To the Honorable House of Representatives
March 1867

In consideration of your recent action of the 21st
and 22nd instant, this is to advise you
that during the month of February,

we have initiated plans for the development of

our community. We feel that the

accomplishments of the past can
serve as a foundation for future

growth and prosperity.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

[Name]
The Alliteration of Hamlet by Henry Fielding.

-from The Correspondence, 1817, published by Longman and Co., 1817.

Hamlet is being and Claudius with a faction plot against him.

The queen, attending her husband on a visit home, administers poison to him for love of Claudius, but, on the death of the king, stung with remorse and horror, the queen refuses to marry Claudius.

Ophelia is the daughter of Claudius.

The ghost does not appear and is seen by Hamlet only in imagination.

There is no play, but the treatise (the text of Shakespeare) relates instead the story of the murder of the King of England. Claudius and the queen, having each a confidant, Polonius (who is given a comic character) and Horatio. Hamlet does not descend on the pretenses of his father.

Hamlet and Claudius, as in the text in the 6th act, he brings an urn with the ashes of his father in it, for the queen to swim upon that she was no more murderer of her first seed.

There is no grave-digger and general scene.

In the end Claudius as the head of a party leaves the palace, and, on entering, is stabbed by Hamlet. The queen kills herself, and Hamlet concludes with these words:

"Reedition of all mine, in this fatal palace, my
My fortunes are complete, but my virtue yet remains. I am a man, a being, reserved for sufferings; by knowing still how to live, I do more than die.

There are some variations of the catastrophic, pointed at the end of the fifth act, by which the queen is preserved.
HAMLET,
Prince of Denmark;
A
TRAGEDY,
As it is now Acted by his Majesty's Servants.

Written by
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
and altered by
James Plumptre, B.D.

LONDON:
Printed for J. Tonson, and the rest of the Proprietors;
And Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1734.
Dramatis Personæ.

C Laudiuss, King of Denmark,
Fortinbras, King of Norway.
Hamlet, Son to the former King,
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain,
Horatio, Friend to Hamlet,
Laertes, Son to Polonius,
Rosencrantz, Courtiers.
Guildenstern,
O Voltimand.
Cornelius.
Oftrick, a Fop.
Marcellus, an Officer.
Bernardo, Two Centinels.
Francisco, 
Reynaldo, Servant to Polonius.

Lucinius,
Two grave-diggers,

Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and
Mother to Hamlet,
Ophelia, Daughter to Polonius, 

Ladies attending on the Queen.

SCENE, ELSINOER.

This Play being too long to be acted upon the Stage, such Lines as are left out in the Acting, are marked thus:—

HAMLET,
HAMLET,
Prince of Denmark.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE I. An open place before the Palace.

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Sentinels.

BERNARDO.

H0's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: Stand and unfold your self.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

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

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had a quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night. If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

A 3

Enter
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

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

**Hor.** Friends to this Ground.

**Mar.** And Liege-men to the Dane.

**Fran.** Good-night.

**Mar.** Farewel, honest Soldier; who hath reliev'd you?

**Fran.** Bernardo hath my place, good-night.

[Exit Francisco.]

**Mar.** Holla! Bernardo!

**Ber.** Say, what is Horatio there?

**Hor.** A piece of him.

**Ber.** Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

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

**Ber.** I have seen nothing.

**Mar.** Horatio says, 'tis but our Phantasy, And will not let Belief take hold of him, 'Touching the dreadful fight, twice seen of us: Therefore I have intreated him along With us, to watch the Minutes of this Night, That if again this Apparition come, He may approve our Eyes, and speak to it.

**Hor.** 'Twill not appear. Tush! tush!

**Ber.** Sit down a while; And let us once again affail your Ears, That are so fortified against our story, What we have two Nights seen.

**Hor.** Well, 'tis we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

**Ber.** Last Night of all, When yon same Star, that's Westward from the Pole, Had made his Course that part of Heav'n Where now it burns, Marcellus and my self, The Bell then beating one—

A Figure passest at the back of the Stage.

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

**Ber.** In the same Figure, like the King that's dead.

**Mar.** 'Thou art a Scholar,' speak to it, Horatio.

**Ber.** 'Tis not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

**Hor.** Most like: it startles me with Fear and Wonder.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and fleming Form,
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes walk? I charge thee speak.
Hor. It is offended.
Ber. See! it flies away.
Hor. Stay, speak, speak: I charge thee speak. [Ex. Ghosts, &c.]
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Is not this something more than Phantasy?
What think you of it?
Hor. I could not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy self.
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When he th'ambitious Norway combated:
So brown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smote the faddled Pole-axe on the lee.
'Tis strange.
Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at the same hour,
With martial hark! hath he gone by our Watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the scope of mine Opinion,
This bodes some strange Eruption to our State.
Mar. Pray tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant Watch
So nightly toils the Subject of the Land:
And why such daily cast of brazen Cannon,
And foreign Mart for Implements of War:
Why such Impress of Shipwrights, whose fore Task
Does not divide the Sunday from the Week;
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the Night joint-Labourer with the Day?
Who is't that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At least the Whisper goes so. Our last King,

A 4

Whole
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

(Whose Image then but now appear'd to us.)

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
(Thereto prickt on by a most emulative Pride)
Dar'd to the Combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this Side of our known World esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd Compact,
Well ratif'd by Law and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his Life) all those his Lands,
Which he seed seiz'd to the Conqueror:
Against the which a Moiety competent
Was gaged by our King, which had return'd
To the Inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been Vanquisher: As by the same Compact,
And Carriage of the Articles design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, Sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprov'd Mettle hot and full,
Hath, in the Skirts of Norway here and there,
Shark'd up a Lift of landless Refoutries,
For Food and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a Stomach in't; which is no other,
(As it doth well appear unto our State,)
But to recover of us, by strong Hand,
And Terms compulsory, those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main Motive of our Preparations;
The Source of this our Watch; and the chief Head
Of this Post-haste, and Romage in the Land.

Ber. I think it be no other, but even so
Well may it fort that this portentous Figure
Comes thro' our Watch; so like the King
That was, and is, the Question of these Wars.

Hor. 'A Mote it is to trouble the Mind's Eye.
In the most high and mighty State of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell, tis said,
The Graves flood tenantless, and the sheeted Dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman Streets,
Stars shone with Trains of Fire, Dews of Blood fell,
Disasters veil'd the Sun, and the moist Star,
Upon whose Influence Empire flands,
Was sick almost to Doomiday with Eclipse; 
And
And even the like Precursory of fierce Events,
As Harbingers preceding still the Fates,
And Prologue to the omen'd coming on,
Have Heav'n and Earth together demonstrated
Unto our Climates and Countrymen.

Enter Ghost Figure

But soft, behold! lo where it comes again!
H'eros it, this is bluest Stay, Illusion!

If thou hast any Sound, or use of Voice,
Speak to me— If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and Grace to me; speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy Country's Fate,
Which, happily foreknowing may avoid, Oh speak!—
Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy Life
Extorted Treasure in the Womb of Earth;
(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walk in Death,

Speak of it. Stay, and speak — Stop it, Marcella.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my Partizan?
Hor. Do if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here— Hor. 'Tis here—

Mar. 'Tis gone.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the shew of Violence;
It is ever, as the Air, invulnerable,
And our vain Blows malicious Mockery.

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

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard
The Cock that is the Trumpet to the Morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throat
Awake the God of Day; and, at his Warning,
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine; ' And of the Truth herein,
'Tis this present Object made probation.

Mar. It faded as the Crowing of the Cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that Season comes,
Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

This Bird of Dawning sings all night long:
The Nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike,
No Fairy takes, nor Witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the Time.

Hor. 'So have I heard, and do in part believe it. But loo k, the Morn, in russet Mantle clad, Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill; Break we our Watch up; and, by my Advice, Let us impart what we have seen to night Unto young Hamlet: Perhaps This Spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him. Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it, -As needful in our Loves, fitting our Duty? Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I, this Morning, know Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. The Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltm and, Cornelius. Gentlemen and Guards.

King. Tho', yet, of Hamlet our dear Brother's Death The Memory be green; and that it us besitteth To bear our Hearts in Grief, and our whole Kingdom, To be contracted in one brow of Woe; Yet, so far hath Discretion fought with Nature, That we with wisest sorrow think on him, Together with remembrance of our selves. Therefore, our sometime Sister, now our Queen, 'Th' Imperial Jointress of this warlike State, Have we, as 'twere with a defeated Joy, With one auspicious, and one dropping Eye, With Mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage; In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole, Taken to Wife. Nor have we herein barr'd Your better Wisdoms, which have freely gone With this Affair along; For all our thanks. Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras, Holding a weak supposal of our Worth; Or thinking by our late dear Brother's Death,
Our State to be disjoint, and out of frame,
Collegued with this Dream of his Advantage,
He hath not fail'd to peeter us with Message,
Importing the Surrender of those Lands
Lost by his Father, with all Bands of Law,
To our most valiant Brother: So much for him.
Now, for our self, and for this time of Meeting:
Thus much the Business is; We have here writ
To Norway, Uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his Nephew's Purpose, to suppress
His further Gent herein: in that the Levies,
The Lifts, and full Proportions are all made
Out of his Subjects; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
To Norway, for the Business is; We have here writ
Giving to you no further personal Power
Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.

Farewel; and let your Haste commend your Duty.
Cor. Vol. In that and all things, we will shew our Duty.
King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.

And now, Laertes, what's the News with you?
You told us of some Suit; what is't Laertes?
You cannot speak of Reason to the Dane,
And lose your Voice: What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy asking?
The Head is not more native to the Heart,
The Hand more instrumentel to the Mouth,
Than is the Throne of Denmark to thy Father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?
Laer. My dear Lord,
Your Leave and Favour to return to France;
From whence, the willingly, I came to Denmark;
To shew my Duty in your Coronation;
Yet now, I must confess, that Duty done,
My Thoughts and Wishes bend again towards France;
And bow them to your gracious Leave and Favour.
King. Have you your Father's Leave? what says Polonius?
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Pol. He hath, my Lord, by labour from Petition, Wrought from me my flow Leave; and at last, Upon his Will I seal'd my hard Consent:
I do beseech you give him Leave to go.

King. Take thy fair Hour, Laertes; time be thine, And thy best Graces; spend it at thy will.

But, now, my Cousin Hamlet, and my Son—

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

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

Ham. Not so, my Lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy night's Colour off,
And let thine Eye look like a Friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever, with thy veiled Lids,
Seek for thy noble Father in the Dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die.
Passing thro' Nature to Eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

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

Ham. Seems, Madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems:
'Tis not alone good Mother,
Nor customary Suits of solemn Black,
Nor windy Suspiration of forc'd Breath,
Nor the fruitful River in the Eye,
Nor the dejected Haviour of the Visage,
Together with all Forms, Modes, Shapes of Grief;
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,
For they are Actions that a Man might play;
But I have that within which passeth Shew.
Thefe but the Trappings, and the Suits of Woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your Nature,
To give these mourning Duties to your Father: [Hamlet...
But you must know, your Father loft a Father,
That Father loft, lost his, and the Surviver bound
In filial Obligation for some term
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate Condolence, is a course
de impious: Stubbornness; 'tis unmanly Grief.
It shews a Will most incorrect to Heaven;
A Heart unfortify'd, or Mind impatient.

'An.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

An Understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to Sense.

Why should we in our peevish Opposition,
Take it to heart? Fy! 'tis a Fault to Heav'n.
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd; whose common Theme
Is Death of Fathers, and who still hath cry'd
From the first Conceive, till he that died to-day,
This must be so. We pray you, throw to Earth
This unprevailing Woe, and think of us
As of a Father; and let the World take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne:
And, with no less Nobility of Love,
Than that which dearest Father bears his Son,
Do I impart towards you? For your intent,
In going back to school to Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our Desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the Cheer and Comfort of our Eye,
Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin, and our Son.

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers, Hamlet:
I pray thee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair Reply.
Be as our self in Denmark, Madam, come,
This gentle and unsorc'd Accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my Heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund Health that Denmark drinks to-day;
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,
'And the King's Route, the Heav'n shall bruut again,
Re-speaking earthly Thunder. Come away. [Exeunt:
Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too too solid Flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a Dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His Cannon 'gainst Self-Murderer!
How weary, stale, flat, and unwarrantable
Seem to me all the Uses of this World!
Fire on't! O fyel 'tis an unweeded Garden,
That grows to Seed; things rank and gross in Nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two Months dead! nay, not so much, not two—
So excellent a King, that was to this,

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

That it should come to this/ But two Months dead! nay, not so much, not two—
So excellent a King, that was to this,

That he should not the Winds of Heav'n
Visit her Face too roughly. Heav'n and Earth!

Muft I remember?— why, she would hang on him,
As if Increase of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a Month?

Let me not think on't— Frailty, thy Name is Woman!
A little Month!— or ere those Shoes were old,
With which she followed my poor Father's Body,
Like Niobe, all Tears— Why she, even she—
O Heav'n! A Beaf't, that wants Discourse of Reason,
Would have mourn'd longer— married with mine Uncle,
My Father's Brother; but no more like my Father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a Month!

Ere yet the falt of most unrighteous Tears
Had left the Flushing in her galled Eyes
She married. O most wicked Speed! to post.
With such dexterity to incestuous Sheets!

It is not, nor it cannot come to good!

But, break, my Heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordhip.

Ham. I am glad to fee you well;

Horatio, or I forget my felf?

Hor. The fame, my Lord, and your poor Servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good Friend; I'll change that Name
with you:

And what makes you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

Marcellus?

Mar. My good Lord!

Ham. I am very glad to fee you; good even, Sir.

But what, in faith, makes you from Wittenberg?

Hor. A truant Disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your Enemy lay fo;

Nor shall you do mine Ear that violence,

To be a witness of your own Report.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Against your self. I know you are no Truant—
But what is your Affair in Elsinore?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Father's Funeral.

Ham. I prithee do not mock me, Fellow-Student;

I think it was to see my Mother's Wedding.

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

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd Meats

Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage-Tables:

Would I had met my dearest Foe in Heav'n,

Hor. I had seen that Day, Horatio!

My Father, — methinks I see my Father.

Hor. Where, my Lord?

Ham. In my Mind's Eye, Horatio.

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

Ham. He was a Man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him ye ternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father!

Hor. Breathe your Admiration for awhile

With an attentive Ear, till I may deliver,

Upon the Witnesses of these Gentlemen,

This Wonder to you.

Ham. Pray let me hear.

Hor. Two Nights together had these Gentlemen,

Marcellus and Bernardo, on their Watch,

In the dead Wastes, and middle of the Night,

Been thus encounter'd: A Figure, like your Father,

Appears before them, and with solemn March

Goes slow and stately by them; twice he walked,

By their oppress'd and fear surprisèd Eyes,

Within my Rapier's length; whilst they, while he walked

Almost to jelly with their Fear,

Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me,

In dreadful Secrecy, impart they did,

And I, with them, the third Night kept the Watch

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time;
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. 'I knew your Father:
'These Hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, upon the Platform we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did,
But answer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its Head, and did address
It self to Motion, like as it would speak:
But even then the Morning Cock crew loud;
And at the Sound it shrank in haste away,
And vanish'd from our Sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it then our Duty
To let you know it,

Ham. Indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the Watch to-night?

Both. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. From head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. O, yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A Countenance more in Sorrow than in Anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his Eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like; faid it long?

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

All. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His Beard was grizzled.
Ham. In sooth, Florizel, I'm but ill inclin'd
To give an ear to tales of apparitions;
But, yet, my mind misgives me of my father,
And, could I think that one could leave the dead
In order to divin'd mysterious matters.
My father's is the case I should suppose.

Hor. My mind, my lord, was shut against such tales,
But to the ocular proof I could but yield.

Ham. How was he dropt'd?

Hor. He wore, my lord, the robe
Which in his hours of ease he always us'd.
Yet in the garden, honour'd as your play-fellow,
To have I seen the reverend King come forth,
And in the arbour lay him down to sleep.

Ham. How look'd he, my lord, play-fellow?


eward. My lord, we have at no time seen his face.
He held his head down, 'neath his hands and robe.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 17

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his Life,

Ham. I'll watch to night: perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, my Lord, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Father's Person,
I'll speak to it, the Hell it self should quake;

And bid me hold my Peace: I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this Sight,
Let it be enable in your silence still:

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an Understanding, but no Tongue;
I will require your Loves. So fare you well;
Upon the Platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our Duty to your Honour.

[Exeunt.

Ham. Your Loves, as mine to you: Farewel:

My Father's Spirit waves! All is not well;
I doubt some foul play: 'would the Night were come;
Till then, 'twill stand, my Soul: foul Deeds will rise,
Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them, from Men's Eyes.

