

SHAKESPEARE DURING THE DECADE 1935-1945
WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HAMLET

by

RICHARD CLOONER MALONEY

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INTRODUCTION

The decade 1935-1945 was a period of world-wide upheaval and conflict; it embraced the train of events that led to war and the war itself, the mightiest conflict in history. Yet in spite of, or perhaps because of, the emotional and intellectual stresses that resulted from the press of political and military events, there was in England and the United States, in those 10 years, a remarkable turning to the works of William Shakespeare as subject-matter for the various media of entertainment: the stage, the motion picture, the radio, and recordings.

The volume of reports, reviews, and criticisms of the activities involving the use of Shakespeare's works during the decade is so great that this thesis must necessarily be a cursory study of special fields of activity, with emphasis given to the outstanding events and personages.

The stage production of Shakespeare's plays is the principal theme of this study; one motion picture is discussed; the fields of radio and recordings are not touched upon. Activities in both England and the United States are treated together, without special distinction, for the Shakespearean stage in America during the decade under consideration was so deeply indebted to the English stage that the two cannot be treated separately.

Mr. John Gielgud, one of the most eminent Shakespearean actors of the period, provided the cue for the method used in

this study when he wrote:

.... Some idea of an actor's performance may be conveyed to a third person by a brilliant and expert description or critique, written or told by an eye-witness, but I do not believe that any mechanical reproduction can recreate an acting performance that one has never seen (though it may be an interesting reminder or a valuable curiosity) whereas a description may suggest it most vividly.¹

Accordingly, the method of this thesis is to present research done on the outstanding productions and actors of Shakespeare's works during the decade 1935-1945.

¹John Gielgud, "The Hamlet Tradition," pp. 41-42.

PART I

REPRESENTATIVE PRODUCTIONS OF SHAKESPEARE
IN THE DECADE 1935-1945

"Shakespeare loved the world as it is. That is why he understood it so well; and that in turn is why, being the artist he was, he could make it over again into something so rich and clear."¹ It is Shakespeare's humanity, his ability to speak to each generation as a contemporary, and the reflection in his works of the turbulence of his own times that made his plays the subject of great attention and activity during the hectic decade, 1935-1945. The preceding 10 years saw much accomplishment in criticism of Shakespeare's works; the period of this study, 1935-1945, which brought Shakespeare's plays to the stage in productions that were unusual in number and quality, has been called a renaissance of Shakespeare.

An exhaustive review of all the Shakespearean activities of the decade, on the stage, in films, in radio, and on recordings, is obviously impossible. The leading productions of Hamlet alone, for instance, have given being to such a volume of reportorial and critical material that Parts II and III of this thesis will be devoted entirely to considerations of that one play. It is equally beyond the scope of a study of this kind to trace all the interrelationships of time and performances of all the other Shakespearean plays that were produced during

¹Mark Van Doren, "Secret of Shakespeare's Power," Catholic World 150 (Nov. 1939), 225.

the 10 years. Part I, then, is a conspectus of events in the stage production of Shakespeare's plays (with the exception of Hamlet) and of one major motion picture with the purpose of indicating the volume, variety, and quality of Shakespearean productions in the decade named.

In 1935, Maurice Evans played Richard II for five weeks at the Old Vic in London. In that same busy season his repertoire included the roles of Iago, Benedick, Petruchio, Hippolytus, Silence, and Hamlet. He was laying the background of training which was later to culminate in the production of his two great Hamlets.

Outhrie McClintock, the producer whose wife is Katherine Cornell, was impressed by Mr. Evans' Hamlet and invited him to go to New York to play Romeo to Mrs. McClintock's Juliet. Mr. Evans accepted the invitation, but later asked a friend in private who Mrs. McClintock might be! Following the Romeo and Juliet production with Miss Cornell, Maurice Evans appeared as the Dauphin in Miss Cornell's Saint Joan, and then played Napoleon in St. Helena. Thus, early in the decade, Maurice Evans added the American theatre-going public to the following he had already acquired in England.

Impetus to the renaissance of Shakespeare in the decade 1935-1945 was given by John Gielgud's London and New York productions of Richard II, in 1937, because of the timeliness of the play's theme of abdication, the dramatic events of King Edward VIII's abdication being fresh in the minds of the public. In fact, Ashley Duke stated that the success of the Gielgud

production was "principally because of the recent abdication of Edward VIII."²

A group of artists under the name of Motley designed the settings for this Richard II and used "a pretty invention and sense of color," but "their castles and turrets and cut-out grilles have little relation to their subject..... Shakespeare's histories require depth and space for their stage... the 'suggested set can hardly solve the problem."³

The same critic analysed Mr. Gielgud's performance as follows:

Gielgud's Richard is finely spoken though sometimes too thoughtfully for the content of the lines. A creative approach that succeeds perfectly with Hamlet, because it makes the listener feel the words are being spoken for the first time, exposes bad dramatic poetry such as this part contains in abundance.... There is another way of dealing with the set speeches ("Let's talk of graves..." etcetera), which is not to think of them at all but to yield to a certain poetic mood and dream the words into significance."⁴

The same year brought Othello to Broadway with Walter Huston as the Moor and Robert Edmond Jones as director. Miss Edith J. R. Isaacs pointed out that Othello is the most difficult of all of Shakespeare's plays to perform in our modern theatre.

The drama has a hundred pitfalls for both player and director, and its constantly renewed failure during the last generation seems to indicate that the only chance of making it live in modern repertory - as the

²Ashley Duke, "Gielgud's Richard II," Theatre Arts Monthly 21 (Nov. 1937), 845.

³Ashley Duke, "Gielgud's Richard II," Theatre Arts Monthly 21 (Nov. 1937), 847.

⁴Ibid, p. 847.

other great Shakespearean plays live so rewardingly - is to find a new approach to the part of Othello.⁵

Mr. Huston's approach was to make Othello....

.... a man like other men, except for the color of his skin, his achievement as a soldier and the concomitant lack of experience in the manners and customs of Venetian society.

Miss Isaacs concluded that this cannot be done....

.... without distorting the higher values in the play and disturbing the relationships between the characters..... Although Walter Huston was a splendid presence as the Moor, and had all of Othello's majestic humanity in reading his lines.... the play on these terms does not project across so large an auditorium as that of the New Amsterdam Theatre.⁶

An offering in lighter vein in the 1937 season was the production of As You Like It in Surrey, Maine, by a group of young people calling themselves the Surrey Players. The play was taken to New York under the auspices of an "angel" named Dwight Deere Wiman, a manufacturer of farm machinery. The company was reported to have presented the play with "good spirits and affection" and to have romped through the Forest of Arden "like a school picnic." This had its pleasant side, as it speeded up the Elizabethan trials of wit, but it also blurred the poetry. "At any rate, wrote the critic, "it's Shakespeare that is worth seeing and we thank the Surrey Players."⁷

Following his triumph in Hamlet in 1933, which will be discussed in Part II of this thesis, Maurice Evans appeared as

⁵Edith J. R. Isaacs, "Broadway in Review," Theatre Arts Monthly 21 (Mar. 1937), 178.

⁶Ibid., p. 181.

⁷E. V. Wyatt, "Surrey Players," Catholic World 146 (Dec. 1937), 340-341.

Falstaff, "the greatest comic character in all dramatic literature," in a production of Henry IV, Part I, directed by Miss Margaret Webster. Mr. Evans received high praise for his characterization.

Compared to Sir Beerbohm Tree, Otis Skinner and Tom Wise, Maurice Evans is the best. He depends on his lines for his laughs and not on his wheezes. His body is not so ponderous as to impede his action nor his facial make-up too heavy to disguise his expression. And his eyes do have a twinkle! He is so genial, so nimble in wit and so bland that one can understand the Prince's predilection.⁸

Another reviewer stated:

Henry IV, Part I, as acted by Mr. Evans and his company is a lively play, and Falstaff is a delightful rogue not to be mentioned in the same breath with that libel on his character which Shakespeare himself originated when he wrote The Merry Wives of Windsor and which too many actors have continued to propagate until honest Jack has come to seem no more than a red nose and a padded stomach.⁹

The play itself is... one in which the purely literary talents of its author were more fully developed than his sense of the specific requirements of the stage...

If not all of Henry IV is actable, enough of it is to furnish an extraordinarily rich evening, and Maurice Evans as well as his director have added to the debt of gratitude which we owe them for making Shakespeare good theater again.¹⁰

Miss Margaret Webster, who had been acclaimed for her direction of Maurice Evans in Hamlet, was again applauded for a "triumph of direction." The staging of Henry IV, Part I was

⁸E. V. Wyatt, "Falstaff," Catholic World 149 (Mar. 1939), 725.

⁹J. W. Krutch, "Virtue in that Falstaff," Nation 149 (Feb. 1939), 184.

¹⁰J. W. Krutch, "Virtue in that Falstaff," Nation 149 (Feb. 11, 1939), 184-185.

described as containing "picture after picture worth remembering, rising to the crescendo of the crimson banners of the Lancasters triumphant at Shrewsbury."¹¹

Late in 1940, Maurice Evans played Malvolio in Twelfth Night with Miss Helen Hayes as Viola, and made it "the spectacular success of the season."¹² In adding this part to his repertory, Mr. Evans was following the tradition of MacKlin, Sir Henry Irving, Sir Beerbohn Tree, and E. N. Sothern. The production was in modern dress which has the advantage, wrote Miss Wyatt, of "brushing off some of the accumulated cobwebs."¹³

In Mr. Evans' interpretation Olivia's major-domo emerged as the correct English Butler, while of Miss Hayes' Viola it was said:

Viola, one of the gentlest and most unselfish of all Shakespeare's ladies, can cloy if played without humor....Miss Hayes's Viola is not so much a lovelorn maid as a delightful urchin. So heartily and bravely does she assume the boy that the audience almost shares Olivia's mystification. As the boy has all of Miss Hayes's sensitive honesty, he is the nicest boy imaginable....¹⁴

In the meantime, Orson Welles, that enfant terrible of stage, screen, and radio, presented in 1939 an adaptation and combination of King Richard II, Henry IV (Parts I and II), and Henry V which he titled "Five Kings." The play traced the story of Prince Hal, later Henry V, from his youth to his marriage with

¹¹E. V. Wyatt, "Falstaff," Catholic World 148 (Mar. 1939), 726.

¹²J. W. Krutch, op. cit., 105.

¹³E. V. Wyatt, "Twelfth Night: Margaret Webster production with Evans and Hayes," Catholic World 152 (Jan. 1941), 467.

¹⁴Ibid., 468.

Katherine of France. It included all the Falstaff scenes, the battles of Shrewsbury, Harflour, and Agincourt, and many tavern, palace, and street scenes.

An unusual feature of the production was the ingenious staging, designed to maintain continuous action throughout the performance. All the sets were on a 28-foot motorized revolving stage, and all the scenery was double-faced and painted a neutral blue-gray. Shifts of scene were made during the action and with changes of lighting. The transition from the second Boar's Head Scene to the Reprimand Scene between Prince Hal and his father (Henry IV) was "done by revolving (the stage) slowly with accompanying light changes so that Hal was continuously in view as he walked out of the Boar's Head Tavern, up the alley to the Castle, and into the Council room."¹⁵

In the same year, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne presented a revival of The Taming of the Shrew which was "based on no ascertainable tradition except that of 'making gentle folk laugh,' as Moliere expressed it." The play was given as a gambol staged by a strolling commedia dell' arte company for the diversion of Christopher Sly. The players included

.... clowns, dwarfs, jugglers, Zannis, Patalones, and the dashing lovers (the Lunts), who in the play turn into Katherine and Petruchio.... (It was) directing at its gayest and most imaginative, a revivifying of old material with a wealth of visual and thestrie invention which brings it to new life.¹⁶

¹⁵Five Kings adapted from Shakespeare's King Richard II, Henry IV, and Henry V. Theatre Arts Monthly 23 (July 1939), 411-413.

¹⁶Rosamond Gilder, "Taming of the Shrew" Theatre Arts Monthly 23 (Dec. 1939), 363-364.

Another attempt to renovate Shakespeare in 1939 became "one of the most costly failures of the season."¹⁷ Gilbert Seldes and Erik Charrell attempted a "swing" version of A Midsummer Night's Dream. They removed the scene of the play to New Orleans of 1900 and dressed Helena and Hermia in bustles. Helena came on stage on a bicycle and Benny Goodman, a jazz musician, was a featured player. To add to the confusion, the aristocrats of the play were white, while the clowns and fairies were colored, and the sets were copied from designs by Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse.

Miss E. V. Wyatt reported that "the clowns and the fairies began to encroach upon the humans and now Benny Goodman is stealing the show from all three." She concluded that Shakespeare need not be hurt "for Goodman is more authentic swing than the stage show."¹⁸

Laurence Olivier, whose beautifully balanced production of an uncut Hamlet in 1937 will be considered in detail in Part II of this thesis, was designer, director, producer, and star of a production of Romeo and Juliet in New York in 1940. The performance did not receive a particularly favorable "press", but the comment merits quoting for purposes of contrast with the criticisms of Mr. Olivier's other endeavors in Shakespearean production and performance.

Miss E. V. Wyatt charitably attributed Laurence Olivier's

¹⁷E. V. Wyatt, "Swingin' the Dream," Catholic World 150 (Jan. 1940), 471.

¹⁸Ibid., 471.

shortcomings as Romeo to the fact that "he has evidently worked so hard (in his off-stage roles) that his own part may have suffered from the strain," then she went on to say:

Mr. Olivier's Romeo has a bit more physical agility than passion.... One is always keenly aware of his clean-cut profile, fine throat and well modeled legs but his elocution is not flawless and one has to listen intently to follow his lines.¹⁹

Of Miss Vivien Leigh (Mr. Olivier's wife) who played Juliet, Miss Wyatt wrote, "... her freshness and willowy grace belong to the girl of fourteen but her childishness never matures as impressively as Miss McCallionne's."²⁰

Joseph Wood Krutch made much the same observations, but his tone was even sharper:

Vivien Leigh is merely amiably inadequate - like a schoolgirl who has been majoring in elocution; Laurence Olivier is unfortunately a good deal worse than that. His voice is so cultured and polite that it carries the faint suggestion of a lisp; his strange posturings in tights are so deliberate and so exhibitionistic as to be almost indecent. His conception of the role... seems to be that of a ballet dancer, for he leaps continually about the stage and tops off every important speech... by some sort of pirouette.... In fact his whole performance suggests a star-crossed lover rather less than it suggests a young tom in a bed of catnip.²¹

The intimate and effective staging which Mr. Olivier achieved in his Hamlet was not duplicated in his Romeo and Juliet. The action in the latter play was kept far back because of the use of sets built upon a revolving stage by Robert

¹⁹E. V. Wyatt, "Laurence Olivier's Production," Catholic World 151 (June, 1940), 347-348.

²⁰Ibid., 347.

²¹J. W. Krutch, "Romeo and Juliet at the Fifty-first Street Theatre," Nation 150 (May 25, 1940), 661.

Edmond Jones. It was "a series of very pretty little sets," wrote Mr. Krutch; "that, however," he grumbled, "is just about all that can be said in favor of the new production."²²

The outbreak of the war caused no slackening in the activities of the decade's renaissance of Shakespeare; in fact, the war provided the need for two outstanding accomplishments in Shakespearean production, the motion picture Henry V, with its theme of patriotism and invasion, and the G. I. Production of Hamlet as release for the emotional and spiritual tension that tortured civilian soldiers.

Meanwhile, in the eighth month of the war (1940), John Gielgud was playing King Lear at the Old Vic in London and "people were not even going to see The Country Wife of Wycherley or the Abraham Lincoln of John Drinkwater; they were coming to Lear, seizing the chance given once in a generation to learn the aspect of a masterpiece."²³

The play was termed "notoriously unactable" and the neo-Tudor style in which it was staged was considered "weak in conception, offeminate in detail. Old Lear harmonized with it as long as he was monarch in power." Of John Gielgud's performance, the critic wrote:

(He) gave completely the intellectual picture, as all of us who knew his Hamlet could have forecast with certainty. He gave the emotional picture, too, thanks to splendid control of an old man's voice and the mask of kingly features.²⁴

²² Ibid., 661

²³ Ashley Duke, "The English Scene: Gielgud's King Lear at the Old Vic," Theatre Arts Monthly 24 (June, 1940), 467.

²⁴ Ibid., 468.

Once again, there was objection to Shakespeare being played far back on the stage, out of intimate physical contact with the audience. The Heath Scene in Gielgud's King Lear was played up-stage, with the result that "Gielgud was remote.... (the) rest shadowy."²⁵

In the United States, Maurice Evans and Judith Anderson played Macbeth for an all-soldier audience at Fort Meade, Maryland. The enthusiasm of the response was the germ of the idea that Hamlet might be adapted to soldier audiences. Later, when both Mr. Evans and Miss Anderson were on active duty in the Pacific Area, they presented Macbeth, experimentally, with a soldier cast.

Stage activity went on at home, with Maurice Evans' director, Miss Margaret Webster, directing Othello in 1943, with the fine Negro actor Paul Robeson in the leading part. Mr. Robeson's Othello aroused admiration and pity, but it did not reach the Aristotelian terror which is inherent in the part.

Miss Webster also revived The Tempest, after it had been absent from Broadway for 20 years. She kept the spiritual and abstract values alive, and showed the search for freedom and the use and abuse of power as motivating forces. The best performance was given by Arnold Moss, who as Prospero did justice to Shakespeare's verse:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

²⁵Ibid., 470.

In 1943, John Carradine, a motion picture actor who had played in 175 pictures, sold his yacht and mortgaged his house in order to finance his "dress rehearsals" of Othello, The Merchant of Venice and Hamlet at the Pasadena Playhouse. His productions were thoughtful rather than exciting, and shunned novelty and sensationalism. Despite gasoline rationing, Mr. Carradine's productions broke all Playhouse records for Shakespeare - and the Pasadena Playhouse had produced all 37 of Shakespeare's plays.²⁶

In November of that year, John Carradine took his Hamlet to San Francisco and gave the city its biggest Shakespearean premiere of modern times. The play started outgrossing Maurice Evans' Hamlet of three years before.²⁷

On opening night a vacant seat was held for John Barrymore. Mr. Carradine explained:

Jack and I used to sit up nights together, reading Shakespeare. He always complained that I was not lyrical enough and criticized my reading as too natural and colloquial - I often thought he was too lyrical. Jack always said he wanted to see my opening. I don't know whether he saw it or not.²⁸

In beleaguered Britain, as the war drew to a climax, Laurence Olivier was producing and acting in his motion picture production of Henry V. That such a project was carried out successfully under wartime conditions is a tribute not only to the intellectual honesty of the English, but also to their persapi-

²⁶"Carradine's Hamlet," Time 42 (Nov. 8, 1943), 32.

²⁷"Carradine's Hamlet," Time 42 (Nov. 8, 1943), 32.

²⁸Ibid.

cacity. By Hollywood standards, the film was produced with less than the minimum essentials in financial expenditure and material equipment. However, the theme, the acting, and the innate good taste displayed in the "staging" - to say nothing of Shakespeare's part in writing the script - combined to make the film a startling contrast to the usual expensive Hollywood gimcrack.²⁹

Because of conditions in England under aerial attack, the actual filming of Henry V took place in neutral Eire. Five hundred members of the Eirean Guard played the parts of English foot-soldiers and bowmen at the battle of Agincourt, while local farmers, "fresh from their spring plowing," were recruited as the horsemen of the French cavalry.³⁰

The film version of Henry V runs for two hours and retains about two-thirds of Shakespeare's text. The only interpolations in the script were a speech from Henry IV, Part II, to explain references to Falstaff, and a few lines from Marlow's Tamburlaine delivered by Pistol when he goes off to war.³¹

Henry V is presented as a play within a play. The opening and closing scenes take place at the old Globe Theatre and are played broad for comedy. Mr. Lejeune felt that in practice this device "works out a little self-consciously tiresome, a rather redundant addition to a film that is handsomely intelli-

²⁹"Henry V Shows Hollywood Some Points on Film-Making," Kansas City Star (Dec. 29), 1940.

³⁰C. A. Lejeune, "Three English Films," Theatre Arts Monthly (June, 1945), 343.

³¹C. A. Lejeune, op. cit., 337.

gible on its own account."³²

Shakespeare, of course, realized the limitations imposed by "this wooden O" (the Globe Theatre) on his attempt to picture the clash and movement of vast armies and the pageantry of kingly conflict. Into the opening speech of Chorus he wrote an apology for the necessity of picturing the mighty deeds of chivalry upon an "unworthy scaffold" and an appeal to the spectators to use their imaginations to supplement his efforts:

O for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
..... But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that hath dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? Or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers on this great account,
On your imaginary forces work.

Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' recoiling earth;
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishments of many years³³
Into an hour-glass.....

The motion picture, if it has no other advantage over the stage beyond its repeatability and its transportability, is

³²Ibid., 380.

³³Prologue, Henry V.

able to burst the bonds of a theatre's walls and place the spectator's eye and ear wherever in heaven or earth the playwright's genius may dictate. It is a fair assumption that Shakespeare, with all his wide-ranging imagination and genius, would have welcomed the opportunity to expand his stage by making use of such a medium.

Henry V is not a great war play - the Elizabethans were too much in love with beauty and splendour and the heady draft of words to write great war plays.... What Shakespeare wrote in Henry V, and what the film has splendidly caught in its own fashion, is a fanfare; a flourish; a salute to high adventure; a kind of golden and perennially youthful exaltation of man's grim work.³⁴

The beauty and splendour, the fanfare and flourish of the film were achieved by the use of color, action, good acting, and good taste. The composition of the battlescapes was derived from the Italian painters, particularly from Uccello's "Rout of San Romano", the color schemes were adopted from Holbein and Broughel, while action, notably in the charge of the French cavalry at Agincourt, is emphasized by music composed for the film by William Walton - "The music and movement gather impetus together; pulsing, pounding, quickening, loudening, until they break over you thunderously like the mountain of a wave."³⁵

Powerful acting was needed to support "this splendour of production", and Mr. Olivier collected a cast of some of the finest Shakespearean actors on the English stage:

³⁴C. A. Lejune, op. cit., 337.

³⁵C. A. Lejune, op. cit., 338.

Leslie Banks: Chorus
 Robert Newton: Ancient Pistol
 Lee Gonn: Constable
 Ralph Truman: Mountjoy
 Max Adrian: Dauphin
 Renee Asherson: Katharine³⁶

Laurence Olivier's performance as Henry was a development of the characterization he had given several years before at the Old Vic, adapted to the enlargement of scene of the motion picture:

He strikes a high heroic note, and uses the full leather of his lungs. "Once more unto the breach, dear friends" is a war cry; the Crispin Day speech ends on something that is almost a brazen scream.³⁷

The critic came to the conservative conclusion that "Henry V is, without a doubt, the most glowing film enterprise of the year in England."³⁸

This section of the study has reviewed productions that are representative of the activity in Shakespearean drama that took place in the decade 1935-1945. The second part of this thesis will deal with the great Hamlets of the period.

³⁶ Ibid., 339.

³⁷ Ibid., 339.

³⁸ Ibid., 339-340.

PART II

GREAT INTERPRETERS OF SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET

The character of Hamlet is supreme in tragic drama. For three centuries, celebrated actors everywhere have played the role of the gentle prince who feigned insanity in order to carry out his father's ghostly command to revenge his "foul and most unnatural murder."

The play itself has been termed a "living organism, complex and passionate, ugly and exalted, defying final analysis and permitting each succeeding generation to recreate it in its own image."¹ These words apply as well to the title role of this greatest tragedy in the English language. Depending upon the attitude of his age, the spirit of his time, but mainly upon his own idea of what manner of man the Prince of Denmark might be, nearly every great player of every generation since the play was written has identified himself with the character of Hamlet.

Shakespeare reshaped his Scandinavian source-material to make Hamlet a prince of the Renaissance, a gentleman in the true sense of the word who moves easily in the realm of ideas, a courtier, a soldier, a scholar. He developed a character that is the most complex and at the same time the most universal in all drama.

As Goethe long ago pointed out, Hamlet is a soul unequal to

¹Rosamond Gilder, John Gielgud's Hamlet, p. 13.

the performance of the great deed laid upon it.² He is not an avenger by nature, but a thinker who sees the time out of joint and cries out against his having been born to set it right.

Hamlet, the "child of integrity," does not know "seems". He satirizes insincerity and resents air that is "promise crammed." He mocks pomposity and scorns fawning and subservience. He broods over the "vicious mole," the fatal flaw which often developes into tragic disaster. He tortures himself with self-accusation and questions the heart-aches and shocks that flesh is heir to, the brevity of life, the levelling power of death. He is astounded at the infinity of the human faculty, the transcendency of thought, the nobility of reason. He deplores human suffering, misdirected reasoning, and false interpretations of honor. He is conscious of his own inaction and fears that too much thinking keeps great enterprises in the realm of thought and thus loses action.

Hamlet is bewildered, confused, struggling, questioning, doubting, believing, beset from within and without. Granville-Barker calls him "a soul adrift."³ With all this, Hamlet is the epitome of thinking humanity, he represents Everyman, and it is the timeless, elemental essence of Hamlet's character that has made the playing of the role "the test of the summit of achievement for the art of the tragic actor."⁴

²W. H. Furness, A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, IV, p. 273.

³Granville-Barker, Prefaces to Shakespeare I, p. 254.

⁴Jack Randall Crawford (edit.), The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

Yet, universal character that he is, Hamlet is elusive.

Rosamond Gilder wrote that the play has survived because

....Hamlet himself has never yet been caught, because he springs from the pins with which the podant would fix him on the dissecting board, breaks the mould in which the critic would cast him, and refuses to conform to any formula yet proposed by any one age or generation. The most self-explanatory and generally talkative of young men, he yet does not tell us clearly such major things about himself as his age, his mental health, his feelings about his sweetheart, his morals, his religious beliefs, his political opinions. A library of documentation has failed to reveal what he actually says at certain crucial moments, or what he does at others. By the happy accident that Shakespeare never wrote a well-made play, that he forbore prefaces and never bothered to edit his own texts, Hamlet remains flexible and alive, various and variable. To each generation it is a different thing and fortunate indeed is that generation which has its Hamlet made articulate for it by the genius of an actor who is kin both to the poet of Elizabeth's London and to the average man of his own day.⁵

The list of actors who have been noteworthy Hamlets since Burbage first played the part in Shakespeare's own company is a long one, though Miss Gilder limits her "brief roll-call of actors who have incarnated the Prince so completely for their day that they have become permanently associated with the part" to Burbage, "Botterton who could make even his fellow actors' hair to stand on end, Garrick who held London in fee for years, Kean who revealed Shakespeare by flashes of lightning," and "Booth whose memory is cherished by our own parents and grandparents."⁶ Add to these the names of John Philip Kemble, William Charles Macready, Edwin Forrest, Sir Henry Irving and his son, H. B. Irving, Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Tamaso

⁵Rosamond Gilder, op. cit., pp. 13-14.

⁶Rosamond Gilder, op. cit., p. 14.

Salvini, Edwin Booth, Edward H. Sothern, Walter Hampden, Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, John Barrymore, and, among the many women who have played the part, Mrs. Siddons, Charlotte Cushman, and Sarah Bernhardt, and the list of well-known Hamlets becomes more nearly complete.

In the 10 years covered by this study (1935-1945), three additional impressive Hamlets took their places upon the stage, John Gielgud, Laurence Olivier, and Maurice Evans. It is significant that all three of these brilliant actors were products of the Old Vic,⁷ as was Maurice Evans' director, Miss Margaret Webster; all three made Hamlet a prince of the Renaissance; and they all treated Shakespeare's text with meticulous care. Normally, a great Hamlet is a milestone in a century; the decade 1935-1945 marked the flowering of three great Hamlets, all of them English-born and trained in the tradition of a single theatre company. The remaining pages of Part II of this thesis contain discussions and evaluations of these three outstanding modern interpreters of the role of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.

John Gielgud's Hamlet

John Gielgud was born in London on April 14, 1904. He is descended on his mother's side from a theatrical family and is the grandnephew of Ellen Terry who played Ophelia to Sir Henry

⁷Royal Victoria Hall on the south side of the Thames River, about a mile from Bankside where the Globe, the Rose, and the Swan stood in Shakespeare's day, has been transformed by Miss Lilian Baylis into a great playhouse with a fine histrionic tradition.

Irving's Hamlet. His grandmother, Ellen Terry's sister Kate, played Ophelia with Charles A. Fechter as Hamlet.

Mr. Gielgud first acted before an audience at Hillside preparatory school in 1913, and later went on to Westminster School. He decided on a theatrical career and, in 1921, he went to work at the Old Vic, where most of the great Shakespearean actors of recent years have been trained.

John Gielgud produced and played Hamlet in London, and from 1934 to 1947 he had played the role more than 500 times.⁸ A most complete portrayal of and commentary on Gielgud's London Hamlet and the succeeding production which was presented in New York in 1936-1937 is contained in John Gielgud's Hamlet: a Record of Performance by Rosamond Gilder, to which reference has already been made. This volume is made up of a foreword and an analysis of Mr. Gielgud's performance by Miss Gilder, a section entitled "The Hamlet Tradition: some notes on costume, scenery and stage business" by Mr. Gielgud, and a scene-by-scene description of the production by Miss Gilder, in parallel pages with the text of the play.

Mr. Gielgud's notes on the costume, scenery, and stage business of his production and his comment on the Hamlet tradition are evidence of the thorough understanding of the development of Hamlet as a stage play that lay behind his own interpretation of the title role. He discusses the various periods in which the play has been costumed, from the "archeological period -

⁸ John Gielgud in Current Biography (April, 1947), p. 13.

Saxo Grammaticus," as he puts it, which was used by H. B. Irving and Leslie Howard, on through the Durer period to the Elizabethan period in which his own first performance of Hamlet at the Old Vic in 1929 was set, and down to the modern versions of Basil Sydney in America, Colin Keith-Johnston in London, and Alexander Weissl in Vienna.

For himself, Mr. Gielgud said,

I like the more definite lines of the sixteenth century dress, which I have always worn (with slight modifications - as my own production was set in 1580, and the one in New York in 1920!) I feel the Renaissance costume suggests the scholar, the poet, the prince, the courtier, and the gentleman; that it is more youthful and at the same time more sophisticated than the Gothic Peter Pan of the traditional theatre. Probably if I had ever played in the cooler and more comfortable Saxon dress I should change my opinion.⁹

As to scenery, Mr. Gielgud stated,

... it is important, in this play, that the sense of pictorial richness and sensuous decadence of a Renaissance court should be somehow combined and contrasted with the feeling of a "war-like state," where ghosts and horror haunt the battlements by night; where armies are marshalling for war, graves give up their dead and a barbaric Northern feeling of cold and grimness cuts across the luxurious court life of the murderous poisoner and his shallow Queen.¹⁰

Mr. Gielgud's notes continue, scene by scene, through the play, and they contain descriptions and comments that compare and contrast his own interpretation of Hamlet with many of the great productions of the past. The Gielgud production of Hamlet was practically uncut; it played about three hours, and in it

⁹ John Gielgud's Hamlet, "The Hamlet Tradition: some notes on costume, scenery, and stage business," by John Gielgud, p. 31.

¹⁰ Ibid., p. 33.

he tried to avoid applause-winning devices such as were often interpolated by many of the older producers.¹¹ He discovered that

... the fuller the text used the less it is necessary to waste time resorting to business to illustrate the meaning or clarify the effect upon the stage. On the other hand business has often to be invented by actors to cover the gap in thought made by a bad cut; often it takes no longer to speak the cut line than to carry out the business or to make the pause that replaces it.¹²

Rosamond Gilder's essay, John Gielgud's Hamlet, and her scene-by-scene description of Mr. Gielgud's performance are far from objective; her comments are entirely laudatory, which was perhaps to be expected from the nature of the volume in which they appear. Miss Gilder was obviously completely carried away by Mr. Gielgud's interpretation of Hamlet, but she was not alone in her praise, though other critics achieved a less subjective point of view, and her analysis and comment give so much of the flavor of this fine Hamlet that they are worth quoting at length:

Two things must inevitably be said of any Hamlet worthy of his metal: this is Shakespeare's Prince - this is our own. Gielgud's fulfills both requirements - granting always that we can know either Shakespeare or ourselves! The play as he gives it is more nearly textually complete than we are accustomed to seeing it, and for this reason it is a more difficult, complex and startling Prince than the one, for instance, with which Booth fascinated and awed our forebears. Gielgud has been accused of not giving a unified impersonation. It is easy to see that the comment stems from a conception of the part based on versions delicately pruned to

¹¹ To illustrate the kind of thing he tried to avoid, Mr. Gielgud describes Forbes-Robertson's device for making an effective "curtain" in which Lady Forbes-Robertson as Ophelia was carried in, dripping, on a bier at the end of the Queen's willow speech.

¹² John Gielgud, op. cit., p. 43.

create the image of a princely youth of heroic mould who does, of course, exist in the text, but who is also doubled by a sardonic, virulent and cruel young man, a young man who talks bawdry to Ophelia, baits her father, sends his ex-friends to death without a scruple and kills without compunction once his blood is up. Hamlet, as Shakespeare wrote him, was a Renaissance youth to whom philosophy, poetry and violence were familiar. He lacked a decent sense of modern stage conventions, of climax and denouement, of time-relationships and the proper conduct of a plot. He has a way of not remaining consistent that is disconcerting to the theorist.....

