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A

THEATER-TEXT *HAMLET*

A PERFORMANCE SCRIPT EDITION

by

ROBERT KOLE

VOLUME I

A dissertation submitted to the Graduate Faculty in English
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of
Doctor of Philosophy, The City University of New York

2001

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Abstract

THEATER-TEXT *HAMLET*

A MULTIPLE-TEXT PERFORMANCE SCRIPT EDITION

by

Robert Kole

Adviser: Professor W. Speed Hill

Theater-Text *Hamlet* provides its users with a CD-ROM that enables them to create a performance script of their own out of the three early texts of *Hamlet*—the First Quarto (1603), Second Quarto (1604), and First Folio (1623). Users access the three early texts in their original spelling and punctuation, virtually "unedited," and confront variant stage directions and scene order, as well as different speeches and punctuation. A multiple-text approach to *Hamlet* is important because differences between the three early texts reveal possibilities for performance—possibilities obscured by modern editions of the play.

This CD-ROM edition divides the early texts of *Hamlet* into parallel sections for comparison and provides comments that focus on the differences between the three texts—differences that create possibilities for performance. These comments can be viewed within a window that opens on the computer screen. (No special software or equipment is required). Users are empowered to construct their own performance script from the options supplied by the three early texts. In three separate files this CD-ROM edition also allows the user to read the individual early texts in their entirety.

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In proposing a multiple-text approach for *Hamlet*, this Dissertation cites textual studies and theatrical practice and argues that theories about Shakespeare's intentions control the way most *Hamlet* editions are designed. Because single-text editions provide only one set of dramatic possibilities, users, especially those in the performing arts, should be free to edit their own version of *Hamlet* and create their own script for performance. Instead of confronting choices made in advance by editors, users should choose for themselves the speeches and punctuation, stage directions and scene order that best serve their needs and intentions.

For information about the latest version of Theater-Text *Hamlet* contact the editor at robertkole@aol.com.

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Introduction

This Theater-Text edition of *Hamlet* presents all three early texts in a format designed to help create a fourth text—the performance script for an individual production. Instead of a single-text edition of *Hamlet*, published in book form, this Theater-Text edition enables its users to create a performance script of their own, assembled from the three early texts of *Hamlet*. Using standard word processing software (Microsoft Word or Word Perfect), users can construct a version of *Hamlet* to meet their own needs.

Single-text editions of *Hamlet* published in book form offer only one version of the play. They provide only one set of stage directions on the printed page, only one choice for speeches, scene order, spelling, and punctuation. This Theater-Text edition presents all three early texts of *Hamlet* in their original spelling and punctuation, so that users can make their own choices, rather than rely upon the choices made by editors of single-text editions. And by seeing options from all three early texts, users who rely on only one of them in its unedited form will be encouraged to consider options from the other two.

The three early texts of *Hamlet* are the First Quarto printed in 1603 (Q1), the Second Quarto printed in 1604 (Q2), and the First Folio printed in 1623 (F). Scholars have argued about the relative authority of these three early texts and the nature of their manuscript sources. Editors of single-text editions try to create authoritative editions of *Hamlet*, but conflicting claims based on Shakespeare's intentions make the search for an authoritative edition difficult, if not impossible.

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Traditionally, editors have combined the Second Quarto (Q2) and the First Folio (F) to produce a "complete" *Hamlet*, all but ignoring the First Quarto (Q1). This traditional conflation of Q2 and F has become the standard version of *Hamlet*. But scholars have begun to question the authority of this standard edition. Some scholars and theater practitioners argue that the First Folio *Hamlet* alone represents Shakespeare's final intentions for the play. Others have found value in the First Quarto (Q1) as a script for performance. And some textual scholars have begun to question the concept of producing an authoritative edition of any playscript, especially one from the Renaissance, where few playwrights supervised the publication of their work.

The problems involved in establishing an authoritative text for a playscript are known to textual scholars, but most still remain "obsessed with the notion that the Work should be reducible to a Book." (Shillingsburg, "Text as Matter" 40). Instead of producing a single-text edition that reduces the work known as *Hamlet* to a single book, this Theater-Text edition places authority in the users' hands and empowers its users to create a version of their own.

Although many readers can benefit from this Theater-Text edition, its format is designed specifically for producers, actors, and directors involved in creating their own production of *Hamlet*. Because a single-text edition offers only one set of choices for performance, it offers only one version of the play and limits access to the dramatic possibilities contained within all three early texts.

Single-Text Editions

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In a standard single-text edition of *Hamlet*, the spelling has been modernized and the punctuation regularized. Stage directions are selected, edited, and positioned by the editor. The editor of a standard edition includes and excludes speeches based on which of the three early texts that editor gives the greatest authority. The early text chosen by the editor is known as the "copy-text" or control text for that edition.

For *Hamlet*, most editors choose the 1604 or 1605 quarto text entitled *The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke* as their copy-text because they consider the Second Quarto text closest to "what Shakespeare actually wrote." For most editors, a text derives its authority from the author, so that in searching for authority the editor "seeks it naturally in an extant document; he looks backwards to the authorizing manuscript" (Howard-Hill 109). In 1934, J. Dover Wilson studied printing errors in the Second Quarto text of *Hamlet* and argued that the manuscript used by the printing house to typeset the Second Quarto was written by Shakespeare himself. Most editors, such as G. Blakemore Evans in *The Riverside Shakespeare*, accept Wilson's conclusion with "near certainty" (Evans, *Riverside* 1186). Harold Jenkins, editor of the prestigious Arden edition, concurs that the Second Quarto was printed from a Shakespearean "original" (Jenkins 43), an "authentic manuscript" written by Shakespeare himself (Jenkins 37). For Jenkins, the Second Quarto represents "the play as Shakespeare wrote it rather than as it was shortened and adapted for performance" (Jenkins 75).

Like Jenkins, most editors of standard editions believe that the First Folio *Hamlet* (F) was typeset from a manuscript prepared for the theater, rather than

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directly from Shakespeare's own hand. They also accept that the First Quarto (Q1) manuscript was reconstructed from memory by actors and then sold to the printer without permission.

Despite their belief that Q2 is the most authentic text, closest to Shakespeare, most modern editors combine readings from Q2 with approximately eighty-three lines that appear only in the Folio text. They do this even though this "conflation of the Second Quarto and the First Folio . . . does not match anything that was printed in the Renaissance" (Wofford 18). Nevertheless, most editors consider this conflation to be the "Complete, Authoritative Text" (Wofford iii). The editorial tradition of combining the Second Quarto and First Folio texts of *Hamlet* began with editors of Shakespeare in the 1700's (Hibbard 20-23), and almost all modern editions of *Hamlet* still follow this tradition of editorial conflation (Andrews; Bevington; Evans; Farnham; Hoy; Hubler; Jenkins; Kittredge; Mowat and Werstine; Spencer). By including all the lines from Q2 and F that Shakespeare wrote, an edition can claim to be the complete play called *Hamlet* as Shakespeare intended.

But the authority of an author's intentions is no longer sacred in literary studies, especially when it involves a dramatic work. In his essay, "The Death of the Author," Roland Barthes questions the tradition of relying on the author as the source of authority and arbiter of meaning. He claims that "the image of literature" is "tyrannically centered on the author" because the "explanation of the work is always sought in the man or woman who produced it" (Barthes 143). But even if we accept the centrality of the author's intentions in establishing a single

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authoritative text, works like *Hamlet*, with multiple sources, create problems for textual scholars. One of the most influential textual scholars, Fredson Bowers, argues that for a work like Hamlet authority is shared "between two or more basic texts by their direct derivation from different sources" (Bowers 69). For example, when confronted with a similar situation in *Romeo and Juliet*, the editor of the most recent Oxford edition concludes that "the substantive texts of *Romeo and Juliet* represent two different and legitimate kinds of witnesses to two different stages of an ongoing theatrical event" (Levenson, "Editing" 69). Similarly, the Oxford edition of *Romeo and Juliet* presents edited versions of both the first and second quarto texts of the play (Levenson, *Romeo and Juliet*). The Oxford *Complete Works* (Wells and Taylor) and one of the Pelican editions of *King Lear* (Orgel, *King Lear: The 1608 Quarto and 1623 Folio Texts*) present two versions of *King Lear* based on the quarto and Folio texts of that play. Donald Reiman makes a similar case for different versions of Romantic poetry. He believes that "if holograph manuscripts or authoritative transcriptions of the work survive in sufficiently distinctive states, they themselves ought to be published as versions" (Reiman, "Versioning" 178). In the same way, Peter Shillingsburg argues that a literary work exists apart from any single text of the work. He says that "the Work is partially in the copy of the work but is not the copy." Instead of reducing the work to a single-text, forming what Shillingsburg calls the "refinement or concentration" of a text, he argues for a "proliferations of texts" to represent the work (Shillingsburg, "Text as Matter" 47).

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This question of alternate states and versions becomes even more pronounced for dramatic works. Stephen Orgel argues that because of the "fluid or unstable" nature of theatrical practice in Shakespeare's day, "the three texts of *Hamlet* obviously embody many others, all of them palimpsests of revisions and alternative versions" (Orgel, "Authentic" 9). Editors of standard single-text editions attempt to reduce and confine these versions of *Hamlet* within a single framework based on a theory of Shakespeare's intentions. But if, as many scholars now argue, the performance itself authorizes a play, then authority also resides within each new performance; it does not necessarily flow solely from the playwright's original intentions, even if those intentions can be determined.

For H. R. Coursen, "a Shakespearean script exists only in performance" (Coursen 15). "The words of a script are signals—often stage directions—awaiting the response of actors, directors, and audience" (Coursen 18). Steven Urkowitz warns that the early texts of *Hamlet* give us "only the *plans*" and "*instructions* for a performance, not the performance itself" (Urkowitz, "Well-Sayd" 44). Stephen Booth declares that a standard edition of *Hamlet* "is not really *Hamlet*" (Booth 137). Instead, the real *Hamlet* is "a succession of actions upon the understanding of an audience" (Booth 139). If Shakespeare conceived of his works as playscripts to be performed, and not as manuscripts to be published, then the final authority for any printed version would seem to be lacking. Stephen Orgel argues that Shakespeare, unlike Ben Jonson, never "rewrote his plays for publication." Instead Shakespeare's plays were "written not for publication but for performance: they are, in their inception at least, not books but scripts, designed to be realized on the

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stage," and if this is true then "the autograph manuscript was where Shakespeare started, not where he ended—the first step, not the final version" (Orgel, "Authentic" 6). Therefore basing an edition of *Hamlet* on the Second Quarto because that text is closest to Shakespeare's original does not solve the problem of authority. The textual scholar, T. H. Howard-Hill, believes that "attached" playwrights like Shakespeare, who wrote for only one theatre company, "intended mainly to write scripts for performances whereas the others wrote for publication, fame, and money" (Howard-Hill 105). Leah Marcus sees a similarity between Shakespeare and "other dramatists who got their start within the dramatic companies rather than in the universities." Like them, Shakespeare "only gradually came to conceptualize his playtexts as potential reading texts" (Marcus 157).

In addition to Shakespeare's playscripts being intended for performance rather than for publication, the nature of theatrical production itself makes the search for an authoritative text difficult. One editor of the Oxford *Complete Works*, Gary Taylor, says that "dramatic texts are necessarily the most socialized of all literary forms" (Wells and Taylor, *A Textual Companion* 15). Leah Marcus agrees that "the highly communal, highly oral environment of the Elizabethan playhouse did not make for clear-cut differentiation between author and performer" (Marcus 161). Jonathan Bate and Sonia Massai declare that "drama is the textually least stable genre" in part because "play writing does not derive from a solitary act of creation but is, instead, the result of a collaborative effort between the playwright and his company, which reaches its natural completion only through performance" (Bate and Massai 130).

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Therefore, the playwright's intentions for the play were realized when the play was finally staged, not when he first wrote it. Howard-Hill says "the promptbook was the point at which the playwright's intentions were accomplished" (Howard-Hill 106). But according to M. J. Kidnie, a play's "dialogue was usually committed to paper, while stage directions frequently seem to have been oral texts, either conveyed to the actors by the playwright verbally or sorted out in a collaborative rehearsal space" (461). And if Shakespeare explained his intentions for performance to his fellow actors during rehearsal, those intentions can never be recovered, because "the written text has survived, while the oral text has been irrecoverably lost" (Kidnie 59).

Still, the rationale behind the standard conflation rests on an appeal to Shakespeare's intentions. Editors of standard editions use the Second Quarto as their copy-text because its "close adherence to Shakespeare's manuscript" makes it "more authoritative" (Jenkins vii). The editors of the next Arden edition, Ann Thompson and Neil Taylor, suggest that "we only take conflated texts of *Hamlet* seriously and attribute authority to them because . . . of their long history and resultant tradition." This tradition of conflated editions represents "an immense amount of time and effort" expended by scholars "in pursuit of such chimeras as a lost text, or Shakespeare's intentions, or the ultimate *Hamlet*" (Thompson and Taylor 230). The current Arden edition edited by Harold Jenkins is a prime example of such an immense effort. Jenkins' goal is an "ultimate *Hamlet*." He claims to be "establishing the text" (Jenkins 81), the text as Shakespeare wrote it, free of "actors' alterations and embellishments" (Jenkins 64), free of their

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"additions" (Jenkins 62). Yet if Shakespeare intended for his original manuscript of *Hamlet* to be emended by his company, the text closest to the Globe Theatre promptbook would have the most authority and should serve as copy-text for an "authoritative" edition, rather than an original manuscript later revised for performance.