Scene III. An Apartment in Polonius' House.

Laer. My Necessaries are embark'd, farewel:

And, Sister, as the Winds permit,
And Convoy is affiant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his Favour,

Hold it a Fashion and a toy in Blood;
A Violet in the Youth and Primy of Nature,
Forward, not permanent, this sweet, not lasting,
The perfume of a minute.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:

* For Nature, crescent, does not grow alone;
* In Thews and Bulk; but, as this Temple waxes,
* The inward Service of the Mind and Soul
* Grows wide within. Perhaps he loves thee now;
* And now no Soil, nor Cause, doth befmerch
* The Virtue of his Will: But you must fear:
* His Greatness weigh'd, his Will is not his own;

For
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

For he himself is subject to his Birth;
He may not, as some Persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his Choice depends
The Safety and Health of the whole State.
And therefore must his Choice be circumscib'd
Unto the Voice and yielding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then, if he says he loves you,
It fits your Wisdom so far to believe it,
As he, in his peculiar Act and Place,
May give his Saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main Voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what Loss your Honour may sustain,
If with your credit Ear you hear his Passion.
Or lose your Heart; or your chaste Treasure open
To his unmaster'd Impertinency.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear Sister;
And keep within the Rear of your Affection,
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The chariest Maid is prudent enough,
If she unmask her Beauty to the Moon:
'Virtue it self escapes not calumnious Strokes,
The Canker galls the Infants of the Spring,
Too oft before their Buttons be disclos'd;
And in the Morn and liquid Dew of Youth,
Contagious Blaftments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear;
Youth to it self rebels, tho' none else near.
Oph. I shall th' effects of this good Lesson keep
About my Heart: But, good Brother,
Do not, as some ungracious Pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to Heaven;
Whilst, like a Libertine,
Himself, the Primrose Path of Dalliance treads,
And reek not his own Foot.

Laer. Oh, fear me not,
I stay too long; but here my Father comes—

Enter Polonius.

A double Blessing is a double Grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second Leave.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 19

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame.
' The Wind fits in the shoulder of your Sail,
' And you are said for. There, my Blessing with you,
' And these few Precepts in thy Memory
See thou character: Give thy Thoughts no Tongue,
Nor any uuproporition'd Thought his Act:
' Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
' The Friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd,
' Grapple them to thy Soul with Hooks of Steel:
' But do not dull thy Palm, with Entertainment
' Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware
' Of entrance to a Quarrel; but, being in,
' Bear't that the Opposer may beware of thee.
' Give every Man thine Ear, but few thy Voice;
' Take each Man's Censure, but reserve thy Judgment.
' Costly thy Habit as thy Purse can buy,
' But not express'd in Fancy; rich, not gaudy:
' For the Apparel oft proclaims the Man,
' And they, in France, of the best Rank and Station,
' Are most select and generous, chief in that.
' Neither a Borrower nor a Lender be;
' For Loan oft loses both it self and Friend:
' And borrowing dulls the Edge of Husbandry.
' This above all, to thine own self be true;
' And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
' Thou canst not then be false to any Man.
' Farewel, my Blessing season this in thee!
Laer. Molt humbly do I take my leave, my Lord.
Pol. The Time invites you; go, your Servants tend.
Laer. Farewel, Ophelia, and remember well
What I have said to you.
Oph. 'Tis in my Memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the Key of it.
Laer. Farewel.

[Exit Laer.
Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the LordHamlet.
Pol. Why, well bethought, Ophelia.
'Tis told me, he hath very oft, of late,
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your Audience been most free and bounteous.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

If it be so, (as so it seems to be,
And that in way of Caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand your self so clearly,
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour,
What is between you? give me up the Truth.

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late made many Tenders
Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! pun! you speak like a green Girl,
Unlifsted in such peridious Circumstance.
Do you believe his Tenders, as you call them?

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

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think your self a Baby;
That you have taken these Tenders for true Pay,
Which are not Sterling. Tender your self more dearly;
(Or not to crack the Wind of the poor Parase,
'Wringing it thus,) you'll tender me a Fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importuad me with Love,
In honourable fashion.

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

Oph. And hath given countenance to his Speech, my
With almost all the holy Vows of Heaven. [Lord.

Pol. Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I do know,
When the Blood burns, how prodigal the Soul
Lends the Tongue Vows: ' Theic Blazes, Daughter,
' Giving more Light than Heat, extinct in both,
' Even in their Promise, as it is a making. —
' You must not take for Fire. From this time, Daughter,
' Be somewhat scantier of your Maiden Presence;
' Set your Intreatments at a higher rate.
' Than a Command to parley: For Lord Hamlet,
' Believe so much in him, that he is young;
' And with a larger tether may he walk,
' Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
' Do not believe his Vows; for they are Brokers,
' Not of that Dye, which their Investiments shew,
' But mere Implorers of unholy Suits,
' Breathing like sanctify'd and pious Bawds,
' The better to beguile.' This is for all:
I would not, in plain Terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
Mat. My lord, we have observ'd, that, on our watch,
The watch-like sounds of joy no more are heard,
The noise which was wont to cheer the dreary night
Is hush'd in silence.

Ham. The king no longer is.
As to give words, or talk with the Lord Hamlet:
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV. The Platform before the Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus, and Barnard.

Ham. The Air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager Air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Ham. No, it is struck.
Hor. Heard it not: Then it draws near the Season,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.

[Noise of martial Music within.

Ham. What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes his route,
Keeps watch, and the swaggering Upright feels;
And as he takes his Draughts of Rhenish down,
The Kettle-Dram and Trumpet here proclaim
The Triumph of his Pledge.
Hor. Is it a Custom?
Ham. In truth, it was.
But to my Mind, tho' I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a Custom
More honour'd in the Breach than the Observance,
This heavy-headed Revel, East and West,
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other Nations:
They call us Drunkards, and, with swinish Phrases,
Soil our Addition: and, indeed, it takes
From our Achievements, tho' perform'd at height,
The Pith and Marrow of our Attribute.
So oft it changes in particular Men,
That for some vicious Mole of Nature in them,
As in their Birth, wherein they are not guilty,
(Since Nature cannot choose his Origin)
By the o'er-growth of some Complexion,
Oft breaking down the Pales and Forts of Reason:
Or by some Habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The Form of pleasive Manners; that these Men,
Carrying, I say, the Stamp of one Defect,
Being Nature's Livery, or Fortune's Scar,
Their Virtues else, (be they as pure as Grace,
As infinite as Man may undergo,
Shall in the general Censure take Corruption
From that particular Fault: The Dram of Base
Doth all the noble Substance of Worth but,
To his own Scandal.

Enter Ghost. The Figure

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us! Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd; Bring with thee Airs from Heaven, or Blasts from Hell; Be thy Intents wicked or charitable, Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape, That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee, Hamlet, King, Father, Royal Dane! Oh! answer me, Let me not burst in Ignorance! but tell Why thy canoniz'd Bones heretofore in Death, Have burst their Garments? why the Sepulchre, Wher'in we saw thee quietly inter'd, Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws, To call thee up again? What may this mean, That thou dead andagain in complection, Revisits thus the Glimpses of the Moon, Making Night hideous? And we, Fools of Nature, So horridly to shake our Disposition With Thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls? Say, Why is this? wherefore? what should we do? [Ghost beckons Ham.

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

Mar. Look with what courteous Action
It waves you to a remote Ground,
But do not go with it.

Mar. No, by no means. [Holding Hamlet.
Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.
Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham.
O God of heaven and earth, defend us all!
My father in his habit as he bid.
(In a low under voice) Thou com'st, & c.

[Earl] It moved, my lord, towards the garden door;
Scene V. The Garden of the Palace with an arbour.

The figure enters followed by Hamlet and Horatio. The figure moves towards the arbour, stops, takes his hands and note from his face, and takes a pint out of his pocket.

Ham. It is the king mine uncle.

Hor. It is indeed the wanderer in his sleep.

King. This piece of potent hebenon, in this phial,
Within the poches of my brother's ears,
Whilst now he sleepeth, I, unperceived, will pour.
Its effect holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courseth through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth hotset
And cord, like eager dropings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood.

But a few drops, and then his crown is mine.

(He goes into the arbour.)

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I compound half? - O fie! - Hold, hold, my heart,
That you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. I'll kill him now,
Now, in the imagin'd act.

Hor. My lord, forbear. The appearance is most dark,
But, yet, in sleep, a mind diseas'd may see
Nay, waking, persons have confess to crimes
They could not have committed. But, again
He comes.

Re-enter the King.

King. 'Tis done. His ear receiveth the hebenon, and
It most instant tetter back'd about,
Most lacerate, with vile and loathsome cost
All his smooth body.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, 23

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I see not, my Life at a pin's fee;
And, for my Soul, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal as it self,
It makes me forth again, I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you to the Flood, my Lord,
Or to the dreadful Cliffs of the Cliff,
* That Beetles o'er his Base into the Sea,
And there assume some other horrible Form,
* Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,
And draw you into Madness? * Think of it;
* The very Place puts Toys of Desperation,
* Without more motive, into every Brain,
* That looks so many Fathoms to the Sea,
* And hears it roar beneath.

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

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your Hands.

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

Ham. My Fate cries out, My heart's round,
And makes each petty Artery in this Body
As hardy as the Nemean Lion's Nerve,
Still I am call'd: in hand me, Gentlemen.

By Heaven I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away: Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and Ham.]

Be. He proves desperate with Imagination.

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

Be. To what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmark.

Be. Heaven will discover it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt.]

[Further.]

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

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting Flames
Must render up my self.

Ham.
Scene V. The Garden

The figure enters follow;
Injure moves towards the
robe from his face, and tak
tham. It is the king mine
not. It is indeed. He was
king. This juice of potent;
Within the porches of my
Whilst now he sleeps, I un
its effect holds such an
That, swift as quicksilver,
The natural gates and a
And, with a sudden vigor
And curd, like eager drop
The thin and wholesome
But a few drops, and then
He goes in

Ham. O, all you host of hell
And shall I couple both?
And, you, my sinews, grown
But hear me stilly up. I
Now in the imagin'd ac
Not. My lord, I forbear. I
But, yet, in sleep, a min
Nay, waking, persons he
They could not have com
He comes.

Re-enter the King.

King. 'Tis done. This ear receiv'd the hebenom, and
it most instant letters back'd about,
Most letter-like, with vile and loathsome ost
All his smooth body.

24 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost.
Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge what thou shalt hear?
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy Father's Spirit,
Doom'd for a certain Term to walk the Night,
And for the Day confin'd to fast in Fires,
Till the soul Crimes done in My Days of Nature
Are burnt andurg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the Secrets of my Prison house,
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,
Make thy two Eyes like Stars start from their Spheres,
Thy knotted and combined Locks to part,
And each particular hair to part,
Like 'quills upon the fretful Porcupine
But this eternal Blazon must not be
To Ears of Flesh and Blood: lift, lift, O lift,
If thou didst ever thy dear Father love.
Ham. O Heaven!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural Murder.
Ham. Murder!
Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
Ham. Halte me to know'th that I with wings as swift
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,
May fly to my Revenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat Weed
That roots it self in ease on Leake's Wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this? Now Hamlet hear,
'Tis given out that sleeping in my Garden
A Serpent stung me: so the whole Ear of Denmark
Is by a forged Process of my Death
Rankly abus'd. But know, thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Father's Heart,
Now wears his Crown.
Ham. O my prophetick Soul, my Uncle!
Ghost.
Thus horrible! Thus horrible! most horrible!
Die, villain, in thy guilt.

Hor. My lord, forbear.
The sword of vengeance, however just,
Must not upon the sword of justice trench.

The King, looking towards Hamlet and Horatio,
starts, muffles his head in his robe, and goes off.

Ham. Horatio, give me way. With wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love.
I'll sweep to my revenge.

Hor. Consider well, my lord, and weigh the effect.

You then, will stand the adviser of the king.
But let this right, and this confession too,
Have their due course, and, so, impeach him straight
Before the nation. Let the guardian laws
Condemn him to the death for this foul deed.

I was given out, that, sleeping in his orchard,
A serpent stung him: to the whole ear of Denmark
Is, by a forged process of his death,
Rankly abused: but, ah! my noble lord,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Yes. My prophetic soul! my uncle!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
But let us follow him. (Exeunt.)
**Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.**

**Ophel.** Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate Beast, with Witchcraft of his Wit, with trait'rous Gifts, O wicked Wit, and Gifts that have the Power, So to reduce him to his shameful Luft.

The Wit of my most seeming virtuous Queen. O Hamlet, what a falling of was there.

From me, whose Love was of that Dignity, That it went hand in hand even with the Vow, I made to her in Marriage? and to decline

Upon a Wretch, whose natural Gifts were poor, To those of mine. but Virtue, as it never will be mov'd;

Tho' Leudnes' court it, in a shape of Heav'n:

So Luft, tho' to a radiant Angel link'd,

Will fate it set in a celestial Bed,

And prey on Garbage.

But soft, methinks, I scent the Morning Air,

Brief let me be: sleeping within my Garden,

My Custom always of the Afternoon,

Upon my secure Hour thy Uncle stole

With Juice of cursed Hebona in a Vial,

And in the Porches of my Ears did pour

The leprous Distilments whose Effects.

Hold such an Enmity with Blood of Man,

That swift as Quicksilver it courses thro'

The natural Gates and Alleys of the Body,

And with a sudden Vigour it does posset

* And curd, like eager Dropings into Milk,

The thin and wholesome Blood: so did it mine,

And a most infant Tetter bark'd. about,

Most Lazar like, with vile and loathsom Crust

All my smooth Body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brother's Hand,

Of Life, of Crown, of Queen a'once bereft,

Cut off even in the Blossoms of my Sin.

Unhouldled, unanointed, unawed,

No reckoning made, but lent to my account

With all my Imperfections on my Head.

O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!

If thou hast Nature in thee, hear it not,

Let not the Royal Bed of Denmark be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'lt this Act,
Taint nor thy Mind, nor let thy Soul design
Against thy Mother ought, leave her to Heaven,
And to those Thorns that in her Bosom lodge,
To goad and fling her. Fare thee well at once,
The Glowworm shews the Morning to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire:
Farewel, remember me.

Ham. 'O all you Host of Heaven! O Earth! what else?
And shall I couple Hell? O fy! 'hold, 'hold my Heart,
And you my Sinews, grow not Inlatent old,
But bear me strongly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while Memory holds a Seat
In this distracted Globe; remember thee!
Yes, from the Table of my Memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
All Register of Books, all Forms and Preflures past,
That Youth and Observation copied there,
And thy Commandment all alone shall live
Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,
'Unmix'd with baser matter; yes by Heaven,
O most pernicious Woman!
O Villain, Villain, smilling damned Villain;
My Tables; meet it is I should set down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a Villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark. [Writing.
So Uncle there you are: Now to my Word,
It is, farewel, remember me;

[Enter Marcellus, and

Mar. How is't, my noble Lord?

Ham. What News my Lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Mar. Good my Lord, tell it.
Scene VI. The Platform.

The King enters and crosses the stage, Hamlet and Horatio following.

Ham. He is gone.

In at the door of the north-western corner.

The staircase there leads to his sleeping room.

Hor. No doubt he's in his sleep. His conscience good.

Our ghost, however, turns out flesh and blood.

And such, I apprehend, all apparitions.
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Not I, my Lord.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord. [think it?]
Ham. How say you, then, would Heart of Man once
But you'll be secret.
Both. As Death, my Lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a Villain
Dwelling in all Denmark, —
But he's an arrant Knave.
Ar. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right; you are in the right;
And, so, without more Circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake Hands and part:
You as your Business and Desire shall point you;
For every Man hath Business and Desire,
Such as it is; and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Mar. These are but wild and windy Words, my Lord;
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.
Ar. There's no offence, my Lord.
Ham. Yes by St. Patrick, but there is, Horatio. Macbeth;
And much offence too! Touching this Vision here.
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you.
For your Desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master't as you may: And, now good Friends,
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Soldiers,
Grant me one poor Request.
Mar. Hut. What is't, my Lord? we will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay but I swear't.
Mar. In faith, my Lord, not I.
Ber. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my Sword.
Mar. We have sworn, my Lord, already.
Ham. Indeed upon my Sword, indeed.
[Ghost cries under the Stage.
Ghost. Swear.

Ham.
Ham. Ha, ha, Boy, say'lt thou so? art thou there, old True-penny?
Come on, you hear this Fellow in the Celleridge,
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the Oath, my Lord.

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

Ghost, below. Swear.

Ham. Then we'll shift our ground;
Come hither, hither, Gentlemen,
And lay your Hands again upon my Sword:
Swear by my Sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost, below. Swear.