Gielgud has chosen to play Hamlet whole because he can accept and understand him whole. The generation he has grown up in is one which knew in its childhood that nobility and brutality were not legends but common facts recorded for four years in daily torrents of blood and printers' ink. Modern psychology must be as much a part of his thinking as the Darwinian theory was of our fathers'. The Freudian aspects of Hamlet's character are not startling for those to whom the revelations of the psycho-analytical technique are an accepted part of thought and experience. He can see and understand as perfectly sound and accurate portraiture Hamlet's split personality, his mother-fixation, his sense of guilt, his battles that will not stay won, his desperate efforts to reconcile the conflicting elements in his psychic make-up, his tendency to unpack his heart in words, his heroism and cowardice, his final integration. Shakespeare saw, understood and by a miracle of grace set down the detailed portrait of the "modern man" of his day. Gielgud, speaking his words, fills them to the brim with the life blood of the "modern man" of ours....

Gielgud's characterization is clear and convincing throughout, for though he shows a Hamlet, complex, moody - by turns furious and dejected, violent and indifferent - his concept is never blurred....

Gielgud's performance gives a sense of almost intolerable tension. Starting at the level of a scrow which "passeth show" in the opening of the first act, waves of emotion mount in a continuous progression. In the following scenes they gather momentum, rise to a climax, break and subside only to start again with accumulated force toward another intensity, until finally in the closet scene the last crest is reached, the last crash carries all before it.¹⁵

¹⁵ Rosamond Gilder, op. cit., pp. 15-17.

Miss Gilder went on to discuss all the elements of Mr. Gielgud's acting equipment, his body, his face and profile, his hands, and his voice. All of them she found superbly fitted for the projection of his characterization across the footlights. Of the Gielgud voice, which is mentioned favorably by other commentators, she had this to say:

The supreme weapon in the actor's arsenal is his voice. Bernhardt, physically reduced to a thing of pity, could still enthral with the magnificent cascade of her speech and Duse's voice will ring forever in the ears that have heard it. Gielgud brings again to the stage something of this lost beauty. The range and quality of his voice is not more remarkable than his control of its possibilities. Even more than his face it registers the constant movement of his mind so that a single phrase, even a single word or exclamation, can convey a whole range of experience....

...The smooth transition from one register to another, the dramatic use of head tones, the absolute control of the breathing apparatus which permits a rising emphasis with increase of volume at the end of a long phrase, are indications of Gielgud's proficiency in the use of this essential element of technical equipment.¹⁴

Other critics were less biased in favor of John Gielgud's Hamlet than Miss Gilder; they found many shortcomings in his acting, though the final evaluation generally placed him in the succession of great Hamlets.

Among the least enthusiastic was Walter Prichard Eaton. He pointed out that Gielgud has high intelligence, but that he is too intellectual and makes the emotion of secondary importance. He felt that Mr. Gielgud lacked "the princely touch", that he overworked the pauses, and that he started too high and later could not reach the climaxes. Mr. Eaton concluded that Maurice

¹⁴ Rosamond Gilder, op. cit., pp. 22-23.

Evans was more satisfactory as Hamlet than Gielgud.¹⁵

Ashley Duke, commenting on Mr. Gielgud's London Hamlet of 1934-1935,¹⁶ stated that Gielgud has earned the right to comparison with actors of the older tradition, such as Irving, Forbes-Robertson, and Barrymore. He mentioned Gielgud's fine harmony of words and action, but suggested that the acting function suffers when the actor has to work too hard in the dual role of director and actor.¹⁷

Mr. Gielgud was compared directly with some of his great predecessors in Miss E. V. Wyatt's comment that, whereas Forbes-Robertson's Hamlet was primarily a prince and Barrymore's a man torn by passion, Gielgud's Hamlet was an intellectual, a university scholar and a philosopher, and that where there was a great void left in the heart of Barrymore's Hamlet for the two women he loved, the Queen and Ophelia, in Gielgud they were reduced to minorities.¹⁸

In the fall of 1936 there was an unfortunate rivalry of Hamlets on the New York stage. John Gielgud brought his Hamlet to New York under the direction of Guthrie McClintic, while Leslie Howard played the same role at the same time in another New York theatre. The press made much of the story that "Two

¹⁵ Walter Friebohn Eaton, "Shakespeare with a Difference," Atlantic Monthly 159 (April, 1937), 474-477.

¹⁶ Ashley Duke, "Gielgud's Hamlet," Theatre Arts Monthly 19 (Feb. 1935), 105-107.

¹⁷ Ashley Duke, op. cit., pp. 105-107.

¹⁸ E. V. Wyatt, "Hamlet with John Gielgud," Catholic World 144 (Nov. 1936), 215-217.

Britons, both blond, vie on Broadway."¹⁹

Leslie Howard's Hamlet²⁰ was played in 11th century costume and setting, while John Gielgud's, as has been noted, was dated 1620. Mr. Gielgud was supposed to have attended a Howard performance and to have walked out at the end of the first act because he didn't like it. This report seems at variance with Mr. Gielgud's own comment in Miss Gilder's book published in 1937 where, writing of the "archaeological period - Saxe Grammaticus - which is the traditional theatrical and historically accurate period for the play,"²¹ he stated, "The period can be strikingly handled as in the recent Hamlet of Leslie Howard, which I am told was beautifully set and costumed by Stewart Chaney..."²²

Miss E. V. Wyatt, in contrasting Gielgud's and Howard's Hamlets, wrote

The Howard pageantry carries one into enchanted lands as one watches a charming boy wander through the royal castle. He is a sensitive youth, not yet through college, but well read and thoughtful for his years....²³

and she drew the curtain on the one-sided duel of Hamlets with the charitable statement that "Mr. Howard chose the most difficult season in which to venture his interpretation."²⁴

¹⁹"Rival Hamlets," Literary Digest 122 (Nov. 21, 1936), 26.

²⁰Mr. Howard's Hamlet was "disappointing" to New York. Walter Prichard Eaton wrote, "He could not measure up to the stature of the role, or the demands of the poetry."

²¹John Gielgud, op. cit., p. 30.

²²Ibid., p. 31.

²³E. V. Wyatt, "Drama: Contrast between Gielgud's and Howard's Hamlet," Catholic World 144 (Dec. 1936), 334.

²⁴Ibid., 335.

Alan Dent pointed to certain faults in John Gielgud's acting equipment and analysed the development of the art that has earned Mr. Gielgud a place in the front rank of the company of great Hamlets.

Like the rest of the handful of first-raters since Roscius was an actor in Rome, John Gielgud is liberally endowed with faults. Kemble was cold, and Macready was pompous, and Irving dragged one foot and croaked like a bull-frog - so they tell us. We can see for ourselves... that Gielgud's physique seriously limits his range and choice among the great acting parts. He cannot, for example, walk across the stage without suggesting that his knees are tied together with a silken scarf. This is a crying fault, of course, but it cannot be mended now. Kemble could not warm himself up, Macready could not condescend. Gielgud cannot walk - there it is.

Of his 1939 Hamlet I said: "Mr. Gielgud's interpretation of the Dane has now passed from faulty exquisiteness to something nearly perfect in its way. There is now a logic in his anger and a wildness in his calm. There used to be in this Hamlet something lackadaisical and weak here and there. Now, from the beginning to the late end, we can sit back and heed the fine artist over and over again excelling in his own delivery, in his own phrasing in the musician's sense of the term. Or we sit forward to observe the new excitements he has added...."²⁵

John Gielgud's interpretation of Hamlet was the result of many years of concentration and it became a great Hamlet in which there was harmony of words and action. Though it was an intellectual interpretation in which emotion was secondary, yet in it Hamlet turned his soul inside out. Gielgud created a new Hamlet, full of the sense of princely solitude in which Hamlet seemed to speak to himself as Hamlet must.

²⁵Alan Dent, "John Gielgud: Actor," Theatre Arts Monthly 312 (Feb. 1947), 27-30.

Laurence Olivier's Hamlet

Laurence Olivier was born in Dorking, Surrey, England, on May 22, 1907, a descendent of French Huguenots who fled to England in 1572. His family hoped that he would enter the ministry and tried to prepare the way for a vocation by exposing him to ritual literature and church music during his early boyhood. At the age of nine Olivier had a fine voice, but it was not destined to be used in the pulpit.

Mr. Olivier's first appearance in Shakespeare was at the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford in 1922. Later, he joined the company at the Old Vic where his acting brought him "unqualified acclaim" and "unanimous acceptance"⁸⁶ and by 1944 he was co-director of the company.

The year, 1937, was a season of Hamlets; there were two on Broadway and in London at the Old Vic Laurence Olivier began the long run of his uncut Hamlet under the direction of Tyrone Guthrie. The production played from January to November, 1937, and from February to April in 1938.

Hamlet played in the complete text was accorded an enthusiastic reception and stimulated an increased appreciation of Shakespeare's powers as a playwright. As Ashley Duke put it:

When the play in its entirety is given as it is now given at the Old Vic, every interlude has its positive place in the scheme of things.... the whole play lasts four hours and forty minutes - and far from

⁸⁶ Laurence Olivier, Who's Who, 1946.

being too long, it leaves the listener eager for the next occasion when he may listen to every word again.²⁷

Mr. Duke went on to express further tribute to Shakespeare's workmanship in the following paragraphs:

So admirable an effect is gained by giving a good performance of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, rather than by offering any specially distinguished setting to a specially distinguished rendering of the title part.

Altogether, this is a noteworthy Hamlet. The art of presentation keeps pace with our own renewal of feeling for the play, the strength of which no playgoer can doubt. Also the text triumphs. In the greater masterpieces it appears that Shakespeare knew best what to say and when to say it. Henceforth, I for one, shall count by time and reject without hesitation any performance lasting less than four hours.²⁸

In presenting all of Shakespeare's Hamlet, the Old Vic production brought the action of the play forward, close to the audience. A variant of the apron-stage was built, a platform extending beyond the proscenium, so that the stage boxes overlooked it, thus effecting a partial return to the physical setting in which Shakespeare's own company acted.

The scene of the play within the play was "very happily conceived."²⁹ The Players brought on their own stage equipment, a low circular platform, hangings, and props. The King, who looked like Henry VIII, and the Queen were seated on a high platform, brilliantly lighted, overlooking the Players and the audience. During the play of the murder of Gonzago, Hamlet moved up and down the steps connecting the two levels of the stage, as he

²⁷ Ashley Duke, "The English Scene: Hamlet," Theatre Arts Monthly 24 (Mar. 1937), 189.

²⁸ Ibid., 199.

²⁹ Ibid., 190.

observed the King's reactions.

The original and exciting climax of the scene was described in these words:

The downward rush of the King calling for lights, thrusting aside Hamlet and courtiers and all, is prodigious. Right into the lowest stairway beneath the stage he plunges, and the rest in confusion after him, seeking lights; and when torches are brought the colored trappings of the players are gone and most of the company with them.³⁰

Laurence Olivier's performance as Hamlet was termed "agile and vital - a noteworthy Hamlet," while his face was described as "arresting, sensitive, medieval." Ashley Duke wrote that Mr. Olivier "makes a friend of the spectator without difficulty" and that he is "physically appealing and agile, mentally 'son to the late and nephew of the present king' and at first no more."³¹

Mr. Duke summed up the Olivier characterization in this passage:

We begin to judge him as too boyish a man, one of those who in their thirties are just as they were known at school.... It is a real tribute to his personality that Laurence Olivier sustains the character (at this point of arrestation) to the end.³²

In the summer of 1937, Laurence Olivier and the Old Vic company, including Miss Vivion Leigh (Mrs. Olivier) as Ophelia, travelled to Helsingør, Denmark, hoping to capture some added

³⁰ Ashley Duke, op. cit., p. 189.

³¹ "A New Hamlet in London," Theatre Arts Monthly 21 (Mar. 1937), 188.

³² Ashley Duke, op. cit., p. 190.

quality of atmosphere by playing Hamlet on "the very spot."³³ They discovered that closeness to the spirit of Shakespeare is a matter of mood rather than a question of geography.

The first performance planned for the castle courtyard was rained out.³⁴ The company retired to the hotel where the actors improvised a performance such as a "cry" of Tudor players might have done. By comparison, the formal presentation in the courtyard on the following evening was cold and colorless. Artificial lighting made the granite walls as insubstantial in appearance as painted scenery. As Ivor Brown put it:

Hamlet "on the very spot" became, except for the coldness of the night air,.... very like Hamlet in a modern theatre, whereas Hamlet in a ball-room had been strange and different and perhaps more truly Elizabethan.

The truth is that you can act Shakespeare anywhere and anyhow sobeit you have the true passion as well as four boards or a grass lawn or a bit of a ball-room. Provided there are vehemence and spirit and a real attack on the audience, all is well.

As for the performance in the hotel ball-room, Mr. Brown commented:

This production.... was in my opinion a great success. It was close, intimate, enthralling. We were all part of Claudius' court. The final duel was so much in our midst that we feared for our own safety as well as Hamlet's....

That performance.... made me wonder more than ever why we make such a fuss about lights and atmosphere and all the rest of it when presenting Shakespeare. If

³³ Ivor Brown, "The Very Spot," Theatre Arts Monthly 21 (Nov. 1937), 874 ff.

³⁴ In 1939, John Gielgud played Hamlet in the courtyard of the ancient castle of Kronborg at Elsinore. During the visit Miss Compton unveiled a memorial tablet to Shakespeare and Hamlet on the wall of the castle. ("Mr. John Gielgud as Hamlet," The Shakespeare Pictorial, 1939).

we sit close, if we sit all 'round him, like the audience in his own Globe, and if our players liberate the torrent of noble speech, the sweep and counter-sweep of passion and event, Shakespeare will not fail us for a moment.³⁵

Laurence Olivier's Hamlet was given with reverence and naturalness. His characterisation was unusually sympathetic and he succeeded early in establishing a bond of feeling with the spectator. The fine quality of the entire production made the Olivier Hamlet a noteworthy achievement.

Maurice Evans' Hamlet

The decade 1935-1945 was exceptionally rich in the number as well as in the quality of its interpreters of Hamlet. In addition to John Gielgud and Laurence Olivier, who would have been outstanding Hamlets individually in any period, the decade saw the development of two fine interpretations of Hamlet by Maurice Evans who has been described as "the greatest Shakespearean actor of the English-speaking stage."³⁶

Maurice Evans was born in Dorset, England, in 1901, the son of a justice of the peace. In his boyhood he sang in a choir and as a youth he was an amateur actor. His first professional appearance was as Orestes in The Orestia of Aeschylus in 1926.

While serving his apprenticeship in the theatre, Maurice Evans earned his living by managing a cleaning and dyeing shop.

³⁵Ivor Brown, op. cit., 874.

³⁶Quentin Reynolds, "G. I. Hamlet," Colliers 115 (Mar. 24, 1946), 14.

His creation of the role of Raleigh in the original production of Journey's End made him one of London's leading actors. In 1934, Mr. Evans joined the Old Vic company and gave a long series of noteworthy performances. In this great training ground of the theatre he acquired a broad background of experience in classical and modern drama before he turned to Shakespeare.

The first of Maurice Evans' two great interpretations of Hamlet was his uncut production, which was played in New York in 1936. In preparation for this effort, Mr. Evans studied Quarto 2 and Folio 1, to assure himself of the meaning of the play, and accepted the second Quarto as the more authentic text. In this work of preparation he felt greatly indebted to the scholarship of Dover Wilson, who wrote The MSS of Shakespeare's Hamlet.³⁷

As with Laurence Olivier's full-length Hamlet in London in the preceding season, Maurice Evans' Hamlet in its entirety in New York aroused enthusiastic response in theatre-goers and critics, alike. The production played to packed houses at the St. James Theater for three and a half months and, in the following year, 207 performances were given on a coast-to-coast tour.

Again, as with Olivier's production, the power of the uncut play to hold attention throughout its length was cited as proof of Shakespeare's superb craftsmanship as a playwright. J. W. Krutch wrote:

³⁷"Maurice Evans presents Shakespeare's Hamlet in Its Entirety," The New York Post, Oct. 13, 1936.

Both the star (Maurice Evans) and his director, Margaret Webster, seem to have agreed that the best "interpretation" which can be given the play is the one which emerges when each scene is allowed just the degree of prominence it has in the text itself, and the result is to convince one that Shakespeare builded better, it not than he knew, then better at least than anyone else is likely to know. In recent years most actors.... have cast about for some novel, often eccentric "interpretation" of the character and then arranged a text as well as a performance designed for the express purpose of making that interpretation seem as probable and as satisfactory as possible.³⁸

Miss E. V. Wyatt made the comment that "A play is as long as it seems and Hamlet has often dragged when most freely cut." She ascribed the appeal of "the straight tragedy of Hamlet" to the similarity of the twentieth century in its restlessness and ruthlessness to the period of the Renaissance in which Hamlet was conceived.³⁹

In commenting on the length of the uncut Hamlet, the reviewer for The New York Post said, "Five long hours, every minute unforgettable,"⁴⁰ while the critic for The North American Review wrote:

Maurice Evans' production of Hamlet is one of overwhelming beauty and power.... The entire Hamlet has greater sweep, depth, and goes far to explain away the age-old debate as to the nature of the gloomy Dane.... The "New Hamlet" moves with a vigor and inevitability that makes it the most exciting play on Broadway.⁴¹

The over-all excellence of the production was responsible for much of the appeal of the full-length play; there was an

³⁸"Maurice Evans Presents Shakespeare's Hamlet in Its Entirety." New York: St. James Theater, 1938.

³⁹E. V. Wyatt, "Hamlet in entirety presented by Maurice Evans," Catholic World 148 (Dec. 1933), 341-343.

⁴⁰The New York Post, Oct. 13, 1938.

⁴¹North American Review (Dec. 1933), 377.

unusually happy combination of an original and capable director, a sensitive and intelligent star, and competent and attractive supporting players. A great deal of credit for the success of the production was given to the director, Miss Margaret Webster.⁴² Miss E. V. Wyatt said:

There are several outstanding points of interest about this Hamlet in entirety presented by Maurice Evans. In the first place full credit for it must be given to the director, Margaret Webster, trained in the traditions of London's Old Vic. Miss Webster's intelligent touch is felt through the continuously swift movement to the smaller details of stage business.⁴³

The play was costumed in the Tudor period and the sets were considered "handsome as backgrounds."⁴⁴ The deft touches of Miss Webster's direction including providing Ophelia with a home, "a real little home of her own, instead of showing her interminably camping out before a curtain as in most other productions."⁴⁵ When Laertes returned to the empty house the chandelier was draped in gauze. The Queen's frivolity was pointed up by having her try on scarves as the King receives the embassy from England. The play within the play was cleverly staged with a boy for the Player Queen.

Among the supporting players, Henry Edwards as the King was

⁴²Margaret Webster is the daughter of Don Webster and Dame May Whitty, famous Shakespearean actors, and is a fine actress in her own right. She made her stage debut as a Gentlewoman in John Barrymore's London production of Hamlet. In 1939, she staged tabloid plays of Shakespeare at the New York World's Fair.

⁴³E. V. Wyatt, op. cit., p. 341.

⁴⁴E. V. Wyatt, "Hamlet in entirety presented by Maurice Evans," Catholic World 143 (Dec. 1933), 342.

⁴⁵E. V. Wyatt, "Shakespeare, Evans, and Webster, Inc.," Catholic World 150 (Jan. 1940), 466.

termed by Miss Wyatt, "the very best we have ever met. He seems the embodiment of a modern business man,"⁴⁶ and in another article she wrote of him:

Henry Edwards' Claudius is attractive enough to make plausible the beautiful Queen's infatuation - and Lady Christians is very beautiful and infatuated. Allowed to say all his lines, the King emerges as a tempted suffering human creature: not just a stage villain in a hired crown.⁴⁷

George Graham, who played Polonius, died after the play had taken to the road and was replaced by Raymond Johnson, another product of the Old Vic. Polonius was criticized for wearing spectacles, but Miss Wyatt came to his defense by pointing out that lenses were available in the thirteenth century, according to Dr. Coulton's latest study of the Middle Ages, and the Maurice Evans' Hamlet was played in sixteenth century settings.

Maurice Evans' characterization and interpretation of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, contributed their essential elements to the fine balance of the production. Miss Rosamond Cilder pointed out that Mr. Evans' reading was "beautifully cadenced. He is a young man free from all contriving - alert, vigorously present; he keeps the play alive every minute."⁴⁸ And in another review the same critic wrote, "The great poetry of the part rolls from Mr. Evans' tongue.... Mr. Evans neither startles nor offends....

⁴⁶ E. V. Wyatt, "Hamlet in entirety presented by Maurice Evans," Catholic World 149 (Dec. 1939), 343.

⁴⁷ E. V. Wyatt, "Shakespeare, Evans, and Webster, Inc.," Catholic World 150 (Jan. 1940), 467.

⁴⁸ Rosamond Cilder, "Welcome Masters All," Theatre Arts Monthly 22 (Dec. 1939), 353.

Mr. Evans does not portray the mental anguish of Hamlet."⁴⁹

Miss E. V. Wyatt analysed Maurice Evans' Hamlet as follows:

Mr. Evans' Hamlet is intellectual, logical, and sustained but to us it lacks the supreme qualities of some of his predecessors. The sympathy that Forbes-Robertson inspired with his wonderful voice and the gentleness that underlay his emotion choked all his audience with tears. Barrymore's intensity wracked his hearers, particularly in the closet scene with his mother, and one remembers his mocking humor with Polonius. Gielgud was completely the intellectual. Those who docket it as neurotic seem not to realize what shock can do to an extremely sensitive, imaginative mind.... Hamlet is the epitome of the man who plays him.⁵⁰

A year earlier Miss Wyatt had written:

Mr. Evans has announced that he does not play a Prince with dyspepsia. He seems more a clean-cut Oxonian. He has the force and intellect behind his speeches that make them interesting and he fits perfectly into the eternal story of the drama....

Mr. Evans' Prince is more the man of action than imagination.... Like Barrymore, his strongest scene is with his mother.... With Ophelia, he is passionate.... He seems sullen rather than stricken in the first scene with his uncle.... It is a Hamlet that arouses respect but not pity. His death did not overwhelm us with a personal sense of loss.... one of the finest productions of Hamlet ever given but not to us the greatest Hamlet.⁵¹

Mr. J. W. Krutch reached very much the same conclusion in regard to the Evans' interpretation of Hamlet. He wrote of the production that "while it minimizes Hamlet as a problem it restores Hamlet as a play." In support of this statement he went on to say:

Mr. Evans feels too much can be made of Hamlet's infirmity of purpose.... he makes the Prince princely....

⁴⁹ Rosamond Gilder, "Maurice Evans' full length Hamlet," Theatre Arts Monthly 24 (Feb. 1940), 96.

⁵⁰ E. V. Wyatt, "Shakespeare, Evans, and Webster, Inc.," Catholic World 150 (Jan. 1940), 467.

⁵¹ E. V. Wyatt, "Hamlet in entirety presented by Maurice Evans," Catholic World 143 (Dec. 1933), 341.

a young man who has.... both more respect for action and more capacity to act than Hamlet is sometimes given credit for. This tendency has its dangers.... even in Mr. Evans' performance two of the most famous speeches - "To be or not to be" and "Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt" - seem slightly out of place.

The performance is actually better balanced than any other.... certainly it is far more satisfying than either that of John Gielgud, which was vastly overpraised, or that of Leslie Howard, which was given less than its due. The latter presented a Hamlet who was charming and humorous but too little besides; the former, a prince who went into tantrums instead of rages and was guilty at times of something distressingly like mere enivolving. Mr. Evans is manly as well as sensitive, passionate as well as subtle.⁵²

In the same review, Mr. Krutch went on to indicate that there is no evidence that Shakespeare's contemporaries regarded Hamlet as a "problem" or that the actor and spectator could not enjoy the play unless they were in possession of "some unique key capable of unlocking an obscure secret," while another critic commented, "The Hamlet Mr. Evans plays, in colors unorthodox in their gaiety, is not outwardly the melancholy Dane. His sadness is in his heart rather than on his face."⁵³

In hewing straight to the line of Shakespeare's complete text, Maurice Evans was able to create a complete character in his Hamlet without resorting to distortions of the psychological aspects of the personality of the Prince. His Hamlet was the clear-cut Oxonian - princely, with care for the welfare of his kingdom - the vivid and detached portrait of the modern man. Walter Prichard Eaton summed it up with his statement that

⁵²J. W. Krutch, "New Hamlet," The Nation 147 (Oct. 29, 1933), 461-462.

⁵³The New York Post, Oct. 15, 1933.

Maurice Evans "realizes the complete stature of Shakespeare's theatrical conception."⁵⁴

With the entrance of the United States into World War II, Maurice Evans was commissioned major of Army Special Services and sent to Pearl Harbor to organize entertainment for military units in the Pacific Area. His shortened acting version of Hamlet which he produced while on active duty and which became known as the G. I. Production of Hamlet will be considered in the third part of this thesis.

⁵⁴Walter Prichard Eaton, "Shakespeare with a Difference," Atlantic Monthly 159 (April, 1937), 477.

PART III

SHAKESPEARE'S HAMLET AND MAURICE EVANS'
G. I. PRODUCTION OF HAMLET: A LINE BY LINE
 C. I. ARISON

The war brought to Maurice Evans the opportunity of developing another and quite different production of Hamlet. In 1942, Mr. Evans was commissioned major of Army Special Services and sent to Pearl Harbor to organize entertainment for military units in the Central Pacific Area. Out of his assignment came a truly notable achievement in the interpretation of Shakespeare's Hamlet, Maurice Evans' G. I. Production of Hamlet. In his preface to the published acting edition, Mr. Evans later pointed out:

Of the gallons of ink which have been spilt upon the topic of Hamlet, the actors and stage producers are responsible for a comparatively negligible quantity. Most of the torrent of wordage already in existence has been unleashed by the academicians..... My apology, if one is needed, is that this little book is a statement of a task already accomplished, whereas its predecessors have in the main constituted theoretical approaches to the task or criticisms of the finished product as seen through the eyes of the reviewer.¹

As officer in charge of troop entertainment, Major Evans tried to leaven the otherwise giddy fare which usually it was his duty to provide with occasional productions of more substantial character. The success of an experimental staging of Macbeth, in which Miss Judith Anderson went out from Australia to play, encouraged him to attempt Hamlet.²

¹ Maurice Evans, G. I. Production of Hamlet by William Shakespeare, p. 9.

² Ibid., 9.

The production "became contemporary not of its own seeking but because of the conditions which existed at the time of its presentation."³ Major Evans was faced with the necessity of cutting the text to a playing time of not more than two hours and forty-five minutes and with the challenge of producing a classic as though for the first time. "Hamlet had to be regarded as a brand-new script hot off the press, to be treated with no more reverence than any other play."⁴

Major Evans and his soldier director, Sgt. George Schaefer, made the cutting with the purpose of retaining "all the cardinal points of plot and character development while eliminating passages, odd lines, and even whole scenes in an effort to keep the play taut and swift."⁵

Maurice Evans regarded the soldiers in his audiences as each "in his own way a Hamlet, bewildered by the uninvited circumstances in which he found himself and groping for the moral justification and the physical courage demanded of him."⁶ He felt that they would have no more patience with a Hamlet suffering from lethargic melancholia than they displayed for their comrades who "brooded too much or had too thin a skin to withstand 'the whips and scorns of time.'" The Hamlet he portrayed was a "normal man caught in the web of circumstance which denies him the opportunity to act; a man, in fact, not so very far

³ Maurice Evans, op. cit., 9.

⁴ Ibid., 15.

⁵ Ibid., 9.

⁶ Ibid., 17.

removed from the average soldier...who knew himself trapped in a situation from where there was no escape."⁷

To make the style of production consistent with his desire to stress the contemporary parallels of the play, Major Evans costumed the players in colorful military which suggested "the imminence of war, with which the Kingdom of Denmark is threatened throughout the play" and emphasized "the immediacy of the happenings."⁸

Major Evans found that it was easier to decide upon a style of costuming than to execute the idea under the conditions which prevailed in the military organization to which he was attached. "It was hard," he wrote, "to convince some of our superiors that there was any justification for the time, money, and labour which a production as ambitious as Hamlet demanded."⁹ Officers at the brass-hat level were frankly dubious about the reception of Shakespeare by the enlisted men. One commanding general was reported to have grumbled, "Why the hell do they send a Shakespear-ean actor out here? Not one per cent of our G. I.'s ever read or saw Shakespeare - including me!"¹⁰

However, by dint of using coffee-can reflectors and lamps salvaged from the sunken battleship Oklahoma, and little by little melting the heart of harassed supply officers, a minimum of materials was assembled and Hamlet was staged. Major Evans

⁷ Ibid., 19.

⁸ Maurice Evans, op. cit., 21.

⁹ Ibid., 21.

¹⁰ Quentin Reynolds, "G. I. Hamlet," Colliers 115 (Mar. 24, 1945), 14.

played Hamlet; Janet Slanson, daughter of an army colonel, was Ophelia; and Major Evans' secretary, Mary Adams, played the Queen. The other parts were played by army personnel who had been assigned to Major Evans' unit because they had had any kind of stage experience.

The soldier audiences reacted to Hamlet "with a kind of rapt attention which is every actor's dream."¹¹ Thousands of men who never before had seen a performance of a Shakespearean play sat spellbound, listening to a Hamlet who, like themselves, was confused by a hostile environment and by the necessity of performing a task for which he was ill fitted by nature. It was the timeliness of the personal conflict in Hamlet, as well as the compelling voice of the actor, the music of the verse, and the rich content of the poetry, that made Hamlet a soldier document of World War II.

A soldier is said to have asked Major Evans, "what in the hell is it all about?" and the actor explained, "Hamlet is a confused guy who wants to avenge his father's murder. He is a bit mixed up."¹²

"I think Hamlet is going nuts," said another soldier while watching the play. "Maybe he is just pretending to be nuts," replied his bench-mate, "so when he murders the king, no one can do anything to him."¹³

Major Evans felt satisfied that he and his men had achieved

¹¹ Maurice Evans, op. cit., 23.

¹² Quentin Reynolds, op. cit., 23.

¹³ Ibid., 23.

their purpose of making Hamlet live for the modern American man on active military service, when a typical G. I. exclaimed, "They must have done a lot of re-writing to bring this up to date!"¹⁴

Mr. Evans later summed up the philosophy which underlay the conception of his G. I. Production of Hamlet in these words:

For all the drilling and discipline, the American soldier remained very much an individual throughout the war, and the only way to get him to respond favourably was to treat him as an individual. This was the belief which governed our planning in the branch of the service to which our Entertainment Section was attached. By treating the soldier not as a moron, as was too often the case, but as an adult male who needed a little spiritual refreshment now and again, we believed we indirectly improved his efficiency as a fighting man. The intellectual desolation which was the companion of life in the Army was a deleterious factor, and it was the remedial aspects of our program which eventually became recognized.¹⁵

Action was intended to be the keynote of Mr. Evans' adaptation of Hamlet.¹⁶ The G. I. Production of Hamlet is not all of Shakespeare's Hamlet, but it is all Shakespeare. It is composed of selected portions of the full-length Hamlet relatively unchanged, selections that contain the most dramatic and action-filled passages of the original.

In shortening the play by about one-third, Maurice Evans omitted much of the exposition and a great many passages of philosophy. Act IV, Scene VI, the short scene of the sea-farers' return with Hamlet's letter to Horatio, is omitted entirely and, elsewhere, references to Hamlet's adventures on the voyage to England are cut to the minimum consistent with

¹⁴ Maurice Evans, op. cit., p. 23.

¹⁵ Maurice Evans, op. cit., p. 22.

¹⁶ Ibid., 11.

making clear the general outline of the story. No lines are used from Scene VI of Act IV, the scene of the clowns in the graveyard.

The most marked differences between the G. I. Production of Hamlet and Shakespeare's Hamlet, as we know it in Parrott's edition,¹⁷ are in length and in the division of the play into acts and scenes. Shakespeare's Hamlet contains 3935 lines, while Mr. Evans' version is made up of approximately 2646 lines. The G. I. Production of Hamlet is divided into two acts with a total of 16 scenes, as compared to the five acts and 20 scenes of the Parrott edition.

The following table indicates the comparative divisions of the play in the two editions:

Shakespeare's <u>Hamlet</u>			<u>G. I. Production of Hamlet</u>		
		<u>No. lines</u>			<u>No. lines</u>
Act I.	Sc. I.	175	Act I.	Sc. 1.	106
	Sc. II.	238		Sc. 2.	195
	Sc. III.	136		Sc. 3.	117
	Sc. IV.	91		Sc. 4.	56
	Sc. V.	191			193
Act II.	Sc. I.	180		Sc. 5.	153
	Sc. II.	639		Sc. 6.	495
Act III.	Sc. I.	196	Act II.	Sc. 7.	187
	Sc. II.	417		Sc. 1.	290
	Sc. III.	93		Sc. 2.	59
	Sc. IV.	217		Sc. 3.	163
Act IV.	Sc. I.	45			33
	Sc. II.	33		Sc. 4.	29
	Sc. III.	70		Sc. 5.	64
	Sc. IV.	66		Sc. 6.	54
	Sc. V.	219		Sc. 7.	156
	Sc. VI.	33			0
	Sc. VII.	195			111
Act V.	Sc. I.	322			0
	Sc. II.	414		Sc. 8.	143
		<u>3935</u>		Sc. 9.	147
					<u>2646</u>

¹⁷Thomas Marc Parrott, Shakespeare, "The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," pp. 676-724.

In general, Mr. Evans has kept the language of Shakespeare intact. The few changes he has made are for the most part modernizations of spelling that are more readily apparent on the printed page than in the spoken play. The superficial nature of his alterations may be illustrated by his substitution of "He will stay till you come" for "'A will stay till you come," and the printing of contractions as one word ("'tis") instead of as two words ("'t is"), as in Parrott.

In a few instances Mr. Evans assigned a line to a different character; for example, he had Hamlet exclaim, "O, horrible! horrible! most horrible!", whereas in the Parrott edition the line, "O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!" is part of the Ghost's long speech in Act I, Scene V.