Two editions of *Hamlet* published by the Oxford University Press in 1987 and 1994 break with the tradition of conflation and choose the First Folio as their copy-text. Both claim to be authoritative editions, and both rely on Shakespeare's intentions as the basis for that authority. Using a different interpretation of "Shakespeare's intentions," the Oxford editors privilege the First Folio text over the Second Quarto. The Oxford *Complete Works* (Wells and Taylor, *Complete Works*) and the Oxford *Hamlet* (Hibbard) exclude from the body of their text lines found only in the Second Quarto, and they relegate those lines to an appendix. Both also include First Folio lines that many standard editions exclude on the basis that those lines represent actors' "additions" (Jenkins 62). The editors claim that because Shakespeare himself revised the Second Quarto, thereby authorizing the Folio text, it better represents his intentions.

The editor of the 1994 Oxford *Hamlet*, G. R. Hibbard, believes that "Shakespeare himself" was "the exciser" who made the cuts in the *Hamlet* Second Quarto that resulted in the shorter Folio text (Hibbard 109). Hibbard argues that the revision leads to a "better acting version" (Hibbard 107). Both Oxford editions exclude the approximately two hundred and thirty lines that appear only in the Second Quarto from the body of their text, because in the opinion of their editors,

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"Shakespeare decided that the play as a whole would be better without them" (Wells and Taylor, *Complete Works* 735).

According to one editor of the Oxford *Complete Works*, Gary Taylor, the job of the editor is to search for the author's singular intentions. Taylor says that "someone has to decide what Shakespeare wrote" and that "editors are the people who decide" (Wells and Taylor, *A Textual Companion* 1). But unlike the majority of editors who choose the Second Quarto of *Hamlet* as the text that Shakespeare wrote, the editors of the Oxford *Complete Works* devote themselves to "recovering and presenting texts of Shakespeare's plays *as they were acted in the London playhouses*" (Wells and Taylor, *Complete Works* xxxvii; emphasis supplied). They prefer the "text closer to the prompt-book of Shakespeare's company" because Shakespeare "devoted his life to the theatre" (Wells and Taylor, *A Textual Companion* 15). And furthermore, since Shakespeare himself was an actor, he would "take into account the opinions and suggestions of the leading actors in the company" when revising his plays for performance (Hibbard 113).

Therefore, the selection of a copy text for an "authoritative" single-text edition relies on a search for the author's intentions. Some editors choose the Second Quarto because "Q2 was printed from some form of Shakespeare's autograph" (Evans, *Riverside* 1186). Others select the First Folio because it may represent the play as Shakespeare and his company staged it. Both choices rely on the "corporeal presence of the author as a living appendage to his text" (Wells and Taylor, *A Textual Companion* 3), and both attempt to produce a single authoritative edition of *Hamlet*.

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Nevertheless not everyone agrees that the First Folio *Hamlet* represents the text closest to what Shakespeare intended for performance. Leah Marcus argues that "despite its supposed theatrical origins, F is a more "literary" text than Q2 in terms of grammar and usage: it regularizes language, smooths out colloquialisms, and creates verb-subject agreement" (Marcus 168). Also, even if the cuts made to the longer Q2 manuscript were "authorized" by the playwright, does that mean the Folio text necessarily represents Shakespeare's final decisions for the play? Philip Brockbank argues that "the soliloquy cut today might have been restored on the morrow" (Brockbank 93). Some scholars, following Brockbank, argue that because of the fluid nature of dramatic texts, editors should not search for a fixed and final edition of any play.

Stephen Orgel declares that for him "the idea of the basic instability of the text" remains "absolutely essential" (Orgel, "What is a Text?" 87). M. J. Kidnie agrees that "meaning, in the context of early modern drama—whether we choose to read the early quartos and Folios or modern editions of them—is in an important sense about the instability of meaning" (472). Others propose that because of the instability central to plays, no single document can represent the author's final intentions for a dramatic work. Howard-Hill argues that "the product of a theory that interprets authorial intention primarily on the level of the document rather than on the level of the work is unacceptable for drama" (Howard-Hill 90). And if the Renaissance "performing tradition" invited frequent revision for performance, then editors must recognize that "the text was not the play" (Orgel, "Authentic" 8).

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One further reason suggested for this lack of textual authority is that "all plays would have been cut for performance" (Orgel, "Acting Scripts" 252). Though drawn from theatrical traditions after the closing of the theatres in 1642, evidence from surviving promptbooks of *Hamlet* for the years 1676 through 1763 seems to confirm large cuts for performance. For promptbooks from that period, G. Blakemore Evans cites cuts of between 786 and 1220 lines from the full text of 3646 total lines (Evans, *Shakespearean Prompt-Books* 4-5). If similarly large cuts were a common practice in Shakespeare's time, then even the Folio text of *Hamlet* does not represent the play as it was staged.

Thus, accepting the fluid nature of Renaissance dramatic works, Howard-Hill believes that "editors should wisely extend their editorial concerns beyond the document to the play itself" (90), because, as Kidnie argues, a written text—the script—may be "incorporated into performance as one element of the theatrical event" but the "performance is never contained within the script" (458).

But many people involved in performing the "play itself" still search for a single authoritative *Hamlet* playscript upon which to base their own theatrical or imagined productions, and in many cases they choose the Folio text, either in facsimile or an original spelling edition. The choice of an "unedited" Folio text for rehearsal and performance is also based on an appeal to the author's intentions. According to Charles Marowitz, the author of several books on acting and directing, John Barton "has been the greatest influence on English verse-speaking for three generations of British actors" (Marowitz 77). Barton advises actors to use the unedited First Folio as an acting text. Barton claims that "nearly three

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centuries' worth of editing, re-editing, annotation, resetting in modern type, and grammatical 'cleansing' . . . has wiped out vital information from the First Folio edition—information crucial to performing the plays" (Haas 6). But his rationale for choosing an unedited Folio text is not based simply on its usefulness in performance. Barton appeals instead to the author's implied intentions. He says, "if you dig into the text, Shakespeare himself will start to direct you" (Barton 82), and he declares that by using the unedited First Folio, actors can learn "how to use and interpret the hidden direction Shakespeare himself provided in his verse and his prose" (Barton 6-7). In the 1940's, Richard Flatter, who translated Shakespeare's work into German, "revealed how a comma, and other such seeming trifles, when placed there by Shakespeare's hand, are often direct and intelligible directions to actors and producers" (Coghill vi). Flatter claims he finds evidence of Shakespeare's hand exclusively in the Folio.

For Richard Flatter, John Barton, and others, the First Folio, rather than any other text, contains Shakespeare's authorized performance scripts. In *The Actor's Book of Classical Scenes*, Stefan Rudnicki explains that "for over two years" he has "tied" all his "production and workshop activity to a close analysis of the First Folio" (Rudnicki 76). Rudnicki credits a Barton associate, Patrick Tucker of the Royal Shakespeare Company, for convincing him that the Folio "represents the fullest and most accurate acting edition of Shakespeare's plays, culled from actual actor's cue scripts and published before editors and academicians had a chance to decide what it was they wanted to see instead" (Rudnicki 76). There is, however, no evidence that actors' sides were ever used as printer's copy for the Folio text.

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In rehearsals and workshops, John Basil, Artistic Director of the American Globe Theatre in New York, attempts to recover Renaissance theatrical practice by giving his actors cue scripts based on the First Folio. These cue scripts or "sides" use the Folio's original spelling and punctuation and contain only the lines assigned to an individual player, plus the cue line—the last line spoken by a different actor—that cues the beginning of each speech. Other theater companies also accept the First Folio text as the source for true Shakespearean playscripts. Judith Jarosz and Lynn Marie Macy, Artistic Directors of the Ten Ten Players in New York, use cue scripts based on the First Folio. These actors and directors who use Folio cue scripts cite Shakespeare's own practice as their authority. But although the practice of writing out "individual parts or 'sides' including cues and perhaps also stage business" has been documented (Marcus 158), theatrical authority for the Folio has not been established to the degree that some actors and directors claim for it.

For example, some of the Folio texts were set from quarto copies in the printing house, rather than exclusively from theatrical manuscripts. The editor of the Arden edition of *Hamlet* is not convinced that any part of the Folio *Hamlet* was typeset directly from a copy of the Second Quarto, but agrees that F is derived "in some way from Q2" (Jenkins 73). And the spelling and punctuation of the First Folio may reflect the style of the printing house more than the theatre. Several scholars who study the printing of Shakespeare's early texts agree that the compositors in the printing houses who typeset the early texts devised their own system of spelling and punctuation. Antony Hammond warns that "speaking a text" based on its printed punctuation always presents difficulties. But the

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difficulties are far greater if the punctuation was "conceived on a primarily grammatical rather than rhetorical basis" (Hammond 210-11). Hammond believes that the compositors and printers of Renaissance plays used spelling and punctuation to produce a reading text, rather than an acting script, a "Poem" rather than a "Play" (Hammond 206). Leah Marcus describes the First Folio *Hamlet* as a more "literary" text that Q2 and Q1 (Marcus 168). Therefore, actors should be wary of basing their performances on Folio spelling and punctuation.

And few would deny that the compositors who printed the First Folio made mistakes. Charlton Hinman's study of the First Folio reveals that some compositors took "frequent and various liberties" with their copy (Hinman, *Printing and Proofreading* 10), and that "a number of substantive errors were corrected without reference to copy" (Hinman, *Printing and Proofreading* 242). George T. Wright agrees that in Shakespeare's early texts including the First Folio, "typesetting errors abound" and "prose is sometimes printed as verse, and verse as prose" (Wright 283).

Yet, even as textual scholars demonstrate the compositors' influence on the printing of the quartos and First Folio, John Barton and his colleagues at the Royal Shakespeare Company, Patrick Tucker and Tony Church, teach actors and directors that "the punctuation, syntax, capitalization, and spelling contained in the First Folio are the closest link to Shakespeare's own instructions to the actors he wrote for" (Haas 6). Trevor Nunn declares that Barton can find in Shakespeare's punctuation and line stops "every clue of where to breathe, what to stress" (Barton viii). One director, John Basil, contends that the punctuation of the First Folio

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"has all to do with breathing and staging and nothing to do with grammar" (Haas 6). Basil believes that in the First Folio the capitalization of certain words shows that "the playwright meant them to be treated with importance." Basil also says, "words intended to be pronounced with elongation have double vowels" (Haas 6). These claims for the Folio text ignore the practice of the Renaissance printing house, where "the printers saw their responsibility as carrying the work forward to its readers" and where "in the case of plays" this "included updating spelling and punctuation" (Graham-White 65). But before we discount entirely the claims by Barton and others for the First Folio, M. J. Kidnie warns that "one person's compositor's error, examined by the light of a different set of assumptions about theatrical space and time, may well prove to be somebody else's new insight about early modern staging" (471).

However, evidence that "Shakespeare employed a punctuation so light as to be almost non-existent" (Evans, *Riverside* 39), makes Barton's claims for the Folio typography difficult to sustain on the basis of authorial, or in this case, directorial intentions. Scholars cite the scene from *Sir Thomas More*, accepted by Evans and others as written in Shakespeare's own hand, as well as quartos like the Second Quarto of *Hamlet* believed to have been typeset from a Shakespearean manuscript. The light punctuation in those quartos and the *Sir Thomas More* manuscript implies that when Shakespeare wrote, he used very light punctuation, much lighter than the First Folio with its heavy use of full stops, colons, and capital letters.

In spite of this evidence, several "theatre editions" based on the First Folio have been published for use by actors and directors. Like the more traditional

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editions cited above from Arden and Oxford, these "theatre editions" appeal to Shakespeare himself for their authority. In the preface to an original spelling edition of the First Folio *Hamlet*, Andrew Gurr states that the First Folio "is the closest to Shakespeare's own text" (Gurr [1]), because the Folio's "spelling and punctuation are as close as we shall ever get to Shakespeare's own." And Gurr means for acting, not reading, because "for anyone hoping to speak his verse out loud as distinct from silently reading it on the page, the First Folio text is the single most vitally valuable access to Shakespeare that we have" (Gurr [1]). Patrick Tucker's "theatre edition" contains loose sheets in a ring binder and provides cue scripts or "platts" for each part in the play, all based on the First Folio (Tucker and Holden).

In a similar vein, Neil Freeman edits a series of "First Folio Editions" published by Applause Books. For Freeman, the Folio punctuation provides "one of the greatest keys to the emotion, thought, and action of the text" (Freeman, "Shakespeare for the Stage" 38), because "what was set on the printed page was not grammar, but a representation of the rhetorical process" (Freeman, *Hamlet* xvii). Each "First Folio Edition" follows the Folio text exclusively and uses visual aids to highlight some of the Folio punctuation. For example, Freeman drops a line whenever a new sentence begins, and prints colons and semi-colons, which he calls "major punctuation," in bold print. According to Freeman, this highlighting of the First Folio sentence structure helps an actor discover "elements of each character's emotional and intellectual journey" (Freeman, *Hamlet* xvii).

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In addition to the "First Folio Editions," Applause Books and Routledge have published a paperback facsimile of *The First Folio of Shakespeare* prepared by Doug Moston, which costs about half the price of the Hinman *First Folio*, and can be carried much more easily to acting classes, workshops, and rehearsals. Moston credits Patrick Tucker with introducing him to the "concept of playing Shakespeare from cue scripts" (Moston, *First Folio* vii). In the introduction to the Applause facsimile, Moston declares Shakespeare's First Folio to be "the original acting edition of Shakespeare's plays . . . the closest version we have to what Shakespeare actually wrote . . . an indispensable tool for our use in the theatre" and "a source of integrity for a modern Shakespeare production" (Moston, *First Folio* ix). Many of these Folio adherents within the theatrical community believe that their efforts to uncover Shakespeare's intentions from the printed text mirror the practice of Shakespeare's own company. But as John Meagher points out, "it is patently unreasonable to suppose that actors in a repertory company that included the author as one of the actors should be required to study the text for clues" (40). Shakespeare would simply have told them what he wanted.

