

THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET PRINCE OF DENMARK

ACT I, SCENE 1

The ramparts before Elsinore castle

Enter Bernard, Marcellus and Horatio

Bernardo Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

Marcellus What, has this thing appear'd again tonight?

Bernardo I have seen nothing.

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

Horatio Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Enter Ghost

Marcellus Peace! Break thee off! Look where it comes again!

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

Marcellus Thou art a scholar, speak to it, Horatio.

Bernardo Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

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

Marcellus It would be spoke to. Question it, Horatio.

Horatio What art thou that usurp'st this time of night
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee speak!

Bernardo It is offended. See, it stalks away!

Horatio Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee speak!

Exit Ghost

Marcellus 'Tis gone and will not answer.

Bernardo How now, Horatio? You tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?

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

Marcellus Is it not like the King?

Horatio As thou art to thyself. 'Tis strange.

Bernardo I think it be no other but e'en so.

Horatio So have I heard and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.
Break we our watch up, and by my advice
Let us impart what we have seen tonight
Unto young Hamlet, for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Exeunt

ACT I, SCENE 2

A room in Elsinore castle

Enter Claudius, Gertrude, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes and Ophelia

Claudius Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our Queen,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife. For all, our thanks.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice. What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

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

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

Polonius He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition, and at last
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.

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

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

Claudius How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Hamlet Not so, my lord. I am too much i' th' sun.

Gertrude Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
Thou know'st 'tis common. All that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Hamlet Ay, madam, it is common.

Gertrude If it be. Why seems it so particular with thee?

Hamlet Seems, madam? Nay, it is. I know not 'seems'.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play.

Claudius 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father,
But to persevere in obstinate condolment is a
Course of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief,
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven.
We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire,
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

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

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

Claudius Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come.
And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Exeunt all but Hamlet

Hamlet O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! Ah, fie! 'Tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed. That it should come to this!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on, and yet, within a month.
Let me not think on't! Frailty, thy name is woman!

A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body.
Like Niobe, all tears – why she even she –
married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. Within a month,
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, Marcellus and Bernardo

Horatio	Hail to your lordship!
Hamlet	I know you are no truant. But what is your affair in Elsinore? We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
Horatio	My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
Hamlet	I prithee do not mock me, fellow student. I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
Horatio	Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
Hamlet	Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak'd meats Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio! My father, methinks I see my father.
Horatio	O, where, my lord?
Hamlet	In my mind's eye, Horatio. I shall not look upon his like again.
Horatio	My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
Hamlet	Saw who?
Horatio	My lord, the King your father.
Hamlet	The King my father?
Horatio	Season your admiration for a while With an attent ear, till I may deliver Upon the witness of these gentlemen, This marvel to you.
Hamlet	For God's love let me hear!
Horatio	Two nights together had these gentlemen, Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch In the dead vast and middle of the night Been thus encount'ed. A figure like your father, Appears before them and with solemn march Goes slow and stately by them.
Hamlet	Did you not speak to it?

Horatio My lord, I did,
 But answer made it none. Yet once methought
 It lifted up its head and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak,
 But shrunk in haste away and vanish'd from our sight.

Hamlet 'Tis very strange.

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

Hamlet But this troubles me. Hold you the watch tonight?

Marcellus We do, my lord.

Hamlet Then saw you not his face?

Horatio O, yes, my lord!

Hamlet What, look'd he frowningly?

Horatio A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet Pale or red?

Horatio Nay, very pale.

Hamlet And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Horatio Most constantly.

Hamlet I would I had been there.

Horatio It would have much amaz'd you.

Hamlet I will watch tonight. Perchance 'twill walk again.

Horatio I warr'nt it will.

Hamlet If it assume my noble father's person,
 I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
 If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
 Let it be tenable in your silence still,
 And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,
 Give it an understanding but no tongue.
 I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.
 Our duty to your honour.

Exeunt all but Hamlet

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

Exit Hamlet

ACT I, SCENE 3

A room in Polonius' house

Enter Laertes and Ophelia

Laertes My necessities are embark'd. Farewell.
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Ophelia Do you doubt that?

Laertes For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute, no more.

Ophelia No more but so?

Laertes Perhaps he loves you now. But you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth.

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

Laertes O, fear me not!

Enter Polonius

Polonius Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell. My blessing season this in thee!

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

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

Exit Laertes

Polonius What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Ophelia So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Polonius '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.
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? Give me up the truth.

Ophelia He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polonius Affection? Pooh! You speak like a green girl,
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

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

Polonius Marry, I will teach you! Tender yourself more dearly,
Or you'll tender me a fool.

Ophelia My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

Polonius Ay, fashion you may call it? Go to, go to!

