

Play: \*HAMLET\*.

Act: ACT \*III\*.

Scen: SCENE \*I\*.

Text: [Elsinore. A room in the castle.]

[Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,  
ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.]

KING.

And can you, by no drift of circumstance, 3/1/1  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion, 3/1/2  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet 3/1/3  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy? 3/1/4

ROSENCRANTZ.

He does confess he feels himself distracted; 3/1/5  
But from what cause he will by no means speak. 3/1/6

GUILDENSTERN.

Nor do we find him forward to be sounded; 3/1/7  
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof, 3/1/8  
When we would bring him on to some confession 3/1/9  
Of his true state. 3/1/10

QUEEN.

Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ.

Most like a gentleman. 3/1/11

GUILDENSTERN.

But with much forcing of his disposition. 3/1/12

ROSENCRANTZ.

Niggard of question; but, of our demands, 3/1/13  
Most free in his reply. 3/1/14

QUEEN.

Did you assay him

To any pastime? 3/1/15

ROSENCRANTZ.

Madam, it so fell out, that certain players 3/1/16  
We o'er-raught on the way: of these we told him; 3/1/17  
And there did seem in him a kind of joy 3/1/18  
To hear of it: they are about the court; 3/1/19  
And, as I think, they have already order 3/1/20  
This night to play before him. 3/1/21

POLONIUS.

'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties 3/1/22  
To hear and see the matter. 3/1/23

KING.

With all my heart; and it doth much content me 3/1/24  
 To hear him so inclined.- 3/1/25  
 Good gentlemen, give him a further edge, 3/1/26  
 And drive his purpose on to these delights. 3/1/27  
 ROSENCRANTZ.  
 We shall, my lord. [Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and 3/1/28  
 GUILDENSTERN.]  
 KING.  
     Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;  
 For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither, 3/1/29  
 That he, as 'twere by accident, may here 3/1/30  
 Affront Ophelia; 3/1/31  
 Her father and myself- lawful espials- 3/1/32  
 Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing, unseen, 3/1/33  
 We may of their encounter frankly judge; 3/1/34  
 And gather by him, as he is behaved, 3/1/35  
 If't be th'affliction of his love or no 3/1/36  
 That thus he suffers for. 3/1/37  
 QUEEN.  
     I shall obey you:-  
 And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish 3/1/38  
 That your good beauties be the happy cause 3/1/39  
 Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your virtues 3/1/40  
 Will bring him to his wonted way again, 3/1/41  
 To both your honours. 3/1/42  
 OPHELIA.  
     Madam, I wish it may. [Exit QUEEN.]  
 POLONIUS.  
 Ophelia, walk you here.- Gracious, so please you, 3/1/43  
 We will bestow ourselves.- [to OPHELIA] Read on this book, 3/1/44  
 That show of such an exercise may colour 3/1/45  
 Your loneliness.- We are oft to blame in this,- 3/1/46  
 'Tis too much proved,- that with devotion's visage 3/1/47  
 And pious action we do sugar o'er 3/1/48  
 The devil himself. 3/1/49  
 KING.  
     O, 'tis too true!  
 [aside] How smart a lash that speech doth give my 3/1/50  
     conscience! 3/1/51  
 The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art, 3/1/52  
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it 3/1/53  
 Than is my deed to my most painted word: 3/1/54  
 O heavy burden! 3/1/55  
 POLONIUS.  
 I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord. [Exeunt KING 3/1/56  
 and POLONIUS.]  
 [Enter HAMLET.]  
 HAMLET.

To be, or not to be,- that is the question:-	3/1/57
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer	3/1/58
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,	3/1/59
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,	3/1/60
And by opposing end them?- To die,- to sleep,-	3/1/60
No more; and by a sleep to say we end	3/1/61
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks	3/1/62
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation	3/1/63
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,- to sleep;-	3/1/64
To sleep! perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;	3/1/65
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,	3/1/66
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,	3/1/67
Must give us pause: there's the respect	3/1/68
That makes calamity of so long life;	3/1/69
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,	3/1/70
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,	3/1/71
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,	3/1/72
The insolence of office, and the spurns	3/1/73
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,	3/1/74
When he himself might his quietus make	3/1/75
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,	3/1/76
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,	3/1/77
But that the dread of something after death,-	3/1/78
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn	3/1/79
No traveller returns,- puzzles the will,	3/1/80
And makes us rather bear those ills we have	3/1/81
Than fly to others that we know not of?	3/1/82
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;	3/1/83
And thus the native hue of resolution	3/1/84
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;	3/1/85
And enterprises of great pith and moment,	3/1/86
With this regard, their currents turn awry,	3/1/87
And lose the name of action.- Soft you now!	3/1/88
The fair Ophelia!- Nymph, in thy orisons	3/1/89
Be all my sins remember'd.	3/1/90
OPHELIA.	
Good my lord,	
How does your honour for this many a day?	3/1/91
HAMLET.	
I humbly thank you; well, well, well.	3/1/92
OPHELIA.	
My lord, I have remembrances of yours,	3/1/93
That I have longed long to re-deliver;	3/1/94
I pray you, now receive them.	3/1/95
HAMLET.	
No, not I;	
I never gave you aught.	3/1/96
OPHELIA.	