Another weakness in relying on the Folio text alone flows from the nature of any single-text approach to *Hamlet*. John Barton says that when studying Shakespeare's text for performance, actors must open themselves up to "as many possibilities" as they can (Barton 90), but rehearsing *Hamlet* from the Folio text alone would limit those possibilities. It would deny access to the First and Second Quartos. The *Hamlet* Second Quarto contains about two hundred and thirty lines

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not found in the First Folio, and almost every single-text edition of *Hamlet* excludes the First Quarto text, even from its appendix and schedule of variants.

The First Quarto of *Hamlet* is much shorter than either F or Q2. Many scholars believe that actors who appeared in a more complete version of the play reconstructed the First Quarto from memory. In this theory, the actors' faulty memories explain the poor condition of the text. Editorial tradition labels the First Quarto of *Hamlet* a "bad" quarto because, like certain other quartos of Shakespeare plays, it was printed from what has been called an unauthorized manuscript. Editors of *Hamlet* seldom rely on readings from Q1, except for an occasional stage direction, or when F and Q2 do not agree. But not everyone accepts the "bad" quarto theory. Some scholars argue that the First Quarto represents an early draft of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, perhaps the play as it was first staged or at least first composed, before Shakespeare developed the script into the longer and more finished Second Quarto and Folio versions. Proponents of the "bad" quarto theory speak of the actors as "pirates," who stole as much of the "real" play as they could remember before selling their manuscript to a printer without permission. The unauthorized nature of such a publication reduces its validity as a Shakepearean text. But Peter Blayney calls this story of stolen plays a "folktale" and a "melodrama" (Blayney 383) and argues that texts printed from actors' reconstructions were "commonplace and innocent" in Shakespeare's time. "Modern notions of literary property" and copyright did not exist (Blayney 394). "When actors made copies for their friends they wrote down what had been spoken onstage," and since plays were cut for performance, such reconstructed

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"performance texts" would naturally be shorter than other printed texts (Blayney 394).

Although editorial tradition continues to label Q1 the "bad" quarto of *Hamlet*, some scholars now concede that the First Quarto of *Hamlet* has a theatrical integrity of its own and that many of its features may result from "skillful theatrical adaptation" (Irace 7). Stephen Orgel and Leah Marcus argue that the theatrical nature of these so-called "bad" quartos gives them an authority as playscripts greater than the more polished and literary "good" quartos such as the Second Quarto of *Hamlet* and the even more reader-friendly First Folio. Orgel and Marcus contend that calling quartos like Q1 "bad" implies an anti-theatrical bias on the part of editors seeking to establish an authoritative edition designed more for reading than performance. Orgel believes that "if we were less exclusively concerned with establishing texts and more concerned with the nature of plays, these would be the good quartos" (Orgel, "Acting Scripts" 253). And Marcus agrees that the editorial tradition of neglecting Q1 represents a prejudice against oral literature in favor of the "more polished" Q2, which she considers "a version of the play more specifically geared toward readers." Marcus sees Q1 as more decidedly theatrical than F and Q2, and argues that "the "bad" quarto is a record of oral performance," as it declares itself to be on its title page (Marcus 156).

Although scholars have begun to recognize the value of Q1, single-text editions still continue to exclude it. One recent student edition presents the standard conflated text as "complete" but claims that the twentieth-century "reevaluation" of *Hamlet* resulted from "radical new theatrical experiments" using

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the First Quarto (Lamb 26). The editor of this student-oriented CliffsComplete edition also claims that the "theatre community" has accepted the *Hamlet* First Quarto as "part of the play's history" and that "scholars are beginning to recognize its validity as well" (Lamb 26). We see signs of this validation in an anthology of scholarly articles, *The Hamlet First Published (Q1, 1603)* (Clatyon), and an "Early Quarto" edition from Cambridge University Press that presents *The First Quarto of Hamlet* in a standard edition format with regularized punctuation and modern spelling (Irace).

But in spite of this trend, the label "bad" quarto still seems to apply to the First Quarto of *Hamlet*, and more important for those interested in performance, textual notes in most standard editions systematically exclude Q1, even when providing notes from Q2 and F. Although the Oxford *Complete Works* presents the quarto and Folio versions of *King* Lear as separate plays, and includes lines from the *Hamlet* Second Quarto in an appendix, material from the First Quarto of *Hamlet* does not appear. The argument presented by most editors against Q1 also invokes the authority of the author, because if actors reconstructed the text from memory, then Shakespeare did not write it and the text therefore has no authority. And even if Shakespeare did write Q1 as a first draft, he then changed his mind and so it is again disqualified. For these editors, this lack of authority from the author justifies the exclusion of Q1.

As we have seen, each single-text edition limits access to one or more of the early texts. The standard conflation excludes Q1, and editions based on the Folio exclude material from both *Hamlet* quartos. Each edition justifies these exclusions

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on the basis of authorial intention. But we do not have a single authority for *Hamlet*; we have three early texts, "three interrelated *Hamlets*" (Marcus 176), and each one offers possibilities for performance. For the editing of dramatic works, Kidnie proposes "a plurality of editorial approaches (469), leading to "editions that allow readers to tackle [the] indeterminacies of staging" (473) and "fill the gaps in staging for themselves" (472). Editions should embrace "uncertainty" and empower users to "develop independent, even idiosyncratic interpretations of staging" (470).

This Theater-Text Edition provides the user access to all the textual possibilities for performance, so that the user can create a performance text of his own out of the three early texts of *Hamlet*. This multiple-text approach creates "an open editorial programme" which gives the user the "opportunity to proceed with his own editing, [by] putting at his disposal virtually all the material" available to an editor (Brockbank 103). By helping the user construct his own performance script, we reverse the editorial tradition of "'backward' restoration," a tradition which looks backward to construct the playwright's original but now lost manuscript, and instead we help the user move ahead with a "forward construction" of his own (Shillingsburg, "Text as Matter" 53). The editors of the next Arden *Hamlet* argue that no play can exist in a single version; "because plays are things which are capable of appearing in written form as well as in performance, there must be at least two possible versions of any given play (Thompson and Taylor 224). For *Hamlet*, there must be a minimum of four—the three early texts and the

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version created by the user. This edition is designed to help the user create that fourth version—a performance script of *Hamlet*.

There has been a movement toward multiple-text editions for works like *Hamlet* that are based on more than one source. Donald Reiman advises editors to redirect their "energies away from the attempt to produce 'definitive' or 'ideal' critical editions and, instead, to encourage the production of editions of discrete versions of works" (Reiman, "Versioning" 179). Peter Shillingsburg suggests that once an editor "declares an interest in multiple texts" rather than just in the "one true or final text," it means that "authorial revision and production influences on texts" acquire the potential for "'integrity' as representations of the work at various stages in the process of composition, revision, and production." According to Shillingsburg, "what this means in practice is that the editor" presents "two or even more texts to be read and studied in tandem" (Shillingsburg, "Text as Matter" 37). This is what Jill Levenson did in the Oxford edition of *Romeo and Juliet*. She presented both quarto texts of *Romeo and Juliet*, calling them "two witnesses to distinct phases of its career in the sixteenth century" (Levenson, *Romeo and Juliet* 104). The result may be a difficult book to market because of the long tradition of single-text editions, but Reiman is optimistic that a "market" for multiple versions of works will "arise whenever teachers and critics demonstrate enough intellectual curiosity to wish to analyze different versions of a major author's works—a desire usually produced by exposure to the primary evidence for one of them" (Reiman, "Versioning" 171).

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In recent years, the limits of the single-text approach have led editors to present Shakespeare's work in multiple editions and in ways that at least call attention to he different versions upon which they are based. The Oxford *Complete Works* (Wells and Taylor) edits and prints the quarto and Folio texts of *King Lear* as separate plays. Pelican publishes two editions of *King Lear* both edited by Stephen Orgel. One Pelican edition of *King Lear* presents the traditional conflation of quarto and Folio, while the other edition, published in 2000, presents separate edited versions of both the 1608 quarto and 1623 Folio texts. The New Folger Library edition of *Hamlet* edited by Barbara Mowat and Paul Werstine in 1992 uses square brackets to indicate the lines unique to Q2 and pointed parentheses to indicate lines unique to F. The forthcoming New Variorum *Hamlet* edited by Bernice Kliman will use a similar method to indicate the origin of lines (Thompson and Taylor 236). Facing page editions of *King Lear* and *Hamlet* have been published (Warren; Bertram and Kliman), and these editions are tremendously useful for studying the early texts and comparing their differences, but if we empower the user to construct a playscript of his own, using electronic means accessible to all, we help that user create a fourth version of the play that can form the basis for a desired theatrical production. Marcus argues that "to 'unedit' these texts is to discover a vast array of possibilities suppressed or neglected in modern editions" (Marcus i). By presenting all three early texts of *Hamlet* in their original spelling and punctuation using standard word processing software, this Theater-Text edition provides a tool to help each user create a performance script of *Hamlet*.

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Presenting literary works in electronic editions empowers the user to make decisions previously reserved for the editor. "The beauty of full-scale, scholarly electronic editions is that students of a text will more readily than was ever the case in print editions be able to confront textual cruxes for themselves" (Shillingsburg, *Scholarly Editing* 166). Reiman believes that even with multiple-text editions presented in print, the reader could "participate in the [editorial] debate" on their own "rather than wait passively for a new canonical text to be imposed from "above" (Reiman, "Versioning" 177). But the electronic editions that exist today to study and compare Shakespeare's texts make this type of user interaction even easier. Chadwyck-Healey distributes *Editions and Adaptations of Shakespeare* on CD-ROM (*Editions*); Michael Best of the University of Victoria, Canada, has compiled *Internet Shakespeare Editions* on an Internet web site (Best), and Bernice Kliman has edited *The Enfolded Hamlet* also for the Internet (Kliman). These tools are designed primarily for students and scholars but can be extremely useful for actors and directors as well.

This Theater-Text edition is specifically designed to assist in preparing a performance script from the three early texts. Although the sections do not permit side-by-side comparisons of the three early texts, they are small enough to encourage "vertical" comparisons. Users can read "Comments" concerning specific sections of text in a small window that appears on the screen. Future editions of the Theater-Text *Hamlet* will also provide "Voice Comments" that can heard through speakers attached to the user's computer. These "Comments" refer to differences in the individual sections of the three early texts and emphasize the

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theatrical possibilities inherent in those differences. Users can expand the "Comments" to include discoveries made in rehearsal, production notes, etc. Using the simple "Copy" and "Paste" functions in the standard word processing software, users can cut speeches, manipulate the play's scene order, print cue scripts, and select and create punctuation to fit the needs of a specific production.

This Theater-Text edition presents *Hamlet* in its most mobile form. It privileges the user's intentions for the play. Philip Brockbank refers to an electronic text that could be called "mobile" because of the "ease with which it could be moved and manipulated" (Brockbank 104). This edition creates that mobile text by helping uses move through and across three versions of the play to create that fourth version of their own.

Transferring authority to performance requires that we start "devoting our attention to a playtext's 'afterlife' in the theater and not simply the process through which it came into being" (Bate and Massai 148). Textual scholars are beginning to do this. Ann Thompson and Neil Taylor, editors of the next Arden edition of *Hamlet*, cite "theatrical tradition" and use examples from productions of *Hamlet* to challenge the contention that the Folio text of *Hamlet* is more theatrically effective than Q2 (Thompson and Taylor 235). M. J. Kidnie urges editors to use the "wealth of information in extant promptbooks . . . to guide their treatment of dramatic text" (Kidnie 470). Bate and Massai argue that "it is high time for textual scholars to consider the stage not as a corrupting agent external to the text but as the privileged place in which the text is perpetually revived" (Bate and Massai 148-49).

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However, in moving away from the authoritative single-text edition, we still rely on the early texts, however they came into being. In studying Shakespeare's theatrical practice, Alan Dessen accepts "the extant quartos and Folio texts as relevant and useful evidence about stage practice and theatrical vocabulary, regardless" of the nature of their manuscript sources (Dessen 13). And John Meagher, in a survey of Shakespeare's dramatic principles, believes "Shakespeare designed his plays with considerable care, and that those early texts contain enough traces of his designs to allow us to reconstruct them to a considerable and useful extent" (Meagher 14). Users of the Theater-Text Hamlet may also discount the textual arguments concerning the relative authority of the three early texts and focus instead on assembling a script that fits their own performance needs.

Users should make their own choices out of the early texts because a modern single-text edition of *Hamlet* encodes its editor's "assumptions about performance" (Kidnie 468). The modern editor provides stage directions not to create a "real or potential performance but a sort of virtual performance, a theater of the mind" (Kidnie 465). Intended for the modern reader, this "virtual" performance presents "the play as literature" (Kidnie 464), but once "the editor's assumptions about performance are encoded into the script," it becomes difficult to recover the alternatives present in the early texts (Kidnie 468). A multiple-text approach would avoid the "current editorial practice [that] erases the textual evidence" of performance and enable users to construct their own "interpretation of staging" (Kidnie 472).

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Multiple-Text Editions and the Benefits for Performance

Stage Directions

The three early texts of Hamlet contain different stage directions, speeches, spelling, punctuation, and scene order, so using a single-text edition limits the user's options for performance. The editors of one standard conflated edition, the New Folger Library edition of Hamlet, promise that their edition "differs from many earlier ones in its efforts to aid the reader in imagining the play as a performance" (Mowat and Werstine li), but their edition nevertheless represents the text for a single performance, with stage directions selected and positioned by the editors. In the Folger edition, "the entrance of characters in mid-scene are, with rare exceptions, placed so that they immediately precede the characters' participation in the scene, even though these entrances may appear somewhat earlier in the early printed texts" (Mowat and Werstine li). The Folger editors record the movement of these entrances from their position in the early texts within an appendix labeled "Textual Notes." This editorial practice produces a playscript that does not represent any of the three early texts. After looking at several examples, we will see that repositioning stage directions conceals dramatic possibilities contained within the early texts.

