

Play: \*HAMLET\*.

Act: ACT I.

Scen: SCENE I.

Text: [Elsinore. A platform before the castle.]

[FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.]

BERNARDO.

Who's there? 1/1/1

FRANCISCO.

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself. 1/1/2

BERNARDO.

Long live the King! 1/1/3

FRANCISCO.

Bernardo? 1/1/4

BERNARDO.

He. 1/1/5

FRANCISCO.

You come most carefully upon your hour. 1/1/6

BERNARDO.

'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco. 1/1/7

FRANCISCO.

For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, 1/1/8

And I am sick at heart. 1/1/9

BERNARDO.

Have you had quiet guard? 1/1/10

FRANCISCO.

Not a mouse stirring.

BERNARDO.

Well, good night. 1/1/11

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, 1/1/12

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste. 1/1/13

FRANCISCO.

I think I hear them.- Stand, ho! Who is there? 1/1/14

[Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.]

HORATIO.

Friends to this ground. 1/1/15

MARCELLUS.

And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO.

Give you good night. 1/1/16

MARCELLUS.

O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you? 1/1/17

FRANCISCO.

Bernardo has my place.	
Give you good night. [Exit.]	1/1/18
MARCELLUS.	
Holla! Bernardo!	1/1/19
BERNARDO.	
Say,-	
What, is Horatio there?	1/1/20
HORATIO.	
A piece of him.	
BERNARDO.	
Welcome, Horatio:- welcome, good Marcellus.	1/1/20
MARCELLUS.	
What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?	1/1/21
BERNARDO.	
I have seen nothing.	1/1/22
MARCELLUS.	
Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,	1/1/23
And will not let belief take hold of him	1/1/24
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:	1/1/25
Therefore I have entreated him along	1/1/26
With us to watch the minutes of this night;	1/1/27
That, if again this apparition come,	1/1/28
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.	1/1/29
HORATIO.	
Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.	1/1/30
BERNARDO.	
Sit down awhile;	
And let us once again assail your ears,	1/1/31
That are so fortified against our story,	1/1/32
What we two nights have seen.	1/1/33
HORATIO.	
Well, sit we down,	
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.	1/1/34
BERNARDO.	
Last night of all,	1/1/35
When yond same star that's westward from the pole	1/1/36
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heaven	1/1/37
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,	1/1/38
The bell then beating one,-	1/1/39
MARCELLUS.	
Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!	1/1/40
[Enter GHOST.]	
BERNARDO.	

In the same figure, like the king that's dead. 1/1/41  
 MARCELLUS.

Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio. 1/1/42  
 BERNARDO.

Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio. 1/1/43  
 HORATIO.

Most like:- it harrows me with fear and wonder. 1/1/44  
 BERNARDO.

It would be spoke to. 1/1/45  
 MARCELLUS.

Question it, Horatio.  
 HORATIO.

What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night, 1/1/46  
 Together with that fair and warlike form 1/1/47  
 In which the majesty of buried Denmark 1/1/48  
 Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak! 1/1/49  
 MARCELLUS.

It is offended. 1/1/50  
 BERNARDO.  
 See, it stalks away!  
 HORATIO.

Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee speak! [Exit GHOST.] 1/1/51  
 MARCELLUS.

'Tis gone, and will not answer. 1/1/52  
 BERNARDO.

How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale: 1/1/53  
 Is not this something more than fantasy? 1/1/54  
 What think you on't? 1/1/55  
 HORATIO.

Before my God, I might not this believe 1/1/56  
 Without the sensible and true avouch 1/1/57  
 Of mine own eyes. 1/1/58  
 MARCELLUS.

Is it not like the King?  
 HORATIO.

As thou art to thyself: 1/1/59  
 Such was the very armour he had on 1/1/60  
 When he th'ambitious Norway combated; 1/1/61  
 So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle, 1/1/62  
 He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice. 1/1/63

'Tis strange. 1/1/64  
 MARCELLUS.

Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour, 1/1/65

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch. HORATIO.	1/1/66
In what particular thought to work I know not; But, in the gross and scope of my opinion, This bodes some strange eruption to our state. MARCELLUS.	1/1/67 1/1/68 1/1/69
Good now, sit down, and 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 sore task	1/1/70 1/1/71 1/1/72 1/1/73 1/1/74
1/1/75 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? HORATIO.	1/1/76 1/1/77 1/1/78 1/1/79
That can I;	
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king, Whose image even but now appear'd to us, Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway, Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride, Dared 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 ratified by law and heraldry, Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands Which he stood seized of 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 cov'nant, And carriage of the article design'd, His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras, Of unimproved mettle hot and full, Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there, Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute, For food and diet, to some enterprise 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 compulsative, those foresaid lands	1/1/80 1/1/81 1/1/82 1/1/83 1/1/84 1/1/85 1/1/86 1/1/87 1/1/88 1/1/89 1/1/90 1/1/91 1/1/92 1/1/93 1/1/94 1/1/95 1/1/96 1/1/97 1/1/98 1/1/99 1/1/100 1/1/101 1/1/102 1/1/103

