it the King?

QUEEN

FTLN 2469 O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAMLET

FTLN 2470 A bloody deed—almost as bad, good mother,

FTLN 2471 As kill a king and marry with his brother. 35

QUEEN

FTLN 2472 As kill a king?

FTLN 2473	HAMLET	Ay, lady, it was my word. <i>〔He pulls Polonius' body from behind the arras.〕</i>	
FTLN 2474		Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.	
FTLN 2475		I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune.	
FTLN 2476		Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.	40
FTLN 2477		<i>〔To Queen.〕</i> Leave wringing of your hands. Peace, sit	
FTLN 2478		you down,	
FTLN 2479		And let me wring your heart; for so I shall	
FTLN 2480		If it be made of penetrable stuff,	
FTLN 2481		If damnèd custom have not brazed it so	45
FTLN 2482		That it be proof and bulwark against sense.	
	QUEEN		
FTLN 2483		What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue	
FTLN 2484		In noise so rude against me?	
FTLN 2485	HAMLET	Such an act	
FTLN 2486		That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,	50
FTLN 2487		Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose	
FTLN 2488		From the fair forehead of an innocent love	
FTLN 2489		And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows	
FTLN 2490		As false as dicers' oaths—O, such a deed	
FTLN 2491		As from the body of contraction plucks	55
FTLN 2492		The very soul, and sweet religion makes	
FTLN 2493		A rhapsody of words! Heaven's face does glow	
FTLN 2494		O'er this solidity and compound mass	
FTLN 2495		With heated visage, as against the doom,	
FTLN 2496		Is thought-sick at the act.	60
FTLN 2497	QUEEN	Ay me, what act	
FTLN 2498		That roars so loud and thunders in the index?	
	HAMLET		
FTLN 2499		Look here upon this picture and on this,	
FTLN 2500		The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.	
FTLN 2501		See what a grace was seated on this brow,	65
FTLN 2502		Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,	
FTLN 2503		An eye like Mars' to threaten and command,	
FTLN 2504		A station like the herald Mercury	
FTLN 2505		New-lighted on a <i>⟨heaven⟩</i> -kissing hill,	

FTLN 2506	A combination and a form indeed	70
FTLN 2507	Where every god did seem to set his seal	
FTLN 2508	To give the world assurance of a man.	
FTLN 2509	This was your husband. Look you now what follows.	
FTLN 2510	Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear	
FTLN 2511	Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?	75
FTLN 2512	Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed	
FTLN 2513	And batten on this moor? Ha! Have you eyes?	
FTLN 2514	You cannot call it love, for at your age	
FTLN 2515	The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble	
FTLN 2516	And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment	80
FTLN 2517	Would step from this to this? [Sense sure you have,	
FTLN 2518	Else could you not have motion; but sure that sense	
FTLN 2519	Is apoplexed; for madness would not err,	
FTLN 2520	Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,	
FTLN 2521	But it reserved some quantity of choice	85
FTLN 2522	To serve in such a difference.] What devil was 't	
FTLN 2523	That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?	
FTLN 2524	[Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,	
FTLN 2525	Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,	
FTLN 2526	Or but a sickly part of one true sense	90
FTLN 2527	Could not so mope.] O shame, where is thy blush?	
FTLN 2528	Rebellious hell,	
FTLN 2529	If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,	
FTLN 2530	To flaming youth let virtue be as wax	
FTLN 2531	And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame	95
FTLN 2532	When the compulsive ardor gives the charge,	
FTLN 2533	Since frost itself as actively doth burn,	
FTLN 2534	And reason ⟨panders⟩ will.	
FTLN 2535	QUEEN O Hamlet, speak no more!	
FTLN 2536	Thou turn'st my eyes into my ⟨very⟩ soul,	100
FTLN 2537	And there I see such black and ⟨grainèd⟩ spots	
FTLN 2538	As will ⟨not⟩ leave their tinct.	
FTLN 2539	HAMLET Nay, but to live	
FTLN 2540	In the rank sweat of an enseamèd bed,	
FTLN 2541	Stewed in corruption, honeying and making love	105
FTLN 2542	Over the nasty sty!	

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

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

FTLN 2552 QUEEN No more!
 FTLN 2553 HAMLET A king of shreds and patches—

Enter Ghost.

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

FTLN 2557 QUEEN Alas, he's mad.
 HAMLET

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

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

FTLN 2568 HAMLET How is it with you, lady?

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

FTLN 2576	Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper	140
FTLN 2577	Sprinkle cool patience! Whereon do you look?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2578	On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares.	
FTLN 2579	His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,	
FTLN 2580	Would make them capable. <i>['To the Ghost.']</i> Do not	
FTLN 2581	look upon me,	145
FTLN 2582	Lest with this piteous action you convert	
FTLN 2583	My stern effects. Then what I have to do	
FTLN 2584	Will want true color—tears perchance for blood.	
FTLN 2585	QUEEN To whom do you speak this?	
FTLN 2586	HAMLET Do you see nothing there?	150
	QUEEN	
FTLN 2587	Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.	
FTLN 2588	HAMLET Nor did you nothing hear?	
FTLN 2589	QUEEN No, nothing but ourselves.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2590	Why, look you there, look how it steals away!	
FTLN 2591	My father, in his habit as he lived!	155
FTLN 2592	Look where he goes even now out at the portal!	
	<i>Ghost exits.</i>	
	QUEEN	
FTLN 2593	This is the very coinage of your brain.	
FTLN 2594	This bodiless creation ecstasy	
FTLN 2595	Is very cunning in.	
FTLN 2596	HAMLET <i>⟨Ecstasy?⟩</i>	160
FTLN 2597	My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time	
FTLN 2598	And makes as healthful music. It is not madness	
FTLN 2599	That I have uttered. Bring me to the test,	
FTLN 2600	And <i>⟨I⟩</i> the matter will reword, which madness	
FTLN 2601	Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,	165
FTLN 2602	Lay not that flattering unction to your soul	
FTLN 2603	That not your trespass but my madness speaks.	
FTLN 2604	It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,	
FTLN 2605	Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,	
FTLN 2606	Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven,	170

FTLN 2607 Repent what's past, avoid what is to come,
 FTLN 2608 And do not spread the compost on the weeds
 FTLN 2609 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue,
 FTLN 2610 For, in the fatness of these pury times,
 FTLN 2611 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg, 175
 FTLN 2612 Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

QUEEN

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

HAMLET

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

「Pointing to Polonius.」

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

FTLN 2638 QUEEN What shall I do?