For example, the entrance of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in Act 2, scene 2, appears in the Folger edition immediately before Polonius first addresses them at line 238. The "Textual Notes" reveal that their entrance appears "2 lines earlier in Q2; 1 line later in F" (Mowat and Werstine 294). Why must Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's participation in the scene begin when they are first addressed and

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not before? Couldn't they enter two lines earlier as they do in Q2 and witness the end of Hamlet's humiliation of Polonius? Or could it be simply that the Globe stage was so large, it often took an actor two lines to walk from the rear entrance to the fore-stage?

Another example occurs when Ophelia enters in Act 4, scene 5. Steven Urkowitz points out two of the several dramatic possibilities contained in the different versions of Ophelia's entrance as seen in the early texts (Urkowitz, "Five Women" 301-302). First, the Folger edition uses the placement of Ophelia's entrance from the Folio, where Ophelia enters just before she speaks her first lines at 4.5.21. But in the Second Quarto, Ophelia enters four lines earlier, immediately after Horatio says, "let her come in" (4.5.16). Using the Second Quarto placement, Ophelia and Horatio are on stage when the Queen reflects on her "sick soul" (4.5.17-20). Ophelia's presence on stage during the Queen's speech could provide a different emotional context for the scene. This Theater-Text edition provides easy access to both these choices for Ophelia's entrance, and also points out some of the dramatic possibilities these choices may represent for performance.

Second, looking again at Ophelia's entrance, we see that the Folger editors follow the First Folio for the position of Ophelia's entrance, and like the Folio, they assign the following speech beginning with the line, "let her come in" to the Queen (4.5.16). But the Second Quarto assigns that line to Horatio, where he could be speaking it more as a request than a command. A single-text edition presents only one version of this scene, only one set of possibilities. One final note about this passage: the Folger edition also follows the Second Quarto when it includes the

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unnamed Gentleman in the scene. The Gentleman does not appear in the First Folio, where his lines are assigned to Horatio. The Folger edition adds a stage direction, which indicates that when the Queen delivers her speech at 4.5.17-20, she is alone on stage. Do these lines have to be spoken as a soliloquy rather than as an aside? There could be great dramatic potential in having Horatio and the Gentleman hear them. Or the Queen could speak the line, "Let her come in," as a command to Horatio, who then exits, leaving her alone on stage as in the First Folio.

Mixing stage directions from the Second Quarto and Folio results in a single-text edition that does not represent the stage directions as they appear in any one of the early texts. Ironically, even the modern editions that privilege the First Folio text on the grounds that the First Folio represents the most theatrical text—the version closest to what Shakespeare's company actually staged—do not follow the First Folio stage directions in any consistent way.

The editors of the Oxford *Complete Works* base their edition of *Hamlet* on the First Folio, but in presenting the stage direction for Hamlet's entrance in the play at the beginning of Act 1, scene 2, the Oxford *Complete Works* follows the Second Quarto instead of the Folio. In the Second Quarto, Hamlet enters after all the leading members of the court. In the First Folio, he enters after the King and Queen, but before the other leading members of the court such as Polonius, Laertes, Ophelia, and the Lords. Hamlet's entrance in the Folio is consistent with his position as Prince of Denmark; he enters according to his rank after the King and Queen. Hamlet's entrance, according to the Folio stage direction, may indicate

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royal decorum and even some level of acceptance by Hamlet of the new court, but Hamlet's entrance in the Second Quarto could imply the opposite, a rejection both of decorum and of his role as Prince within his Uncle's court.

Another example of the Oxford editors not following the Folio stage directions occurs when Ophelia enters mad in Act 4, scene 5. The First Folio prints "*Enter Ophelia distracted*" (4.5.20), but the Oxford *Hamlet* does not follow the First Folio. Instead it prints the stage direction almost exactly as it appears in the First Quarto, "*Enter Ophelia playing on a lute, and her hair down, singing*" (Hibbard 298). The other Folio-based standard edition, the Oxford *Complete Works*, prints, "*Enter Ophelia mad, [her hair down, with a lute]*" (Wells and Taylor, *Complete Works* 764). Nether edition accepts the First Folio stage direction for Ophelia's entrance, "*Enter Ophelia distracted.*" Perhaps both editions believe that Ophelia must play a musical instrument when she sings, but the Folio and Second Quarto do not call for a lute, and in both F and Q2, Ophelia does not enter singing. Instead in both F and Q2, Ophelia speaks a line at 4.5.21 before she begins singing, "Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark." Only in Q1 does Ophelia enter singing, yet both Oxford editions provide her with the lute called for only in Q1.

Again, during Ophelia's funeral in Act 5, scene 1, both the 1994 Oxford *Hamlet* (Hibbard) and the Oxford *Complete Works* (Wells and Taylor, *Complete Works*) include another stage direction from the First Quarto that does not appear in the Folio. Although the First Folio specifies that Laertes leap into Ophelia's grave at 5.1.250, no stage direction appears in the First Folio for Hamlet to follow Laertes

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and leap in after him. Yet both Oxford editions follow the First Quarto and prints at 5.1.258 that Hamlet "*leaps in after Laertes*" (Hibbard 333). The editors of both Oxford editions argue that the source of the First Quarto was a manuscript reconstructed from memory by actors who appeared in a performance of the First Folio text, so their decision to privilege the First Quarto stage directions may seem justified (Hibbard 88; Wells and Taylor, *A Textual Companion* 400). But this mixing of Folio speeches with First Quarto stage directions produces an edition that differs from all of the early texts and does not fully support the editors' claim that theater practice authorizes the First Folio as copy-text.

Another example of mixing stage directions occurs in Act 5, scene 2, during the duel when the King attempts to poison Hamlet. The First Folio text shows that "Trumpets sound, and shot goes off" *after* the King says, "give him the cup" (5.2.283). With the stage direction in this position, the sound effects occur *while* the poisoned cup is being passed across the stage to Hamlet. Analyzing the placement of this stage direction in the First Folio, Steven Urkowitz contends that "the fireworks function dramatically to underscore the risk to Hamlet. During the fanfare we wait expectantly to see what he will do" (Urkowitz, "Well-Sayd" 66). Yet even though both Oxford editions privilege the First Folio because of what they argue is its theatrical authority, they change the position of these sound effects and place them *before* the King speaks that line. Their repositioning diminishes the dramatic possibilities contained in the First Folio placement and diminishes the putative theatrical integrity of their edition.

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In contrast to these modern editions, this Theater-Text edition of *Hamlet* allows its users to see all the original stage directions in their original positions, so that its users can create a different performance script for their own productions using whatever stage directions they choose. This Theater-Text edition also provides "Comments" calling attention to the differences in the early texts, explaining how those differences create possibilities for performance.

Scene Order

In all three texts Hamlet's "nunnery" exchange with Ophelia occurs right after he delivers the "to be or not to be" speech. In F and Q2 the players arrive before the "to be or not to be" speech. In Q1 they arrive after the speech. Most editions of *Hamlet* follow the scene order from the Folio and Second Quarto, but many directors of *Hamlet* reject the standard Q2/F scene order (Olivier; Richardson; Zeffirelli; Almereyda; Serban, *Hamlet*). They find more dramatic potential in the First Quarto scene order.

When the players' arrival inspires Hamlet to conceive the play-within-the-play, it also gives him a plan of action. In the First Quarto, Hamlet moves more directly from conceiving the play-within-the-play to actually carrying it out because, in the First Quarto, Hamlet's "to be or not to be" speech and "nunnery" exchange with Ophelia take place before the players arrive. In Q1 Hamlet delivers the "to be or not to be" speech, then confronts Ophelia. Only then do the players arrive.

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Some scholars and directors argue that the direct progression from thought to action in Q1 is a more natural progression for Hamlet than the vacillation required by the Q2/F scene order. Ralph Nelson, who adapted and produced *Hamlet* for CBS television in 1959, claims that the standard placement of the "to be or not to be" speech is "a major roadblock for any actor playing the title role" (Nelson [2]). The First Folio and Second Quarto require the actor to return to the stage "as the indecisive philosopher" (Nelson [2]), only sixty lines after he has left it poised to "catch the conscience of the King" (2.2.605). For Nelson, this juxtaposition is "a wrench to the actor's performance and the audience's credulity" (Nelson [2]). One scholar, Giorgio Melchiori, believes that the First Quarto scene order represents a logical step in a "restructuring process" of the play, since "the logic of action suggests that a meditation upon suicide should precede rather than follow the decision to take action . . . and the decision to act should immediately be followed by the performance" (Melchiori 204).

Harley Granville-Barker also mentions the First Quarto scene order. In a separate "Note on the First Quarto" from his *Preface to Hamlet*, Granville-Barker finds that "there is much to be said, from a more narrowly dramatic point of view, for Q1's scene-sequence" (Granville-Barker 177). He sees coherence in moving the "nunnery" exchange forward to its position in Q1. In the First Quarto, the anger Hamlet displays toward Ophelia in the "nunnery" exchange and the "puzzling talk to her about beauty transforming honesty to a bawd" follows "much more closely than in Q2 upon his angry grief for his mother's frailty" (Granville-Barker 178). By moving the "nunnery" exchange closer to the first soliloquy, "the

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connection between the two" should be "much more apparent" (Granville-Barker 178). Granville-Barker says that based on the First Quarto text, it looks "as if there had existed a version of the play, written by Shakespeare, substantially mature, but which contained the Q1 scene-sequence" (177).

None of the standard editions present this sequence for the action of the play—a version that places the speeches of F and Q2 within the Q1 scene order. Yet this is the composite version that many directors have begun to use. In *Hamlet* films directed by Laurence Olivier, Tony Richardson, Franco Zeffirelli, and Michael Almereyda, and in the stage production directed by Andrei Serban in 1999 in New York, the "to be or not to be" speech and "nunnery" exchange take place before the players arrive. In these productions Hamlet moves more directly from the entrance of the players to staging the play-within-the-play.

Tony Richardson follows the First Quarto scene order. In his film version starring Nicol Williamson, the "to be or not to speech" is followed by the "nunnery" exchange with Ophelia and the exchange in which Hamlet calls Polonius a "fishmonger." Only then do the players arrive and Hamlet moves directly to the play-within-the-play.

Olivier and Zeffirelli revise the First Quarto scene order. They film the "to be or not to be" speech in a separate scene of its own after rather than before the "nunnery" exchange with Ophelia. Olivier places Hamlet on the ramparts of the castle for the "to be or not to be" speech, and Zefirelli places him before the tomb of his father. Almereyda's film starring Ethan Hawke includes portions of the "to be or not to be" speech both before and after the "nunnery" exchange. And in

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Serban's stage production Hamlet delivers the "to be or not to be" speech at the end of the "nunnery" exchange, speaking his lines over the prostrate Ophelia, who has fainted. Serban explains that he moved the "to be or not to be" speech because in its standard F and Q2 position, the speech has no "emotional context." Serban claims that theater requires an "immediacy of expression," which the standard scene order does not provide (Serban, "Visualizing").

This Theater-Text Edition of *Hamlet* makes it easy to select and position stage directions and arrange scenes in whatever order suits the needs of a given performance. Using standard word processing software the user can create a performance script using whatever scene order he desires. The user can place the dialogue from F and Q2 in the Q1 scene order as Granville-Barker suggested (177), or move the "to be or not to be" speech to the end of the "nunnery" exchange as Serban did.

Speeches

Stage directions and scene order are not the only problems for performance that would benefit from a multiple-text approach. Actors and directors need an edition that can help them select the content of speeches from the three early texts, because the three early texts of *Hamlet* differ not only in stage directions and scene order, they differ in the actual content of speeches as well. Each text contains speeches not found in the other two. The Second Quarto contains about 230 lines not found in F, and F contains about 83 lines not found in Q2 (Evans, *Riverside* 1186), while the First Quarto is about half the length of Q2. Most editors of

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Hamlet choose to combine the speeches of the Second Quarto and First Folio, producing a conflated edition. Almost every modern edition of *Hamlet* represents such a Q2/F conflation: Andrews; Bevington; Evans; Farnham; Hoy; Hubler; Jenkins; Kittredge; Mowat and Werstine; Spencer.

Combining speeches from F and Q2 creates problems for performance and narrows dramatic possibilities. One such problem concerns the apology Hamlet makes to Laertes before the duel in Act 5, scene 2. In the Second Quarto, a nameless Lord conveys the Queen's request that Hamlet "use some gentle entertainment to Laertes," and in Q2 Hamlet responds, "She well instructs me" (5.2.206-208). But in the First Folio, the Lord does not appear, and Hamlet needs no prompting from others to express sympathy for Laertes. In the First Folio, Hamlet says without prompting, " But I am very sorry, good Horatio, / That to Laertes I forgot myself" (5.2.75-76).

Paul Werstine has analyzed these different speeches regarding Hamlet's apology to Laertes, and concludes that "the modern [conflated] text doubles up Hamlet's motives for the apology" (Werstine 4). This doubling up leaves both "readers and theatre-goers unsure as to how much Hamlet's apology arises from his sympathy with Laertes, how much from a desire to satisfy Gertrude" (Werstine 4). Werstine argues that "in attempting to recover Shakespeare's full *Hamlet* from the combination of the disparate early texts" the standard edition fashions a *Hamlet* text "piecemeal" from the "alien forms" of Q2 and F (Werstine 26).

When editors attempt to establish the complete text of *Hamlet* by combining Q2 and F, they confuse the emotional dynamics of Hamlet's apology to Laertes.

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This Theater-Text edition of *Hamlet* presents both choices for this scene and in 'Comments" points out the differences in the early texts, drawing the user's attention to some of the dramatic possibilities they contain and to the risks of moving ill-advisedly between them.