A logical change of adjective, considering Mr. Evans' physique, was made in the final scene, where the Queen described Hamlet as "hot and scant of breath," rather than as "fat and scant of breath."¹⁸

The G. I. Production of Hamlet was published in the format of a modern play. The lines are unnumbered, though the blank verse form is evident, and frequent and specific stage directions have been added.¹⁹

In the following parallel columns, the line-by-line compari-

¹⁸ Furness (A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, Vol. III, p. 446) notes that Plow (Hamlet, Prince von Danemarek, Hamburg, 1962, p. 214) refers to Act IV, Sc. VII, L. 158, and conjectures that the same word is here used: "hot".

¹⁹ Shakespeare's directions to his players are gone beyond recall. In the columns of this thesis the stage directions by Mr. Evans have been indicated by asterisks. Since the directions themselves are profuse and lengthy, reference to them must be sought in the text itself, the G. I. Production of Hamlet by Maurice Evans.

son of Shakespeare's Hamlet as it appears in the text of Thomas Marc Parrott with Maurice Evans' G. I. Production of Hamlet makes it clear that Mr. Evans succeeded in cutting many lines and sections from the Shakespeare text, to achieve a more rapid performance, without sacrificing the integrity of Shakespeare's great tragedy, Hamlet.

Shakespeare's Hamlet

Act I. Scene I.
Elsinore, A platform
before the castle.

Bor. "Who's there?"

Fran. "May, answer me.
Stand, and unfold yourself."

Bor. "Long live the king!"

Fran. "Bernardo?"

Bor. "He."

Fran. "You come most care-
fully upon your hour."

Bor. "'T is now struck
twelve: get thee to bed,
Francisco."

Fran. "For this relief
much thanks; 't is bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart."

Bor. "Have you had quiet
guard?"

Fran. "Not a mouse stir-
ring."

Bor. "Well, good-night.
If you do meet Horatio
and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch,
bid them make haste."

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. "I think I hear them.
Stand, ho!
Who is there?"

Bor. "Friends to this
ground."

Mar. "And liegemen to
the Dane."

Maurice Evans' G. I.
Production of Hamlet

Act I. Scene 1.*

Bor. Who's there?

Fran.* May, answer me -
stand and unfold yourself!

Bor. Long live the king!

Fran.* Bernardo?

Bor. He.

Fran.* You come most care-
fully upon your hour.

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

Fran. For this relief
much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Bor.* Have you had quiet
guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stir-
ring.

Bor. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio
and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch,
bid them make haste.*

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

Bor.* Friends to this
ground.

Mar. And liegemen to
the Dane.*

Fran. "Give you good-night."

Mar. "O, farewell, honest
soldier!
Who hath reliev'd you?"

Fran. "Bernardo has my
place.
Give you good-night."

Exit.

Mar. "Holla! Bernardo."

Ber. "Say-
What, is Horatio there?"

Hor. "A piece of him."

Ber. "Welcome, Horatio; wel-
come, good Marcellus."

Hor. "What, has this thing
appear'd again to-night?"

Ber. "I have seen nothing."

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

Hor. "Tush, tush, 't will
not appear."

Ber. "Sit down a while,
And let us once again
assail your ears,
That are so fortified
against our story,
What we have two nights
seen."

Fran.* Give you good night.

Mar.* Farewell, honest
soldier!
Who hath relieved you?

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night."

Mar. Holla!* Bernardo!

Ber.* Say what, is Horatio
there?

Hor. A piece of him.*

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

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

Ber. I have seen nothing.

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

Hor.* Tush, tush, 'twill
not appear.

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

Hor. "Bell, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo
speak of this."

Ber. "Last night of all,
When yond same star that's
westward from the pole
Had made his course t'
illuminate that part of heaven
Where now it burns,
Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,-"

Enter the Ghost.

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

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

Mar. "Thou art a scholar;
speak to it, Horatio."

Ber. "Looks it not like
the King? Mark it, Horatio."

Hor. "Most like; it
harrow's me with fear and
wonder."

Ber. "It would be spoke
to."

Mar. "Question it,
Horatio."

Hor. "What art thou that
usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair
and warlike form
In which the majesty of
buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By
heaven I charge thee, speak!"

Mar. "It is offended."

Ber. "See, it stalks away!"

Hor. "Stay! Speak, speak!
I charge thee, speak!"
Exit Ghost.

Hor.* "Bell, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo
speak of this."

Ber. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's
westward from the pole
Had made his course to illumine
that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus
and myself,
The bell then beating one,-"

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

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

Mar. Thou art a scholar;
speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like
the King? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like: it
harrow's me with fear and
wonder.*

Ber. It would be spoke
to.

Mar. Question it,
Horatio.

Hor.* "What art thou, that
usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair
and warlike form
In which the majesty of
buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? By
heaven I charge thee, speak!"

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor.* "Stay! Speak, speak!
I charge thee, speak!"

Mar. "'T is gone, and will not answer."

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

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

Mar. "Is it not like the King?"

Hor. "As thou art to thyself.
Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'T is strange."

Mar. "Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour, With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch."

Hor. "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."

Mar. "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;

Mar." 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

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

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

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:"

'Tis strange.

Mar." Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour, With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. 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.

Why such impress of ship-
wrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday
from the week;

What might be toward, that
this sweaty haste

Both make the night joint-
labourer with the day,
Who is 't that can inform
me?"

Hor. "That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so.
Our last king,

Whose image even but now
appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by
Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most
omulate pride,

Bar'd to the combat; in
which our valiant Hamlet-

For so this side of our
known world esteem'd him-

Did slay this Fortinbras;
who, by a seal'd compact,

Well ratified by law and
heraldry,

Did forfeit, with his life,
all those his lands

Which he stood seiz'd 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 the vanquisher;
as, by the same count,

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
resolutes,

For food and diet, to some
enterprise

That hath a stomach on 't;
which is no other-

As it doth well appear
unto our state-

But to recover of us,
by strong hand

And terms compulsory,
these aforesaid lands

So by his father lost;
and this, I take it,

Is the main motive of our
preparations,

The source of this our
watch, and the chief head

Of this post-haster and
romage in the land."

Her. "I think it be no
other but e'on so;

Well may it sort that this
portentous figure

Comes armed through our
watch, so like the King

That was and is the
question of these wars."

Her. "A mote it is to
trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and
palmy state of Rome,

A little ere the
nightliest Julius fell,

The graves stood tenant-
less and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in
the Roman streets.

.

As stars with trains of
fire and dew of blood,

Disasters in the sun; and
the moist star

Upon whose influence
Neptune's empire stands

Was sick almost to dooms-
day with eclipse:

And even the like precursor
of fear'd ovents,

As harbingers preceding
still the fates

And prologue to the omen
coming on,

Have heaven and earth
together demonstrated

Unto our climatures and
countrymen.

Her. I think it be no
other but e'on so.

Her. A mote it is to
trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and
palmy state of Rome,

A little ere the nightliest
Julius fell,

The graves stood tenant-
less, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in
the Roman streets

As harbingers preceding
still the fates

And prologue to the omen
coming on."

Re-enter Ghost.

But soft, behold! Lo,
where it comes again!

I'll cross it, though it
blast me. Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or
use of voice,
Speak to me;

It spreads his arms.

If thou art privy to thy
country's fate,

Which, happily, fore-
knowing may avoid,
O speak!

Or of thou hast up-
hoarded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the
womb of earth,

For which, they say, you
spirits oft walk in death,

Speak of it; stay, and
speak!

The cock crew.

Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. "Shall I strike at
it with my partisan?"

Hor. "Do, if it will not
stand."

Ber. "'T is here!"

Mar. "'T is gone! Exit Ghost.

We do it wrong, being
so majestical,
To offer it the show of
violence;

For it is as the air,
invulnerable,

And our vain blows
malicious mockery."

Ber. "It was about to
speak, when the cock crew."

Ber. "And then it started
like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons.
I have heard,

The cock, that is the
trumpet to the morn,

Both with his lofty and
shrill-sounding throat

But soft, behold! Lo,
where it comes again!

I'll cross it, though it
blast me." Stay, illusion!

If thou hast any sound, or
use of voice,
Speak to me!"

If there be any good thing
to be done,

That may to thee do ease
and grace to me,

Speak of it: stay and
speak!"

Ber.* 'Tis here! Stop it,
Marcellus!

Mar.* 'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so
majestical,

To offer it the show of
violence;

For it is, as the air,
invulnerable,

And our vain blows
malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to
speak, when the cock crew.

Ber.* And then it started
like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons.

Awake the god of day;
and, at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire,
in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring
spirit hies
To his confine; and of the
truth herein
This present object
made probation."

Mar. "It faded on the crow-
ing of the cock.

Some say that ever 'gainst
that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's
birth is celebrated,

This bird of dawning
singeth all night long;

And then, they say, no
spirit dare stir abroad;

The nights are whole-
some; then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch
hath power to charm,

So hallow'd and so
gracious is that time."

Hor. "So I have heard and
do in part believe it.

But, look, the morn, in
russet mantle clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yon
high eastward hill:

Break we our watch up;
and, by my advice,

Let us impart what we
have seen to-night

Unto young Hamlet;
for, upon my life,

This spirit, dumb to us,
will speak to him.

Do you consent we shall
acquaint him with it,

As needful in our loves,
fitting our duty?"

Mar. "Let 's do 't, I
pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him
most convenient." Exeunt.

Mar.* Some say that ever
'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth
is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth
all night long:

And then, they say, no
spirit dare stir abroad;

The nights are wholesome,
then no planets strike,

No fairy takes nor witch
hath power to charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious
is the time.

Hor.* So have I heard and
do in part believe it.

But, look! The morn in
russet mantle clad

Walks o'er the dew of yon
high eastward hill.*

Break we our watch up. And
by my advice,

Let us impart what we have
seen to-night

Unto young Hamlet; for,
upon my life,

This spirit, dumb to us,
will speak to him.*

Do you consent we shall
acquaint him with it,

As needful in our loves,
fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray;
and I this morning know
Where we shall find him
most conveniently.*

Scene II. A room of
state in the castle.

King. "Though yet of Hamlet
our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and
that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief,
and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one
brow of woe,

Yet so far hath discretion
fought with nature
That we with wisest sorrow
think on him

Together with remembrance
of ourselves:

Therefore our sometime
sister, now our queen,
Th' imperial jointress
to this warlike state,

Have we, as 't were with
a defeated joy,-

With an auspicious and
a dropping eye,

With mirth in funeral and
with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing
delight and dole,-

Taken to wife; nor have
we herein barr'd

Your better wisdoms, which
have freely gone

With this affair along.
For all, our thanks.

Now follows that you know:
young Fortinbras,

Holding a weak supposal
of our worth,

Or thinking by our late
dear brother's death

Our state to be disjoint
and out of frame,

Collegued with this dream
of his advantage,

He hath not failed to
pester us with message

Importing the surrender
of those lands

Lost by his father, with
all bonds of law,

To our most valiant brother.
So much for him.

Scene 2.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet
our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and
that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief,
and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one
brow of woe,

Yet so far hath discretion
fought with nature

That we with wisest sorrow
think on him,

Together with remembrance
of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime
sister, now our queen,

The imperial jointress of
this warlike state,

Have we, as 'twere with a
defeated joy,

With one auspicious and one
dropping eye,

With mirth in funeral and
with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing
delight and dole,

Taken to wife.*

Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which

have freely gone
With this affair along.

For all, our thanks.*

Now for ourself and for
this time of meeting,
Thus much the business is:
we have here writ

To Norway, uncle of young
Fortinbras,-
Who, impotent and bed-rid,
scarcely hears

Of this his nephew's
purpose,- to suppress
His further gait herein, in
that the levies,

The lists and full propor-
tions, are all made

Out of his subject; and
we here dispatch

You, good Cornelius, and
you, Voltinand,
For bearing of this greet-
ing to old Norway;

Giving to you no further
personal power

To business with the king,
more than the scope

Of these delated articles
allow. Giving a paper.

Farewell, and let your haste
commend your duty."

Cor. "In that and all things
Vol. we will show our duty."

King. "We doubt it nothing;
heartily farewell. Exeunt Voltinand and Cornelius.

And now, Laertes, what's
the news with you?
You told us of some suit;
what is 't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of

reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: what
wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer,
not thy asking?

The head is not more
native to the heart,

The hand more instrumental
to the mouth,

Than is the throne of
Denmark to thy father.

What wouldst thou have,
Laertes?"

And now, Laertes, what's
the news with you?"

You told us of some suit;
what is 't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason
to the Dane,

And lose your voice. What
wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer,
not thy asking?

The head is not more native
to the heart,

The hand more instrumental
to the mouth,

Than is the throne of
Denmark to thy father."

What wouldst thou have,
Laertes?

Laer. "My dread lord,
Your leave and favour
to return to France;

From whence though
willingly I came to Denmark
To show my duty at your
coronation,

Yet now, I must confess,
that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes
bend again towards France
And bow them to your
gracious leave and pardon."

King. "Have you your
father's leave? What says
Polonius?"

Pol. "No hath, my lord,
wrong from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition,
and at last

Upon his will I seal'd
my hard consent:

I do beseech you, give
him leave to go."

King. "Take thy fair hour,
Laertes: time be thine,
And thy best graces spend
it at thy will!

But now, my cousin Hamlet,
and my son,"

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

King. "How is it that the
clouds still hang on you?"

Ham. "Not so, my lord; I
am too much in the sun."

Queen. "Good Hamlet, cast
thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look
like a friend on Denmark;

Do not for ever with thy
veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father
in the dust;

Thou know'st 't is common;
all that lives must die,

Laer. "My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to
return to France;

From whence though willingly
I came to Denmark

To show my duty in your
coronation,

Yet now, I must confess,
that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend
again toward France,

And bow them to your
gracious leave and pardon."

King. Have you your
father's leave? What says
Polonius?

Pol. "No hath, my lord,
wrong from me my slow leave
By laboursome petition;
and at last

Upon his will I seal'd
my hard consent.

I do beseech you, give
him leave to go."

King. Take thy fair hour,
Laertes. Time be thine,
And thy best graces spend
it at thy will."

But now, my cousin Hamlet,
and my son-

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

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

Ham. Not so, my lord; I
am too much i' the sun."

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast
thy nighted colour off,

And let thine eye look
like a friend on Denmark.

Do not forever with thy
veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father
in the dust;

Thou know'st 'tis common;
all that lives must die,

Passing through nature
to eternity."

Ham. "Ay, madam, it is
common."

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

Ham. "Seems, madam! Nay,
it is; I know not 'seems'.

'T is not alone my inky
cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of
solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration
of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful
river in the eye,

Nor the dejected haviour
of the visage,

Together with all forms,
moods, shapes of grief,

That can denote no truly:
these indeed seem,

For they are actions that
a man might play;

But I have that within
which passeth show,

These but the trappings
and the suits of woe."

King. "'T is sweet and
commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning
duties to your father:

But you must know, your
father lost a father,

That father lost, lost his;
and the survivor bound

In filial obligation for
some term

To do obsequious sorrow;
but to persevere

In obstinate condolence
is a course

Of impious stubbornness;
't is unmanly grief;

It shows a will most in-
correct to heaven,

A heart unfortified, a
mind impatient,

Passing through nature to
eternity.

Ham. Aye, madam, it is
common.

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

Ham. Seems, madam! Nay,
it is; I know not "seems."

'Tis not alone my inky
cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of
solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of
forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful
river in the eye,

Nor the dejected 'haviour
of the visage,

Together with all forms,
moods, shapes of grief,

That can denote no truly:
these indeed "seem,"

For they are actions that
a man might play;

But I have that within
which passeth show;

These but the trappings
and the suits of woe."

King. "'Tis sweet and
commendable in your nature,
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties
to your father:

But to persevere in obstinate
condolence is a course

Of impious stubbornness.
'Tis unmanly grief.

It shows a will most in-
correct to heaven."

An understanding simple and
unschool'd;

For what we know must be,
and is as common

As any the most vulgar
thing to sense,

Why should we in our
peevish opposition

Take it to heart? Pile!

't is a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead,
a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd,
whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and
who still hath cried,

From the first corpse till he
that died today,

'This must be so.' o pray
you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe, and
think of us

As of a father; for, let
the world take note,

You are the most immediate
to our throne,

And with no less nobility
of love

Than that which dearest
father dears his son,

Do I impart towards you.
For your intent

In going back to school
in Wittenberg,

Is most retrograde to
our desire;

And we beseech you, bend
you to remain

Here in the cheer and
comfort of our eye.

Our chiefest courtier,
cousin, and our son."

Queen. "Let not thy
mother lose her prayers,
Hamlet:

I prithee, stay with us;
go not to Wittenberg."

Ham. "I shall in all my
best obey you, madam."

King. "Why, 't is a loving
and a fair reply:

We pray, throw to earth
this unprevailing woe,
And think of us as of a
father."

For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate
to our throne;

And with no less nobility
of love

Than that which dearest
father bears his son

Do I impart toward you."
For your intent

In going back to school
in Wittenberg,

It is most retrograde to
our desire:

And we beseech you, bend
you to remain

Here in the cheer and
comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier,
cousin, and our son.

Queen. "Let not thy
mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:

I pray thee, stay with us;
go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. "I shall in all my
best obey you, madam."

King. Why, 'tis a loving
and a fair reply:

Be as ourself in Denmark.
Madam, come;

This gentle and unfors'd
accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart;
in grace whereof,

No jocund health that
Denmark drinks today,

But the great cannon to
the clouds shall tell,

And the King's rouse the
heaven shall bruit again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder.
Come away."

Be as ourself in Denmark.
Madam, come."

This gentle and unfors'd
accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart;
in grace whereof,"

No jocund health that
Denmark drinks to-day,

But the great cannon to
the clouds shall tell,

And the King's rouse the
heavens shall bruit again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder.
Come; away."

Fleurish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. "O, that this too
too sullied flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself
into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting
had not fix'd

His canon 'gainst self-
slaughter! O God! God!

How weary, stale, flat,
and unprofitable,

Seem to me all the uses
of this world!

Fie on 't! Ah fie! 'T
is an unweeded garden,

That grows to seed; things
rank and gross in nature

Possess it merely. That
it should come thus!

But two months dead! nay,
not so much, not two,

So excellent a king; that
was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr; so
loving to my mother

That he might not botch
the winds of heaven

Visit her face too roughly-
heaven and earth!

Must I remember? Why, she
would hang on him,

As if increase of appetite
had grown

By what it fed on; and yet,
within a month,-

Let me not think on 't!-
F frailty, thy name is woman!

Ham. O, that this too too
solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself
into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had
not fix'd

His canon 'gainst self-
slaughter! O God! God!"

How weary, stale, flat
and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses
of this world!

Fie on't! Ah fie! 'Tis
an unweeded garden

That grows to seed; things
rank and gross in nature

Possess it merely. That
it should come to this!

But two months dead! Nay,
not so much, not two!

So excellent a king; that
was, to this,

Hyperion to a satyr!"

So loving to my mother,
That he might not botch

the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.

Heaven and earth!"

Must I remember? Why, she
would hang on him

As if increase of appetite
had grown

By what it fed on: and yet,
within a month-

Let me not think on't-
F frailty, thy name is woman!"

A little month, or e'er
 those shoes were old
 With which she followed
 my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears,-
 why she, even she-
 O God! a beast, that wants
 discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer-
 married with my uncle,
 My father's brother, but
 no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules;
 within a month,
 Ere yet the salt of most
 unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in
 her galled eyes,
 She married. O, most
 wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to
 incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot
 come to good:
 But break my heart, for I
 must hold my tongue."

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and
Bernardo.

Hor. "Hail to your lord-
 ship!"

Ham. "I am glad to see
 you well.
 Horatio!- or I do forget
 myself."

Hor. "The same, my lord,
 and your poor servant over."

Ham. "Sir, my good friend;
 I'll change that name with you;
 And what make you from
 Wittenberg, Horatio?
 Marcellus."

Mar. "My good lord!"

Ham. "I am very glad to
 see you. Good even, sir.-
 But what, in faith, make
 you from Wittenberg?"

A little month, or ere
 those shoes were old
 With which she follow'd
 my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears;
 why she, even she-
 O God! A beast that wants
 discourse of reason
 Would have mourn'd longer,
 married with my uncle,
 My father's brother! But
 no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules. Within
 a month!
 Ere yet the salt of most
 unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in
 her galled eyes,
 She married. O, most
 wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to
 incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot
 come to good!
 But break, my heart, for
 I must hold my tongue."

Hor. Hail to your lord-
 ship!

Ham.* "I am glad to see
 you well.*
 Horatio! Or I do forget
 myself."

Hor.* "The same, my lord,
 and your poor servant over."

Ham. Sir, my good friend;
 I'll change that name with you.
 And what make you from
 Wittenberg, Horatio?
 Marcellus!

Mar. My good lord.

Ham. I am very glad to
 see you." Good even, sir.*
 But what, in faith, make
 you from Wittenberg?"

Hor. "A truant disposition, good my lord."

Ham. "I would not hear
your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do my ear
that violence,
To make it trustful of
your own report
Against yourself: I know
you are no truant;
But what is your affair
in Elsinore?
We'll teach you for to
drink ere you depart."

Hor. "My lord, I came to
see your father's funeral."

Ham. "I prithee, do not
mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see
my mother's wedding."

Hor. "Indeed, my lord, it
followed hard upon."

Ham. "Thrift, thrift,
Horatio! The funeral bair'd-
meats

Did coldly furnish forth
the marriage tables.

"Would that I had met my
dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that
day, Horatio!

My father!- methinks I
see my father."

Hor. "Where, my lord?"

Ham. "In my mind's eye,
Horatio."

Hor. "I saw him once; 'a
was a goodly king."

Ham. "A was a man, take
him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his
like again."

Hor. "My lord, I think I
saw him yesternight."

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear
your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do my ear
that violence
To make it trustful of
your own report
Against yourself; I know
you are no truant.
But what is your affair
in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink
deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to
see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not
mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my
mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it
follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift,
Horatio! The funeral bair'd
meats

Did coldly furnish forth
the marriage tables.

"Would I had met my dearest
foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that
day, Horatio!

My father, methinks I see
my father."

Hor. Where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye,
Horatio.

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

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

I shall not look upon his
like again."

Hor. My lord, I think I
saw him yesternight.

Han. "Saw? Who?"

Hor. "My lord, the King
your father."

Han. "The King my father!"

Hor. "Season your admiration
for a while
With an attent ear, till I
may deliver,
Upon the witness of these
gentlemen,
This marvel to you."

Han. "For God's love,
let me hear."

Hor. "Two nights together
had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo,
on their watch,
In the dead waste and
middle of the night,
Been thus encountered. A
figure like your father,
Armed at point exactly,
cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and
with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by
them: thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and
fear-surprised eyes.

Within his truncheon's
length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act
of fear,

Stand dumb and speak not
to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart
they did,

And I with them the third
night kept the watch.

Where, as they had
deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each
word made true and good,

The apparition comes: I
knew your fathers;

Those hands are not more
like."

Han. Saw? Who?

Hor. My lord, the king,
your father.

Han. "The king, my father!"

Hor. "Season your admiration
for a while
With an attent ear, till
I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these
gentlemen
This marvel to you."

Han. For God's love, let
me hear."

Hor. Two nights together
had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo,
on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle
of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: a
figure like your father,

Goes slow and stately by
them; thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and
fear-surprised eyes,

whilst they,

Distill'd almost to jelly
with the act of fear,

Stand dumb and speak not
to him. This to me

In dreadful secrecy impart
they did;"

And I with them the third
night kept the watch;

Where, as they had deliver'd,
both in time,

Form of the thing, each
word made true and good,

The apparition comes. I
knew your fathers;

These hands are not more
like."

Ham. "But where was this?"

Mar. "My lord, upon the platform where we watch."

Ham. "Did you not speak to it?"

Hor. "My lord, I did;
But answer made it none:
yet once methought
It lifted up its head and
did address
Itself to motion, like
as it would speak;
But even then the morning
cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk
in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight."

Ham. "'T is very strange."

Hor. "As I do live, my
honour'd lord, 't is true,
And we did think it writ
down in our duty
To let you know of it."

Ham. "Indeed, indeed, sirs,
but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-
night?"

All. "We do, my lord."

Ham. "Arm'd, say you?"

All. "Arm'd, my lord."

Ham. "From top to toe?"

All. "My lord, from head
to foot."

Ham. "Then saw you not his
face?"

Hor. "O, yes, my lord; he
wore his beaver up."

Ham. "What, look'd he
frowningly?"

Ham. But where was this?

Mar.^c My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham.^c Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did:
But answer made it none.
Yet once methought
It lifted up its head and
did address
Itself to motion, like as
it would speak;^c
But even then the morning
cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk
in haste away
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham.^c 'Tis very strange.

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

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs,
but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-
night?

Mar. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Per. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. What, look'd he
frowningly?

Nor. "A countenance more in sorrow than in anger."

Ham. "Pale, or red?"

Nor. "Hay, very pale."

Ham. "And fix'd his eyes upon you?"

Nor. "Most constantly."

Ham. "I would I had been there."

Nor. "It would have much amaz'd you."

Ham. "Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?"

Nor. "While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred."

Nor. "Longer, longer."
Ber.

Nor. "Not when I saw 't."

Ham. "His beard was grizzled, no?"

Nor. "It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd."

Ham. "I will watch to-night;
Perchance 't will walk again."

Nor. "I war'nt it will."

Ham. "If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace;
I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Nor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Nor. Hay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Nor. Most constantly."

Ham. I would I had been there.

Nor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Nor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Nor. "Longer. Longer."
Ber.

Nor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled, no?

Nor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. "I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Nor. I warrant it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace.
I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding,
but no tongue;
I will requite your loves.
So, fare you well.
Upon the platform 'twixt
eleven and twelve
I'll visit you."

All. "Our duty to your honour."

Ham. "Your loves, as mine to
you; farewell.
My father's spirit- in arms!
all is not well;
I doubt some foul play;
would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul:
foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'er-
whelm them to men's eyes." Exit.

Scene III. A room in the
house of Polonius.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia, his sister.

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

Oph. "Do you doubt that?"

Laer. "For Hamlet and the
trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a
toy in blood,
A violet in the youth-
of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent,
sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppli-
ance of a minute;
No more."

Oph. "No more but so?"

Laer. "Think it no more:
For nature crescent does
not grow alone
in thews and bulk, but, as
this temple waxes,

Give it an understanding,
but no tongue:
I will requite your loves.
So fare you well."
Upon the platform, 'twixt
eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

Mar. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine
to you. Farewell."
My father's spirit in arms!
All is not well.
I doubt some foul play.
Would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul.
Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'er-
whelm them, to men's eyes."

Scene 3."

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

Oph. "Do you doubt that?"

Laer. "For Hamlet, and the
trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a
toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of
primy nature,
Forward, not permanent;
sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppli-
ance of a minute,
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more!

The inward service of the
mind and soul

Grows wide withal. Perhaps
he loves you now,

And now no soil nor cautel
doth besmirch

The virtue of his will; but
you must fear,

His greatness weigh'd, his
will is not his own;

For he himself is subject
to his birth.

He may not, as unvalued
persons do,

Carve for himself, for on
his choice depends

The sanity and health of
this whole state;

And therefore must his
choice be circumscrib'd

Unto the voice and yield-
ing of that body

Whereof he is the head.

Then, if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far

to believe it

As he in his particular
act and place

May give his saying deed;

Which is no further

Than the main voice of Den-
mark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your
honour may sustain

If with too credent ear
you list his songs,

Or lose your heart, or
your chaste treasure open

To his unmaster'd in-
portunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it,
my dear sister,

And keep you in the rear
of your affection,

Out of the shot and
danger of desire.

The chariest maid is
prodigal enough,

If she unmask her beauty
to the moon:

Virtue itself scapes not
calumnious strokes:

The canker galls the
infants of the spring

Perhaps he loves you now,

but you must fear,

His greatness weigh'd, his
will is not his own;

For he himself is subject
to his birth:

He may not, as unvalued
persons do,

Carve for himself, for on
his choice depends

The safety and health of
this whole state.

Then if he says he loves you,

Weigh what loss your
honour may sustain-

If with too credent ear
you list his songs,

Or lose your heart, or
your chaste treasure open

To his unmaster'd in-
portunity.*

Fear it, Ophelia! Fear it,
my dear sister!

And keep you in the rear
of your affection,

Out of the shot and
danger of desire.

The chariest maid is
prodigal enough,

If she unmask her beauty
to the moon.

Too oft before their
 buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the morn and
 liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments
 are most imminent.
 Be wary tho, best safety
 lies in fear;
 Youth to itself rebels,
 though none else near."

Oph. "I shall the effect
 of this good lesson keep,
 As watchman to my heart:
 but, good my brother,
 Do not, as some un-
 gracious pastors do,
 Show me the steep and
 thorny way to heaven,
 Whilst, like a puff'd and
 reckless libertine,
 Himself the primrose
 path of dalliance treads,
 And recks not his own rede."

Laer. "O, fear me not;

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long: but here
 my father comes.
 A double blessing is a
 double grace,
 Occasion smiles upon a
 second leave."

Pol. "Yet here, Laertes?
 Aboard, aboard, for shame!
 The wind sits in the
 shoulder of your sail,
 And you are stay'd for.
 There; my blessing with thee!
 And these few precepts in
 thy memory
 Look thou character. Give
 thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd
 thought his act;
 Be thou familiar, but by
 no means vulgar;
 Those friends thou hast
 and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them unto thy soul
 with hoops of steel;

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

Laer. O, fear me not.

I stay too long."
 But here my father comes.
 A double blessing is a
 double grace;
 Occasion smiles upon a
 second leave."

Pol. "Yet here, Laertes!
 Aboard, aboard, for shame!
 The wind sits in the
 shoulder of your sail,
 And you are stay'd for!"
 There- my blessing with thee!"
 And these few precepts in
 thy memory
 See thou character. Give
 thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd
 thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by
 no means vulgar.
 Those friends thou hast,
 and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul
 with hoops of steel,

But do not dull thy
palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, un-
fledg'd courage. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel;
but being in,
Bear 't that th' opposed
may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear,
but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure,
but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy
purse can buy,
But not express'd in
fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft
proclaims the man,
And they in France of the
best rank and station
Are of a most select and
generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a
lender be;
For loan oft loses both
itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the
edge of husbandry;
This above all: to thine
own self be true,
And it must follow, as the
night the day,
Thou canst not then be
false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing
season this in thee!"

Laer. "Most humbly do I
take my leave, my lord."

Pol. "The time invites
you; go, your servants tend."

Laer. "Farewell, Ophelia,
and remember well
What I have said to you."

Oph. "'T is in my memory
lock'd,
And you yourself shall
keep the key of it."

Laer. "Farewell."
Exit Laertes.

But do not dull thy palm
with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, un-
fledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel;
but being in,
Bear't, that the opposed
may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but
few thy voice;
Take each man's censure,
but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy
purse can buy,
But not express'd in
fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft
proclaims the man,
And they in France of the
best rank and station
Or of a most select are
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Neither a borrower nor a
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For loan oft loses both
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false to any man.
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Laer. Most humbly do I
take my leave, my lord.

Pol.* The time invites
you; go. Your servants tend.

Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia,
and remember well
What I have said to you.

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

Laer.* Farewell!

Pol. "What is't, Ophelia,
he hath said to you?"

Oph. "So please you, some-
thing touching the Lord Hamlet."

Pol. "Marry, well bothought
'T is told me, he hath very
oft of late
Given private time to you,
and you yourself

Have of your audience been
most free and bounteous.

If it be so- as so 't is
put on me,

And that in way of caution-
I must tell you,

You do not understand your-
self so clearly

As it behoves my daughter
and your honour.

What is between you? Give
me up the truth."

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

Pol. "Affection! pooh! You
speak like a green girl,
Unshifted in such perilous
circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders,
as you call them?"

Oph. "I do not know, my
lord, what I should think."

Pol. "Marry, I will teach
you! Think yourself a baby
That you have ta'en these
tenders for true pay,

Which are not sterling.
Tender yourself more dearly,

Or- not to crack the wind
of the poor phrase,

Running it thus- you'll
tender me a fool."

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

Pol. "What is't, Ophelia,
he hath said to you?"

Oph. So please you, some-
thing touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. "Marry, well bothought!
'Tis told me, he hath very
oft of late

Given private time to you,
and you yourself

Have of your audience been
most free and bounteous:

If it be so- as so 'tis
put on me,

And that in way of caution-
I must tell you,

You do not understand your-
self so clearly

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me up the truth!

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

Pol. Affection! pooh! you
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Unshifted in such perilous
circumstances.

Do you believe his "tenders",
as you call them?

Oph. "I do not know, my
lord, what I should think."

Pol. Marry, I'll teach
you! Think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these
"tenders" for true pay,

Which are not sterling.
Tender yourself more dearly,

Or- not to crack the wind
of the poor phrase,

Running it thus- you'll
tender me a fool.

Oph. "My lord, he hath
importuned me with love
In honourable fashion."

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

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

Pol. "Ay, springes to catch woodcocks." I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

Lends the tongue vows.

These blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat,

Extinct in both
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,

You must not take for fire.
From this time

Be somewhat scarier of your maiden presence,

Set your entreatments at a higher rate

Than a command to parley:
For Lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young,

And with a larger tether may he walk:

Then may be given you: in few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,

Not of that dye which their investments show,

But mere implorers of unholy suits,

Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,

The better to beguile.

This is for all:

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,

Have you so slander any moment leisure

As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways."