HAMLET

FTLN 2639 Not this by no means that I bid you do:
 FTLN 2640 Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,
 FTLN 2641 Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse, 205
 FTLN 2642 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses
 FTLN 2643 Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,
 FTLN 2644 Make you to ravel all this matter out
 FTLN 2645 That I essentially am not in madness,
 FTLN 2646 But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know, 210
 FTLN 2647 For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
 FTLN 2648 Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
 FTLN 2649 Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?
 FTLN 2650 No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
 FTLN 2651 Unpeg the basket on the house's top, 215
 FTLN 2652 Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
 FTLN 2653 To try conclusions, in the basket creep
 FTLN 2654 And break your own neck down.

QUEEN

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

HAMLET

FTLN 2658 I must to England, you know that.

FTLN 2659 QUEEN Alack,

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

HAMLET

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

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

They exit, *(Hamlet tugging in Polonius.)*

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

QUEEN

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

KING O Gertrude, come away!

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

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

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

⟨Rosencrantz and Guildenstern exit.⟩

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

They exit.

「Scene 2」
 〈Enter Hamlet.〉

FTLN 2723 HAMLET Safely stowed.
 FTLN 2724 〈GENTLEMEN, *within* Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!〉
 FTLN 2725 HAMLET But soft, what noise? Who calls on Hamlet?
 FTLN 2726 O, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz, 〈Guildenstern,〉 and others.

ROSENCRANTZ
 FTLN 2727 What have you done, my lord, with the dead body? 5
 HAMLET
 FTLN 2728 〈Compounded〉 it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
 ROSENCRANTZ
 FTLN 2729 Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence
 FTLN 2730 And bear it to the chapel.
 FTLN 2731 HAMLET Do not believe it.
 FTLN 2732 ROSENCRANTZ Believe what? 10
 FTLN 2733 HAMLET That I can keep your counsel and not mine
 FTLN 2734 own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what
 FTLN 2735 replication should be made by the son of a king?
 FTLN 2736 ROSENCRANTZ Take you me for a sponge, my lord?
 FTLN 2737 HAMLET Ay, sir, that soaks up the King's countenance, 15
 FTLN 2738 his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the
 FTLN 2739 King best service in the end. He keeps them like 〈an
 FTLN 2740 ape〉 an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed,
 FTLN 2741 to be last swallowed. When he needs what you have
 FTLN 2742 gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you 20
 FTLN 2743 shall be dry again.
 FTLN 2744 ROSENCRANTZ I understand you not, my lord.
 FTLN 2745 HAMLET I am glad of it. A knavish speech sleeps in a
 FTLN 2746 foolish ear.
 FTLN 2747 ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you must tell us where the 25
 FTLN 2748 body is and go with us to the King.
 FTLN 2749 HAMLET The body is with the King, but the King is not
 FTLN 2750 with the body. The King is a thing—

FTLN 2751 GUILDENSTERN A "thing," my lord?
 FTLN 2752 HAMLET Of nothing. Bring me to him. (Hide fox, and
 FTLN 2753 all after!)

30

They exit.

[Scene 3]

Enter King and two or three.

KING

FTLN 2754 I have sent to seek him and to find the body.
 FTLN 2755 How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!
 FTLN 2756 Yet must not we put the strong law on him.
 FTLN 2757 He's loved of the distracted multitude,
 FTLN 2758 Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; 5
 FTLN 2759 And, where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weighed,
 FTLN 2760 But never the offense. To bear all smooth and even,
 FTLN 2761 This sudden sending him away must seem
 FTLN 2762 Deliberate pause. Diseases desperate grown
 FTLN 2763 By desperate appliance are relieved 10
 FTLN 2764 Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz.

FTLN 2765 How now, what hath befallen?

ROSENCRANTZ

FTLN 2766 Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,
 FTLN 2767 We cannot get from him.

FTLN 2768 KING But where is he? 15

ROSENCRANTZ

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

KING

FTLN 2770 Bring him before us.

FTLN 2771 ROSENCRANTZ Ho! Bring in the lord.

They enter [with Hamlet.]

FTLN 2772 KING Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

FTLN 2773 HAMLET At supper. 20

FTLN 2774	KING	At supper where?	
FTLN 2775	HAMLET	Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A	
FTLN 2776		certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at	
FTLN 2777		him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We	
FTLN 2778		fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves	25
FTLN 2779		for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is	
FTLN 2780		but variable service—two dishes but to one table.	
FTLN 2781		That's the end.	
FTLN 2782	[KING	Alas, alas!	
FTLN 2783	HAMLET	A man may fish with the worm that hath eat	30
FTLN 2784		of a king and eat of the fish that hath fed of that	
FTLN 2785		worm.]	
FTLN 2786	KING	What dost thou mean by this?	
FTLN 2787	HAMLET	Nothing but to show you how a king may go a	
FTLN 2788		progress through the guts of a beggar.	35
FTLN 2789	KING	Where is Polonius?	
FTLN 2790	HAMLET	In heaven. Send thither to see. If your messenger	
FTLN 2791		find him not there, seek him i' th' other	
FTLN 2792		place yourself. But if, indeed, you find him not	
FTLN 2793		within this month, you shall nose him as you go up	40
FTLN 2794		the stairs into the lobby.	
FTLN 2795	KING,	['to Attendants.'] Go, seek him there.	
FTLN 2796	HAMLET	He will stay till you come. ['Attendants exit.']	
	KING		
FTLN 2797		Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety	
FTLN 2798		(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve	45
FTLN 2799		For that which thou hast done) must send thee	
FTLN 2800		hence	
FTLN 2801		⟨With fiery quickness.⟩ Therefore prepare thyself.	
FTLN 2802		The bark is ready, and the wind at help,	
FTLN 2803		Th' associates tend, and everything is bent	50
FTLN 2804		For England.	
FTLN 2805	HAMLET	For England?	
FTLN 2806	KING	Ay, Hamlet.	
FTLN 2807	HAMLET	Good.	
	KING		
FTLN 2808		So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.	55

HAMLET

FTLN 2809 I see a cherub that sees them. But come, for
FTLN 2810 England.

FTLN 2811 Farewell, dear mother.

FTLN 2812 KING Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET

FTLN 2813 My mother. Father and mother is man and wife, 60

FTLN 2814 Man and wife is one flesh, <and> so, my mother.—

FTLN 2815 Come, for England. *He exits.*

KING

FTLN 2816 Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard.

FTLN 2817 Delay it not. I'll have him hence tonight.

FTLN 2818 Away, for everything is sealed and done 65

FTLN 2819 That else leans on th' affair. Pray you, make haste.

['All but the King exit.']

FTLN 2820 And England, if my love thou hold'st at aught

FTLN 2821 (As my great power thereof may give thee sense,

FTLN 2822 Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red

FTLN 2823 After the Danish sword, and thy free awe 70

FTLN 2824 Pays homage to us), thou mayst not coldly set

FTLN 2825 Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

FTLN 2826 By letters congruing to that effect,

FTLN 2827 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England,

FTLN 2828 For like the hectic in my blood he rages, 75

FTLN 2829 And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,

FTLN 2830 Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.