Ham. Well said, old Mole, canst thou work i'th Earth
A worthy Pioneer! once more remove, good Friends.

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

Ham. And therefore as a Stranger give it welcome:
There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio,
'Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy. But come,
Here, as before, never, to help you More.

(How strange, or odd so'er, I bear my self,
As I, perchance, hereafter, shall think meet,
To put an antick Disposition on,
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall
With Arms encumber'd thus, or, Head that shak'd,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase,
As well, well, we know, or, we could, and if we would,
Or these be, as if they might,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)
That you know ought of me, this you must swear
So Grace and Mercy at your most need help you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ref, ref, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my Love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a Man as Hamlet is:
May do, t'express his Love and Friendship to you,
Shall not lack; let us go in together;
And still your Fingers on your Lips, I pray.

The
promise me faithfully,

Both. My lord, we do.
ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE. An Apartment in Polonius's House.

Enter Polonius, and his Man, Reynaldo.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes.

Rey. I will, my Lord. [Reynaldo.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry

Of his behaviour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry well said, very well said; look you, Sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expense: and finding,

By this encompassment and drift of questioa,

That they do know my son, come you more near,

Then your particular demands will touch it,

Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,

As thus, I know his Father, and his friends.

And in part him: Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well:

But, if it be he I mean, he's very wild,

Addicted to and so, and there put on him

What forgeries you please; none so rank

As may dishonour him, take heed of that:

But, Sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips

As are companions noted, and most known

To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my Lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarrelling, thieving: you may go so far.

Rey. My Lord, that will dishonour him.

Pol.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Pol. Faith no, as you may season it in the Charge.
You must not put another Scandal on him,
That he is open to Incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breathe his Faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the Taints of Liberty,
The Flash and Out-break of a fiery Mind,
A Savageness in unclaimed Blood
Of general Assault.
Rey. But, my good Lord—
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. Ay, my Lord, I would know that.
Pol. Sir, here's my Drift,
And I believe it is a Fetch of Warrant:
You laying these slight Sullies on my Son,
As 'twere a thing a little foil'd i'th' working.
Mark you, your Party in converse, he you would found,
Having ever seen in the prenominate Crimes
The Youth you breathe of, guilty, be as sur'd
He closes with you in this Consequence;
Good Sir (or so) or Friend, or Gentleman,
According to the Phrase, or the Addition
Of Man and Country.
Rey. Very good, my Lord.
Pol. And then, Sir, does he this? he does; what was
I about to say?
Rey. By the Mass, I was about to say something,
Where did I leave?
Pol. At closes in the Consequence.
Rey. At closes in the Consequence: Ay marly,
He closes thus; I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or the other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such, and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook it in Roule,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance; forth...
I saw him enter such a House of Sale;
Viviers, a Brothel, or so forth. See you now,
Your Bait of Fallhood takes this Carp of Truth,
And thus do we of Wisdom and of Reach,
With Windlaces, and with Essays of Bias,
By Indirections find Directions out:

So
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

So, by my former Lecture and Advice,
Shall you my Son: you have me, have you not?
Rey. My Lord, I have.
Pol. Good by t'ye, fare ye well.
Rey. Good, my Lord.
Pol. Observe his Inclination in your self.
Rey. I shall, my Lord.
Pol. And let him ply his Musick.
Rey. Well, my Lord. [Exit Rey.]

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. 'Farewell.' How now Ophelia, what's the matter?
Oph. O, my Lord, my Lord! I have been so affrighted.

Pol. With what?
Oph. My Lord, as I was reading in my Closet,
Prince Hamlet, 'with his Doublet,' all unbrac'd,
No Hat upon his Head, his Stockings loose,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his Ankle;
Pale as his Shirt, his Knees knocking each other,
And with a Look so piteous,
As if he had been sent from Hell
To speak of Horrors, thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy Love!
Oph. My Lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?
Oph. He took me by the Wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his Arm,
And with his other Hand, thus, o'er his Brow,
He falls to such perusal of my Face,
As he would draw it: long it paid he so;
At last, a little shaking of my Arm,
And thrice his Head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a Sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,
And end his Being. That done, he lets me go,
And, with his Head over his Shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his Eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And to the last, bended their Light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me. I will go seek the King:

B 4

This hangs about you. this your sadness?

Rey. in the garden,

Oph. sword in hand,

Pol. Have you left our bed,

Rey. you had made

Oph. Brother wore,

Pol. I will awake you,

Rey. you have done.

Oph. and I will awake you,

Pol. I will misgives me

Rey. 'tis young Hamlet,

Pol. misgives me

Rey. mine honour.

Pol. my fears. (Aside.)

Rey. wildenstone.

Ros. Health be my Lord the King.

Guil. And to our gracious Queen.
This is the very Eclipsy of Love.
Whose violent Property foredoeit itself,
And leads the Will to desperate Undertakings,
As oft as any Passion under Heaven
That does afflict our Natures. I am sorry—
What! have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good Lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His Access to me,
Pol. That hath made him mad:
I am sorry, that, with better Heed and Judgment,
I had not quoted him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee: but, be thou my Jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our Age
To call beyond our selves in our Opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack Discretion.' Come, go with me to the King:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter Love.
Come.  

SCENE II. The Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern.
KING. Welcome good Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Besides that we did long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
Of Hamlet's Transformation, 'so I call it,
Sis is not the exterior, nor the inward Man
Resembles that it was;' what it should be,
More than his Father's Death, 'that this hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That being of so young days brought up with him;
And with so neighbour'd to his Youth and Humour,
That you vouchsafe your Rest here in our Court
Some little time; so, by your Companies,
To draw him on to Pleasures; and to 'gather
So much as, from Occasion, you may ' glean,
Queen. My lord, a gloom unusual hangs about you. Give me to know the cause of this your sadness?

King. O Gertrude, I have had a fearful dream. Methought that I was walking in the garden, near to the armour where my brother died, when Hamlet came upon me sword in hand, and would have slain me, had not Horatio interposed himself, and held him from the deed.

Queen. My lord, these four nights have you left our bed, and, putting on the robe which you had made like to the robe the king your brother wore, you straightway left the chamber, and returned of near an hour.

King. I'm not aware of it, good Gertrude: No, I surely have not wandered it in my sleep.

Queen. Perhaps you have, sir; and I will awake you, should you again get up as you have done.

King. Gertrude do so. By mine mind misgives me something has gone wrong. I'll rift young Hamlet, to see if he suspects at all mine honour. This conduct justly does alarm my fears. (aside)

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. Health to my lord the king.

Guil. And to our gracious Queen.
Whether ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That lies within our Remedy.

Queen. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you:
And, sure I am, two Men there are not living
To whom he more adheres: if it will please you
To shew us so much Gentleness and Good-will,
As to employ your Time with us awhile,
For the Supply and Profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receive such Thanks
As fits a King's Remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
Might, by the Sovereign Power you have offer us,
Put your dread Pleasures more into command
Than to intreaty.

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

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. 'Thanks Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too-much-changed Son: & some of you,
And bring these Gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heaven make our Presence and our Practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Amen! [Exeunt Ros. & Guil. and some attendants.

Pol. The Ambassadors from Norway, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou hast hast been the Father of good News.

Pol. Have I, my Lord, & affaire my good Liege,
I hold my Duty, as I hold my Son's life;
Both to my gracious King:

And I do think, or else this Brain of mine
Hunts not the Trail of Policy so sure
As it has used to do,) that I have found
The very Case of Hamlet's Lunacy.

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the Ambassadors:

My News shall be the Fruit to that great Feast.

B. 5,

King.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

King. Thy self do grace to them, and bring them in. [Ex. Pol.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The Head and Source of all your Son's Distemper.
Queen. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His Father's Death, and our o'er-hasty Marriage.

Enter Polonius and Ambassadors. [Friends:

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome, my good
Say, Voltimand, what from our Brother Norway?
Vol. Most fair Return of Greetings and Desires:

Upon our first he sent out to suppress
His Nephew's Levies, which to him appear'd
To be a Preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highness: whereat griev'd —
That, so, his Sickness, Age, and Impotence
Was fallly borne in Hand, tend's out Arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives Rebuffe from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more
To give the Assay of Arms against your Majesty —
Whereon old Norway, overcome with Joy,
Gives him three thousand Crowns in annual Fee,
And his Commission to employ those Soldiers,
So levied as before against the Polack,
With an Intreaty herein further shown, (gives a paper)
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Thro' your Dominions for this Enterprize;
On such Regards of Safety and Allowance,
As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well.

And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this Business —
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took Labour.
Go to your rest; at Night we'll feast together:
Most welcome home! [Ex. Ambass.

Pol. This Business is well ended.

My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What Majesty should be, what Duty is,
Why Day is Day, Night, Night, and Time is Time.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time:
Therefore since Brevity is the Soul of Wit,
And Tediumness the Limbs and outward Flourishes,—
I will be brief: your noble Son is mad;
Mad call I it; for to define true Madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More Matter with less Art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no Art at all.

That he's mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish Figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no Art.
Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains
That we find out the Cause of this Effect;
Or, rather, say, the Cause of this Defect;
For this Effect, defective, comes by Cause:
Thus it remains, and the Remainder thus.

I have a Daughter; and while she is mine;
Who, in her Duty and Obedience, mark,
Hath given me, this: Now gather and surmise. [Reads.

To the excellent and my soul's dear, the most beautified
Ophelia. That's an ill Phrase, a vile Phrase; beautified
is a vile Phrase: but you shall hear—thus: In her
excellent white Bosom, These, &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam, stay a while; I will be faithful.

Doubt, thou, the Stars are Fire;
Doubt, that the Sun doth move:
Doubt Truth to be a Lyar;
But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers; I have
not Art to reckon my Groans; but that I love thee best,
O most best, believe it: Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear
Lady, whilst this Machine is to him, Hamlet.
This, in Obedience, hath my Daughter shewn me;
And more his Solicitations,
As they fell out by Time, by Means, and Place,
All given to mine Ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love?

Pol. What do you think of me?
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

King. As of a Man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove for; but what might you think,
- When I had seen this hot Love on the wing?
- As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)
- Before my Daughter told me; what might you,
Or my dear Majesty, your Queen here, think,
If I had 'plied the Desk, or Table-book,
- Or given my Heart a working, mute and dumb;
- Or look'd upon this Love with idle sight;
- What might you think? No, I went round to work,
And my young Mistress thus, I charg'd to bespeak;
Lord Hamlet is a Prince above thy Sphere.

This must not be; and then, I Precepts gave her,
That she should lock her self from his Refort,
Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens.
Which done, she took the Fruits of my Advice;

And he repaid, (a short Tale to make,)
Fell into a Sadness, then into a Fait;
- Thence to a Watching, then into a Weakness;
Thence to a Lightness; and by this Declension,
Into the Madne's wherein he now raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

[that]

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I would fain know
That I have positively said 'tis so,
When it prov'd other-wise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be other-wise.

If Circumstances lead me, I will find
Where Truth is hid, tho' it were hid indeed.

Within the Center.

King. How may we try it farther?

Pol. Sometimes he walks four hours together.

Here in the Lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my Daughter to him.

Be gone and tell Majesty to hide your self

Behind the Arras then:

Mark the Encounter; if he love her not,
(Pointing to his head and shoulder.)
HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

And be not from his Reason fall'd thereon,
Let me be no Assistent for a State,
But keep a Farm and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading.

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

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both, away.

[Exeunt King and Queen.]

I'll board him presently. 'O give me leave.

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

'Ham. Well, God o' Mercy.

'Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

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

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, to be honest, as this World goes,
Is to be one Man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That is very true, my Lord.

Ham. For, if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog,
being a good-kissing Carrion—Have you a Daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th Sun; Conception is a Blessing, but not so soon Daughter may conceive. Friend look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? Still harping on my Daughter; yet he knew me not at first; but said I was a Fishmonger; he is far gone: and, truly, in my Youth I suffer'd much extremity for Love; very near this.

I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my Lord?

Ham. Slanders, Sir; for the Satyrical Rogue says here, that old Men have grey Beards; that their Faces are wrinkled; their Eyes purging thick Amber, and Plumtree Gum; and that they have a plentiful Lack of Wit; together with much Weakness; all which, Sir, tho' I most powerfully and potently...
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Potently believe, yet I hold it not Honesty to have it thus let down; for you, your self, Sir, shall grow old, as I am, if like a Crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Tho' this be Madness, yet there is Method in't: Will you walk out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave?

Pol. Truly, that is out of the Air, indeed: How pregnant his Replies are! a Happiness that often Madness hits on; 'which Reason and Sanity could not so happily be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my Daughter.' My Lord, I will take my leave of you.

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

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old Fools!

Enter: Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.

Pol. You go, seek the Lord Hamlet, there he is. [Exit.

Ros. Save you, Sir.

Guil. My honoured Lord.

Ros. My most dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good Friends! how doft thou Guildenstern? Ah Rosencrantz! good Lads! how do you both?

Ros. As the indifferent Children of the Earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not over happy; Fortune's Cap we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soles of her Shoe.

Guil. Neither, my Lord.

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

Guil. Faith, in her Privates we.

Ham. In the secret part of Fortune; Oh most true! she is a Strumpet. Well, what News?

Ros. None, my Lord, but that the World's grown honest.

Ham. Then is Doom'sday near; but your News is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good Friends, deserv'd to the hands of Fortune, that she lend you to Prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Ros. Then is the World one.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, Wards and Dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my Lord.

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

To me it is a Prison.

Ros. Why, then, your Ambition makes it one: 'Tis too narrow for your Mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bound in a Nut-shell, and count myself a King of infinite space, were it not that I have bad Dreams.

Guil. Which Dreams, indeed, are Ambition; for the very Substance of the Ambitious is meerly the Shadow of a Dream.

Ham. A Dream itself is but a Shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so airy and light a Quality, that it is but a Shadow's Shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars' Bodies, and our Monarchs' and out-stretch'd Heroes' the Beggars' Shadows.

Shall we to the Court? for, by my fey, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. 'No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my Servants; for, to speak to you like an honest Man, I am most dreadfully attended.' But, in the beaten way of Friendship, what makes you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord; no other Occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in Thanks! but I thank you; and sure, dear Friends, my Thanks are too dear for a half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free Visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; there is a kind of Confession in your Looks, which your Modesties have not craft enough to colour; I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my Lord?

Ham. Nay, that you must teach me: But let me conjure you, by the Rights of our Fellowship, by the Con-
ftonancy of our Youth, by the Obligation of our Love, and by what more dear, a better Proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you? [To Guildenstern]—give

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

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my Anticipation prevent your Discovery, and your Secrecy to the King and Queen moul't no Feather— I have of late, (but, wherefore, I know not,) lost all my Mirth, forgone all Custom of Exercise; 'and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my Disposition,' that this goodly Frame, the Earth, seems to me a steri! Promontory: This most excellent Canopy the Air, this brave o'er-hang'd Firmament,' this majestic! Roof fretted with golden Fire, why it appears nothing to me but a soul and pestilent Congregation of Vapours. What a piece of Work is Man! ] how noble in Reason! how infinite in Faculties! in Form and Moving how express and admirable! in Action how like an Angel! in Appre hension how like a God! the Beauty of the World, the Paragon of Animals! And, yet, to me, what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me, nor Woman neither; tho' by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such stuff in my Thoughts.

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

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenten Entertainment the Players shall receive from you: We them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have Tribute of me; the adventrous Knight shall use his Foil and Target; the Lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall speak her Mind freely, or the blank Verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the City.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

Ham. How chances it they travel? their Residence, both in Reputation and Profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their Inhibition comes by the means of the late Innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same Estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their Endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an Army of Children, little EYases, that cry out on the top of Question, and are most tyrannically clap'd for't: these are now the Fashion; and so be-rattle the common Stages (so they call them) that many, wearing Rapiers, are afraid of Goose Quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they Children? Who maintains 'em?

Ros. How are they escoftted? will they pursuе the Quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not lay afterwards if they should grow themselves to common Players, as it is most like, if their means are no better, their Writers do them wrong to make them exclaim against their own Succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the Nation holds it no Sin to tarre them on to Controvery. There was for a while, no Money bid for Argument, unless the Poet and the Player went to Cuffs in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guil. Oh there has been much throwing about of Brains!

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my Lord, Hercules and his Load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my Uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make Mouths at him, while my Father lived, now give twenty, forty, fifty, nay a hundred Ducats apiece for his Picture in little: there is something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could find it out.

[Flourish of Trumpets within.]

