

## ***ACT I***

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### ***⟨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.

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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,  
And I am sick at heart.

FTLN 0009

BARNARDO Have you had quiet guard?

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FTLN 0010

FRANCISCO Not a mouse stirring.

FTLN 0011

BARNARDO Well, good night.

FTLN 0012

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

FTLN 0013

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

FRANCISCO

FTLN 0015

I think I hear them.—Stand ho! Who is there?

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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  
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.  
HORATIO Well, sit we down, 40  
FTLN 0041 And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.  
BARNARDO Last night of all,  
FTLN 0043 When yond same star that's westward from the pole  
FTLN 0044 Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven  
FTLN 0045 Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, 45  
FTLN 0046 The bell then beating one—

*Enter Ghost.*

MARCELLUS

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

BARNARDO

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

MARCELLUS, *to Horatio*

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

BARNARDO

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

HORATIO

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

BARNARDO

FTLN 0052      It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS      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

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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.

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|           |           |  |     |
|-----------|-----------|--|-----|
| 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 sledded <i>Polacks</i> 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 <i>why</i> such daily <i>cast</i> 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 <i>those</i> his lands | 100 |
| FTLN 0101 |           | Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror.            |     |

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|-----------|---|-----|
| 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 resolutes            | 110 |
| FTLN 0111 | For food and diet to some enterprise              |     |
| FTLN 0112 | That hath a stomach in 't; which is no other      |     |
| FTLN 0113 | (As it doth well appear unto our state)           |     |
| FTLN 0114 | But to recover of us, by strong hand              |     |
| FTLN 0115 | And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands      | 115 |
| FTLN 0116 | So by his father lost. And this, I take it,       |     |
| FTLN 0117 | Is the main motive of our preparations,           |     |
| FTLN 0118 | The source of this our watch, and the chief head  |     |
| FTLN 0119 | Of this posthaste and rummage in the land.        |     |
| [BARNARDO |   |     |
| FTLN 0120 | I think it be no other but e'en so.               | 120 |
| FTLN 0121 | Well may it sort that this portentous figure      |     |
| FTLN 0122 | Comes armèd through our watch so like the king    |     |
| FTLN 0123 | That was and is the question of these wars.       |     |
| HORATIO   |   |     |
| FTLN 0124 | A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.           |     |
| FTLN 0125 | In the most high and palmy state of Rome,         | 125 |
| FTLN 0126 | A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,           |     |
| FTLN 0127 | The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead |     |
| FTLN 0128 | Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;       |     |
| FTLN 0129 | As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,   |     |
| FTLN 0130 | Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,         | 130 |
| FTLN 0131 | Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,     |     |
| FTLN 0132 | Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.         |     |
| FTLN 0133 | And even the like precurse of [feared] events,    |     |
| FTLN 0134 | As harbingers preceding still the fates           |     |
| FTLN 0135 | And prologue to the omen coming on,               | 135 |

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

*Enter Ghost.*

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

*It spreads his arms.*

FTLN 0140      If thou hast any sound or use of voice,      140  
FTLN 0141      Speak to me.  
FTLN 0142      If there be any good thing to be done  
FTLN 0143      That may to thee do ease and grace to me,  
FTLN 0144      Speak to me.  
FTLN 0145      If thou art privy to thy country's fate,      145  
FTLN 0146      Which happily foreknowing may avoid,  
FTLN 0147      O, speak!  
FTLN 0148      Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
FTLN 0149      Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,  
FTLN 0150      For which, they say, *(you)* spirits oft walk in death,      150  
FTLN 0151      Speak of it.      *The cock crows.*  
FTLN 0152      Stay and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

FTLN 0153      Shall I strike it with my partisan?

HORATIO    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

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| 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.                  |                |
|                     | <i>«Giving them a paper.»</i>                     |                |
| FTLN 0229           | Farewell, and let your haste command your duty.   |                |
| CORNELIUS/VOLTEMAND |   |                |
| FTLN 0230           | In that and all things will we show our duty.     | 40             |
| KING                |   |                |
| FTLN 0231           | We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.           |                |
|                     | <i>⟨Voltemand and Cornelius exit.⟩</i>            |                |
| FTLN 0232           | And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?       |                |
| FTLN 0233           | You told us of some suit. What is 't, Laertes?    |                |
| FTLN 0234           | You cannot speak of reason to the Dane            |                |
| FTLN 0235           | And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg,       | 45             |
| FTLN 0236           | Laertes,  |                |
| FTLN 0237           | That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?       |                |
| FTLN 0238           | The head is not more native to the heart,         |                |
| FTLN 0239           | The hand more instrumental to the mouth,          |                |
| FTLN 0240           | Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.      | 50             |
| FTLN 0241           | What wouldst thou have, Laertes?                  |                |
| 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.—  
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;

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|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 0278 | But I have that within which passes show,          |     |
| FTLN 0279 | These but the trappings and the suits of woe.      |     |
| KING      |  |     |
| FTLN 0280 | 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,         | 90  |
| FTLN 0281 | Hamlet,  |     |
| FTLN 0282 | To give these mourning duties to your father.      |     |
| FTLN 0283 | But you must know your father lost a father,       |     |
| FTLN 0284 | That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound |     |
| FTLN 0285 | In filial obligation for some term                 | 95  |
| FTLN 0286 | To do obsequious sorrow. But to persever           |     |
| FTLN 0287 | In obstinate condolement is a course               |     |
| FTLN 0288 | Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief.       |     |
| FTLN 0289 | It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,          |     |
| FTLN 0290 | A heart unfortified, <i>(a)</i> 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.  
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,  
FTLN 0321 And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again  
FTLN 0322 Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

125

130

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  
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  
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 beteem the winds of heaven  
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!)*  
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?  
 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,

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|           |  |   |     |
|-----------|--|---|-----|
| 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-surprised 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 <sup>1</sup> 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.                             |     |
| FTLN 0430 | HAMLET   |   |     |
|           | Armed, say you?  | 240   |     |

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|           |                    |  |     |
|-----------|--------------------|--|-----|
| 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 '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 whatsoever 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. <i>(Foul)</i> 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 <i>(is)</i> 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 charest 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, <i>{like}</i> 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 | <i>{Are}</i> of a most select and generous chief in that. | 80 |
| FTLN 0552 | Neither a borrower nor a lender <i>{be,}</i>              |    |
| FTLN 0553 | For <i>{loan}</i> oft loses both itself and friend,       |    |

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|           |   |                       |
|-----------|---|-----------------------|
| 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.   |                       |
| POLONIUS  | Marry, well bethought.                          |                       |
| FTLN 0569 | 'Tis told me he hath very oft of late           |                       |
| FTLN 0570 | Given private time to you, and you yourself     | 100                   |
| FTLN 0571 | Have of your audience been most free and        |                       |
| FTLN 0572 | bounteous.                                      |                       |
| FTLN 0573 | If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,              |                       |
| FTLN 0574 | And that in way of caution), I must tell you    |                       |
| FTLN 0575 | You do not understand yourself so clearly       | 105                   |
| FTLN 0576 | As it behooves my daughter and your honor.      |                       |
| FTLN 0577 | What is between you? Give me up the truth.      |                       |
| OPHELIA   |   |                       |
| FTLN 0578 | He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders     |                       |
| FTLN 0579 | Of his affection to me.                         |                       |
| POLONIUS  |   |                       |
| FTLN 0580 | Affection, puh! You speak like a green girl     | 110                   |
| FTLN 0581 | Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.         |                       |
| FTLN 0582 | Do you believe his "tenders," as you call them? |                       |
| FTLN 0583 |   |                       |

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,  
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.

115

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  
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 scanter of your maiden presence.

125

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,  
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:  
FTLN 0612 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth  
FTLN 0613 Have you so slander any moment leisure

130

135

140

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 't 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 horribly 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?

HORATIO

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

MARCELLUS Look with what courteous action

FTLN 0683 It waves you to a more removèd ground.  
FTLN 0684 But do not go with it.

HORATIO No, by no means.

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

HORATIO

ETLN 0687 | Do not, my lord

## HAMLET

ETLN 0689  
HAMILTON, OHIO, APRIL 1, 1908.—Why, what should be the rear?