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

Polonius Ay, springes to catch woodcocks! From this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence.
Set your entreatments 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,
Breathing like sanctified 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 leisure
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Come your ways.

Ophelia I shall obey, my lord.

Exeunt

ACT I, SCENE 4

The ramparts before Elsinore castle

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus

Hamlet The air bites shrewdly. It is very cold.

Horatio It is a nipping and an eager air.

Hamlet What hour now?

Horatio I think it lacks of twelve.

Marcellus No, it is struck.

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

Hamlet The King doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring upspring reels,
As he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
At the triumph of his pledge.

Horatio Is it a custom?

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

Enter Ghost

Horatio Look, my lord, it comes!

Hamlet Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance,
But tell why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again. What may this mean
That thou, dead corse, again,
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 Hamlet

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

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

Hamlet It will not speak. Then will I follow it.

Horatio Do not, my lord!

Hamlet Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee,

And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

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

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

Marcellus You shall not go, my lord.

Hamlet Hold off your hands!

Horatio Be rul'd. You shall not go.

Hamlet My fate cries out.

Ghost beckons

Still am I call'd. Unhand 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 Hamlet

Horatio He waxes desperate with imagination.

Marcellus 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.

Horatio Have after. To what issue will this come?

Marcellus Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Horatio Heaven will direct it.

Marcellus Nay, let's follow him.

Exeunt

ACT I, SCENE 5

The ramparts before Elsinore castle

Enter Hamlet and Ghost

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

Ghost Mark me.

Hamlet I will.

Ghost My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself. Pity me not,
But lend thy serious hearing to what I shall unfold.

Hamlet Speak. I am bound to hear.

Ghost So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
I am thy father's spirit,

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away.
But this eternal blazon must not be
If thou didst ever thy dear father love.

Hamlet

O God!

Ghost

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Hamlet

Murder?

Ghost

Murder most foul, as in the best it is,
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Hamlet

Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost

Now, Hamlet, hear.
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd. But know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Hamlet

O my prophetic soul! My uncle?

Ghost

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,
So to seduce! Won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen.
Sleeping within my orchard,
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 leperous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of Queen, at once dispatch'd,

Hamlet

O, horrible! O, horrible! Most horrible!

Ghost

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
Adieu, adieu! Remember me.

Exit Ghost

Hamlet O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? Hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?
Thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. I have sworn't.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus

Horatio My lord, my lord! What news, my lord?
Hamlet No, you will reveal it.
Horatio Not I, my lord, by heaven!
Marcellus Nor I, my lord.
Hamlet How say you then? But you'll be secret?
Marcellus Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Hamlet There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.
Horatio There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.
Hamlet And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.
You, as your business and for my own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.
Horatio These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Hamlet I am sorry they offend you, heartily.
Horatio There's no offence, my lord.
Hamlet Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you.
For your desire to know what is between us.
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.
Horatio What is't, my lord? We will.
Hamlet Never make known what you have seen tonight.
Horatio My lord, we will not.
Hamlet Nay, but swear't.
Horatio In faith, my lord, not I.
Marcellus Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Hamlet Upon my sword.

Enter Ghost

Ghost Swear.
Horatio Propose the oath, my lord.
Hamlet Never to speak of this that you have seen.
Ghost Swear!
Hamlet Come hither, gentlemen,
 And lay your hands again upon my sword.
 Never to speak of this that you have heard.
 Swear by my sword.

Ghost Swear.
Horatio O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
Hamlet And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
 There are more things in heaven and earth,
 Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Horatio and Marcellus swear

Rest, rest, 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 friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together,
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint.

Exeunt

ACT II, SCENE 1

A room in Polonius' house

Enter Polonius and Ophelia

Polonius How now, Ophelia? What's the matter?
Ophelia O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
Polonius With what, i' th' name of God?
Ophelia My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
 Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
 No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
 Ungart'red, and down-gyved to his ankle,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
 And with a look so piteous in purport
 As if he had been loosed out of hell
 To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

Polonius Mad for thy love?
Ophelia My lord, I do not know, but truly I do fear it.
Polonius What said he?

Ophelia He took me by the wrist and held me hard
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face
 As he would draw it. 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 o'doors he went without their help
 And to the last bended their light on me.

Polonius Come, go with me. I will go seek the King.
 This is the very ecstasy of love,
 Whose violent property fordoes itself
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings.
 What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Ophelia No, my good lord, but, as you did command,
 I did repel his letters and denied his access to me.

Polonius That hath made him mad. I fear'd he did but trifle
 And meant to wrack thee, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King.
 This must be known, which, being kept close,
 Might move more grief to hide than hate
 To utter love. Come.