He exits.

['Scene 4']

Enter Fortinbras with his army over the stage.

FORTINBRAS

FTLN 2831 Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish king.

FTLN 2832 Tell him that by his license Fortinbras

FTLN 2833 Craves the conveyance of a promised march

FTLN 2834 Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

FTLN 2835	If that his Majesty would aught with us,	5
FTLN 2836	We shall express our duty in his eye;	
FTLN 2837	And let him know so.	
FTLN 2838	CAPTAIN I will do 't, my lord.	
FTLN 2839	FORTINBRAS Go softly on. <i>「All but the Captain exit.」</i>	
	<i>「Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, 「Guildenstern,」 and others.」</i>	
FTLN 2840	HAMLET Good sir, whose powers are these?	10
FTLN 2841	CAPTAIN They are of Norway, sir.	
FTLN 2842	HAMLET How purposed, sir, I pray you?	
FTLN 2843	CAPTAIN Against some part of Poland.	
FTLN 2844	HAMLET Who commands them, sir?	
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 2845	The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.	15
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2846	Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,	
FTLN 2847	Or for some frontier?	
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 2848	Truly to speak, and with no addition,	
FTLN 2849	We go to gain a little patch of ground	
FTLN 2850	That hath in it no profit but the name.	20
FTLN 2851	To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;	
FTLN 2852	Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole	
FTLN 2853	A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2854	Why, then, the Polack never will defend it.	
	CAPTAIN	
FTLN 2855	Yes, it is already garrisoned.	25
	HAMLET	
FTLN 2856	Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats	
FTLN 2857	Will not debate the question of this straw.	
FTLN 2858	This is th' impostume of much wealth and peace,	
FTLN 2859	That inward breaks and shows no cause without	
FTLN 2860	Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.	30
FTLN 2861	CAPTAIN God be wi' you, sir. <i>「He exits.」</i>	
FTLN 2862	ROSENCRANTZ Will 't please you go, my lord?	

HAMLET

FTLN 2863	I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.	
	<i>〔All but Hamlet exit.〕</i>	
FTLN 2864	How all occasions do inform against me	
FTLN 2865	And spur my dull revenge. What is a man	35
FTLN 2866	If his chief good and market of his time	
FTLN 2867	Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.	
FTLN 2868	Sure He that made us with such large discourse,	
FTLN 2869	Looking before and after, gave us not	
FTLN 2870	That capability and godlike reason	40
FTLN 2871	To fust in us unused. Now whether it be	
FTLN 2872	Bestial oblivion or some craven scruple	
FTLN 2873	Of thinking too precisely on th' event	
FTLN 2874	(A thought which, quartered, hath but one part	
FTLN 2875	wisdom	45
FTLN 2876	And ever three parts coward), I do not know	
FTLN 2877	Why yet I live to say "This thing's to do,"	
FTLN 2878	Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means	
FTLN 2879	To do 't. Examples gross as Earth exhort me:	
FTLN 2880	Witness this army of such mass and charge,	50
FTLN 2881	Led by a delicate and tender prince,	
FTLN 2882	Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed	
FTLN 2883	Makes mouths at the invisible event,	
FTLN 2884	Exposing what is mortal and unsure	
FTLN 2885	To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,	55
FTLN 2886	Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great	
FTLN 2887	Is not to stir without great argument,	
FTLN 2888	But greatly to find quarrel in a straw	
FTLN 2889	When honor's at the stake. How stand I, then,	
FTLN 2890	That have a father killed, a mother stained,	60
FTLN 2891	Excitements of my reason and my blood,	
FTLN 2892	And let all sleep, while to my shame I see	
FTLN 2893	The imminent death of twenty thousand men	
FTLN 2894	That for a fantasy and trick of fame	
FTLN 2895	Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot	65
FTLN 2896	Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,	

FTLN 2897 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 FTLN 2898 To hide the slain? O, from this time forth
 FTLN 2899 My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth!

He exits.]

「Scene 5」

Enter Horatio, 〈Queen,〉 and a Gentleman.

FTLN 2900 QUEEN I will not speak with her.

FTLN 2901 GENTLEMAN She is importunate,

FTLN 2902 Indeed distract; her mood will needs be pitied.

FTLN 2903 QUEEN What would she have?

GENTLEMAN

FTLN 2904 She speaks much of her father, says she hears 5

FTLN 2905 There's tricks i' th' world, and hems, and beats her
 FTLN 2906 heart,

FTLN 2907 Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt

FTLN 2908 That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,

FTLN 2909 Yet the unshapèd use of it doth move 10

FTLN 2910 The hearers to collection. They 〈aim〉 at it

FTLN 2911 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;

FTLN 2912 Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield
 FTLN 2913 them,

FTLN 2914 Indeed would make one think there might be 15

FTLN 2915 thought,

FTLN 2916 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

HORATIO

FTLN 2917 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may

FTLN 2918 strew

FTLN 2919 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds. 20

FTLN 2920 「QUEEN」 Let her come in. 「Gentleman exits.」

FTLN 2921 「Aside.」 To my sick soul (as sin's true nature is),

FTLN 2922 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss.

FTLN 2923 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,

FTLN 2924 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. 25

⟨Enter Ophelia distracted.⟩

OPHELIA

FTLN 2925 Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

FTLN 2926 QUEEN How now, Ophelia?

OPHELIA *〔sings〕*

FTLN 2927 *How should I your true love know*

FTLN 2928 *From another one?*

FTLN 2929 *By his cockle hat and staff* 30

FTLN 2930 *And his sandal shoon.*

QUEEN

FTLN 2931 Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

FTLN 2932 OPHELIA Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.

FTLN 2933 *〔Sings.〕 He is dead and gone, lady,*

FTLN 2934 *He is dead and gone;* 35

FTLN 2935 *At his head a grass-green turf,*

FTLN 2936 *At his heels a stone.*

FTLN 2937 Oh, ho!

FTLN 2938 QUEEN Nay, but Ophelia—

FTLN 2939 OPHELIA Pray you, mark. 40

FTLN 2940 *〔Sings.〕 White his shroud as the mountain snow—*

Enter King.

FTLN 2941 QUEEN Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA *〔sings〕*

FTLN 2942 *Larded all with sweet flowers;*

FTLN 2943 *Which bewept to the ground did not go*

FTLN 2944 *With true-love showers.* 45

FTLN 2945 KING How do you, pretty lady?

FTLN 2946 OPHELIA Well, God dild you. They say the owl was a

FTLN 2947 baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are but

FTLN 2948 know not what we may be. God be at your table.