So by his father lost: and this, I take it,	1/1/104
Is the main motive of our preparations,	1/1/105
The source of this our watch, and the chief head	1/1/106
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.	1/1/107
BERNARDO.	
I think it be no other but e'en so:	1/1/108
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure	1/1/109
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king	1/1/110
That was and is the question of these wars.	1/1/111
HORATIO.	
A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.	1/1/112
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,	1/1/113
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,	1/1/114
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead	1/1/115
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:	1/1/116
As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,	1/1/117
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,	1/1/118
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,	1/1/119
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:	1/1/120
And even the like precurse of fierce events-	1/1/121
As harbingers preceding still the fates,	1/1/122
And prologue to the omen coming on-	1/1/123
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated	1/1/124
Unto our climatures and countrymen.-	1/1/125
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!	1/1/126
[Enter GHOST again.]	
I'll cross it, though it blast me.- Stay, illusion!	1/1/127
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,	1/1/128
Speak to me:	1/1/129
If there be any good thing to be done,	1/1/130
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,	1/1/131
Speak to me:	1/1/132
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,	1/1/133
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,	1/1/134
O, speak!	1/1/135
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life	1/1/136
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,	1/1/137
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,	1/1/138
[Cock crows.]	
Speak of it:- stay, and speak!- Stop it, Marcellus.	1/1/139
MARCELLUS.	
Shall I strike at it with my partisan?	1/1/140
HORATIO.	
Do, if it will not stand.	1/1/141
BERNARDO.	
'Tis here!	
HORATIO.	

'Tis here!

MARCELLUS.

'Tis gone! [Exit GHOST.]	1/1/142
We do it wrong, being so majestic,	1/1/143
To offer it the show of violence;	1/1/144
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,	1/1/145
And our vain blows malicious mockery.	1/1/146
BERNARDO.	
It was about to speak when the cock crew.	1/1/147
HORATIO.	
And then it started like a guilty thing	1/1/148
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,	1/1/149
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,	1/1/150
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat	1/1/151
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,	1/1/152
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,	1/1/153
Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies	1/1/154
To his confine: and of the truth herein	1/1/155
This present object made probation.	1/1/156
MARCELLUS.	
It faded on the crowing of the cock.	1/1/157
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes	1/1/158
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,	1/1/159
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:	1/1/160
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;	1/1/161
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,	1/1/162
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;	1/1/163
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.	1/1/164
HORATIO.	
So have I heard, and do in part believe it.	1/1/165
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,	1/1/166
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:	1/1/167
Break we our watch up: and, by my advice,	1/1/168
Let us impart what we have seen to-night	1/1/169
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,	1/1/170
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:	1/1/171
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,	1/1/172
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?	1/1/173
MARCELLUS.	
Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know	1/1/174
Where we shall find him most convenient. [Exeunt.]	1/1/175

Play: \*HAMLET\*.

Act: ACT I.

Scen: SCENE II.

Text: [A room of state in the castle.]

[Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,  
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.]

KING.

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death	1/2/1
The memory be green; and that it us befitted	1/2/2
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom	1/2/3
To be contracted in one brow of woe;	1/2/4
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,	1/2/5
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,	1/2/6
Together with remembrance of ourselves.	1/2/7
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,	1/2/8
Th'imperial jointress of this warlike state,	1/2/9
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,-	1/2/10
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,	1/2/11
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,	1/2/12
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,-	1/2/13
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd	1/2/14
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone	1/2/15
With this affair along:- for all, our thanks.	1/2/16
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,	1/2/17
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,	1/2/18
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death	1/2/19
Our state to be *disjoint* and out of frame,	1/2/20
Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,-	1/2/21
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,	1/2/22
Importing the surrender of those lands	1/2/23
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,	1/2/24
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.-	1/2/25
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:	1/2/26
Thus much the business is:- we have here writ	1/2/27
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,-	1/2/28
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears	1/2/29
Of this his nephew's purpose,- to suppress	1/2/30
His further gait herein; in that the levies,	1/2/31
The lists, and full proportions, are all made	1/2/32
Out of his subject:- and we here dispatch	1/2/33
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,	1/2/34
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;	1/2/35
Giving to you no further personal power	1/2/36
To business with the king, more than the scope	1/2/37
Of these delated articles allow.	1/2/38
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.	1/2/39
CORNELIUS and VOLTIMAND.	
In that and all things will we show our duty.	1/2/40
KING.	
We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell. [Exeunt	1/2/41

VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? 1/2/42  
 You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes? 1/2/43  
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, 1/2/44  
 And lose your voice: what would'st thou beg, Laertes, 1/2/45  
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? 1/2/46  
 The head is not more native to the heart, 1/2/47  
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth, 1/2/48  
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. 1/2/49  
 What wouldst thou have, Laertes? 1/2/50

LAERTES.