Exeunt

ACT II, SCENE 2

A room in Elsinore castle

Enter Claudius, Gertrude, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Claudius Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
 The need we have to use you did provoke
 Our hasty sending. What it should be?
 More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
 So much from th'understanding of himself,
 I cannot dream of. I entreat you both
 That, being of so young days brought up with him,
 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,
 Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus
 That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Gertrude 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
 As to expend your time with us awhile
 For the supply and profit of our hope,
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks
 As fits a King's remembrance.

Gertrude gives coin bag to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

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

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

Claudius Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

Gertrude Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.
 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changed son. Go!

Guildenstern Heavens make our presence and our practices
 Pleasant and helpful to him!

Gertrude Ay, amen!

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Enter Polonius

Claudius Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Polonius Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
 I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
 Both to my God and to my gracious King,
 And I do think or else this brain of mine
 Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
 As it hath us'd to do, that I have found
 The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

Claudius O, speak of that! That do I long to hear.
 He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
 The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Gertrude I doubt it is no other but the main,
 His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage.

Polonius My liege, and madam, since brevity is the soul of wit,
 And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
 I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.
 Mad call I it, for, to define true madness
 What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
 But let that go.

Gertrude More matter, with less art.

Polonius Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
 That he is mad, 'tis true, 'tis true, 'tis pity.
 And pity 'tis true. 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.
 I have a daughter, have while she is mine,

Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.

Shows Claudius a letter

"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia –"

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase, "beautified"
Is a vile phrase. But you shall hear these –

"– in her excellent white bosom."

Gertrude Came this from Hamlet to her?

Polonius am, stay awhile. I will be faithful.

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.
O dear 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 shown me,

Claudius But how hath she receiv'd his love?

Polonius What do you think of me?

Claudius As of a man faithful and honourable.

Polonius I would fain prove so. No, I went round to work
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak.

"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star.
This must not be."

And then I prescripts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Into the madness wherein now he raves.

Claudius Do you think 'tis this?

Gertrude It may be, very like.

Polonius Hath there een such a time – I would fain know that
That I have positively said. Tis so,
When it proved otherwise?

Claudius How may we try it further?

Polonius	You know sometimes he walks for hours together Here in the lobby.
Gertrude	So he does indeed.
Polonius	At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him. Be you and I behind an arras then. Mark the encounter.
Claudius	We will try it.
	<i>Enter Hamlet reading a book</i>
Gertrude	But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Polonius	Away, I do beseech you, both away.
	<i>Exeunt Claudius and Gertrude</i>
	How does my good Lord Hamlet?
Hamlet	Well, God-a-mercy.
Polonius	Do you know me, my lord?
Hamlet	Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.
Polonius	Not I, my lord.
Hamlet	Then I would you were so honest a man.
Polonius	Honest, my lord?
Hamlet	Ay, sir. To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.
Polonius	That's very true, my lord.
Hamlet	Have you a daughter?
Polonius	I have, my lord.
Hamlet	Let her not walk i' th' sun. Conception is a blessing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.
Polonius	How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter. Yet he knew me not at first. He said I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone! I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my lord?
Hamlet	Words, words, words.
Polonius	What is the matter, my lord?
Hamlet	Between who?
Polonius	I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.
Hamlet	Slanders, sir. For the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams.
Polonius	Though this be madness, yet there is a method in't. Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Hamlet Into my grave?

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Polonius Indeed, that is out o' th' air.
How pregnant sometimes his replies are!
My honourable lord I will most humbly take
My leave of you

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

Polonius Fare you well, my lord.

Exit Polonius

Hamlet These tedious old fools!

Guildenstern My honour'd lord!

Rosencrantz My most dear lord!

Hamlet My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern?
Ah, Rosencrantz! Good friends, how do ye both?
What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of
Fortune that she sends you to prison hither?

Guildenstern Prison, my lord?

Hamlet Denmark's a prison.

Rosencrantz Then is the world one.

Hamlet A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards,
and dungeons, Denmark being one o' th' worst.

Rosencrantz We think not so, my lord.

Hamlet Why, then 'tis none to you, for there is nothing either good or
bad but thinking makes it so. What make you at Elsinore?

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

Guildenstern What should we say, my lord?

Hamlet Why, anything but to th' purpose. You were sent for, and there is
a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have
not craft enough to colour. I know the good King and
Queen have sent for you.

Rosencrantz To what end, my lord?

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

Rosencrantz What say you?

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

Guildenstern My lord, we were sent for.

Hamlet I will tell you why. So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moults no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises. What a piece of work is a man! Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

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

Hamlet Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd?

Guildenstern O, there has been much throwing about of brains. There are the players.

Enter Polonius and Players

Polonius Well be with you, gentlemen! The actors are come hither, my lord. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral or poem unlimited.

Hamlet I heard thee speak me a speech once.

First Player What speech, my good lord?