Another difference between speeches in the early texts involves words and phrases that many standard editions exclude, because those words and phrases are not deemed Shakespearean in origin. For centuries editors have blamed the actors at the playhouse for the inclusion of certain words and phrases. In a Note to his 1733 edition of Shakespeare's Works, Lewis Theobald refers to "Interpolations" in the text, presumably placed there by actors in the playhouse (as qtd. in Hibbard 22).

In the Arden edition of *Hamlet*, Harold Jenkins follows tradition by combining Q2 and F, but he omits those First Folio lines he deems to be non-Shakespearean. Jenkins represents an extreme position in his treatment of lines and phrases he considers theatrical in origin. He omits "repetitions of a word or phrase" unique to the First Folio, and argues that these "verbal corruptions" in F resulted from "the habit of the actors" that "left their mark" in the Folio text. inorigin. He sees no value in these repetitions because "their absence does not impair the sense while their presence sometimes vulgarizes the dramatic effect" (Jenkins 62).

But someone with a more theatrical perspective might view the verbal repetitions in F differently. Constantin Stanislavski, one of the most influential teachers of acting, refers to "word repetition as a dramatic device to reveal character and character relationships" (Stanislavski 39). The absence of these

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repetitions in the Jenkins' edition removes dramatic potential from the script, because "for the actor, word and phrase repetition become important clues for understanding" (Stanislavski 40). For example, when an actor plays the part of Hamlet using Jenkins' Arden edition, he confronts the Ghost without the phrase repetitions found in the Folio, "Yes, yes by heaven" and "my tables, my tables" (1.5.104, 107). And when Ophelia greets Hamlet at the beginning of the "nunnery" exchange in Act 3, scene 1, he must respond that he is "well" rather than "well, well, well" (3.1.91). Describing this last Folio repetition as an "actor's elaboration," Jenkins leaves it out of his edition (Jenkins 280).

Even the two Oxford editions that select the First Folio as their copy-text cannot always agree on word and phrase repetitions. In the Second Quarto, when Hamlet dismisses Polonius in Act 2, scene 2, Hamlet says "except my life, except my life, except my life" (2.2.216-7). In the First Folio text, Hamlet says "except my life, my life." Hibbard prints the Q2 version even though the Folio is its copy-text (Hibbard 215). Wells and Taylor create their own version based on F and Q2, "except my life, my life, my life" (Wells and Taylor, *Complete Works* 749).

Another speech repetition appears in the First Folio when Hamlet dies at 5.2.358, "O, o, o, o." One Oxford edition includes this line from the Folio and adds an exclamation mark, "O, o, o, o!" (Wells and Taylor, *Complete Works* 774). The other Oxford edition leaves it out but adds a stage direction in its place, "*He gives a long sigh and dies*" (Hibbard 352). Each version from the early texts contains its own dramatic possibilities, its own set of "clues" for the actor (Stanislavski 40). This Theater-Text edition of *Hamlet* presents Hamlet's death as

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it appears in all three early texts, and it allows individual users to create their own performance scripts based on how they see Hamlet's death.

Speech repetitions are not the only Folio lines excluded from the standard conflated edition. Many *Hamlet* editors also exclude the Folio line, "Oh Vengeance!" which would appear at 2.2.581, during Hamlet's soliloquy after the arrival of the Players. Jenkins says this line has "all the marks of an actor's addition" and excludes it (Jenkins 272). But anyone who has seen and heard an actor make effective use of this line in performance might disagree that it adds nothing to the play. At least five recorded versions of the play include this line: Richardson; Zeffirelli; Bennett; Kline and Browning; Gielgud.

Another type of speech supposedly added by actors to the Folio text is described by Harold Jenkins as "extra dialogue" because these speeches only serve to "emphasize the action" (Jenkins 62). Jenkins believes that even if these Folio lines represent "additional directions to the actor," they still do not belong, because "they represent theatrical accretions to Shakespeare's dialogue" (Jenkins 62). One example of "extra dialogue" from the Folio that Jenkins cites occurs when Hamlet takes the skull from the Gravedigger in Act 5, scene 1. In the First Folio Hamlet takes the skull from the Gravedigger with the words, "Let me see." In the Second Quarto this phrase does not appear, and many editions that follow Q2 exclude it. Jenkins sees this line as an example of extra dialogue from the Folio, dialogue whose "absence does not impair the sense" of the play (Jenkins 62).

But Steven Urkowitz demonstrates how the different versions of this scene in the three early texts provide different dramatic possibilities. Urkowitz shows

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how the repetitions and extra dialogue in the Folio "give the actors more time to play essentially the same action" (Urkowitz, "Well-Sayd" 61). In the Folio the Gravedigger says, "This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was Yoricks Scull" (5.1.181). The Gravedigger's repetition in F could represent a reluctance to turn over the skull, or perhaps he teases Hamlet. Urkowitz suggests that the Gravedigger "may savor his contemplation" before handing it over (Urkowitz, "Well-Sayd" 61). Hamlet's line in F, "Let me see," could represent a demand for the skull, or relief at finally holding it. The First Quarto offers a different version. In Q1 the Gravedigger first mentions the skull in a different context several lines earlier than in either F or Q2. And in the First Quarto, Hamlet says, "I prethee let me see it." Perhaps in Q1 the Gravedigger will not give up the skull until Hamlet asks for it.

Another example of extra dialogue in the Folio often excluded from standard editions occurs when an actor refers to an off stage sound effect. Jenkins points to the Queen's line from the Folio, "Alacke, what noyse is this?" which would appear at 4.5.96 when Laertes' followers are fighting the King's officers off stage. Jenkins' Arden edition excludes the Queen's line. But Urkowitz shows how a similar line in the Second Quarto, referring to an off stage sound effect, creates dramatic possibilities (Urkowitz, "Well-Sayd" 58-59). While plotting with Laertes against the life of Hamlet, the King breaks off his dialogue with Laertes and says, "but stay, what noyse?" (4.7.162). Then the Queen enters with the news of Ophelia's death. In the First Folio, the King ends his dialogue with Laertes at the same place in his speech, but he then addresses the Queen with the words, "How

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sweet Queene." In Q2 the King seems to be startled by the Queen's entrance, which occurs while he is plotting the murder of her son. In F he could appear a more capable villain, reacting very smoothly to the entrance of the Queen. The First Quarto offers a third version. In Q1 Laertes is speaking when the Queen enters with the news of Ophelia's death. Laertes has just said of killing Hamlet, "O would the time were come!" and then in Q1 Laertes also says, "Here comes the Queen." In the First Quarto, Laertes may be warning the King to break off their discussion of Hamlet's death because the Queen is coming. But the First Quarto text offers more than a third version of many speeches. It includes an entire scene not found in F or Q2.

A scene between Horatio and the Queen takes place in Q1 after Horatio has learned of Hamlet's return to Denmark in Act 4, scene 6. In F and Q2, Horatio receives a letter from Hamlet and reads the letter out loud onstage. But in the First Quarto, Horatio does not read the letter out loud. Instead, in Q1 Horatio tells the Queen about Hamlet's letter, informing her of the King's plot to have Hamlet killed in England. Then the Queen, through Horatio, sends her blessings and advice to Hamlet.

The National Shakespeare Company's production of *Hamlet* used speeches from the standard conflation of F and Q2, but also included this scene between Horatio and Gertrude from the First Quarto (Corley). Using this scene helps emphasize the Queen's suspicions about the King, and reveals to the Queen the King's intention to murder Hamlet. The Theater-Text edition makes it easy for a director to include this First Quarto scene in a performance script of *Hamlet.*

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This edition also facilitates the selective cutting of speeches to accommodate the needs of a particular production. For example, Hamlet's long speech at 4.4.32-66, which is called the fourth soliloquy, appears only in the Second Quarto, and refers to the army of young Fortinbras. Some productions wholly exclude the role of Fortinbras, but still choose to include portions of this speech. In two stage productions in New York in 1994 and 2000, Hamlet delivered only those lines from this speech that refer to himself and to his mission of revenge, leaving out the lines that mention Fortinbras and his army (Marshall; Xoregos). In one of these productions, Hamlet delivered the lines 4.4.32-46, 56-59, 65-66, omitting the rest (Marshall).

Theatrical production by its very nature seems to inspire active modes of collaboration that necessarily result in different scripts for different productions. One editor of a standard conflated edition admits that "when a modern director decides to cut a speech or even moves it to a different part of the play, he or she may be treating the text of the play more in the way that Shakespeare and his company would have done than is a critic who challenges such practices" (Wofford 15-16). This Theater-Text edition is designed to help the user select and position speeches from the three early texts in whatever form best serves his needs.

Spelling and Punctuation

Standard editions of *Hamlet* present the play with modern spelling and regularized punctuation. These editions do not note changes in spelling and punctuation from the early texts unless the change is "significant" (Hibbard 131),

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or affects the "sense" (Jenkins 80). One edition notes changes in punctuation only if "meaning changes" (Mowat and Werstine l). Otherwise, standard editions of *Hamlet* deny access to the spelling and punctuation of the three early texts. But actors often regard punctuation as an essential code for performance, and the spelling and punctuation in the early texts may contain important clues that modern editions fail to provide.

Stanislavski considers punctuation to be "the playwright's orchestration of language" (Stanislavski 37). He believes that "it is through punctuation that the playwright provides the actor with directions regarding the grouping and phrasing of ideas and the place and length of pauses that separate those ideas" (78). For Stanislavski, the "intonations and pauses" inspired by punctuation have "in themselves" the "power to produce . . . emotional effect" (87).

Neil Freeman, the editor of a series of Shakespeare editions designed for actors, advises the actor to "treat each new piece of punctuation as the end of one breath-thought and the beginning of another" (Freeman, "Shakespeare for the Stage" 38). Freeman describes these "breath-thoughts and their patterns" as the "life-force" for both the character and the actor. Concern for punctuation seems widespread among actors. According to Sheri Wilner, Dramaturge for the New York Shakespeare Festival's production of *Hamlet* at the Public Theatre in 1999, the actors used the Arden edition of the play in rehearsal, but each actor constructed his own punctuation, and decided in rehearsal whether to "use it or not" (Wilner; Serban, *Hamlet*). Actors in that production did not base their readings of lines,

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their breathing, and pauses for emotional emphasis on the punctuation from any printed text but found their own way to orchestrate the language.

Although the punctuation of the early texts may not be authorized by the playwright as Barton and others claim for the First Folio, being able to see the original punctuation of the early texts may still prove helpful to anyone preparing a production of the play. The editor of *The Riverside Shakespeare*, G. Blakemore Evans, agrees that "the punctuation in the early texts may be in good part the work of someone in the printing-house, or of a scribe," but it can still be useful for someone speaking the text because "it is probably nearer to Shakespeare's intentions and nearer to the speech rhythms of the period than any later and more tightly logical system can pretend to be" (Evans, *Riverside* 39-40). In his book on the dramatic value of punctuation in Shakespearean drama, Anthony Graham-White argues that for "the spoken delivery of the text . . . the punctuation of the earliest reliable edition is often a better guide than the syntactical correctness of a modern editor" (Graham-White 17). Referring to the importance of the punctuation in the early texts, Leah Marcus agrees that because of their literary quality, modern editions suppress "a vast array of possibilities" found in the original texts, and she suggests that we "unedit" the plays to discover their theatrical potential (Marcus i). Concerning the early texts of *Hamlet*, Marcus agrees with John Dover Wilson that the "punctuation in the first quarto tends to record theatrical emphasis, while by the folio it has become more syntactical" (Marcus 168).

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This idea of the Folio being more of a reading text while the early quartos represent a more oral or theatrical tradition flies in the face of claims made by Barton, Tucker, Freeman, Moston, Flatter and others who view the Folio texts as the true Shakespearean playscripts. If, as Evans believes, "Shakespeare employed a punctuation so light as to be almost non-existent" (Evans, *Riverside* 39), then perhaps actors should reconsider their ideas about the Folio's theatrical authority and feel free to abandon the punctuation imposed by standard editions as well.

Because this Theater-Text edition of *Hamlet* provides access to the punctuation and spelling from all three early texts, it encourages each user to create a version of his own, drawing on the choices contained in those early texts. It also provides a tool for the user to invent his own punctuation if none of the choices suit his needs.

Theatrical Practice and the Multiple-Text Approach

In spite of the widely accepted authority of the standard Q2/F conflation and the preference by Barton and others for an unedited First Folio, actors and directors already incorporate multiple-text principles into their performance process. We have already noted the use of the First Quarto scene order in *Hamlet* films and stage productions and the revising of Hamlet's fourth soliloquy especially if a performance excludes Fortinbras and his army. But performers also adjust the text down to its individual words and punctuation, line by line, to fit the demands of each production. We can see from this practice that the copy text or control text for a performance script is not the edition used in rehearsal but rather a new

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construction created for each production. When the Pearl Theatre Company staged *King Lear* in New York, they used four different texts in rehearsal, including the facing page facsimile edition of the *King Lear* quarto and Folio texts (Warren). To produce their working script, the company tried out textual variants from each of the two early texts, word by word, line by line, without concern for the integrity of the individual early texts (Sobel, *King Lear*; Sobel, Interview). When Kindred Productions staged *Hamlet*, the company used three different editions of the play, and the director worked from the textual apparatus in the *Hamlet* variorum edition (Furness) to choose between the three early texts, word by word, without concerning himself about the relative authority of the individual early texts (Carr, *Hamlet*; Carr, Interview).