I do not set my face at a pine's ice.  
And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?  
It waves me forth again. I'll follow it. 75

## 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.]



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|           |        |   |    |
|-----------|--------|---|----|
| FTLN 0722 | HAMLET | I will.   |    |
| FTLN 0723 | GHOST  | My hour is almost come                            | 5  |
| FTLN 0724 |        | When I to sul'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 |

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|           |  |  |    |
|-----------|--|--|----|
| 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 <i>{a}</i> 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, <i>{lust,}</i> though to a radiant angel linked, |    |
| FTLN 0781 |  | Will <i>{sate}</i> 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 |

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|           |   |                    |
|-----------|---|--------------------|
| FTLN 0789 | The leprous distilment, whose effect                  |                    |
| FTLN 0790 | Holds such an enmity with blood of man                |                    |
| FTLN 0791 | That swift as quicksilver it courses through          |                    |
| FTLN 0792 | The natural gates and alleys of the body,             |                    |
| FTLN 0793 | And with a sudden vigor it doth (posset)              | 75                 |
| FTLN 0794 | And curd, like eager droppings into milk,             |                    |
| FTLN 0795 | The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,         |                    |
| FTLN 0796 | And a most instant tetter barked about,               |                    |
| FTLN 0797 | Most lazarus-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 (stiffly) up. Remember thee?              |                    |
| FTLN 0821 | Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat       |                    |
| FTLN 0822 | In this distracted globe. Remember thee?              |                    |
| FTLN 0823 | Yea, from the table of my memory                      | 105                |

FTLN 0824 I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,  
 FTLN 0825 All sows 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  
 FTLN 0844 MARCELLUS  
     How is 't, my noble lord?  
 FTLN 0845 HORATIO                           What news, my lord?  
 FTLN 0846 HAMLET O, wonderful!  
 FTLN 0847 HORATIO  
     Good my lord, tell it.  
 FTLN 0848 HAMLET                           No, you will reveal it. 130  
 FTLN 0849 HORATIO  
     Not I, my lord, by heaven.  
 FTLN 0850 MARCELLUS                           Nor I, my lord.  
 FTLN 0851 HAMLET  
     How say you, then? Would heart of man once think  
     it?  
 FTLN 0852  
 FTLN 0853 HAMLET  
     But you'll be secret? 135

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|           |                   |  |     |
|-----------|-------------------|--|-----|
| 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 0884 | MARCELLUS                          | We have sworn, my lord, already.                       |     |
| FTLN 0885 | HAMLET                             | Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.                         |     |
| FTLN 0886 | GHOST <i>cries under the stage</i> | Swear.   |     |
| HAMLET    |                                    |  |     |
| FTLN 0887 |                                    | Ha, ha, boy, sayst thou so? Art thou there,            |     |
| FTLN 0888 |                                    | truepenny?   | 170 |
| FTLN 0889 |                                    | Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage.        |     |
| FTLN 0890 |                                    | Consent to swear.                                      |     |
| FTLN 0891 | HORATIO                            | Propose the oath, my lord.                             |     |
| HAMLET    |                                    |  |     |
| FTLN 0892 |                                    | Never to speak of this that you have seen,             |     |
| FTLN 0893 |                                    | Swear by my sword.                                     | 175 |
| FTLN 0894 | GHOST, <i>beneath</i>              | Swear.   |     |
| HAMLET    |                                    |  |     |
| FTLN 0895 |                                    | <i>Hic et ubique?</i> Then we'll shift our ground.     |     |
| FTLN 0896 |                                    | Come hither, gentlemen,                                |     |
| FTLN 0897 |                                    | And lay your hands again upon my sword.                |     |
| FTLN 0898 |                                    | Swear by my sword                                      | 180 |
| FTLN 0899 |                                    | Never to speak of this that you have heard.            |     |
| FTLN 0900 | GHOST, <i>beneath</i>              | Swear by his sword.                                    |     |
| HAMLET    |                                    |  |     |
| FTLN 0901 |                                    | Well said, old mole. Canst work i' th' earth so fast?— |     |
| FTLN 0902 |                                    | A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.       |     |
| HORATIO   |                                    |  |     |
| FTLN 0903 |                                    | O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.         | 185 |
| HAMLET    |                                    |  |     |
| FTLN 0904 |                                    | And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.           |     |
| FTLN 0905 |                                    | There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,    |     |
| FTLN 0906 |                                    | Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come.       |     |
| FTLN 0907 |                                    | Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,             |     |
| FTLN 0908 |                                    | How strange or odd some'er I bear myself               | 190 |
| FTLN 0909 |                                    | (As I perchance hereafter shall think meet             |     |
| FTLN 0910 |                                    | To put an antic disposition on)                        |     |
| FTLN 0911 |                                    | That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,        |     |
| FTLN 0912 |                                    | With arms encumbered thus, or this headshake,          |     |
| FTLN 0913 |                                    | Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,             | 195 |

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| 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, <i>beneath</i> <sup>1</sup> Swear.           |     |
|           | HAMLET  |     |
| FTLN 0922 | Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit.—So, gentlemen,        |     |
| FTLN 0923 | With all my love I do commend me to you,            | 205 |
| FTLN 0924 | And what so poor a man as Hamlet is                 |     |
| FTLN 0925 | May do t’ express his love and friending to you,    |     |
| FTLN 0926 | God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together, |     |
| FTLN 0927 | And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.        |     |
| FTLN 0928 | The time is out of joint. O cursèd spite            | 210 |
| FTLN 0929 | That ever I was born to set it right!               |     |
| FTLN 0930 | Nay, come, let’s go together.                       |     |

*They exit.*

## ⟨ACT 2⟩

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### 〔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.

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|           |   |    |
|-----------|---|----|
| FTLN 0950 | But if 't be he I mean, he's very wild,             | 20 |
| FTLN 0951 | Addicted so and so." And there put on him           |    |
| FTLN 0952 | What forgeries you please—marry, none so rank       |    |
| FTLN 0953 | As may dishonor him, take heed of that,             |    |
| FTLN 0954 | But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips        |    |
| FTLN 0955 | As are companions noted and most known              | 25 |
| FTLN 0956 | To youth and liberty.                               |    |
| 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 | REYNALDO | 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.*

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,  
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.

90

POLONIUS

FTLN 1025      Mad for thy love?

95

OPHELIA              My lord, I do not know,  
FTLN 1026              But truly I do fear it.

FTLN 1027      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,  
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,  
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,  
FTLN 1041      For out o' doors he went without their helps  
FTLN 1042      And to the last bended their light on me.

100

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

105

110

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

*They exit.*

⟨Scene 2⟩

*Flourish. Enter King and Queen, Rosencrantz and  
Guildenstern and Attendants.↑*

KING

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

---

|              |  |    |
|--------------|--|----|
| FTLN 1073    | So much from th' understanding of himself        |    |
| FTLN 1074    | I cannot dream of. I entreat you both            | 10 |
| FTLN 1075    | That, being of so young days brought up with him |    |
| FTLN 1076    | And sith so neighbored to his youth and havior,  |    |
| FTLN 1077    | That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court   |    |
| FTLN 1078    | Some little time, so by your companies           |    |
| FTLN 1079    | To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather       | 15 |
| FTLN 1080    | So much as from occasion you may glean,          |    |
| FTLN 1081    | [Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus]  |    |
| FTLN 1082    | That, opened, lies within our remedy.            |    |
| QUEEN        |  |    |
| FTLN 1083    | Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of you,      |    |
| FTLN 1084    | And sure I am two men there is not living        | 20 |
| FTLN 1085    | To whom he more adheres. If it will please you   |    |
| FTLN 1086    | To show us so much gentry and goodwill           |    |
| FTLN 1087    | As to expend your time with us awhile            |    |
| FTLN 1088    | For the supply and profit of our hope,           |    |
| FTLN 1089    | Your visitation shall receive such thanks        | 25 |
| FTLN 1090    | As fits a king's remembrance.                    |    |
| ROSENCRANTZ  | Both your Majesties                              |    |
| FTLN 1091    | Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,    |    |
| FTLN 1092    | Put your dread pleasures more into command       |    |
| FTLN 1093    | Than to entreaty.                                | 30 |
| FTLN 1094    |  |    |
| GUILDENSTERN | But we both obey,                                |    |
| FTLN 1095    | And here give up ourselves in the full bent      |    |
| FTLN 1096    | To lay our service freely at your feet,          |    |
| FTLN 1097    | To be commanded.                                 |    |
| FTLN 1098    |  |    |
| KING         |  |    |
| FTLN 1099    | Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.     | 35 |
| QUEEN        |  |    |
| FTLN 1100    | Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.     |    |
| FTLN 1101    | And I beseech you instantly to visit             |    |
| FTLN 1102    | My too much changèd son.—Go, some of you,        |    |
| FTLN 1103    | And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.       |    |
| GUILDENSTERN |  |    |
| FTLN 1104    | Heavens make our presence and our practices      | 40 |
| FTLN 1105    | Pleasant and helpful to him!                     |    |

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  
FTLN 1115 As it hath used to do, that I have found  
FTLN 1116 The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

50

## 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 Thysel 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

III

ETLN 1125 KING Well, we shall sift him

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

FTLN 1126

Welcome, my good friends.

FTLN 1127

Say, Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLTEMAND

FTLN 1128

Most fair return of greetings and desires.