Hamlet One speech in't I chiefly lov'd. 'Twas Aeneas' tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see?

"The rugged Pyrrhus, liketh' Hyrcanian beast". So, proceed you.

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

Enact dumb show while First Player speaks

First Player "Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
The 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."

Polonius This is too long.

Hamlet It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee say on.

First player "But who, O who, had seen the mobled Queen."

Hamlet The mobled Queen?

First player "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven

And passion in the gods."

Hamlet 'Tis well. I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon.
Good my lord, will you see the players well bestow'd?

Polonius Come, sirs.

Hamlet Follow him, friends. We'll hear a play tomorrow.

Exeunt Polonius and all Players except the First Player

Can you play "The Murder of Gonzago"?

First player Ay, my lord.

Hamlet We'll ha't tomorrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech
of some dozen or sixteen lines which I would set down and
insert in't, could you not?

First player Ay, my lord.

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

Exit First Player

My good friends, I'll leave you till night.
You are welcome to Elsinore.

Rosencrantz Good my lord!

Hamlet Ay, so, God b' wi' ye!

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

O, vengeance! I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks,
I'll tent him to the quick. If he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil. Yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
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 Hamlet

ACT III, SCENE 1

A room in Elsinore castle

Enter Claudius, Gertrude, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Claudius And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,

Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Rosencrantz He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

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

Gertrude Did he receive you well?

Rosencrantz Most like a gentleman.

Guildenstern But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosencrantz Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Gertrude Did you assay him to any pastime?

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

Polonius And he beseech'd me to entreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.

Claudius With all my heart,
And it doth much content me to hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Rosencrantz We shall, my lord.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Claudius Sweet Gertrude, leave us too.
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia. Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be th'affliction of his love, or no, that thus he suffers for.

Gertrude I shall obey you, and for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness.

Ophelia Madam, I wish it may.

Exit Gertrude

Polonius Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,

We will bestow ourselves. That with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er the Devil himself.

Claudius and Polonius retire. Enter Hamlet

Hamlet

To be, or not to be, that is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep,
No more, and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep.
To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub!
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
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
With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death.
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins rememb'red.

Ophelia

My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to redeliver.
I pray you, now receive them.

Hamlet

No, not I! I never gave you aught.

Ophelia

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

Hamlet Ha, ha! Are you honest?

Ophelia My lord?

Hamlet Are you fair?

Ophelia What means your lordship?

Hamlet That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Ophelia Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Hamlet Ay, truly! I did love you once.

Ophelia Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Hamlet You should not have believ'd me. For virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Ophelia I was the more deceived.

Hamlet Get thee to a nunnery! Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, that it were better my mother had not borne me. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Ophelia At home, my lord.

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

Ophelia O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Hamlet If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery. Farewell.

Exit Hamlet

Ophelia O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'observ'd of all observers. quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music 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 ecstasy. O, woe is me
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Claudius and Polonius come forward

Claudius Love? His affections do not that way tend.
Nor what he spake, though 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. 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.

Polonius It shall do well. But yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said.
We heard it all. My lord, after the play
Let his Queen mother all alone entreat him
To show 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.

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

Exeunt

ACT III, SCENE 2

A room in Elsinore castle

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and First Player

Hamlet Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you,
trippingly on the tongue.

First Player I warrant your honour.

Exit First Player. Enter Claudius, Gertrude, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Hamlet They are coming to the play. Get you a place.

Claudius How fares our cousin Hamlet?

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

Claudius I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet.

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

Hamlet No, good mother. Here's metal more attractive.
Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Ophelia No, my lord.

Hamlet I mean, my head upon your lap?

Hamlet sits down at Ophelia's feet

Ophelia Ay, my lord.

Hamlet Do you think I meant country matters?

Ophelia I think nothing, my lord. You are merry, my lord.

Hamlet What should a man do but be merry? For look you how

cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.

Ophelia Nay 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Hamlet So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of
sables. O heavens! Die two months ago, and not forgotten yet?
Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half
a year.

Ophelia What means this, my lord?

Hamlet Marry, it means mischief.

Ophelia Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue

Hamlet We shall know by this fellow.
The players cannot keep counsel. They'll tell all.

Ophelia Will he tell us what this show meant? I'll mark the play.

Prologue For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Exit Prologue

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

Ophelia 'Tis brief, my lord.

Hamlet As woman's love.

*Enter Player King and Player Queen very lovingly and embracing. She kneels, and
makes show of protestation unto him but he takes her up.*

Player King "Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round,
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbèd ground.
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been."

Player Queen "So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make up again count o'er ere love be done!"

Player King "Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too,
My operant powers my functions leave to do."

Player King lays down upon a bank of flowers and sleeps.