My honour'd lord, you know right well you did; 3/1/97  
 And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed 3/1/98  
 As made the things more rich: their perfume lost, 3/1/99  
 Take these again; for to the noble mind 3/1/100  
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. 3/1/101  
 There, my lord. 3/1/102  
 HAMLET.  
 Ha, ha! are you honest? 3/1/103  
 OPHELIA.  
 My lord? 3/1/104  
 HAMLET.  
 Are you fair? 3/1/105  
 OPHELIA.  
 What means your lordship? 3/1/106  
 HAMLET.  
 That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no 3/1/107  
 discourse to your beauty. 3/1/108  
 OPHELIA.  
 Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with 3/1/109  
 honesty? 3/1/110  
 HAMLET.  
 Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform 3/1/111  
 honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty 3/1/112  
 can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a 3/1/113  
 paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you 3/1/114  
 once. 3/1/115  
 OPHELIA.  
 Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so. 3/1/116  
 HAMLET.  
 You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so 3/1/117  
 inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it: I loved 3/1/118  
 you not. 3/1/119  
 OPHELIA.  
 I was the more deceived. 3/1/120  
 HAMLET.  
 Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of 3/1/121  
 sinners? I am myself indifferent honest: but yet I could 3/1/122  
 accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had 3/1/123  
 not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with 3/1/124  
 more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them 3/1/125  
 in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. 3/1/126  
 What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and 3/1/127  
 heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go 3/1/128  
 thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father? 3/1/129  
 OPHELIA.  
 At home, my lord. 3/1/130  
 HAMLET.  
 Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no 3/1/131

where but in's own house. Farewell.	3/1/132
OPHELIA.	
O, help him, you sweet heavens!	3/1/133
HAMLET.	
If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy	3/1/134
dowry,- be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou	3/1/135
shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go:	3/1/136
farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for	3/1/137
wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To	
3/1/138	
a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.	3/1/139
OPHELIA.	
O heavenly powers, restore him!	3/1/140
HAMLET.	
I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has	3/1/141
given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you	3/1/142
jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures,	3/1/143
and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more	3/1/144
on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more	3/1/145
marriages: those that are married already, all but one,	3/1/146
shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery,	3/1/147
go. [Exit.]	3/1/148
OPHELIA.	
O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!	3/1/149
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;	3/1/150
Th'expectancy and rose of the fair state,	3/1/151
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,	3/1/152
Th'observ'd of all observers,- quite, quite down!	3/1/153
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,	3/1/154
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,	3/1/155
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,	3/1/156
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;	3/1/157
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth	3/1/158
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me	3/1/159
T'have seen what I have seen, see what I see!	3/1/160
[Enter KING and POLONIUS.]	
KING.	
Love! his affections do not that way tend;	3/1/161
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,	3/1/162
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul	3/1/163
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;	3/1/164
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose	3/1/165
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,	3/1/166
I have in quick determination	3/1/167
Thus set it down:- he shall with speed to England,	3/1/168
For the demand of our neglected tribute:	3/1/169
Haply, the seas, and countries different,	3/1/170
With variable objects, shall expel	3/1/171

This something-settled matter in his heart;	3/1/172
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus	3/1/173
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?	3/1/174
POLONIUS.	
It shall do well: but yet do I believe	3/1/175
The origin and commencement of his grief	3/1/176
Sprung from neglected love.- How now, Ophelia!	3/1/177
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;	3/1/178
We heard it all.- My lord, do as you please;	3/1/179
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,	3/1/180
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him	3/1/181
To show his grief: let her be round with him;	3/1/182
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear	3/1/183
Of all their conference. If she find him not,	3/1/184
To England send him; or confine him where	3/1/185
Your wisdom best shall think.	3/1/186
KING.	
It shall be so:	
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go. [Exeunt.]	3/1/187

Play: \*HAMLET\*.

Act: ACT \*III\*.

Scen: SCENE \*II\*.

Text: [A hall in the castle.]

[Enter HAMLET and two or three of the PLAYERS.]

HAMLET.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you,	3/2/1
trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of	3/2/2
your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my	3/2/3
lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus;	3/2/4
but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and,	3/2/5
as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and	3/2/6
beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it	3/2/7
offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated	3/2/8
fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the	3/2/9
ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable	3/2/10
of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would	3/2/11
have such a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-	3/2/12
herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.	3/2/13

FIRST PLAYER.

I warrant your honour.	3/2/14
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HAMLET.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your	3/2/15
tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action;	3/2/16
with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the	3/2/17
modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone is from the	3/2/18
purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now,	3/2/19

was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to 3/2/20  
show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the 3/2/21  
very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, 3/2/22  
this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the 3/2/23  
unskilful laugh, cannot but made the judicious grieve; the 3/2/24  
censure of the which one must, in your allowance, o'erweigh 3/2/25  
a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have 3/2/26  
seen play,- and heard others praise, and that highly,- not 3/2/27  
to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of 3/2/28  
Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have 3/2/29  
so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of 3/2/30  
nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, 3/2/31  
they imitated humanity so abominably. 3/2/32

FIRST PLAYER.

I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us, sir. 3/2/33

HAMLET.