FTLN 1129

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress 65

FTLN 1130

His nephew's levies, which to him appeared

FTLN 1131

To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,

FTLN 1132

But, better looked into, he truly found

FTLN 1133

It was against your Highness. Whereat, grieved

FTLN 1134

That so his sickness, age, and impotence

70

FTLN 1135

Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests

FTLN 1136

On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys,

FTLN 1137

Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,

FTLN 1138

Makes vow before his uncle never more

FTLN 1139

To give th' assay of arms against your Majesty. 75

FTLN 1140

Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,

FTLN 1141

Gives him three-score thousand crowns in annual

FTLN 1142

fee

FTLN 1143

And his commission to employ those soldiers,

FTLN 1144

So levied as before, against the Polack,

80

FTLN 1145

With an entreaty, herein further shown,

「*He gives a paper.*」

FTLN 1146

That it might please you to give quiet pass

FTLN 1147

Through your dominions for this enterprise,

FTLN 1148

On such regards of safety and allowance

FTLN 1149

As therein are set down. 85

FTLN 1150

KING It likes us well,

FTLN 1151

And, at our more considered time, we'll read,

FTLN 1152

Answer, and think upon this business.

FTLN 1153

Meantime, we thank you for your well-took labor.

FTLN 1154

Go to your rest. At night we'll feast together. 90

FTLN 1155

Most welcome home!

「*Voltemand and Cornelius*」 exit.

FTLN 1156

POLONIUS This business is well ended.

FTLN 1157

My liege, and madam, to expostulate

FTLN 1158

What majesty should be, what duty is,

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| 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, <i>(since)</i> 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.</i> ’ <i>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</i> ’ letter.                                       |     |
| 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 <i>{above,}</i> 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?                            |                                  |
| FTLN 1203 | KING   |                                  |
|           | As of a man faithful and honorable.                          |                                  |
| FTLN 1204 | POLONIUS   |                                  |
| FTLN 1205 | I would fain prove so. But what might you think,             | 140                              |
| FTLN 1206 | When I had seen this hot love on the wing                    |                                  |
| FTLN 1207 | (As I perceived it, I must tell you that,                    |                                  |
| FTLN 1208 | Before my daughter told me), what might you,                 |                                  |
| FTLN 1209 | Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think,                   |                                  |
| FTLN 1210 | If I had played the desk or table-book                       | 145                              |
| FTLN 1211 | Or given my heart a <i>{winking,}</i> mute and dumb,         |                                  |
| FTLN 1212 | Or looked upon this love with idle sight?                    |                                  |
| FTLN 1213 | What might you think? No, I went round to work,              |                                  |
| FTLN 1214 | And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:                    |                                  |
| FTLN 1215 | “Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star.                   | 150                              |
| FTLN 1216 | This must not be.” And then I prescripts gave her,           |                                  |
| FTLN 1217 | That she should lock herself from <i>{his}</i> resort,       |                                  |
| FTLN 1218 | Admit no messengers, receive no tokens;                      |                                  |
| FTLN 1219 | Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,                |                                  |
| FTLN 1220 | And he, repelled (a short tale to make),                     | 155                              |
| FTLN 1221 | Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,                       |                                  |
| FTLN 1222 | Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,                   |                                  |
| FTLN 1223 | Thence to <i>{a}</i> lightness, and, by this declension,     |                                  |
| FTLN 1224 | Into the madness wherein now he raves                        |                                  |
| FTLN 1225 | And all we mourn for.  | 160                              |
|           | KING, <i>[to Queen]</i>                                      | Do you think <i>{'tis}</i> this? |

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|           |          |  |     |
|-----------|----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1226 | QUEEN    | It may be, very like.                                      |     |
|           | POLONIUS | Hath there been such a time (I would fain know<br>that)    |     |
| FTLN 1227 |          | That I have positively said “‘Tis so,”                     | 165 |
| FTLN 1228 |          | When it proved otherwise?                                  |     |
| FTLN 1229 | KING     | Not that I know.   |     |
| FTLN 1230 |          |  |     |
| FTLN 1231 | POLONIUS | Take this from this, if this be otherwise.                 |     |
| FTLN 1232 |          | If circumstances lead me, I will find                      |     |
| FTLN 1233 |          | Where truth is hid, though it were hid, indeed,            | 170 |
| FTLN 1234 |          | Within the center.   |     |
| FTLN 1235 | KING     | How may we try it further?                                 |     |
| FTLN 1236 |          |  |     |
| FTLN 1237 | POLONIUS | 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.  |     |

*Enter Hamlet (reading on a book.)*

|           |   |
|-----------|---|
| QUEEN     |   |
| FTLN 1247 | But look where sadly the poor wretch comes    |
| FTLN 1248 | reading.                                      |
| POLONIUS  |   |
| FTLN 1249 | Away, I do beseech you both, away.            |
| FTLN 1250 | I’ll board him presently. O, give me leave.   |
|           | <i>King and Queen exit with Attendants.</i> ’ |
| FTLN 1251 | How does my good Lord Hamlet?                 |
| FTLN 1252 | HAMLET Well, God-a-mercy.                     |

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

|           |                      |   |     |
|-----------|----------------------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1289 | HAMLET               | Into my grave?  | 225 |
| FTLN 1290 | POLONIUS             | Indeed, that's out of the air. <i>Aside.</i> 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, <i>Aside</i> | These tedious old fools.                              |     |

*Enter Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.*

|           |                                 |  |     |
|-----------|---------------------------------|--|-----|
| FTLN 1302 | POLONIUS                        | You go to seek the Lord Hamlet. There he is.     |     |
| FTLN 1303 | ROSENCRANTZ, <i>to Polonius</i> | God save you, sir.                               |     |
|           |                                 | <i>Polonius exits.</i>                           |     |
| 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.                                    |     |

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

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|-----------|-------------------------------------|---|-----|
| FTLN 1357 | HAMLET                              | Beggar that I am, I am <i>&lt;even&gt;</i> poor in thanks;  |     |
| FTLN 1358 |                                     | but I thank you, and sure, dear friends, my thanks          |     |
| FTLN 1359 |                                     | are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for?            | 295 |
| FTLN 1360 |                                     | Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation?          |     |
| FTLN 1361 |                                     | Come, come, deal justly with me. Come, come; nay,           |     |
| FTLN 1362 |                                     | speak.  |     |
| 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, <i>to Guildenstern</i> | What say you?   |     |
| FTLN 1377 | HAMLET, <i>aside</i>                | 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 <i>&lt;a&gt;</i> 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, <i>(no,) nor women neither, though by</i>          |     |
| FTLN 1398 | <i>your smiling you seem to say so.</i>                             |     |
| 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 | <i>delights not me?</i>   |     |
| FTLN 1403 | ROSENCRANTZ To think, my lord, if you delight not in                | 340 |
| FTLN 1404 | man, what Lenten entertainment the players shall                    |     |
| 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, <i>(the clown shall make those laugh</i>             |     |
| FTLN 1412 | <i>whose lungs are 'tickle' o' th' sear,) and the lady</i>          |     |
| FTLN 1413 | <i>shall say her mind freely, or the <i>(blank)</i> verse shall</i> |     |
| FTLN 1414 | <i>halt for 't. What players are they?</i>                          | 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 | <i>(HAMLET How comes it? Do they grow rusty?</i>                    | 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<br>they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid<br>of goose quills and dare scarce come thither. | 365 |
| FTLN 1430                            |  |     |
| FTLN 1431                            |  |     |
| FTLN 1432                            | HAMLET What, are they children? Who maintains 'em?   |     |
| FTLN 1433                            | How are they escorted? 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 cloths.  
 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, (tragical-historical,  
 FTLN 1487 tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,) scene individable, or  
 FTLN 1488 poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor  
 FTLN 1489 Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, 425  
 FTLN 1490 these are the only men.  
 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?

|           |          |  |     |
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| 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 |          | <i>As by lot, God wot</i>                        | 440 |
| FTLN 1505 |          | and then, you know,                              |     |
| FTLN 1506 |          | <i>It came to pass, as most like it was—</i>     |     |
| FTLN 1507 |          | the first row of the pious chanson will show you |     |
| FTLN 1508 |          | more, for look where my abridgment comes.        |     |

*Enter the Players.*

|           |   |     |
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| 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 sallents 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        |     |

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| 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'ersized 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 |
| 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>     |     |

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|----------------|---|-----|
| 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>Arousèd 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 [fellies]<sup>1</sup> 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] <sup>1</sup> 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>                    |     |