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

Hamlet Wormwood, wormwood!

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

Exit Player Queen

Hamlet Madam, how like you this play?
Gertrude The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
Hamlet O, but she'll keep her word.
Claudius Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?
Hamlet No! They do but jest, poison in jest. No offence i' th' world.
Claudius What do you call the play?

Enter Lucianus

Hamlet "The Mousetrap". This is one Lucianus, nephew to the King.
Ophelia You are as good as a chorus, my lord.
Hamlet I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.
Ophelia You are keen, my lord, you are keen.
Hamlet It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.
 Come begin, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Lucianus pours the poison in Player King's ear

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

The Player Queen enters, finds King dead and makes passionate action. Lucianus woos the Player Queen with gifts, she seems harsh and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.

Ophelia The King rises.
Hamlet What, frightened with false fire?
Gertrude How fares my lord?
Polonius Give o'er the play.
Claudius Give me some light! Away!

Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio

Hamlet Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
 The hart ungalled play,
 For some must watch, while some must sleep.
 Thus runs the world away.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Guildenstern Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Hamlet Sir, a whole history.

Guildestern	The King, sir, is in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd.
Hamlet	With drink, sir?
Guildestern	No, my lord, rather with choler.
Hamlet	Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor. For me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.
Guildestern	The Queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit hath sent me to you.
Hamlet	Therefore no more, but to the matter! My mother, you say?
Rosencrantz	Then thus she says – your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.
Hamlet	O wonderful son, that can so stonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?
Rosencrantz	She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.
Hamlet	We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?
Rosencrantz	My lord, you once did love me.
Hamlet	And do still, by these pickers and stealers!
Rosencrantz	Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, If you deny your griefs to your friend.
Hamlet	Sir, I lack advancement.
Rosencrantz	How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?

Enter Polonius

Polonius	My lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.
Hamlet	Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.
Polonius	I will say so.

Exit Polonius

Hamlet	'By-and-by' is easily said. Leave me, friends.
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Exeunt all but Hamlet

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

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites.
How in my words somever she be shent,
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!

Exit Hamlet

INTERVAL

ACT III, SCENE 3

A room in Elsinore castle

Enter Claudius, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Claudius I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you,
Your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage.
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Guildenstern We will haste us.

Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Enter Polonius

Polonius My lord, he's going to his mother's closet.
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process. I'll warrant she'll tax 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'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege.

Exit Polonius

Claudius O, my offence is rank. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow?
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up.
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder?
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen.
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! Make assay.
Bow, stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!

Enter Hamlet

Hamlet Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,

And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven,
And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd.
A villain kills my father, and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven. Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge!
No. Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed,
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

Exit Hamlet

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

Exit Claudius

ACT III, SCENE 4

Gertrude's closet

Enter Gertrude and Polonius

Polonius 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 screen'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me even here.
Pray you be round with him.

Gertrude I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Polonius hides behind the arras. Enter Hamlet

Hamlet Now, mother! What's the matter?

Gertrude Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Hamlet Mother, you have my father much offended.

Gertrude Have you forgot me?

Hamlet You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
And, would it were not so, you are my mother.

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

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

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

Polonius What, ho! Help, help, help!

Hamlet How now? A rat? Dead for a ducat, dead!

Makes a pass through the arras and kills Polonius

Polonius O, I am slain!
Gertrude O me, what hast thou done?
Hamlet Nay, I know not. Is it the King?
Gertrude O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!
Hamlet A bloody deed, almost as bad, good mother,
 As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

Lifts up the arras and sees Polonius

 Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
 I took thee for thy better. Leave wringing of your hands.
 Sit you down and let me wring your heart,
 For so I shall if it be made of penetrable stuff.

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

Hamlet Such an act that blurs the grace and blush of modesty.
 Look here upon this picture, and on this
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers
 This was your husband. Look you now what follows.
 Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear
 Blasting his wholesome brother
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor?

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

Hamlet Nay, but to live in the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
 Over the nasty sty!

Gertrude O, speak to me no more! These words like daggers
 Enter in mine ears. No more, sweet Hamlet!

Hamlet A murderer and a villain! That from a shelf the precious diadem
 stole and put it in his pocket!

Gertrude No more!

Enter Ghost

Hamlet A King of shreds and patches!
 Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

Gertrude Alas, he's mad!

Hamlet 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?

That I essentially am not in madness but mad in craft.

Gertrude 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.

Hamlet I must to England, you know that?

Gertrude Alack, I had forgot! 'Tis so concluded on.

Hamlet There's letters seal'd, and my two schoolfellows,
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
This man shall set me packing. Ill lug the guts into a neighbor
room. Good night, mother.