O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns 3/2/34  
speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of 3/2/35  
them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of 3/2/36  
barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, 3/2/37  
some necessary question of the play be then to be 3/2/38  
consider'd; that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful 3/2/39  
ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. 3/2/40

[Exeunt PLAYERS.]

[Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work? 3/2/41

POLONIUS.

And the queen too, and that presently. 3/2/42

HAMLET.

Bid the players make haste. [Exit POLONIUS.] 3/2/43

Will you two help to hasten them? 3/2/44

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

We will, my lord. [Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]  
3/2/45

HAMLET.

What, ho, Horatio! 3/2/46

[Enter HORATIO.]

HORATIO.

Here, sweet lord, at your service. 3/2/47

HAMLET.

Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man 3/2/48

As e'er my conversation coped withal. 3/2/49

HORATIO.

O, my dear lord,- 3/2/50

HAMLET.

Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee, 3/2/51

That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits, 3/2/52

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd? 3/2/53  
 No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp; 3/2/54  
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee 3/2/55  
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear? 3/2/56  
 Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, 3/2/57  
 And could of men distinguish, her election 3/2/58  
 Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been 3/2/59  
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; 3/2/60  
 A man that fortune's buffets and rewards 3/2/61  
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those 3/2/62  
 Whose blood and judgement are so well commingled, 3/2/63  
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger 3/2/64  
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that man 3/2/65  
 That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him 3/2/66  
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, 3/2/67  
 As I do thee.- Something too much of this.- 3/2/68  
 There is a play to-night before the king; 3/2/69  
 One scene of it comes near the circumstance 3/2/70  
 Which I have told thee of my father's death: 3/2/71  
 I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot, 3/2/72  
 Even with the very comment of thy soul 3/2/73  
 Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt 3/2/74  
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech, 3/2/75  
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen; 3/2/76  
 And my imaginations are as foul 3/2/77  
 As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note: 3/2/78  
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face; 3/2/79  
 And, after, we will both our judgements join 3/2/80  
 In censure of his seeming. 3/2/81

HORATIO.

Well, my lord:

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing, 3/2/82  
 And scape detecting, I will pay the theft. 3/2/83

HAMLET.

They're coming to the play; I must be idle: 3/2/84  
 Get you a place. 3/2/85

[Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN,  
 POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and  
 other LORDS attendant, with the GUARD carrying  
 torches.]

KING.

How fares our cousin Hamlet? 3/2/86

HAMLET.

Excellent, i'faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, 3/2/87  
 promise-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons so. 3/2/88

KING.

I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not 3/2/89  
 mine. 3/2/90



HAMLET.  
No, nor mine now.- [to POLONIUS] My lord, you play'd once 3/2/91  
i' th'university, you say? 3/2/92

POLONIUS.  
That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor. 3/2/93

HAMLET.  
And what did you enact? 3/2/94

POLONIUS.  
I did enact Julius Caesar: I was kill'd i' th'Capitol; 3/2/95  
Brutus kill'd me. 3/2/96

HAMLET.  
It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.- 3/2/97  
Be the players ready? 3/2/98

ROSENCRANTZ.  
Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience. 3/2/99

QUEEN.  
Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me. 3/2/100

HAMLET.  
No, good mother; here's metal more attractive. 3/2/101  
POLONIUS [to the KING].

O, ho! do you mark that? 3/2/102

HAMLET.  
Lady, shall I lie in your lap? [Lying down at OPHELIA'S 3/2/103  
feet.]

OPHELIA.  
No, my lord. 3/2/104

HAMLET.  
I mean, my head upon your lap? 3/2/105

OPHELIA.  
Ay, my lord. 3/2/106

HAMLET.  
Do you think I meant country matters? 3/2/107

OPHELIA.  
I think nothing, my lord. 3/2/108

HAMLET.  
That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs. 3/2/109

OPHELIA.  
What is, my lord? 3/2/110

HAMLET.  
Nothing. 3/2/111

OPHELIA.  
You are merry, my lord. 3/2/112

HAMLET.  
Who, I? 3/2/113

OPHELIA.  
Ay, my lord. 3/2/114

HAMLET.  
O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be 3/2/115

merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours. 3/2/116  
3/2/117  
OPHELIA.

Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord. 3/2/118  
HAMLET.

So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have 3/2/119  
a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not 3/2/120  
forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may 3/2/121  
outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build 3/2/122  
churches, then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, 3/2/123  
with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is "For, O, for, O, the 3/2/124  
hobby-horse is forgot." 3/2/125

[Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters. Enter a KING  
and a QUEEN very lovingly; the QUEEN embracing  
him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of  
protestation unto him. He takes her up, and  
declines his head upon her neck; lays him down  
upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep,  
leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his  
crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the KING'S  
ears, and exit. The QUEEN returns; finds the KING  
dead, and makes passionate action. The POISONER,  
with some two or three MUTES, comes in again,  
seeming to lament with her. The dead body is  
carried away. The POISONER woos the QUEEN with  
gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in  
the end accepts his love. Exeunt.]

OPHELIA.

What means this, my lord ? 3/2/126  
HAMLET.

Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief. 3/2/127  
OPHELIA.

Belike this show imports the argument of the play. 3/2/128  
[Enter PROLOGUE.]  
HAMLET.