FTLN 2949 KING Conceit upon her father. 50

FTLN 2950 OPHELIA Pray let's have no words of this, but when

FTLN 2951 they ask you what it means, say you this:

FTLN 2952	「Sings.」	<i>Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,</i>	
FTLN 2953		<i>All in the morning betime,</i>	
FTLN 2954		<i>And I a maid at your window,</i>	55
FTLN 2955		<i>To be your Valentine.</i>	
FTLN 2956		<i>Then up he rose and donned his clothes</i>	
FTLN 2957		<i>And dupp'd the chamber door,</i>	
FTLN 2958		<i>Let in the maid, that out a maid</i>	
FTLN 2959		<i>Never departed more.</i>	60
FTLN 2960	KING	Pretty Ophelia—	
	OPHELIA		
FTLN 2961		Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on 't:	
FTLN 2962	「Sings.」	<i>By Gis and by Saint Charity,</i>	
FTLN 2963		<i>Alack and fie for shame,</i>	
FTLN 2964		<i>Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;</i>	65
FTLN 2965		<i>By Cock, they are to blame.</i>	
FTLN 2966		<i>Quoth she "Before you tumbled me,</i>	
FTLN 2967		<i>You promised me to wed."</i>	
FTLN 2968		He answers:	
FTLN 2969		<i>"So would I 'a done, by yonder sun,</i>	70
FTLN 2970		<i>An thou hadst not come to my bed."</i>	
FTLN 2971	KING	How long hath she been thus?	
FTLN 2972	OPHELIA	I hope all will be well. We must be patient,	
FTLN 2973		but I cannot choose but weep to think they would	
FTLN 2974		lay him i' th' cold ground. My brother shall know of	75
FTLN 2975		it. And so I thank you for your good counsel. Come,	
FTLN 2976		my coach! Good night, ladies, good night, sweet	
FTLN 2977		ladies, good night, good night. <i>〈She exits.〉</i>	
	KING		
FTLN 2978		Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.	
		<i>「Horatio exits.」</i>	
FTLN 2979		O, this is the poison of deep grief. It springs	80
FTLN 2980		All from her father's death, and now behold!	
FTLN 2981		O Gertrude, Gertrude,	
FTLN 2982		When sorrows come, they come not single spies,	
FTLN 2983		But in battalions: first, her father slain;	
FTLN 2984		Next, your son gone, and he most violent author	85
FTLN 2985		Of his own just remove; the people muddied,	

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

A noise within.

FTLN 3003 ⟨QUEEN Alack, what noise is this?⟩
 FTLN 3004 KING Attend! 105
 FTLN 3005 Where is my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

Enter a Messenger.

FTLN 3006 What is the matter?
 FTLN 3007 MESSENGER Save yourself, my lord.
 FTLN 3008 The ocean, overpeering of his list,
 FTLN 3009 Eats not the flats with more impiteous haste 110
 FTLN 3010 Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
 FTLN 3011 O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him "lord,"
 FTLN 3012 And, as the world were now but to begin,
 FTLN 3013 Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
 FTLN 3014 The ratifiers and props of every word, 115
 FTLN 3015 ⟨They⟩ cry "Choose we, Laertes shall be king!"
 FTLN 3016 Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
 FTLN 3017 "Laertes shall be king! Laertes king!"

A noise within.

QUEEN

FTLN 3018 How cheerfully on the false trail they cry.

FTLN 3019 O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

120

FTLN 3020 KING The doors are broke.

Enter Laertes with others.

LAERTES

FTLN 3021 Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

FTLN 3022 ALL No, let's come in!

FTLN 3023 LAERTES I pray you, give me leave.

FTLN 3024 ALL We will, we will.

125

LAERTES

FTLN 3025 I thank you. Keep the door. *Followers exit.* O, thou

FTLN 3026 vile king,

FTLN 3027 Give me my father!

FTLN 3028 QUEEN Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES

FTLN 3029 That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me

130

FTLN 3030 bastard,

FTLN 3031 Cries "cuckold" to my father, brands the harlot

FTLN 3032 Even here between the chaste unsmirchèd brow

FTLN 3033 Of my true mother.

FTLN 3034 KING What is the cause, Laertes,

135

FTLN 3035 That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—

FTLN 3036 Let him go, Gertrude. Do not fear our person.

FTLN 3037 There's such divinity doth hedge a king

FTLN 3038 That treason can but peep to what it would,

FTLN 3039 Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,

140

FTLN 3040 Why thou art thus incensed.—Let him go,

FTLN 3041 Gertrude.—

FTLN 3042 Speak, man.

FTLN 3043 LAERTES Where is my father?

FTLN 3044 KING Dead.

145

QUEEN

FTLN 3045 But not by him.

FTLN 3046 KING Let him demand his fill.

LAERTES

FTLN 3047 How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
 FTLN 3048 To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!
 FTLN 3049 Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit! 150
 FTLN 3050 I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
 FTLN 3051 That both the worlds I give to negligence,
 FTLN 3052 Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged
 FTLN 3053 Most thoroughly for my father.

FTLN 3054 KING Who shall stay you? 155

FTLN 3055 LAERTES My will, not all the *<world.>*
 FTLN 3056 And for my means, I'll husband them so well
 FTLN 3057 They shall go far with little.

FTLN 3058 KING Good Laertes,
 FTLN 3059 If you desire to know the certainty 160
 FTLN 3060 Of your dear father, is 't writ in your revenge
 FTLN 3061 That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and
 FTLN 3062 foe,
 FTLN 3063 Winner and loser?

FTLN 3064 LAERTES None but his enemies. 165

FTLN 3065 KING Will you know them, then?

LAERTES

FTLN 3066 To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms
 FTLN 3067 And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
 FTLN 3068 Repast them with my blood.

FTLN 3069 KING Why, now you speak 170

FTLN 3070 Like a good child and a true gentleman.
 FTLN 3071 That I am guiltless of your father's death
 FTLN 3072 And am most sensibly in grief for it,
 FTLN 3073 It shall as level to your judgment 'pear
 FTLN 3074 As day does to your eye. 175

FTLN 3075 *A noise within:* *<"Let her come in!">*

FTLN 3076 LAERTES *>* How now, what noise is that?

Enter Ophelia.

FTLN 3077 O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt
 FTLN 3078 Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!

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

「Scene 6」

Enter Horatio and others.