Oph. "I shall obey, my lord."

Exeunt.

Pol. Aye, "fashion" you may call it; go to, go to!

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

Pol. Aye, springes to catch woodcocks!" I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

Lends the tongue vows.

These blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat,

you must not take for fire.
From this time

Be something scarier of your maiden presence;

Set your entreatments at a higher rate

Than a command to parley.*
For Lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young,

And with a larger tether may he walk:

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Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,

Not of that dye which their investments show,

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Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds

The better to beguile.

This is for all:

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,

Have you so slander any moment leisure

As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to 't, I charge you!* Come your ways!

Oph.* "I shall obey, my lord."

Scene IV. The Platform.

Scene 4.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. "The air bites shrewdly;
it is very cold."

Hor. "It is a nipping and
an eager air."

Ham. "What hour now?"

Hor. "I think it lacks of
twelve."

Mar. "No, it is struck."

Hor. "Indeed? I heard it
not; it then draws near the
season

Wherein the spirit hold his
went to walk."

Ham. The air bites shrewdly;
it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and
an eager air.

Ham. "What hour now?"

Hor. I think it lacks of
twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it
not; it then draws near the
season

Wherein the spirit hold his
went to walk."

A flourish of trumpets and two
pieces goes off within.

"What does this mean, my
lord?"

Ham. "The King doth wake
to-night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassails, and the
swaggering up-spring reels;
And, as he drains his
draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and
trumpet thus Bray out
The triumph of his pledge."

Hor. "Is it a custom?"

Ham. "Ay, marry, is 't,
But to my mind, though
I am native here
And to the manner born,
it is a custom
More honour'd in the
breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east
and west
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd
of other nations:
They clope us drunkards,
and with swinish phrase,

What doth this mean, my
lord?

Ham. "The king doth wake
to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the
swaggering up-spring reels;
And as he drains his
draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet
thus Bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

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

Soil our addition; and
indeed it takes
From our achievements,
though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our
attribute.

So oft it chanches in
particular men,
That for some vicious mole
of nature in them,

As, in their birth- wherein
they are not guilty,

Since nature cannot choose
his origin-

By their o'ergrowth of some
complexion

Oft breaking down the pales
and forts of reason,

Or by some habit that too
much o'erleavens

The form of plausible manners,
that these men,

Carrying, I say, the
stamp of one defect,

Being nature's livery or
fortune's star,-

His virtues else- be they
as pure as grace,

As infinite as man may
undergo-

Shall in the general censure
take corruption

From that particular fault:
the dram of o'il

Doth all the noble substance
often dout

To his own scandal."

Enter Ghost.

Hor. "Look, my lord, it
comes!"

Ham. "Angels and ministers
of grace defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health
or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from
heaven or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked or
charitable,

Thou com'st in such a
questionable shape

Hor. Look, my lord, it
comes!

Ham.* Angels and ministers
of grace defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health
or goblin damn'd,

Bring with thee airs from
heaven, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or
charitable,

Thou comest in such a
questionable shape

That I will speak to thee.
I'll call thee Hamlet,

King, father, royal Dane.
O, answer me!

Let me not burst in ignorance,
but tell

Why thy canoniz'd bones,
hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements;
why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly
inter'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous
and marble jaws,

To cast thee up again.

What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again
in complete steel

Revisits thus the glimpses
of the moon,

Making night hideous, and
we fools of nature

So horribly to shake our
disposition

With thoughts beyond the
reaches of our souls?

Say, why is this? Where-
fore? What should we do?"

Ghost beckons Hamlet.

Hor. "It beckons you to go
away with it,

As if it some impartment
did desire

To you alone."

Mar. "Look with what
courteous action

It waves you to a more
removed ground.

But do not go with it."

Hor. "No, by no means."

Ham. "It will not speak;
then will I follow it."

Hor. "Do not, my lord."

Ham. "Why, what should be
the fear?

I do not set my life at a
pin's fee,

That I will speak to thee:
I'll call thee Hamlet,"

King, Father, Royal Dane:
O, answer me!

Let me not burst in ignor-
ance, but tell

Why thy canonized bones,
hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements;
why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly
inurn'd

Hath op'd his ponderous
and marble jaws

To cast thee up again.

Say, why is this?

Wherefore? What should we do?"

Hor.* It beckons you to go
away with it,

As if it some impartment
did desire

To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what
courteous action

It waves you to a more
removed ground!*

But do not go with it!

Hor. No, by no means.

Ham. It will not speak?
Then I will follow it.*

Hor.* Do not, my lord!

Ham. Why, what should be
the fear?

I do not set my life at a
pin's fee.

And for my soul, what can
it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as
itself?

It waves me forth again;
I'll follow it."

Hor. "What if it tempt you
toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit
of the cliff

That beetles o'er his base
into the sea,

And there assume some
other horrible form,

Which might deprive your
sovereignty of reason

And draw you into madness?
Think of it.

The very place puts toys
of desperation,

Without more motive, into
every brain

That looks so many fathoms
to the sea

And hears it roar beneath."

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

Mar. "You shall not go,
my lord."

Ham. "Hold off your hands."

Hor. "Be rul'd; you shall
not go."

Ham. "My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery
in this body

As hardy as the Roman
lion's nerve.

Still am I call'd: unhand
me gentlemen;

By heaven, I'll make a
ghost of him that lets me!

I say, away! Go on, I'll
follow thee."

Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. "He waxes desperate
with imagination."

And for my soul, what can
it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as
itself?"

It waves me forth again:
I'll follow it."

Hor. What if it tempt you
toward the flood, my lord?

Or to the dreadful summit
of the cliff

That beetles o'er his base
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And there assume some
other horrible form,

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of desperation,

Without more motive, into
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That looks so many fathoms
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And hears it roar beneath?"

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Go on; I'll follow thee."

Mar. You shall not go,
my lord!

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Hor. Be ruled; you shall
not go!

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery
in this body

As hardy as the Roman
lion's nerve."

Still am I call'd. Unhand
me, gentlemen!

By heaven, I'll make a
ghost of him that lets me!"

I say, away! Go on; I'll
follow thee."

Hor. He waxes desperate
with imagination.

Mar. "Let 's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey him."

Hor. "Have after- to what issue will this come?"

Mar. "Something is rotten in the state of Denmark."

Hor. "Heaven will direct it."

Mar. "Nay, let's follow him."

Exeunt.

Scene V. Another part of the platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. "Where wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no further."

Ghost. "Mark me."

Ham. "I will."

Ghost. "My hour is almost come,

When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself."

Ham. "Alas, poor ghost!"

Ghost. "Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold."

Ham. "Speak; I am bound to hear."

Ghost. "So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear."

Ham. "What?"

Ghost. "I am thy father's spirit,

Doom'd for a certain term
to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd
to fast in fires,

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

Hor. Have after." To what issue will this come?

Mar. Nay, let's follow him."

(A brief pause.)

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

Ghost" Mark me!

Ham. I will.

Ghost My hour is almost come

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost" Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost I am thy father's spirit;

Doom'd for a certain term
to walk the night,
And for the day confined
to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes done
in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away:
but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my
prison-house,
I could a tale unfold
whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul,
freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like
stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined
looks to part
And each particular hair
to stand on end,
Like quills upon the
fretful porpentine.
But this eternal blazon
must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.
List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear
father love—"

Ham. "O God!"

Ghost. "Revenge his foul
and most unnatural murder."

Ham. "Murder!"

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

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

Ghost. "I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou
be than the fat wood
That roots itself in ease
on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in
this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'T is given out that,
sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the
whole ear of Denmark

Till the foul crimes done
in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.
But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my
prison-house,
I could a tale unfold
whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul,
freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars,
start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined
looks to part
And each particular hair
to stand on end
Like quills upon the fret-
ful porpentine.
But this eternal blazon
must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.
List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear
father love—

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul
and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

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

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

Ghost. I find thee apt.

Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that,
sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the
whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process
of my death

Rankly abus'd; but know,
thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting
thy father's life
Now wears his crown."

Ham. "O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!"

Ghost. "Ay, that incestu-
ous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit,
with traitorous gifts,-

O wicked wit and gifts,
that have the power

So to seduce!- won to his
shameful lust

The will of my most seem-
ing-virtuous queen;

O Hamlet, what a falling-
off was there!

From me, whose love was
of that dignity

That it went hand in hand
even with the vow

I made to her in marriage,
and to decline

Upon a wretch whose natural
gifts were poor

To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never
will be moved,

Though lewdness court it
in the shape of heaven,

So lust, though to a
radiant angel link'd,

Will sate itself in a
celestial bed

And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent
the morning air,

Brief let me be. Sleeping
within mine orchard,

My custom always of the
afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy
uncle stole,

With juice of cursed
hebona in a vial,

And in the porches of
mine ears did pour

Is by a forged process of
my death

Rankly abused. But know,
thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting
thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!

Ghost Aye, that incestu-
ous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit,
with traitorous gifts,

Won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming-
virtuous queen."

From me, whose love was of
that dignity

That it went hand in hand
even with the vow

I made to her in marriage;
and to decline

Upon a wretch, whose natural
gifts were poor

To those of mine!"

But, soft! methinks I scent
the morning air;

Brief let me be. Sleeping
within my orchard-

My custom always of the
afternoon-

Upon my secure hour thy
uncle stole,

With juice of cursed
hebonon in a vial,

And in the porches of my
ears did pour

The lep'rous distilment;
 whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with
 blood of man
 That swift as quicksilver
 it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys
 of the body,
 And with a sudden vigour
 it doth posset
 And curd, like eager drop-
 pings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome
 blood: so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter
 bark'd about,
 Most lazear-like, with vile
 and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I, sleeping, by
 a brother's hand
 Of life, of crown, of queen,
 at once dispatch'd;
 Cut off even in the blossoms
 of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed,
 unanel'd,
 No reckoning made, but
 sent to my account
 With all my imperfections
 on my head.
 O, horrible! O, horrible!
 most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in
 thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of
 Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and
 damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou
 pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor
 let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught:
 leave her to heaven
 And to those thorns that
 in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her.
 Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the
 matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his un-
 effectual fire.
 Adieu, adieu, adieu!
 remember me."

The leperous distilment;
 whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with
 blood of man
 That swift as quicksilver
 it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys
 of the body;
 And with a sudden vigor
 it doth posset
 And curd, like eager drop-
 pings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome
 blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter
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 Most lazear-like, with vile
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 Thus was I, sleeping, by
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 Of life, of crown, of queen,
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 Cut off even in the blossoms
 of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed,
 unanel'd,
 No reckoning made, but sent
 to my account
 With all my imperfections
 on my head.
Man. O, horrible! horrible!
 most horrible!
Ghost. If thou hast nature in
 thee, bear it not!
 Let not the royal bed of
 Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and
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 But, howsoever thou
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 Taint not thy mind, not
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 And to those thorns that
 in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her."
 Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the
 matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his un-
 effectual fire.
 Adieu! Adieu! Remember
 me!

Ham. "O all you host of
heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?
O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart,
And you, my sinews, grow
not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up.
Remember thee?

Ay, thou poor ghost, while
memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe.
Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my
memory

I'll wipe away all trivial
fond records,

All saws of books, all
forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation
copied there,

And thy commandment all
alone shall live
Within the book and volume
of my brain,

Unmix'd with baser matter;
yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling,
damned villain!

My tables!—Meet it is I
set it down

That one may smile and
smile, and be a villain,
At least I'm sure it may
be so in Denmark.

So, uncle, there you are.
Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remem-
ber me.'

I have sworn 't.

Nor. "My lord, my lord!"

Mar. "Lord Hamlet!"

Nor. "Heaven secure him!"

Ham. "So be it!"

Mar. "Illo, ho, ho, my lord!"

Ham. "Illo, ho, ho, boy!
Come, bird, come."

Ham. O all you host of
heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell?
O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow
not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up.
Remember thee?

Aye, thou poor ghost, while
memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe.
Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my
memory

I'll wipe away all trivial
fond records,

All saws of books, all
forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation
copied there,

And thy commandment, all
alone, shall live
Within the book and volume
of my brain

Unmix'd with baser matter:
yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain! villain! smiling,
damned villain!

My tables! meet it is I set
it down,

That one may smile, and
smile, and be a villain!
At least I'm sure it may
be so in Denmark.

So, uncle, there you are!
Now to my word;
It is "Adieu, adieu! remem-
ber me."

I have sworn't!

Nor.* My lord! My lord!

Mar. Lord Hamlet!

Nor. Heaven secure him!

Ham.* So be it!

Mar.* Illo! ho, ho! my lord!

Ham.* Illo, ho, ho, boy!
Come, bird, come!

Enter Noratio and Marcellus.

Nor. "How is 't my noble lord?"

Nor. "What news, my lord?"

Nam. "O, wonderful!"

Nor. "Good my lord, tell it."

Nam. "No, you will reveal it."

Nor. "Not I, my lord, by heaven."

Nor. "Nor I, my lord."

Nam. "Now say you, then, would heart of man once think it?"

But you'll be secret?"

Nor. "Ay, by heaven, my lord."

Nor.

Nam. "There 's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark But he's an arrant knave."

Nor. "There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave To tell us this."

Nam. "Why, right, you are in the right."

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;

You, as your business and desire shall point you,

For every man has business and desire,

Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,

I will go pray."

Nor. "These are but wild and whirling words, my lord."

Nor.^o How is't, my noble lord?

Nor.^o What news, my lord?

Nam. O, wonderful!

Nor. Good my lord, tell it.

Nam.^o No; you will reveal it.

Nor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Nor. Nor I, my lord.

Nam. Now say you then; would heart of man once think it?"

But you'll be secret?

Nor. By heaven, my lord.

Nor. Aye!

Nam. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark.^o But he's an arrant knave.^o

Nor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave To tell us this.

Nam. Why, right; you are i' the right;

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;

You, as your business and desire shall point you-

For every man hath business and desire,

Such as it is- and for my own poor part,

Look you, I'll go pray."

Nor.^o These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. "I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily."

Hor. "There 's no offence, my lord."

Ham. "Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, And much offence too- touching this vision here, It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you- For your desire to know what is between us, O'termaster 't as you may. And now, good friends, As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers, Give me one poor request."

Hor. "What is 't, my lord? We will."

Ham. "Never make known what you have seen to-night."

Both. "My lord, we will not."

Ham. "May, but swear 't."

Hor. "In faith,
My lord, not I."

Mar. "Nor I, my lord, in faith."

Ham. "Upon my sword."

Mar. "We have sworn, my lord, already."

Ham. "Indeed, upon my sword, indeed."

Ghost. "Swear!"

Ghost cries under the stage.

Ham. "Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? Art thou there, true-penny?"

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you; heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, And much offence too. Touching this vision here, It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you: For your desire to know what is between us, O'termaster't as you may. And now, good friends,* As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers, Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? Mar. We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. My lord, we will not.

Ham. May, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost* Swear.

Ham.* Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

Come on; you hear this
fellow in the collarage;
Consent to swear."

Hor. "Propose the oath,
my lord."

Ham. "Never to speak of
this that you have seen.
Swear by my sword."

Ghost. (Beneath.) "Swear."

Ham. "Hic et ubique? Then
we'll shift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again
upon my sword:

Swear by my sword
Never to speak of this
that you have heard."

Ghost. (Beneath.) "Swear
by his sword."

Ham. "Well said, old mole!
Canst work i' th' earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer! Once
more remove, good friends."

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

Ham. "And therefore as a
stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in
heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in
your philosophy.

But come;

Here, as before, never,
so help you mercy,
How strange or odd
some'er I bear myself,-

As I perchance hereafter
shall think meet

To put an antic dispo-
sition on-

That you, at such times,
seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus,
or this headshake,

Or by pronouncing of some
doubtful phrase

Come on: you hear this
fellow in the collarage.
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath,
my lord.

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

Ghost Swear.

Ham. Hic et ubique? then
we'll shift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again
upon my sword:

Never to speak of this
that you have heard,
Swear by my sword."

Ghost Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole!
canst work i' the earth so fast?
A worthy pioneer! Once
more remove, good friends."

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

Ham. And therefore as a
stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in
heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in
your philosophy.

But come;

Here, as before, never,
so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er
I bear myself,

As I perchance hereafter
shall think meet

To put an antic dispo-
sition on,

That you, at such times
seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus,
or this headshake,

Or by pronouncing of some
doubtful phrase,

As 'Well, well we know,"
 or 'We could, an if we would,'
 Or 'If we list to speak,'
 or 'There be, an if they might,'
 Or such ambiguous giving
 out, to note
 That you know aught of me,-
 this do swear,
 So grace and mercy at your
 most need help you."

Ghost. (Beneath.) "Swear."

Ham. "Rest, rest, porturbed
 spirit! So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do
 commend me to you;
 And what so poor a man as
 Hamlet is
 May do, t' express his
 love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack.
 Let us go in together;
 And still your fingers on
 your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint;
 O cursed spite,
 That ever I was born to
 set it right!
 Nay, come, let 's go
 together."

Exeunt.

Act II. Scene I.
 A room in the house of
 Polonius.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Pol. "Give him this money
 and these notes, Reynaldo."

Rey. "I will, my lord."

Pol. "You shall do marvelous
 wisely, good Reynaldo,
 Before you visit him, to
 make inquire
 Of his behaviour."

Rey. "My lord, I did
 intend it."

As "Well, well, we know,"
 or, "We could, an if we would,"
 Or, "If we list to speak,"
 or, "There be, an if they might,"
 Or such ambiguous giving
 out, to note
 That you know aught of me:
 this not to do,
 So grace and mercy at your
 most need help you."

Ghost^o Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, porturbed
 spirit!
 So, gentlemen,
 With all my love I do commend
 me to you: And what so poor a
 man as Hamlet is
 May do to express his love
 and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack.
 Let us go in together;^o
 And still your fingers on
 your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint:
 O cursed spite,
 That ever I was born to
 set it right!
 Nay, come; let's go to-
 gether.^o

Scene 3.^o

Pol.^o Give him this money *
 and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous
 wisely, good Reynaldo,
 Before you visit him, to
 make inquire
 Of his behavior.

Rey. My lord, I did
 intend it.

Pol. "HARRY, well said, very well said. Look you, sir, Inquire me first what Danstons are in Paris,

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep, What company, at what expense; and finding

By this encompassment and drift of question

That they do know my son, come you more nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it:

Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of him,

As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,

And in part him.' Do you mark this, Reynaldo?"

Rey. "Ay, very well, my lord."

Pol. "'And in part him; but, you may say, 'not well.

But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild, Addicted so and so; and there put on him What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank

As may dishonour him, - take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips

As are companions noted and most known

To youth and liberty."

Rey. "As gaming, my lord."

Pol. "Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling, Drabbing; you may go so far."

Rey. "My lord, that would dishonour him."

Pol. "Faith, no, as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,

That he is open to incontinency,

Pol. Harry, well said, very well said!

Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him,

As thus, "I know his father and his friends,

And, in part, him." Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Aye, very well, my lord.

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

But if't be he I mean, he's very wild,

Addicted - so and so." And there put on him

What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank

As may dishonor him; take heed of that.

That's not my meaning; but
 breathe his faults so quaintly
 That they may seem the
 taints of liberty,
 The flash and outbreak of
 a fiery mind,
 A savageness in unreclaimed
 blood,
 Of general assault."

Rey. "But, my good lord,-"

Pol. "Wherefore should you
 do this?"

Rey. "Ay, my lord,
 I would know that."

Pol. "Marry, sir, here's my
 drift,

And, I believe, it is a
 fetch of warrant:

You laying these slight
 sullies on my son

As 't were a thing a little
 soil'd i' th' working.

Mark you,

Your party in converse,
 him you would sound,

Having ever seen in the
 prenominate crimes

The youth you breathe of
 guilty, be assur'd

He closes with you in
 this consequence;

'Good sir,' or so, or
 'friend,' or 'gentleman,'

According to the phrase
 or the addition

Of man and country."

Rey. "Very good, my lord."

Pol. "And then, sir, does
 'a this--'a does--"

What was I about to say?
 By the mass, I was about to
 say something. Where did I
 leave?"

Rey. "At 'closes in the
 consequence,' at 'friend or
 so,' and 'gentleman.'"

Rey. But, my good lord,-

Pol. Wherefore should you
 do this?

Rey. Aye, my lord, I
 would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's
 my drift:

You laying these slight
 sullies on my son,

Your party in converse,
 him you would sound,

Closes with you in this
 consequence:

"Good sir," or so, or
 "friend," or "gentleman,"

According to the phrase
 or the addition

Of man and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does
 he this--he does-- what was I
 about to say? By the mass,
 I was about to say something.
 Where did I leave?

Rey. At 'closes in the
 consequence,' at 'friend or
 so,' and 'gentleman.'"

Pol. "At 'oloses in the
consequencee,' ay, marry-

He closes thus: 'I
know the gentleman.

I saw him yesterday, or
th' other day,

Or then, or the, with
such and such; and, as you
say,

There was 'a gaming;
there o'ertook in 's rouse;

There falling out at tonnie;
or, perchance,

'I saw him enter such a
house of sale,'

Videlicet, a brotnel, or
so forth.

See you now-

Your bait of falsehood
takes this carp of truth;

And thus do we of wisdom
and of reach,

With windlasses and with
assays of bias,

By indirections find
directions out;

So by my former lecture
and advice,

Shall you my son, You
have me, have you not?"

Rey. "My lord, I have."

Pol. "God buy you; fare
you well."

Rey. "Good my lord."

Pol. "Observe his incli-
nation in yourself."

Rey. "I shall, my lord."

Pol. "And let him ply his
music."

Rey. "Well, my lord."

Pol. "Farewell!

Exit Reynaldo.

Enter Onelia.

Pol.* Aye, marry,

You have me,
have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol.* God be wi' you;
fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord!"

Pol. Observe his incli-
nation in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.*

Pol. And let him ply his
music.

Rey.* Well, my lord?

Pol.* Farewell!

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?"

Oph. "O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!"

Pol. "With what: i' th' name of God?"

Oph. "My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head,
his stockings fouled,
Ungarter'd, and down-
gyved to his ankle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors,-- he comes before me."

Pol. "Mad for thy love?"

Oph. "My lord, I do not know, But truly, I do fear it."

Pol. "What said he?"

Oph. "He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As 'a would draw it. Long stay'd he so.
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being; that done, he lets me go;

How now, Ophelia! What's the matter?"

Oph.* Oh, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of God?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,

no hat upon his head,

Pale as his shirt,*

And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know, but truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard.
Then he goes to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so.
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go.

And, with his head over
his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his
way without his eyes,
For out o' doors he
went without their help,
And, to the last, bended
their light on me."

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

This is the very ecstasy
of love,

Whose violent property
fordoes itself

And leads the will to
desperate undertakings

As oft as any passion
under heaven

That does afflict our
natures: I am sorry,--

What, have you given him
any hard words of late?"

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

Pol. "That hath made him
mad.

I am sorry that with
better heed and judgement
I had not quoted him. I
fear'd he did but trifle

And meant to wreck thee;
but beshrew my jealousy!

By heaven, it is as
proper to our age

To cast beyond ourselves
in our opinions

As it is common for the
younger sort

To lack discretion. Come,
go we to the King.

This must be known, which,
being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than
hate to utter love,
Come."

Exeunt.

And, with his head over
his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way
without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went
without their help,
And to the last bended
their light on me."

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

This is the very ecstasy
of love,

Whose violent property
fordoes itself

And leads the will to
desperate undertakings

As oft as any passion
under heaven

That does afflict our natures."

I am sorry."
What, have you given him
any hard words of late?"

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

Pol. That hath made him
mad!"

I am sorry that with
better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I
fear'd he did but trifle

And meant to wreck thee.

Come, go we to the king."

This must be known; which,
being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate
to utter love.

Come!"

Scene II. A room
in the castle.

Flourish. Enter King, Queen,
Rosenkrantz, Guildenstern,
with others.

King. "Welcome, dear Rosen-
crantz and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did
long to see you,

The need we have to use
you did provoke

Our hasty sending. Some-
thing you have heard

Of Hamlet's transformation;
so I call it,

Sith nor th' exterior nor
the inward man

Resembles that it was. What
it should be,

More than his father's
death, that thus hath put him

So much from th' understand-
ing of himself,

I cannot dream of: I
ontreat you both,

That, being of so young
days brought up with him

And sith so neighbour'd
to his youth and haviour,

That you vouchsafe your
rest here in our court

Some little time; so by
your companies

To draw him on to
pleasures, and to gather

So much as from occasions
you may glean.

Whether aught, to us un-
known, afflicts him thus,

That, open'd, lies with-
in our remedy."

Queen. "Good gentlemen,
he hath much talk'd of you;

And sure I am two men
there is not living

To whom he more adheres.
If it will please you

To show us so much
gentry and good will

Scene 6. Main hall
in the castle. Two
months later.

King. Welcome, dear Rosen-
crantz and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did
long to see you,

The need we have to use
you did provoke

Our hasty sending. Some-
thing you have heard

Of Hamlet's transformation;
so call it,

Sith nor the exterior nor
the inward man

Resembles that it was. What
it should be,

More than his father's
death, that thus hath put him

So much from the understand-
ing of himself,

I cannot dream of. I
ontreat you both

To draw him on to pleasures,
and to gather,

So much as from occasion
you may glean,

Whether aught to us un-
known afflicts him thus,

That, open'd, lies within
our remedy.

Queen. "Good gentlemen,
he hath much talk'd of you;

And sure I am two men
there are not living

To whom he more adheres.
If it will please you

To show us so much
gentry and good will

As to expend your time
with us a while
For the supply and
profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall
receive such thanks
As fits a king's remem-
brance."

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

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

King. "Thanks, Rosencrantz
and gentle Guildenstern."

Queen. "Thanks, Guilden-
stern and gentle Rosencrantz;
And I beseech you instantly
to visit
My too much changed son.
Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen
where Hamlet is."

Guil. "Heavens make our
presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to
him!"

Queen. "Ay, amen!"

Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guilden-
stern, and some Attendants.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. "Th' ambassadors from
Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd."

King. "Thou still hast been
the father of good news."

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

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

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

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz
and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guilden-
stern.* And gentle Rosencrantz.
And I beseech you instantly
to visit
My too much changed son.*
Go bring these gentlemen
where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our
presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to
him.

Queen. Aye, amen!

Pol. The ambassadors from
Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been
the father of good news.

Pol. "Have I, my lord? I
assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty as I hold
my soul,

Both to my God and to my
gracious king;

And I do think, or else
this brain of mine

Hunts not the trail of
policy so sure

As it hath us'd to do,
that I have found

The very cause of Hamlet's
lunacy."

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

Pol. "Give first admittance
to th' ambassadors.

My news shall be the fruit
to that great feast."

King. "Thyself do grace to
them, and bring them in.

Exit Polonius.

He tells me, my dear
Gertrude, he hath found

The head and source of all
your son's distemper."

Queen. "I doubt it is no
other but the main,

His father's death and
our o'er-hasty marriage."

Re-enter Polonius, with
Voltimand and Cornelius.

King. "Well, we shall sift
him.— Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from
our brother Norway?"

Volt. "Most fair return of
greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent
out to suppress

His nephew's levies, which
to him appear'd

To be a preparation 'gainst
the Polack,

But, better look'd into,
he truly found

It was against your Highness;
whereat griev'd,

Pol. Have I my lord? I
assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty as I hold
my soul,

Both to my God and to my
gracious king.

And I do think, or else
this brain of mine

Hunts not the trail of
policy so sure

As it hath used to do,
that I have found

The very cause of Hamlet's
lunacy.

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

He tells me, my dear
Gertrude, he hath found

The head and source of all
your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt it is no
other but the main—

His father's death, and
our o'er-hasty marriage."

King. Well, we shall sift
him.

That so his sickness, age,
and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand,
sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he,
in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway,
and in fine
Makes vow before his uncle
never more

To give th' assay of arms
against your Majesty:
Whereon old Norway, overcome
with joy,

Gives him threescore
thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to
employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against
the Polack;
With an entreaty, herein
further shown,

Giving a paper.

That it might please you to
give quiet pass
Through your dominions
for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety
and allowance
As therein are set down."

King. "It likes us well;
And at our more considered
time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this
business:

Meantime we thank you for
your well-took labour.

Go to your rest; at night
we'll feast together:

Most welcome home!"

Exeunt Ambassadors.

Pol. "This business is well
ended.

My liege, and madam, to
expostulate

What majesty should be,
what duty is,

Why day is day, night
night, and time is time,

Pol.*

My liege, and madam, to
expostulate

What majesty should be,
what duty is,

Why day is day, night
night, and time is time,

Were nothing but to waste
night, day, and time;

Therefore, since brevity
is the soul of wit

And tediousness the limbs
and outward flourishen,

I will be brief. Your
noble son is mad.

Mad call I it; for, to
define true madness,

What is 't but to be
nothing else but mad?

But let that go."

Queen. "More matter with
less art."

Pol. "Madam, I swear I use
no art at all.

That he is mad, 't is
true; 't is true 't is pity,

And pity 't is 't is true-
a foolish figure!

But farewell it, for I
will use no art.

Mad let us grant him
then; and now remains

That we find out the
cause of this effect,

Or rather say, the cause
of this defect,

For this effect defective
comes by cause.

Thus it remains, and the
remainder thus.

Perpend.

I have a daughter- have
while she is mine-

Who, in her duty and
obedience, mark,

Hath given me this; now
gather and surmise.

Reads the letter.

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

That's an ill phrase, a
vile phrase; 'beautified' is
a vile phrase. But you shall
hear.

Thus:

Were nothing but to waste
night, day, and time.

Therefore, since brevity
is the soul of wit,

And tediousness the limbs
and outward flourishen,

I will be brief. Your
noble son is mad.

Mad call I it; for to
define true madness,

What is't but to be nothing
else but mad?

But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with
less art.

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

That he is mad, 'tis true;
'tis true 'tis pity;

And, pity 'tis, 'tis true.^e
A foolish figure;

But farewell it, for I
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I have a daughter - have
while she is mine-

Who, in her duty and
obedience, mark,

Hath given me this.^e
Now, gather, and surmise.^e

"To the celestial, and
my soul's idol, the most
beautiful Ophelia,-"

That's an ill phrase, a
vile phrase! "Beautified" is
a vile phrase.^e But you shall
hear. Thus:^e

'In her excellent white
bosom, these.'

Queen. "Came this from
Hamlet to her?"

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

Roads.

'Doubt thou the stars
are fire,

Doubt that the sun
doth move,

Doubt true to be a liar,

But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these
numbers, I have not art to
reckon my groans; but that I
love thee best, O most best,
believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear
lady,

Whilst this machine is
to him,

HAMLET.'

This in obedience hath
my daughter shown me,
And more above, hath
his solicitings,
As they fell out by time,
by means, and place,
All given to mine ear."

King. "But how hath she
Received his love?"

Pol. "What do you think
of me?"

King. "As a man faithful
and honourable."

Pol. "I would fain prove
so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot
love on the wing,-

As I perceiv'd it, I
must tell you that,
Before my daughter told
me,- what might you,

Or my dear Majesty your
queen here, think,

"In her excellent white
bosom, these . . ." & cetera!

Queen. "Came this from
Hamlet to her?"

Pol. "Good madam, stay
awhile. I will be faithful."

Doubt thou the stars are
fire;

Doubt that the sun doth
move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love.

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numbers; I have not art to
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more, most dear lady, whilst
this machine is to him,

"Hamlet."

This, in obedience, hath
my daughter shown me;
And, more above, hath his
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As they fell out by time,
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When I had seen this hot
love on the wing-

As I perceived it, I must
tell you that,
Before my daughter told me-
what might you,

Or my dear Majesty your
queen here, think,

If I had play'd the desk
or tablebook,

Or given my heart a winking,
mute and dumb,

Or look'd upon this love
with idle sight,

What might you think? No,
I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus
I did bespeak:

'Lord Hamlet is a prince
out of thy star.

This must not be;' and then
I prescripts gave her.

That she should lock her-
self from his resort,

Admit no messengers, re-
ceive no tokens.

Which done, she took the
fruits of my advice;

And he, repell'd,- a
short tale to make-

Fell into a sadness,
then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence
into a weakness,

Thence to a lightness, and,
by this declension,

Into the madness wherein
now he raves,

And all we mourn for."

King. "Do you think 't is
this?"

Queen. "It may be, very
like."

Pol. "Meth there been
such a time- I would fain
know that-

That I have positively
said, 'T is so,'

When it prov'd other-
wise?"

King. "Not that I know."

Pol. "Take this from this,
if this be otherwise:

If circumstances lead me,
I will find

Where truth is hid,
though it were hid indeed
Within the centre."

If I had play'd the desk
or tablebook,

Or given my heart a wink-
ing, mute and dumb,

Or look'd upon this love
with idle sight?

What might you think? No!
I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus
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"Lord Hamlet is a prince,
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This must not be!" And then
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a time, I'd fain know that,

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When it proved otherwise?

King. "Not that I know."

Pol. "Take this from this,
if this be otherwise.

If circumstances lead me,
I will find

Where truth is hid, though
it were hid indeed
Within the centre."

King. "How may we try it further?"

Pol. "You know, sometimes he walks four hours together Here in the lobby."

Queen. "So he does, indeed."

Pol. "At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;

Mark the encounter, if he love her not
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters."

King. "We will try it."

Enter Hamlet, reading on a book.

Queen. "But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading."

Pol. "Away, I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently.
O, give me leave."

Exeunt King, Queen and Attendants.

How does my good Lord Hamlet?"

Ham. "Well, God-a-mercy."