Dread my lord,  
 Your leave and favour to return to France; 1/2/51  
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark, 1/2/52  
 To show my duty in your coronations; 1/2/53  
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done, 1/2/54  
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France, 1/2/55  
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon. 1/2/56

KING.

Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius? 1/2/57

POLONIUS.

He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave 1/2/58  
 By laboursome petition; and, at last, 1/2/59  
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: 1/2/60  
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go. 1/2/61

KING.

Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,  
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will!- 1/2/62  
 But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,- 1/2/63  
 1/2/64

HAMLET [aside].

A little more than kin, and less than kind. 1/2/65

KING.

How is it that the clouds still hang on you? 1/2/66

HAMLET.

Not so, my lord; I am too much i'th'sun. 1/2/67

QUEEN.

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off, 1/2/68  
 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark. 1/2/69  
 Do not for ever with thy veiled lids 1/2/70  
 Seek for thy noble father in the dust: 1/2/71  
 Thou know'st tis common,- all that live must die, 1/2/72  
 Passing through nature to eternity. 1/2/73

HAMLET.

Ay, madam, it is common. 1/2/74

QUEEN.

If it be,  
 Why seems it so particular with thee? 1/2/75



## HAMLET.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not "seems."	1/2/76
'Tis not along my inky cloak, good mother,	1/2/77
Nor customary suits of solemn black,	1/2/78
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,	1/2/79
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,	1/2/80
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,	1/2/81
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,	1/2/82
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,	1/2/83
For they are actions that a man might play:	1/2/84
But I have that within which passeth show;	1/2/85
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.	1/2/86

## KING.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,	1/2/87
To give these mourning duties to your father:	1/2/88
But, you must know, your father lost a father;	1/2/89
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,	1/2/90
In filial obligation, for some term	1/2/91
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere	1/2/92
In obstinate condolment, is a course	1/2/93
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:	1/2/94
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;	1/2/95
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;	1/2/96
An understanding simple and unschool'd:	1/2/97
For what we know must be, and is as common	1/2/98
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,	1/2/99
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,	1/2/100
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,	1/2/101
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,	1/2/102
To reason most absurd; whose common theme	1/2/103
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,	1/2/104
From the first corse till he that died to-day,	1/2/105
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth	1/2/106
This unprevailing woe; and think of us	1/2/107
As of a father: for let the world take note,	1/2/108
You are the most immediate to our throne;	1/2/109
And with no less nobility of love	1/2/110
Than that which dearest father bears his son,	1/2/111
Do I impart toward you. For your intent	1/2/112
In going back to school in Wittenberg,	1/2/113
It is most retrograde to our desire:	1/2/114
And we beseech you, bend you to remain	1/2/115
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,	1/2/116
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.	1/2/117

## QUEEN.

Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:	1/2/118
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.	1/2/119

HAMLET.

I shall in all my best obey you, madam. 1/2/120

KING.

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply: 1/2/121

Be as ourself in Denmark.- Madam, come; 1/2/122

This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet 1/2/123

Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof, 1/2/124

No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day, 1/2/125

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell; 1/2/126

And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again, 1/2/127

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. [Exeunt all but 1/2/128

HAMLET.]

HAMLET.

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt, 1/2/129

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew! 1/2/130

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd 1/2/131

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God! 1/2/132

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable 1/2/133

Seem to me all the uses of this world! 1/2/134

Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden, 1/2/135

That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature 1/2/136

Possess it merely. That it should come to this! 1/2/137

But two months dead!- nay, not so much, not two: 1/2/138

So excellent a king; that was, to this, 1/2/139

Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother, 1/2/140

That he might not beteem the winds of heaven 1/2/141

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth! 1/2/142

Must I remember? why, she would hang on him, 1/2/143

As if increase of appetite had grown 1/2/144

By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,- 1/2/145

Let me not think on't,- Frailty, thy name is woman!- 1/2/146

A little month; or e'er those shoes were old 1/2/147

With which she follow'd my poor father's body, 1/2/148

Like Niobe, all tears;- why she, even she- 1/2/149

O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason, 1/2/150

Would have mourn'd longer- married with my uncle, 1/2/151

My father's brother; but no more like my father 1/2/152

Than I to Hercules: within a month; 1/2/153

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears 1/2/154

Had left the flushing in her galled eyes, 1/2/155

She married:- O, most wicked speed, to post 1/2/156

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets! 1/2/157

It is not nor it cannot come to good: 1/2/158

But break, my heart,- for I must hold my tongue! 1/2/159

[Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.]

HORATIO.