Exit Gertrude and Hamlet

Enter stretcher-bearers to remove Polonius' body

ACT IV, SCENE 1

A room in Elsinore Castle

Enter Claudius and Gertrude

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

Claudius What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Gertrude 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, and in this brainish
Apprehension kills the unseen good old man.

Claudius O heavy deed! His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short. Where is he gone?

Gertrude To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure. He weeps for what is done.

Claudius The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deed
We must with all our majesty and skill
Both countenance and excuse.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Ho, Guildenstern, Rosencrantz! Friends both.
Go join you with some further aid.

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you haste in this.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

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

Exeunt

ACT IV, SCENE 2

A room in Elsinore castle

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

Rosencrantz	What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Hamlet	Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Rosencrantz	Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence And bear it to the chapel.
Hamlet	A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.
Rosencrantz	My lord, you must tell us where the body is And go with us to the King.
Hamlet	The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body.

Enter Claudius

Claudius	How now? What hath befall'n?
Rosencrantz	Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord, We cannot get from him.
Claudius	Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Hamlet	At supper.
Claudius	At supper? Where?
Hamlet	Not where he eats, but where he is eaten. A certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him.
Claudius	What dost thou mean by this? Where is Polonius?
Hamlet	In heaven. Send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i' th' other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stair, into the lobby. He will stay till you come.
Claudius	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 With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself. The bark is ready and the wind at help,

Th'associates tend, and everything is bent for England.
 Hamlet For England?
 Claudius Ay, Hamlet. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
 Hamlet I see a cherub that sees them. But come, for England!
 Farewell dear mother.

Exit Hamlet

Claudius Follow him at foot, tempt him with speed aboard.
 Delay it not, I'll have him hence tonight.
 Away! For everything is seal'd and done
 That else leans on th'affair. Pray you make haste.

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern

And, England, which imports at full,
 By letters congruing to that effect,
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England.
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
 And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

Exit Claudius

ACT IV, SCENE 3

A room in Elsinore castle

Enter Horatio, Gertrude and Gentlewoman

Gertrude I will not speak with her.
 Gentlewoman She is importunate, indeed distract.
 Her mood will needs be pitied.
 Gertrude What would she have?
 Gentlewoman She speaks much of her father, says she hears
 There's tricks i' th' world, and hems, and beats her heart,
 Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt,
 That carry but half sense.
 Horatio 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Enter Ophelia and Gentlewoman

Ophelia Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?
 Gertrude How now, Ophelia?
 Ophelia "How should I your true-love know
 From another one?
 By his cockle bat and staff
 And his sandal shoon."
 Gertrude Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?
 Ophelia "Say you? Nay, pray, you mark.

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone. O, ho!"

Gertrude Nay, but Ophelia.

Ophelia "Pray you mark. White his shroud as the mountain snow."

Enter Claudius

Gertrude Alas, look here, my lord!

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

Claudius How do you, pretty lady?

Ophelia "Well, God yield you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter.
Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
God be at your table!"

Claudius Conceit upon her father.

Ophelia Pray let's have no words of this, but when they ask,
you what it means, say you this –

"Tomorrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning bedtime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose and donn'd his clo'es
And dupp'd the chamber door,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more."

Claudius Pretty Ophelia!

Ophelia Indeed, la, without an oath,
I'll make an end on't!

"By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't if they come to't
By Cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, "Before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed."
He answers, "So would I 'a' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed"."

Claudius How long hath she been thus?

Ophelia I hope all will be well. We must be patient, but I cannot choose
but weep to think they would lay him i' 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.

Exit Ophelia

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

Exit Horatio

O, this is the poison of deep grief, it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies.
But in battalions! First, her father slain,
Next, your son gone. Poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and her fair judgment.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death.
O my dear Gertrude. Give me superfluous death.

Gertrude Alack, what noise is this?

Enter Messenger

Claudius What is the matter?

Messenger Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your offices. 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 word,
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be King! Laertes King!"

Enter Laertes

Laertes Where is this King? I pray you give me leave.
O thou vile King. Give me my father!

Gertrude Calmly, good Laertes.

Claudius What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let go, Gertrude. Do not fear our person.
Tell me, Laertes, why thou art thus incens'd.

Laertes Where is my father?

Claudius Dead.

Gertrude But not by him!

Claudius Let him demand his fill.

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

Most throughly for my father.

Claudius Good Laertes, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge
That sweepstake you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laertes None but his enemies.

Claudius Will you know them then?
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly in grief for it.

Laertes How now? What noise is that?

Enter Ophelia

O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! Is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

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

Laertes Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus. This nothing's more than matter.

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

Laertes A document in madness! Thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophelia "There's fennel for you and columbines. There's rue for you, and
here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. 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."

Laertes Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Ophelia "And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy deathbed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.
God 'a'mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls,

I pray God. God b' wi' you."