Pol. "Do you know me, my lord?"

Ham. "Excellent well; you are a fishmonger."

Pol. "Not I, my lord."

Ham. "Then I would you were so honest a man."

Pol. "Honest, my lord?"

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.
Be you and I behind an arras then;

Mark the encounter. If he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters."

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Ham. Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord!

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.*

Pol. "Honest," my lord?

Ham. "Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand."

Pol. "That's very true, my lord."

Ham. "For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a good kissing carrion- Have you a daughter?"

Pol. "I have, my lord."

Ham. "Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing, but as your daughter may conceive- Friend, look to 't."

Pol. (Aside.) "How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he know me not at first; 'a said I was a fishmonger; 'a is far gone; and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.--What do you read, my lord?"

Ham. "Words, words, words."

Pol. "What is the matter, my lord?"

Ham. "Between who?"

Pol. "I mean, the matter that you read, my lord."

Ham. "Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plumtree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not

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honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward."

Pol. (Aside.) "Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.- Will you walk out of the air, my lord?"

Ham. "Into my grave?"

Pol. "Indeed, that is out of the air. (Aside.) How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.- My lord, I will take my leave of you."

Ham. "You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will not more willingly part withal,- except my life, except my life, except my life."

Pol. "Fare you well, my lord."

Ham. "These tedious old fools!"

Enter Reasentrants and Guildestern. *

Pol. "You go to seek the Lord Hamlet?
There he is."

Res. (To Polonius.) God save you, sir!"

Exit Polonius.

Guil. "My honoured lord!"

Res. "My most dear lord!"

honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, should grow as old as I am- if, like a crab, you could go backward."

Pol.* Though this be madness, yet there is method in't!- Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that is out of the air.* How pregnant sometimes his replies are!

I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.- My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal-* except my life, except my life-* EXCEPT MY LIFE!

Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet? There he is!

Res.* God save you, sir!

Guil. My honour'd lord!

Res. My most dear lord!

Ham. "My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosen-crants! Good lads, how do you both?"

Ros. "As the indifferent children of the earth."

Guil. "Happy in that we are not overhappy."

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button."

Ham. "Nor the soles of her shoe?"

Ros. "Neither, my lord."

Ham. "Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?"

Guil. "Faith, her privates wo."

Ham. "In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true; she is a strumpet. What news?"

Ros. "None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest."

Ham. "Then is doomsday near; but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?"

Guil. "Prison, my lord?"

Ham. "Denmark's a prison."

Ros. "Then is the world one."

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

Ham. "My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosen-crants! Good lads, how do you both?"

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy;

On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

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

Guil. Faith, her privates wo.

Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet. What's the news?"

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near. But your news is not true. Let me question more in particular. What have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Ros. "So think not so, my lord."

Ham. "Why, then, 't is none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison."

Ros. "Why, then, your ambition makes it one: 't is too narrow for your mind."

Ham. "O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams."

Guil. "Which dreams indeed are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream."

Ham. "A dream itself is but a shadow."

Ros. "Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow."

Ham. "Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to th' court? For, by my fay, I cannot reason."

Both. "We'll wait upon you."

Ham. "No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?"

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

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

Ros.* Why, then your ambition makes it one. 'Tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Ros. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows.* Shall we to the court? For, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Guil. We'll wait upon you.*

Ham.* No such matter.

But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. "To visit you, my lord;
no other occasion."

Ham. "Doggar that I am, I
am even poor in thanks, but I
thank you; and sure, dear
friends, my thanks are too
dear a halfpenny. Were you
not sent for? Is it your
own inclining? Is it a free
visitation? Come, come,
deal justly with me: come,
come; nay, speak."

Guil. "What should we say,
my lord?"

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

Ros. "To what end, my
lord?"

Ham. "That you must teach
me: but let me conjure you,
by the rights of our fellow-
ship, by the consonancy of
our youth, by the obligation
of our ever-preserved love,
and by what more dear a better
proposer can charge you withal,
be even and direct with me,
whether you were sent for or
no!"

Ros. (Aside to Guil.) "What
say you?"

Ham. (Aside.) "Nay, then,
I have an eye of you.- If you
love me, hold not off."

Guil. "My lord, we were
sent for."

Ham. "I will tell you
why; so shall my anticipation

Ros. To visit you, my
lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggard that I am, I
am even poor in thanks; but I
thank you: and sure, dear
friends, my thanks are too
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not sent for? Is it your own
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Ham.* Nay, then, I have
an eye of you. If you love
me, hold not off.

Guil.* My lord, we were
sent for.

Ham. I will tell you
why; so shall my anticipation

prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late- but wherefore I know not- lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth nothing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! The beauty of the world! The paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me- nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so."

Ros. "My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts."

Ham. "Why did ye laugh then, when I said, 'Man delights not me?'"

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

Ham. "He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute on me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target;

prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and Queen moult no feather. I have of late- but wherefore I know not- lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors. What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me- No, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

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

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me.

the lover shall not sigh gratis;
the humorous man shall end his
part in peace; the clown shall
make those laugh whose lungs are
tickled o' th' sere; and the
lady shall say her mind freely,
or the blank verse shall halt
for 't. What players are they?"

Ros. "Even those you were
wont to take such delight in,
the tragedians of the city."

Ham. "How chances it they
travel? Their residence, both
in reputation and profit, was
better both ways."

Ros. "I think their inhi-
bition comes by the means of the
late innovation."

Ham. "Do they hold the same
estimation they did when I was
in the city? Are they so
followed?"

Ros. "No, indeed, they are
not."

Ham. "How comes it? Do
they grow rusty?"

Ros. "Nay, their endeavour
keeps in the wonted pace; but
there is, sir, an army of
children, little eyases, that
cry out on the top of question,
and are most tyrannically
clapped for 't: these are now
the fashion, and so berattle
the common stages- so they call
them- that many wearing rapiers
are afraid of goose-quills and
dare scarce come thither."

Ham. "What, are they child-
ren? Who maintains 'em? How
are they escoted? Will they
pursue the quality no longer
than they can sing? Will they
not say afterwards, if they
should grow themselves to
common players,- as it is most

like, if their means are no better- their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession?"

Ros. "Faith, there has been much to do on both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy. There was for a while no money bid for argument unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question."

Ham. "Is 't possible?"

Guil. "O, there has been much throwing about of brains."

Ham. "Do the boys carry it away?"

Ros. "Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too."

Ham. "It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out."

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Flourish within.

Guil. "There are the players."

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. "Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come, then. Th' appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let no comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outwards, should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands; come; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony.

You are welcome. But

my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived."

Guil. "In what, my dear lord?"

Ham. "I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw."

Enter Polonius.

Pol. "Well be with you, gentlemen!"

Ham. "Mark you, Guildenstern, and you too, at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts."

Ros. "Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child."

Ham. "I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it. You say right, sir; a Monday morning; 't was then indeed."

Pol. "My lord, I have news to tell you."

Ham. "My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome—"

Pol. "The actors are come hither, my lord."

Ham. "Buzz, buzz!"

Pol. "Upon mine honour,—"

Ham. "'Then came each actor on his ass,—"

Pol. "The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral,

my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw!

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Mark you, Guildenstern; and you too: at each ear a hearer. That great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for, they say, an old man is twice a child.

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Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord!

Ham. Buzz, buzz!

Pol. Upon my honour—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass.

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral,

pastoral-comical, hohistorical-
pastoral, scene individable, or
poem unlimited. Seneca cannot
be too heavy, nor Plautus too
light for the law of writ and
the liberty.

These are the only men."

Ham. "O Jophthah, judge
of Israel, what a treasure
hadst thou!"

Pol. "What a treasure had
he, my lord?"

Ham. "Why,
'One fair daughter, and no
more
The which he loved passing
well.'"

Pol. "Still on my daughter."

Ham. "Am I not i' th' right,
old Jophthah?"

Pol. "If you call me Jophthah,
my lord, I have a daughter that I
love passing well."

Ham. "Nay, that follows not."

Pol. "What follows, then,
my lord?"

Ham. "Why,
'As by lot, God wot,'
and then, you know,
'It came to pass as most
like it was,'- the first row of
the pious chanson will show you
more, for look where my abridge-
ment comes.

Enter four or five Players.

You are welcome, masters, wel-
come all. I am glad to see
these well. Welcome, good
friends. O, old friend! Why,
thy face is valanced since I
saw thee last; com'st thou to
beard me in Denmark? By'r

pastoral-comical, historical-
pastoral, tragical-historical,
tragical-comical-historical-
pastoral, scene individable, or
poem unlimited.

These are the only men."

Ham. You are welcome,
masters! Welcome all! I am
glad to see thee well. Welcome,
good friends! O, my old friend!
Why, thy face is valanced since
I saw thee last; comest thou to
beard me in Denmark? By'r

lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll o'en to 't like French falconers- fly at anything we see; we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech."

First Play. "What speech, my good lord?"

Ham. "I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general; but it was- as I received it, and others, whose judgement in such matters cried to the top of mine- an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said there were no sallies in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affection; but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in 't I chiefly loved; 't was Aeneas' tale to Dido, and thereabout of it especially when he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line: let me see, let me see-

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Myrcanian beast,'

- 'T is not so; it begins with Pyrrhus:-

'The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,

Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.

You are all welcome. We'll o'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

First Play. What speech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was- as I received it-

an excellent play.

One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Aeneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line- let me see- let me see-

The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Myrcanian beast,-

'Tis not so- it begins with "Pyrrhus".

The rugged Pyrrhus, he, whose sable arms,

Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

When he lay couched in th'
ominous horse,

With now this dread and
black complexion smear'd

With heraldry more dismal:
head to foot

Now is he total gales,
horribly trick'd

With blood of fathers,
mothers, daughters, sons,
Bak'd and impacted with the
perching streets,

That lend a tyrannous and
damned light

To their lords' murder.
Roasted in wrath and fire.

And thus o'er-sized with
coagulate gore,

With eyes like carbuncles,
the hellish Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks.
So proceed you."

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

First Play. "Anon he
finds him

Striking too short at
Greeks; his antique sword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies
where it falls,

Repugnant to command; un-
equal match'd,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives,
in rage strikes wide,

But with the whiff and
wind of his fell sword

Th' unnerved father falls.
Then senseless Ilium,

Seeming to feel this blow,
with flaming top

Stoops to his base, and
with a hideous crash

Takes prisoner Pyrrhus'
ear; for, lo! his sword,

Which was declining on the
milky head

Of reverend Priam, seem'd
i' th' air to stick;

So, as a painted tyrant,
Pyrrhus stood

With now this dread and
black complexion smear'd

With blood of fathers,
mothers, daughters, sons;

And thus o'er-sized with
coagulate gore,

The hellish Pyrrhus old
grandsire Priam seeks."

So proceed you.

Pol. "Fore God, my lord,
well spoken, with good accent
and good discretion!"

First Play. Anon he finds
him:

unequal match'd,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives,
in rage strikes wide;

But with the whiff and
wind of his fell sword

The unnerved father falls.

And like a neutral to his
will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often see, against
some storm,
A silence in the heavens,
The rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless and
the orb below
As hush as death, anon the
dreadful thunder
Both rend the region; so,
after Pyrrhus' pause,
Aroused vengeance sets him
new awork;

And never did the Cyclops'
hammers fall
On Mars' armour forg'd for
proof eternal

With less remorse than
Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam.
Out, out, thou strumpet
Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod take
away her power!

Break all the spokes and
felloes from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave
down the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. "This is too long."

Ham. "It shall to the
barber's, with your beard:
Frithee, say on; he's for a
jig or a tale of bawdry, or he
sleeps: say on; come to
Hecuba."

First Play. "But who, Ah,
woo! had seen the mobled
queen!-"

Ham. "The mobled queen?"

Pol. "That 's good; 'mobled
queen' is good."

First Play. "Run barefoot
up and down, threat'ning the
flames

And never did the Cyclops'
hammers fall

On Mars' armor, forged for
proof eternal,

With less remorse than
Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
Now falls on Priam!

Out, out, thou strumpet,
Fortune! All you gods,
In general synod take away
her power,

Break all the spokes and
felloes from her wheel.
And bowl the round nave down
the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends!"

Pol. "This is too long."

Ham. It shall to the
barber's with your beard.
Frithee, say on! he's for a
jig, or a tale of bawdry, or
he sleeps: say on! come to
Hecuba.

First Play. But who, O,
who had seen the mobled queen-

Ham. "The mobled queen?"

Pol. That's good; "mobled
queen" is good.

First Play. Run barefoot
up and down.

With bleson rheum, a clout
about that head

Where late the diadem stood,
and for a robe,

About her lank and all o'er-
teemed loins,

A blanket, in the alarm of
fear caught up;-

Who this had seen, with
tongue in venom steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's state
would treason have pronounc'd:

But if the gods themselves
did see her then,

When she saw Pyrrhus make
malicious sport

In mincing with his sword
her husband's limbs,

The instant burst of
clamour that she made,

Unless things mortal move
them not at all,

Would have made milch the
burning eyes of heaven,

And passion in the gods."

Pol. "Look, wh'er he has
not turned his colour and has
tears in 's eyes. Prithee,
no more."

Ham. "'T is well; I'll have
thee speak out the rest of this
soon.* Good my lord, will you
see the players well bestowed?
Do you hear? Let them be well
used, for they are the abstract
and brief chronicles of the
time; after your death you were
better have a bad epitaph than
their ill report while you
live."

Pol. "My lord, I will use
them according to their
desert."

Ham. "God's bodykins, man,
much better! Use every man
after his desert, and who
shall scape whipping? Use
them after your own honour
and dignity; the less they de-

But if the gods themselves
did see her then,

When she saw Pyrrhus make
malicious sport

In mincing with his sword
her husband's limbs,

The instant burst of
clamour that she made,

Would have made milch the
burning eyes of heaven,

And passion in the gods.*

Pol. Look, whether he has
not turned his colour and has
tears in's eyes.* Prithee,
no more!

Ham.* 'Tis well; I'll have
thee speak out the rest of this
soon.* Good my lord, will you
see the players well bestowed?
Do you hear, let them be well
used; for they are the abstracts
and brief chronicles of the
time: after your death you
were better have a bad epitaph
than their ill report while
you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use
them according to their
desert.

Ham. God's bodikins, man,
much better! Use every man
after his desert, and who shall
'scape whipping? Use them
after your own honour and
dignity: the less they deserve,

serve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in."

Pol. "Come, sirs." Exit.

Ham. "Follow him, friends; we'll hear a play to-morrow. (Exeunt all the Players but the First.) Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can you play 'The Murder of Gonzago'?"

First Play. "Ay, my lord."

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

First Play. "Ay, my lord."

Ham. "Very well. Follow that lord, and look you mock him not. (Exit First Player.) My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore."

Ros. "Good my lord!"

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. "Ay, so, God buy to you.— Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit

That from her working all his visage wann'd,

Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!

For Heecubal!

the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.*

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.*

Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play "The Murder of Gonzago"?

First Play. Aye, my lord.

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

First Play. Aye, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you, mock him not!* My good friends, I'll leave you till night. You are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros.* Good, my lord—

Ham. Aye, so; goodbye to you.* Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit

That from her working all his visage wann'd;

Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!

For Heecubal!

What 's Hecuba to him, or
he to Hecuba,

That he should weep for her?
What would he do,

Had he the motive and the
cue for passion

That I have? He would
drown the stage with tears

And cleave the general ear
with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty and
appal the free,

Confound the ignorant, and
amaze indeed

The very faculties of eyes
and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mottled
rascal, peak

Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant
of my cause,

And can say nothin; no,
not for a king,

Upon whose property and
most dear life

A damn'd defeat was made.
Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain,
breaks my pate across,

Plucks off my beard and
flows it in my face,

Tweaks me by the nose,
gives me the lie i' th' throat

As deep as to the lungs,
who does me this?

Ha!

'Swounds, I should take
it; for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-liver'd
and lack gall

To make oppression bitter,
or ere this

I should ha' fatted all
the region kites

With this slave's offal.
Bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous,
lecherous, kindless villain!

O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I!
This is most brave,

That I, the son of a
dear father murdered,

What's Hecuba to him, or
he to Hecuba,

That he should weep for her?
What would he do,

Had he the motive and the
cue for passion

That I have? He would drown
the stage with tears

And cleave the general ear
with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty and
appal the free,

Confound the ignorant, and
amaze indeed

The very faculties of eyes
and ears.*

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mottled
rascal, peak

Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant
of my cause,

And can say nothing;* no,
not for a king,

Upon whose property and
most dear life

A damn'd defeat was made.
Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain? breaks
my pate across?

Plucks off my beard, and
blows it in my face?

Tweaks me by the nose?

Gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs?

Who does me this?

Ha?*

'Swounds, I should take
it: for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-liver'd
and lack gall

To make oppression bitter,
or ere this

I should have fatted all
the region kites

With this slave's offal:*

bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous,

lecherous, kindless villain!*

O, vengeance!
Why, what an ass am I!

This is most brave,
That I, the son of a
dear father murder'd,

Prompted to my revenge by
 heaven and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack
 my heart with words,
 And fall a-cursing, like a
 very drab,
 A scullion!
 Fie upon 't! Foh! About,
 my braines! Hum, I have heard
 That guilty creatures sitting
 at a play
 Have by the very cunning of
 the scene
 Been struck so to the soul
 that presently
 They have proclaim'd their
 malefactions;
 For murder, though it have
 no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ:
 I'll have these players
 Play something like the
 murder of my father
 Before mine uncle, I'll ob-
 serve his looks,
 I'll tent him to the quick;
 if he but blench,
 I know my course. The
 spirit that I have seen
 May be a devil; and the
 devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape;
 yea, and perhaps
 Out of my weakness and my
 melancholy,
 As he is very potent with
 such spirits,
 Abuses me to damn me; I'll
 have grounds
 More relative than this- the
 play's the thing
 Wherein I'll catch the con-
 science of the King."

Exit.

Prompted to my revenge by
 heaven and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack
 my heart with words,
 And fall a-cursing, like a
 very drab,
 A scullion!
 Fie upon't! Foh! About, my
 brain! I have heard
 That guilty creatures, sitting
 at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of
 the scene
 Been so struck to the soul
 that presently
 They have proclaim'd their
 malefactions;
 For murder, though it have
 no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ.*
 I'll have these players
 Play something like the
 murder of my father
 Before mine uncle; I'll ob-
 serve his looks;
 I'll tent him to the quick;
 if he but blench,
 I know my course. The
 spirit that I have seen
 May be a devil; and the
 devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape;
 yea, and perhaps
 Out of my weakness and my
 melancholy,
 As he is very potent with
 such spirits,
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll
 have grounds
 More relative than this.*
 The play's the thing
 Wherein I'll catch the con-
 science of the king.*

Act III. Scene I.
A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius,
Ophelia, Rosencrans, Guilden-
stern, and Lords.

King. "And can you, by no
drift of conference,
Get from him why he puts
on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his
days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous
lunacy?"

Ros. "He does confess he
feels himself distracted;
But from what cause 'a will
by no means speak."

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

Queen. "Did he receive you
well?"

Ros. "Most like a gentle-
man."

Guil. "But with much
forcing of his disposition."

Ros. "Higgard of question;
but, of our demands,
Most free in his reply."

Queen. "Did you assay him
To any pastime?"

Ros. "Madam, it so fell
out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way;
of these we told him,
And there did seem in him
a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are
here about the court,

Scene 7.
Chapel in the castle,
the following day."

King. And can you, by no
drift of circumstance,
Get from him why he puts
on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his
days of quiet
With turbulent and danger-
ous lunacy?

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

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

Queen. Did he receive you
well?

Ros. Most like a gentle-
man.

Guil. "But with much
forcing of his disposition."

Ros. Higgard of question,
but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him
to any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell
out that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way;
of these we told him,
And there did seem in him
a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are
about the court,

And, as I think, they have
already order

This night to play before
him."

Pol. "'Tis most true.
And he beseech'd me to en-
treat your majesties
To hear and see the
matter."

King. "With all my heart;
and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him
a further edge,
And drive his purpose into
these delights."

Ros. "We shall, my lord."

Exeunt Rosencranzs and Guilden-
stern.

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

Queen. "I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia,
I do wish
That your good beauties be
the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so
shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his
wonted way again,
To both your honours."

And, as I think, they have
already order

This night to play before
him.

Pol.* 'Tis most true;
And he beseech'd me to en-
treat your majesties
To hear and see the matter.

King. With all my heart;
and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him
a further edge,
And drive his purpose on
to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.*

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

Queen.* I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia,
I do wish
That your good beauties be
the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so
shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his
wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph. "Madam, I wish it may."

Oph. "Madam, I wish it may."

Exit Queen.

Pol. "Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves.
(To Ophelia.) Read on this book,

That show of such an exercise may colour

Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,-

'Tis too much prov'd -
that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do
sugar o'er

The devil himself."

King. (Aside.) "O, 'tis true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it

Than is my deed to my most painted word!

O heavy burden!"

Pol. "I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord."

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here, " Gracious, so please you,

We will bestow ourselves. Read on this book;

That show of such an exercise may colour

Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this-

'Tis too much proved -
that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do
sugar o'er

The devil himself."

King. I hear him coming.
Pol. Let's withdraw, my lord."

Mount King and Polonius.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. "To be, or not to be: that is the question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep -

No more; and by a sleep to say we end

The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks

Ham. To be, or not to be; that is the question!

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And, by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep;

No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end

The heart-ache and the thousand natural shock

That flesh is heir to; 't is
a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd; to
die; to sleep;

To sleep, perchance to dream;
ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death
what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off
this mortal coil,

Must give us pause; there's
the respect

That makes calamity of so
long life:

For who would bear the whips
and scorns of time,

Th' oppressor's wrong, the
proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despiz'd love,
the law's delay,

The insolence of office,
and the spurns

That patient merit of th'
unworthy takes,

When he himself might his
quietus make

With a bare bodkin? Who
would fardels bear,

To grunt and sweat under
a weary life,

But that the dread of
something after death,

The undiscover'd country
from whose bourn

No traveller returns,
puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear
those ills we have

Than fly to others that
we know not of?

Thus conscience does make
cowards of us all;

And thus the native hue
of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the
pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great
pitch and moment

With this regard their
currents turn awry,

And lose the name of
action.- Soft you now,

The fair Ophelia! -
Nymph, in thy orisons

That flesh is heir to - 'tis
a consummation

Devoutly to be wish'd! To
die, to sleep.

To sleep? Perchance to dream!
aye, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death
what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off
this mortal coil,

Must give us pause. There's
the respect

That makes calamity of so
long life;

For who would bear the whips
and scorns of time,

The oppressor's wrong, the
proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love,
the law's delay,

The insolence of office,
and the spurns

That patient merit of the
unworthy takes,

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With a bare bodkin? Who
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To grunt and sweat under
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No traveller returns,
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those ills we have

Than fly to others that
we know not of?

Thus conscience does make
cowards of us all.

And thus the native hue of
resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the
pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great
pitch and moment,

With this regard, their
currents turn awry,

And lose the name of
action.* Soft you now!

The fair Ophelia! Nymph,
in thy orisons

Be all my sins remember'd."

Ham. "I humbly thank you,
well, well, well."

Oph. "My lord, I have re-
membrances of yours

That I have longed long to
re-deliver.

I pray you, now receive them."

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

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

Ham. "Ha, ha! are you
honest?"

Oph. "My lord!"

Ham. "Are you fair?"

Oph. "What means your
lordship?"

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

Oph. "Could beauty, my
lord, have better commerce
than with honesty?"

Ham. "Ay, truly; for the
power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what
it is to a bawd than the
force of honesty can trans-
late beauty into his like-
ness. This was sometime a
paradox, but now the time
gives it proof. I did love
you once."

Be all my sins remember'd.

Ham. I humbly thank you:
well, well, well."

Oph. "My lord, I have re-
membrances of yours

Which I have longed long
to re-deliver;

I pray you, now receive them."

Ham. "No, not I!
I never gave you aught."

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

Ham. "Are you
honest?"

Oph. My lord?

Ham. "Are you fair?"

Oph. What means your
lordship?

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

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

Ham. Aye, truly; for the
power of beauty will sooner
transform honesty from what
it is to a bawd than the
force of honesty can trans-
late beauty into his like-
ness. This was sometime a
paradox, but now the time
gives it proof. I did love
you once."

Oph. "I was the more deceived."

Ham. "Get thee to a nunnery; why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offenses at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us, go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?"

Oph. "At home, my lord."

Ham. "Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in his own house. Farewell!"

Oph. "O, help him, you sweet heavens!"

Ham. "If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, farewell! Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too, farewell!"

Oph. "Heavenly powers, restore him!"

Ham. "I have heard of your paintings, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig and amble,

Oph. "I was the more deceived."

Ham. "Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offenses at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all. Believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?"

Oph. "At home, my lord."

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Oph. "O heavenly powers, restore him!"

Ham. "I have heard of your paintings, too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig, you amble,

and you lisp and nickname God's creatures and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go."

Exit.

Oph. "O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of time and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O woe is me,
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. "Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger;
which for to prevent,
I have in quick determination

and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance." Go to! I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad! I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already - all but one - shall live. The rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go."

Oph. "O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger.
Which for to prevent
I have in quick determination

Thus set it down: he shall
with speed to England
For the demand of our
neglected tribute.

Haply the seas and countries
different

With variable objects shall
expel

This something-settled
matter in his heart,

Whereon his brains still
beating puts him thus

From fashion of himself.
What think you on 't?"

Pol. "It shall do well; but
yet I do believe

The origin and commencement
of his grief

Sprung from neglected love.
How now, Ophelia?

You need not tell us what
Lord Hamlet said;

We heard it all. My lord,
do as you please,

But, if you hold it fit,
after the play

Let his queen mother all
alone entreat him

To show his grief; let
her be round with him;

And I'll be plac'd, so
please you, in the ear

Of all their conference.
If she find him not,

To England send him, or
confine him where

Your wisdom best shall
think."

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

Exeunt.

Scene II. A hall in
the castle.

Enter Hamlet and three of
the Players.

Thus set it down: he shall
with speed to England -

For the demand of our
neglected tribute.

What think you on't?"

Pol. It shall do well:
but yet I do believe

The origin and commence-
ment of his grief

Sprung from neglected love."*
How now, Ophelia!

You need not tell us what
Lord Hamlet said;

We heard it all. My lord,
do as you please;

But, if you hold it fit,
after the play,

Let his queen-mother all
alone entreat him

To show his grief: let
her be round with him;

And I'll be placed, so
please you, in the ear

Of all their conference.
If she find him not,

To England send him, or
confine him where

Your wisdom best shall
think.

King.* It shall be so.
Madness in great ones must
not unwatch'd go!*

Act II. Scene I.*

Play. Queen.*

Such love must needs be treason
in my breast

In second husband let me be
accurst!

None wed the second but who
kill'd the first!

Play. King.*

So think thou wilt no second
husband wed,

But die thy thoughts-*

Ham. "Speak the speech, I
pray you, as I pronounced it to
you, trippingly on the tongue;
but if you mouth it, as many of
our players do, I had as lief
the town-crier spoke my lines.
Nor do not saw the air too much
with your hands thus, but use
all gently, for in the very
torrent, tempest, and, as I may
say, the whirlwind of your
passion, you must acquire and
beget a temperance that may
give it smoothness. O, it
offends me to the soul to see
a robustious periwig-pated
fellow tear a passion to
tatters, to very rags, to
split the ears of the ground-
lings, who, for the most part
are capable of nothing but
inexplicable dumb-shows and
noise: I would have such a
fellow shipped for o'erdoing
Termagant; it out-herods
Herod: pray you, avoid it."

First Play. "I warrant
your honour."

Ham. "Be not too tame
neither, but let your own
discretion be your tutor;
suit the action to the
word, the word to the
action; with this special
observance, that you o'er-
step not the modesty of
nature: for anything so
o'erdone is from the purpose
of playing, whose end, both
at the first and now, was

Ham. Speak the speech, I
pray you, as I pronounced it to
you, trippingly on the tongue;
but if you mouth it, as many of
your players do, I had as lief
the town-crier spoke my lines.
Nor do not saw the air too
much with your hand, thus; but
use all gently: for in the very
torrent, tempest, and, as I may
say, whirlwind of your passion,
you must acquire and beget a
temperance that may give it
smoothness. O, it offends me
to the soul to hear a ro-
bustious periwig-pated fellow
tear a passion to tatters, to
very rags, to split the ears
of the groundlings; I would
have such a fellow whipped for
o'erdoing Termagant; it out-
herods Herod. Pray you, avoid
it."

Play. King. I warrant
your honour.

Ham.* Be not too tame
neither, but let your own
discretion be your tutor.
Suit the action to the word,
the word to the action; with
this special observance, that
you o'erstep not the modesty
of nature; for anything so
o'erdone is from the purpose
of playing, whose end, both
at the first and now, was and
is, to hold, as 'twere, the

and is, to hold, as 't were,
the mirror up to nature; to
show virtue her own feature,
scorn her own image, and the
very age and body of the time
his form and pressure. Now
this overdone, or come tardy
off, though it makes the un-
skilful laugh, cannot but
make the judicious grieve; the
censure of the which one must,
in your allowance, o'erweigh
a whole theatre of others. O,
there be players that I have
seen play, and heard others
praise, and that highly, not
to speak it profanely, that,
neither having th' accent of
Christians nor the gait of
Christian, pagan, nor man,
have so strutted and bellowed
that I have thought some of
Nature's journeymen had made
men and not made them well,
they imitated humanity so
abominably."

mirror up to nature.

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

Ham. "O, reform it altogether;
and let those that
play your clowns speak no more
than is set down for them; for
there be of them that will
themselves laugh to set on
some quantity of barren
spectators to laugh too, though
in the mean time some necessary
question of the play be then
to be considered. That's
villainous, and shows a most
pitiful ambition in the fool
that uses it. Go, make you
ready."

ready."

Go, make you

Exeunt Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrants,
and Guildenstern.

"Now now, my lord! Will the
King hear this piece of work?"

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

Ham. "Bid the players
make haste."

Exit Polonius.

"Will you two help to
hasten them?"

Ros. "Ay, my lord."
Guil.

Mount Rosencrans and
Guildenstern.

Ham. "What ho! Horatio!"

What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. "Here, sweet lord, at
your service."

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at
your service.

Ham. "Horatio, thou art
e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation
cop'd withal."

Ham. Horatio, thou art
e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation
cop'd withal.

Hor. "O, my dear lord,--"

Hor. O, my dear lord,--

Ham. "Nay, do not think
I flatter,
For what advancement may
I hope from thee
That no revenue hast but
thy good spirits
To feed and clothe thee?
Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue
lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant
hinges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fawn-
ing. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was
mistress of my choice
And could of men distinguish
her election,
S' hath seal'd thee for
herself, for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all,
that suffers nothing,

Ham. Nay, do not think
I flatter;

for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all,
that suffers nothing;

A man that Fortune's buffets
and rewards

Hath ta'en with equal
thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgement
are so well commedled,
That they are not a pipe
for Fortune's finger

To sound what stop she
please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave,
and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in
my heart of heart,

As I do thee.- Something
too much of this.-

There is a play tonight
before the King;

One scene of it comes near
the circumstance

Which I have told thee of
my father's death.

I prithee, when thou seest
that act a-foot,

Even with the very comment
of thy soul

Observe my uncle: if his
occulted guilt

Do not itself unkennel in
one speech,

It is a damned ghost that
we have seen,

And my imaginations are
as foul

As Vulcan's stithy. Give
him heedful note;

For I mine eyes will rivet
to his face,

And after we will both our
judgements join

In censure of his seeming."

Hor. "Well, my lord.

If 'a steal aught the

whilst this play is playing,

And scape detesting, I will
pay the theft."

A man that fortune's buffets
and rewards

Hath ta'en with equal
thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment
are so well commingled
That they are not a pipe
for fortune's finger

To sound what stop she
please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave,
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In my heart's core, ay, in
my heart of hearts,

As I do thee. Something
too much of this.

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Which I have told thee of
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foul

As Vulcan's stithy. Give
him heedful note;

For I mine eyes will rivet
to his face,

And after we will both our
judgements join

In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:

If he steal aught whilst

this play is playing,

And 'scape detection, I
will pay the theft."

Danish march. A flourish.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius,
Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guilden-
stern, and other Lords attendant,
with his guard carrying torches.

Ham. "They are coming to the play. I must be idle. Get you a place."

King. "How fares our cousin Hamlet?"

Ham. "Excellent, i' faith, of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed - You cannot feed capons so."

King. "I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine."

Ham. "No, nor mine now. (To Polonius.)

My lord, you play'd once i' th' university, you say?"

Pol. "That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor."

Ham. "What did you enact?"

Pol. "I did enact Julius Caesar; I was killed i' th' Capitol; Brutus killed me."

Ham. "It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?"

Ros. "Ay, my lord, they stay upon your patience."

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

Ham. "No, good mother, here 's metal more attractive."

Lying down at Ophelia's feet.

Pol. (To the King.) "O, ho! do you mark that?"

Ham. "Lady, shall I lie in your lap?"

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

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith, of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed capons so.

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Ham. No, nor mine now.*

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Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar. I was kill'd i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.* Be the players ready?

Ros. Aye, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

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

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.*

Pol.* O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. "No, my lord."

Ham. "I mean, my head upon your lap?"

Oph. "Ay, my lord."

Ham. "Do you think I meant country matters?"

Oph. "I think nothing, my lord."

Ham. "That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs."

Oph. "What is my lord?"

Ham. "Nothing."

Oph. "You are merry, my lord."

Ham. "Who, I?"

Oph. "Ay, my lord."

Ham. "O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within 's two hours."