Guil. There are the Players.
Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore; your hands: come, then; th' Appurtenance of Welcome is Fashion and Ceremony: 'Let me comply with you in this Garb, left my Extent to the Players, which I tell you must shew fairly outward, should more appear like Entertainment than yours: you are welcome:' but my Uncle-Father and Aunt-Mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North-North-West; when the Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawk from a Hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz; that great Baby, that you see there, is not yet out of his Swaddling Clouts.

Ros. He is the second time come to them; for they say, an old Man is twice a Child.

Ham. I prophesy that he comes to tell me of the Players; mark it; you say right, Sir; o Monday morning, 'twas then, indeed.

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

Ham. My Lord, I have news to tell you; when Rosencrantz was an Actor in Rome——

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine Honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his As——

Pol. The best Actors in the World, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral; 'Scene indivisible, or Poem unlimited: 'Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the Law of Wit and the Liberty, These are the only Men.

Ham. O Jeptha, Judge of Israel, what a Treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair Daughter, and no more, the which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not in thy right, old Jeptha?

Pol.
at each ear a hearer:

tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,
'Pol. If you call me Jephtha, my Lord, I have a
Daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay that follows not.

Pol. Nay, what follows, then, my Lord.

Ham. 'Why as by lot wot, and then, you know it
came to pass as most like it was': The first Row of the
Players will shew you more, for, look, where my Abridged-
ment comes.

Enter Players.

Ham. 'You are welcome, Masters, welcome all. I am
' glad to see thee well;' welcome good Friends. Oh my
old Friend! why, thy Face is valanc'd since I saw thee
laft, com'lt thou to bearded me in Denmark? What! my
young Lady and Mistress! marry your Ladyship is grown
nearer to Heaven than when I saw you last by the Altitude
of a Chopine; I wish your Voice, like a piece of
uncurrent Gold, be not crack'd within the Ring. Masters,
you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like Friendly Falco-
ners, fly at any thing we see, we'll have a Speech strait;
come, give us a Taste of your Quality; come, a passionate
Speech.

Players. What Speech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a Speech once, but it was
never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the Play, I
remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas Caviare to the
Majestie; 'but it was, as I receiv'd it, and others, whose
Judgments in such matters, cried in the top of mine,
an excellent Play; well digested in the Scenes, set
down with as much Modesty as Cunning. I remember
one said, there were no Salt in the Lines to make the
matter savoury; nor no matter in the Phrase that might
indite the Author of Affection, but call'd it an honest
Method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more
handsome than fine.' One Speech in't I chiefly loved;
'twas Æneas's talk to Dido; and thereabout of it espe-
cially, where he speaks of Priam's Slaughter; if it live
in your Memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see—
The rugged Pyrrhus like the Hyrcanian Beast:
Beast, not that's not it, yet it begins with Pyrrhus.
The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose fable Arms,
Black as his Purpose did the Night resemble,
When he lay crouched in the ominous Horse,
Hath now his Head and black Complextion smeared
With Heraldry more dismal; head to foot
Now he is total Gules; horribly trick'd
With Blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,
Bak'd and impasted in the parching Fire
That lend a tyrannous and a damned Light
To their Lord's Murder; roasted in Wrath and Fire,
And thuso'er-sized with coagulate Gore,
With Eyes like Carbuncles, the Pyrrhus
Old Grandfure Priam seeks.

'Pol. My Lord, well spoken; with good Accent, and
good Discretion.

Ham. So proceed you.

Play. Anon he finds him.

Striking too short at Greeks, his antique Sword
Rebellious to his Arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in Rage strikes wide;
But with the whiff and wind of his fell Sword,
Th' unnerv'd Father falls. ’ Then senseless Ilium,
' Seeming to feel this Blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his Base; and, with a hideous Crash,
Takes Prisoner Pyrrhus' Ear: For, lo! his Sword,
Which was declining on the milky Head
Of Reverend Priam, seem'd i' th' Air to flick;
' So, as a painted Tyrant Pyrrhus flood,
And like a Neutral to his Will and Matter,
Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some Storm,
A Silence in the Heavens, the Rack stands still,
The bold Winds speechless, and the Orb below
As hush as Death; anon the dreadful Thunder
Doth rend the Region: So, after Pyrrhus' pause,
A roused Vengeance sets him new awork;
And never did the Clycerps Hammers fall
On Mars his Armour, for'd for proof stern,
With his Remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding Sword
Now falls on Priam.

Out,
Out, thou Strumpet Fortune! 'All you Gods

In general Synod take away her Power,

Break all the Spokes and Bellies from her Wheel,

And bowl the round Nave down the Hill of Heaven

As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barber's with your Beard: pr'ythee say on, he's for a Jig, or a Tale of Bawdry, or he sleeps.

Say on; come to Hecuba.

Play. But who, ah! had seen the mobled Queen?

Ham. The mobled Queen!

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run bare foot up and down, threatening the Flames with bison Rheum;

A Clout upon that Head
Where late the Diadem flood; and, for a Robe,

About her lank, and all o'er-teamsd Loins,

A Blanket, in th' Alarm of Fear caught up.

Who this had seen with Tongue in Venom sleep'd,

Gainst Fortune's State would Treason have pronoune'd:

But if Some Tempter did in him

When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious Sport,

In mincing with his Sword her Husband's Limbs,

The infant Burst of Clamour that she made,

Unles, Things mortal move them not at all,

Would have made milch the burning Eyes of Heav'n,

And Passion in the Gods.

Pol. Look whether he has not turn'd his Colour, and has Tears in his Eyes. Pr'ythee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well. I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my Lord, will you see the Players well bestowed? do you hear? let them be well used; for they are the Abstract and brief Chronicles of the Time: After your Death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill Report while you live.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their Desert.

Ham. Much better, I say, every Man, Sir, appointing his Desert, and who shall escape whipping? Use them after your own Honour and Dignity: the less they deserve, the more Merit is in your Bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. Follow him, Friends; we'll have a Play to morrow. Doft thou hear me, old Friend? Can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll have it to morrow night: you could for need study a Speech of some dozen Lines, which I would set down, and insert in it; could you not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well; follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good Friends, I'll leave you 'till Night; you are welcome to Elsinor.

Ros. Good my Lord. [Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O, Good by ye.

O what a Watch and Peasant Slave am I! Is it not monstrous that this Player here, But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion, Could force his Soul so to his own Conceit, That from her working all his Visage was mid, Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in his Aspect, A broken Voice, and his whole Function suitless, With Forms to his Conceit? And all for nothing!

For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him, er he to Hecuba.

That he should weep for her? What would he do, Had he the Motive, and that ground for Passion That I have? He would 'drown the Stage with Tears, ' And cleave the general Ear with horrid Speech, Make mad the Guilty, and appall the Free, Confound the Ignorant, and amaze, indeed, The very Faculties of Eyes and Ears: yet I, ' A dull and muddy-mettled Rascal, peak, ' Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my Cause, ' And can say nothing; no, not for a King, ' Upon whose Property, and most dear Life, ' A damn'd Defeat was made: Am I Coward? ' Who calls me Villain, breaks my Pate a-cross, ' Plucks off my Beard, and blows it in my Face, ' Twekes me by the Nose, gives me the Lye i'th' Throat ' As deep as to the Lungs. Who does me this? ' Ha! why should I take it, for it cannot be.
By, 30, adieu, and — How I am alone.
HAMLETH, Prince of Denmark. 47

But I am Pigeon-liver’d and lack Gaul
To make Oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatt’d all the Region Kites
With this Slave’s Offal. ‘Bloody, bawdy Villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindles Villain!
Why what an Ass am I? This is most brave,
That I, the Son of a dear Father, murder’d,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heaven and Hell,
Must, like a Whore, unpack my Heart with Words,
And fall a cursing like a very Drab, a Scullion; fy upon’t!
‘About my Brains, humph! I have heard
That guilty Creatures, sitting at a Play,
Have, by the very Cunning of the Scene,
Been struck so to the Soul, that, presently,
They have proclaim’d their Malefactions:
For Murder, tho’ it have no Tongue, will speak
‘With most miraculous Organ.’ I’ll have these Players]
Play something like the Murder of my Father,
Before my Uncle; I’ll observe his Looks,
I’ll tent him to the quick; if he don’t pale
I know my Course. ‘The Spirit that I have seen
May be a Devil, and the Devil may have power
To assume a pleasing Shape; yea and perhaps
‘Out of my Weakness and my Melancholy,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damn me.’ I’ll have Grounds
More relative than this; the Play’s the thing,
Wherein I’ll catch the Conscience of the King. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,
Guildenstern, Gentlemen, and Guards.

King. AND can you, by no Drift of Conference,
Get from him, why he puts on this Confusion,
‘Grating so harshly all his days of Quiet
‘With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy?

Ros:
48 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distraught;
But from what Cause, he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be founded,
But with a crafty Madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true State.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his Disposition.

Ros. Most free in his Reply.

Queen. Did you ^ him to any Pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain Players,
We o'ertook on the way; of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of Joy
To hear of it: they're here about the Court;
And, as I think, they have already order
T'Night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true,
And he beseemed me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my Heart;
And it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd—

Good Gentlemen, give him a further Edge,
And to these Delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord. [Exeunt Ros. & Guil.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may 
Ophelia her Father and my self (lawfulprints)
Will so beflow our selves, that seeing and unseen,
We may of their Encounter judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If it be the Affliction of Love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:
And, for my part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good Beauties be the happy Cause
Of Hamlet's Wildness: so shall I hope your Virtues

Will
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 49

Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your Honours. [Exit Queen.

Opb. Madam, I wish it may.
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here: while we grace our Majesties shall please retire a while.

Read on this Book;
That shew of such an Exercise may colour
Your Loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,
Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotion's Vifage,
And pious Action, we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself.

King. O 'tis too true! how smart

Hamlet. [Lash that Speech doth give my Conscience]
The Harlot's Cheek, beautified with flattering Art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my Deed to my most painted Word:
O heavy Burden!

Pol. I hear him coming, retire my Lord.

[Exeunt King and Pol.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fate,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And, by opposing, end them: To die, to sleep:
No more; and by a Sleep to say we end
The Heart-ach, and the thousand natural Shocks
That Flesh is Heir to. 'tis a Consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep?
To sleep, perchance, to dream: ay, there's the Rub:
For in that Sleep of Death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal Coil,
Must give us pause; there's the Respect
That makes Calamity of so long Life:
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
Th' Oppressor's Wrong, the proud Man's Contumely,
The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,
The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes,
When he himself might his Quietus make

Wild
With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary Life?
But that the Dread of something after Death,
The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will;
And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus, Conscience does make Cowards of us all;
And thus the heavy Face of Resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale Cast of Thought;
And Enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn away,
And lose the Name of Action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia, Nymph, in thy Orisons
Be all my Sins remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord, how do ye? How does your honour for that many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Oph. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
That I have long'd to re-deliver;
Pray you, now receive them.

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

Oph. My honour'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet Breath compos'd,
As made these things more rich: This Perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble Mind,
Rich Gifts wax poor, when Givers prove unkind.

There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest?

Oph. My Lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your Lordship?

Ham. That, if you be honest and fair, you should admit no Discourse to your Beauty.

Oph. Could Beauty, my Lord, have better Commerce than with Honesty?

Ham. Ay truly, for the Power of Beauty will sooner board Honesty from what it is bound, than the Force of Honesty can translate Beauty to his Likeness: this was sometime a Paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.
see p. 51. [seeing the King and Colonies]
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

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

Ham. You should not have believ'd me, for Virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery, why wouldst thou be a Precious of Sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but, yet, I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not bore me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more Offences at my beck than I have Thoughts to put them in, Imagination to give them shape, or Time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between Earth and Heaven? We are arrant Knaves, believe none of us; go thy ways to a Nunnery. [Where's your Father?]

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the Doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no-where but in's own House; Farewel.

Oph. O help him, you sweet Heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy Dowry; Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny; get thee to a Nunnery: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a Fool; for wise Men know well enough what Monsters you make of them: To a Nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewel.

Oph. Heavenly Powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your Paintings well enough: Nature hath given you one Face, and you make your selves another; you jig, and amble, and you lisp, you nick-name Heaven's Creatures, and make your Wantonness your Ignorance; go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad: I say we will have no more Marriages; those that are married already, all but one, shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. [Exit.

Oph. O what a noble Mind is here o'erthrown!

C 2

That
That suck'd the Honey of his Musick-Vows;
Now see that noble and most sovereign Reason,
Like sweet Bells jangled out of tune and harsh,
That unmatch'd Form and Feature of blown Youth
Blasted with Exstasy.' O, woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, seeing what I see! Exeunt

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his Affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd Form a little,
Was not like Madness; 'There's something in his Soul,
O'er which his Melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt, the Hatch and the Disclose,
Will be some danger, which to prevent
I have a quick Determination
Thus let it down: He shall with speed to England,
For the Demand of our neglected Tribute,
Haply, the Seas and Countries different,
With variable Objects, shall expel
This something-settled Matter in his Heart;
Whereon his Brain's still beating, =
"Puts him thus from Fashion of himself. — =
What think you on't?

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. It shall do well:
'But yet I do believe the Origin and Commencement of it,
'Sprung from neglected Love.' How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please,
But, if you hold it fit, after the Play,
Let his Queen-Mother alone, intreat him
To shew his Grief; let her be round with him,
And I'll be plac'd (so please you) in the Ear
Of all their Conference: if she find him not,
To England send him; or confine him where
Your Wisdom best shall think.

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

Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the Speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it
so you, smoothly from the Tongue; but, if you mouth
tripply, on
Act III.

Scene I. The Hall, with preparations for the Play.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

it, as many of our Players do, I had as lief the Town-Crier spoke my Lines: nor do not faw the Air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for, in the very torrent, Tempeft, and, (as I may fay) Whirlwind of Passion, you muft acquire and beget a Temperance that may give it Smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the Soul, to hear a robustious Periwig-pated Fellow tear a Passion to very Rags, to split the Ears of the Groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb Shews and Noife: I would have such a Fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod, pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own Discretion be your Tutor; fuit the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action; with this special Observance, that you o'er-step not the Modesty of Nature; for any thing to o'er-done, is from the Purpose of Playing, whose end, both at first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the Mirror up to Nature; to shew Virtue her Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time his Form and Pressure. Now, this, over done, or come tardy off, the it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the Cenfure of which one muft, in your Allowance, o'erweigh a whole Theatre of others.

O there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praiie, and that highly, (not to speak it profanely,) that neither having the Accent of Chrisitian, nor the Gate of Chrisitian, Pagan, nor Man, have so strutted and beloWed, that I have thought some of Nature's Journeymen had made Men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether, and let those that play your Clowns, fpeak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too; tho' in the mean time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be confider'd: that's villainous; and shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go, make your ready. How now, my Lord, will the King hear this piece of work? C 3 Exeunt Players.
Enter Polonius, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.

Pol. And the Queen, too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. Ay, my Lord. [Exeunt these three.

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What ho; Horatio?

Hor. Here, my Lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art even as just a Man As e'er my Conversation met withal.

Hor. O, my dear Lord!—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what Advancement may I hope from thee,
That hast no Revenue but thy good Spirits,
To feed, and clothe thee? Why should the Poor be flav'd?
No, let the candied Tongue lick absurd Pomp,
And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,
Where Thrift may follow Pawning. Doft thou hear?
Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her Choice,
And could of Men distinguish her Election,
Hath seal'd thee for her self: For thou hast been As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A Man that Fortune's Buffets and Rewards Hatt ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those Whose Blood and Judgement are so well commingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger;
To found what Steps the please. Give me that Man That is not Passion's Slave, and I will wear him In my Heart's Core, ay, in my Heart of Hearts, As I do thee.——Something too much of this——

There is a Play to night before the King:
One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance, Which I have told thee of my Father's Death: I prithee when thou feest that Act on foot,
Even with the very Comment of thy Soul,
Observe my Uncle: if then his hidden Guilt Do not itself declare in one Speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we have seen,
And my Imagination are as foul.
As Valenti's Sutch: give him heedful note.
Why then our thoughts do wrong him.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

For I mine Eyes will rivet to his Face;
And, after we will both our Judgments join
In Censure of his seeming.

Hor. Will, my Lord;
If he steal ought, the whilst the Play is playing,
And 'scape Detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Gentlemen.

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

King. How fares our Cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent well;
Of the Cameleon's Dish: I eat, the Air,
Promife-cramm'd; you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this Answer, Hamlet;
These words are not mine.

Ham. No nor mine now, my Lord,—
You play'd once in the University, you say? [To Pol.

Pol. That I did, my Lord; and was accounted a very
Ham. What did you enact? [good Actor.

Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar: I was kill'd i'th' Capitol;
Brutus kill'd me. [Calf there.

Ham. It was a Brute part of him, to kill so capital a
Be the Players ready?