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| 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 <sup>1</sup> 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 <sup>1</sup> 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 |
| FTLN 1640 | <i>‘Rosencrantz and Guildenstern’<sup>1</sup> exit.</i> |     |
| FTLN 1641 | Now I am alone.   |     |
| FTLN 1642 | O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!                 |     |
| FTLN 1643 | Is it not monstrous that this player here,              |     |
| FTLN 1644 | But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,                | 580 |
| FTLN 1645 | Could force his soul so to his own conceit              |     |
| FTLN 1646 | That from her working all <i>(his)</i> visage wanned,   |     |
| FTLN 1647 | Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,           |     |
| FTLN 1648 | A broken voice, and his whole function suiting          |     |
| FTLN 1649 | With forms to his conceit—and all for nothing!          |     |
| FTLN 1650 | For Hecuba!   | 585 |
| FTLN 1651 | What’s Hecuba to him, or he to <i>(Hecuba,)</i>         |     |
| FTLN 1652 | That he should weep for her? What would he do           |     |
| FTLN 1653 | Had he the motive and <i>(the cue)</i> for passion      |     |
| FTLN 1654 | That I have? He would drown the stage with tears        | 590 |
| FTLN 1655 | And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,          |     |
| FTLN 1656 | Make mad the guilty and appall the free,                |     |
| FTLN 1657 | Confound the ignorant and amaze indeed                  |     |
| FTLN 1658 | The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,             |     |
| FTLN 1659 | A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak                   | 595 |
| FTLN 1660 | Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,             |     |
| FTLN 1661 | And can say nothing—no, not for a king                  |     |
| FTLN 1662 | Upon whose property and most dear life                  |     |
| FTLN 1663 | A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?                |     |
| FTLN 1664 | Who calls me “villain”? breaks my pate across?          | 600 |
| FTLN 1665 | Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?            |     |
| FTLN 1666 | Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i’ th’ throat   |     |
| FTLN 1667 | As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?              |     |
| FTLN 1668 | Ha! ’Swounds, I should take it! For it cannot be        |     |
| FTLN 1669 | But I am pigeon-livered and lack gall                   |     |
| FTLN 1670 | To make oppression bitter, or ere this                  | 605 |
| FTLN 1671 | I should <i>(have)</i> fatted all the region kites      |     |
| FTLN 1672 | With this slave’s offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!         |     |
| FTLN 1673 | Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless           |     |
|           | villain!  |     |

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

*He exits.*

## 〔ACT 3〕

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### 〔Scene 1〕

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

KING

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

ROSENCRANTZ

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

GULDENSTERN

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

QUEEN Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ Most like a gentleman.

GULDENSTERN

FTLN 1711 But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROSENCRANTZ

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

QUEEN 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  |
| FTLN 1724 | KING  | 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.          |
| FTLN 1728 | ROSENCRANTZ                                     | We shall, my lord.                                  |
|           |   | <i>Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and Lords</i> exit. |
| 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.                           |
| 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,             |
| FTLN 1744 |   | To both your honors.                                |
| FTLN 1745 | OPHELIA   | Madam, I wish it may.                               |
|           |   | <i>Queen exits.</i>                                 |
| FTLN 1746 | POLONIUS  | 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 <i>⟨loneliness.⟩</i> —We are oft to blame in this      |    |
| FTLN 1751 | ( <i>'Tis</i> 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. <i>⟨Let's⟩ withdraw, my lord.</i>        |    |
|           | <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,  |    |



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

|                                      |   |     |
|--------------------------------------|---|-----|
| 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, <i>advancing with</i> 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,  
 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?

185

POLONIUS

FTLN 1888 It shall do well. But yet do I believe  
 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  
 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  
 FTLN 1899 Your wisdom best shall think.

190

195

200

KING It shall be so.

FTLN 1900 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 I saw the air  
 FTLN 1906 too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently;  
 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,

5

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|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| 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 | rags, 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 <i>{own}</i> 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 <i>{the}</i> 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 <i>{praise}</i> (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, <i>{sir.}</i>                                     |    |
| 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  
FTLN 1947  
FTLN 1948

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

45

*(Players exit.)*

*Enter Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz.*

FTLN 1949  
FTLN 1950  
FTLN 1951  
FTLN 1952  
FTLN 1953  
FTLN 1954  
FTLN 1955

How now, my lord, will the King hear this piece of  
work?  
POLONIUS And the Queen too, and that presently.  
HAMLET Bid the players make haste. *(Polonius exits.)*  
Will you two help to hasten them?  
ROSENCRANTZ Ay, my lord. *They exit.*  
HAMLET What ho, Horatio!

50

*Enter Horatio.*

FTLN 1956  
FTLN 1957  
FTLN 1958  
FTLN 1959  
FTLN 1960  
FTLN 1961  
FTLN 1962  
FTLN 1963  
FTLN 1964  
FTLN 1965  
FTLN 1966  
FTLN 1967  
FTLN 1968  
FTLN 1969  
FTLN 1970  
FTLN 1971  
FTLN 1972  
FTLN 1973  
FTLN 1974  
FTLN 1975

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

60

65

70

|           |   |                            |
|-----------|---|----------------------------|
| FTLN 1976 | That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger<br>To sound what stop she please. Give me that man<br>That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him<br>In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,<br>As I do thee.—Something too much of this.— | 75                         |
| FTLN 1977 | There is a play tonight before the King.  |                            |
| FTLN 1978 | One scene of it comes near the circumstance<br>Which I have told thee of my father's death.   |                            |
| FTLN 1979 | I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,<br>Even with the very comment of thy soul<br>Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt<br>Do not itself unkennel in one speech,  | 80                         |
| FTLN 1980 | It is a damnèd ghost that we have seen,<br>And my imaginations are as foul<br>As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note,  |                            |
| FTLN 1981 | For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,   | 85                         |
| FTLN 1982 | And, after, we will both our judgments join<br>In censure of his seeming.   |                            |
| FTLN 1983 |   |                            |
| FTLN 1984 |   |                            |
| FTLN 1985 |   |                            |
| FTLN 1986 |   |                            |
| FTLN 1987 |   |                            |
| FTLN 1988 |   |                            |
| FTLN 1989 |   |                            |
| FTLN 1990 |   |                            |
| FTLN 1991 |   |                            |
| FTLN 1992 |   |                            |
| FTLN 1993 |   |                            |
| FTLN 1994 | HORATIO   | Well, my lord.             |
| FTLN 1995 | If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing<br>And 'scape <i>(detecting)</i> , I will pay the theft.  | 90                         |
| FTLN 1996 |   |                            |
|           |   |                            |
| FTLN 1997 | HAMLET  | <i>(Sound a flourish.)</i> |
| FTLN 1998 | They are coming to the play. I must be idle.<br>Get you a place.  | 95                         |

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums. {Enter} King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, {Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant with 'the King's' guard carrying torches.}*

|           |        |  |     |
|-----------|--------|--|-----|
| 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. <i>To Polonius.</i> My lord, you |     |
| FTLN 2006 |        | played once i' th' university, you say?            | 105 |

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

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  
 Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' [orbèd] ground,  
 And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen  
 About the world have times twelve thirties been  
 Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands  
 Unite commutual in most sacred bands.* 180  
 FTLN 2081  
 FTLN 2082

PLAYER QUEEN

FTLN 2083 *So many journeys may the sun and moon  
 Make us again count o'er ere love be done!  
 But woe is me! You are so sick of late,  
 So far from cheer and from [your] former state,* 185  
 FTLN 2087  
 FTLN 2088  
 FTLN 2089  
 FTLN 2090  
 FTLN 2091  
 FTLN 2092  
 FTLN 2093  
 FTLN 2094  
 FTLN 2095  
 Now what my [love] is, proof hath made you know,  
 And, as my love is sized, my fear is so:  
 [Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;  
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.] 190  
 FTLN 2096  
 FTLN 2097  
 FTLN 2098  
 FTLN 2099  
 FTLN 2100

PLAYER KING

FTLN 2101 *Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too.  
 My operant powers their functions leave to do.  
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
 Honored, beloved; and haply one as kind  
 For husband shalt thou—* 195  
 FTLN 2102  
 FTLN 2103  
 FTLN 2104

PLAYER QUEEN

*O, confound the rest!*

200

*Such love must needs be treason in my breast.  
 In second husband let me be accurst.  
 None wed the second but who killed the first.*

FTLN 2105

HAMLET That's wormwood!