Sheri Wilner's experience as Dramaturge for the Public Theatre's production of *Hamlet* (Wilner; Serban, *Hamlet*) mirrored my own experience as adviser on the film *Looking for Richard* (Pacino). During rehearsals on the set of *Looking for Richard* the actors were supplied with copies of the Folger paperback edition of *Richard III* (Wright and LaMar). Whenever a question arose about a particular speech or stage direction, I compared facsimiles of the Quarto and Folio texts of *Richard III*. In this way I could check both early texts to see if a textual variant might address the actor's problem. Then if there was a choice, the actor weighed the alternatives to see which version would work better in that particular scene. For example, in *Richard III* at 1.3.30, Queen Elizabeth asks the Earl of Derby, "Saw you the King to-day, my Lord of Derby?" In rehearsal, the actors kept asking why was she saying this. When I indicated that in the quarto text Lord

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Rivers is assigned this line, they agreed that the quarto version made more sense, and the line was reassigned.

Even when a specific text is the rationale for a production, variation occurs. During their *Hamlet* festival, the NADA Theater in New York staged the three early *Hamlet* texts in three separate productions. But the director of the Second Quarto production still deferred to Q1 or F occasionally for the "reading of a line or word" (Tropea). And when Kenneth Branagh filmed *Hamlet*, he made virtually no cuts in the standard conflated text, but he did move speeches around to suit the demands of his production. For example, he moved Hamlet's first speech to the Ghost (1.4.39-57) to the beginning of Act 1, scene 5, and also moved Hamlet's soliloquy after the play-within-the-play (3.2.388-99) to Act 3, scene 3, just before the King's prayer scene.

Theatrical practice seems to confirm that "there cannot be a definitive production" of *Hamlet* (Serban, "Visualizing"). If that is so, then the search for a definitive edition may prove equally futile. If theatrical practice can influence textual editing, a proliferation of editions should result. Like the paperback editions of the First Folio edited by Moston, we should have paperbacks facsimiles of the Shakespeare quartos, and more multiple paperbacks like the Oxford *Romeo and Juliet* (Levenson, *Romeo and Juliet*) and the Pelican *King Lear* (Orgel, *King Lear: The 1608 Quarto and the 1623 Folio Texts*).

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Instructions

The Theater-Text *Hamlet* was transcribed into Microsoft Word 2000 from *The First Folio of Shakespeare* edited by Charlton Hinman (Hinman, *First Folio*) and *Shakespeare's Plays in Quarto* edited by Allen and Muir. The transcription was collated and proofread by my dissertation director, Professor W. Speed Hill of the City University of New York. The three early texts of *Hamlet* have been converted into standard word processing format with a minimum of editorial interference. Left margins have been justified and stage directions have been centered. Each long "s" has been converted into a modern "s" and ligatures have not been preserved. Press variants have been corrected silently according to the note on Press Variants in *The Three-Text Hamlet* (Bertram and Kliman [272]). If an obviously corrupt or difficult passage has been emended, the change is noted in the Comments attached to the Section Text.

The Section Text presents the three early texts of *Hamlet* in parallel sections. These sections correspond to small dramatic units, often beginning and ending with a player's entrance or exit. If a speech carries over from one section to the next, the player's speech for the heading is displayed in square brackets at the beginning of the next section. When a stage direction for a player's exit appears after the first line of another player's speech, and that exit occurs at the end of a section, this edition prints the player's line again at the beginning of the next section. Section headings are provided for every portion of text in the Section Text. For example, the section heading for the Second Quarto portion of text in Section 2 looks like this: **Section 2 Second Quarto 1.1.18-30 (26-39) [HH2]**

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Next to the heading number, Section 2, are the words Second Quarto. This indicates that the portion of text below the heading comes from the Second Quarto. The numbers, 1.1.18-30, indicate the Act, scene, and line numbers for that portion of text corresponding to *The Riverside Shakespeare* (Evans, *Riverside*). The numbers in a parenthesis after the Act, scene and line numbers, (26-39), correspond to the Through Line Numbers (TLN) from the First Folio (Hinman, *First Folio*). For portions of text from the Second Quarto not found in the First Folio, the last TLN number is used followed by +1, +2, etc., as in *The Three-Text Hamlet* (Bertram and Kliman). Throughout this edition, reference numbers from *The Riverside Shakespeare* and the First Folio (TLN) have been placed at regular intervals along the right margin of text.

Second Quarto section headings are always followed by a Comment marker in square brackets, numbered for that section, in this example from Section 2, the Comment marker [HH2]. If the Second Quarto does not have a portion of text for a particular section then the Comment marker will follow a First Folio or First Quarto section heading. In the more recent versions of Word, such as Word 97 and Word 2000, the Comment markers are highlighted in yellow. These Comments can be viewed by resting the cursor on the Comment marker. In this case with the cursor on [HH2], a window will open up on the screen displaying the Comments for Section 2. In older versions of Microsoft Word the markers may not be highlighted. Then the user must double-click the cursor on the marker. If the user double-clicks on the Comment maker [HH2], a window will open up at the bottom of the screen. The Comments for Section 2 will then appear in that Comment

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window. The user can scroll through all the Comments in Section Text by scrolling through the Comments window or by scrolling through Section Text itself because the Comment Window will scroll to correspond. Instead of double clicking the marker, the user can open the Comment window using the View function found above the standard tool bar on the word processing screen. The user clicks "View" and then selects Comments or Annotations in earlier releases of Word. This command sequence to View Comments, which were called Annotations in earlier releases of Word, performs the same function as double clicking the Comment maker. It opens the Comment window at the bottom of the screen the same as double-clicking the Comment marker.

But if the user has the more recent releases of Word highlighted in yellow then access to the Comments is more direct and user friendly. Simply rest the cursor on the highlighted marker and a window for that marker appears.

Comments focus on individual sections of text and point out differences between the three early texts for hat section. The Comments discuss the dramatic potential the different options provide. In addition to the Section Text with Comments, this Theater-Text edition of *Hamlet* provides the user with complete files of the three early texts.

The files on the CD-ROM are all Word files. They are named 1_Instructions, 2_SectionText, 3_FirstFolio, 4_SecondQuarto, 5_FirstQuarto, 6_Introduction, 7_References. Users can print out the Comments if they wish by opening 2_SectionText and from the Print menu select the option to print Comments (or Annotations) rather than the document itself.

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Users should open up a new Word file of their own and name it. This new file will become the user's performance script. Using the standard word processing functions—Copy and Paste—the user can select portions of the Section Text and move those portions of text into the user's own performance script file. Users can arrange and emend those portions as they like, adding, deleting, printing, etc. Users can move through the edition using the "Find" and "Go To" functions found under "Edit" on the word processing toolbar. "Find" will locate words and phrases; "Go To" locates specific pages by number. Users can treat the Act, scene and line numbers and TLN numbers as phrases in the Find function. When working with portions of text from "unedited" files like 2_SectionText, 3_FirstFolio, 4_SecondQuarto, and 5_FirstQuarto, users should always turn off the Spelling and Grammar checks using the "Tools" function on the tool bar followed by "Options." On the options menu, the user then selects "Spelling and Grammar" and activates the "Hide spelling errors in this document" option as well as the "Hide grammatical errors in this document" option. Otherwise the user will confront many red and green lines on the screen.

Future editions of the Theater-Text *Hamlet* will expand the Comments to include insights gained from the experience of its users. Please contact the editor at robertkole@aol.com with any comments or suggestions.

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SECTION TEXT

Section 1 First Folio 1.1.1-18 (1-25)

THE TRAGEDIE OF
H A M L E T, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scoena Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo.	WHo's there?	1.1.1 (4)
Francisco.	Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold your selfe.	
Barnardo.	Long liue the King.	
Francisco.	*Barnardo*?	
Barnardo.	He.	
Francisco.	You come most carefully vpon your houre.	
Barnardo.	'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*	
Francisco.	For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold, And I am sicke at heart.	
Barnardo.	Haue you had quiet Guard?	
Francisco.	Not a Mouse stirring.	1.1.10 (16)
Barnardo.	Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast.	
	Enter Horatio and Marcellus.	
Francisco.	I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?	
Horatio.	Friends to this ground.	
Marcellus.	And Leige-men to the Dane.	
Francisco.	Giue you good night.	
Marcellus.	O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?	
Francisco.	*Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.	
	Exit Francisco.	

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Section 1 Second Quarto 1.1.1-18

The Tragedie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Barnardo.	WHose there?	1.1.1 (4)
Francisco.	Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.	
Barnardo.	Long liue the King.	
Francisco.	*Barnardo.*	
Barnardo.	Hee.	
Francisco.	You come most carefully vpon your houre,	
Barnardo.	Tis now strooke twelfe, get thee to bed *Francisco*,	
Francisco.	For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,	
	And I am sick at hart.	
Barnardo.	Haue you had quiet guard?	
Francisco.	Not a mouse stirring.	1.1.10 (15)
Barnardo.	Well, good night:	
	If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,	
	The riualls of my watch, bid them make hast.	
	Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.	
Francisco.	I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?	
Horatio.	Friends to this ground.	
Marcellus.	And Leedgemen to the Dane,	
Francisco.	Giue you good night.	
Marcellus.	O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?	
Francisco.	*Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night.	*Exit Francisco.*

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Section 1 First Quarto 1.1.1-18 (1-25)

The Tragicall Historie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter two Centinels.

1.	STand: who is that?	1.1.1 (4-5)
2.	Tis I.	
1.	O you come most carefully vpon your watch,	
2.	And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,	
	The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.	
1.	I will: See who goes there.	
	Enter Horatio and Marcellus.	
Horatio.	Friends to this ground.	1.1.15 (20)
Marcellus.	And leegemen to the Dane,	
	O farewell honest souldier, who hath releeued you?	
1.	*Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.	

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Section 2 First Folio 1.1.18-30 (26-39)

Marcellus. Holla *Barnardo.*
Barnardo. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Horatio. A peece of him.
Barnardo. Welcome *Horatio,* welcome good *Marcellus.* 1.1.20 (29)
Marcellus. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.
Barnardo. I haue seene nothing.
Marcellus. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.
Horatio. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare. 1.1.30 (39)

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Section 2 Second Quarto 1.1.18-30 (26-39)

Marcellus.	Holla, *Barnardo.*	
Barnardo.	Say, what is *Horatio* there?	
Horatio.	A peece of him.	
Barnardo.	Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,	1.1.20 (29)
Horatio.	What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?	
Barnardo.	I haue seene nothing.	
Marcellus.	*Horatio* sales tis but our fantasie,	
	And will not let beliefe take holde of him,	
	Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs.	
	Therefore I haue intreated him along,	
	With vs to watch the minuts of this night,	
	That if againe this apparision come,	
	He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.	
Horatio.	Tush, tush, twill not appeare.	1.1.30 (39)

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Section 2 First Quarto 1.1.18-30 (26-39)

Marcellus.	Holla, *Barnardo.*	
2.	Say, is *Horatio* there?	
Horatio.	A peece of him.	
2.	Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*	1.1.20 (29)
Marcellus.	What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.	
2.	I haue seene nothing.	
Marcellus.	*Horatio* sayes tis but our fantasie,	
	And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,	
	Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,	
	Therefore I haue intreated him along with vs	
	To watch the minutes of this night,	
	That if againe this apparition come,	
	He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.	
Horatio.	Tut, t'will not appeare.	1.1.30 (40-1)

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Section 3 First Folio 1.1.30-39 (40-50)

Barnardo. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue seene.
Horatio. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Barnardo. Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illume that part of Heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Section 3 Second Quarto 1.1.30-39 (40-50)

Barnardo. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we haue two nights seene.
Horatio. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Barnardo. Last night of all,
When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

Section 3 First Quarto 1.1.30-39 (40-50)

2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe
Assaile your eares that are so fortified,
What we haue two nights seene.
Horatio. Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare *Bernardo* speake
of this.
2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's west-
ward from the pole, had made his course to
Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,
The bell then towling one.

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Section 4 First Folio 1.1.40-51 (51-66)

Marcellus.	Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghost.*	1.1.40 (51)
	Looke where it comes againe.	
Barnardo.	In the same figure, like the King that's dead.	
Marcellus.	Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio.*	
Barnardo.	Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*	
Horatio.	Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder	
Barnardo.	It would be spoke too.	
Marcellus.	Question it *Horatio.*	
Horatio.	What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,	
	Together with that Faire and Warlike forme	
	In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke	
	Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.	
Marcellus.	It is offended.	
Barnardo.	See, it stalkes away.	1.1.50 (65)
Horatio.	Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.	
	Exit the Ghost.	

Section 4 Second Quarto 1.1.40-51 (51-66)

	Enter Ghost.	1.1.40 (51)
Marcellus.	Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.	
Barnardo.	In the same figure like the King thats dead.	
Marcellus.	Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio.*	
Barnardo.	Lookes a not like the King? marke it *Horatio.*	
Horatio.	Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.	
Barnardo.	It would be spoke to.	
Marcellus.	Speake to it *Horatio.*	
Horatio.	What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,	
	Together with that faire and warlike forme,	
	In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke	
	Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.	
Marcellus.	It is offended.	1.1.50 (63)
Barnardo.	See it staukes away.	
Horatio.	Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*	

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Section 4 First Quarto 1.1.40-51 (51-66)

Enter Ghost.

Marcellus. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe. 1.1.40 (51)
2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,
Marcellus. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio.*
2. Lookes it not like the king?
Horatio. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.
2. It would be spoke to.
Marcellus. Question it *Horatio.*
Horatio. What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in
Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.
Marcellus. It is offended. *exit Ghost.*
2. See, it stalkes away. 1.1.50 (64)
Horatio. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee
speake.

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Section 5 First Folio 1.1.52-69 (67-85)

Marcellus. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Barnardo. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't?
Horatio. Before my God, I might not this beleeue
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Marcellus. Is it not like the King?
Horatio. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on, 1.1.60 (76)
When th'Ambitious Norwey combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.
Marcellus. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.
Horatio. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,
This boades some strange erruption to our State.