We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep 3/2/129  
counsel: they'll tell all. 3/2/130  
OPHELIA.

Will he tell us what this show meant? 3/2/131  
HAMLET.

Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to 3/2/132  
show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means. 3/2/133  
OPHELIA

You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play. 3/2/134  
PROLOGUE.

For us, and for our tragedy, 3/2/135  
Here stooping to your clemency, 3/2/136  
We beg your hearing patiently. [Exit.] 3/2/137

HAMLET.  
Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring? 3/2/138  
OPHELIA.  
'Tis brief, my lord. 3/2/139  
HAMLET.  
As woman's love. 3/2/140  
[Enter two PLAYERS, KING and QUEEN.]  
PLAYER KING.  
Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round 3/2/141  
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground, 3/2/142  
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen 3/2/143  
About the world have times twelve thirties been, 3/2/144  
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands, 3/2/145  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands. 3/2/146  
PLAYER QUEEN.  
So many journeys may the sun and moon 3/2/147  
Make us again count o'er ere love be done! 3/2/148  
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late, 3/2/149  
So far from cheer and from your former state, 3/2/150  
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust, 3/2/151  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must: 3/2/152  
For women's fear and love hold quantity; 3/2/153  
In neither aught, or in extremity, 3/2/154  
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know; 3/2/155  
And as my love is sized, my fear is so: 3/2/156  
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear; 3/2/157  
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there. 3/2/158  
PLAYER KING.  
Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too; 3/2/159  
My operant powers their functions leave to do: 3/2/160  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, 3/2/161  
Honour'd, beloved; and haply one as kind 3/2/162  
For husband shalt thou- 3/2/163  
PLAYER QUEEN.  
O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast: 3/2/164  
In second husband let me be accurst! 3/2/165  
None wed the second but who kill'd the first. 3/2/166  
HAMLET [aside].  
Wormwood, wormwood. 3/2/167  
PLAYER QUEEN.  
The instances that second marriage move 3/2/168  
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love: 3/2/169  
A second time I kill my husband dead 3/2/170  
When second husband kisses me in bed. 3/2/171  
PLAYER KING.  
I do believe you think what now you speak; 3/2/172  
But what we do determine oft we break. 3/2/173

Purpose is but the slave to memory;	3/2/174
Of violent birth, but poor validity:	3/2/175
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree;	3/2/176
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.	3/2/177
Most necessary 'tis that we forget	3/2/178
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:	3/2/179
What to ourselves in passion we propose,	3/2/180
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.	3/2/181
The violence of either grief or joy	3/2/182
Their own enactures with themselves destroy:	3/2/183
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;	3/2/184
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.	3/2/185
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange	3/2/186
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;	3/2/187
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,	3/2/188
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.	3/2/189
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;	3/2/190
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.	3/2/191
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:	3/2/192
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;	3/2/193
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,	3/2/194
Directly seasons him his enemy.	3/2/195
But, orderly to end where I begun,-	3/2/196
Our wills and fates do so contrary run,	3/2/197
That our devices still are overthrown;	3/2/198
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:	3/2/199
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;	3/2/200
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.	3/2/201
PLAYER QUEEN.	
Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!	3/2/202
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!	3/2/203
To desperation turn my trust and hope!	3/2/204
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!	3/2/205
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy	3/2/206
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!	3/2/207
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,	3/2/208
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!	3/2/209
HAMLET.	
If she should break it now!	3/2/210
PLAYER KING.	
'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;	3/2/211
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile	3/2/212
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.]	3/2/213
PLAYER QUEEN.	
Sleep rock thy brain;	3/2/214
And never come mischance between us twain!	[Exit.] 3/2/215
HAMLET.	
Madam, how like you this play?	3/2/216

QUEEN.  
 The lady doth protest too much, methinks. 3/2/217  
 HAMLET.  
 O, but she'll keep her word. 3/2/218  
 KING.  
 Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't? 3/2/219  
 HAMLET.  
 No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i'  
 th'world. 3/2/220  
 KING.  
 What do you call the play? 3/2/221  
 HAMLET.  
 The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the 3/2/222  
 image of a murder done in Vienna; Gonzago is the duke's 3/2/223  
 name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 'tis a knavish 3/2/224  
 piece of work: but what o'that? your majesty, and we that 3/2/225  
 have free souls, it touches us not: let the gall'd jade 3/2/226  
 wince, our withers are unwrung. 3/2/227  
 [Enter PLAYER, as LUCIANUS.]  
 This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king. 3/2/228  
 OPHELIA.  
 You are as good as a chorus, my lord. 3/2/229  
 HAMLET.  
 I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see 3/2/230  
 the puppets dallying. 3/2/231  
 OPHELIA.  
 You are keen, my lord, you are keen. 3/2/232  
 HAMLET.  
 It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge. 3/2/233  
 OPHELIA.  
 Still better, and worse. 3/2/234  
 HAMLET.  
 So you mistake your husbands.- Begin, murderer; pox, leave 3/2/235  
 thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:- the croaking raven 3/2/236  
 doth bellow for revenge. 3/2/237  
 LUCIANUS.  
 Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing; 3/2/238  
 Confederate season, else no creature seeing; 3/2/239  
 Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected, 3/2/240  
 With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected, 3/2/241  
 Thy natural magic and dire property, 3/2/242  
 On wholesome life usurp immediately. [Pours the poison 3/2/243  
 in his ears.]  
 HAMLET.  
 He poisons him i' th'garden for's estate. His name's 3/2/244  
 Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian: 3/2/245  
 you shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of 3/2/246  
 Gonzago's wife. 3/2/247