Hail to your lordship! 1/2/160

HAMLET.  
 I am glad to see you well:  
 Horatio,- or I do forget myself. 1/2/161  
 HORATIO.  
 The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever. 1/2/162  
 HAMLET.  
 Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you: 1/2/163  
 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?- 1/2/164  
 Marcellus? 1/2/165  
 MARCELLUS.  
 My good lord,- 1/2/166  
 HAMLET.  
 I am very glad to see you.- Good even, sir.- 1/2/167  
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg? 1/2/168  
 HORATIO.  
 A truant disposition, good my lord. 1/2/169  
 HAMLET.  
 I would not hear your enemy say so; 1/2/170  
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence 1/2/171  
 To make it truster of your own report 1/2/172  
 Against yourself: I know you are no truant. 1/2/173  
 But what is your affair in Elsinore? 1/2/174  
 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart. 1/2/175  
 HORATIO.  
 My lord, I came to see your father's funeral. 1/2/176  
 HAMLET.  
 I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student; 1/2/177  
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding. 1/2/178  
 HORATIO.  
 Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon. 1/2/179  
 HAMLET.  
 Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats 1/2/180  
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. 1/2/181  
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven 1/2/182  
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!- 1/2/183  
 My father,- methinks I see my father. 1/2/184  
 HORATIO.  
 O, where, my lord? 1/2/185  
 HAMLET.  
 In my mind's eye, Horatio.  
 HORATIO.  
 I saw him once; he was a goodly king. 1/2/186  
 HAMLET.  
 He was a man, take him for all in all, 1/2/187  
 I shall not look upon his like again. 1/2/188  
 HORATIO.  
 My lord, I think I saw him yesternight. 1/2/189

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HAMLET.  
Saw? who? 1/2/190  
HORATIO.  
My lord, the king your father. 1/2/191  
HAMLET.  
The king my father!  
HORATIO.  
Season your admiration for a while 1/2/192  
With an attent ear; till I may deliver, 1/2/193  
Upon the witness of these gentlemen, 1/2/194  
This marvel to you. 1/2/195  
HAMLET.  
For God's love, let me hear.  
HORATIO.  
Two nights together had these gentlemen, 1/2/196  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch, 1/2/197  
In the dead vast and middle of the night, 1/2/198  
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father, 1/2/199  
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pie, 1/2/200  
Appears before them, and with solemn march 1/2/201  
Goes slowly and stately by them: thrice he walk'd 1/2/202  
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes, 1/2/203  
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd 1/2/204  
Almost to jelly with the act of fear, 1/2/205  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me 1/2/206  
In dreadful secrecy impart they did; 1/2/207  
And I with them the third night kept the watch: 1/2/208  
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, 1/2/209  
Form of the thing, each word made true and good, 1/2/210  
The apparition comes: I knew your father; 1/2/211  
These hands are not more like. 1/2/212  
HAMLET.  
But where was this?  
MARCELLUS.  
My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd. 1/2/213  
HAMLET.  
Did you not speak to it? 1/2/214  
HORATIO.  
My lord, I did;  
But answer made it none: yet once methought 1/2/215  
It lifted up its head, and did address 1/2/216  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak: 1/2/217  
But even then the morning cock crew loud; 1/2/218  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away, 1/2/219  
And vanish'd from our sight. 1/2/220  
HAMLET.  
'Tis very strange.

HORATIO.	
As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;	1/2/221
And we did think it writ down in our duty	1/2/222
To let you know of it.	1/2/223
HAMLET.	
Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.	1/2/224
Hold you the watch to-night?	1/2/225
MARCELLUS AND BERNARDO.	
We do, my lord.	
HAMLET.	
Arm'd, say you?	1/2/226
MARCELLUS AND BERNARDO.	
Arm'd, my lord.	1/2/227
HAMLET.	
From top to toe?	1/2/228
MARCELLUS AND BERNARDO.	
My lord, from head to foot.	
HAMLET.	
Then saw you not his face?	1/2/229
HORATIO.	
O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.	1/2/230
HAMLET.	
What, look'd he frowningly?	1/2/231
HORATIO.	
A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.	1/2/232
HAMLET.	
Pale or red?	1/2/233
HORATIO.	
Nay, very pale.	1/2/234
HAMLET.	
And fix'd his eyes upon you?	
HORATIO.	
Most constantly.	1/2/235
HAMLET.	
I would I had been there.	
HORATIO.	
It would have much amazed you.	1/2/236
HAMLET.	
Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?	1/2/237
HORATIO.	
While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.	1/2/238
MARCELLUS AND BERNARDO.	
Longer, longer.	1/2/239
HORATIO.	
Not when I saw't.	1/2/240
HAMLET.	
His beard was grizzled,- no?	

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HORATIO.

It was, as I have seen it in his life, 1/2/241  
A sable silver'd. 1/2/242

HAMLET.

I will watch to-night;  
Perchance 'twill walk again. 1/2/243

HORATIO.

I warrant it will.

HAMLET.

If it assume my noble father's person, 1/2/244  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape, 1/2/245  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, 1/2/246  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight, 1/2/247  
Let it be tenable in your silence still; 1/2/248  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, 1/2/249  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue: 1/2/250  
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well: 1/2/251  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve, 1/2/252  
I'll visit you. 1/2/253

ALL.