Section 5 Second Quarto 1.1.52-69 (67-85)

Marcellus. Tis gone and will not answere.
Barnardo. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this somthing more then phantasie?
What thinke you-ont?
Horatio. Before my God I might not this belieue,
Without the sencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.
Marcellus. Is it not like the King?
Horatio. As thou art to thy selfe.
Such was the very Armor he had on, 1.1.60 (76)
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.
Marcellus. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.
Horatio. In what particular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

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Section 5 First Quarto 1.1.52-69 (67-85)

Marcellus. Tis gone and makes no answer.
2. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantasie?
What thinke you on't?
Horatio. Afore my God, I might not this beleeue, without
the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.
Marcellus. Is it not like the King?
Horatio. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very armor he had on, 1.1.60 (76)
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sleaded pollax on the yce,
Tis strange.
Marcellus. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.
Horatio. In what particular to worke, I know not,
But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

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Section 6 First Folio 1.1.70-79 (86-95)

Marcellus. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes 1.1.70 (86)
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Section 6 Second Quarto 1.1.70-79 (86-95)

Marcellus. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes, 1.1.70 (86)
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this sweaty hast
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?

Section 6 First Quarto 1.1.70-79 (86-95)

Marcellus. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes 1.1.70 (86)
Why this same strikt and most observant watch,
So nightly toyles the subject of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske
Does not diuide the sunday from the weeke:
What might be toward that this sweaty march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?

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Section 7 First Folio 1.1.79-107 (96-124)

Horatio. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so: Our last King, 1.1.80 (97)
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Against the which, a Moity competent 1.1.90 (107)
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article designe,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a List of Landlesse Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other 1.1.100 (117)
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.

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Section 7 Second Quarto 1.1.79-107 (96-124)

Horatio. That can I.
At least the whisper goes so; our last King, 1.1.80 (97)
Whose image euen but now appear'd to vs.
Was as you knowe by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway,*
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet,*
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy
Did forfait (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moitie competent 1.1.90 (107)
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse,*
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the article desseigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimprooued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawelesse resolutes
For foode and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other 1.1.100 (117)
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post hast and Romadge in the land.

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Section 7 First Quarto 1.1.79-107 (96-124)

Horatio. Mary that can I, at least the whisper goes so,
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten- 1.1.80 (97-9)
Brasse of *Norway,*
Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to
The combate, in which our valiant *Hamlet,*
For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
Did slay this Fortenbrasse,
Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law
And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those
His lands which he stoode seazed of by the conqueror,
Against the which a moity competent, 1.1.90 (107)
Was gaged by our King:
Now sir, yong Fortenbrasse,
Of inapproued mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there,
Sharkt vp a sight of lawlesse Resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprise,
That bath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the 1.1.100 (117-22)
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.

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Section 8 Second Quarto 1.1.108-125 (124 + 1-124 + 18)

Barnardo. I thinke it be no other, but enso;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch so like the King 1.1.110 (124+3)
That was and is the question of these warres.
Horatio. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
The graues stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets
As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse. 1.1.120 (124+13)
And euen the like precurse of feare euents
As harbindgers preceading still the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

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Section 9 First Folio 1.1.125-142 (125-141)

Enter Ghost againe.

[*Horatio.*] But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:
If thou hast any sound, or vse of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done, 1.1.130 (129)
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus.*

Marcellus. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan? 1.1.140 (137)

Horatio. Do, if it will not stand.

Barnardo. 'Tis heere.

Horatio. 'Tis heere.

Marcellus 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghost.*

Section 9 Second Quarto 1.1.125-142 (125-141)

Enter Ghost.

[*Horatio.*] But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
Ile crosse it though it blast mee: stay illusion, *It spreads*
If thou hast any sound or vse of voyce, *his armes.*
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done 1.1.130 (129)
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death. *The cocke*
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus.* *crowes.*

Marcellus. Shall I strike it with my partizan? 1.1.140 (137)

Horatio. Doe if it will not stand.

Barnardo. Tis heere.

Horatio. Tis heere.

Marcellus. Tis gone.

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Section 9 First Quarto 1.1.125-142 (125-141)

Enter the Ghost.

[*Horatio.*] But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
Ile crosse it, though it blast me: stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done, 1.1.130 (129)
That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happly foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,
Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake
to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it *Marcellus.*

2. Tis heere. *exit Ghost.*

Horatio. Tis heere.

Marcellus. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesti-

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Section 10 First Folio 1.1.143-175 (142-174)

[*Marcellus.*] We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.
Barnardo. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.
Horatio. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day, 1.1.150 (149)
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This present Obiect made probation.
Marcellus. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Sauiours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long: 1.1.160 (159)
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.
Horatio. So haue I heard, and do in part beleeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet.* For vpon my life, 1.1.170 (169)
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?
Marcellus. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most conueniently. *Exeunt*

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Section 10 Second Quarto 1.1.143-175 (142-174)

[*Marcellus.*] We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
To offer it the showe of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
Barnardo. It was about to speake when the cock crewe.
Horatio. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne, 1.1.150 (149)
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present object made probation.
Marcellus. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euer gainst that season comes
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated
This bird of dawning singeth all night long, 1.1.160 (159)
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abraode
The nights are wholsome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme
So hallowed, and so gratious is that time.
Horatio. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vppon my life 1.1.170 (169)
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.
Marcellus. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we shall find him most conuenient. *Exeunt.*

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Section 10 First Quarto 1.1.143-175 (141-174)

Marcellus. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesti-
call, to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre invelmorable,
And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.
2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.
Horatio. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons: I haue heard
The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning, 1.1.150 (149)
Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The strauagant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
This present object made probation.
Marcellus. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long, 1.1.160 (159)
And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet strikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
So gratious, and so hallowed is that time.
Horatio. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleeue it:
But see the Sunne in russet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie mountaine top,
Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet:* for vpon my life 1.1.170 (169)
This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
Do you consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?
Marcellus. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

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Section 11 First Folio 1.2 (175-178)

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister 0- phelia, Lords Attendant.

Section 11 Second Quarto 1.2 (175-178)

Florish. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrad the Queene, Counsaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet, Cum Alijs.

Section 11 First Quarto 1.2 (175-178)

Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis, and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.

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Section 12 First Folio 1.2.1-25 (179-203)

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death 1.2.1 (179)
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selues.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy, 1.2.10 (188)
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame, 1.2.20 (198)
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
He hath not fayl'd to pester vs 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.

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Section 12 Second Quarto 1.2.1-25 (179-203)

Claudius. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death 1.2.1 (179)
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy 1.2.10 (188)
With an auspitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,
In equall scale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame 1.2.20 (198)
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to pestur vs with message
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:

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Section 13 First Folio 1.2.26-41 (204-221)

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

[*King.*] Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppresse 1.2.30 (209)
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
The Lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject: and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall power,
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow:
Farewell and let your hast commend your duty.

Voltemand. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty. 1.2.40 (219)

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

Section 13 Second Quarto 1.2.26-41 (204-221)

[*Claudius.*] Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppresse 1.2.30 (209)
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject, and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To busines with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allowe:
Farwell, and let your hast commend your dutie. 1.2.40 (219)

Cornelius. Voltemand. In that, and all things will we showe our dutie.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.

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Section 13 First Quarto 1.2.27-41 (204-221)

King.	Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse*,	1.2.1 (176-7)
	Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent	
	And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his	
	Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch	1.2.30 (209-12)
	Yong good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar*	
	For bearers of these greetings to olde	
	Norway, giuing to you no further personall power	
	To businesse with the King,	
	Then those related articles do shew:	
	Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.	
Gentlemen.	In this and all things will wee shew our dutie.	1.2.40 (219)
King.	Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewel:	

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Section 14 First Folio 1.2.42-63 (222-243)

[*King.*] And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*? 1.2.50 (230)

Laertes. Dread my lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
What sayes *Pollonius*?

Polonius. He hath my Lord:
I do beseech you giue him leaue to go. 1.2.61 (241)

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:

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Section 14 Second Quarto 1.2.42-63 (222-243)

[*King.*]	And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?	
	You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes*?	
	You cannot speake of reason to the Dane	
	And lose your voyce; what wold'st thou begge *Laertes*,?	
	That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,	
	The head is not more natiue to the hart	
	The hand more instrumentall to the mouth	
	Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,	
	What would'st thou haue *Laertes*?	1.2.50 (230)
Laertes.	My dread Lord,	
	Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,	
	From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,	
	To showe my dutie in your Coronation;	
	Yet now I must confesse, that duty done	
	My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward Fraunce	
	And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.	
King.	Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?	
Polonius.	Hath my Lord wroung from me my slowe leaue	
	By laboursome petition, and at last	
	Vpon his will I seald my hard consent,	1.2.60 (240+2)
	I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.	
King.	Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine	
	And thy best graces spend it at thy will:	

Section 14 First Quarto 1.2.42-63 (222-243)

[*King.*]	And now *Leartes*, what's the news with you?	
	You said you had a sute what i'st *Leartes*?	
Leartes:	My gratious Lord, your fauorable licence,	1.2.50 (231-2)
	Now that the funerall rites are all performed,	
	I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*,	
	For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,	
	Yet something is there whispers in my hart,	
	Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*.	
King.	Haue you your fathers leaue, *Leartes*?	
Corambis.	He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,	
	And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leaue.	
King.	With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.	
Leartes.	I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.	
King.	And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit.*	1.2.64 (244)

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Section 15 First Folio 1.2.64-86 (244-267)

[*King.*] But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?
Hamlet. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.
King. How is it that the Clouds still hang on you?
Hamlet. Not so my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.
Queen. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids 1.2.70 (250)
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.
Hamlet. I Madam, it is common.
Queen. If it be;
Why seemes it so particular with thee.
Hamlet. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye, 1.2.80 (261)
Nor the deiected hauiour of the Visage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which passeth show;
These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

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Section 15 Second Quarto 1.2.64-86 (244-267)

[*King.*] But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.
Hamlet. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.
King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.
Hamlet. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.
Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids 1.2.70 (250)
Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.
Hamlet. I Maddam, it is common.
Queene. If it be
Why seemes it so perticuler with thee.
Hamlet. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor customary suites of solembe blacke
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath
No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye, 1.2.80 (261)
Nor the deiected hauior of the visage
Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of griefe
That can denote me truely, these indeede seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which passes showe
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.

Section 15 First Quarto 1.2.64-86 (244-267)

King. And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit.* 1.2.64 (244)
What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?
For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,
Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,
Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother.
Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,
All *Denmarkes* hope our coosin and dearest Sonne.
Hamlet. My lord, ti's not the sable sute I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes, 1.2.80 (261)
Nor the distracted hauiour in the visage,
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,
These but the ornaments and sutes of woe.

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Section 16 First Folio 1.2.87-128 (268-312)

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound 1.2.90 (272)
In filiall Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer
In obstinate Condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart unfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderstanding simple, and vnschool'd:
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peeuish Opposition 1.2.100 (282)
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no lesse Nobility of Loue, 1.2.110 (292)
Then that which deerest Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Hamlet. I shall in all my best
Obey you Madam. 1.2.120 (303)

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*
Manet Hamlet.

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Section 16 Second Quarto 1.2.87-128 (268-312)

King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your father
But you must knowe your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound 1.2.90 (272)
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseuer
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornes, tis vnmanly griefe,
It showes a will most incorrect to heauen
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnderstanding simple and vnschoold
For what we knowe must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peuish opposition 1.2.100 (282)
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theame
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that died to day
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most imediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobilitie of loue 1.2.110 (292)
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,
Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to romaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Queene. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Hamlet. I shall in all my best obay you Madam. 1.2.120 (302)

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Florish* *Exeunt all,*

Hamlet. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, *but Hamlet.*

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Section 16 First Quarto 1.2.87-128 (268-312)

King.	This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet,*	
	But you must thinke your father lost a father,	
	That father dead, lost his, and so shal be vntill the	1.2.90 (272)
	Generall ending. Therefore cease laments,	
	It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,	
	A fault gainst nature, and in reasons	
	Common course most certaine,	
	None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.	
Queene.	Let not thy mother loose her praiers *Hamlet,*	
	Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg.*	
Hamlet.	I shall in all my best obey you madam.	1.2.120 (302-3)
King.	Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne,	
	And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,	
	But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell	
	The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince *Hamlet.*	
	Exeunt all but Hamlet.	

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Section 17 First Folio 1.2.129-159 (313-343)

Hamlet. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resolue it selfe into a Dew: 1.2.130 (314)
Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
Possesse it meerely. That it should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother, 1.2.140 (324)
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she.
(O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason 1.2.150 (334)
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled 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 breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

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Section 17 Second Quarto 1.2.129-159 (313-343)

Hamlet. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, *but Hamlet*
Thaw and resolue it selfe into a dewe, 1.2.130 (314)
Or that the everlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst seale slaughter, ô God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an unweeded garden
That growes to seede, things rancke and grose in nature,
Possesse it meerely that it should come thus
But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a satire, so louing to my mother, 1.2.140 (324)
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason 1.2.150 (334)
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most Unrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married, ô most wicked speede; to post
With such dexteritie to incestious sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.

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Section 17 First Quarto 1.2.129-159 (313-343)

Hamlet. O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two: married,
Mine vncle: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to *Hercules.* 1.2.153 (336-7)
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Vnrighteous teares had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Deuoyd of reason would not haue made
Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speede, to make such 1.2.156 (340-1)
Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
Ere yet the shooes were olde,
The which she followed my dead fathers corse
Like *Nyobe,* all teares: married, well it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

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Section 18 First Folio 1.2.160-195 (344-386)

Enter Horatio, Barnardo, and Marcellus.