Exit Ophelia

Laertes Do you see this, O God?

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

Laertes Let this be so. His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

Claudius So you shall. And where th'offence is let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me.

Exeunt

ACT IV, SCENE 4

A room in Elsinore castle

Enter Horatio and Horatio's Servant

Horatio What are they that would speak with me?

Servant Seafaring men, sir. They say they have letters for you.

Horatio Let them come in.

Exit Horatio's Servant

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter Horatio's Servant and Sailor with letters

Sailor God bless you, sir.

Horatio Let him bless thee too.

Sailor 'A shall, sir, an't please him. There's a letter for you, sir,
It comes from th' ambassador that was bound for
England. if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio "I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb.
These good fellows will bring thee where I am.
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England.
Of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.
He that thou knowest thine. Hamlet."

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

Exeunt

ACT IV, SCENE 5

A room in Elsinore castle

Enter Claudius and Laertes

Claudius Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That Hamlet which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Laertes And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desp'rate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

Claudius Break not your sleeps 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. I lov'd your father.

Enter Horatio's Servant with letters

How now? What news?

Servant Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.
This to your Majesty. This to the Queen.

Claudius From Hamlet? Who brought them?

Servant Sailors, my lord. They were given me by Horatio,
He receiv'd them of him that brought them.

Claudius Laertes, you shall hear them. Leave us.

Exit Horatio's Servant

High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your
kingdom. Tomorrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes,
when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the
occasion of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet,
What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Laertes Know you the hand?

Claudius 'Tis Hamlet's character. Can you advise me?

Laertes I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come!
It warms the very sickness in my heart
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, thus diest thou.

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

Laertes Ay, my lord. So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

Claudius To thine own peace. I will work him

To exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall,
And for his death no wind shall breathe
But even his mother shall uncharge the practice
And call it accident.

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

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

Laertes What part is that, my lord?

Claudius For art and exercise in your defense and for
Your rapier most especially. But, good Laertes,
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.
Bring you in fine together
And wager on your heads. He, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the rapiers, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A rapier unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

Laertes And for that purpose I'll anoint my rapier.
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
This is but scratch'd withal. I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

Claudius Let's further think of this. Therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold
If this did blast in proof. Soft! Let me see.
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning.
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 prepar'd him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

Enter Gertrude

How now, sweet Queen?

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

Laertes Drown'd! O, where?

Gertrude There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laertes Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears, but yet it is our trick,
Nature her custom holds. Let shame say what it will.
When these are gone, the woman will be out.
Adieu, my lord. I have a speech of fire,
That fain would blaze but that this folly douts it.

Exit Laertes

Claudius Let's follow, Gertrude
How much I had to do to calm his rage.
I now fear this will give it start again.

Exit Claudius

ACT V, SCENE 1

A churchyard in Elsinore

Enter Clown with spades and pickaxes. Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clown In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract-o-the time for-a-my behave,
O, methought there a was nothing a meet.

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

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

Hamlet The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

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

Clown throws up a skull

Hamlet That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once.
How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if 'twere
Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder!
This might be the pate of a politician.

One that would circumvent God, might it not?

Horatio It might, my lord.

Clown A pickaxe 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.

Clown throws up another skull

Hamlet I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

Clown Mine, sir.

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

Clown You lie out on't, sir, and therefore 'tis not yours.
For my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Hamlet What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown For no man, sir.

Hamlet What woman then?

Clown For none neither.

Hamlet Who is to be buried in't?

Clown One that was a woman, sir. But, rest her soul, she's dead.

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

Clown Every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet
was born, he that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

Clown Why, because 'a was mad.
'A shall recover his wits there, or, if 'a do not,
'Tis no great matter there.

Hamlet Why?

Clown 'Twill not be seen in him there.
There the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet How came he mad?

Clown Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet Upon what ground?

Clown Why, here in Denmark.

Hamlet picks up skull

Hamlet Whose was it?

Clown A whoreson, mad fellow's it was.
A pestilence on him for a mad rogue!
'A pour'd a flagon of Rhenish on my head once.

Hamlet

Hamlet puts down the skull

'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

But soft! But soft! Aside! Here comes the King.

The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken
The corpse they follow did with desp'rate hand
Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark.

What ceremony else?

That is Laertes. A very noble youth. Mark.

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

Must there no more be done?

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

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

What, the fair Ophelia?

Sweets to the sweet! Farewell.

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laertes O, treble woe! Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

Laertes leaps in the grave

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead
Till of this flat a mountain you have made.

Hamlet What is he whose grief bears such an emphasis?
Whose phrase of sorrow conjures the wand'ring stars,
And makes them stand like wonder-wounded hearers?
This is I, Hamlet the Dane.