Ros. Ay, my Lord; they wait upon your Patience.

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

Ham. No, good Mother, here's Metal more attractive.

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

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your Lap?

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord. [Legs.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between a Maid's
Oph. What is, my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord!

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Your only Jig-maker: What should a Man do
but be merry? for look you, how cheerfully my Mother
looks, and my Father died within these two hours.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two Months, my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay, then, let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a Suit of Sables: 

Enter Prologue.  

Pro. For us, and for our Tragedy,  

Here stooping to your Clemency,  

We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Pol'y of a Ring?  

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As Woman's Love.

Enter Player-King and Queen.

Pl. King. Full thirty times hath Phaebus' Car gone round

Pl. Queen. So many Journeys may the Sun and Moon

Make us again count o'er, ere Love be done.

But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,

And far different from your former State,

That I distrust you. Yet 'tis not true,

Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must:

For Women fear too much, even as they love.
The play commences, by the curtains drawing austerly
and discovering the scene of a garden with an arbour
and seat.

Ham. But here come the king and the queen.

We have laid your majesties' wardrobes under con-
tribution.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Women's Fear and Love hold Quantity, either in Extremity, or in Extremity. Now what my Love has been, Proof makes you know; and as my Love is great, my Fear is so. Where Love is great, the meanest Doubts are Fear; Where little Fear grows, great, great Love grows there.

Pl. King. I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too, My Queen;
But thou shalt live in this fair World behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind,
For Husband shalt thou—

Pl. Queen. O confound the rest!
Such Love must needs be Treason in my Breast:
In second Husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's Wormwood.

Pl. Queen. The instances,that second Marriage move,
Are bale Respects of Thrift, but none of Love;
A second time I kill my Husband, dead,
When second Husband kisse me in Bed.

Pl. King. I do believe, you think what now you speak;
But, what we do determine, oft we break—

Purpose is but the Slave of Memory,
Of violent Birth, but poor Validity;
Which now, like Fruit unjust, on the Tree;
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selves what to our selves is Debt:
What to our selves 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 is it strange,
That even our Loves should with our Fortunes change;
For 'tis a Question left us yet to prove,
Whether Love leads Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
The great Man down, you mark his Favourite flies;
The Poor advanced, makes Friends of Enemies.

And
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.

Think thou wilt no second Husband wed;
But thy Thoughts die when thy first Lord is dead.

Pl. Queen. Nor Earth to give me Food, nor Heaven
Sport and Repose lock from me day and night! [Lith.
To Desperation turn my Trust and Hope!
An Anchor's cheer in Prison be my Scope!
Each opposite, that blanks the Face of Joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy;
Both here and hence, pursue me lasting Strife,
If once a Widow, be, and then a Wife!

Ham. If she should break it now— [while:

Pl. King. 'Tis deeply sworn, sweet, leave me here a-
My Spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious Day with Sleep.

Pl. Queen. Sleep rock thy Brain;
And nevercome mischance between us twain. [Exit.

Ham. Madam, how like you the Play?

Queen. The Lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her word. [fence in't ?

King. Have you heard the Argument? Is there no-

Ham. No, no, they do but jest; poison in jest, no offence.

King. What do they call the Play?

Ham. The Moufe trap—tropically, this Play is the Image of a Murder done in Vienna. Gonzago
is the Duke's Name, his Wife Baptista, you shall see anon;
it's a knavish piece of work; but, what of that? Your
Majesty, and we that have free Souls, it touches us not; let
the galled Jade wince, our Withers are unwrung. This
is one Lucianus, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus, my Lord.
He has dressed himself like the king, that he may the better steal into the garden unobserved.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

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

"Oph. You are keen, my Lord; you are keen.

Ham. It would cool you a Groaning to take off mine.

Oph. Still worse and worse.

Ham. Go you mistake your Husband? Begin, Murderer, leave thy damnable Faces and begin; come, the croaking Raven doth bellow for Revenge. [agreeing.

Luc. Thoughts black, Hands apt, Drugs fit, and Time:

Confederate Seafon; and no Creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Haunt Bang, thrice blasted, thrice infected;
Thy natural Magick and dire Property,
On whom Life usurps immediately.

Ham. He poisons him i'th' Garden for his Estate, his Name's Gonzago; the Story is extant, and written in very choice Italian: you shall see anon, how the Murderer gets the Love of Gonzago's Wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What! frightened with false Fire?

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me some Lights: Away!

Pol. Lights, Lights, Lights. [Ex. all but Ham. and Hor.

Ham. Why let the strucken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungall'd go play;
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
Thus runs the World away. Would not this, Sir, and a Foret of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortune's turn "Turk with me, with provincial Roles on my raz'd Shoes,
get me a Fellowship in a City of Players?"

Hor. Half a Share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Dumain dear,
This Realm dismantled was
Of Justice himself, and now reigns here
A very very Peacock.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand Pounds, Didst perceive?

Hor.
Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the Talk of the poisoning.

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ah! come, some Musick; come, the Recorders—

For the King likes not the Comedy.

Why, then, perhaps he likes it not.

Come, some Musick.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a Word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guil. The King, Sir, —

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his Retirement, marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With Drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with Choler.

Ham. Your Wisdom would shew itself richer, to signify this to the Doctor; for me to put him to his Purification, would, perhaps, plunge him into more Choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your Discourse into some And start not so wildly from my Business. [Frame.

Ham. I am tame, Sir; pronounce.

Guil. The Queen, your Mother, in most great Affliction of Spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this Courtesie is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome Answer, I will do your Mother's Commandment; if not, your Pardon, and my Return, shall be the end of my Business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Ros. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome Answer; my Wit's diseased: but, Sir, such Answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my Mother; therefore no more, but to the matter: my Mother, you say —

Ros. Then thus she says, Your Behaviour of late hath struck her into Amazement and Admiration.

Ham. O wonderful Son, that can thus astonish a Mother! But is there no Sequel at the Heels of this Mother's Admiration? Impart.
Ham. This was he, sleeping, by a brother's hand, of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd, no reckoning made, but sent to his account with all his imperfections on his head.

Hor. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not; let not the royal bed of Denmark be a couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, however thou pursuist this act,aint not thy mind, nor let thy soul continue against thy mother's ought; leave her to heaven, and to those thorns that in her bosom lodge to prick and sting her. But, my lord — the king —

Ham. By that incestuous, that incestuous beast, with witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts (o wicked wit and gifts that have the power to to reduce) won to his shameful lust the will of the most seeming-virtuous queen. Horatio, what a falling off was there! from him whose love was of that dignity that it went hand in hand even with the won he made to her in marriage; and to decline upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor to those of his! (saying Ros. and Guild.)

Ah, ah! i.e.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Rof. She desires to speak with you in her Closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any farther Trade with us?

Rof. My Lord, you, once, did love me.

Ham. And do still. by these Pickers and Stealers.

Rof. Good my Lord, what is the Cause of your Distemper? You do, surely, bar the Door upon your own Liberty, if you deny your Grievs to your Friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack Advancement.

Rof. How can that be, when you have the Voice of the King himself for your Succession in Denmark?

Enter Horatio with Recorders.

Ham. Ay, Sir, but while the Grass grows, the Proverb is something mufly. Oh, the Recorders, let me see one to withdraw with you; why do you go about to recover the Wind of me, as if you would drive me into a Toil?

Guil. O, my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my Love is too unmannerly.

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

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

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

Ham. It is as easy as Lying; govern these Ventages with your Fingers and Thumb; give it breath with your Mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent Musick; look you, these are the Stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any Utterance of Harmony; I have not the Skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! you would play upon me; you would seem to know my Stops; you would pluck out the heart of my Mystery; you would found me from my lowest Note to the top of my Compass; and there is much Musick, excellent Voice, in this little Organ; yet cannot you make it speak. Do you think I am easier to be played on?
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

on than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, tho' you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder Cloud, that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. 'Tis like a Camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks tis like a Whale.

Pol. Or, like a Whale?

Ham. Then I will come to my Mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by. Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, Friends. [Exit.

'Tis now the very witching-time of Night,
When Churchyards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the World: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such Deeds as Day itself
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my Mother:
O Heart, lose not thy Nature! let not ever
The Soul of Nero enter this firm Bosom!
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak Daggers to her, but use none.
My Tongue and Soul, in this, be Hypocrites;
How in my Words foever she be shent,
To give them Seals, never, my Soul, consent. [Exit.

Enter King, Rosencranz and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his Madness range; therefore prepare you:
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England, shall along with you:
The Terms of our Estate may not endure
Hazards so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Gail. We will our selves provide:
Most Holy and Religious Fear it is,

To
Scene II. A Room.
To keep those many Bodies safe,
That live, and feed, upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar Life is bound
With all the Strength and Armour of the mind.
To keep itself from Noyance; but, much more,
That Spirit, upon whose Weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The Cease of Majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a Gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it; it is a massy Wheel.
Fix'd on the Summit of the highest Mount,
To whose huge Spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small Annexment, petty Consequence,
Attends the boisterous Ruin. Never alone
Did the King sigh, but with a general Groan.

King. Arm, then, I pray you, to this speedy Voyage;
For we will Fetter's put about this Fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. We will make haste. [Exeunt Ros. & Guil.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Sir, he's going to his Mother's Closet
Behind the Arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the Process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home:
And as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more Audience than a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partial, should o'er-hear
The Speech. Fare you well, my Liege,
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I hear know. [Exit.

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.
O, my Offence is rank, it smells to Heaven;
It hath the eldest Curse upon't,
A Brother's Murder! pray I cannot
Tho' Inclination be as sharp as Will;
My stronger Guilt defeats my strong Intent;
And, like a Man to double Business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin;
And both neglect. What, if this curst Hand
Were thicker than it self with Brother's Blood?
Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heavens

To
To wash it white as Snow? Wherefore serves Mercy,
But to confront the Visage of Offence?
* And what's in Prayer, but this twofold Force,
   To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
* Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up:
My Fault is past: But oh! what Form of Prayer
  Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul Murder!
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those Effects for which I did the Murder,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen:
May one be pardon'd, and retain the Offence?
In the corrupted Currents of this World,
Offence's gilded Hand may show by Justice;
And oft'tis seen the wicked Prize it self.
Buys out the Law: but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling: there the Action lies
In its true Nature, and we our selves compell'd,
Even to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rest's?
Try what Repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it when one cannot repent?
O wretched State! O Bosom, black as Death!
O limed Soul! that struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help Angels, make away,
Bow stubborn Knees, and Heart, with Strings of Steel,
Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Where is this Murderer? he kneels and prays.
And now I'll do't, and so he goes to Heaven.
And so I am reveng'd: that would be scann'd
He kill'd my Father, and for that
I his sole Son send him to Heaven.
Why this is Reward — not Revenge:
He took my Father grossly, ' full of Bread,
With all his Crimes broad blown as flufh as May;
And how his Audit stands, who knows save Heaven?
But in our Circumstances and Course of Thought,
'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soul.
great God, I thank thee; make him wholly thine. 
Fill with remorse and repentance his heart; 
Lead him to thee thro’ thine own Beloved Son. 
With thee I leave him. Now my mother be.
Scene III. The Queen's Closet.

The Room hung with arms and whole-length portraits.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

When he is fit and season'd for his Passage? No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid time,
When he is drunk, asleep, or in a rage,
Or in th' incesitous Pleasures of his Bed;
At Gaming, Swearing, or about some Act
That has no Relish of Salvation in't.
Then trip him, that his Heels may kick at Heaven,
And that his Soul may bear a damn'd and black
As Hell where to it goes! My Mother stays,
This Physick prolongs thy sickly Days.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight, look you lay home to him;
Tell him, his Pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your Grace hath stood between
Much Heat and him. I'll here conceal my self;
Pray you, be round with him.

*Ham. within. Mother, Mother, Mother.

Queen. I warrant you; fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, Mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy Father much offended
Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle Tongue;
Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked Tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, *by the Rood, not so,
You are the Queen, your Husband's Brother's Wife;
And, would it were not so, you are my Mother,
Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak,
Ham. Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not
You go not till I set you up a Glass,
Where you may see the inmost part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, be!

Pol. What, ho, help!

[Behind the Arras.

Ham.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Ham. How now! a Rat? Dead! for a Duck, dead!

[Kill: Pol.

Pol. O, I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

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

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

Ham. A bloody Deed! Almost as bad, good Mother, As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

Queen. As kill a King!

Ham. Ay, Lady, twas my word. — Thou wretched, rash, intruding Fool, farewel! I took thee for thy better; take thy Fortune; Thou findst to be too busy, is some danger. — Leave wringing of your Hands; peace; fit you down, And let me wring your Heart; for so I shall, If it be made of penetrable stuff,

* If damned Custom have not braz'd it so,

* That it be Proof and Bulwark against Sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy

In Noise so rude against me? [Tongue

Ham. Such an Act,

That blurs the Grace and Blush of Modesty;

Calls Virtue, Hypocrite; takes off the Rose

From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,

And sets a Blister there; makes Marriage-Vows

As false as Dicers Oaths: Oh! such a Deed!

As from the Body of Contraction plucks

The very Soul; and sweet Religion makes

A Rhapsody of Words: 'Heaven's Face does glow;

* Yea, this Solidity and compound Mafs,

* With heated Vifage, as against the Doom,

* Is thought sick at the Act,

Queen. Ah me, what Act!

Ham. 'That roars so loud, and thunders in the Index,

Look here upon this Picture, and on this;

The counterfeit Prefentment of two Brothers;

See what a Grace was feated on this Brow,

Hyperion's Curls, the Front of Love himself,

An Eye the Mars, to threaten and command,
A Station like the Herald Mercury,
New lighted on a Heaven kissing Hill;
A Combination, and a Form, indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his Seal.
To give the World Assurance of a Man:
This was your Husband. Look you now, what follows;
Here is your Husband; like a mildew'd Ear,
Blasting his wholffom Brother. Have you Eyes?
Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this Moor? Ha! have you Eyes?
You cannot call it, Love; for at your Age,
The heyday of the Blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the Judgment; and what Judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have;
Else could you not have Motion; but, sure, that Sense
Is apoplex'd: for Madnefs would not err;
Nor Sense to Extasy was never yet so thrall'd,
But it reserved some quantity of Choice
To serve in such a difference. 'What Devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without Feeling. Feeling without Sight;
Ears without Hands or Eyes. Smelling fans all;
Or but a sickly part of one true Sense;
Could not so mope. Oh Shame, where is thy Blush?
Rebellious Hell,
If thou canst mutiny in a Matron's Bones,
To flaming Youth let Virtue be as Wax,
And melt in her own Fire; ' proclaim no Shame,
When the compulfive Ardor gives the Charge;
Since Frost it self as actively doth burn,
Any Reason panders Will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more;
Thou turn'st my very Eyes into my Soul.
' And there I see such black and grained Spots,
' As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank Sweat of an incestuous Bed,
Stew'd in Corruption, honying, and making Love
Over the nappy Spy.

Queen. O speak to me no more.
These Words, like Daggers, enter in mine Ears.
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villain!
A Slave, that's not the twentieth part the Tithes
Of your precedent Lord; a Vice of Kings:
A Cut-purse of the Empire and the Rule;
That from a Shelf, the precious Diadem stole;
And put it in his Pocket:
A King of Shreds and Patches.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your Wings,
You heavenly Guards; what would your gracious Figure?
Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide,
That laps'd in Time and Passion, let's go by
Th' important acting of your dread Command? O say!
Ghost. Do not forget; this Vistation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted Purpose.
But look, Amazement on thy Mother sits:
O step between her and her fighting Soul!
Conceit in weakest Bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, Madam?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you?

That you do bend your Eye on Vacancy,
And with th' incorporeal Air do hold Discourse?
Forth at your Eyes, your Spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping Soldiers in th' Alarm,
Your Hair starts up and stands on end: O gentle Son!
Upon the Heat and Flame of thy Distemper
Sprinkle cool Patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him — look you how pale he glares,
His Form and Cause conjoint'd, preaching to Stones
Would make them capable: do not look upon me,
Left with this piteous Action you convert
My stern Effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true Colour, Tears perchance for Blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that's here I see.
See Rutherford's Life of J. D. Lee, Davis, Va.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 69

Ham. Not did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but our selves.
Ham. Why, look you there; look how it walks away;
My Father in his Habit as he liv'd;
Look where he goes, even now out at the Portal.

[Exit Ghost.

Queen. This is the very Coinage of your Brain,
This bodilie's Creation Extasy is very cunning in.
Ham. My Pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time:
And makes as healthful Musick: it is not Madness
That I have uttered, bring me to the Test,
And I'll the matter will re-word, which Madness
Cannot do.