OPHELIA.  
 The king rises. 3/2/248  
 HAMLET.  
 What, frighted with false fire! 3/2/249  
 QUEEN.  
 How fares my lord? 3/2/250  
 POLONIUS.  
 Give o'er the play. 3/2/251  
 KING  
 Give me some light:- away! 3/2/252  
 ALL.  
 Lights, lights, lights. [Exeunt all but HAMLET and 3/2/253  
 HORATIO.]  
 HAMLET.  
 Why, let the stricken deer go weep, 3/2/254  
 The hart ungalled play; 3/2/255  
 For some must watch, while some must sleep; 3/2/256  
 So runs the world away.- 3/2/257  
 Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,- if the rest 3/2/258  
 of my fortunes turn Turk with me,- with two Provincial roses 3/2/259  
 on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, 3/2/260  
 sir? 3/2/261  
 HORATIO.  
 Half a share. 3/2/262  
 HAMLET.  
 A whole one, I. 3/2/263  
 For thou dost know, O Damon dear, 3/2/264  
 This realm dismantled was 3/2/265  
 Of Jove himself; and now reigns here 3/2/266  
 A very, very- pajock. 3/2/267  
 HORATIO.  
 You might have rimed. 3/2/268  
 HAMLET.  
 O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand 3/2/269  
 pound. Didst perceive? 3/2/270  
 HORATIO.  
 Very well, my lord. 3/2/271  
 HAMLET.  
 Upon the talk of the poisoning,- 3/2/272  
 HORATIO.  
 I did very well note him. 3/2/273  
 HAMLET.  
 Ah, ha!- Come, some music! come, the recorders!- 3/2/274  
 For if the king like not the comedy, 3/2/275  
 Why, then, belike,- he likes it not, perdy.- 3/2/276  
 Come, some music! 3/2/277  
 [Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN]  
 GUILDENSTERN.

Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you. 3/2/278  
 HAMLET.  
 Sir, a whole history. 3/2/279  
 GUILDENSTERN.  
 The king, sir,- 3/2/280  
 HAMLET.  
 Ay, sir, what of him? 3/2/281  
 GUILDENSTERN.  
 Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd. 3/2/282  
 HAMLET.  
 With drink, sir? 3/2/283  
 GUILDENSTERN.  
 No, my lord, with choler. 3/2/284  
 HAMLET.  
 Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this 3/2/285  
 to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would 3/2/286  
 perhaps plunge him into far more choler. 3/2/287  
 GUILDENSTERN.  
 Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start 3/2/288  
 not so wildly from my affair. 3/2/289  
 HAMLET.  
 I am tame, sir:- pronounce. 3/2/290  
 GUILDENSTERN.  
 The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, 3/2/291  
 hath sent me to you. 3/2/292  
 HAMLET.  
 You are welcome. 3/2/293  
 GUILDENSTERN. 3/2/294  
 Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. 3/2/295  
 If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will 3/2/296  
 do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my 3/2/297  
 return shall be the end of the business. 3/2/298  
 HAMLET.  
 Sir, I cannot. 3/2/299  
 GUILDENSTERN.  
 What, my lord? 3/2/300  
 HAMLET.  
 Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, 3/2/300  
 such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as 3/2/301  
 you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my 3/2/302  
 mother, you say,- 3/2/303  
 ROSENCRANTZ.  
 Then thus she says; your behaviour hath struck her into 3/2/304  
 amazement and admiration. 3/2/305  
 HAMLET.  
 O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!- But is 3/2/306  
 there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? 3/2/307  
 impart. 3/2/308

ROSENCRANTZ.  
She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed. 3/2/309  
3/2/310

HAMLET.  
We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us? 3/2/311  
3/2/312

ROSENCRANTZ.  
My lord, you once did love me. 3/2/313

HAMLET.  
And do still, by these pickers and stealers. 3/2/314

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. 3/2/315  
3/2/316  
3/2/317

HAMLET.  
Sir, I lack advancement. 3/2/318

ROSENCRANTZ.  
How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark? 3/2/319  
3/2/320

HAMLET.  
Ay, sir, but "While the grass grows,"- the proverb is something musty. 3/2/321  
3/2/322

[Enter PLAYERS with recorders.]