FTLN 2106

PLAYER QUEEN

FTLN 2107

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

205

FTLN 2108

PLAYER KING

FTLN 2109

*I do believe you think what now you speak,  
But what we do determine oft we break.  
Purpose is but the slave to memory,  
Of violent birth, but poor validity,  
Which now, the fruit unripe, sticks on the tree  
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.  
Most necessary 'tis that we forget  
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt.  
What to ourselves in passion we propose,  
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.  
The violence of either grief or joy  
Their own enactures with themselves destroy.  
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;  
Grief {joys,} joy grieves, on slender accident.  
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange  
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;  
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove  
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.  
The great man down, you mark his favorite flies;  
The poor, advanced, makes friends of enemies.  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,  
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try  
Directly seasons him his enemy.  
But, orderly to end where I begun:  
Our wills and fates do so contrary run  
That our devices still are overthrown;  
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.  
So think thou wilt no second husband wed,  
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.*

210

FTLN 2110

FTLN 2111

FTLN 2112

FTLN 2113

FTLN 2114

FTLN 2115

FTLN 2116

FTLN 2117

FTLN 2118

FTLN 2119

FTLN 2120

FTLN 2121

FTLN 2122

FTLN 2123

FTLN 2124

FTLN 2125

FTLN 2126

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FTLN 2131

FTLN 2132

FTLN 2133

FTLN 2134

FTLN 2135

FTLN 2136

FTLN 2137

FTLN 2138

FTLN 2139

215

220

225

230

235

## PLAYER QUEEN

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

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| 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.   |     |

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

*Enter Polonius.*

FTLN 2304 God bless you, sir.

|           |            |   |     |
|-----------|------------|---|-----|
| FTLN 2305 | POLONIUS   | My lord, the Queen would speak with you,<br>and presently.                                    | 405 |
| FTLN 2306 | HAMLET     | Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in<br>shape of a camel?                                 |     |
| FTLN 2307 | POLONIUS   | By th' Mass, and 'tis like a camel indeed.  |     |
| FTLN 2308 | HAMLET     | Methinks it is like a weasel.   |     |
| FTLN 2309 | POLONIUS   | It is backed like a weasel.   | 410 |
| FTLN 2310 | HAMLET     | Or like a whale.  |     |
| FTLN 2311 | POLONIUS   | Very like a whale.  |     |
| FTLN 2312 | ⟨HAMLET⟩   | Then I will come to my mother by and by.  |     |
| FTLN 2313 |            | ‘ <i>Aside.</i> ’ They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will<br>come by and by.               | 415 |
| FTLN 2314 | ⟨POLONIUS⟩ | I will say so.  |     |
| FTLN 2315 | ⟨HAMLET⟩   | “By and by” is easily said. Leave me,<br>friends.   |     |
| FTLN 2316 |            | ‘ <i>All but Hamlet exit.</i> ’   |     |
| FTLN 2317 |            | ’Tis now the very witching time of night,<br>When churchyards yawn and hell itself ⟨breathes⟩ | 420 |
| FTLN 2318 |            | out   |     |
| FTLN 2319 |            | Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot<br>blood                                       |     |
| FTLN 2320 |            | And do such ⟨bitter⟩ business as the day  |     |
| FTLN 2321 |            | Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother.   | 425 |
| FTLN 2322 |            | O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  |     |
| FTLN 2323 |            | The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.   |     |
| FTLN 2324 |            | Let me be cruel, not unnatural.   |     |
| FTLN 2325 |            | I will speak ⟨daggers⟩ to her, but use none.  |     |
| FTLN 2326 |            | My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:   | 430 |
| FTLN 2327 |            | How in my words somever she be shent,<br>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  
 FTLN 2339 Hazard so near 's as doth hourly grow  
 FTLN 2340 Out of his brows.

5

GUILDENSTERN We will ourselves provide.

FTLN 2341 Most holy and religious fear it is  
 FTLN 2342 To keep those many many bodies safe  
 FTLN 2343 That live and feed upon your Majesty.

10

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  
 FTLN 2349 The lives of many. The cess 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  
 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.

15

20

KING

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

25

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,     | 35                     |
| FTLN 2368 | Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear     |                        |
| 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.  |
|           |  | <i>Polonius</i> 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 <i>(pardoned)</i> being down? Then I'll look up.  | 55                     |
| FTLN 2388 | My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer        |                        |
| 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 <i>(shove)</i> 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.*) 80  
 FTLN 2412 And so he goes to heaven,  
 FTLN 2413 And so am I *(revenged.)* That would be scanned:  
 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.  
 FTLN 2427 *He sheathes his sword.* 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-swear<sup>ing</sup>, or about some act  
 FTLN 2430      That has no relish of salvation in 't—  
 FTLN 2431      Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,  
 FTLN 2432      And that his soul may be as damned and black  
 FTLN 2433      As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.      100  
 FTLN 2434      This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

「Hamlet」 exits.

KING, 「rising」

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

He exits.

「Scene 4」

Enter *Queen* and Polonius.

POLONIUS

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

HAMLET, *within*    Mother, mother, mother!»

QUEEN    I'll *warrant* you. Fear me not. Withdraw,  
 FTLN 2445      I hear him coming.      10

「Polonius hides behind the arras.」

Enter Hamlet.

FTLN 2447    Now, mother, what's the matter?

QUEEN

FTLN 2448    Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET

FTLN 2449    Mother, you have my father much offended.



|           |        |  |    |
|-----------|--------|--|----|
| FTLN 2473 | HAMLET | Ay, lady, it was my word.<br><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 thralled,           |     |
| 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 <i>(panders)</i> will.                     |     |
| FTLN 2535 | QUEEN O Hamlet, speak no more!                        |     |
| FTLN 2536 | Thou turn'st my eyes into my <i>(very)</i> soul,      | 100 |
| FTLN 2537 | And there I see such black and <i>(grainèd)</i> spots |     |
| FTLN 2538 | As will <i>(not)</i> 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 <i>(tithe)</i> |     |
| 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.                                    |     |
| 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 | Infests 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 pursy times,  
FTLN 2611 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg, 175  
FTLN 2612 Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

QUEEN O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!

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

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

QUEEN 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 breathe220  
FTLN 2657 What thou hast said to me.

## HAMLET

FTLN 2658 I must to England, you know that.

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 enginer  
FTLN 2666 Hoist with his own petard; and 't shall go hard230  
FTLN 2667 But I will delve one yard below their mines  
FTLN 2668 And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet  
FTLN 2669 When in one line two crafts directly meet.]  
FTLN 2670 This man shall set me packing.

FTLN 2671

I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.

235

FTLN 2672

Mother, good night indeed. This counselor

FTLN 2673

Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,

FTLN 2674

Who was in life a foolish prating knave.—

FTLN 2675

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—

FTLN 2676

Good night, mother.

240

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

## ACT 4

## 「Scene 1」

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

## KING

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

## QUEEN

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

「Rosencrantz and Guildenstern exit.」

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

5

KING What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

## QUEEN

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

10

KING O heavy deed!

FTLN 2690 It had been so with us, had we been there.  
FTLN 2691 His liberty is full of threats to all—  
FTLN 2692 To you yourself, to us, to everyone.  
FTLN 2693 Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?  
FTLN 2694 It will be laid to us, whose providence

15

|           |  |    |
|-----------|--|----|
| FTLN 2695 | Should have kept short, restrained, and out of haunt |    |
| FTLN 2696 | This mad young man. But so much was our love,        | 20 |
| FTLN 2697 | We would not understand what was most fit,           |    |
| FTLN 2698 | But, like the owner of a foul disease,               |    |
| FTLN 2699 | To keep it from divulging, let it feed               |    |
| FTLN 2700 | Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?          |    |
| QUEEN     |  |    |
| FTLN 2701 | To draw apart the body he hath killed,               | 25 |
| FTLN 2702 | O'er whom his very madness, like some ore            |    |
| FTLN 2703 | Among a mineral of metals base,                      |    |
| FTLN 2704 | Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.        |    |
| FTLN 2705 | 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.         |    |
|           | <i>(Rosencrantz and Guildenstern exit.)</i>         |    |
| 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 HAMLET What have you done, my lord, with the dead body? 5  
ROSENCRANTZ  
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.  
ROSENCRANTZ Believe what? 10  
FTLN 2732 HAMLET That I can keep your counsel and not mine  
FTLN 2733 own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what  
FTLN 2734 replication should be made by the son of a king?  
FTLN 2735 ROSENCRANTZ Take you me for a sponge, my lord?  
FTLN 2736 HAMLET Ay, sir, that soaks up the King's countenance, 15  
FTLN 2737 his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the  
FTLN 2738 King best service in the end. He keeps them like ⟨an  
FTLN 2739 ape⟩ an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed,  
FTLN 2740 to be last swallowed. When he needs what you have  
FTLN 2741 gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you  
FTLN 2742 shall be dry again. 20  
FTLN 2743 ROSENCRANTZ I understand you not, my lord.  
FTLN 2744 HAMLET I am glad of it. A knavish speech sleeps in a  
FTLN 2745 foolish ear.  
FTLN 2746 ROSENCRANTZ My lord, you must tell us where the 25  
FTLN 2747 body is and go with us to the King.  
FTLN 2748 HAMLET The body is with the King, but the King is not  
FTLN 2749 with the body. The King is a thing—  
FTLN 2750

FTLN 2751

GUILDENSTERN A "thing," my lord?