Oph. "May, 't is twice two months, my lord."

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

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Aye, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs.

Oph. What is my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Aye, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.

Oph. May, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables."

The trumpets sounds. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King and Queen, 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. He lays him down upon a bank of flowers. She, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in another man, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours poison in the sleeper's ears, and leaves him. The Queen returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some three or four, come in again, seem to condole with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Queen with gifts; she seems harsh a while, but in the end accepts his love. Exeunt.

Oph. "What means this, my lord?"

Ham. "Marry, this is nitching nallecho; it means mischief."

Oph. "Belike this show imports the argument of the play?"

Enter Prologue.

Ham. "We shall know by this fellow. The players cannot keep counsel, they'll tell all."

Oph. "Will 'a toll us what this show meant?"

Ham. "Ay, or any show that you will show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means."

Oph. "You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play."

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play."

Pro. "For us, and for our tragedy,

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,

Here stooping to your
clemency,
We beg your hearing
patiently."

Exit.

Ham. "Is this a prologue,
or the posy of a ring?"

Oph. "'T is brief, my lord."

Ham. "As woman's love."

Enter two Players,
King and Queen.

P. King. "Full thirty times
bath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and
Tellus' orb'd ground,
And thirty dozen moons with
borrowed sheen

About the world have times
twelve thirties been,

Since love our hearts and
Hymen did our hands

Unite comensual in most
sacred bands."

P. Queen. "So many journeys
may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er
ere love be done!

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

So far from cheer and from
your former state,

That I distrust you. Yet,
though I distrust,

Discomfort you, my lord,
it nothing must;

For women fear too much,
even as they love,

And women's fear and love
hold quantity,

In neither aught, or in
extremity.

Now, what my love is, proof
hath made you know;

And as my love is siz'd, my
fear is so:

Where love is great, the
littlest doubts are fear;

Here stooping to your
clemency,
We beg your hearing
patiently."

Ham. Is this a prologue,
or the posy of a ring?

Oph. "'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As a woman's love."

P. King. Full thirty times
bath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt was and
Tellus' orb'd ground,

Since love our hearts and
Hymen did our hands
Unite comensual in most
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P. Queen. So many journeys
may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er
ere love be done!

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

So far from cheer and from
your former state,

That I distrust you. Yet,
though I distrust,

Discomfort you, my lord,
it nothing must.

Where little fears grow
great, great love grows there."

P. King. "Faith, I must leave
thee, love, and shortly too.

My operant powers their
functions leave to do;

And thou shalt live in this
fair world behind,

Honour'd, belov'd; and haply
one as kind

For husband shalt thou -"

P. Queen. "O, confound the
rest!

Such love must needs be
treason in my breast:

In second husband let me be
accurst,

None wed the second but who
kill'd the first."

Ham. (Aside.) "That's
wormwood!"

P. Queen. "The instances
that second marriage move

Are base respects of thrift,
but none of love:

A second time I kill my
husband dead,

When second husband kisses
me in bed."

P. King. "I do believe you
think what now you speak,

But what we do determine
oft we break.

Purpose is but the slave to
memory,

Of violent birth, but poor
validity;

Which now, the fruit unripe,
sticks on the tree,

But fall unshaken when they
mellow be.

Most necessary 't is that
we forget

To pay ourselves what to
ourselves is debt:

What to ourselves in passion
we propose,

The passion ending, doth the
purpose lose.

P. King. Faith, I must leave
thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant powers their
functions leave to do:

And thou shalt live in this
fair world behind,

Honour'd beloved; and haply
one as kind

For-husband shalt thou -

P. Queen. "O, confound the
rest!

Such love must needs be
treason in my breast.

In second husband let me be
accurst!

None wed the second but who
kill'd the first!"

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood.

The violence of either grief
or joy

Their own enactures with
themselves destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief
doth most lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on
slender accident.

This world is not for aye,
nor 't is not strange

That even our loves should
with our fortunes change,

For 't is a question left
us yet to prove,

Whether love lend fortune,
or else fortune love.

The great men down, you mark
his favorite flies;

The poor advanc'd makes
friends of enemies:

And hitherto doth love on
fortune tend,

For who not needs shall
never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow
friend doth try,

Directly seasons him his
enemy.

But, orderly to end where I
began,

Our wills and fates do so
contrary run

That our devices still are
overtrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their
ends none of our own:

So think thou wilt no second
husband wed;

But die thy thoughts when
thy first lord is dead."

P. Queen. "Nor earth to me
give food, nor heaven light!

Sport and repose look from
me day and night!

To desperation turn my
trust and hope,

An anchor's cheer in prison
be my scope!

Each opposite that blanks
the face of joy

Meet what I would have well
and it destroy!

P. King. So think thou wilt
no second husband wed,

But die thy thoughts when
thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. "Nor earth to me
give food nor heaven light!

Sport and repose look from
me day and night!

Both here and hence pursue
me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I
be wife!"

Ham. "If she should break
it now!"

P. King. "'T is deeply sworn.
Sweet, leave me here a while.
My spirits grow dull, and
fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep."

Sleeps.

P. Queen. "Sleep rock thy
brain,
And never come mischance
between us twain!"

Exit.

Ham. "Madam, how like you
this play?"

Queen. "The lady doth pro-
test too much, methinks."

Ham. "O, but she'll keep
her word."

King. "Have you heard the
argument? Is there no offence
in 't?"

Ham. "No, no, they do but
jest, poison in jest; no offence
i' th' world."

King. "What do you call
the play?"

Ham. "The Mouse-trap.
Marry, how? Tropically. This
play is the image of a murder
done in Vienna; Gonzago is the
duke's name; his wife, Baptista.
You shall see anon, 't is a
knavish piece of work; but what
of that? Your majesty and we
that have free souls, it
touches us not: let the
galled jade wince, our withers
are unwrung."

Both here and hence pursue
me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I
be wife!

Ham. If she should break
it now!

P. King. 'Tis deeply sworn.
Sweet, leave me here a while;-
My spirits grow dull, and
fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep."

Ham. Madam, how like you
this play?

Queen. The lady doth pro-
test too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep
her word."

King. Have you heard the
argument? Is there no offence
in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but
jest!- poison in jest; no
offence i' the world.

King. What do you call
the play?

Ham. "The Mouse-trap." "
Marry, how? Tropically. This
play is the image of a murder
done in Vienna: Gonzago is the
duke's name; his wife, Baptista.
You shall see anon; 'tis a
knavish piece of work; but what
o' that? Your majesty, and we
that have free souls, it
touches us not. Let the
galled jade wince, our withers
are unwrung."

Enter Lucianus.

"This is one Lucianus,
nephew to the king."

Oph. "You are as good as
a chorus, my lord."

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

Oph. "You are keen, my
lord, you are keen."

Ham. "It would cost you
a groaning to take off mine
edge."

Oph. "Still better, and
worse."

Ham. "So you mistake your
husbands. Begin, murderer;
leave thy damnable faces and
begin. Come, 'The creaking
raven doth bellow for revenge.'"

Luc. "Thoughts black,
hands apt, drugs fit, and time
agreeing;

Confederate season, else
no creature seeing.

Thou mixture rank, of mid-
night weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban thrice
blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire
property

On wholesome life usurps
immediately."

Pours the poison into the
sleeper's ears.

Ham. "He poisons him in
the garden for his estate, his
name's Gonzago; the story is
extant, and writ in very
choice Italian; you shall see
anon how the murderer gets
the love of Gonzago's wife."

This is one Lucianus,
nephew to the king.

Begin, murderer!
Fox, leave thy damnable faces,
and begin! Come; the creaking
raven doth bellow for revenge!

Luc. Thoughts black,
hands apt, drugs fit, and time
agreeing;

Confederate season, else
no creature seeing;

Thou mixture rank, of mid-
night weeds collected,

With Hecate's ban, thrice
blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire
property

On wholesome life usurp
immediately."

Ham. "He poisons him i'
the garden for his estate. His
name's Gonzago; the story is
extant, and written in very
choice Italian. You shall see
anon how the murderer gets
the love of Gonzago's wife."

Oph. "The King rises."

Oph. The king rises.

Ham. "That, frightened with
false fire?"

Ham. What! frightened with
false fire?

Queen. "How fares my lord?"

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. "Give o'er the play."

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. "Give me some light.
Away!"

King. Give me some light.
Away!

Pol. "Lights, lights, lights!"

Exeunt all but Hamlet and
Horatio.

Ham. "Why, let the stricken
deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must warch, while
some must sleep, -

Ham. "Why, let the stricken
deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must warch, while
some must sleep!

Thus runs the world away.
Would not this, sir, and
a forest of feathers -

Thus runs the world away."

If the rest of my fortunes
turn Turk with me - with two
Provincial roses on my razed
shoes, get me a fellowship in
a cry of players, sir?"

Hor. "Half a share."

Ham. "A whole one, I.
For thou dost know, O Damon
dear,

This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now
reigns here

A very, very - peacock."

Hor. "You might have rhymed."

Ham. "O good Horatio, I'll
take the ghost's word for a
thousand pound. Didst perceive?"

O good Horatio, I'll
take the ghost's word for a
thousand pound! Didst perceive?

Hor. "Very well, my lord."

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. "Upon the talk of the
poisoning?"

Ham. Upon the talk of the
poisoning?

Hor. "I did very well
note him."

Hor. I did very well
note him.

Han. "Ah, ha! Come, some music! Come, the recorders! For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, bolike, he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!"

Re-enter Heccongrants and Guildenstern.

Guil. "Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you."

Han. "Sir, a whole history."

Guil. "The King, sir, -"

Han. "Ay, sir, what of him?"

Guil. "Is in his retirement marvellous distempered."

Han. "With drink, sir?"

Guil. "No, my lord, with choler."

Han. "Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more choler."

Guil. "Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair."

Han. "I am tame, sir; pronounce."

Guil. "The Queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you."

Han. "You are welcome."

Guil. "May, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall

Han. Ah, ha! Come, some music! come, the recorders!

"For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, bolike, he likes it not, perdy."

Come, some music!"

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Han. Sir, a whole history.

Guil. The king, sir-

Han. Aye, sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his retirement marvelous distempered.

Han. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Han. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgations would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Han. I am tame, sir: pronounce.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Han.* You are welcome.

Guil.* May, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall

please you to make me a wholesome answer I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business."

Ham. "Sir, I cannot."

Ros. "What, my lord?"

Ham. "Make you a wholesome answer! my wit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command, or, rather, as you say, my mother. Therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say, -"

Ros. "Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration."

Ham. "O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart."

Ros. "She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed."

Ham. "We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?"

Ros. "My lord, you once did love me."

Ham. "And do still, by these pickers and stealers."

Ros. "Good my lord, what is the cause of your distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend."

Ham. "Sir, I lack advancement."

please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord.

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my mother. Therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say, -

Ros.* Then thus she says: your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.*

Res. "How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself for your succession in Denmark?"

Ham. "Ay, but 'While the grass grows,' - the proverb is something musty."

Re-enter the Players
with recorders.

"O, the recorders! Let me see. - To withdraw with you! - why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?"

Guil. "O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly."

Ham. "I do well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?"

Guil. "My lord, I cannot."

Ham. "I pray you."

Guil. "Believe me, I cannot."

Ham. "I do beseech you."

Guil. "I know no touch of it, my lord."

Ham. "'T is 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."

Guil. "But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill."

Ham. "Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me, you would seem to know my

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?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham.* I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham.* I do beseech you.

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

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying. Govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.*

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my

steps, you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet you cannot make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think that I am easier to be played upon than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me."

Enter Polonius.

"God bless you, sir."

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

Ham. "Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?"

Pol. "By th'mass and 't is like a camel indeed."

Ham. "Nothinks it is like a weasel."

Pol. "It is backed like a weasel."

Ham. "Or like a whale?"

Pol. "Very like a whale."

Ham. "Then I will come to my mother by and by. (Aside.) They fool me to the top of my bent. - I will come by and by."

Pol. "I will say so."
Exit.

Ham. "'By and by' is easily said. Leave me, friends."

Mount all but Hamlet.

"'T is now the very witch-

steps; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass. And there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me."

God bless you, sir!

Pol.* My lord- * My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Nothinks it is like a weasel.

Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by.* They fool me to the top of my bent.* I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.*

Ham. "By and by" is easily said.* Leave me,* friends.*

'Tis now the very witch-

ing time of night
 When churchyards yawn and
 hell itself breathes out
 Contagion to this world;
 Now could I drink hot blood
 And do such bitter
 business as the day
 Would quake to look on.
 Soft! now to my mother.

O heart, lost not thy
 nature, let not over
 The soul of Hero enter
 this firm bosom;
 Let me be cruel, not un-
 natural.

I will speak daggers to
 her, but use none.

My tongue and soul in this
 be hypocrites;

Now in my words somever she
 be shent,

To give them seals never,
 my soul, consent!"

Exit.

Scene III. A room in the
 castle.

Enter King, Rosencrans, and
Guildenstern.

King. "I like him not,
 nor stands it safe with us
 To let his madness range.
 Therefore prepare you!

I your commission will
 henceforth dispatch,
 And he to England shall
 along with you.

The terms of our estate
 may not endure
 Hazard so near's as doth
 hourly grow
 Out of his bravos."

Guil. "We will ourselves
 provide.

Most holy and religious
 fear it is

To keep those many many
 bodies safe

ing time of night,
 When churchyards yawn, and
 hell itself breathes out
 Contagion to this world.
 Now could I drink hot blood!
 And do such bitter
 business as the day
 Would quake to look on.
 Soft! now to my mother."

Scene 2.

The chapel in the castle.
 Immediately following."

King. I like him not,
 nor stands it safe with us
 To let his madness range.
 Therefore prepare you!

I your commission will
 forthwith dispatch,
 And he to England shall
 along with you.

The terms of our estate
 may not endure
 Hazard so dangerous as
 doth hourly grow
 Out of his lunacies.

That live and feed upon your
majesty."

Ros. "The single and
peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and
armour of the mind
To keep itself from noyance,
but much more
That spirit upon whose weal
depends and rests

The lives of many. The cease
of majesty

Dies not alone, but, like a
gulf, doth draw

What's near it with it: or
it is a massy wheel,

Fix'd on the summit of the
highest mount,

To whose huge spokes ten
thousand lesser things

Are mortis'd and adjoin'd;
which, when it falls,

Each small annexment, petty
consequence,

Attends the boisterous ruin.
Never alone

Did the King sigh, but with
a general groan."

King. "Arm you, I pray you,
to this speedy voyage,

For we will fetters put
about this fear,

Which now goes too free-
footed."

Arm you, I pray you,
to this speedy voyage,

For we will fetters put
about this fear,

Which now goes too free-
footed.

Ros. "We will haste us."

Ros. We will haste us."

Exeunt Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. "My lord, he 's going
to his mother's closet:

Behind the arras I'll con-
vey myself,

To hear the process. -I'll
warrant she 'll tax him home;

And, as you said, and wise-
ly was it said,

'T is meet that some more
audience than a mother,

Since nature makes them
partial, should o'erhear
The speech of vantage. Fare
you well, my liege,
I'll call upon you ere you
go to bed,
And tell you what I know."

King. "Thanks, dear my lord."

Exit Polonius.

O, my offence is rank, it
smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest
curse upon 't,
A brother's murder. Pray
can I not,
Though inclination be as
sharp as will.

My stronger guilt defeats
my strong intent,
And, like a man to double
business bound,

I stand in pause where I
shall first begin,
And both neglect. What
if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself
with brother's blood,

Is there not rain enough
in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow?
Whereto serves mercy

But to confront the visage
of offence?

And what 's in prayer but
this twofold force,

To be forestalled ere we
come to fall,

Or pardon'd being down?
Then I'll look up;

My fault is past. But,
O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? "For-
give me my foul murder?"

That cannot be; since I
am still possess'd

Of those effects for
which I did the murder,

My crown, mine own ambi-
tion, and my queen.

May one be pardon'd and
retain th' offence?

O, my offence is rank, it
smells to heaven!

It hath the primal eldest
curse upon't,

A brother's murder. Pray
can I not,

Though inclination be as
sharp as will.

What
if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself
with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough
in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow?
Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage
of offence?

Then I'll look up; my
fault is past."
But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "For-
give me my foul murder?"

That cannot be, since I
am still possess'd

Of those effects for
which I did the murder,

My crown, mine own ambi-
tion, and my queen.

May one be pardon'd and
retain the offence?

In the corrupted currents
of this world

Offence's gilded hand may
shove by justice,

And oft 't is seen the
wicked prize itself

Buy's out the law: but 't
is not so above;

There is no shuffling,
there the action lies

In his true nature; and we
ourselves compell'd,

Even to the tooth and
forehead of our faults,

To give in evidence. What
then? What rests?

Try what repentance can.--
What can it not?

Yet what can it when one
cannot repent?

O wretched state! O bosom
black as death!

O lined soul, that,
struggling to be free,

Art more engag'd! Help,
angels! Make assay!

Bow, stubborn knees,
and, heart with strings of
steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-
born babe!

All may be well."

He kneels.

Enter Harlot.

Han. "Now I might do it
pat, now 'a is a-praying,

And now I 'll do 't. -And
so 'a goes to heaven;

And so am I reveng'd. That
would be scorn'd:

A villain kills my father,
and for that,

I, his sole son, do this
same villain send

To heaven.

Oh, this is base and silly,
not revenge.

'A took my father grossly,
full of bread,

With all his crimes broad
blown, as flush as May;

In the corrupted currents
of this world

Offence's gilded hand may
shove by justice;

And oft 'tis seen the
wicked prize itself

Buy's out the law: But 'tis
not so above;

There is no shuffling;
there the action lies

In his true nature.

What
then? what rests?

Try what repentance can:
what can it not?

Yet what can it when one
can not repent!

O wretched state!

Help,
angels! make assay!

Bow stubborn knees! and,
heart with strings of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-
born babe!

All may be well.*

Han. Now might I do it,
but now he is praying;

And now I'll do't.* And
so he goes to heaven;

And so am I revenged? That
would be scorn'd:

A villain kills my father;
and for that,

I, his sole son, do this
same villain send

To heaven.

Oh, this is hire and salary,
not revenge.

He took my father grossly,
full of bread,

With all his crimes broad
blown, as flush as May;

And how his audit stands
 who knows save Heaven?
 But in our circumstance
 and course of thought
 'T is heavy with him: and
 am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging
 of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd
 for his passage?

No!

Up, sword, and know thou a
 more horrid hent,

When he is drunk asleep,
 or in his rage,
 Or in th' incestuous
 pleasure of his bed,

At game a-swearing, or
 about some act

That has no relish of
 salvation in't,

Then trip him, that his
 heels may kick at heaven,

And that his soul may be
 as damn'd and black

As hell, whereto it goes.
 My mother stays.

This physic but prolongs
 thy sickly days."

Exit.

King. (Rising.) "My words
 fly up, my thoughts remain
 below:

Words without thoughts
 never to heaven go."

Scene IV. The Queen's
 closet.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. "A will come straight,
 look you lay home to him!

Tell him his pranks have
 been too broad to bear with,

And that your Grace hath
 screen'd and stood between

Much heat and him. I'll
 silence me o'en here.

And how this audit stands
 who knows save heaven?

And am I then revenged,
 To take him in the purging
 of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd
 for his passage?

No!

Up, sword, and know thou a
 more horrid hent!

When he is drunk, asleep,
 or in his rage,

Or, in the incestuous
 pleasure of his bed;

At game, a-swearing, or
 about some act

That has no relish of
 salvation in't;

Then trip him, that his
 heels may kick at heaven,

And that his soul may be
 as damn'd and black

As hell, whereto it goes.
 My mother stays!

This physic but prolongs
 thy sickly days."

King. My words
 fly up, my thoughts remain
 below!

Words without thoughts
 never to heaven go."

Scene 3.
 The Queen's apartment.
 Immediately following."

Pol. He will come straight.
 Look you lay home to him.

Tell him his pranks have
 been too broad to bear with,

And that your grace hath
 screen'd and stood between

Much heat and him. I'll
 sooner me even here.

Pray you be round with him."

Ham. (Within.) "Mother, mother, mother!"

Queen. "I'll warrant you, fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming."

Polonius hides behind the arras.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. "Now, mother, what's the matter?"

Queen. "Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended."

Ham. "Mother, you have my father much offended."

Queen. "Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue."

Ham. "Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue."

Queen. "Why, how now, Hamlet!"

Ham. "What 's the matter now?"

Queen. "Have you forgot me?"

Ham. "No, by the rood, not so.
You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And would it were not so, you are my mother."

Queen. "May, then, I'll set those to you that can speak."

Ham. "Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

Pray you, be round with him.

Queen. I'll warrant you; fear me not.

Ham.* Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. Withdraw, I hear him coming."

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come! you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go! you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so!
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And - would it were not so! - you are my mother.

Queen. May, then, I'll set those to you that can speak."

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge!

You go not till I set you
up a glass

Where you may see the in-
most part of you."

Queen. "What wilt thou do?
Thou wilt not murder me?
Help, ho!"

Pol. (Behind.) "What, ho!
help!"

Ham. (Drawing.) "How now!
A rat? Dead for a ducat, dead!"

Kills Polonius through
the arras.

Pol. (Behind.) "O, I am
slain!"

Queen. "O me, what hast
thou done?"

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

Queen. "O, what a rash and
bloody deed is this!"

Ham. "A bloody deed - al-
most as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry
with his brother."

Queen. "As kill a king!"

Ham. "Ay, lady, it was my
word."

Lifts up the arras and
discovers Polonius.

"Thou wretched, rash, in-
truding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better;
take thy fortune;

Thou find'st at to be too
busy is some danger.

- Leave wringing of your
hands; peace, sit you down,

And let me wring your
heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of pene-
trable stuff,

You go not, till I set you
up a glass

Where you may see the in-
most part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do?
thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!

Pol. What, ho! help,
help, help!

Ham. How now!
a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!

Queen. O me, what hast
thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not;
is it the king?"

Queen. O, what a rash and
bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed! al-
most as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry
with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Aye, lady, 'twas my
word."

Thou wretched, rash, in-
truding fool! Farewell!
I took thee for thy better.
Take thy fortune;

Thou find'st at to be too
busy is some danger."

Leave wringing of your
hands. Peace! sit you down,

And let me wring your
heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of pene-
trable stuff;

If damned custom have not
 braz'd it so
 That it be proof and bulwark
 against sense."

Queen. "What have I done,
 that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
 In noise so rude against
 me?"

Ham. "Such an act
 That blurs the grace and
 blush of modesty,
 Calls virtue hypocrite,
 takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of
 an innocent love
 And sets a blister there,
 makes marriage-vows
 As false as dicers' oaths;
 O, such a deed
 As from the body of contrac-
 tion plucks
 The very soul, and sweet
 religion makes
 A rhapsody of words.
 Heaven's face doth glow,
 And this solidity and com-
 pound mass,
 With heated visage, as
 against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act."

Queen. "Ay me, what act,
 That roars so loud and
 thunders in the index?"

Ham. "Look here, upon this
 picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit present-
 ment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was
 seated on this brow:
 Hyperion's curls, the
 front of Jove himself,
 An eye like Mars, to
 threaten and command,
 A station like the herald
 Mercury
 New-lighted on a heaven-
 kissing hill,
 A combination and a form
 indeed,

If damned custom have not
 brass'd it so
 That it be proof and bulwark
 against sense.

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

Ham. Such an act that blurs
 the grace and blush of modesty,
 Calls virtue hypocrite,
 takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of
 an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there;
 makes marriage-vows
 As false as dicers' oaths:
 O, such a deed
 As from the body of contrac-
 tion plucks
 The very soul, and sweet
 religion makes
 A rhapsody of words!
 Heaven's face doth glow;
 Yea, this solidity and com-
 pound mass,
 With tristful visage, as
 against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Aye me, what act,
 That roars so loud and
 thunders in the index?

Ham. "Look here, upon this
 picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit present-
 ment of two brothers.
 See what a grace was
 seated on this brow!
 Hyperion's curls, the
 front of Jove himself,
 An eye like Mars, to
 threaten and command;
 A station like the herald
 Mercury
 New-lighted on a heaven-
 kissing hill;
 A combination and a form
 indeed,

Where every god did seem
to set his seal,
To give the world assurance
of a man:

This was your husband. -
Look you now what follows:
Here is your husband, like
a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome
brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair
mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?
Ha! have you eyes?

You cannot call it love,
for at your age

The hey-day in the blood
is tame, it 's humble,

And waits upon the judge-
ment; and what judgement

Would step from this to
this? Sense sure you have,

Else could you not have
motion; but sure, that sense

Is apoplex'd; for madness
would not err,

Nor sense to ecstasy was
ne'er so thrall'd

But it reserv'd some
quantity of choice,

To serve in such differ-
ence. What devil was 't

That thus hath cozen'd
you at hoodman-blind?

Eyes without feeling, feel-
ing without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes,
smelling sans all,

Or but a sickly part of
one true sense

Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a
matron's bones,

To flaming youth let virtue
be as wax,

And melt in her own fire.

Proclaim no shame

When the compulsive ardour
gives the charge,

Since frost itself as active-
ly doth burn

And reason panders will."

Where every god did seem
to set his seal
To give the world assurance
of a man.

This was your husband.
Look you now what follows.
Here is your husband, like
a mildew'd ear,

Blasting his wholesome
brother. Have you eyes?

Could you on this fair
mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?
Ha! have you eyes?*

You cannot call it love,
for at your age

The hey-day in the blood
is tame, it's humble,

And waits upon the judgment;
and what judgment

Would step from this to
this?*

O shame! where is thy blush?

Queen. "O Hamlet, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into
my very soul,
And there I see such black
and grain'd spots
As will leave there their
tinct."

Ham. "Hay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an en-
seamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption,
honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty -"

Queen. "O, speak to me no
more!
These words like daggers
enter in mine ears.
No more, sweet Hamlet!"

Ham. "A murderer and a
villain,
A slave that is not
twentieth part of the tithe
Of your precedent lord! A
vice of kings,
A cutpurse of the empire
and the rule
That from a shelf the
precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!"

Queen. "No more!"

Enter Ghost in his night-
gown.

Ham. "A king of shreds and
patches -
Save me, and hover o'er me
with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What
would your gracious figure?"

Queen. "Alas, he 's mad!"

Ham. "Do you not come your
tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and
passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of
your dread command?
O, say!"

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

Ham. Hay, but to live
in the rank sweat of an en-
seamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption,
honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty, -

Queen.* O, speak to me no
more;
These words like daggers
enter in my ears.
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a
villain;
A slave, that is not the
twentieth part of the tithe
Of your precedent lord! A
vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire
and the rule,
That from a shelf the
precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

Queen.* No more!

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patches -
Save me, and hover o'er me
with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What
would your gracious figure?

Queen.* Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your
tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and
passion, lets go by
The important acting of
your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. "Do not forget! This visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

But, look, amazement on thy mother sits;

O, stop between her and her fighting soul.

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.

Speak to her, Hamlet."

Ham. "How is it with you, lady?"

Queen. "Alas, how is 't with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy

And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,

And, as 'the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,

Start up and stand on end.

O gentle son, Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

Sprinkle cool patience.

Whereon do you look?"

Ham. "On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable.

Do not look upon me,

Lest with this piteous action you convert

My stern effects; then what I have to do

Will want the true colour, tears perchance for blood."

Queen. "To whom do you speak this?"

Ham. "Do you see nothing there?"

Ghost.* Do not forget: this visitation

Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.*

But, look, amazement on thy mother sits.

O, stop between her and her fighting soul:

Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:

Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,

And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?"

O gentle son, Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper

Sprinkle cool patience.

Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable.

Do not look upon me,

Lest with this piteous action you convert

My stern effects: then what I have to do

Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

Queen. "Nothing at all, yet
all that is I see."

Ham. "Nor did you nothing
hear?"

Queen. "No, nothing but
ourselves."

Ham. "Why, look you there!
Look, now it steals away!

My father, in his habit
as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even
now, out at the portal!"

Exit Ghost.

Queen. "This is the very
coinage of your brain!

This bodiless creation
ecstasy

Is very cunning in."

Ham. "Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth
temperately keep time,

And makes as healthful
music: it is not madness

That I have utter'd:
bring me to the test,

And I the matter will re-
word, which madness

Would gambol from. Mother,
for the love of grace,

Lay not that flattering
unction to your soul,

That not your trespass,
but my madness speaks;

It will but skin and
film the ulcerous place,

Whiles rank corruption,
mining all within,

Infects unseen. Confess
yourself to Heaven;

Repent what 's past,
avoid what is to come,

And do not spread the
compost on the weeds,

To make them ranker.
Forgive me this my virtue,

For in the fatness of
these purpy times

Queen. Nothing at all; yet
all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing
hear?

Queen. No, nothing but
ourselves."

Ham. Why, look you there!
look, how it steals away!

My father, in his habit
as he lived!"

Look, where he goes, even
now, out at the portal!

Queen. "This is the very
coinage of your brain.

This bodiless creation
ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth
temperately keep time,

And makes as healthful
music. It is not madness

That I have utter'd.
Put me to the test,

And I the matter will re-
word, which madness

Would gambol from. Mother,
for the love of grace,

Lay not that flattering
unction to your soul,

That not your trespass
but my madness speaks;

It will but skin and
film the ulcerous place,

Whiles rank corruption,
mining all within,

Infects unseen. Confess
yourself to heaven;

Repent what's past, avoid
what is to come,

And do not spread the
compost on the weeds

To make them ranker.

Virtue itself of vice must
pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave
to do him good."

Queen. "O Hamlet, thou hast
cleft my heart in twain."

Ham. "O, throw away the
worse part of it,
And live the purer with
the other half.

Good-night; but go not
to my uncle's bed.

Assume a virtue, if you
have it not.

That monster, custom, who
all sense doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel
yet in this,

That to the use of actions
fair and good

He likewise gives a frock
or livery,

That aptly is put on.

Refrain to-night,

And that shall lend a kind
of easiness

To the next abstinence; the
next more easy;

For use almost can change
the stamp of nature,

And either curb the devil
or throw him out,

With wondrous potency. Once
more, good-night;

And when you are desirous
to be blest,

I'll blessing beg of you.
For this same lord,"

Pointing to Polonius.

I do repent; but Heaven
hath pleas'd it so,

To punish me with this and
this with me,

That I must be their
scourge and minister.

I will bestow him, and
will answer well

The death I gave him. So,
again, good-night.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast
cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the
worse part of it,
And live the purer with
the other half.*

Good night.* But go not
to my uncle's bed;

Assume a virtue, if you
have it not.

Refrain to-night, and that
shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence; the
next more easy.

So, again, good night.

I must be cruel, only to be kind.

Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.

One word more good lady."

Queen. "What shall I do?"

Ham. "Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,

Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;

And let him, for a pair of roechy kisses,

Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,

That I essentially am not in madness,

But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him know;

For who, that 's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,

Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?

No, in despite of sense and secrecy,

Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,

To try conclusions, in the basket creep,

And break your own neck down."

Queen. "Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe

What thou hast said to me."

Ham. "I must to England; you know that?"

Queen. "Alack, I had forgot. 'T is so concluded on."

I must be cruel only to be kind;

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind."

Queen. "What shall I do?"

Ham. "Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;

Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;

And let him, for a pair of roechy kisses,

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That I essentially am not in madness,

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Queen. "Be thou assured, if words be made of breath

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe

What thou hast said to me."

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. "There 's letters
seal'd, and my two school-
fellows,

Whom I will trust as I will
adders fang'd,

They bear the mandate;
they must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery.
Let it work;

For 't is the sport to
have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar;
and 't shall go hard

But I will delve one yard
below their mines,

And blow them at the moon.
O, 't is most sweet,

When in one line two crafts
directly meet.

This man shall set me
packing.

I'll lug the guts into
the neighbour room.

Mother, good-night indeed.
This counsellor

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

Who was in life a foolish
prating knave.

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

Good-night, mother."

Exeunt severally, Hamlet
tugging in Polonius.

Act IV. Scene I.
A room in the castle.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrans,
and Guildenstern.

King. "There 's matter in
these sighs, these profound
heaves;

You must translate, 't is
fit we understand them.

Where is your son?"

Queen. "Bestow this place
on us a little while."

Ham. There's letters
seal'd and my two schoolfellow,

Whom I will trust as I will
adders fang'd,

They bear the mandate.
They must sweep my way,

And marshal me to knavery.
Let it work;

For 'tis the sport to have
the engineer

Hoist with his own petar;
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But I will delve one yard
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And blow them at the moon.
O, 'tis most sweet,

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directly meet."

This man shall set me
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I'll lug the guts into
the neighbour room.

Mother, good night indeed.
This counsellor

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

Who was in life a foolish
prating knave.

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

Good night, mother."

Scene 3.
(Cont'd)

King. "There's matter in
these sighs, these profound
heaves.

You must translate; 'tis
fit we understand them.

Where is your son?"

Queen. "Bestow this place
on us a little while."

Mount Rosencrans and
Guildenstern.

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

King. "What, Gertrude?
How does Hamlet?"

Queen. "Mad as the sea and
wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier - in
his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing
something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries,
'A rat, a rat!'
And in this brainish
apprehension kills
The unseen good old man."

King. "O heavy deed!
It had been so with us,
had we been there.
His liberty is full of
threats to all,
To you yourself, to us,
to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody
deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us,
whose providence
Should have kept short,
restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man; but so
much was our love,
We would not understand
what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a
foul disease,
To keep it from divulging,
let it feed
Even on the pith of life.
Where is he gone?"

Queen. "To draw apart the
body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very mad-
ness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals
base,
Shows itself pure; 'a weeps
for what is done."

"Ah, mine own lord, what
have I seen to-night!"