FTLN 3145 HORATIO What are they that would speak with me?
 FTLN 3146 GENTLEMAN Seafaring men, sir. They say they have
 FTLN 3147 letters for you.
 FTLN 3148 HORATIO Let them come in. 「*Gentleman exits.*」 I do not
 FTLN 3149 know from what part of the world I should be 5
 FTLN 3150 greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

FTLN 3151 SAILOR God bless you, sir.
 FTLN 3152 HORATIO Let Him bless thee too.
 FTLN 3153 SAILOR He shall, sir, 〈an ’t〉 please Him. There’s a letter
 FTLN 3154 for you, sir. It came from th’ ambassador that was 10
 FTLN 3155 bound for England—if your name be Horatio, as I
 FTLN 3156 am let to know it is. 「*He hands Horatio a letter.*」
 FTLN 3157 HORATIO 〈*reads the letter*〉 *Horatio, when thou shalt have*
 FTLN 3158 *overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the*
 FTLN 3159 *King. They have letters for him. Ere we were two days 15*
 FTLN 3160 *old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave*
 FTLN 3161 *us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on*
 FTLN 3162 *a compelled valor, and in the grapple I boarded them.*
 FTLN 3163 *On the instant, they got clear of our ship; so I alone*
 FTLN 3164 *became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like 20*
 FTLN 3165 *thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to*
 FTLN 3166 *do a 〈good〉 turn for them. Let the King have the letters*
 FTLN 3167 *I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much speed*
 FTLN 3168 *as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in*
 FTLN 3169 *thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too 25*
 FTLN 3170 *light for the 〈bore〉 of the matter. These good fellows*
 FTLN 3171 *will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*
 FTLN 3172 *hold their course for England; of them I have*
 FTLN 3173 *much to tell thee. Farewell.*
 FTLN 3174 〈*He*〉 *that thou knowest thine, 30*
 FTLN 3175 *Hamlet.*

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

They exit.

「Scene 7」

Enter King and Laertes.

KING

FTLN 3179 Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
 FTLN 3180 And you must put me in your heart for friend,
 FTLN 3181 Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
 FTLN 3182 That he which hath your noble father slain
 FTLN 3183 Pursued my life. 5

FTLN 3184 LAERTES It well appears. But tell me

FTLN 3185 Why you ⟨proceeded⟩ not against these feats,
 FTLN 3186 So criminal and so capital in nature,
 FTLN 3187 As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,
 FTLN 3188 You mainly were stirred up. 10

FTLN 3189 KING O, for two special reasons,

FTLN 3190 Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinewed,
 FTLN 3191 But yet to me they're strong. The Queen his mother
 FTLN 3192 Lives almost by his looks, and for myself
 FTLN 3193 (My virtue or my plague, be it either which), 15

FTLN 3194 She is so ⟨conjunctive⟩ to my life and soul
 FTLN 3195 That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
 FTLN 3196 I could not but by her. The other motive

FTLN 3197 Why to a public count I might not go
 FTLN 3198 Is the great love the general gender bear him, 20
 FTLN 3199 Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,

FTLN 3200 Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
 FTLN 3201 Convert his gyves to graces, so that my arrows,
 FTLN 3202 Too slightly timbered for so ⟨loud a wind,⟩

FTLN 3203 Would have reverted to my bow again, 25
 FTLN 3204 But not where I have aimed them.

LAERTES

FTLN 3205 And so have I a noble father lost,

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

KING

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

Enter a Messenger with letters.

FTLN 3216 ‹How now? What news?

FTLN 3217 MESSENGER Letters, my lord, from
 FTLN 3218 Hamlet.) 40

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

FTLN 3220 KING From Hamlet? Who brought them?

MESSENGER

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

FTLN 3224 KING Laertes, you shall hear

FTLN 3225 them.—

FTLN 3226 Leave us. ‹Messenger exits.›

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

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

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

FTLN 3234 LAERTES Know you the hand?

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

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

FTLN 3237 Can you ‹advise› me?

LAERTES

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

KING If it be so, Laertes

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

LAERTES Ay, my lord,

FTLN 3246 So you will not o’errule me to a peace.

KING

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

[LAERTES My lord, I will be ruled,

FTLN 3256 The rather if you could devise it so
 FTLN 3257 That I might be the organ.

KING It falls right.

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

LAERTES What part is that, my lord?

KING

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

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

KING

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

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

KING

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

FTLN 3337	LAERTES	I will do 't,	
FTLN 3338		And for <that> purpose I'll anoint my sword.	160
FTLN 3339		I bought an unction of a mountebank	
FTLN 3340		So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,	
FTLN 3341		Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,	
FTLN 3342		Collected from all simples that have virtue	
FTLN 3343		Under the moon, can save the thing from death	165
FTLN 3344		That is but scratched withal. I'll touch my point	
FTLN 3345		With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,	
FTLN 3346		It may be death.	
FTLN 3347	KING	Let's further think of this,	
FTLN 3348		Weigh what convenience both of time and means	170
FTLN 3349		May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,	
FTLN 3350		And that our drift look through our bad	
FTLN 3351		performance,	
FTLN 3352		'Twere better not assayed. Therefore this project	
FTLN 3353		Should have a back or second that might hold	175
FTLN 3354		If this did blast in proof. Soft, let me see.	
FTLN 3355		We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings—	
FTLN 3356		I ha 't!	
FTLN 3357		When in your motion you are hot and dry	
FTLN 3358		(As make your bouts more violent to that end)	180
FTLN 3359		And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared	
FTLN 3360		him	
FTLN 3361		A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,	
FTLN 3362		If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,	
FTLN 3363		Our purpose may hold there.—But stay, what	185
FTLN 3364		noise?	

Enter Queen.

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

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

[Scene 1]

Enter [Gravedigger and Another.]

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

FTLN 3423	OTHER	Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been	
FTLN 3424		a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o'	25
FTLN 3425		Christian burial.	
FTLN 3426	「GRAVEDIGGER」	Why, there thou sayst. And the more	
FTLN 3427		pity that great folk should have count'nance in this	
FTLN 3428		world to drown or hang themselves more than	
FTLN 3429		their even-Christian. Come, my spade. There is no	30
FTLN 3430		ancient gentlemen but gard'ners, ditchers, and	
FTLN 3431		grave-makers. They hold up Adam's profession.	
FTLN 3432	OTHER	Was he a gentleman?	
FTLN 3433	「GRAVEDIGGER」	He was the first that ever bore arms.	
FTLN 3434	〈OTHER	Why, he had none.	35
FTLN 3435	「GRAVEDIGGER」	What, art a heathen? How dost thou	
FTLN 3436		understand the scripture? The scripture says Adam	
FTLN 3437		digged. Could he dig without arms?〉 I'll put another	
FTLN 3438		question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the	
FTLN 3439		purpose, confess thyself—	40
FTLN 3440	OTHER	Go to!	
FTLN 3441	「GRAVEDIGGER」	What is he that builds stronger than	
FTLN 3442		either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?	
FTLN 3443	OTHER	The gallows-maker; for that 〈frame〉 outlives a	
FTLN 3444		thousand tenants.	45
FTLN 3445	「GRAVEDIGGER」	I like thy wit well, in good faith. The	
FTLN 3446		gallows does well. But how does it well? It does	
FTLN 3447		well to those that do ill. Now, thou dost ill to say the	
FTLN 3448		gallows is built stronger than the church. Argal, the	
FTLN 3449		gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come.	50
FTLN 3450	OTHER	“Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright,	
FTLN 3451		or a carpenter?”	
FTLN 3452	「GRAVEDIGGER」	Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.	
FTLN 3453	OTHER	Marry, now I can tell.	
FTLN 3454	「GRAVEDIGGER」	To 't.	55
FTLN 3455	OTHER	Mass, I cannot tell.	