Mother, for the Love of Grace,
Lay not that flattering Unction to your Soul,
That not your Trespaes, but my Madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilst rank Corruption, mining all within,
Infests unseen: Confess yourself to Heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the Compost on the Weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my Virtue;

For in the Fear of these purdy Times,
Virtue it self of Vice must pardon beg.
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my Heart in twain!
Ham. O then, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

Good-night; but go not to my Uncle's Bed;
Assume a Virtue, if you have it not.

That Monster, Custom, who all Sense doth eat,
Of Habits Devil, is Angel yet in this,
That to the Use of Actions fair and good,
He likewise gives a Frock, or Livery,
That aptly is put on, restrain to night;
And that shall lend a kind of Easiness
To the next Abstinence; the next more easy:
For Use almost can change the Stamp of Nature,
And make us the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous Potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

I'll Blessing beg of you:— For this same Lord, [Pointing to Pol.

I do repent; but Heaven hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The Death I gave him; so again good-night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do,
Let the King tempt you to bed again,
Pinch wanton on your Cheek, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a pair of seedy Kissing,
Or paddling in your Neck with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you a ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in Madness,
But mad in Craft; were good you let him know
For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wife,
Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gib,
Such dear Concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of Sense and Secrecy
Unpeg the Basket on the House's top,
Let the Birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try Conclusions in the Basket creep.
And break your own Neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if Words be made of Breath,
And Breath of Life, I have no Life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England; you know that.

Queen. Alack, I had forgot;
'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's Letters seal'd, and my two Schools—
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They bear the Mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to Knavery: let it work,
For 'tis the Sport to have the Engineer
Hoist with his own Petard, and 'shall go hard
But I will delve one Yard below their Mines,
I will bring those shall help to move him hence.
I must be cruel only to be kind.
This bad begins, but worse remains behind.
And blow them at the Moon: 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two Crafts directly meet.
This Man will let me packing,
I'll lug the Guts into the adjoining Room.
Mother, good night, this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in's life a foolish prating Knave,
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.

[Exit Hamlet, dragging in Polonius]
Good-night, Mother.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Enter King and Queen, with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

King. Here's matter in these Sighs, these profound
You must expand them:
[Heaves;
Where is your Son?
Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[Exeunt Ros. & Guil.

Ah, my Lord, what have I seen to night?

King. What, Gertrude? how does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the Sea and Wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless Fit,
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cries a Rat? a Rat?
And in his brainish Apprehension kills
The unseen good old Man.

King. O heavy Deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
* His Liberty is full of threats to all,
* To you your self, to us, to every one.
* Alas, how shall this bloody Deed be answer'd?
* It will be laid to us, whose Providence
  Should have restrain'd, and out of haunt,
* This mad young Man: but, so much was our Love,
* We would not understand what was most fit,

But
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

But like the owner of a foul Disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the Pith of Life: Where is he gone?

O'er his Madnefs like some O're
Among a Mineral of Metals base
Shews it felf pure; he weeps for what is done.

King, Gertrude, come away;
The Sun no fooner fhall the Mountains touch,
But we will fhip him hence; and this vile Deed
We muft, with all our Majefty and Skill,

Both countenance and excufe.— Ho, Guildenftern.
Friends both, go join with you some further Aid.

Hamlet, in Madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his Mother's Clofet hath he drawn him:
Go, fléek him out; flpeak fair, and bring the Body
Into the Chapel; I pray you hafte in this.

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wifef Friends,
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: For, hap'ly, Slander,
Whose Whisper o'er the World's Diameter,
As level as the Cannon to his Blank,
Transports a poison'd Shot, may mis our Name,
And hit the woundles Air. O come away,
My Soul is full of Discord and Difmay. [Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ros. and Guil. Safely now'd, [Within? Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!
Ham. What Noise? who calls Hamlet?
O, here they come.

Ros. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead Body?

Ham. Compounded it with Duff, wherefo it is a kin

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

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counsel, and not my own:
besides, to be demanded of a Sponge! what Replication
should be made by the Son of a King?

Ros. Take you me for a Sponge, My Lord?
Scene V. Another Room.
Scene VI. Another Room.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 73

Ham. Ay, Sir, that soaks up the King's Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities: But such Officers do the King best service in the end; he keeps them like an Apple in the corner of his Jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallow'd: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish Speech sleeps in a foolish Ear.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell us where the Body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The Body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body: the King is a thing.

O. S. A thing, my Lord?

Ham. Of nothing; bring me to him. [Exeunt.

Enter King and Gentlemen.

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find the Body. How dangerous is it, that this Man goes loose? Yet must we not put the strong Law on him: He's lov'd of the distracted Multitude, Who like not in their Judgment, but their Eyes; And where 'tis so, th' Offender's Scourge is weigh'd, But never the Offence. To bear all smooth and even, This sudden sending him away must seem Deliberate Pause: Diseases, desperate grown, By desperate Appliance are reliev'd, Or not at all.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

King. How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead Body is bellow'd, my Lord,

We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my Lord, guarded to know the plea.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, bring in my Lord Hamlet.

Enter Hamlet and Guards.

King. Now Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper! where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain Convocation of politick Worms are e'en at him; Your Worm is your only Emperor for Diet. We fat all Creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for Maggots: your fat King and your lean Beggar is but variable Service; two Dishes but to one Table, that's the end.

King. Alas! alas!

Ham. A Man may fish with the Worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the Fish that hath fed of that Worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progres through the Guts of a Beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In Heaven; send thither to see: if your Messenger find him not there, seeks him 'tis other place your self; but indeed if you find him not within this Month, you shall note him as you go up Stairs into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. Hamlet, this Deed, for thine especial Safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence! Therefore prepare thy self;
The Bark is ready, and the Wind is fair, at helpe,
Th' Associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

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

Ham. I see it not: there is nothing seems them: but come, for Farewel, dear Mother.

King. Thy loving Father, Hamlet.

Ham. My Mother; Father and Mother is Man and Wife; Man and Wife is one Flesh; and so, my Mother. Farewel Come, for England! — [Exit.

King. Follow him at foot.

Tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night: Away
Ham. (coming forward) Hail, valiant Fortinbras, in me behold
The miserable man who should be Hamlet.

Fort. Hail, noble Hamlet. Fame has told abroad
Of all thy prowess and thy nobleness.

Ham. Does Fortinbras expend his wealth, his men,
In enterprises like this? I long to see
The imminence of it. p. 76.

Fort. Can Hamlet show him a more worthy cause?
The army and their leaders both are his.

Ham. Does Fortinbras the fell usurper hate?
Does Fortinbras detest the patricide?

Ham. Does Fortinbras abhor adulterous incest?

Fort. Does Hamlet ask of Fortinbras such questions?

Ham. He asks it, but to answer it himself.
He knows them not, and he requests they aid

Scene VII. A Plain in Denmark.

Enter Captain with an Army. Hamlet, Rosencrantz.

He. meet them.

To burst the fell usurper from the throne;
To bring a father’s murderer to justice;
From incest and adultery cleanse his bed;
And give the crown unto the rightful heir.

Fort. In such a cause who would not pledge himself?

Ham. I will avouch the truth on’t to thy mind.

Fort. By the king, I now am bound for England;
But I will find the means of my return,
And join you here again, when we together
Will well concert the means we should employ
The best to bring about the great design.
Away, for every thing is fain and done.

And England, if my Love thou holdst in quittance,
Since yealthy Clorinda raw and red
And fitted my Power (though may give none)
For Letters conjuring to that effect,
By Letters conjuring to that effect.

By Letters conjuring to that effect.

The present Death of Hamlet,

England, if my Love thou holdst in quittance,
Since yealthy Clorinda raw and red
And fitted my Power (though may give none)
For Letters conjuring to that effect,
By Letters conjuring to that effect.

And England, if my Love thou holdst in quittance,
Since yealthy Clorinda raw and red
And fitted my Power (though may give none)
For Letters conjuring to that effect,
By Letters conjuring to that effect.

The present Death of Hamlet,
**Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.**

Ham. Two thousand Souls, and 20000 Ducats. Will not debate the Question of this straw: This is the Imposthumne of much Wealth and Peace; That inward breaks, and shews no caufe without Why the Man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir. Capt. God be with you, Sir. Ref. Will you go, my Lord? Ham. I'll be with you straight, go a little before. [Exeunt.

- How all Occasions do inform against me,
- And spur my Thoughts? What is a Man,
- If his chief Good, and Marker of his time,
- Be but to sleep and feed? a Beast, no more.
- Sure, he, that made us with such large Discourse,
- Looking before, and after, gave us not
- That Capability and God-like Reason
- To ruif in us unsa'd: how, whether it be
- Bestial Oblivion, or some craven Scruple
- Of thinking too precifely on th' Event,
- A Thought, which quarter'd, hath but one part Wisdom,
- And, ever, three parts Coward. I do not know
- Why yet I live to lay this thing's to do,
- Sith I have Caufe, and Will, and Strength, and Means
- To do't. Examples, gros as Earth, exhort me;
- Witness, this Army of such Mafs and Charge,
- Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
- Whose Spirit with Sr. the Ambition puffs,
- Makes mouths at the invisible Event;
- Exposing what is mortal and unsafe
- To all that Pangs, Death, and Danger, dare,
- Even for an Egg shell. 'Tis not to be great,
  To
- Note to ill without great Argument.

Ham. [coming forward] Hail, You miserable man who do
For. Hail, noble Hamlet.
Of all the graces and thy
Ham. Does Totinbras answer
In enterprise like this? The imminent 
For. Can Hamlet show him
The army and their lead
Ham. Does Totinbras the
Does Totinbras detest the
Does Totinbras either add
For. Does Hamlet ask of
Ham. He ask it but to
He knows them ad

Scene VII. A

Order Captain with a
He meet them.

To hurt the fell usurper for
To bring a father's murder
From incest and adultery
And give the crown unto
For. In such a cause wh
Ham. I will avouch the
Text by the king, I now am bound for England.
But I will find the means of my return,
And join you here again, when we together
Will well concert the means we should employ,
The best to bring about the great design.
Javonell,

And heaven will prosper all our just intents.

Exit Javonell.

The entrance of brotherhood we'll make.

In Denmark will I tarry thy return. [Exit Ham.]
Act IV.

Scene I. Elsinore. A room in the Palace.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 77

Which is not Tomb enough, and Continent,
To hide the Slain: IO from this time forth,
My Thoughts be Bloody, or be nothing worth! Exit.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. She is importunate; Indeed, distracted: and doleful your pitiful Queen. What would she have?

Hor. She speaks much of her Father; says she hears
There's Tricks of th' World, and he uses, and beats hers Heart;
Spurns enviously at Straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half Sense; her Speech is nothing;
Yet the unshaped Use of it doth move
The Hearers to Collection: 't they aim at it,
And botch the Words up fit to their own Thoughts;
Which, as her Winks, and Nods, and Gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be Thought,
Tho' nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may

Dangerous Conjectures in ill-breeding Minds.
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Queen. To my sick Soul, as Sin's true Nature is,
Each Toy seems Prologue to some great amiss:
So full of airy Jealousy is Guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should I your true Love know from another one?

By his cockle Hat and Staff, and by his Sandal Shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet Lady, what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you, nay, pray you, mark:

He is dead and gone, Lady, He is dead and gone; [Sings.

At his Head a Grass-green Turf, At his Heels a Stone,

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,

Oph. Pray you, mark.
Act IV
Scene I. Elsinor.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

White his Shroud as the Mountain Snow,
Larded all with sweet Flowers;
Which, bewept, to the Ground did go,
With true-Love-Showerers.

Enter King.

'Queen. Alas, look here, my Lord.
King. How do you, pretty Lady?
Oph. Well/good...-

Enter King.

Alas, look here, my Lord.

King. How do you, Lady?
Oph. Well/good...

King. Conceit upon her Father.
Oph. Pray let there be no words of this; but, when they ask you what it means, say you this:

'Tomorrow is St. Valentine's Day,
And be with Valentine.'

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed without an Oath, I'll make an end on't.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient: but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they would lay him in'th' cold Ground; my Brother shall know of it; and, so, I thank you for your good Counsel.

Come, my Coach, good-night, Ladies; good-night,
Sweet Ladies; good-night, good-night.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray you:
O, this is the Poison of deep Grief; it springs
All from her Father's Death; 'O Gertrude, Gertrude,
'When Sorrows come, they come not single Spies,'
As fancy leads, we'll walk the meads,
Or seek the budding grove.
While every throat breathes music's note,
We'll heed the voice of love.

And, as the seasons take their course,
We'll mold each wedded pair,
And help maternal Nature's force
To tend their infant care.

Please, with their lass, will we obey,
And—no mischance betide—
Again, ere we say it is Valentine's day,
Will I be your true loving bride?
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 79

- But in Battalions! First, her Father slain;
- Next, your Son gone; and he most violent Author
- Of his own just Remove: the People muddied,
- Thrice and unwholfoam in their Thoughts and Whispers
- For good Polonius' Death; and we have done but greenly,
- Obscurely to inter him; poor Ophelia
- Divided from her self and her fair Judgment;
- Without which we are but Pictures, or mere Beasts.
- Last, and as much containing as all there,
- Her Brother in secret come from France;
- Feeds on this Wonder, keeps himself in Clouds;
- And wants not writers to infect his Ear
- With pestilent Speeches of his Father's Death;
- Wherein necessity of matter beggar'd,
- Will nothing stick our Persons to arraign
- In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
- 'Like to a murdering piece, in many places
- Gives me superfluous Death!

Queen. Alack, what Noise is this? [door.
King. Where are my Soldiers? let them guard the:
What is the matter?
Gent. ' Save your self, my Lord.
- The Ocean over-peering of his Lift,
- Eats not the Flats with more impetuous haste,
- Than' young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your Officers! The Rabble call him, Lord:
- And, as the World were now but to begin,
- Antiquity forgot, Custom not known,
- The Ratifiers and Props of every ward,
- They cry, Chuse we Laertes for our King!
Caps, Hands, and Tongues applaud it to the Clouds,
Laertes shall be King, Laertes King!
Queen. ' How cheerfully on the false Trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danjib Dogs!

King. The Doors are broke.
Laer. Within. Where is the King? Sirs, stand you all
without.
All. No, let's come in.
So Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thank you; keep the Door._

Enter Laertes.

Que. Calmly, good Laertes.
Que. That drop of Blood that's calm, proclaims me
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot.
Even here between the Chaste unsmirched Brows
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the Cause, Laertes,
That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our Person;
There's such a Frenzy doth hedge a King,
That Treason cares not teach at what it would,
' Acts little of his Will. Tell me, Laertes,
' Why thou art thus incens'd?' let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, Man.

Laer. Where is my Father?
King. Dead.
Que. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with;
To Hell Allegiance. Vows to the blackest Devil,
' Conscience and Grace to the profoundest Pit,
' I dare Damnation.' To this point I stand,
That both the Worlds I give to Negligence,
Let come what will, only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My Will, not all the World:
And for my Means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Will you in revenge of your
Dear Father's Death, destroy both Friend and Foe?
Laer. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them, then?
Laer. To his good Friends thus wide, I'll open my Arms;
And, like the kind Life-rendering Pelican,
Repay them with my Blood.
Hamlet; Prince of Denmark.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your Father's Death,
And am most sensibly in Grief for it,
It shall as level to your Judgment
As Day does to your eye.
Within. O poor Ophelia.

Lær. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

How now? what Noise is that?
O Heavens, dry up my Brains; Tears seven times fell,
Burn out the Sense and Virtue of mine eye.
By Heaven, thy Madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our Scale turn the Beam. O Rose of May!
Dear Maid! kind Sister, sweet Ophelia!
O Heavens! is’t possible a young Maid’s Wits
Should be as mortal as a Man’s Life!

Oph. They bore him barefaced on the Bier; [Sings.

And in his Grave rain’d many a Tear; —
Fare you well, my Dove!

Lær. Hadst thou thy Wits, and didst persuade Revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing a Down, a down,
And you call him a down-a. O how the Wheel becomes it!
It is the false Steward, that stole his Master’s Daughter.

Lær. This nothing is more than matter.
Oph. There’s Rosemary, that’s for Remembrance;
pray you, Love, remember: and there’s Pansies, that’s
for Thoughts.

Lær. A Document in Madness; Thoughts and Remembrance fitted.

Oph. There’s Fennel for you, and Columbines; there’s
Rue for you; and here’s some for me: we may call it
Herb of Grace o’ Sundays; O you may wear your Rue
with a difference. There’s a Daisy: I would give you
some Violets; but they wither’d all when my Father died: —
they say he made a good end,

For bonny sweet Robin is all my Joy. [Sings.