FTLN 2752

HAMLET Of nothing. Bring me to him. (Hide fox, and  
all after!) 30

FTLN 2753

*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;

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

FTLN 2764

Or not at all. 10

*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, <i>to Attendants.</i> | Go, seek him there.                                       |    |
| FTLN 2796 | HAMLET                      | He will stay till you come. <i>Attendants exit.</i>       |    |
|           | 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 |                             | <i>(With fiery quickness.) Therefore prepare thyself.</i> |    |
| 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.

*「All but Hamlet exit.」*

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

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

Wheron 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 hemms, 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



|           |             |  |    |
|-----------|-------------|--|----|
| FTLN 2952 | 「Sings.」    | <i>Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,<br/>All in the morning betime,<br/>And I a maid at your window,<br/>To be your Valentine.</i>            | 55 |
| FTLN 2953 |             |  |    |
| FTLN 2954 |             |  |    |
| FTLN 2955 |             |  |    |
| FTLN 2956 |             |  |    |
| FTLN 2957 |             |  |    |
| FTLN 2958 |             |  |    |
| FTLN 2959 |             |  | 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,<br/>Alack and fie for shame,<br/>Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;<br/>By Cock, they are to blame.</i> | 65 |
| FTLN 2963 |             |  |    |
| FTLN 2964 |             |  |    |
| FTLN 2965 |             |  |    |
| FTLN 2966 |             |  |    |
| FTLN 2967 |             | <i>Quoth she "Before you tumbled me,<br/>You promised me to wed."</i>  |    |
| FTLN 2968 | He answers: |  |    |
| FTLN 2969 |             | <i>"So would I 'a done, by yonder sun,<br/>An thou hadst not come to my bed."</i>  | 70 |
| FTLN 2970 |             |  |    |
| 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.   |    |
|           |             | 「Horatio exits.」   |    |
| FTLN 2979 |             | O, this is the poison of deep grief. It springs  | 80 |
| FTLN 2980 |             | All from her father's death, and now behold!   |    |
| FTLN 2981 |             | O Gertrude, Gertrude,  |    |
| FTLN 2982 |             | When sorrows come, they come not single spies,   |    |
| FTLN 2983 |             | But in battalions: first, her father slain;  |    |
| FTLN 2984 |             | Next, your son gone, and he most violent author  | 85 |
| FTLN 2985 |             | Of his own just remove; the people muddied,  |    |

|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| FTLN 2986 | Thick, and unwholesome in <i>(their)</i> thoughts and  |     |
| FTLN 2987 | whispers   |     |
| FTLN 2988 | For good Polonius' death, and we have done but         |     |
| FTLN 2989 | greenly  | 90  |
| FTLN 2990 | In hugger-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia            |     |
| FTLN 2991 | Divided from herself and her fair judgment,            |     |
| FTLN 2992 | Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts;      |     |
| FTLN 2993 | Last, and as much containing as all these,             |     |
| FTLN 2994 | Her brother is in secret come from France,             | 95  |
| FTLN 2995 | Feeds on <i>(his)</i> 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 | <i>(They)</i> 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

KING The doors are broke.

*Enter Laertes with others.*

LAERTES

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

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  
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  
bastard,FTLN 3031 Cries “cuckold” to my father, brands the harlot  
FTLN 3032 Even here between the chaste unsmirched brow  
FTLN 3033 Of my true mother.

130

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

FTLN 3045 QUEEN

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 throughly for my father.                     |     |
| FTLN 3054 | KING Who shall stay you?                          | 155 |
| FTLN 3055 | LAERTES My will, not all the <i>(world.)</i>      |     |
| 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 | <i>A noise within: ("Let her come in!")</i>       |     |
| 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 <i>(an old)</i> man's life?           |     |
| FTLN 3084 | <i>(Nature is fine in love, and, where 'tis fine,</i>        | 185 |
| FTLN 3085 | It sends some precious instance of itself                    |     |
| FTLN 3086 | After the thing it loves.)                                   |     |
| OPHELIA   | <i>〔sings〕</i>   |     |
| FTLN 3087 | <i>They bore him barefaced on the bier,</i>                  |     |
| FTLN 3088 | <i>〔Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,〕</i>                    |     |
| FTLN 3089 | <i>And in his grave rained many a tear.</i>                  | 190 |
| FTLN 3090 | Fare you well, my dove.                                      |     |
| LAERTES   |  |     |
| FTLN 3091 | Hadst thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge,              |     |
| FTLN 3092 | It could not move thus.                                      |     |
| OPHELIA   | You must sing "A-down a-down"—and you                        |     |
| FTLN 3094 | "Call him a-down-a."—O, how the wheel becomes                | 195 |
| FTLN 3095 | it! It is the false steward that stole his master's          |     |
| FTLN 3096 | daughter.  |     |
| LAERTES   | This nothing's more than matter.                             |     |
| 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 <i>(must)</i> 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 | <i>〔Sings.〕 For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.</i>         | 210 |
| LAERTES   |  |     |
| FTLN 3110 | Thought and afflictions, passion, hell itself                |     |
| FTLN 3111 | She turns to favor and to prettiness.                        |     |

OPHELIA *sings*

*And will he not come again?  
And will he not come again?  
No, no, he is dead.  
Go to thy deathbed.  
He never will come again.*

215

FTLN 3117      *His beard was as white as snow,*  
FTLN 3118      *⟨All⟩ flaxen was his poll.*  
FTLN 3119      *He is gone, he is gone,*  
FTLN 3120      *And we cast away moan.*  
FTLN 3121      *God 'a mercy on his soul.*

220

FTLN 3122 And of all Christians' souls, (I pray God.) God be wi'  
FTLN 3123 you. *(She exits.)*

225

LAERTES Do you (see) this, O God?

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

230

LAERTES Let this be so.

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

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

*They exit.*

## 〔Scene 6〕

*Enter Horatio and others.*

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  
FTLN 3150 greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet. 5

*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  
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.*〕 10

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  
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  
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 wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in  
FTLN 3169 thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too  
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. 15

FTLN 3174 *(He)* that thou knowest thine,  
FTLN 3175 Hamlet. 20

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

*They exit.*

〔Scene 7〕

*Enter King and Laertes.*

KING

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

5

LAERTES      It well appears. But tell me

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

10

KING      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,  
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,

20

FTLN 3204      But not where I have aimed them.

25

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.)   |
| 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.]                                    |
| FTLN 3224 | KING                  | Laertes, you shall hear  |
| FTLN 3225 |                       | them.—   |
| FTLN 3226 |                       | Leave us. <i>(Messenger exits.)</i>                            |
| FTLN 3227 |                       | ¶ <i>Reads.</i> High and mighty, you shall know I am set       |
| FTLN 3228 |                       | naked on your kingdom. Tomorrow shall I beg leave to           |
| FTLN 3229 |                       | see your kingly eyes, when I shall (first asking <i>(your)</i> |
| FTLN 3230 |                       | <i>pardon</i> ) thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden    |
| FTLN 3231 |                       | (and more strange) return. <i>(Hamlet.)</i>                    |
| FTLN 3232 |                       | What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?             |
| FTLN 3233 |                       | Or is it some abuse and no such thing?                         |
| 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 <i>(advise)</i> 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.”                                |    |
| FTLN 3242 | 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?                          |    |
| FTLN 3245 | 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.                             |    |
| FTLN 3255 | [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.                                   | 80 |
| FTLN 3259 | You have been talked of since your travel much,   |    |
| FTLN 3260 | And that in Hamlet’s hearing, for a quality       |    |
| FTLN 3261 | Wherein they say you shine. Your sum of parts     |    |
| FTLN 3262 | Did not together pluck such envy from him         |    |
| FTLN 3263 | As did that one, and that, in my regard,          | 85 |
| FTLN 3264 | Of the unworthiest siege.                         |    |
| FTLN 3265 | 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       |    |
| FTLN 3269 | Than settled age his sables and his weeds,        | 90 |
| 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 <i>{my}</i> 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.             | 105 |
|           | 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,<br>And for <i>(that)</i> purpose I'll anoint my sword. | 160 |
| FTLN 3338 |         | I bought an unction of a mountebank                                  |     |
| FTLN 3339 |         | So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,                               |     |
| FTLN 3340 |         | Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,                           |     |
| FTLN 3341 |         | Collected from all simples that have virtue                          |     |
| FTLN 3342 |         | Under the moon, can save the thing from death                        | 165 |
| FTLN 3343 |         | That is but scratched withal. I'll touch my point                    |     |
| FTLN 3344 |         | With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,                   |     |
| FTLN 3345 |         | It may be death.   |     |
| FTLN 3346 |         |  |     |
| 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 cunningings—                       |     |
| 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 <i>⟨hoar⟩</i> 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.                                  |     |

*They exit.*

## 〔ACT 5〕

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### 〔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  
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.

10

FTLN 3413 OTHER Nay, but hear you, goodman delver—

FTLN 3414 〔GRAVEDIGGER〕 Give me leave. Here lies the water;  
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  
FTLN 3420 own life.