O, the recorders:- let me see one.- To withdraw with you:- why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil? 3/2/323  
3/2/324  
3/2/325

GUILDENSTERN.  
O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly. 3/2/326  
3/2/327

HAMLET.  
I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe? 3/2/328

GUILDENSTERN.  
My lord, I cannot. 3/2/329

HAMLET.  
I pray you. 3/2/330

GUILDENSTERN.  
Believe me, I cannot. 3/2/331

HAMLET.  
I do beseech you. 3/2/332

GUILDENSTERN.  
I know no touch of it, my lord. 3/2/333

HAMLET.  
'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops. 3/2/334  
3/2/335  
3/2/336  
3/2/337

GUILDENSTERN.  
But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I 3/2/338



have not the skill. 3/2/339  
 HAMLET.  
 Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You 3/2/340  
 would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you 3/2/341  
 would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me 3/2/342  
 from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is 3/2/343  
 much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet 3/2/344  
 cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier 3/2/345  
 to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you 3/2/346  
 will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. 3/2/347  
 [Enter POLONIUS.]  
 God bless you, sir! 3/2/348  
 POLONIUS.  
 My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently. 3/2/349  
 HAMLET.  
 Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel? 3/2/350  
 POLONIUS.  
 By th'mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed. 3/2/351  
 HAMLET.  
 Methinks it is like a weasel. 3/2/352  
 POLONIUS.  
 It is back'd like a weasel. 3/2/353  
 HAMLET.  
 Or like a whale? 3/2/354  
 POLONIUS.  
 Very like a whale. 3/2/355  
 HAMLET.  
 Then will I come to my mother by and by.- They fool me to 3/2/356  
 the top of my bent.- I will come by and by. 3/2/357  
 POLONIUS.  
 I will say so. 3/2/358  
 HAMLET.  
 By and by is easily said. [Exit POLONIUS.] Leave me, 3/2/359  
 friends. [Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, HORATIO, and  
 3/2/360  
 PLAYERS.]  
 'Tis now the very witching time of night, 3/2/361  
 When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out 3/2/362  
 Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood, 3/2/363  
 And do such bitter business as the day 3/2/364  
 Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.- 3/2/365  
 O heart, lose not thy nature! Let not ever 3/2/366  
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom: 3/2/367  
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural: 3/2/368  
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none; 3/2/369  
 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites,- 3/2/370  
 How in my words soever she be shent, 3/2/371  
 To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [Exit.] 3/2/372

Play: \*HAMLET\*.

Act: ACT \*III\*.

Scen: SCENE \*III\*.

Text: [A room in the castle.]

[Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.]

KING.

I like him not; nor stands it safe with us 3/3/1  
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you; 3/3/2  
I your commission will forthwith dispatch, 3/3/3  
And he to England shall along with you: 3/3/4  
The terms of our estate may not endure 3/3/5  
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow 3/3/6  
Out of his lunacies. 3/3/7

GUILDENSTERN.

We will ourselves provide;  
Most holy and religious fear it is 3/3/8  
To keep those many many bodies safe 3/3/9  
That live and feed upon your majesty. 3/3/10

ROSENCRANTZ.

The single and peculiar life is bound, 3/3/11  
With all the strength and armour of the mind, 3/3/12  
To keep itself from noyance; but much more 3/3/13  
That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests 3/3/14  
The lives of many. The cease of majesty 3/3/15  
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw 3/3/16  
What's near it with it: 'tis a massy wheel, 3/3/17  
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount, 3/3/18  
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things 3/3/19  
Are mortised and adjoin'd; which, when it falls, 3/3/20  
Each small annexment, petty consequence, 3/3/21  
Attends the boisterous ruin. Ne'er alone 3/3/22  
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan. 3/3/23

KING.

Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage; 3/3/24  
For we will fetters put upon this fear, 3/3/25  
Which now goes too free-footed. 3/3/26

ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

We will haste us.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

[Enter POLONIUS.]

POLONIUS.

My lord, he's going to his mother's closet: 3/3/27  
Behind the arras I'll convey myself, 3/3/28  
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home: 3/3/29  
And, as you said, and wisely was it said, 3/3/30  
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother, 3/3/31

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear	3/3/32
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege:	3/3/33
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,	3/3/34
And tell you what I know.	3/3/35
KING.	
Thanks, dear my lord. [Exit POLONIUS.]	3/3/36
O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;	3/3/37
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,-	3/3/38
A brother's murder!- Pray can I not,	3/3/39
Though inclination be as sharp as will:	3/3/40
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;	3/3/40
And, like a man to double business bound,	3/3/41
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,	3/3/42
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand	3/3/43
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,	3/3/44
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens	3/3/45
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy	3/3/46
But to confront the visage of offence?	3/3/47
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,-	3/3/48
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,	3/3/49
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;	3/3/50
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer	3/3/51
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder"?-	3/3/52
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd	3/3/53
Of those effects for which I did the murder,-	3/3/54
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.	3/3/55
May one be pardon'd, and retain th'offence?	3/3/56
In the corrupted currents of this world	3/3/57
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;	3/3/58
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself	3/3/59
Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above;	3/3/60
There is no shuffling,- there the action lies	3/3/61
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,	3/3/62
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,	3/3/63
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?	3/3/64
Try what repentance can: what can it not?	3/3/65
Yet what can it when one can not repent?	3/3/66
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!	3/3/67
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,	3/3/68
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay:	3/3/69
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,	3/3/70
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!	3/3/71
All may be well. [Retires and kneels.]	3/3/72
[Enter HAMLET.]	
HAMLET.	
Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;	3/3/73
And now I'll do't:- and so he goes to heaven;	3/3/74
And so am I revenged;- that would be scann'd:	3/3/75

A villain kills my father; and, for that,	3/3/76
I, his sole son, do this same villain send	3/3/77
To heaven.	3/3/78
O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.	3/3/79
He took my father grossly, full of bread;	3/3/80
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;	3/3/81
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?	3/3/82
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,	3/3/83
'Tis heavy with him: and am I, then, revenged,	3/3/84
To take him in the purging of his soul,	3/3/85
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?	3/3/86
No.	3/3/87
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:	3/3/88
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;	3/3/89
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed;	3/3/90
At gaming, swearing; or about some act	3/3/91
That has no relish of salvation in't;-	3/3/92
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven;	3/3/93
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black	3/3/94
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:	3/3/95
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days. [Exit.]	3/3/96
KING [rising].	
My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:	3/3/97
Words without thoughts never to heaven go. [Exit.]	3/3/98

Play: \*HAMLET\*.