〈Enter Hamlet and Horatio afar off.〉

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

FTLN 3457	for your dull ass will not mend his pace with	
FTLN 3458	beating. And, when you are asked this question	
FTLN 3459	next, say “a grave-maker.” The houses he makes	60
FTLN 3460	lasts till doomsday. Go, get thee in, and fetch me a	
FTLN 3461	stoup of liquor.	
	<i>「The Other Man exits and the Gravedigger digs and sings.」</i>	
FTLN 3462	<i>In youth when I did love, did love,</i>	
FTLN 3463	<i>Methought it was very sweet</i>	
FTLN 3464	<i>To contract—O—the time for—a—my behove,</i>	65
FTLN 3465	<i>O, methought there—a—was nothing—a—meet.</i>	
FTLN 3466	HAMLET Has this fellow no feeling of his business? He	
FTLN 3467	sings in grave-making.	
FTLN 3468	HORATIO Custom hath made it in him a property of	
FTLN 3469	easiness.	70
FTLN 3470	HAMLET ’Tis e’en so. The hand of little employment	
FTLN 3471	hath the daintier sense.	
	<i>「GRAVEDIGGER」</i> <i>⟨sings⟩</i>	
FTLN 3472	<i>But age with his stealing steps</i>	
FTLN 3473	<i>Hath clawed me in his clutch,</i>	
FTLN 3474	<i>And hath shipped me into the land,</i>	75
FTLN 3475	<i>As if I had never been such.</i>	
	<i>「He digs up a skull.」</i>	
FTLN 3476	HAMLET That skull had a tongue in it and could sing	
FTLN 3477	once. How the knave jowls it to the ground as if	
FTLN 3478	’twere Cain’s jawbone, that did the first murder!	
FTLN 3479	This might be the pate of a politician which this ass	80
FTLN 3480	now o’erreaches, one that would circumvent God,	
FTLN 3481	might it not?	
FTLN 3482	HORATIO It might, my lord.	
FTLN 3483	HAMLET Or of a courtier, which could say “Good	
FTLN 3484	morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?”	85
FTLN 3485	This might be my Lord Such-a-one that praised my	
FTLN 3486	Lord Such-a-one’s horse when he went to beg it,	
FTLN 3487	might it not?	
FTLN 3488	HORATIO Ay, my lord.	

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

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

FTLN 3560	HAMLET	How came he mad?	
FTLN 3561	「GRAVEDIGGER」	Very strangely, they say.	
FTLN 3562	HAMLET	How “strangely”?	
FTLN 3563	「GRAVEDIGGER」	Faith, e’en with losing his wits.	
FTLN 3564	HAMLET	Upon what ground?	165
FTLN 3565	「GRAVEDIGGER」	Why, here in Denmark. I have been	
FTLN 3566		sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.	
FTLN 3567	HAMLET	How long will a man lie i’ th’ earth ere he rot?	
FTLN 3568	「GRAVEDIGGER」	Faith, if he be not rotten before he die	
FTLN 3569		(as we have many pocky corsés ⟨nowadays⟩ that will	170
FTLN 3570		scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some	
FTLN 3571		eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine	
FTLN 3572		year.	
FTLN 3573	HAMLET	Why he more than another?	
FTLN 3574	「GRAVEDIGGER」	Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his	175
FTLN 3575		trade that he will keep out water a great while; and	
FTLN 3576		your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead	
FTLN 3577		body. Here’s a skull now hath lien you i’ th’ earth	
FTLN 3578		three-and-twenty years.	
FTLN 3579	HAMLET	Whose was it?	180
FTLN 3580	「GRAVEDIGGER」	A whoreson mad fellow’s it was.	
FTLN 3581		Whose do you think it was?	
FTLN 3582	HAMLET	Nay, I know not.	
FTLN 3583	「GRAVEDIGGER」	A pestilence on him for a mad rogue!	
FTLN 3584		He poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once.	185
FTLN 3585		This same skull, sir, was, sir, Yorick’s skull, the	
FTLN 3586		King’s jester.	
FTLN 3587	HAMLET	This?	
FTLN 3588	「GRAVEDIGGER」	E’en that.	
FTLN 3589	HAMLET, 「 <i>taking the skull</i> 」	⟨Let me see.⟩ Alas, poor	190
FTLN 3590		Yorick! I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite	
FTLN 3591		jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath bore me on his	
FTLN 3592		back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in	
FTLN 3593		my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung	
FTLN 3594		those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.	195
FTLN 3595		Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your	

FTLN 3596	songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to	
FTLN 3597	set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your	
FTLN 3598	own grinning? Quite chapfallen? Now get you to my	
FTLN 3599	lady's ⟨chamber,⟩ and tell her, let her paint an inch	200
FTLN 3600	thick, to this favor she must come. Make her laugh	
FTLN 3601	at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.	
FTLN 3602	HORATIO What's that, my lord?	
FTLN 3603	HAMLET Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this	
FTLN 3604	fashion i' th' earth?	205
FTLN 3605	HORATIO E'en so.	
FTLN 3606	HAMLET And smelt so? Pah! <i>「He puts the skull down.」</i>	
FTLN 3607	HORATIO E'en so, my lord.	
FTLN 3608	HAMLET To what base uses we may return, Horatio!	
FTLN 3609	Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of	210
FTLN 3610	Alexander till he find it stopping a bunghole?	
FTLN 3611	HORATIO 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider	
FTLN 3612	so.	
FTLN 3613	HAMLET No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither,	
FTLN 3614	with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it, ⟨as	215
FTLN 3615	thus:⟩ Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander	
FTLN 3616	returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth	
FTLN 3617	we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he	
FTLN 3618	was converted might they not stop a beer barrel?	
FTLN 3619	Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay,	220
FTLN 3620	Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.	
FTLN 3621	O, that that earth which kept the world in awe	
FTLN 3622	Should patch a wall t' expel the ⟨winter's⟩ flaw!	
 <i>Enter King, Queen, Laertes, ⟨Lords attendant,⟩ and the corpse 「of Ophelia, with a Doctor of Divinity.」</i>		
FTLN 3623	But soft, but soft awhile! Here comes the King,	
FTLN 3624	The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?	225
FTLN 3625	And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken	
FTLN 3626	The corse they follow did with desp'rate hand	
FTLN 3627	Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate.	
FTLN 3628	Couch we awhile and mark. <i>「They step aside.」</i>	