20

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'nce 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     | 45 |
| FTLN 3444 | thousand tenants.  |    |
| 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<br/>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>                        |    |
| HAMLET    | Has this fellow no feeling of his business? He                         |    |
| FTLN 3466 | sings in grave-making.   |    |
| FTLN 3467 |  |    |
| FTLN 3468 | HORATIO Custom hath made it in him a property of                       |    |
| FTLN 3469 | easiness.  | 70 |
| FTLN 3470 |  |    |
| FTLN 3471 | HAMLET 'Tis e'en so. The hand of little employment                     |    |
|           | hath the daintier sense.   |    |
|           | 「GRAVEDIGGER」 <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,<br>chapless and knocked about the <i>{mazard}</i> with a<br>sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had<br>the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the<br>breeding but to play at loggets with them? Mine<br>ache to think on 't. | 90  |
| FTLN 3490 |             |   | 95  |
| FTLN 3491 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3492 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3493 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3494 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3495 | GRAVEDIGGER | <i>↑ {sings}</i>  |     |
| FTLN 3496 |             | <i>A pickax and a spade, a spade,</i><br><i>For and a shrouding sheet,</i><br><i>O, a pit of clay for to be made</i><br><i>For such a guest is meet.</i>  |     |
| FTLN 3497 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3498 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3499 | HAMLET      | <i>↑ He digs up more skulls.</i>  |     |
| FTLN 3500 |             |   | 100 |
| FTLN 3501 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3502 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3503 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3504 |             |   | 105 |
| FTLN 3505 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3506 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3507 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3508 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3509 |             |   | 110 |
| FTLN 3510 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3511 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3512 |             |   |     |
| FTLN 3513 |             |   |     |
| 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 | <i>↑ Mine, sir.</i>   |     |
| FTLN 3521 |             | <i>↑ Sings. ↑ {O,} a pit of clay for to be made</i>   |     |
| FTLN 3522 |             | <i>{For such a guest is meet.}</i>  |     |

|           |                          |  |     |
|-----------|--------------------------|--|-----|
| FTLN 3523 | HAMLET                   | I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in 't.      |     |
| FTLN 3524 | GRAVEDIGGER <sup>1</sup> | 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 <sup>1</sup> | '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 <sup>1</sup> | For no man, sir.                                       |     |
| FTLN 3534 | HAMLET                   | What woman then?                                       | 135 |
| FTLN 3535 | GRAVEDIGGER <sup>1</sup> | For none, neither.                                     |     |
| FTLN 3536 | HAMLET                   | Who is to be buried in 't?                             |     |
| FTLN 3537 | GRAVEDIGGER <sup>1</sup> | 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 <sup>1</sup> | Of <i>(all)</i> 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 <sup>1</sup> | 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 <sup>1</sup> | 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 <sup>1</sup> | '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 corses *nowadays*) that will 170  
FTLN 3570 scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some  
FTLN 3571 eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine  
FTLN 3572 year.  
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, *taking the skull* 190 <Let me see.> Alas, poor  
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! *↑He puts the skull down.↑*  
 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!*

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *(Lords attendant,) and the* 225  
*corpse* *↑of Ophelia, with a Doctor of Divinity.↑**

FTLN 3623 But soft, but soft awhile! Here comes the King,  
 FTLN 3624 The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?  
 FTLN 3625 And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken  
 FTLN 3626 The corse they follow did with desp'rate hand  
 FTLN 3627 Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate.  
 FTLN 3628 Couch we awhile and mark. *↑They step aside.↑*

|           |                           |   |     |
|-----------|---------------------------|---|-----|
| 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, <i>to Horatio</i> | What, the fair Ophelia?                             |     |
| FTLN 3653 | QUEEN                     | Sweets to the sweet, farewell!                      |     |
|           |                           | ⟨She scatters flowers.⟩                             |     |
| FTLN 3654 |                           | I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife;   | 255 |
| FTLN 3655 |                           | I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid, |     |
| FTLN 3656 |                           | And not have strewed thy grave.                     |     |
| 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.      |     |
|           |                           | ⟨Leaps in the grave.⟩                               |     |

|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| 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 <i>(and)</i> 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 <i>(thou)</i> 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 <i>(thus)</i> 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.            |     |
|           | <i>Hamlet exits.</i>                                    |     |
| FTLN 3711 | KING I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.          |     |
|           | <i>Horatio exits.</i>                                   |     |
| FTLN 3712 | <i>To Laertes.</i> Strengthen your patience in our last |     |
| FTLN 3713 | night's speech.   |     |
| FTLN 3714 | We'll put the matter to the present push.—              | 315 |
| FTLN 3715 | Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—           |     |
| FTLN 3716 | This grave shall have a living monument.                |     |
| FTLN 3717 | An hour of quiet thereby shall we see.                  |     |
| FTLN 3718 | Till then in patience our proceeding be.                |     |

## 〔Scene 2〕

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

HAMLET

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

FTLN 3720 You do remember all the circumstance?

HORATIO Remember it, my lord!

HAMLET

FTLN 3722 Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting  
FTLN 3723 That would not let me sleep. *(Methought I lay* 5  
FTLN 3724 Worse than the mutines in the *(bilboes.)* Rashly—  
FTLN 3725 And praised be rashness for it; let us know,  
FTLN 3726 Our indiscretion sometime serves us well  
FTLN 3727 When our deep plots do pall; and that should learn  
FTLN 3728 us

10

FTLN 3729 There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
FTLN 3730 Rough-hew them how we will—HORATIO That is most  
FTLN 3732 certain.HAMLET Up from my cabin, 15  
FTLN 3734 My sea-gown scarfed about me, in the dark  
FTLN 3735 Groped I to find out them; had my desire,  
FTLN 3736 Fingered their packet, and in fine withdrew  
FTLN 3737 To mine own room again, making so bold  
FTLN 3738 *(My fears forgetting manners) to unfold* 20  
FTLN 3739 Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,  
FTLN 3740 A royal knavery—an exact command,  
FTLN 3741 Larded with many several sorts of reasons  
FTLN 3742 Importing Denmark's health and England's too,  
FTLN 3743 With—ho!—such bugs and goblins in my life,  
FTLN 3744 That on the supervise, no leisure bated,  
FTLN 3745 No, not to stay the grinding of the ax,  
FTLN 3746 My head should be struck off.

25

HORATIO Is 't possible?

HAMLET  
FTLN 3748 Here's the commission. Read it at more leisure. 30

〔Hanging him a paper.〕

FTLN 3749      But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

HORATIO    I beseech you.

HAMLET

FTLN 3751    Being thus benetted round with 'villainies,'<sup>1</sup>  
FTLN 3752    Or I could make a prologue to my brains,  
FTLN 3753    They had begun the play. I sat me down,  
FTLN 3754    Devised a new commission, wrote it fair—  
FTLN 3755    I once did hold it, as our statists 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  
FTLN 3759    Th' effect of what I wrote?

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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,  
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'<sup>1</sup> of great charge,  
FTLN 3767    That, on the view and knowing of these contents,  
FTLN 3768    Without debatement further, more or less,  
FTLN 3769    He should those bearers put to sudden death,  
FTLN 3770    Not shriving time allowed.

45

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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,  
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  
FTLN 3779    Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent  
FTLN 3780    Thou knowest already.

55

60

HORATIO

FTLN 3781    So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to 't.

HAMLET

FTLN 3782      {Why, man, they did make love to this employment.}      65  
 FTLN 3783      They are not near my conscience. Their defeat  
 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 <sup>1</sup>court<sub>1</sub> 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 <i>(humbly)</i> 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. <i>(Put)</i> 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 <i>(sultry)</i> and hot <i>(for)</i>         |     |
| 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 Osric 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<br>article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness<br>as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his<br>mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage,<br>nothing more. | 130 |
| FTLN 3852 | OSRIC Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.   |     |
| FTLN 3853 | HAMLET The concernancy, sir? Why do we wrap the<br>gentleman in our more rawer breath?   | 135 |
| FTLN 3854 |  |     |
| FTLN 3855 | OSRIC Sir?   |     |
| FTLN 3856 | HORATIO Is 't not possible to understand in another<br>tongue? You will to 't, sir, really.  |     |
| FTLN 3857 |  |     |
| FTLN 3858 | HAMLET, <i>to Osric</i> What imports the nomination of<br>this gentleman?  | 140 |
| FTLN 3859 |  |     |
| FTLN 3860 | OSRIC Of Laertes?  |     |
| FTLN 3861 | HORATIO His purse is empty already; all 's golden words<br>are spent.  |     |
| FTLN 3862 |  |     |
| FTLN 3863 | HAMLET Of him, sir.  | 145 |
| FTLN 3864 |  |     |
| FTLN 3865 | OSRIC I know you are not ignorant—   |     |
| FTLN 3866 | HAMLET I would you did, sir. Yet, in faith, if you did, it<br>would not much approve me. Well, sir?]   |     |
| FTLN 3867 |  |     |
| FTLN 3868 | OSRIC You are not ignorant of what excellency Laertes<br>is—   | 150 |
| FTLN 3869 |  |     |
| FTLN 3870 | [HAMLET I dare not confess that, lest I should compare<br>with him in excellency. But to know a man well<br>were to know himself.  |     |
| FTLN 3871 |  |     |
| FTLN 3872 | OSRIC I mean, sir, for <i>his</i> weapon. But in the imputation<br>laid on him by them, in his meed he's   |     |
| FTLN 3873 |  | 155 |
| FTLN 3874 | unfellowed.]   |     |
| FTLN 3875 | HAMLET What's his weapon?  |     |
| FTLN 3876 |  |     |
| FTLN 3877 | OSRIC Rapier and dagger.   |     |
| FTLN 3878 | HAMLET That's two of his weapons. But, well—   |     |
| FTLN 3879 |  |     |
| FTLN 3880 | OSRIC The King, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary<br>horses, against the which he has impawned, as I  | 160 |
| FTLN 3881 | take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their<br>assigns, as girdle, <i>hangers</i> , and so. Three of the<br>carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very   |     |
| FTLN 3882 |  |     |