Lær. Thoughts and Afflictions, Passion, Hell itself,
She turns to Favour and to Prettiness.
Oph. And will he not come again? [Sings.
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, to thy Death-Bed,
He never will come again.
His Beard was as white as Snow;
All flaxen was his Hair;
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away moan;
And peace be with his Soul! And with all Souls.

King. Laertes, I must share in your Grief,
Or you deny my Right—so but apart.
Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral Hand,
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call ours,
To you in Satisfaction: but, if not,
Be you content to lend your Patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your Soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so.
His Means of Death, his obscure Funeral,
No Trophy, Sword, or Hatchment o'er his Bones,
No noble Rite, nor formal Oftentation,
Cry to be heard as 'twere from Earth to Heaven,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall;
And where th' Offence is, let the great Ax fall—
I pray you go with me. [Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and Gentlemen.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?
Gen. Sir; they say they have Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in:
I do not know from what part of the World
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. Save you, Sir.

2 Sail.
Scene II. In another Room.
Scene III. Another Room.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

2. Sail. There's a Letter for you, 'Sir; they come
from the Ambassador that was bound for England; if your
Name be Horatio, as we are informed it is.

Hor. (reads the Letter.)

Horatio, when thou shalt have over-looked this, give
these Fellows some means to the King, they have Letters
for him. Ere we were two days old at Sea, a Pirate
of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our
selves too slow of sail, we put on a compell'd Valour; and,
in the Grapple, I boarded them: on the infant, they got
clear of our Ship; and so I alone became their Prisoner.
They have dealt with me like Thieves of Mercy; but
they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for
them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and
repair thou to me with as much speed as thou wouldst
fly Death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make
thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the matter.
These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosen-
craft and Guildenstern hold their Course for England; of
them I have much to tell thee. Farewell, Hamlet.
Come, I will make you way for these your Letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[Exeunt.]

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your Conscience my Acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your Heart for Friend,
Since you have heard, and with a knowing Ear,
That he, who hath your noble Father slain,
Pursu'd my Life.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me,

Why you proceeded not against these Crimes,
So capital in Nature,

As, by your Safety, Greatness, Wisdom, all things else;

You mainly were stirr'd up.

King. For two special Reasons;
Which may perhaps to you seem weak,
But yet to me they're strong: the Queen, his Mother,
Lives almost by his Looks; and for my self,
(My Virtue, or my Plague, be it either which)
She is so precious to my Life and Soul.
That as a Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publick Count I might not go,
Is the great Love the more he bear him,
Who, dipping all his Faults in their Affection,
Wore like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone.
Conver his Gyves to Grace, so that my Arrows
Too slightly timb’red for so loud a Wind,
would have reverted to my Bow again,
And not where I had aim’d them.

Later. And so I have a noble Father lost;
A Sister driven into desperate Terms;
Whose Worth, if Praises may go back again,
Stood Challenger on the Mount of all the Age
For her Perfections: but my Revenge will come.

King. Break not your Sleep for that, you must not think,
That we are made of Stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shook with Danger,
And think it pastime: you shortly shall hear more.
I lov’d your Father, and we love our self;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what News?
Mess. Letters, my Lord, from Hamlet: this to your Majesty: This to the Queen.
King. From Hamlet? who brought them?
Mess. Sailors, my Lord, they say; I saw them not;
They were given me by Claudio, he received them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them: leave us. [Ex. Mess.
High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdom: To morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly Eyes: when I shall first, asking your pardon, thereunto recount the Occasion of my sudden and most strange Return.

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

Laer. Know you the Hand?

King. ’Tis Hamlet’s Character. Naked! —
And in a Postscript here he says, alone:

Can
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my Lord; but let him come,
It warms the very Sickness of my Heart,
That I shall live, and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didn't thou.

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

Laer. Ay, my Lord, so you will not o'er-rule me to a
Peace.

King. To thine own Peace: If he be now return'd,
As he set his Voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an Exploit, now ripe in my Device,
Under which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his Death no Wind of Blame shall breathe;
But even his Mother shall uncharge the Practice,
And call it Accident.

Laer. My Lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather if you would devise it so,
That I might be the Instrument organ.

King. It fails right:
You have been talk'd of, since your travel, much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a Quality
Wherein, they say, you shine; your Sum of Parts
Did not together pluck such Envy from him,
As did that one, and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthieft Siege.

Laer. What part is that, my Lord?

King. A very feather in the Cap of Youth,
Yet needful too; for Youth no less becomes
The light and careless Livery that it wears,
Than settled Age his Sables, and his Weeds,
Importing Health and Graveness. Two months since
Here was a Gentleman of Normandy,
I've seen my self, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on Horseback: but this Gallant
Had Witchcraft in't; he grew unto his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave Beast: so far he topt my Thought,
That I in Forgery of Shapes and Tricks,
Came short of what he did.

_Laer._ A Norman, was't?
_King._ A Norman.

_Laer._ Upon my life, Lamound.
_King._ The very fame.

_Laer._ I know him well; he is indeed,
The Gem of all the Nation.

_King._ He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly Report
For Art and Exercise in your Defence,
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: The Besters of their Nation
He was had neither Motion, Guard, nor Eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this Report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this,

_Laer._ What out of this, my Lord?
_King._ Laertes, was your Father dear to you?
Or are you like the Painting of a Sorrow,
A Face without a Heart?

_Laer._ Why ask you this?
_King._ Not that I think you did not love your Father,
 But that I know, Love is begun by Time,
 And that I see, in Passages of Proof,
 Time qualifies the Spark and Fire of it,
 There lives within the very Flame of Love
 A kind of Wick, or Snuf£ that will abate it,
 And nothing is at a like Goodness still;
 For Goodness, growing to a Pleurify,
 Dies in his own too-much: what we would do,
 We should do when we would; for this would changes,
 And hath Abatements and Delays as many,
 As there are Tongues, are Hands, are Accidents;
 And, then, this should is like a spend-thrift Sigh,
 That hurts by easing.' But to the busines,

_86 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark._
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To shew your self indeed your Father's Son
More than in words?

 Lair. To cut his Throat i'th Church.

King. No place, indeed, should prote a Murder

Revenge should have no bounds: but, good Laertes, Keep close within your Chamber;

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home,
We'll put on those shall praise your Excellence,
And set a double Varnish on the Fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wage of your Heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foils; So that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword unbated, and, ' in a pass of practice,'
Requite him for your Father's Death.

Lair. I will do't;

And, for the purpose, I'll anoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it draws Blood, no Cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from Death.
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my Point
With this Contagion; that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be Death.

King. Let's further think of this;
- Weigh, what Convenience, both of Time and Means,
- May fit us to our Shape. If this should fail,
- And that our Drift look thro' our bad Performance,
- 'Twere better not essay'd. Therefore this project
- Should have a Back or Second that might hold
- If this should blast in proof. Soft;— let me see:—
- We'll make a solemn Wager on your Cunnings,
- I have't; when, in your Motion, you are hot and dry,
(As make your Bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepared him
A Chalice for the purpose; whereon but calling,
If he by chance escape your venom'd Sword,  
It shall be Death. But, stay, what noise?

Enter Queen.

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

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growing near a Brook,  
That shews his hoar Leaves in the glassy Stream;  
Near which fantastick Garlands she did make  
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,  
That liberal Shepherds give a grasier Name,  
But our cold Maids do dead Men's Fingers call them;  
There on the pendent Boughs her Coronet-weeds Clambering to hang, an envious Silver broke;  
When down, her weedy Trophies and her self Fell in the weeping Brook: 'her Clothes-spread wide;  
And, Mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,  
Which time she chanteth Remnants of old Lays;  
As one incapable of her own Distress,  
Or like a Creature native and endued  
Unto that Element: but, long it could not be,  
Till that her Garments, heavy with their Drink,  
Pull'd the gentle Maid from her melodious Lay  
To muddy Death.

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

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of Water hast thou, poor Ophelia;  
And, therefore, I forbid my Tears: but, yet,  
It is our trick; 'tis Nature her Custom holds,  
Let Shame say what it will: 'when these are gone,  
The Woman will be out. Adieu, my Lord!  
I have a Fire that fain would blaze,
But that this Folly dawns it.

[Exit.

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

ACT
I am clearly of opinion that this scene is not proper for representation; but it is, with much curtailing, here retained for the closet.
ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter two Grave-diggers.

1 Grav. Is she to be buried in Christian Burial, when she wilfully seeks her own Salvation?

2 Grav. I tell thee she is, therefore make her Grave straight; the Crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian Burial.

1 Grav. How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own Defence?

2 Grav. Why 'tis found so.

1 Grav. It must be de offendendo, it cannot be else: for here lies the point, if I drown my self wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three Branches, it is to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drown'd her self wittingly.

2 Grav. Nay, but hear, you Goodman Delver.

1 Grav. Give me leave; here lies the Water, good; here stands the Man, good; if the Man go to this Water, and drown himself, it is will he, will he; he goes, mark you that: but if the Water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own Death, shortens not his own Life.

2 Grav. But is this Law?

1 Grav. Ay marry is't, Crowner's Quest-Law.

2 Grav. Will you have the truth on't? if this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried without Christian Burial.

1 Grav. Why there thou say'r; and the more pity that great Folk should have countenance in this World to drown or hang themselves more than we. Come, my Spade, there is no antient Gentlemen but Gardeners, Ditchers, and Grave-diggers; they hold up Adam's Profession.

2 Grav. Was he a Gentleman?

1 Grav. He was the first that ever bore Arms.

2 Grav. Why, he had none.

1 Grav:
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

1 Gray. What, art a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture says Adam digg'd, could he dig without Arms? I'll put another Question to thee, if thou answ'rest me not to the purpose, confess thy self.

2 Gray. Go to.

1 Gray. What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

2 Gray. The Gallows-maker, for that frame out-lives a thousand Tenants.

1 Gray. I like thy Wit well; the Gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill; now thou dost ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than the Church: argal, the Gallows may do well to thee.

To't again; come.

2 Gray. What builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

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

2 Gray. Now I can tell.

1 Gray. To't.

2 Gray. I cannot tell.

1 Gray. Cudgel thy Brains no more about it; for your dull As will not mend his pace with beating; and, when thou art ask'd this Question next, say a Grave-maker; the Houles he makes last till Doomday.

Go get thee jin, and fetch me a Stoup of Liquor.

[Exit 2 Gray.]

In Youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contrast, O, the time for, any beave,
O methought there was nothing meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this Fellow no feeling in his Business, that he sings a Grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a Property of Easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the Hand of little Employment hath the daintier Sense.

Gray. But Age, with stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his Clutch,
And hath shipped me into the Land,
As if I never had been such.

Ham.
Extract from a Letter of Mr. Donne to Mr. Kerrich dated, July 28, 1812.

In answer to your friend's enquiry about the gravedigger's waistcoats in Hamlet I answer—there is not, nor ever was such a custom in Denmark—this person is the Clown of the Play and his business was to make as much mirth as he could in acting as well as speaking—I have no doubt that the person who played this part in Shakespeare's time did the like to amuse the galleries, if that the practice has been faithfully continued to the present day. It is still imitated in our pantomimes & at Ashby By the riding Clown when acting the part of the Taylor riding to Brantford.
Ham. That Scull had a Tongue in it, and could sing once: how the Knave jowls it to the Ground, as if 'twere Cain's Jaw-bone, that did the first Murder! this might be the Pate of a Politician, ' which this Afs now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent Heaven,' might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good-morrow, my Lord, how dost thou, sweet Lord? This might be my Lord such-a-one, that praised my Lord such-a-one's Horse when he went to beg him; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now, 'is my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knock'd about the Mazzard of a Sexton's Spade; here's a fine Revolution, and 'we had the trick to see't:' Did these Bones cost no more the breeding but to play at Loggat's with them? mine ake to think not.

Grav. A Pickax, and a Spade, a Spade, For and a shrouding Sheet:

O! a Pit of Clay for to be made For such a Guest is meet.

Ham. There's another; why may not that be the Scull of a Lawyer? Where be his Quiddities now? his Quillerties, his Cafes, his Tenures, and his Tricks? Why does he suffer this mad Knave now to knock him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? Hump! this Fellow might be in's time a great Buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: ' Is this the Fine of his Fines, and the Recover very of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt?' Will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases and Doubles; than the Length and Breadth of a pair of Indentures? The very Conveyances of his Land will scarcely lie in this Box; and must the Inheritor himself have no more? ha!

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my Lord, and of Calveskins too.
Ham. 'They are Sheep, and Calves, who seek out Assurance in that.' I will speak to this Fellow: Whose Grave's this, Sirrah?

Grav. Mine, Sir—Oh! a Pit of Clay for to be made,
For such a guest is meet. [Sings.

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

Grav. You lie out on't, Sir; and, therefore, 'tis not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it's mine.

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

Grav. 'Tis a quick Lye, Sir; 'twill again from me to you.

Ham. What Man dost thou dig it for?

Grav. For no Man, Sir.

Ham. What Woman, then?

Grav. For none neither.

Ham. Who is't to be buried in't?

Grav. One that was a Woman, Sir; but, rest her Soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the Knave is! we must speak by the Card, or Equivocation will undo us. Horatio, these three Years I have taken notice of it; 'the Age is grown so picked,' that the toe of the Peasant comes so near the heel of the Courtier, he galls his Knee.

How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Grav. Of all the Days in the Year, I came to't that Day our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Grav. Cannot you tell that? Every Fool can tell that; it was that very day that young Hamlet was born, he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, why was he sent into England?

Grav. Why! because he was mad; he shall recover his Wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Grav. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the Men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Grav. Very strangely, they say.
Ham. How strangely?

Grav. E'en with losing his Wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Grav. Why, here in Denmark; where I have been Sexton, Man and Boy, thirty Years.

Ham. How long will a Man lie i'th' Earth ere he rot?

Grav. Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many a pokey Corsethat will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you some eight Years, or nine Years: a Tanner will last you nine Years.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Grav. Why, Sir, his Hide is so tann'd with his Trade, that he will keep out Water a great while, and your Water is a fore Decayer of your wheresoever dead Body: Here's a Skull hath lain you i'th' Earth three and twenty Years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Grav. A wherefore mad Fellow it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Grav. A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, he pour'd a Flaggon of Rhenish on my head once: This same Skull, Sir, was Sir Yorick's Skull, the King's Jester.

Ham. This?

Grav. Even that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio; a Fellow of infinite Jest, of most excellent Fancy: he hath born me on his back a thousand times; ' and now, how ' abhorr'd in my Imagination is it? my Gorge rises at it.' Here hung those Lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft: Where be your Jibes now? your Jests? your Songs? your Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table on roar? Not one, now, to mock your own grinning? quite chop-slain? Now get you to my Lady's Table, and tell her, let her paint an Inch thick, to this Complexion she must come; make her laugh at that.

Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Do'st thou think Alexander look'd on this fashion i'th' Earth?
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [Smelling to the Skull.

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base Uses we may return, Horatio? Why may not Imagination trace the noble Duf

Ham. To what base Uses we may return, Horatio? Why may not Imagination trace the noble Dull

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

Ham. No farther, not a jot; but to follow him thither with Modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it. As thus, Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to Dull; the Dull is Earth, of Earth we make Lumps; and, why, of that Lumps, whereunto he was converted, might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperi. Caesar, dead, and turn'd to Clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the Wind away:

O that the Earth, which kept the World in awe,

Should patch a Wall t'expel the Winter's Flaw.

Scene draws, and discovers the King, Queen, Laertes and

Priest, with a Corse.

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,

The Queen, and all the Court: who is this they follow?

And with such maimed Rites? This doth betoken,

The Corse they follow did with desperate hand

Destroy its own Life: 'Twere of some Estate:

Stand by a while, and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a very noble Youth: hast.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have Warranty; her Death was doubtful,

And but that great Command o'er-sways the Order,

She should in Ground unsanctify'd be lodg'd;

For charitable Prayers,

Flints and Pebbles should be thrown upon her:

Yet here she is allow'd her Virgin Rites,

Her Maiden Strewnments, and the bringing home

Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more:

We should profane the Service of the Dead,
To sing a Requiem, and such Rest to her
As to peace parted Souls.

Lær. Lay her i'th' Earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted Flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee shrillish Priest,
A mingling Angel shall my Sitter be;
When thouliest howling.

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia!
Queen. Sweets to the Sweet; farewell!

[Throws in a Garland of Flowers.
I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's Wife;
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet Maid,
And not have strew'd thy Grave.

Lær. O treble Woe!
Fell ten times double on that cursed Head,
Whose wicked Deeds des'th' thee of
Thy most ingenious Sense: hold off the Earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in my Arms

[Leaps into the Grave.