Our duty to your honour.

HAMLET.

Your loves, as mine to you: farewell. [Exeunt all but 1/2/254  
HAMLET.]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well; 1/2/255  
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come! 1/2/256  
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise, 1/2/257  
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. 1/2/258  
[Exit.]

Play: \*HAMLET\*.

Act: ACT I.

Scen: SCENE III.

Text: [A room in Polonius' house.]

[Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.]

LAERTES.

My \*necessaries\* are embark'd: farewell:

1/3/1

And, sister, as the winds give benefit, 1/3/2

And convoy is assistant, do not sleep, 1/3/3

But let me hear from you. 1/3/4

OPHELIA.

Do you doubt that?

LAERTES.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour, 1/3/5

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood; 1/3/6

A violet in the youth of primy nature, 1/3/7  
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, 1/3/8  
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute; 1/3/9  
 No more. 1/3/10  
     OPHELIA.  
     No more but so?  
     LAERTES.  
         Think it no more:  
 For nature, crescent, does not grow alone 1/3/11  
 In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes, 1/3/12  
 The inward service of the mind and soul 1/3/13  
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now; 1/3/14  
 And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch 1/3/15  
 The virtue of his will: but you must fear, 1/3/16  
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own; 1/3/17  
 For he himself is subject to his birth: 1/3/18  
 He may not, as unvalued persons do, 1/3/19  
 Carve for himself; for on his choice depends 1/3/20  
 The safety and health of this whole state; 1/3/21  
 And therefore must his choice be circumscribed 1/3/22  
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body, 1/3/23  
 Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you, 1/3/24  
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it, 1/3/25  
 As he in his particular act and place 1/3/26  
 May give his saying deed; which is no further 1/3/27  
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal. 1/3/28  
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain, 1/3/29  
 If with too credent ear you list his songs; 1/3/30  
 Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open 1/3/31  
 To his unmaster'd importunity. 1/3/32  
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister; 1/3/33  
 And keep you in the rear of your affection, 1/3/34  
 Out of the shot and danger of desire. 1/3/35  
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough, 1/3/36  
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon: 1/3/37  
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes: 1/3/38  
 The canker galls the infants of the spring, 1/3/39  
 Too oft before their buttons be disclosed; 1/3/40  
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth 1/3/41  
 Contagious blastments are most imminent. 1/3/42  
 Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear: 1/3/43  
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near. 1/3/44  
     OPHELIA.  
 I shall th'effect of this good lesson keep, 1/3/45  
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother, 1/3/46  
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, 1/3/47  
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven; 1/3/48

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,	1/3/49
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,	1/3/50
And recks not his own rede.	1/3/51
LAERTES.	
O, fear me not.	
I stay too long;- but here my father comes.	1/3/52
[Enter POLONIUS.]	
A double blessing is a double grace;	1/3/53
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.	1/3/54
POLONIUS.	
Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!	1/3/55
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,	1/3/56
And you are stay'd for. There,- my blessing with thee!	1/3/57
[Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.]	
And these few precepts in thy memory	1/3/58
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,	1/3/59
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.	1/3/60
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.	1/3/61
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,	1/3/62
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;	1/3/63
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment	1/3/64
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware	1/3/65
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,	1/3/66
Bear't, that th'opposed may beware of thee.	1/3/67
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:	1/3/68
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.	1/3/69
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,	1/3/70
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:	1/3/71
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;	1/3/72
And they in France of the best rank and station	1/3/73
Are most select and generous, chief in that.	1/3/74
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:	1/3/75
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;	1/3/76
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.	1/3/77
This above all,- to thine own self be true;	1/3/78
And it must follow, as the night the day,	1/3/79
Thou canst not then be false to any man.	1/3/80
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!	1/3/81
LAERTES.	
Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.	1/3/82
POLONIUS.	
The time invites you; go, your servants tend.	1/3/83
LAERTES.	
Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well	1/3/84
What I have said to you.	1/3/85
OPHELIA.	
'Tis in my memory lock'd,	



And you yourself shall keep the key of it.	1/3/86
LAERTES.	
Farewell. [Exit.]	1/3/87
POLONIUS.	
What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?	1/3/88
OPHELIA.	
So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.	1/3/89
POLONIUS.	
Marry, well bethought:	1/3/90
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late	1/3/91
Given private time to you; and you yourself	1/3/92
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous:	1/3/93
If it be so,- as so 'tis put on me,	1/3/94
And that in way of caution,- I must tell you,	1/3/95
You do not understand yourself so clearly	1/3/96
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.	1/3/97
What is between you? give me up the truth.	1/3/98
OPHELIA.	
He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders	1/3/99
Of his affection to me.	1/3/100
POLONIUS.	
Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,	1/3/101
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.	1/3/102
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?	1/3/103
OPHELIA.	
I do not know, my lord, what I should think.	1/3/104
POLONIUS.	
Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;	1/3/105
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,	1/3/106
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;	1/3/107
Or- not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,	1/3/108
Running it thus- you'll tender me a fool.	1/3/109
OPHELIA.	
My lord, he hath importuned me with love	1/3/110
In honourable fashion.	1/3/111
POLONIUS.	
Ay, fashion you may call't; go to, go to.	1/3/112
OPHELIA.	
And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,	1/3/113
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.	1/3/114
POLONIUS.	
Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,	1/3/115
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul	1/3/116
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,	1/3/117
Giving more light than heat,- extinct in both,	1/3/118
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,-	1/3/119
You must not take for fire. From this time	1/3/120