King. What, Gertrude?
How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and
wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier! In
his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing
something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries
'A rat! a rat!'
And in this brainish
Apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

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It had been so with us,
had we been there!
His liberty is full of
threats to all,
To you yourself, to us,
to every one.
Alas, how shall this bloody
deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us,
whose providence
Should have kept short,
restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man.

Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the
body he hath kill'd:"

He weeps
for what is done.

King. "O Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,

But we shall ship him hence, and this vile deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse.
Ho, Guildenstern!"

Re-enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

"Friends both, go join you with some further aid;

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,

And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.

Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body

into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this."

Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

"Come, Gertrude, we 'll call up our wisest friends

To let them know both what we mean to do

And what 's untimely done; so, haply, slander

Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank,

Transports his poison'd shot, may miss our name,

And hit the woundless air. O, come away!

My soul is full of discord and dismay."

Exeunt.

King. O Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch

But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed

We must, with all our majesty and skill,

Both countenance and excuse.*
Ho, Guildenstern!"

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain.

Go, seek him out; speak fair.

I pray you, haste in this.*

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;

And let them know both what we mean to do

And what's untimely done.

O, come away!*

My soul is full of discord and dismay.*

Scene II. Another room
in the castle.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. "Safely stowed."

Gentlemen. (Within.) "Hamlet!
Lord Hamlet!"

Ham. "But, soft, what
noise? Who calls on Hamlet?
O, here they come."

Enter Reconerantz and
Guildenstern.

Ros. "What have you done,
my lord, with the dead body?"

Ham. "Compounded it with
dust, whereto 't is kin."

Ros. "Tell us where 't is,
that we may take it thence
And bear it to the chapel."

Ham. "Do not believe it."

Ros. "Believe what?"

Ham. "That I can keep your
counsel and not mine own. Be-
sides, to be demanded of a
sponge, what replication
should be made by the son of
a king?"

Ros. "Take you me for a
sponge, my lord?"

Ham. "Ay, sir, that soaks
up the King's countenance,
his rewards, his authorities.
But such officers do the King
best service in the end: he
keeps them, like an ape an
apple, in the corner of his
jaw; first mouthed, to be last
swallowed: when he needs what
you have gleaned, it is but

Scene 4.
A cellar room in the
castle. A short time
later."

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros. and Guil. Hamlet!
Lord Hamlet!

Ham. But soft, what noise?
who calls on Hamlet?
O, here they come."

Ros. What have you done,
my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with
dust, whereto 'tis kin.

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

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your
counsel and not mine own. Be-
sides, to be demanded of a
sponge! what replication
should be made by the son of
a king?

Ros. Take you me for a
sponge, my lord?

Ham. Aye, sir, that soaks
up the king's countenance, his
rewards, his authorities.

When he needs what
you have gleaned, it is but

squeezing you, and, sponge,
you shall be dry again."

Ros. "I understand you not,
my lord."

Ham. "I am glad of it: a
knavish speech sleeps in a
foolish ear."

Ros. "My lord, you must
tell us where the body is,
and go with us to the King."

Ham. "The body is with
the King, but the King is not
with the body. The King is a
thing -"

Guil. "A thing, my lord?"

Ham. "Of nothing; bring
me to him. Hide fox, and all
after."

Exeunt.

Scene III. Another
room in the castle.

Enter King and two or three.

King. "I have sent to seek
him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that
this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the
strong law on him;

He 's lov'd of the dis-
tracted multitude,

Who like not in their judge-
ment, but their eyes,

And where 't is so, the
offender's scourge is weigh'd,

But never the offence. To
bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him
away must seem

Deliberate pause. Dis-
eases desperate grown

squeezing you, and, sponge,
you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not,
my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a
knavish speech sleeps in a
foolish ear."

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

Ham. The body is with the
king, but the king is not
with the body. The king is a
thing -

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing. Bring
me to him.
Hide fox, and all after!"

Hide fox, and all after!"

Scene S.
A hallway in the castle.
Still later the same night."

King. I have sent to seek
him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that
this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the
strong law on him;

He's loved of the dis-
tracted multitude,

Who like not in their judge-
ment, but their eyes.

To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him
away must seem

Deliberate pause. Dis-
eases desperate grown

By desperate appliance are
reliev'd,
Or not at all."

Enter Rosencrantz and
others.

"How now! What hath befall'n?"

Ros. "Where the dead body
is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him."

King. "But where is he?"

Ros. "Without, my lord,
guarded, to know your pleasure."

King. "Bring him before us."

Ros. "Ho, bring in the
lord."

Enter Hamlet guarded and
Guildenstern.

King. "Now, Hamlet, where's
Polonius?"

Ham. "At supper."

King. "At supper! Where?"

Ham. "Not where he eats, but
where 'a is eaten: a certain
convocation of politic worms are
e'en at him. Your worm is your
only emperor for diet: we fat
all creatures else to fat us,
and we fat ourselves for
maggots. Your fat king and
your lean beggar is but vari-
able service; two dishes, but
to one table; that 's the end."

King. "Alas, alas!"

Ham. "A man may fish with
the worm that hath eat of a
king, and eat of the fish that
hath fed of that worm."

King. "What dost thou
mean by this?"

By desperate appliance
are relieved,
Or not at all."

How now! what hath befall'n?

Ros. Where the dead body
is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord,
guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern!
bring in my lord."

King. Now, Hamlet, where's
Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

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where he is eaten: a certain
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King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with
the worm that hath eat of a
king, and eat of the fish that
hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou
mean by this?

Ham. "Nothing but to show
you how a king may go a pro-
gress through the guts of a
beggar."

King. "Where is Polonius?"

Ham. "In heaven; send
thither to see; if your
messenger find him not there,
seek him i' th' other place
yourself. But if indeed, you
find him not within this month,
you shall nose him as you go
up the stairs into the lobby."

King. "Go seek him there."

To some Attendants.

Ham. "A will stay till
you come."

Exeunt Attendants.

King. "Hamlet, this deed,
for thine especial safety,-

Which we do tender, as we
dearly grieve

For that which thou hast
done,- must send thee hence

With fiery quickness;
therefore prepare thyself.

The bark is ready, and the
wind at help,

Th' associates tend, and
everything is bent

For England."

Ham. "For England?"

King. "Ay, Hamlet."

Ham. "Good."

King. "So is it, if thou
know'st our purposes."

Ham. "I see a cherub that
sees them. But, come, for
England! Farewell, dear
mother."

King. "Thy loving father,
Hamlet."

Ham. Nothing but to show
you how a king may go a progress
through the guts of a beggar.

King. "Where is Polonius?"

Ham. In heaven. Send
thither to see; if your
messenger find him not there,
seek him i' the other place
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Which we do tender, as we
dearly grieve

For that which thou hast
done, must send thee hence

With fiery quickness.
Therefore prepare thyself;

The bark is ready, and the
wind at help,

The associates tend, and
everything is bent for England.

Ham. For England?

King. Aye, Hamlet.

Ham. Good!

King. "So is it, if thou
know'st our purposes."

Ham. I see a cherub that
sees them. But, come; for
England! Farewell, dear
mother.

King. Thy loving father,
Hamlet.

Ham. "My mother: father
and mother is man and wife,
man and wife is one flesh,
and so, my mother. Come, for
England!" Exit.

King. "Follow him at foot,
tempt him with speed aboard,
Delay it not; I'll have
him hence to-night.
Away! for everything is
seal'd and done
That else leans on th'
affair, pray you, make haste."

Mount Rosencrans and
Guildenstern.

"And, England, if my love
thou hold'st at aught,-
As my great power thereof
may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice
looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and
thy free awe
Pays homage to us - thou
mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process,
which imports at full,
By letters congruing to
that effect,
The present death of Hamlet.
Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my
blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till
I know 't is done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys
were ne'er begun." Exit.

Scene IV. A plain
in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, and a
Captain, with his army
over the stage.

Ham. My mother: father
and mother is man and wife;
man and wife is one flesh;
and so, my mother. Come, for
England!"

King. "Follow him at foot;
tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not; I'll have
him hence to-night."

And, England, if my love
thou hold'st at aught,

And thy free awe pays
homage to us,
Thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process;
which imports at full

The present death of Hamlet.
Do it, England!
For like the hectic in my
blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till
I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys
were ne'er begun!"

Scene 6.
The countryside near a
seaport. Early the follow-
ing morning."

For. "Go, captain, from me
greet the Danish king.

Tell him that, by his
license, Fortinbras
Graves the conveyance of
a promis'd march

Over his kingdom. You
know the rendezvous.

If that his Majesty would
aught with us,

We shall express our duty
in his eye;

And let him know so."

Cap. "I will do't, my lord."

For. "Go softly on."

Mount Fortinbras and army.

Enter Hamlet, Rosenkrantz, Guildenstern and others.

Ham. "Good sir, whose powers
are these?"

Cap. "They are of Norway,
sir."

Ham. "How purpos'd, sir, I
pray you?"

Cap. "Against some part of
Poland."

Ham. "Who commands them,
sir?"

Cap. "The nephew to old
Norway, Fortinbras."

Ham. "Goes it against the
main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?"

Cap. "Truly to speak, and
with no addition,

We go to gain a little
patch of ground
That hath in it no profit
but the name.

To pay five ducats, five,
I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to
Norway or the Pole

For. Go, captain, from me
greet the Danish king;

Tell him that by his
license Fortinbras
Graves the conveyance of
a promised march

Over his kingdom. You
know the rendezvous.

If that his majesty would
aught with us,

We shall express our duty
in his eye;

And let him know so.

Cap. I will do't, my lord.

For. * Go softly on.*

Ham. Good sir, whose powers
are these?

Cap. They are of Norway,
sir.

Ham. How purposed, sir,
I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of
Poland.

Ham. Who commands them,
sir?

Cap. The nephew to old
Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Go they against the
main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap.* Truly to speak, and
with no addition,

We go to gain a little
patch of ground
That hath in it no profit
but the name.

To pay five ducats, five,
I would not farm it.

A ranker rate, should it
be sold in fee."

Ham. "Why, then the Polack
never will defend it."

Cap. "Yes, it is already
garrison'd."

Ham. "Two thousand souls
and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question
of this straw.

This is th' imposthume of
much wealth and peace,

That inward breaks, and
shows no cause without.

Why the man dies. I humbly
thank you, sir."

Cap. "God buy you, sir."

Exit.

Ros. "Will 't please you
go, my lord?"

Ham. "I'll be with you
straight; go a little before."

Exeunt all except Hamlet.

"Now all occasions do in-
form against me,

And spur my dull revenge!
What is a man,

If his chief good and
market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed?
A beast, no more.

Sure he that made us with
such large discourse,

Looking before and after,
gave us not

That capability and god-
like reason

To fast in us unus'd.
Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or
some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely
on th' event,

A thought which, quarter'd,
hath but one part wisdom

Ham. Why, then the Polack
never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, it is already
garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls
and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate the question
of this straw!

This is the imposthume of
much wealth and peace,

That inward breaks, and
shows no cause without.

Why the man dies. I humbly
thank you, sir."

Cap. God be wi' you, sir.

Ros. Will't please you
go, my lord?

Ham. Go a little before.
I will be with you straight."

Now all occasions do in-
form against me,

And spur my dull revenge!
What is a man,

If his chief good and
market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed?
a beast, no more.

Sure, he that made us with
such large discourse,

Looking before and after,
gave us not

That capability and god-
like reason

To fast in us unused. Now,
whether it be

Bestial oblivion, or
some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely
on the event,

A thought which, quarter'd,
hath but one part wisdom

And over three parts
 coward,- I do not know
 Why yet I live to say,
 'This thing 's to do,'
 Sith I have cause and will
 and strength and means
 To do 't: examples gross
 as earth exhort me;
 Witness this army of such
 mass and charge
 Led by a delicate and tender
 prince,
 Whose spirit with divine
 ambition puff'd
 Makes mouths at the in-
 visible event,
 Exposing what is mortal
 and unsure
 To all that fortune, death,
 and danger dare,
 Even for an egg-shell.
 Rightly to be great
 Is not to stir without
 great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrel
 in a straw
 When honour 's at the
 stake. Now stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd,
 a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason
 and my blood,
 And let all sleep, while
 to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty
 thousand men,
 That for a fantasy and
 trick of fame
 Go to their graves like
 beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers can-
 not try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough
 and continent
 To hide the slain? O, from
 this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or
 be nothing worth!"

Exit.

And over three parts coward -
 I do not know
 Why yet I live to say "This
 thing's to do."
 Sith I have cause, and will,
 and strength, and means
 To do't. Examples gross
 as earth exhort me.
 Witness this army of such
 mass and charge
 Led by a delicate and tender
 prince,
 Whose spirit, with divine
 ambition puff'd,
 Makes mouths at the in-
 visible event,
 Exposing what is mortal
 and unsure
 To all that fortune, death,
 and danger dare -
 Even for an egg-shell!
 Rightly to be great -
 Is not to stir without
 great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrel
 in a straw
 When honour's at the stake.
 Now stand I, then,
 That have a father kill'd,
 a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason
 and my blood,
 And let all sleep; while
 to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty
 thousand men,
 That, for a fantasy and
 trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like
 beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers can-
 not try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough
 and continent
 To hide the slain? O, from
 this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or
 be nothing worth!"

Scene V. Misinero. A
room in the castle.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and
a Gentleman.

Queen. "I will not speak with
her."

Gent. "She is importunate,
indeed distract;

Her mood will needs be
pitied."

Queen. "What would she
have?"

Gent. "She speaks much of
her father; says she hears
There 's tricks i' th'
world, and hems, and beats her
heart,

Spurns enviously at straws.
speaks things in doubt

That carry but half sense.
Her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it
doth move

The hearers to collection.
They yawn at it

And botch the words up to
fit their own thoughts;

Which, as her winks, and
nods, and gestures yield them,

Indeed would make one think
there would be thought,

Though nothing sure, yet
much unhappily."

Hor. "T were good she were
spoken with, for she may strow
Dangerous conjectures in ill-
breeding minds.

Let her come in."

Exit Gentleman.

Queen. (Aside.) "To my sick
soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to
some great omis;

So full of artless jealousy
is guilt,

Scene 7.
Main hall in the castle.
Several weeks later."

Queen. I will not speak
with her.

Hor. She is importunate,
indeed distract:

Her moods will needs be
pitied.

Queen. What would she
have?

Hor. She speaks much of
her father,

Though nothing sure, yet
much unhappily.

Queen. 'T were good she were
spoken with, for she may strow
Dangerous conjectures in ill-
breeding minds."

It spills itself in fearing
to be spilt."

Enter Ophelia, distracted.

Oph. "Where is the beauteous
majesty of Denmark?"

Queen. "How now, Ophelia!"

Oph. (Sings.)

How should I your true
love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon."

Queen. "Alas, sweet lady,
what imports this song?"

Oph. "Say you? Nay, pray
you, mark. (Sings.)

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

Enter King.

Queen. "Nay, but, Ophelia,--"

Oph. "Pray you, mark. (Sings.)

Larded all with sweet
flowers;
Which bewept to the ground
did not go
With true-love showers."

King. "How do you, pretty
lady?"

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

Oph. Where is the beauteous
majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph.:

How should I your true
love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady,
what imports this song?

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

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green
turf,
At his heels a stone.:

Queen.: Nay, but Ophelia,--

Oph.: Pray you, mark.:
White his shroud as the
mountain snow.

Queen.: Alas, look here,
my lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave
did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty
lady?

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

King. "Conceit upon her father."

Oph. "Pray let 's have no words of this, but when they ask you what it means, say you this: (Sings.)

To-morrow is Saint
Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose and down'd
his clothes,
And dapp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out
a maid
Never departed more."

King. "Pretty Ophelia!"

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

By gis, and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if
they come to 't;
By Cock, they are to blame.

Quoth she, 'Before you
tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed.'

No answers:

'So would I ha' done, by
yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to
my bed.'

King. "How long hath she
been thus?"

Oph. "I hope all will be
well. We must be patient; but
I cannot choose but weep, to
think they should lay him i'
th' cold ground. My brother
shall know of it, and so I
thank you for your good
counsel. Come, my coach!

King. "Conceit upon her father."

Oph. "Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:"

To-morrow is Saint
Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and down'd
his clothes,
And dapp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out
a maid
Never departed more.

King. "Pretty Ophelia!"

Oph. "Indeed, la, without an oath I'll make an end on't.

King. "How long hath she
been thus?"

Oph. "I hope all will be
well. We must be patient; but
I cannot choose but weep, to
think they should lay him i'
the cold ground." My brother
shall know of it: and so, I
thank you for your counsel.
Come, my coach! Good night,

good-night, ladies; good-night,
sweet ladies; good-night,
good-night."

Exit.

King. "Follow her close;
give her good watch, I pray
you."

ladies; good night, sweet
ladies; good night, good night."

King.* Follow her close;
give her good watch, I pray
you."

Mount Horatio and Gentleman.

"O, this is the poison of
deep grief; it springs
All from her father's
death - and now behold!

O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they
come not single spies,
But in battalions. First,
her father slain;

Next, your son gone; and
he most violent author

Of his own just remove;
the people muddied,

Thick and unwholesome in
their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death;

and we have done but greenly
In hugging-mugger to inter
him; poor Ophelia

Divided from herself and
her fair judgement,

Without the which we are
pictures or mere beasts;

Last, and as much contain-
ing as all these,

Her brother is in secret
come from France,

Feeds on his wonder, keeps
himself in clouds,

And wants not buzzers to
infect his ear

With pestilent speeches
of his father's death,

Wherein necessity, of
matter beggar'd,

Will nothing stick our
persons to arraign

In ear and ear. O my
dear Gertrude, this,

Like to a murrain piece,
in many places

Gives no superfluous death."

Oh, this is the poison of
deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death.

O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they
come not single spies,
But in battalions! First,
her father slain;
Next, your son gone;

poor Ophelia
Divided from herself and
her fair judgment;

Last, and as much contain-
ing as all these,
Her brother is in secret
come from France,

And wants not buzzers to
infect his ear
With pestilent speeches
of his father's death."

O my dear Gertrude, this
Like to a murdering-piece,
in many places
Gives no superfluous death."

A noise within.

Queen. "Alack, what noise is this?"

King. "Attend!"

Enter a messenger.

"Where is my Switzers? Let them guard the door.
What is the matter?"

Mess. "Save yourself, my lord!

The ocean, overpeering of his list,

Hats not the flats with more impetuous haste

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,

O'er bears your officers; the rabble call him lord;

And, as the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

The ratifiers and props of every word,

They cry, 'Choose we! Laertes shall be king!'

Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,

'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

Queen. "How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!"

Noise within. Enter

Laertes with other Danes.

King. "The doors are broke."

Laer. "Where is this king? First, stand you all without."

Danes. "No, let 's come in."

Laer. "I pray you, give me leave."

Queen. "Alack, what noise is this?"

King. "Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door."

Mar. Save yourself, my lord!

King. What is the matter?

Mar. The young Laertes, in a riotous head,

O'er bears your officers. The rabble call him lord;

As if the world were now but to begin,

Antiquity forgot, custom not known,

They cry "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. "Where is this king?"

Danes. "We will, we will."

They retire without the door.

Laer. "I thank you; keep the door. O thou vile king,
Give me my father!"

Queen. "Calmly, good Laertes."

Laer. "That drop of blood
that 's calm proclaims me
bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father,
brands the harlot
Even here, between the
chaste unsmirched brow
Of my true mother."

King. "What is the cause,
Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks
so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do
not fear our person:
There's such divinity doth
hedge a king.
That treason can but peep
to what it would,
Acts little of his will.
Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.
Let him go, Gertrude.
Speak, man."

Laer. "Where is my father?"

King. "Dead."

Queen. "But not by him."

King. "Let him demand his
fill."

Laer. "How came he dead?
I'll not be juggled with.
To hell allegiance! Vows
to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace to
the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this
point I stand,
That both the worlds I
give to negligence,

Give me my father!

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood
that's calm proclaims me
bastard!

King. "What is the cause,
Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks
so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; do
not fear our person;
There's such divinity doth
hedge a king.
That treason can but peep
to what it would,
Acts little of his will.
Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd.
Let him go, Gertrude! Speak,
man."

Laer. "Where is my father?"

King. Dead.

Queen. "But not by him."

King. "Let him demand his
fill."

Laer. How came he dead?
I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows
to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to
the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation: to this
point I stand,
That both the worlds I
give to negligence!

Let come what comes; only
I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my
father."

King. "Who shall stay you?"

Laer. "My will, not all the
world's at:

And for my means, I'll
husband them so well,
They shall go far with
little."

King. "Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the
certainty
Of your dear father, is 't
writ in your revenge
That, swoopstake, you will
draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?"

Laer. "None but his enemies."

King. "Will you know them
then?"

Laer. "To his good friends
thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-
rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood."

King. "Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a
true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your
father's death,
And am most sensibly in
grief for it,
It shall as level to your
judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye."

A noise within. "Let her
come in!"

Laer. "How now! what noise
is that?"

Re-enter Ophelia.

Let come what comes, only
I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my
father!

King. "Who shall stay you?"

Laer. "My will, not all the
world's at:

And for my means, I'll
husband them so well,
They shall go far with
little."

King. "Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the
certainty
Of your dear father's death,
is 't writ in your revenge
That, swoopstake, you will
draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?"

Laer. "None but his enemies."

King. "Will you know them
then?"

Laer. "To his good friends
thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-
rendering pelican,
Repast them with my blood."

King. "Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a
true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your
father's death,
And am most sensibly in
grief for it,
It shall as level to your
judgment pierce
As day does to your eye."

Laer. "How now! what noise
is that?"

"O heat, dry up my brains:
Tears seven times salt

Burn out the sense and
virtue of mine eye!

By heaven, thy madness
shall be paid with weight

Till our scale turn the
beam. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister,
sweet Ophelia!

O heavens! is 't possible,
a young maid's wits

Should be as mortal as an
old man's life?

Nature is fine in love,
and where 't is fine,

It send some precious
instance of itself

After the thing it loves."

Oph. (*sings*.)

They bore him barefac'd
on the bier;

Hey non nenny, nenny,
hey nenny;

And in his grave rain'd
many a tear.

Fare you well, my dove!"

Laer. "Hadst thou thy wits
and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus."

Oph. "You must sing, 'A-
down a-down, and you call him
a-down-a.' O, how the wheel
becomes it! It is the false
steward, that stole his
master's daughter."

Laer. "This nothing 's
more than matter."

Oph. "There 's rosemary,
that 's for remembrance; pray
you, love, remember; and
there is pansies, that 's
for thoughts."

Laer. "A document in mad-
ness, thoughts and remembrance
fitted."

Dear maid, kind sister,
sweet Ophelia!

O heavens, is't possible
a young maid's wits

Should be as mortal as an
old man's life?

By heaven, thy madness
shall be paid with weight,

Till our scale turn the
beam.

Oph.*

They bore him barefaced
on the bier:

And in his grave rain'd
many a tear -

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits,
and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph.* Fare you well, my dove!
"You must sing "down-a-down,"
"And you call him "a-down-a."
O, how the wheel becomes
it! It is the false steward,
that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more
than matter.

Oph.* There's rosemary,
that's for remembrance: pray
you, love, remember: and
there is pansies, that's for
thoughts.

Laer.* A document in mad-
ness; thoughts and remembrances
fitted.

Oph. "There 's fennel for you, and columbines; there 's rue for you, and here 's some for me; we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays; O, you must wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died; they say 'a made a good end,- (Sings.)

For bonny sweet Robin
all my joy."

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

Oph. (Sings.)

And will 'a not come again?
And will 'a not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed;
He never will come again.

His beard was as white
as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls,
I pray God. God buy ye." Exit.

Laer. "Do you see this,
O God?"

King. "Laertes, I must
commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go
but apart,
Make choice of when your
wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and
judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by
collateral hand

Oph.* There's fennel for you, and Columbines;* There's rue for you, and here's some for me: we may call it* "Herb of grace o' Sundays."* O, you must wear your rue with a difference.* There's a daisy.* I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died;* they say he made a good end.*

For bonnie sweet Robin
is all my joy.

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

Oph.*

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, No, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He will never come again.*

His beard was as white
as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.*

God ha' mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls,
I pray God. God be wi' you.*

Laer.* Do you see this, O
God?

King.* Laertes, I must
commune with your grief,

They find us touch'd, we
 will our kingdom give,
 Our crown, our life, and
 all that we call ours,
 To you in satisfaction;
 but if not,
 Be you content to lend your
 patience to us,
 And we shall jointly labour
 with your soul
 To give it due content."

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

King. "So you shall;
 And where th' offence is
 let the great ax fall.
 I pray you, go with me."

Exeunt.

Scene VI. Another room
 in the castle.

Enter Horatio with an
 Attendant.

Hor. "What are they that
 would speak with me?"

Att. "Sea-faring men, sir;
 they say they have letters for
 you."

Hor. "Let them come in."

Exit Attendant.

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

Enter Sailors.

First Sail. "God bless you, sir."

Hor. "Let Him bless thee too."

First Sail. "'A shall, sir an 't please Him,
There 's a letter for you, sir- it came from th' ambassador that was bound for England - if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is."

Hor. (Reads.)

'Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the King; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour and in the grapple I boarded them. On the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of money, but they know what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

Be that thou knowest thine.
Hamlet.'

Come, I will give you way for these your letters;
And do 't the speedier, that you may direct me

To him from whom you brought them."

Exeunt.

Scene VII. Another room
in the castle.

Scene 7.
(Cont'd)

Enter King and Isertes.

King. "Now must your
conscience my acquittance seal;
And you must put me in your
heart for friend,

Sith you have heard, and
with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your
noble father slain
Pursued my life."

King. (Cont'd) And you must
put me in your heart for friend.
You have heard, and with
a knowing ear,
That he which hath your
noble father slain
Pursued my life.

Isert. "It well appears:
but tell me
Why you proceeded not
against these feats,
So criminal and so capital
in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom,
all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up."

King. "O, for two special
reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps,
seem much unkinow'd,
And yet to me they are
strong. The Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks;
and for myself -
My virtue or my lague, be
it either which -
She is so conjunctive to
my life and soul,
That, as the star moves
not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her.
The other motive
Why to a public count I
might not go,
Is the great love the
general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults
in their affection,

Would, like the spring that
 turneth wood to stone,
 Convert his gyves to graces;
 so that my arrows,
 Too slightly timber'd for so
 loud a wind,
 Would have reverted to my
 bow again,
 And not where I have aim'd
 them."

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

King. "Break not your sleeps
 for that; you must not think
 That we are made of stuff
 so flat and dull
 That we can let our beard
 be shook with danger
 And think it pastime. You
 shortly shall hear more.
 I lov'd your father, and
 we love ourself,
 And that, I hope, will
 teach you to imagine."

Enter a Messenger with
 letters.

"How now! What news?"

Mess. "Letters, my lord,
 from Hamlet.
 These to your majesty;
 this to the Queen."

King. "From Hamlet! Who
 brought them?"

Mess. "Sailors, my lord,
 they say; I saw them not.
 They were given me by
 Claudio. He received them
 Of him that brought them."

Laer. "And so have I a
 noble father lost;
 A sister driven into
 desperate terms.

But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps
 for that! You must not think
 That we are made of stuff
 so flat and dull
 That we can let our beard
 be shook with danger
 And think it pastime. You
 shortly shall hear more.
 I loved your father, and
 we love ourself;
 And that, I hope, will
 teach you to imagine --"

How now! what news?

Att. "Letters, my lord,
 from Hamlet:
 This to your majesty; this
 to the Queen.

King. "From Hamlet! Who
 brought them?"

Att. Sailors, my lord.

King. "Laertes, you shall hear them.

Leave us."

Exit Messenger.

(Reads.)

"High and mighty, You shall know I am set nased on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes, when I shall, first asking you pardon, thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.

Hamlet."

What should this mean?
Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse, and
no such thing?"

Laer. "Know you the hand?"

King. "'T is Hamlet's
character. 'Naked!'

And in a postscript here,
he says "alone."

Can you devise no?"

Laer. "I 'm lost in it,
my lord; but let him come:
It warns the very sickness
in my heart

That I shall live and
tell him to his teeth,

"Thus didst thou."

King. "If it be so, Laertes,
And how should it be so?
Now otherwise?"

Will you be rul'd by no?"

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

King. "To thine own peace.
If he be now return'd,

As checking at his voyage,
and that he means

No more to undertake it,
I will work him

To an exploit, now ripe
in my device,

King. Laertes, you shall hear them. Leave us."

"High and mighty, You shall know I am set on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.

"Hamlet:"

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

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's
character.

And in a postscript here,
he says "alone".

Can you advise no?

Laer. "I'm lost in it,
my lord." But let him come!
It warns the very sickness
in my heart

That I shall live and
tell him to his teeth,

"Thus didst thou!"

King. If it be so, Laertes,

I will work him
To an exploit now ripe
in my device,

Under the which he shall
not choose but fall;

And for his death no wind
of blame shall breathe,

But even his mother shall
uncharge the practice

And call it accident."

Laer. "My lord, I will be
rul'd;

That rather, if you could
devise it so

That I might be the organ."

King. "It falls right.

You have been talk'd of
since your travel much,

And that in Hamlet's hear-
ing for a quality

Wherein, they say, you
shine. Your sum of parts

Did not together pluck such
envy from him

As did that one, and that,
in my regard,

of the unworthiest siege."

Laer. "What part is that,
my lord?"

King. "A very riband in the
cap of youth,

Yet needful too; for youth
no less becomes

The light and careless livery
that it wears

Than settled age his sables
and his woods,

Importing health and grave-
ness. Two months since,

Here was a gentleman of
Normandy;—

I have seen myself, and
serv'd against, the French,

And they can well on horse-
back; but this gallant

Had witchcraft in 't; he
grew unto his seat,

And to such wondrous doing
brought his horse,

As he had been incorpora'd
and demi-natur'd

With the brave beast. So
far he topp'd my thought,

Under the which he shall
not choose but fall;

And for his death no wind
of blame shall breathe,

But even his mother shall
uncharge the practice

And call it accident.

You have been talk'd of
since your travel much,

And that in Hamlet's hear-
ing, for a quality

Wherein, they say, you
shine.*

Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of
Normandy,

That I, in forgery of shapes
and tricks,
Come short of what he did."

Laer. "A Norman, was 't?"

King. "A Norman."

Laer. "Upon my life, Lamound."

King. "The very same."

Laer. "I know him well: he
is the brooch indeed
And gem of all their nation."

King. "He made confession
of you,
And gave you such a master-
ly report
For art and exercise in
your defence,
And for your rapier most
especial,
That he cried out, 't
would be a sight indeed
If one could match you.
The scrimers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion,
guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir,
this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with
his envy
That he could nothing do
but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er
to play with you.
Now, out of this—"

Laer. "What out of this,
my lord?"

King. "Laertes, was your
father dear to you?
Or are you like the
painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?"

Laer. "Why ask you this?"

King. "Not that I think you
did not love your father,

He made confession
of you
And gave you such a master-
ly report
For art and exercise in
your defence,
And for your rapier
most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould
be a sight indeed
If one could match you.

Now, out of this—

Laer. "What out of this,
my lord?"

King. Laertes, was your
father dear to you?
Or are you like the
painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

But that I know love is
 begun by time,
 And that I see, in passages
 of proof,

Time qualifies the spark
 and fire of it.

There lives within the very
 flame of love

A kind of wick or snuff that
 will abate it,

And nothing is at a like
 goodness still;

For goodness, growing to a
 pluriy,

Dies in his own too much.
 That we would do,

We should do when we would;
 for this 'would' changes,

And hath abatements and de-
 lays as many

As there are tongues, are
 hands, are accidents;

And then this 'should' is
 like a spendthrift sigh,

That hurts by easing. But,
 to the quick of th' ulcer-

Hamlet comes back. What
 would you undertake

To show yourself in deed
 your father's son

More than in words?"

Laer. "To cut his throat
 i' th' church."

King. "No place, indeed,
 should murder sanctuarize;

Revenge should have no
 bounds. But, good Laertes,

Will you do this, keep
 close within your chamber.

Hamlet return'd shall know
 you are come home;

We'll put on those shall
 praise your excellence

And set a double varnish
 on the fane

The Frenchman gave you,
 bring you in fine together

And wager on your heads;
 he, being remiss,

Most generous and free
 from all contriving,

King. What would you
 undertake

To show yourself your
 father's son in deed

More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat
 i' the church!

King. No place indeed
 should murder sanctuarize;

Revenge should have no
 bounds. But, good Laertes,

Will you do this? keep
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Hamlet return'd shall know
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We'll put on those shall
 praise your excellence

And set a double varnish
 on the fane

The Frenchman gave you;
 bring you in fine together

And wager on your heads.
 He, being remiss,

Most generous and free
 from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils,
so that, with ease,
Or with a little shuffling,
you may choose
A sword unbated, and in a
pass of practice
Requite him for your father."

Laer. "I will do 't;
And, for that purpose,
I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a
mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a
knife in it,
Where it draws blood no
cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples
that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the
thing from death
That is but scratched with-
al. I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that,
if I gall him slightly,
It may be death."