Hamlet leaps in grave after Laertes

Laertes The devil take thy soul!

Hamlet and Laertes grapple

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

Claudius Pluck them asunder.

Gertrude Hamlet, Hamlet!

Horatio Good my lord, be quiet.

Hamlet and Laertes come out of the grave

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

Gertrude O my son, what theme?

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

Claudius O, he is mad, Laertes.

Gertrude For love of God, forbear him!

Hamlet Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
I'll rant as well as thou.

Gertrude This is mere madness.
And thus a while the fit will work on him.
His silence will sit drooping.

Hamlet What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter.
Let Hercules himself do what he may,

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

Exit Hamlet

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

Exit Horatio

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
This grave shall have a living monument.
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see,
Till then in patience our proceeding be.

Exeunt

ACT V, SCENE 2

A hall in Elsinore castle

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Horatio So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz are dead?

Hamlet Why man, they did make love to the king's employment.
They are not near my conscience

Horatio It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.
Peace! Who comes here?

Enter Osric with rapiers

Osric Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark. I humbly thank you sir.

Hamlet Dost know this waterfly (*aside to Horatio*)?

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

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

Osric I thank your lordship it is very hot.

Hamlet No, believe me it is very cold.

Osric It is indifferent cold my lord indeed.

Hamlet But yet methinks it is very sultry.

Osric Exceedingly my lord. It is very sultry. But, my lord,
His Majesty bade me signify to you that he has
Laid a great wager on your head 'gainst Laertes.

Hamlet What's his weapon?

Osric Rapier and dagger.

Hamlet That's two of his weapons.

Osric The King, sir, hath wager'd with him six Barbary horses,
Against the which he has impon'd, as I take it, six
French rapiers and poniards.

Hamlet The King hold his purpose. I will win for him if I can.
 Enter Claudius, Gertrude and Laertes

Claudius Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.
 The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's

Hamlet Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong.
 But pardon it as a gentleman for what I have done
 I here proclaim was madness.

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
 And precedent of peace to keep my name ungor'd.
 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 rapiers.

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,
 Stick fiery off indeed.

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

Hamlet Your Grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

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

Hamlet Prepare to play.

Osric Ay, my good lord.

Claudius Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.
 If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
 Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
 The King shall drink to Hamlet's better breath.
 Come, begin. And you the judges, bear a wary eye.

Hamlet Come on, sir.

Laertes Come, my lord.
 Hamlet and Laertes fight

Hamlet One.

Laertes No.

Hamlet Judgment!

Osric A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laertes Well, again!
Claudius Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
Hamlet I'll play this bout first. Set it by awhile. Come.

They fight. Another hit.

What say you?
Laertes A touch, a touch. I do confess't.
Claudius Our son shall win.
Gertrude He's scant of breath. Here, Hamlet, take my napkin,
Rub thy brows. The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
Hamlet Good madam!
Claudius Gertrude, do not drink.
Gertrude I will, my lord. I pray you pardon me.

Gertrude drinks

Hamlet I dare not drink yet, madam, by-and-by.
Gertrude Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laertes My lord, I'll hit him now.
And yet it is almost against my conscience.
Hamlet Come for the third, Laertes! You but dally.
Pray you pass with your best violence,
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
Laertes Say you so? Come on. Play. Have at you now!

Laertes wounds Hamlet, they change rapiers and Hamlet wounds Laertes

Claudius Part them! They are incens'd.
Hamlet Nay come! Again!

Gertrude falls

Osric Look to the Queen there, ho!
Horatio They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?
Osric How is't, Laertes?
Laertes Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe,
Osric. I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Hamlet How does the Queen?
Claudius She sounds to see them bleed.
Gertrude No, no! The drink, the drink! O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd.

Gertrude dies

Hamlet O villany! Ho! Let the door be lock'd.

Treachery! Seek it out.

Laertes falls

Laertes It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life.
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd. The foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poison'd.
I can no more. The King, the King's to blame.

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

Hamlet hurts the King

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

Hamlet Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion! Is thy union here? Follow my mother.

King dies

Laertes He is justly serv'd. It is a poison temper'd by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet,
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!

Laertes dies

Hamlet Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched Queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant,
Death, is strict in his arrest. Horatio, I am dead.
Thou liv'st. Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Horatio I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
Here's yet some liquor left.

Hamlet As th'art a man. Give me the cup. Let go!
By heaven, I'll ha't. O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story. O, I die, Horatio!
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit.

Hamlet dies. Enter Ambassador

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

Ambassador The sight is dismal,

And our affairs from England come too late.
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing
To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

Horatio

Not from his mouth, had it th' ability of life to thank you.
And you from England, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view.
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of carnal, 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 th'inventors' heads.
All this can I truly deliver.

Exeunt