Be somewhat scanted of your maiden presence;	1/3/121
Set your entreatments at a higher rate	1/3/122
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,	1/3/123
Believe so much in him, that he is young;	1/3/124
And with a larger tether may he walk	1/3/125
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,	1/3/126
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,-	1/3/127
Not of that dye which their investments show,	1/3/128
But mere implorators of unholy suits,	1/3/129
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,	1/3/130
The better to beguile. This is for all,-	1/3/131
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,	1/3/132
Have you so slander any moment leisure	1/3/133
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.	1/3/134
Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.	1/3/135
OPHELIA.	
I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.]	1/3/136

Play: \*HAMLET\*.

Act: ACT I.

Scen: SCENE IV.

Text: [The platform before the castle.]

[Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.]

HAMLET.

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold. 1/4/1

HORATIO.

It is a nipping and an eager air. 1/4/2

HAMLET.

What hour now? 1/4/3

HORATIO.

I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS.

No, it is struck. 1/4/4

HORATIO.

Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season 1/4/5

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. [A flourish of 1/4/6  
trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.]

What does this mean, my lord? 1/4/7

HAMLET.

The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse, 1/4/8

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels; 1/4/9

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down, 1/4/10

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out 1/4/11

The triumph of his pledge. 1/4/12

HORATIO.

Is it a custom?

## HAMLET.

Ay, marry, is't:	1/4/13	
But to my mind,- though I am native here,		1/4/14
And to the manner born,- it is a custom		1/4/15
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.		1/4/16
This heavy-headed revel east and west		1/4/17
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:		1/4/18
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase		1/4/19
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes	1/4/20	
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,		1/4/21
The pith and marrow of our attribute.		1/4/22
So, oft it chanches in particular men,	1/4/23	
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,		1/4/24
As, in their birth,- wherein they are not guilty,		1/4/25
Since nature cannot choose his origin,-		1/4/26
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,		1/4/27
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;		1/4/28
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens		1/4/29
The form of *plausive* manners;- that these men,-		
1/4/30		
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,		1/4/31
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,-	1/4/32	
Their virtues else- be they as pure as grace,		1/4/33
As infinite as man may undergo-	1/4/34	
Shall in the general censure take corruption		1/4/35
From that particular fault: the dram of evil		1/4/36
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt		1/4/37
To his own scandal.	1/4/38	

HORATIO.

Look, my lord, it comes!

[Enter GHOST.]

HAMLET.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!-		1/4/39
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,		1/4/40
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,		1/4/41
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,	1/4/42	
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,		1/4/43
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,		1/4/44
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!		1/4/45
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell	1/4/46	
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,		1/4/47
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,		1/4/48
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd	1/4/49	
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws		1/4/50
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,		1/4/51
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,		1/4/52
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,		1/4/53

Making night hideous; and we fools of nature 1/4/54  
 So horridly to shake our disposition 1/4/55  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? 1/4/56  
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do? [GHOST 1/4/57  
 beckons HAMLET.]  
 HORATIO.  
 It beckons you to go away with it, 1/4/58  
 As if it some impartment did desire 1/4/59  
 To you alone. 1/4/60  
 MARCELLUS.  
 Look, with what courteous action  
 It waves you to a more removed ground: 1/4/61  
 But do not go with it. 1/4/62  
 HORATIO.  
 No, by no means.  
 HAMLET.  
 It will not speak; then I will follow it. 1/4/63  
 HORATIO.  
 Do not, my lord. 1/4/64  
 HAMLET.  
 Why, what should be the fear?  
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee; 1/4/65  
 And for my soul, what can it do to that, 1/4/66  
 Being a thing immortal as itself? 1/4/67  
 It waves me forth again;- I'll follow it. 1/4/68  
 HORATIO.  
 What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord, 1/4/69  
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff 1/4/70  
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea, 1/4/71  
 And there assume some other horrible form, 1/4/72  
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason, 1/4/73  
 And draw you into madness? think of it: 1/4/74  
 The very place puts toys of desperation, 1/4/75  
 Without more motive, into every brain, 1/4/76  
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea, 1/4/77  
 And hears it roar beneath. 1/4/78  
 HAMLET.  
 It waves me still.-  
 Go on; I'll follow thee. 1/4/79  
 MARCELLUS.  
 You shall not go, my lord. 1/4/80  
 HAMLET.  
 Hold off your hands.  
 HORATIO.  
 Be ruled; you shall not go. 1/4/81  
 HAMLET.  
 My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body 1/4/82  
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.- 1/4/83  
 Still am I call'd:- unhand me, gentlemen;- 1/4/84  
 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:- 1/4/85  
 I say, away!- Go on; I'll follow thee. [Exeunt GHOST and 1/4/86  
 HAMLET.]  
 HORATIO.  
 He waxes desperate with imagination. 1/4/87  
 MARCELLUS.  
 Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him. 1/4/88  
 HORATIO.  
 Have after.- To what issue will this come? 1/4/89  
 MARCELLUS.  
 Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. 1/4/90  
 HORATIO.  
 Heaven will direct it. 1/4/91  
 MARCELLUS.  
 Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt.]