Act: ACT \*III\*.

Scen: SCENE \*IV\*.

Text: [The Queen's closet.]

[Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.]

POLONIUS.

He will come straight. Look you lay home to him:	3/4/1
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,	3/4/2
And that your Grace hath screen'd and stood between	3/4/3
Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.	3/4/4
Pray you, be round with him.	3/4/5
HAMLET [within].	
Mother, mother, mother!	3/4/6
QUEEN.	
I'll warrant you; fear me not:- withdraw,	3/4/7
I hear him coming. [POLONIUS goes behind the arras.]	3/4/8
[Enter HAMLET.]	
HAMLET.	
Now, mother, what's the matter?	3/4/9
QUEEN.	
Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.	3/4/10
HAMLET.	

Mother, you have my father much offended.	3/4/11
QUEEN.	
Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.	3/4/12
HAMLET.	
Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.	3/4/13
QUEEN.	
Why, how now, Hamlet!	3/4/14
HAMLET.	
What's the matter now?	
QUEEN.	
Have you forgot me?	3/4/15
HAMLET.	
No, by the rood, not so:	
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;	3/4/16
And- would it were not so!- you are my mother.	3/4/17
QUEEN.	
Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.	3/4/18
HAMLET.	
Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;	3/4/19
You go not till I set you up a glass	3/4/20
Where you may see the inmost part of you.	3/4/21
QUEEN.	
What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?-	3/4/22
Help, help, ho!	3/4/23
POLONIUS [behind].	
What, ho! help, help, help!	3/4/24
HAMLET [drawing].	
How now! a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead! [Makes a pass	3/4/25
through the arras.]	
POLONIUS [behind].	
O, I am slain! [Falls and dies.]	3/4/26
QUEEN.	
O me, what hast thou done?	3/4/27
HAMLET.	
Nay, I know not: is it the king?	3/4/28
QUEEN.	
O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!	3/4/29
HAMLET.	
A bloody deed!- almost as bad, good mother,	3/4/30
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.	3/4/30
QUEEN.	
As kill a king!	3/4/31
HAMLET.	
Ay, lady, 'twas my word.- [Lifts up the	
arras, and sees POLONIUS.]	
Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!	3/4/32
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;	3/4/33
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.-	3/4/34

Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down, 3/4/35  
And let me wring your heart: for so I shall, 3/4/36  
If it be made of penetrable stuff; 3/4/37  
If damned custom have not brazed it so, 3/4/38  
That it is proof and bulwark against sense. 3/4/39

QUEEN.

What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue 3/4/40  
In noise so rude against me? 3/4/41

HAMLET.

Such an act  
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty; 3/4/42  
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose 3/4/43  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love, 3/4/44  
And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows 3/4/45  
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed 3/4/46  
As from the body of contraction plucks 3/4/47  
The very soul; and sweet religion makes 3/4/48  
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow; 3/4/49  
Yea, this solidity and compound mass, 3/4/50  
With tristful visage, as against the doom, 3/4/51  
Is thought-sick at the act. 3/4/52

QUEEN.

Ay me, what act,  
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index? 3/4/53

HAMLET.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this, 3/4/54  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. 3/4/55  
See, what a grace was seated on this brow; 3/4/56  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself; 3/4/57  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command; 3/4/58  
A station like the herald Mercury 3/4/59  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill; 3/4/60  
A combination and a form indeed, 3/4/61  
Where every god did seem to set his seal, 3/4/62  
To give the world assurance of a man: 3/4/63  
This was your husband.- Look you now, what follows: 3/4/64  
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear, 3/4/65  
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? 3/4/66  
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed, 3/4/67  
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes? 3/4/68  
You cannot call it love; for at your age 3/4/69  
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble, 3/4/70  
And waits upon the judgement: and what judgement 3/4/71  
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have, 3/4/72  
Else could you not have motion: but, sure, that sense 3/4/73  
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err; 3/4/74  
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd 3/4/75  
But it reserved some quantity of choice, 3/4/76