King. "Let 's further think
of this,
Weigh what convenience both
of time and means
May fit us to our shape.
If this should fail,
And that our drift look
through our bad performance,
'T were better not assay'd;
therefore this project
Should have a back or second,
that might hold
If this did blast in proof.
Soft! let me see:
We'll make a solemn wager
on your earnings -
I ha 't!
When in your motion you
are hot and dry -
As make your bouts more
violent to that end -
And that he calls for
drink, I'll have preferr'd
him

A chalice for the nonce,
whereon but sipping,

Will not persue the foils;
so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling,
you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a
pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. "I will do't!
And for that purpose I'll
anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a
mountebank,
So mortal that but dip a
knife in it,
Where it draws blood no
cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples
that have virtue
Under the moon, can save
the thing from death
That is but scratched with-
al. I'll touch my point
With this contagion that,
if I gall him slightly,
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King. "If this should fail;

'Twere better not assay'd;
therefore this project
Should have a back, or
second, that might hold
If this did blast in proof.
Soft! let me see:
We'll make a solemn wager
on your earnings:
I ha't!
When in your motion you
are hot and dry -
As make your bouts more
violent to that end -
And that he calls for
drink, I'll have prepared
him

A chalice for the nonce;
whereon but sipping,

If he by chance escape your
venom'd stork,
Our purpose may hold there.
But stay, what noise?"

Enter Queen.

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

Laer. "Drown'd! O, where?"

Queen. "There is a willow
grows askant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves
in the glassy stream,
Therewith fantastic garlands
did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles,
daisies, and long purples

That liberal shepherds give
a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead
men's fingers call them;
There, on the pendent boughs
her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an on-
vious silver broke,

When down her woody trophies
and herself
Fell in the weeping brook.
Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile
they bore her up;

Which time she chanted
snatches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her own
distress,

Or like a creature native and
indued

Unto that element. But
long it could not be

Till that her garments,
heavy with their drink,

Pull'd the poor wretch
from her melodious lay
To muddy death."

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

If he by chance escape your
venom'd stork,
Our purpose may hold there."
But stay, what noise?"
How now, sweet queen?

Queen. One woo doth tread
upon another's heel,
So fast they follow." Your
sister's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! Where?

Queen. There is a willow
grows askant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves
in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands
did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles,
daisies, and long purples.

There, on the pendent boughs
her coronet weeds
Clamoring to hang, an on-
vious silver broke;
When down her woody trophies
and herself

Fell in the weeping brook.
Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like a while
they bore her up;

Which time she chanted
snatches of old tunes,

Till that her garments,
heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch
from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is
drown'd!

Queen. "Drown'd, drown'd."

Laer. "Too much of water
hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid
my tears; but yet
It is our trick: nature
her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will;
when these are gone,
The woman will be out.
Adieu, my lord;
I have a speech o' fire
that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns
it."
Exit.

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

Mount.

Act V. Scene I.
A churchyard.

Enter two Clowns with
spades and pickaxes.

First Clo. "Is she to be
buried in Christian burial when
she wilfully seeks her own
salvation?"

Second Clo. "I tell thee
she is, therefore make her
grave straight. The crowner
hath sat on her, and finds
it Christian burial."

First Clo. "How can that
be, unless she drowned herself
in her own defence?"

Second Clo. "Why, 't is
found so."

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd."

Laer. Too much of water
hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my
tears. But yet
It is our trick: nature
her customs holds,
Let shame say what it will.
When these are gone,
The woman will be out.
Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire
that fain would blaze!
But that this folly douts
it."

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

First Clo. "It must be 'so offendendo,' it cannot be also. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform; argal, she drowned herself wittingly."

Second Clo. "Nay, but hear you, Goodman deliver,--"

First Clo. "Give me leave. Here lies the water; good. Here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes, -- mark you that? But if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself; argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life."

Second Clo. "But is this law?"

First Clo. "Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law."

Second Clo. "Will you ha' the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial."

First Clo. "Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade! There is no ancient gentleman but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession."

Second Clo. "Was he a gentleman?"

First Clo. "'A was the first that ever bore arms."

Second Clo. "Why, he had none."

First Clo. "What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says Adam digged;

could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself."

Second Clo. "Go to."

First Clo. "What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?"

Second Clo. "The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants."

First Clo. "I like thy wit well, in good faith. The gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill. Now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church, argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To 't again, come."

Second Clo. "'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?'"

First Clo. "Ay, tell me that, and unyke."

Second Clo. "Marry, now I can tell."

First Clo. "To 't."

Second Clo. "Mass, I cannot tell."

First Clo. "Gudgeon thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker', the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee in; and fetch me a stoup of liquor."

Exit Second Clown.
He digs, and sings.

"In youth, when I did love,
did love,

He thought it was very sweet,
 To contract, O, the time for-
 a-my behoove,
 O, methought, there-a-was
 nothing-a meet."

Enter Harlot and Horatio.

Ham. "Has this fellow no
 feeling of his business? 'A sings at
 grave-making."

Hor. "Custom hath made it
 in him a property of easiness."

Ham. "'T is o'en so: the hand
 of little employment hath the
 daintier sense."

First Clo. (sings.)

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

Throws up a skull.

Ham. "That skull had a tongue
 in it, and could sing once. Now
 the knave jowls it to the ground,
 as if it were Cain's jaw-bone,
 that did the first murder! This might
 be the pate of a politician, which
 this ass now o'or-reaches; one that
 would circumvent God, might it not?"

Hor. "It might, my lord."

Ham. "Or of a courtier, which
 could say, 'Good morrow, sweet
 lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?'
 This might be my lord such-a-one
 that praised my lord such-a-one's
 horse, when 'a meant to beg it;
 might it not?"

Hor. "Ay, my lord."

Ham. "Why, o'en so; and now
 my lady Worm's; chaplown, and

knocked about the mazzard with a
sexton's spade: here 'o a fine
revolution, an we had the trick
to see 't. Did these bones cost
no more than the breeding, but
to play at loggats with 'em?
Mine ache to think on 't."

First Clo. (Sings.)

"A pick-axe, and a spade,
a spade
For and a shrouding sheet;
O, a pit of clay for to be
made
For such a guest is meet."

Throws up another skull.

Ham. "There 'o another. Why may
not that be the skull of a lawyer?
Where be his quiddities now, his
quillote, his cases, his tenures,
and his tricks? Why does he suffer
this mad knave now to mock him
about the oscene with a dirty shovel,
and will not tell him of his action
of battery? Hum! This fellow might
be in 's time a great buyer of land,
with his statutes, his recognisances,
his fines, his double vouchere, his
recoveries. Is this the fine of
his fines, and the recovery of his
recoveries, to have his fine pate
full of fine dirt? Will his
vouchere vouch him no more of his
purchases, and double once too,
than the length and breadth of a
pair of indentures? The very con-
veyances of his lands will hardly
lie in this box, and must th' in-
heritor himself have no more, ha?"

Hor. "Not a jot more, my lord."

Ham. "Is not parchment made of
sheepskins?"

Hor. "Ay, my lord, and of calf-
skins too."

Ham. "They are sheep and calves
which seek out assurance in that.
I will speak to this fellow. Whose
grave 's this, sirrah?"

First Clo. "Mine, sir. (Sings.)

O, a pit of clay for to be
made
For such a guest is meet."

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

First Clo. "You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, yet it is mine."

Ham. "Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine. 'T is for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest."

First Clo. "'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you."

Ham. "What man dost thou dig it for?"

First Clo. "For no man, sir."

Ham. "What woman, then?"

First Clo. "For none, neither."

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

First Clo. "One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she 's dead."

Ham. "How absolute the knave is! We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, this three years I have took note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?"

First Clo. "Of all the days i' th' year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras."

Ham. "How long is that since?"

First Clo. "Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that. It was that very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England."

Ham. "Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?"

First Clo. "Why, because 'a was mad: 'a shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there."

Ham. "Why?"

First Clo. "'t will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he."

Ham. "How came he mad?"

First Clo. "Very strangely, they say."

Ham. "How 'strangely'?"

First Clo. "Faith, e'en with losing his wits."

Ham. "Upon what ground?"

First Clo. "Why, here in Denmark: I have been sixteen here, man and boy, thirty years."

Ham. "How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?"

First Clo. "Faith, if 'a be not rotten before 'a die - as we have many pocky corpses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in - 'a will last you some eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year."

Ham. "Why he more than another?"

First Clo. "Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that 'a will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body. Here 's a

skull now; this skull hath lion i'
th' earth three and twenty years."

Ham. "Whose was it?"

First Clo. "A whoreson mad
fellow's it was. Whose do you
think it was?"

Ham. "Nay, I know not."

First Clo. "A pestilence on
him for a mad rogue! 'A poured a
flagon of Rhenish on my head once.
This same skull, sir, was, sir,
Yorick's skull, the King's jester."

Ham. "This?"

First Clo. "E'en that."

Ham. "Let me see. (Takes the
skull.) Alas, poor Yorick! I know
him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite
jest, of most excellent fancy. He
hath borne me on his back a thou-
sand times. And now how abhorred
in my imagination it is! My gorge
rises at it. Here hung those lips
that I have kissed I know not how
oft. Where be your gibes now, your
gambols, your songs, your flashes
of merriment, that were wont to
set the table on a roar? Not one
now, to mock your own grinning?
Quite chop-fallen? How got you to
my lady's chamber, and tell her,
let her paint an inch thick, to
this favour she must come. Make
her laugh at that. Prithoo, Horatio,
tell me one thing."

Hor. "What 's that, my lord?"

Ham. "Dost thou think Alexander
looked o' this fashion i' th' earth?"

Hor. "E'en so."

Ham. "And smelt so? Pah!"

Put down the skull.

Hor. "E'en so, my lord."

Ham. "To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till 'a find it stopping a bung-hole?"

Hor. "'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so."

Ham. "No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?"

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw!

But soft, but soft, awhile!
Here comes the King."

Enter King, Queen, Laertes,
and a Coffin, with a priest
and Lords attendant.

"The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?

And with such wained rites?

This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with deep-rate hand

Forde its own life: 't was of some estate.

Couch we a while, and mark."

Retiring with Horatio.

Laer. "What ceremony else?"

Ham. "That is Laertes, a very noble youth. Mark."

Laer. "What ceremony else?"

Priest. "Her obsequies have
been as far enlarg'd

As we have warranty. Her death
was doubtful;

And, but that great command
o'erways the order,

She should in ground uncanoni-
fied have lodg'd

Till the last trumpet; for
charitable prayers,

Shards, flints, and pebbles
should be thrown on her:

Yet here she is allowed her
virgin crants,

Her maiden strewments, and
the bringing home
Of bell and burial."

Laer. "Must there no more
be done?"

Priest. "No more be done.
We should profane the service
of the dead

To sing a requiem and such
rest to her

As to peace-parted souls."

Laer. "Lay her i' th' earth,
And from her fair and un-
polluted flesh

May violets spring! I tell
thee, churchish priest,

A minist'ring angels shall
my sister be,

When thou liest howling."

Ham. "What, the fair Ophelia?"

Queen. "Sweets to the sweet;
farewell!"

Scattering flowers.

"I hop'd thou shouldst have
been my Hamlet's wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to
have deck'd, sweet maid,

And not have strow'd thy
grave."

Laer. "O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that
cursed head

Whose wicked deed thy most
ingenious sense
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off
the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once
more in mine arms."

Leaps in the grave.

"Now pile your dust upon the
quick and dead,
Till of this flat a mountain
you have made
T' o'er top old Pelion, or the
skyish head of blue Olympus."

Ham. (Advancing.) "What is he
whose grief
Bears such an emphasis, whose
phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars
and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers?
This is I,
Hamlet, the Dane!"

Laer. "The devil take thy
soul!"

Grappling with him.

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

King. "Pluck them asunder."

Queen. "Hamlet, Hamlet!"

All. "Gentlemen, -

Hor. "Good my lord, be quiet."

The Attendants part them.

Ham. "Why, I will fight with
him upon this throne
Until my eyelids will no longer
wag."

Queen. "O my son, what thence?"

Ham. "I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand brothers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,

Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?"

King. "O, he is mad, Laertes."

Queen. "For love of God, forbear him."

Ham. "'Swounds, show me what thou 't do.

Woe 't weep? Woe 't fight? Woe 't fast? Woe 't tear thyself?

Woe 't drink up eisid? Eat a crocodile?

I 'll do 't. Dost come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I;

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou."

Queen. "This is more madness, And thus a while the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,

When that her golden couplets are discolor'd,

His silence will sit drooping."

Ham. "Hear you, sir,

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever. But it is no matter.

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

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

Exit.

King. "I pray thee, good
Horatio, wait upon him."

Exit Horatio.

(To Laertes.) Strengthen your
patience in our last night's
speech;

We'll put the matter to
the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some
watch over your son.

This grave shall have a
living monument.

An hour of quiet shortly
shall we see;

Till then, in patience
our proceeding be."

Exeunt.

Scene II. A hall in
the castle.

Scene 3.
A hallway in the castle.
The next day.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. "So much for this,
sir; now you shall see the
other -

You do remember all the
circumstance?"

Hor. "Remember it, my
lord!"

Ham. "Sir, in my heart
there was a kind of fighting,

That would not let me
sleep; methought I lay

Worse than the mutines
in the bilboes. Rashly, -

And prais'd be rashness
for it: let us know

Our indiscretion sometime
serves us well

When our deep plots do pall;
and that should learn us

There 's a divinity that
shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will -"

Ham. So much for this,
sir: now shall you see the
other.

Hor. So Rosencrantz and
Guildenstern are dead.

Do you remember all the
circumstances?

Ham. Remember it?*

Sir, in my heart there was
a kind of fighting,

That would not let me sleep.

Hor. "That is most certain."

Ham. "Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about
me, in the dark
Crop'd I to find out them,
had my desire,
Finger'd their packet; and
in fine withdrew
To mine own room again,
making so bold,

My fears forgetting manners,
to unseal

Their grand commission;
where I found, Horatio, -

Ah, royal knavery! - an
exact command,

Larded with many several
sorts of reasons

Importing Denmark's health
and England's too,

With, ho! such bugs and
goblins in my life,

That, on the supervise, no
leisure bated,

No, not to stay the grind-
ing of the axe,

My head should be struck
off."

Hor. "Is 't possible?"

Ham. "Here 's the commission;
read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how
I did proceed?"

Hor. "I beseech you."

Ham. "Being thus be-netted
round with villainies, -

Ere I could make a prologue
to my brains,

They had begun the play, -
I set me down,

Devis'd a new commission,
wrote it fair;

I once did hold it, as our
statists do,

A baseness to write fair,
and labour'd much

How to forget that learning;
but, sir, now

Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about
me, in the dark
Crop'd I to find out them;
had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and,
in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again,

to unseal

Their grand commission.

Where I found, Horatio, -

O royal knavery! - an
exact command,

That, on the supervise, no
leisure bated,

No, not to stay the grind-
ing of the axe,

My head should be struck
off!

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. "Here's the commission;
read it at more leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how
I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. I sat me down, devis'd
a new commission.

It did me yeoman's service
Wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I
wrote?"

Hor. "Ay, good my lord."

Ham. "An earnest conjuration
from the King,
As England was his faith-
ful tributary,
As love between them like
the palm might flourish,
As peace should still
her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween
their amities,
And many such-like 'As'-es
of great charge,
That, on the view and
knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further,
more or less,
He should those bearers
put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd."

Hor. "How was this seal'd?"

Ham. "Why, even in that was
Heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet
in my purse,
Which was the model of
that Danish seal;
Folded up the writ in the
form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave 't th'
impression, plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known.
Now, the next day
Was our son-fight; and what
to this was sequent
Thou knowest already."

Hor. "So Guildenstern and
Rosencrantz go to 't."

Ham. "Why man, they did
make love to their employment;
They are not near my con-
science; their defeat
Does by their own insinua-
tion grow!

Wilt thou know the effect
of what I wrote?

Hor. "Aye, good my lord."

Ham. An earnest conjuration
from the King,
As England was his faith-
ful tributary,
As love between them like
the palm might flourish,
As peace should still
her wheaten garland wear
And stand a comma 'tween
their amities,
And many such-like "As'es"
of great charge,
That, on the view and
knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further,
more or less,
He should those bearers
put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allow'd.

Hor. So Guildenstern and
Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did
make love to this employment!
They are not near my con-
science.

'T is dangerous when the
 baser nature comes
 Between the pass and fell
 incensed points
 Of mighty opposites."

Hor. "Why, what a king is
 this!"

Ham. "Does it not, think
 thee, stand me now upon -
 He that hath kill'd my king
 and whor'd my mother,
 Popp'd in between th'
 election and my hopes,
 Thrown out his angle for my
 proper life,
 And with such cogentage - is
 't not perfect conscience,
 To quit him with this arm?
 And is 't not to be damn'd,
 To let this canker of our
 nature come
 In further evil?"

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

Ham. "It will be short;
 the interim is mine,
 And a man's life 's no
 more than to say 'One.'
 But I am very sorry, good
 Horatio,
 That to Laertes I forgot
 myself;

For, by the image of my
 cause, I see
 The portraiture of his.
 I'll court his favours:
 But, sure, the bravery
 of his grief did put me
 Into a tow'ring passion."

Hor. "Peace! who comes
 here?"

Enter young Osric.

Os. "Your lordship is
 right welcome back to Denmark."

Hor. It must be shortly
 known from England
 What is the issue of the
 business there.

Ham. It will be short:
 the interim is mine;
 And a man's life's no
 more than to say "One."

Hor. "Why, what a king is
 this!"

Ham. Does it not, think'st
 thee, stand me now upon -
 He that hath kill'd my
 king, and whored my mother,
 Popp'd in between the
 election and my hopes,
 Thrown out his angle for
 my proper life,
 And with such cogentage -
 is't not perfect conscience
 To quit him with this arm?
 and is't not to be damn'd,
 To let this canker of our
 nature come
 In further evil?

Hor. Peace! who comes here?

Car. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Han. "I humbly thank you, sir. (To Hor.) - Dost know this waterfly?"

Han. I humbly thank you, sir.* Dost know this waterfly?

Hor. "No, my good lord."

Hor. No, my good lord.

Han. "Thy state is the more gracious, for 't is a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the King's mess. 'T is a enough, but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt."

Han. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him.

Car. "Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty."

Car.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Han. "I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use, 't is for the head."

Han. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head.

Car. "I thank your lordship, it is very hot."

Car.* I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Han. "No, believe me, 't is very cold; the wind is northerly."

Han. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Car. "It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed."

Car.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Han. "Methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion."

Han. But yet methinks, it is very sultry and hot, for my complexion-

Car. "Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, - as 't were - I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his Majesty bade me signify to you that 'a has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter,-"

Car.* Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry - as 'twere - I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head.* Sir, this is the matter -

Ham. "I beseech you,
remember -"

Ham.* I beseech you,
remember -

Hamlet moves him to
put on his hat.

Os. "May, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes, believe me an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what parts a gentleman would see."

Os.* May, good my lord; for mine ease, in good faith! Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing. Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. "Sir, his refinement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy th' arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more."

Os. "Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him."

Ham. "The concernancy, sir? Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rever breath?"

Os. "Sir?"

Hor. "Is 't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will to 't, sir, really."

Ham. "What imports the nomination of this gentleman?"

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Os. "Of Laertes?"

Os. Of Laertes?

Hor. "His purse is empty already; all 's golden words are spent."

Ham. "Of him, sir."

Osr. "I know you are not ignorant -"

Ham. "I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?"

Osr. "You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is -"

Ham. "I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but to know a man well were to know himself."

Osr. "I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his need he 's unfollowed."

Ham. "What 's his weapon?"

Osr. "Rapier and dagger."

Ham. "That 's two of his weapons; but well."

Osr. "The King, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses, against the which he has impawned, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit."

Ham. "What call you the carriages?"

Hor. "I know you must be odified by the margent ere you had done."

Ham. Of him, sir.

Osr. I know you are not ignorant -

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir?

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is -

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well?

Osar. "The carriages, sir, are the hangers."

Ham. "The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-concoited carriages; that 's the French bet against the Danish. Why is all this 'impawned', as you call it?"

Osar. "The King, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer."

Ham. "How if I answer no?"

Osar. "I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial."

Ham. "Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his Majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me. Let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose, I will win for him as I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits."

Osar. "Shall I deliver you so?"

Ham. "To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will."

Osar. "I commend my duty to your lordship."

Osar. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine. And it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer "No"?

Osar. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me. Let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osar. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect, sir.* After what flourish your nature will.

Osar.* I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. "Yours, yours."

Ham. Yours, yours.*

(Exit Osric.)

He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for 's turn."

Hor. "This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head."

Ham. "'A did, sir, comply with his dug before 'a suck'd it. Thus has he - and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on - only got the tune of the time and, out of an habit of encounter a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out."

Enter a Lord.

Lord. "My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall. He send to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time."

Ham. "I am constant to my purposes; they follow the King's pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now."

Lord. "The King and Queen and all are coming down."

Ham. "In happy time."

Lord. "The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play."

Ham. "She will instructs me."

Exit Lord.

Hor. "You will lose, my lord."

Ham. "I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice. I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart; but it is no matter."

Hor. "May, good my lord,--"

Ham. "It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman."

Hor. "If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit."

Ham. "Not a whit; we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man of aught he leaves knows, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be."

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Osric, and all the State and other Attendants, with foils and daggers; a table and flagons of wine on it. Trumpets, drums, and Officers with cushions.

King. "Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me."

The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.

Ham. "Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong, But pardon 't, as you are a gentleman."

Hor. "You will lose this wager, my lord."

Ham. "I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all 's here about my heart; but it is no matter."

Hor. "May, good my lord,--"

Ham. "It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman."

Hor. "If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit."

Ham. "Not a whit; we defy augury. There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? Let be."

Mar. "My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time."

Ham. "I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now."

Mar. "The king and queen and all are coming down."

This presence knows, and
you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a
sore distraction.

What I have done
That might your nature,
honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here pro-
claim was madness.

Was 't Hamlet wrong'd
Laertes? Never Hamlet!

If Hamlet from himself be
ta'en away,

And when he 's not himself
does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not,
Hamlet denies it.

Who does it, then? His
madness. If 't be so,

Hamlet is of the fraction
that is wrong'd;

Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a
purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your
most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow
o'er the house

And hurt my brother."

Laer. "I am satisfied in
nature,

Whose motive, in this case,
should stir me most

To my revenge; but in my
terms of honour

I stand aloof, and will no
reconciliation,

Till by some older masters
of known honour

I have a voice and prece-
dent of peace,

To keep my name ungor'd.
But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd
love like love,

And will not wrong it."

Ham. "I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's
wager frankly play.

Give us the foils."

Ham. In happy time.*

Scene 9.

The open court in
the castle.

King. Come, Hamlet; come,
take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon,
sir:

I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are
a gentleman.

This presence knows,
And you must needs have
heard, how I am punish'd
With a sore distraction.

What I have done,
I here proclaim was madness.

Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a
purpos'd evil

Free me so far in your
most generous thoughts,

That I have shot my arrow
o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer.* I am satisfied in
nature,

Whose motive, in this case,
should stir me most

To my revenge: but in my
terms of honour

I stand aloof, and will no
reconciliation,

Till by some older masters
of known honour

I have a voice and prece-
dent of peace,

To keep my name ungor'd.*
But till that time

I do receive your offer'd
love like love

And will not wrong it.

Ham.* I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's
wager frankly play.

Give us the foils. Come on.

Laer. "Come, one for me."

Ham. "I'll be your foil,
Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a
star i' th' darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed."

Laer. "You mock me, sir."

Ham. "No, by this hand."

King. "Give them the foils,
young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?"

Ham. "Very well, my lord.
Your Grace hath laid the
odds o' th' weaker side."

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

Laer. "This is too heavy;
let me see another."

Ham. "This likes me well.
These foils have all a length?"

They prepare to play.

Os. "Ay, my good lord."

King. "Set me the stoups
of wine upon that table.

If Hamlet give the first
or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the
third exchange,

Let all the battlements
their ordnance fire.

The King shall drink to
Hamlet's better breath,

And in the cup an union
shall he throw,

Richer than that which
four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have
worn. Give me the cups,

And let the kettle to
the trumpet speak,

Laer. "Come, one for me."

Ham. "I'll be your foil,
Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a
star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed."

Laer. You mock me, sir?

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. "Give them the foils,
young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?"

Ham. "Very well, my lord;
Your grace has laid the
odds o' the weaker side."

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

Laer. This is too heavy;
let me see another."

Ham. This likes me well.
These foils have all a length?

Os. Aye, my good lord.

King. "Set me the stoups
of wine upon that table.

If Hamlet give the first
or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the
third exchange,

Let all the battlements
their ordnance fire;

The King shall drink to
Hamlet's better breath."

And in the cup an union
shall he throw,

Richer than that which
four successive kings

In Denmark's crown have
worn. Give me the cups;

And let the kettle to
the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the
cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens,
the heaven to earth,
'Now the King drinks to
Hamlet.' Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear
a wary eye." Trumpets sound.

Ham. "Come on, sir."

Laer. "Come, my lord."

They play.

Ham. "One."

Laer. "No."

Ham. "Judgement."

Os. "A hit, a very
palpable hit."

Laer. "Well; again."

King. "Stay, give me drink.
Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here 's to thy health!
Give him the cup."

Trumpets sound, and shot
goes off within.

Ham. "I'll play this bout
first; set it by a while.
Come. (They play.) Another
hit; what say you?"

Laer. "A touch, a touch,
I do confess 't."

King. "Our son shall win."

Queen. "He's fat, and
scent of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my
napkin, rub thy brows.

The Queen carouses to thy
fortune, Hamlet."

Ham. "Good madam!"

King. "Gertrude, do not
drink."

The trumpet to the cannoneer
without,
The cannons to the heavens,
the heaven to earth,
'Now the king drinks to
Hamlet.' Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear
a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord."

Ham. One!

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment?

Os. A hit, a very
palpable hit."

Laer. Well; again.

King. Stay; give me drink."
Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health."
Give him the cup.

Ham. I'll play this bout
first; set it by awhile. Come.
Another hit;
what say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch,
I do confess."

King.
Our son shall
win."

Laer.
And yet it is
almost against
my conscience.

Queen.
He's hot and
scent of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take
my napkin, rub
thy brows:
The queen ca-
rouses to thy
fortune Hamlet.

King.
Gertrude, do
not drink!

Queen. "I will, my lord;
I pray you pardon me."

King. (Aside.) "It is the
poison'd cup; it is too late."

Ham. "I dare not drink
yet, madam; by and by."

Queen. "Come, let me wipe
thy face."

Laer. "My lord, I 'll hit
him now."

King. "I do not think 't."

Laer. (Aside.) "And yet it
is almost against my con-
science."

Ham. "Come, for the third,
Laertes; you but dally."

I pray, pass with your
best violence.

I am afraid you make a
wanton of me."

Laer. "Say you so? Come
on."

They play.

Os. "Nothing, neither way."

Laer. "Have at you now!"

Laertes wounds Hamlet;
then, in scuffling, they
change rapiers.

King. "Part them; they
are incens'd."

Ham. "Nay, come, again."

Hamlet wounds Laertes.
The Queen falls.

Os. "Look to the Queen
there! Ho!"

King.
It is the
poison'd cup;
it is too late.

Laer.
My lord, I'll
hit him now.

King.
I do not think 't.

Ham.
I dare not
drink yet,
madam; by and
by.

Ham.
Good madam!

Queen.
I will, my lord;
I pray you,
pardon me."

Queen.
Come, let me
wipe thy face."

Ham. "Come, for the third,
Laertes; you do but dally;
I pray you, pass with your
best violence;
I fear you make a wanton
of me."

Laer. "Say you so? come on."

Os. "Nothing, neither way."

Laer. "Have at you now!"

Ham. "Nay, come again."

King. "Part them; they
are incens'd."

Ham. "Look to the Queen
there, ho!"

Hor. "They bleed on both sides. Now is 't, my lord!"

Os. "Now is 't, Laertes?"

Laer. "Why, as a woodcock to mine own springs, Osrice;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery."

Ham. "How does the Queen?"

King. "She swounds to see them bleed."

Queen. "No, no, the drink, the drink, - O my dear Hamlet, -
The drink, the drink! I am poison'd." Dies.

Ham. "O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! Seek it out."

Laer. "It is here Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain.
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour's life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother poison'd.

I can no more: - the King, the King 's to blame."

Ham. "The point envenom'd too!
Then, venom, to thy work."

Hurts the King.

All. "Treason! treason!"

King. "O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt."

Hor. They bleed on both sides.* Now is't, my lord?

Os.* Now is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springs, Osrice;
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King.* She swounds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink - O my dear Hamlet, -
I am poison'd.*

Ham. O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out!*

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good.

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me;

the king,
the king's to blame!

Ham. The point envenom'd too -
Then, venom, do thy work!*

(There are cries of "Treason, treason!")

King. O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

Ham. "Here, thou incestuous,
murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion! Is
thy union here?
Follow my mother!"

King dies.

Laer. "He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by
himself.

Exchange forgiveness with
me, noble Hamlet;
Mine and my father's death
come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!"

Dies.

Ham. "Heaven make thee free
of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio, Wretched
queen, adieu!

You that look pale and
tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or
audience to this act,

Had I but time - as this
fell sergeant, Death,

Is strict in his arrest -
O, I could tell you -

But let it be. Horatio, I
am dead;

Thou livest; report me and
my cause aright

To the unsatisfied."

Hor. "Never believe it:
I am more antique Roman
than a Dane;

Here's yet some liquor
left."

Ham. "As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup; let go,
by heaven, I'll have 't!

O God, Horatio, what a
wounded name,

Things standing thus un-
known, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold
me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity
a while

And in this harsh world
draw thy breath in pain

To tell my story."

Ham. Here, thou incestuous,
murderous Dane,
Drink off this potion! Is
thy union here?
Follow my mother."

Laer. Exchange forgiveness
with me, noble Hamlet:

Mine and my father's death
come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!"

Ham. Heaven make thee free
of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched
queen, adieu!

You that look pale and
tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or
audience to this act,

Had I but time - as this
fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest -
O, I could tell you -

But let it be. Horatio,
I am dead;

Thou livest; report me and
my cause aright

To the unsatisfied."

Hor. Never believe it:
I am more antique Roman
than a Dane:

Here's yet some liquor
left."

Ham. "As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup; let go;
by heaven, I'll have it."

O good Horatio, what a
wounded name,

Things standing thus un-
known, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold
me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity
awhile,

And in this harsh world
draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story."

March afar off, and shot
within.

"What warlike noise is this?"

Osr. "Young Fortinbras, with
conquest come from Poland,
To th' ambassadors of
England gives
This warlike volley."

Ham. "O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-
crows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the
news from England,
But I do prophesy th'
election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my
dying voice.
So tell him, with th'
occurrences, more and less,
Which have solicited - the
rest is silence."

Dies.

Hor. "Now cracks a noble
heart. Good-night, sweet
prince,
And flights of angels sing
thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come
hither?"

Enter Fortinbras and the
English Ambassadors, with
drum, colours, and Attendants.

Fort. "Where is this sight?"

Hor. "What is it you would
see?
If aught of woe or wonder,
cease your search."

Fort. "This quarry cries
on havoc. O proud Death,
What feast is toward in
thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes
at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?"

What warlike noise is this?

Mar. Young Fortinbras, with
conquest come from Poland,
Gives this warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-
crows my spirit.
I cannot live to hear the
news from England;
But I do prophesy the
election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my
dying voice;
So tell him, with the
occurrences, more and less,
Which have solicited. The
rest is silence.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble
heart.* Good night, sweet
prince,
And flights of angels sing
thee to thy rest.*
Why does the drum come
hither?*

Fort. Where is this sight?

Hor. What is it you would
see?
If aught of woe or wonder,
cease your search.

Fort.* This quarry cries
on havoc. O proud death,
What feast is toward in
thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes
at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

First Amb. "The sight is
dismal,
And our affairs from England
come too late:

The ears are senseless that
should give us hearing,

To toll him his command-
ment is fulfill'd,

That Renegants and Guilden-
stern are dead.

Where should we have our
thanks?"

Hor. "Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability to thank
you.

He never gave commandment
for their deaths:

But since, so jump upon
this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars,
and you from England,

Are here arrived, give
order that these bodies

High on a stage be plac'd
to the view;

And let me speak to th'
yet unknowing world

How these things came
about: so shall you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and un-
natural acts,

Of accidental judgements,
casual slaughters,

Of deaths put on by cunning
and forc'd cause,

And, in this upshot,
purposes mistook

Fall'n on th' inventors'
heads: all this can I

Truly deliver."

Fort. "Let us haste to
hear it,

And call the noblest to
the audience.

For me, with sorrow I
embrace my fortune:

I have some rights of
memory in this kingdom,

Which now to claim, my
vantage doth invite me."

Hor. "Of that I shall have
also cause to speak,

Hor. The sight is dismal."

But since, so jump upon
this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars

are here arrived,

Give order that this body
High on a stage be placed

to the view;

And let me speak to the
yet unknowing world

How these things came
about: so shall you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and un-
natural acts,

Of accidental judgements,
casual slaughters,

Of deaths put on by cunning
and forced cause,

And, in this upshot,
purposes mistook

Fall'n on the inventors'
heads.

Fort. For me, with sorrow
I embrace my fortune:

I have some rights of
memory in this kingdom,

Which now to claim my
vantage doth invite me.

And from his mouth whose
voice will draw no more:

But let this same be
presently perform'd

Even while men's minds are
wild, lest more mischance,
On plots and errors, happen."

Fort. "Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a
soldier, to the stage,

For he was likely, had he
been put on,

To have prov'd most royal;
and for his passage,

The soldiers' music and
the rites of war

Speak loudly for him.
Take up the bodies: such

a sight as this
Becomes the field, but
here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot."

Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a
soldier, to the stage;

For he was likely, had he
been put on,

To have prov'd most royally;
and for his passage,

The soldiers' music and the
rites of war

Speak loudly for him.
Take up the body.* Such

a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here
shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.*

Exeunt marching, after the
which a peal of ordnance
are shot off.

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