Play: \*HAMLET\*.

Act: ACT I.

Scen: SCENE V.

Text: [Another part of the platform.]

[Enter GHOST and HAMLET.]

HAMLET.

Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further. 1/4/1

GHOST.

Mark me. 1/4/2

HAMLET.

I will.

GHOST.

My hour is almost come,  
 When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames 1/4/3

Must render up myself. 1/4/4

HAMLET.

Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST.

Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing 1/4/5  
 To what I shall unfold. 1/4/6

HAMLET.

Speak; I am bound to hear.

GHOST.

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear. 1/4/7

HAMLET.

What? 1/4/8

GHOST.

I am thy father's spirit; 1/4/9  
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, 1/4/10  
 And for the day confined to fast in fires, 1/4/11  
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature 1/4/12  
 Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid 1/4/13  
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house, 1/4/14  
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word 1/4/15  
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood; 1/4/16  
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres; 1/4/17  
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part, 1/4/18  
 And each particular hair to stand on end, 1/4/19  
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine: 1/4/20  
 But this eternal blazon must not be 1/4/21  
 To ears of flesh and blood.- List, list, O, list!- 1/4/22  
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love,- 1/4/23  
 HAMLET.  
 O God! 1/4/24  
 GHOST.  
 Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder. 1/4/25  
 HAMLET.  
 Murder! 1/4/26  
 GHOST.  
 Murder most foul, as in the best it is; 1/4/27  
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural. 1/4/28  
 HAMLET.  
 Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift 1/4/29  
 As meditation or the thoughts of love, 1/4/30  
 May sweep to my revenge. 1/4/31  
 GHOST.  
 I find thee apt;  
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed 1/4/32  
 That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, 1/4/33  
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear: 1/4/34  
 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard, 1/4/35  
 A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark 1/4/36  
 Is by a forged process of my death 1/4/37  
 Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth, 1/4/38  
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life 1/4/39  
 Now wears his crown. 1/4/40  
 HAMLET.  
 O my prophetic soul!  
 My uncle! 1/4/41  
 GHOST.  
 Ay, that incestuous, that \*adulterate beast,\* 1/4/42  
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,- 1/4/43  
 O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power 1/4/44

So to seduce!- won to his shameful lust	1/4/45
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:	1/4/46
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!	1/4/47
From me, whose love was of that dignity,	1/4/48
That it went hand in hand even with the vow	1/4/49
I made to her in marriage; and to decline	1/4/50
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor	1/4/51
To those of mine!	1/4/52
But virtue, as it never will be moved,	1/4/53
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;	1/4/54
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,	1/4/55
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,	1/4/56
And prey on garbage.	1/4/57
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;	1/4/58
Brief let me be.- Sleeping within my orchard,	1/4/59
My custom always in the afternoon,	1/4/60
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,	1/4/61
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,	1/4/62
And in the porches of mine ears did pour	1/4/63
The leperous distilment; whose effect	1/4/64
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,	1/4/65
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through	1/4/66
The natural gates and alleys of the body;	1/4/67
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset	1/4/68
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,	1/4/69
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;	1/4/70
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,	1/4/71
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust	1/4/72
All my smooth body.	1/4/73
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand	1/4/74
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:	1/4/75
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,	1/4/76
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unaneled;	1/4/77
No reckoning made, but sent to my account	1/4/78
With all my imperfections on my head:	1/4/79
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!	1/4/80
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;	1/4/81
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be	1/4/82
A couch for luxury and damned incest.	1/4/83
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,	1/4/84
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive	1/4/85
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,	1/4/86
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge	1/4/87
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!	1/4/88
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,	1/4/89
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:	1/4/90
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [Exit.]	1/4/91

HAMLET.