|           |  |     |
|-----------|--|-----|
| 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 <i>(carriages)</i> 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 <i>(might)</i> 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 <i>“(impawned,)”</i> <i>(as)</i> 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 <i>(e'en)</i> 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> <i>(He)</i> 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 225  
 FTLN 3943 have been in continual practice. I shall win at the  
 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 230  
 FTLN 3948 *{gaingiving}* as would perhaps trouble a woman.

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}* 235  
 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

FTLN 3954

now; if it be not now, yet it *{will}* come. The readiness is all. Since no man of aught he leaves 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;  
But pardon 't as you are a gentleman. This presence  
knows,

240

FTLN 3959

And you must needs have heard, how I am punished  
With a sore distraction. What I have done  
That might your nature, honor, and exception  
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

245

FTLN 3960

Was 't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never Hamlet.  
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,  
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

FTLN 3961

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.

250

FTLN 3962

Who does it, then? His madness. If 't be so,  
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;  
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

FTLN 3963

*{Sir, in this audience}*

FTLN 3964

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil  
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts  
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house  
And hurt my brother.

255

FTLN 3965

LAERTES I am satisfied in nature,

FTLN 3966

Whose motive in this case should stir me most  
To my revenge; but in my terms of honor  
I stand aloof and will no reconciliation

260

FTLN 3967

Till by some elder masters of known honor  
I have a voice and precedent of peace  
To *{keep}* my name ungored. But *{till}* that time

FTLN 3968

265

FTLN 3969

FTLN 3970

FTLN 3971

FTLN 3972

FTLN 3973

FTLN 3974

FTLN 3975

FTLN 3976

FTLN 3977

FTLN 3978

FTLN 3979

FTLN 3980

FTLN 3981

FTLN 3982

FTLN 3983

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|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| 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. (Come on.)                       | 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 |
|           | (Prepare to play.)                                  |     |
| KING      |   |     |
| FTLN 4004 | Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.—         |     |
| FTLN 4005 | If Hamlet give the first or second hit              |     |
| FTLN 4006 | Or quit in answer of the third exchange,            |     |
| FTLN 4007 | Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.        |     |
| FTLN 4008 | The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath,     | 290 |
| FTLN 4009 | And in the cup an (union) shall he throw,           |     |
| FTLN 4010 | Richer than that which four successive kings        |     |
| FTLN 4011 | In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups,     |     |

|                      |   |                      |
|----------------------|---|----------------------|
| FTLN 4012            | And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,                | 295                  |
| FTLN 4013            | The trumpet to the cannoneer without,                   |                      |
| 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.                                  | <i>⟨They play.⟩</i>  |
| FTLN 4019            | HAMLET One.   | 300                  |
| 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.                                      |                      |
| 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*      My lord, I'll hit him now.

FTLN 4040      KING                    I do not think 't.

FTLN 4041      LAERTES, *aside*      And yet it is almost against my conscience.

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

FTLN 4043      I pray you pass with your best violence.

FTLN 4044      I am *afraid* you make a wanton of me.

FTLN 4045      LAERTES    Say you so? Come on.      *Play.*

FTLN 4046      OSRIC      Nothing neither way.

FTLN 4047      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      They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

FTLN 4052      OSRIC      How is 't, Laertes?      335

LAERTES      Why as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric.

OSRIC      *He falls.*

FTLN 4055      I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

HAMLET      How does the Queen?

FTLN 4056      KING                    She swoons to see them bleed.

FTLN 4057      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      O villainy! Ho! Let the door be locked.      *Osric exits.*

FTLN 4060      Treachery! Seek it out.

FTLN 4061

## 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.⟩*

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.⟩*

LAERTES

He is justly served.

FTLN 4077 It is a poison tempered by himself. 360  
 FTLN 4078 Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.  
 FTLN 4079 Mine and my father’s death come not upon thee,  
 FTLN 4080 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 4092 | I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.                                     |     |
| FTLN 4093 | Here's yet some liquor left. <i>[He picks up the cup.]</i>                  | 375 |
| FTLN 4094 | HAMLET As thou 'rt a man,   |     |
| FTLN 4095 | Give me the cup. Let go! By heaven, I'll ha 't.                             |     |
| FTLN 4096 | O God, Horatio, what a wounded name,  |     |
| FTLN 4097 | Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind                          |     |
| FTLN 4098 | me!   | 380 |
| FTLN 4099 | If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,                                    |     |
| FTLN 4100 | Absent thee from felicity awhile  |     |
| FTLN 4101 | And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain                             |     |
| FTLN 4102 | To tell my story.   |     |
| FTLN 4103 | <i>A march afar off (and 'shot' within.)</i><br>What warlike noise is this? | 385 |

*Enter Osric.*

OSRIC

|           |   |     |
|-----------|---|-----|
| FTLN 4104 | Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland, |     |
| FTLN 4105 | To th' ambassadors of England gives               |     |
| FTLN 4106 | This warlike volley.                              |     |
| FTLN 4107 | HAMLET O, I die, Horatio!                         |     |
| FTLN 4108 | The potent poison quite o'ercrowns my spirit.     | 390 |
| FTLN 4109 | I cannot live to hear the news from England.      |     |
| FTLN 4110 | But I do prophesy th' election lights             |     |
| FTLN 4111 | On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice.             |     |
| FTLN 4112 | So tell him, with th' occurrents, more and less,  |     |
| FTLN 4113 | Which have solicited—the rest is silence.         | 395 |
| FTLN 4114 | <i>(O, O, O, O!)</i> <i>[Dies.]</i>               |     |

HORATIO

|           |   |  |
|-----------|---|--|
| FTLN 4115 | Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince, |  |
| FTLN 4116 | And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.        |  |

*[March within.]*

|           |                                |  |
|-----------|--------------------------------|--|
| FTLN 4117 | Why does the drum come hither? |  |
|-----------|--------------------------------|--|

*Enter Fortinbras with the 'English' Ambassadors (with Drum, Colors, and Attendants.)*

|           |                                 |     |
|-----------|---------------------------------|-----|
| FTLN 4118 | FORTINBRAS Where is this sight? | 400 |
|-----------|---------------------------------|-----|

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|           |            |  |     |
|-----------|------------|--|-----|
| 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 slayings,          |     |
| 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.      |     |
|           | HORATIO    |  |     |
| FTLN 4152 |            | Of that I shall have also cause to speak,          |     |

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|           |  |                   |
|-----------|--|-------------------|
| FTLN 4153 | And from his mouth whose voice will draw <i>{on}</i>                                   | 435               |
| FTLN 4154 | more.  |                   |
| FTLN 4155 | But let this same be presently performed   |                   |
| FTLN 4156 | Even while men's minds are wild, lest more   |                   |
| FTLN 4157 | mischance  |                   |
| FTLN 4158 | On plots and errors happen.  | 440               |
| FTLN 4159 | FORTINBRAS   | Let four captains |
| FTLN 4160 | Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,   |                   |
| FTLN 4161 | For he was likely, had he been put on,   |                   |
| FTLN 4162 | To have proved most royal; and for his passage,  |                   |
| FTLN 4163 | The soldier's music and the rite of war  | 445               |
| FTLN 4164 | Speak loudly for him.  |                   |
| FTLN 4165 | Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this   |                   |
| FTLN 4166 | Becomes the field but here shows much amiss.   |                   |
| FTLN 4167 | Go, bid the soldiers shoot.  |                   |
|           | <i>They exit, <i>{marching, after the which, a peal of ordnance are shot off.}</i></i> |                   |