To serve in such a difference. What devil was't	3/4/77
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?	3/4/78
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,	3/4/79
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,	3/4/80
Or but a sickly part of one true sense	3/4/81
Could not so mope.	3/4/82
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,	3/4/83
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,	3/4/84
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,	3/4/85
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame	3/4/86
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,	3/4/87
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,	3/4/88
And reason panders will.	3/4/89
QUEEN.	
O Hamlet, speak no more:	
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;	3/4/90
And there I see such black and grained spots	3/4/91
As will not leave their tinct.	3/4/92
HAMLET.	
Nay, but to live	
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,	3/4/93
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love	3/4/94
Over the nasty sty,-	3/4/95
QUEEN.	
O, speak to me no more;	
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;	3/4/96
No more, sweet Hamlet!	3/4/97
HAMLET.	
A murderer and a villain;	
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe	3/4/98
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;	3/4/99
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,	3/4/100
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,	3/4/101
And put it in his pocket!	3/4/102
QUEEN.	
No more!	
HAMLET.	
A king of shreds and patches,-	3/4/103
[Enter GHOST.]	
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,	3/4/104
You heavenly guards!- What would your gracious figure?	3/4/105
QUEEN.	
Alas, he's mad!	3/4/106
HAMLET.	
Do you not come your tardy son to chide,	3/4/107
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by	3/4/108
Th'important acting of your dread command?	3/4/109
O, say!	3/4/110

GHOST.  
Do not forget: this visitation 3/4/111  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose. 3/4/112  
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits: 3/4/113  
O, step between her and her fighting soul,- 3/4/114  
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works,- 3/4/115  
Speak to her, Hamlet. 3/4/116

HAMLET.  
How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN.  
Alas, how is't with you, 3/4/117  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy, 3/4/118  
And with th'incorporal air do hold discourse? 3/4/119  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep; 3/4/120  
And, as the sleeping soldiers in th'alarm, 3/4/121  
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements, 3/4/122  
Start up, and stand on end. O gentle son, 3/4/123  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper 3/4/124  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look? 3/4/125

HAMLET.  
On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares! 3/4/126  
His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones, 3/4/127  
Would make them capable.- Do not look upon me; 3/4/128  
Lest with this piteous action you convert 3/4/129  
My stern effects: then what I have to do 3/4/130  
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood. 3/4/131

QUEEN.  
To whom do you speak this? 3/4/132

HAMLET.  
Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN.  
Nothing at all; yet all that is I see. 3/4/133

HAMLET.  
Nor did you nothing hear? 3/4/134

QUEEN.  
No, nothing but ourselves.

HAMLET.  
Why, look you there! look, how it steals away! 3/4/135  
My father, in his habit as he lived! 3/4/136  
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [Exit 3/4/137  
GHOST.]

QUEEN.  
This is the very coinage of your brain: 3/4/138  
This bodiless creation ecstasy 3/4/139  
Is very cunning in. 3/4/140

HAMLET.  
Ecstasy!  
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time, 3/4/141



And makes as healthful music: it is not madness	3/4/142
That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,	3/4/143
And I the matter will re-word; which madness	3/4/144
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,	3/4/145
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,	3/4/146
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:	3/4/147
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,	3/4/148
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,	3/4/149
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;	3/4/150
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;	3/4/151
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,	3/4/152
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;	3/4/153
For in the fatness of these pursy times	3/4/154
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,	3/4/155
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.	3/4/156
QUEEN.	
O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.	3/4/157
HAMLET.	
O, throw away the worser part of it,	3/4/158
And live the purer with the other half.	3/4/159
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;	3/4/160
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.	3/4/161
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,	3/4/162
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,	3/4/163
That to the use of actions fair and good	3/4/164
He likewise gives a frock or livery,	3/4/165
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;	3/4/166
And that shall lend a kind of easiness	3/4/167
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;	3/4/168
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,	3/4/169
And either master the devil, or throw him out	3/4/170
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night:	3/4/171
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,	3/4/172
I'll blessing beg of you.- For this same lord, [Pointing	3/4/173
to POLONIUS.]	
I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,	3/4/174
To punish me with this, and this with me,	3/4/175
That I must be their scourge and minister.	3/4/176
I will bestow him, and will answer well	3/4/177
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.-	3/4/178
I must be cruel, only to be kind:	3/4/179
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.-	3/4/180
One word more, good lady.	3/4/181
QUEEN.	
What shall I do?	
HAMLET.	
Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:	3/4/182
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;	3/4/183

Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;	3/4/184
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,	3/4/185
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,	3/4/186
Make you to ravel all this matter out,	3/4/187
That I essentially am not in madness,	3/4/188
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;	3/4/189
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,	3/4/190
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,	3/4/191
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?	3/4/192
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,	3/4/193
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,	3/4/194
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,	3/4/195
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,	3/4/196
And break your own neck down.	3/4/197
QUEEN.	
Be thou assured, if words be made of breath	3/4/198
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe	3/4/199
What thou hast said to me.	3/4/200
HAMLET.	
I must to England; you know that?	3/4/201
QUEEN.	
Alack,	
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.	3/4/202
HAMLET.	
There's letters seal'd: and my two schoolfellows,-	3/4/203
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,-	3/4/204
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,	3/4/205
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;	3/4/206
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer	3/4/207
Hoist with his own petar: and't shall go hard	3/4/208
But I will delve one yard below their mines,	3/4/209
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet	3/4/210
When in one line two crafts directly meet.-	3/4/211
This man shall set me packing:	3/4/212
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.-	3/4/213
Mother, good night.- Indeed, this counsellor	3/4/214
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,	3/4/215
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.	3/4/216
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.-	3/4/217
Good night, mother. [Exeunt severally; HAMLET tugging in	3/4/218
POLONIUS.]	