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else? 1/4/92  
 And shall I couple hell?- O, fie!- Hold, hold, my heart; 1/4/93  
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old, 1/4/94  
 But bear me stiffly up.- Remember thee! 1/4/95  
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat 1/4/96  
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee! 1/4/97  
 Yea, from the table of my memory 1/4/98  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records, 1/4/99  
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past, 1/4/100  
 That youth and observation copied there; 1/4/101  
 And thy commandment all alone shall live 1/4/102  
 Within the book and volume of my brain, 1/4/103  
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!- 1/4/104  
 O most pernicious woman! 1/4/105  
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain! 1/4/106  
 My tables,- meet it is I set it down, 1/4/107  
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain; 1/4/108  
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: [Writing.] 1/4/109  
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word; 1/4/110  
 It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me:"- 1/4/111  
 I have sworn't. 1/4/112  
     HORATIO [within].  
 My lord, my lord,- 1/4/113  
     MARCELLUS [within].  
         Lord Hamlet,-  
     HORATIO [within].  
                 Heaven secure him!  
     HAMLET.  
 So be it! 1/4/114  
     HORATIO [within].  
 Illo, ho, ho, my lord! 1/4/115  
     HAMLET.  
 Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come. 1/4/116  
     [Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.]  
     MARCELLUS.  
 How is't, my noble lord? 1/4/117  
     HORATIO.  
         What news, my lord?  
     HAMLET.  
 O, wonderful! 1/4/118  
     HORATIO.  
 Good my lord, tell it. 1/4/119  
     HAMLET.  
         No; you will reveal it.  
     HORATIO.  
 Not I, my lord, by heaven. 1/4/120



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MARCELLUS.

Nor I, my lord.

HAMLET.

How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?- 1/4/121  
But you'll be secret? 1/4/122

HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Ay, by heaven, my lord.

HAMLET.

There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark 1/4/123  
But he's an arrant knave. 1/4/124

HORATIO.

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave 1/4/125  
To tell us this. 1/4/126

HAMLET.

Why, right; you are i' th'right;  
And so, without more circumstance at all, 1/4/127  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part: 1/4/128  
You, as your business and desire shall point you,- 1/4/129  
For every man hath business and desire, 1/4/130  
Such as it is;- and for mine own poor part, 1/4/131  
Look you, I'll go pray. 1/4/132

HORATIO.

These are but wild and whirling words, my lord. 1/4/133

HAMLET.

I'm sorry they offend you, heartily; 1/4/134  
Yes, faith, heartily. 1/4/135

HORATIO.

There's no offence, my lord.

HAMLET.

Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, 1/4/136  
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,- 1/4/137  
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you: 1/4/138  
For your desire to know what is between us, 1/4/139  
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends, 1/4/140  
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers, 1/4/141  
Give me one poor request. 1/4/142

HORATIO.

What is't, my lord? we will. 1/4/143

HAMLET.

Never make known what you have seen to-night. 1/4/144

HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

My lord, we will not. 1/4/145

HAMLET.

Nay, but swear't.

HORATIO.

In faith,

My lord, not I. 1/4/146

MARCELLUS.

Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMLET.

Upon my sword. 1/4/147

MARCELLUS.

We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAMLET.

Indeed, upon my sword, indeed. 1/4/148

GHOST [cries under the stage].

Swear. 1/4/149

HAMLET.

Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny? - 1/4/150

Come on, - you hear this fellow in the cellarage, - 1/4/151

Consent to swear. 1/4/152

HORATIO.

Propose the oath, my lord.

HAMLET.

Never to speak of this that you have seen, 1/4/153

Swear by my sword. 1/4/154

GHOST [beneath].

Swear. 1/4/155

HAMLET.

`Hic et ubique'? then we'll shift our ground. - 1/4/156

Come hither, gentlemen, 1/4/157

And lay your hands again upon my sword: 1/4/158

Never to speak of this that you have heard, 1/4/159

Swear by my sword. 1/4/160

GHOST [beneath].

Swear. 1/4/161

HAMLET.

Well said, old mole! canst work i' th'earth so fast? 1/4/162

A worthy pioneer! - Once more remove, good friends. 1/4/163

HORATIO.

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange! 1/4/164

HAMLET.

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. 1/4/165

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, 1/4/166

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. 1/4/167

But come; - 1/4/168

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy, 1/4/169

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, - 1/4/170

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet 1/4/171

To put an antic disposition on, - 1/4/172

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall, 1/4/173

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake, 1/4/174

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, 1/4/175

As "Well, well, we know," or "We could, an if we would," 1/4/176

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Or "If we list to speak,' or "There be, an if they might,'	1/4/177
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note	1/4/178
That you know aught of me:- this not to do,	1/4/179
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,	1/4/180
Swear.	1/4/181
GHOST [beneath].	
Swear.	1/4/182
HAMLET.	
Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!- So, gentlemen,	1/4/183
With all my love I do commend me to you:	1/4/184
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is	1/4/185
May do t'express his love and friending to you,	1/4/186
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;	1/4/187
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.	1/4/188
The time is out of joint:- O cursed spite,	1/4/189
That ever I was born to set it right!-	1/4/190
Nay, come, let's go together. [Exeunt.]	1/4/191
END.	1/4/192