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

FTLN 3662	Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,	
FTLN 3663	Till of this flat a mountain you have made	
FTLN 3664	T' o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head	265
FTLN 3665	Of blue Olympus.	
	HAMLET, <i>「advancing」</i>	
FTLN 3666	What is he whose grief	
FTLN 3667	Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow	
FTLN 3668	Conjures the wand'ring stars and makes them stand	
FTLN 3669	Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,	270
FTLN 3670	Hamlet the Dane.	
	LAERTES, <i>「coming out of the grave」</i>	
FTLN 3671	The devil take thy soul!	
FTLN 3672	HAMLET Thou pray'st not well. <i>「They grapple.」</i>	
FTLN 3673	I prithee take thy fingers from my throat,	
FTLN 3674	For though I am not splenitive <and> rash,	275
FTLN 3675	Yet have I in me something dangerous,	
FTLN 3676	Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.	
FTLN 3677	KING Pluck them asunder.	
FTLN 3678	QUEEN Hamlet! Hamlet!	
FTLN 3679	ALL Gentlemen!	280
FTLN 3680	HORATIO Good my lord, be quiet.	
	<i>「Hamlet and Laertes are separated.」</i>	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3681	Why, I will fight with him upon this theme	
FTLN 3682	Until my eyelids will no longer wag!	
FTLN 3683	QUEEN O my son, what theme?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3684	I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers	285
FTLN 3685	Could not with all their quantity of love	
FTLN 3686	Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?	
FTLN 3687	KING O, he is mad, Laertes!	
FTLN 3688	QUEEN For love of God, forbear him.	
FTLN 3689	HAMLET 'Swounds, show me what thou 't do.	290
FTLN 3690	Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't tear	
FTLN 3691	thyself,	
FTLN 3692	Woo't drink up eisel, eat a crocodile?	

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

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

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

Hamlet exits.

KING

I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

Horatio exits.

「*To Laertes.*」 Strengthen your patience in our last
 night's speech.

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

They exit.

FTLN 3749	But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?	
FTLN 3750	HORATIO I beseech you.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3751	Being thus benetted round with 「villainies,」	
FTLN 3752	Or I could make a prologue to my brains,	
FTLN 3753	They had begun the play. I sat me down,	35
FTLN 3754	Devised a new commission, wrote it fair—	
FTLN 3755	I once did hold it, as our statistes do,	
FTLN 3756	A baseness to write fair, and labored much	
FTLN 3757	How to forget that learning; but, sir, now	
FTLN 3758	It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know	40
FTLN 3759	Th' effect of what I wrote?	
FTLN 3760	HORATIO Ay, good my lord.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3761	An earnest conjuration from the King,	
FTLN 3762	As England was his faithful tributary,	
FTLN 3763	As love between them like the palm might flourish,	45
FTLN 3764	As peace should still her wheaten garland wear	
FTLN 3765	And stand a comma 'tween their amities,	
FTLN 3766	And many suchlike 「ases」 of great charge,	
FTLN 3767	That, on the view and knowing of these contents,	
FTLN 3768	Without debatement further, more or less,	50
FTLN 3769	He should those bearers put to sudden death,	
FTLN 3770	Not shriving time allowed.	
FTLN 3771	HORATIO How was this sealed?	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3772	Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.	
FTLN 3773	I had my father's signet in my purse,	55
FTLN 3774	Which was the model of that Danish seal;	
FTLN 3775	Folded the writ up in the form of th' other,	
FTLN 3776	〈Subscribed〉 it, gave 't th' impression, placed it	
FTLN 3777	safely,	
FTLN 3778	The changeling never known. Now, the next day	60
FTLN 3779	Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent	
FTLN 3780	Thou knowest already.	
	HORATIO	
FTLN 3781	So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.	

HAMLET

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

FTLN 3788 HORATIO Why, what a king is this! 70

HAMLET

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

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

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

FTLN 3809 HORATIO Peace, who comes here?⟩

Enter ⟨Osric,⟩ a courtier.

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

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

FTLN 3847	verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great	
FTLN 3848	article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness	130
FTLN 3849	as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his	
FTLN 3850	mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage,	
FTLN 3851	nothing more.	
FTLN 3852	OSRIC Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.	
FTLN 3853	HAMLET The concernancy, sir? Why do we wrap the	135
FTLN 3854	gentleman in our more rawer breath?	
FTLN 3855	OSRIC Sir?	
FTLN 3856	HORATIO Is 't not possible to understand in another	
FTLN 3857	tongue? You will to 't, sir, really.	
FTLN 3858	HAMLET, <i>['to Osric']</i> What imports the nomination of	140
FTLN 3859	this gentleman?	
FTLN 3860	OSRIC Of Laertes?	
FTLN 3861	HORATIO His purse is empty already; all 's golden words	
FTLN 3862	are spent.	
FTLN 3863	HAMLET Of him, sir.	145
FTLN 3864	OSRIC I know you are not ignorant—	
FTLN 3865	HAMLET I would you did, sir. Yet, in faith, if you did, it	
FTLN 3866	would not much approve me. Well, sir?]	
FTLN 3867	OSRIC You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes	
FTLN 3868	is—	150
FTLN 3869	[HAMLET I dare not confess that, lest I should compare	
FTLN 3870	with him in excellence. But to know a man well	
FTLN 3871	were to know himself.	
FTLN 3872	OSRIC I mean, sir, for <i>['his']</i> weapon. But in the imputation	
FTLN 3873	laid on him by them, in his meed he's	155
FTLN 3874	unfellowed.]	
FTLN 3875	HAMLET What's his weapon?	
FTLN 3876	OSRIC Rapier and dagger.	
FTLN 3877	HAMLET That's two of his weapons. But, well—	
FTLN 3878	OSRIC The King, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary	160
FTLN 3879	horses, against the which he has impawned, as I	
FTLN 3880	take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their	
FTLN 3881	assigns, as girdle, <i>⟨hangers,⟩</i> and so. Three of the	
FTLN 3882	carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very	

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

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

[*Enter a Lord.*]