Now pile your Dust upon the Quick and Dead,
Till of this Flat a Mountain you have made
To 'er top old Pelion, or the skyish Head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. What is he, whose Grief
Bears such an Emphasis? whose Phrase of Sorrow
Cruises the wandering Stars and makes them stand
Like wonden'd wounded Heaters? this is it.

Lær. Hamlet the Dane.


Ham. Thou pray'st not well:
I pr'ythee take thy Fingers from my Throat,
For, tho' I am not splenative and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy Wisdom fear — Hold off thy Hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet.

All. Gentlemen.

Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet.

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

Queen.
**Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.**

*Queen.* O my Son! what Theme?

*Ham.* I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand Brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of Love,
Make up my Sum. What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* Forbear him.

*Ham.* Show me what thou wilt do;

Wilt weep, wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt tear thy self,
Wilt drink up Eski, eat a Crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And if you prate of Mountains, let them throw
Millions of Acres on us, till our Ground
Singeing his Pate against the burning Zone,
Make Offa like a Wart: nay, and thou'lt mouth.
I'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere Madness;
And, thus, awhile the Fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female Dove,
When first her golden Couplets are disclos'd,
His Silence will fit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, Sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter,—
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The Cat will mew, a Dog will have his Day.

*Ex. Ham. and Hor.*

*King.* I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.
Strengthen your Patience in our last night's Speech.

[To Laertes.

*We'll put the matter to the present push;*

*Good Gertrude, set some watch over your Son;*
This Grave shall have a living Monument:
An hour of Quiet thereby shall we see,
'Till then, in Patience our Proceedings be. [Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

*Ham.* So much for this, Sir, you shall now see the other.
You do remember all the Circumstance?

*Hor.* Remember it, my Lord?
Scene II. A Hall.

[Text continues on the next page]
Ham. Sir, in my Heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep. Methought I lay
Worse than the Mutinies in the Bilboes, Rashness,
(And prais'd be Rashness for it.) Let us know,
Our Indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep Plots do fall: and that should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our Ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabin,
My Sea-Gown wraught about me, in the dark
Grop'd to find them out; had my Desire;
Bade their Pacquet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own Room again; making so bold,
(My Fears forgetting Manners) to unfold
Their grand Commission; where I found, Horatio,
An exact Command,

Larded with many several sorts of Reasons,
Importing Denmark's Health, and England's too,
With, ho! such Bugs and Goblins in my Life;
That on the supersede, no leisure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of an Axe,
That soon as I to England came,
My Head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission; read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear, now, how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with Villains,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my Brains,
They had begun the Play; I sat me down,
Devis'd a new Commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our Statists do,
A Baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that Learning; but, Sir, now
It did me Yeoman's Service. Wilt thou know
The Effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjuration from the King,
As England was his faithful Tributary;

E  As

Fortinbras,
By did concert;
my return,

And anxious tons, his arrival here.
As Love between them like the Palm might flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
And stand a Committ't in their Amities;
And many such like As of great Charge,
That, on the View, of these Contents,
Without debate,ment further more or less,
He should the Bearers put to sudden Death,
Not Shriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. 'Why even in that was Heaven ordinant: I had my Father's Signet in my Pocket, which was the Model of that Danish Seal; I folded the Writ up in the Form of the other, Subscrib'd it; gav't th' Impression; plac'd it safely,
The Changeling never known: Now, the next day Was our Sea-fight; and what to this was sequent Thou know'st already.

Hor. So Guildenfert and Rosencrantz went to't.

Ham. 'Why, Man, they did make Love to this Employment. They are not near my Conscience; their Defeat Does by their own Insinuations grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser Nature comes,
Between the Pass and fell incensed Point
Of mighty Opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think you, stand me now upon? He that hath kill'd my King, and wh'ls my Mother, Stept in between th' Election and my Hopes, Thrown out his Angle for my proper Life, And with such Cozenage, is't not perfect Conscience? To quit him with this Arm? and is't not to be damn'd, To let this Canker of our Nature come In further Evil?

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

Ham. It will be short.
The Interim's mine; and a Man's life's no more Than to say, one.

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,

That

If the first scene of this act is omitted,
the remainder of this Speech should be likewise.
I have told thee too
Now that I chanc'd upon young Zoltinbraas,
And what with him we jointly did concert.
I've sent to let him know of my return,
And anxious tarry his arrival here.
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
For by the Image of my Cause I see
The Portraiture of his; I'll count his Favours:
But, sure, the Bravery of his Grief did put me
Into a towering Passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Ofrick.

Ofr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmark!

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Doft know this Water-Fly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a Vice to
know him; he hath much Land and fertile; let a Beast
be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the King's
Messes; 'tis a Chough: but, as I said, spacious in the pos-
session of Dirt.

Ofr. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I
should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, Sir, with all diligence of Spi-
rit: your Bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the Head.

Ofr. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, it is very cold; the Wind is
Northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But, yet, 'tis fultry; it is very fultry and hot;
forsy my Complexion

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord; it is very fultry, as 'twere,
I cannot tell how. My Lord, his Majesty bid me sig-
nify unto you, that he has laid a great Wager on your
Head; Sir, this is the matter,

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

Ofr. Nay, good my Lord: for my Ease. Sir, here is newly come to Court Laertes: believe me, an ab-
solute Gentleman, full of most excellent Differences, of
very soft Society, and great Showing; indeed, to speak
feelingly of him, he is the very Card or Calendar of
Gentry, for you shall find in him the Substance of what
part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his Definition suffers no fault in you; tho',
I know, to divide him inventorially, would, perhaps, dizzy
th'
th'Arithmetick of Mem'ry; ' and, yet, but raw, neither, in ' respect of his quick Sail.' But, in the Verity of Extol- ment, I take him to be a Soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true Diction of him, his Semblable is his Mirrour; and, who else would trace him, his Umbrage, and nothing more.

Oft. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The Concernancy, Sir? why do we wrap the Gentleman in our rawer Breath?

Oft. Sir?

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

Ham. What imports the Nomination of this Gentle-

Oft. Of Laertes?

Ham. Of him, Sir. ' His Purse is empty already, all his golden words are spent.

Oft. I know, you not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did, Sir; yet, if you did, it would not much approve me well, Sir.

Oft. You are not ignorant of what Excellence Laer-
tes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in Excellence; for to know a Man well, were to know himself.

Oft. I mean, Sir, for his Weapon; ' but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed' he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his Weapon?

Oft. Single Rapier and Dagger.

Ht. The King, Sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary Horses: against the which he has impawn'd, as I take it, six French Rapiers and Poniards, with their Aッシngs, as Girdle, Hangers, and so—three of the Carriages are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the Hilts, most delicate Carriages, and of very liberal Conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edify'd by the Margin, Ere you had done.

Oft. The Carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The Phrafe would be more germane to the matter, if we carry'd a Cannon by our sides. ' I would it
Hm. That's two of his weapons. But, well?
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

might be Hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary Horses against six French Swords, their Poniards and Aslings, and three liberal-conceited Carriages, that's the French Bet against the Danish; as I take it.

Oph. The King hath laid, Sir, that, in a dozen Palls, between your self and him, he shall not exceed you three Hits; he hath laid twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How, if I answer No?

Oph. I mean, my Lord, the Opposition of your Person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; 'if it please his Majesty,' it is the breathing time of the day with me; let the Foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Oph. Shall I deliver it so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir; after what flourish your Nature will.

Oph. I commend my Duty to your Lordship. [Exit.

Ham. Yours does well to command it self; there's no Tongue else to - for it's turn.

Her. This Lap-wing runs away with the Shell on his head.

Ham. 'He did so, Sir, with his Dug before he suck'd

Thus has he, and many more of the same breed, that I know, ' the drosty Age doats on,) only got the tune of the Time, a habit of Encounter, a kind of yeasty Collection, which carries them thro' and thro' the most profane and knowned Opinions; and do but blow them to their Trial, the Bubbles are out.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Ofrick, who brings back to him that you attend him in the Hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.
Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the
King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now,
or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Gent. The King and Queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Gent. The Queen desires you to use some gentle En-
tertainment to Laertes, before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose, my Lord.

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

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of boding,
as would perhaps trouble a Woman.

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

Ham. Not a whit, we defy Augury: 'tis providence in the Fall of a Sparrow; if it be now, 'tis not to come: if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no Man has ought of what he leaves, what is't to leave be-times?

King, Queen, Laertes, Gentle-

men and Guards. Re-enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Laertes. Come, Hamlet, come and take his hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you wrong.
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman: this Presence knows,
And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd
With a sore Distraction; what have I done,
That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was Madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never Hamlet;
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
gent, I am commissioned, moreover, by the King to inform you, that Prince Fortinbras is arrived, and will, with your permission, witness this trial of your skill.
Ham. Most willingly. He is most welcome.

Ham. Welcome to Elsinore, thou gallant prince,
It glads my heart to see thee at our court.
Fort. To pay my service unto noble Denmark,
And greet the noble Hamlet am I come.
King.
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Who does it then? his Madness: it's be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His Madness is poor Hamlet's Enemy,

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd Evil,
Free me so far in your most generous Thoughts;
That I have shot my Arrow o'er the House,
And hurt my Brother,

Laertes. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose Motive, in this Case, should stir me most
To my Revenge; but in my Terms of Honour,
I stand aloof; and will no Reconciliation,
Till by some elder Masters of known Honour,
I have a Voice and Precedent of Peace,
To keep my Name ungirded: but till that time
I do receive your offer'd Love, like Love,
And will not wrong it.

Hamlet. I embrace it freely;
And will this Brother's Wager frankly play.

Give us the Foils: Come on.

Laertes. Come, one for me.

Hamlet. I'll be your Foil, Laertes; in mine Ignorance
Your Skill shall, like a Star, i'th' darkest Night appear.

Laertes. You mock me Sir.

Hamlet. No, on my honour,

King. Give them the Foils, young O'strick: Cousin.

Hamlet, you know the Wager.

Hamlet. Very well, my Lord:
Your Grace has laid the odds o'th' weaker side.

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

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

Hamlet. This likes me well; these Foils have all a length?

O'st. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stoup of Wine upon that Table; —
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third Exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire;
The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the Cup an eagle shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive Kings
And, you, the Judges, bear a wary Eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Oft, A Hit, a very palpable Hit; [Drums, Trumpets, and Laer. Well — again. [Flourish, a Piece goes off.

King. Stay, give me the Drink; Hamlet, this Pearl is thine; here's to thy Health; Give him the Cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile.

Come — another Hit — what say you?

Laer. I do confess.

King. Our Son shall win.

Queen. He's fat and scant of Breath.

Here, Hamlet, 'tis a common usage, wipe thy Brows:

The Queen takes thy Fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam —

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord; I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd Cup; it is too late. [Aside.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy Face.

Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my Conscience. [Aside.

Ham. Come for the third, Laertes; you but dally;

I pray you pass with your best violence;

I am sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Oft. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[Laertes wounds Hamlet; In scuffling they change Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.]
Ham. The king! the king to blame!
O! then incestuous king: abhorred patricide!
King. Treason! Treason! Treason! stew him straight —
Ham. Treason! Treason! and Claudius is the traitor.
Stand off. Before you all I do impeach
That fell usurper as a bloody traitor,
False to his king, his country, and his brother.
He poison'd him while sleeping in his garden.
So, guards, do your office. Seize the traitor king,
And keep him safe until his doom be fixed.
King. Nay, then, I see my fate; — but, thus, I touch it.
This drink will free me from the traitorous charge. (drinks)
Ham. Abhorred villain! This was thy union then?
King. Most just, most just. My brother he was poison'd
To make way for me to his bed and crown,
And, now, by poison, mingled by myself,
Of crown, of queen, of life I am bereft.
But oh! the after judgment! Hamlet, there —
I can no more; the crown of right is thine;
Wear it, and wear it worthily — oh! oh!
My brother — poison — oh!! [Dies]
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. 105

King. Part them, they are incens’d.
Ham. Nay, come, again.

Ofl. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides. How is’t my Lord?
Ofl. How is’t, Laertes?

Laer. Why as a Woodcock caught in mine own Springe?
I am justly kill’d with mine own Treachery.

[Ofstrick.

Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No no, the Drink, the Drink, O, my dear

The Drink, the Drink—I am poison’d.

Ham. O Villain! No, let the Door be lock’d;

Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, Hamlet—thou art slain;
No Medicine in the World can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour’s Life:
The treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom’d; the foul Practice
Hath turn’d it self on me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: thy Mother’s poison’d;
I can no more—the King, the King’s to blame.

Ham. The Point envenom’d too, then venom to thy work.

[Stab the King.

All. Treason, Treason!

King. O yet defend me Friends! I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous Dane.

Drink off this Potion: is the Onyx here?

Follow my Mother.

Laer. He’s justly serv’d; it is a Poison temper’d by him—
Exchange Forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet; (self.
Mine and my Father’s Death come not upon thee,
Nor thing on me.

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee:

I am dead, Horatio; wretched Queen, farewell.
You that look pale and tremble at this Chance,
That are but Mutes or Audience to this Act,
Had I but time (as this fell Serjeant Death
Is strict in his Arrest) O I could tell you;
But let it be: Horatio, I am dead.

Thou
Ham. The king! the king to thame!  
Ah! then incestuous king: adored fratricide!  
King. Treason! Treason! arrest him straight  
Ham. Treason! Treason! and Claudius is the traitor.

Ham. That fell usurper as a false to his king, his  
He poison'd him while  
So guards, do your off  
And keep him safe un  
Ham. Nay, then, I see my  
This drink will free me  
Ham. Abhorred villain!  
Ham. Most just, most  
So make way for me to  
And now, by poison, one  
But oh! the afterjudgment  
I can no more; the core  
Wear it, and wear it  
My brother—poison.

106 Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Thou livest, report me and my Cause aright  
To the unsatisfy'd.  
Hor. Never believe it.  
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,  
Here's yet some liquor left.  
Ham. As thou art a Man,  
Give me the Cup; let go, I'll have't:  
O Horatio, think what a wounded Name,  
Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind me?  
If thou didst ever hold me in thy Heart,  
Absent thee from Felicity awhile.  
And in this harsh World draw thy Breath in pain  
To tell my story: what warlike Noise is this?  

[Enter O'strick.]

Oft, Young Fortinbras with Conquest come from Poland,  
To the Ambassadors of England, gives this warlike Victory,  
Ham. O I die, Horatio,  
The potent Poison quite o'er-grows my Spirit;  
I cannot live to hear the News from England,  
But I do prophesy the Election lights  
On Fortinbras: he has my dying Voice,  
So tell him, with the Occurrents more and less  
Which have solicited, O— the rest in silence.  

[Dies.]

Hor. Now cracks the Cordage of a noble Heart; good  
night, sweet Prince,  
And Chorus of Angels sing thee to thy Rest.  
Why does the Drum come hither?  
'Enter Fortinbras with the Ambassadors.  
'For. Where is this Sight?  
'Hor. What is it you would see?  
'If o'er of Woe or Wonder, cease your Search.  
'For. This Quarry cries on havoc! O proud Death,  
What Feast is toward in thine Infernal Cell,  
That thou so many Princes at a shot,  
So bloodily hast struck?  
Ambass. The Sight is dismal;  
And our Affairs from England come too late.  
The Ears are fenches that should give us hearing;  
To tell him his Commandement is fulfilled.

That
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

That Rosencraus and Guildenstern are dead,
Where should we have our Thanks?
Her. Not from his Mouth,
Had he th' Ability of Breath to thank you:
He never gave Commandment for their Death.
But since to apt upon this bloody Question,
You from the Pollarck Wars, and you from England
Are here arrived, give order that these Bodies
High on a Stage, be plac'd to publick view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing World,
How these things came about; so shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody and unnatural Acts;
Of accidental Judgments, casual Slaughters,
Of Deaths put on by Cunning, and forc'd Cause;
And, in this upshot, Purposes mistook,
Fall'n on the Inventors' Heads; all this can I
Truly deliver.

For. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Nobles to the Audience:
For me, with Sorrow I embrace my Fortune,
I have some Rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which now to claim my Interest doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also Cause to speak,
And from his Mouth whose Voice will draw no more:
But let this fame be presently perform'd,
Even while Men's Minds are wild, lest more mischance
On Plots and Errors happen.

For. Let four Captains
Bear Hamlet like a Soldier to the Stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
Have prov'd most royal: and for his Passage,
The Soldier's Musick, and the Right of War,
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the Bodies such a Sight as this
Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss.
Go, bid the Soldiers shoot.  

[Ascent, bearing of the dead Bodies,
after which, a Peal of Ordnance is shot off.

FINIS.
ADVERTISEPMENT.

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