FTLN 3927 LORD My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by
 FTLN 3928 young Osric, who brings back to him that you 210
 FTLN 3929 attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your
 FTLN 3930 pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will
 FTLN 3931 take longer time.
 FTLN 3932 HAMLET I am constant to my purposes. They follow
 FTLN 3933 the King's pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is 215
 FTLN 3934 ready now or whensoever, provided I be so able as
 FTLN 3935 now.
 FTLN 3936 LORD The King and Queen and all are coming down.
 FTLN 3937 HAMLET In happy time.
 FTLN 3938 LORD The Queen desires you to use some gentle 220
 FTLN 3939 entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.
 FTLN 3940 HAMLET She well instructs me. 「*Lord exits.*」]
 FTLN 3941 HORATIO You will lose, my lord.
 FTLN 3942 HAMLET I do not think so. Since he went into France, I
 FTLN 3943 have been in continual practice. I shall win at the 225
 FTLN 3944 odds; ⟨but⟩ thou wouldst not think how ill all's here
 FTLN 3945 about my heart. But it is no matter.
 FTLN 3946 HORATIO Nay, good my lord—
 FTLN 3947 HAMLET It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of
 FTLN 3948 ⟨gaingiving⟩ as would perhaps trouble a woman. 230
 FTLN 3949 HORATIO If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will
 FTLN 3950 forestall their repair hither and say you are not fit.
 FTLN 3951 HAMLET Not a whit. We defy augury. There is ⟨a⟩
 FTLN 3952 special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be
 FTLN 3953 ⟨now,⟩ 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be 235

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

*A table prepared. ⟨Enter⟩ Trumpets, Drums, and Officers
 with cushions, King, Queen, [Osric,] and all the state,
 foils, daggers, ⟨flagons of wine,⟩ and Laertes.*

KING

FTLN 3957 Come, Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

[He puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.]

HAMLET, *[to Laertes]*

FTLN 3958	Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong;	240
FTLN 3959	But pardon 't as you are a gentleman. This presence	
FTLN 3960	knows,	
FTLN 3961	And you must needs have heard, how I am punished	
FTLN 3962	With a sore distraction. What I have done	
FTLN 3963	That might your nature, honor, and exception	245
FTLN 3964	Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.	
FTLN 3965	Was 't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet.	
FTLN 3966	If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,	
FTLN 3967	And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,	
FTLN 3968	Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.	250
FTLN 3969	Who does it, then? His madness. If 't be so,	
FTLN 3970	Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;	
FTLN 3971	His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.	
FTLN 3972	<i>⟨Sir, in this audience⟩</i>	
FTLN 3973	Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil	255
FTLN 3974	Free me so far in your most generous thoughts	
FTLN 3975	That I have shot my arrow o'er the house	
FTLN 3976	And hurt my brother.	
FTLN 3977	LAERTES I am satisfied in nature,	
FTLN 3978	Whose motive in this case should stir me most	260
FTLN 3979	To my revenge; but in my terms of honor	
FTLN 3980	I stand aloof and will no reconciliation	
FTLN 3981	Till by some elder masters of known honor	
FTLN 3982	I have a voice and precedent of peace	
FTLN 3983	To <i>⟨keep⟩</i> my name ungor'd. But <i>⟨till⟩</i> that time	265

FTLN 3984	I do receive your offered love like love	
FTLN 3985	And will not wrong it.	
FTLN 3986	HAMLET I embrace it freely	
FTLN 3987	And will this brothers' wager frankly play.—	
FTLN 3988	Give us the foils. <i>⟨Come on.⟩</i>	270
FTLN 3989	LAERTES Come, one for me.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 3990	I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance	
FTLN 3991	Your skill shall, like a star i' th' darkest night,	
FTLN 3992	Stick fiery off indeed.	
FTLN 3993	LAERTES You mock me, sir.	275
FTLN 3994	HAMLET No, by this hand.	
	KING	
FTLN 3995	Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,	
FTLN 3996	You know the wager?	
FTLN 3997	HAMLET Very well, my lord.	
FTLN 3998	Your Grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side.	280
	KING	
FTLN 3999	I do not fear it; I have seen you both.	
FTLN 4000	But, since he is better, we have therefore odds.	
	LAERTES	
FTLN 4001	This is too heavy. Let me see another.	
	HAMLET	
FTLN 4002	This likes me well. These foils have all a length?	
FTLN 4003	OSRIC Ay, my good lord.	285
	<i>⟨Prepare to play.⟩</i>	
	KING	
FTLN 4004	Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.—	
FTLN 4005	If Hamlet give the first or second hit	
FTLN 4006	Or quit in answer of the third exchange,	
FTLN 4007	Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.	
FTLN 4008	The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,	290
FTLN 4009	And in the cup an <i>⟨union⟩</i> shall he throw,	
FTLN 4010	Richer than that which four successive kings	
FTLN 4011	In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,	

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

HAMLET

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

FTLN 4039 QUEEN Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES, *「to Claudius」*

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

FTLN 4041 KING I do not think 't.

LAERTES, *「aside」*

FTLN 4042 And yet it is almost against my conscience.

HAMLET

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

FTLN 4044 I pray you pass with your best violence.

FTLN 4045 I am *⟨afear'd⟩* you make a wanton of me.

FTLN 4046 LAERTES Say you so? Come on. *⟨Play.⟩*

FTLN 4047 OSRIC Nothing neither way.

FTLN 4048 LAERTES Have at you now! 330

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

FTLN 4049 KING Part them. They are incensed.

FTLN 4050 HAMLET Nay, come again.

「The Queen falls.」

FTLN 4051 OSRIC Look to the Queen there, ho!

HORATIO

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

FTLN 4053 OSRIC How is 't, Laertes? 335

LAERTES

FTLN 4054 Why as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric.

「He falls.」

FTLN 4055 I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

HAMLET

FTLN 4056 How does the Queen?

FTLN 4057 KING She swoons to see them bleed.

QUEEN

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

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

HAMLET

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

FTLN 4061 Treachery! Seek it out.

LAERTES

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

HAMLET

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

FTLN 4072 ALL Treason, treason!

KING

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

HAMLET

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

FTLN 4077 LAERTES He is justly served.

FTLN 4078 It is a poison tempered by himself. 360

FTLN 4079 Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.

FTLN 4080 Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
 FTLN 4081 Nor thine on me. *⟨Dies.⟩*

HAMLET

FTLN 4082 Heaven make thee free of it. I follow thee.—
 FTLN 4083 I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu.— 365

FTLN 4084 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

FTLN 4085 That are but mutes or audience to this act,

FTLN 4086 Had I but time (as this fell sergeant, Death,

FTLN 4087 Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you—

FTLN 4088 But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead. 370

FTLN 4089 Thou livest; report me and my cause aright

FTLN 4090 To the unsatisfied.

FTLN 4091 HORATIO Never believe it.

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

FORTINBRAS

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

FTLN 4125 AMBASSADOR The sight is dismal,
 FTLN 4126 And our affairs from England come too late.
 FTLN 4127 The ears are senseless that should give us hearing
 FTLN 4128 To tell him his commandment is fulfilled, 410
 FTLN 4129 That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
 FTLN 4130 Where should we have our thanks?

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

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

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