Horatio. Haile to your Lordship. 1.2.160 (345)
Hamlet. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.
Horatio. The same my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.
Hamlet. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Marcellus. My good Lord.
Hamlet. I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberge*?
Horatio. A truant disposition, good my Lord.
Hamlet. I would not haue your Enemy say so; 1.2.170 (358)
Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elsenour*?
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.
Horatio. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.
Hamlet. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.
Horatio. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Hamlet. Thrift, thrift *Horatio*: the Funerall Bakt-meats 1.2.180 (368)
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatio.*
My father, me thinkes I see my father.
Horatio. Oh where my Lord?
Hamlet. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)
Horatio. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.
Hamlet. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not look vpon his like againe.
Horatio. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Hamlet. Saw? Who? 1.2.190 (379)
Horatio. My Lord, the King your Father.
Hamlet. The King my Father?
Horatio. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare; till I may deliver
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,
This maruell to you.
Hamlet. For Heauens loue let me heare.

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Section 18 Second Quarto 1.2.160-195 (344-386)

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Horatio. Haile to your Lordship. 1.2.160 (345)
Hamlet. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.
Horatio. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.
Hamlet. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Marcellus. My good Lord.
Hamlet. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?
Horatio. A truant disposition good my Lord.
Hamlet. I would not heare your enimie say so, 1.2.170 (358)
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elsonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.
Horatio. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Hamlet. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe studient,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding. 1.2.178 (366)
Horatio. Indeede my Lord it followed hard vppon.
Hamlet. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father, me thinkes I see my father.
Horatio. Where my Lord?
Hamlet. In my mindes eye *Horatio.*
Horatio. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.
Hamlet. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vppon his like againe.
Horatio. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Hamlet. saw, who? 1.2.190 (379)
Horatio. My Lord the King your father.
Hamlet. The King my father?
Horatio. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare till I may deliuer
Vppon the witnes of these gentlemen
This maruile to you.
Hamlet. For Gods loue let me heare?

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Section 18 First Quarto 1.2.160-195 (344-386)

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Horati. Health to your Lordship. 1.2.160 (345)
Hamlet. I am very glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much forget my selfe.
Horatio. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.
Hamlet. O my good friend, I change that name with you: but what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Marcellus. My good Lord.
Hamlet. I am very glad to see you, good euen sirs:
But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*?
Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.
Horatio. A trowant disposition, my good Lord.
Hamlet. Nor shall you make mee truster
Of your owne report against your selfe: 1.2.172 (360-1)
Sir, I know you are no trowant:
But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*?
Horatio. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Hamlet. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow studient,
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding. 1.2.178 (366)
Horatio. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Hamlet. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my deerest foe in heauen
Ere euer I had seene that day *Horatio*;
O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father.
Horatio. Where my Lord?
Hamlet. Why, in my mindes eye *Horatio.*
Horatio. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.
Hamlet. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Horatio. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,
Hamlet. Saw, who? 1.2.190 (379)
Horatio. My Lord, the King your father.
Hamlet. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.
Horatio. Ceasen your admiration for a while
With an attentiue eare, till I may deliver,
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen
This wonder to you.
Hamlet. For Gods loue let me heare it.

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Section 19 First Folio 1.2.196-223 (387-417)

Horatio. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*, 1.2.200 (391)
Appeares before them, and with sollemne march
Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walkt,
By their opprest and feare-surprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd
Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Where as they had deliuer'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good, 1.2.210 (401)
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
These hands are not more like.
Hamlet. But where was this?
Marcellus. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.
Hamlet. Did you not speake to it?
Horatio My Lord, I did;
But answere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,
And vanisht from our sight. 1.2.220 (413)
Hamlet. Tis very strange.
Horatio. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.

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Section 19 Second Quarto 1.2.196-223 (387-417)

Horatio. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea* 1.2.200 (391)
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surprised eyes
Within his tronchions length, whil'st they distil'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me
In dreadfull secresie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliuered both in time
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good, 1.2.210 (401)
The Apparision comes: I knewe your father,
These hands are not more like.
Hamlet. But where was this?
Marcellus. My Lord vppon the platforme where we watch
Hamlet. Did you not speake to it?
Horatio. My Lord I did,
But answere made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion like as it would speake:
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,
And at the sound it shrunk in hast away
And vanisht from our sight. 1.2.220 (413)
Hamlet. Tis very strange.
Horatio. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you knowe of it.

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Section 19 First Quarto 1.2.196-223 (387-417)

Horatio. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night.
Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,
Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea* 1.2.200 (391)
Appeeres before them thrise, he walkes
Before their weake and feare oppressed eies.
Within his tronchions length,
While they distilled almost to gelly.
With the act of feare stands dumbe,
And speake not to him: this to mee
In dreadfull secresie impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had delivered forme of the thing.
Each part made true and good, 1.2.210 (401)
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
These handes are not more like.
Hamlet. Tis very strange.
Horatio. As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,
And wee did thinke it right done,
In our dutie to let you know it.
Hamlet. Where was this?
Marcellus. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.
Hamlet. Did you not speake to it?
Horatio. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
And lifted vp his head to motion,
Like as he would speake, but euen then
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haste,
It shruncke in haste away, and vanished 1.2.220 (412-3)
Our sight.

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Section 20 First Folio 1.2.224-257 (418-459)

Hamlet. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night?
Both. We doe my Lord.
Hamlet. Arm'd, say you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Hamlet. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foote.
Hamlet. Then saw you not his face?
Horatio. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp. 1.2.230 (426)
Hamlet. What, lookt he frowningly?
Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Hamlet. Pale, or red?
Horatio. Nay very pale.
Hamlet. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Horatio. Most constantly.
Hamlet. I would I had beene there.
Horatio. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Hamlet. Very like, very like: staid it long?
Horatio. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundred.
All. Longer, longer.
Horatio. Not when I saw't.
Hamlet. His Beard was grisly? no.
Horatio. It was, as I haue seene it in his life, 1.2.240 (440)
A Sable Siluer'd.
Hamlet. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake againe.
Horatio. I warrant you it will.
Hamlet. If it assume my noble Fathers person,
Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this sight;
Let it bee treble in your silence still:
And whatsoever els shall hap to night,
Giue it an understanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues; so, fare ye well: 1.2.250 (451)
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*
Hamlet. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

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Section 20 Second Quarto 1.2.224-257 (418-459)

Hamlet. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?
All. We doe my Lord.
Hamlet. Arm'd say you?
All. Arm'd my Lord.
Hamlet. From top to toe?
All. My Lord from head to foote.
Hamlet. Then sawe you not his face
Horatio. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp. 1.2.230 (426)
Hamlet. What look't he frowningly?
Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Hamlet. Pale, or red?
Horatio. Nay very pale.
Hamlet. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Horatio. Most constantly.
Hamlet. I would I had beene there.
Horatio. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Hamlet. Very like, stayd it long?
Horatio. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.
Both. Longer, longer.
Horatio. Not when I saw't.
Hamlet. His beard was grissl'd, no.
Horatio. It was as I haue seene it in his life 1.2.240 (440)
A sable siluer'd.
Hamlet. I will watch to night
Perchaunce twill walke againe.
Horatio. I warn't it will.
Hamlet. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so farre you well: 1.2.250 (451)
Vppon the platforme twixt aleauen and twelfe
Ile visite you.
All. Our dutie to your honor. *Exeunt.*
Hamlet. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my soule, fonde deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

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Section 20 First Quarto 1.2.224-257 (418-459)

Hamlet. Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me:
Hold you the watch to night?
All. We do my Lord.
Hamlet. Armed say ye?
All. Armed my good Lord.
Hamlet. From top to toe?
All. My good Lord, from head to foote.
Hamlet. Why then saw you not his face?
Horatio. O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp. 1.2.230 (426)
Hamlet. How look't he, frowningly?
Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Hamlet. Pale, or red?
Horatio. Nay, verie pal
Hamlet. And fixt his eies vpon you.
Horatio. Most constantly.
Hamlet. I would I had beene there.
Horatio. It would a much amazed you.
Hamlet. Yea very like, very like, staid it long?
Horatio. While one with moderate pace
Might tell a hundred.
Marcellus. O longer, longer.
Hamlet. His beard was grisleld, no.
Horatio. It was as I haue seene it in his life, 1.2.240 (440)
A sable siluer.
Hamlet. I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.
Horatio. I warrant it will.
Hamlet. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape,
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you haue hither consealed this sight,
Let it be tenible in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer else shall chance to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue,
I will requit your loues, so fare you well, 1.2.250 (451)
Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visit you.
All. Our duties to your honor. *exeunt.*
Hamlet. O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,
Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,
Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,
Would the night were come,
Till then, sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise
Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*

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Section 21 First Folio 1.3.1-10 (460-472)

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laertes. My necessaries are imbark't; Farewell: 1.3.1 (462)
And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.
Ophelia. Doe you doubt that?
Laertes. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute? No more. 1.3.10 (471)
Ophelia. No more but so.

Section 21 Second Quarto 1.3.1-10 (460-472)

Enter Laertes, and Opheliahis Sister.

Laertes. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell, 1.3.1 (462)
And sister, as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.
Ophelia. Doe you doubt that?
Laertes. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute 1.3.10 (471)
No more.
Ophelia. No more but so.

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Section 21, 22, 23 First Quarto 1.3.1-44 (461-507)

Enter Leartes and *Ofelia.*

Leartes. My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboord, 1.3.1 (462)
But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:
I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a shew of loue
Beware *Ofelia*, do not trust his vowes,
Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,
Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
The Chariest maide is prodigall enough, 1.3.36 (499)
If she vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,
Belieu't *Ofelia*, therefore keepe a loofe
Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame.

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Section 22 First Folio 1.3.10-28 (473-491)

Laertes. Thinke it no more:
For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare
His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subject to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnuallued persons doe,
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends 1.3.20 (483)
The sanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
It fits your wisedome so farre to beleeue it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.

Section 22 Second Quarto 1.3.10-28 (473-491)

Laertes. Thinke it no more.
For nature cressant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,
And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmirch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,
His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnualewed persons doe,
Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends 1.3.20 (483)
The safty and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscribd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to belieue it
As he in his particular act and place
May giue his saying deede, which is no further
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall

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Section 23 First Folio 1.3.29-44 (492-507)

[*Laertes.*] Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine, 1.3.30 (493)
If with too credent eare you list his Songs;
Or lose your Heart; or your chest Treasure open
To his vnmastred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd, 1.3.40 (503)
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Section 23 Second Quarto 1.3.29-44 (492-507)

[*Laertes.*] Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
If with too credent eare you list his songs 1.3.30 (493)
Or loose your hart, or your chest treasure open
To his vnmastred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
"The chariest maide is prodigall inough
If she vnmaske her butie to the Moone
"Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
"The canker gaules the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd, 1.3.40 (503)
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blastments are most iminent,
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.

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Section 24 First Folio 1.3.45-54 (508-519)

Ophelia. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilst like a puft and recklesse Libertine
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads, 1.3.50 (513)
And reaks not his owne reade.
Laertes. Oh, feare me not.
Enter Polonius.
I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Section 24 Second Quarto 1.3.45-54 (508-519)

Ophelia. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as some ungracious pastors doe,
Showe me the step and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puft, and reckles libertine
Himselfe the primrose path of dalience treads. 1.3.50 (513)
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*
Laertes. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Section 24 First Quarto 1.3.45-54 (508-519)

Ofelia. Brother, to this I haue lent attentiue eare,
And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,
But my deere brother, do not you
Like to a cunning Sophister,
Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
While you forgetting what is said to me,
Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine 1.3.49 (512)
Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,
And little recks how that his honour dies.
Leartes. No, feare it not my deere *Ofelia*,
Here comes my father, occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.
Enter Corambis.

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Section 25 First Folio 1.3.55-87 (520-553)

Polonius. Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboord for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;
And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act: 1.3.60 (525)
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnhatchtt, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans censure; but reserue thy iudgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy; 1.3.70 (535)
But not express in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. 1.3.80 (545)
Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.

Laertes. Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.

Polonius. The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend.

Laertes. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Ophelia. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laertes. Farewell. *Exit Laertes.*

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Section 25 Second Quarto 1.3.55-87 (520-553)

Polonius. Yet heere *Laertes*? abord, abord for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
And these fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act, 1.3.60 (525)
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
Giue euery man thy care, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans censure, but reserue thy iudgement,
Costly thy habite as thy purse can buy, 1.3.70 (535)
But not exprest in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must followe as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man: 1.3.80 (545)
Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laertes. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Polonius. The time inuests you goe, your servants tend.

Laertes. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue sayd to you.

Ophelia. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laertes. Farwell. *Exit Laertes.*

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Section 25 First Quarto 1.3.55-87 (520-553)

Enter Corambis.

Corambis. Yet here *Leartes*? aboord, aboord, for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.
"Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare; 1.3.61 (526)
"Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
"Graple them to thee with a hoope of steele,
"But do not dull the palme with entertaine,
"Of euery new vnfleg'd courage,
"Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
"Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,
"Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy. 1.3.70 (535)
"But not exprest in fashion,
"For the apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:
"This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any one, 1.3.80 (545)
Farewel, my blessing with thee.

Leartes. I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*,
And remember well what I haue said to you. *exit.*

Ofelia. It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

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Section 26 First Folio 1.3.88-114 (554-580)

Polonius. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?
Ophelia. So please you, somthing touching the L.*Hamlet.*
Polonius. Marry, well bethought: 1.3.90 (556)
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene 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 doe not understand your selfe so cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?
Ophelia. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me. 1.3.100 (566)
Polonius. Affection, puh. You speak like a greene Girle,
Vnsifted in such perilous Circumstance.
Doe you beleeue his tenders, as you call them?
Ophelia. I doe not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.
Polonius. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.
Ophelia. My Lord, he bath importun'd me with loue, 1.3.110 (576)
In honourable fashion.
Polonius. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.
Ophelia. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.

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Section 26 Second Quarto 1.3.82-114 (554-580)

Polonius.	What ist *Ophelia* he hath sayd to you?	
Ophelia.	So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet.*	
Polonius.	Marry well be thought	1.3.90 (556)
	Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late	
	Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe	
	Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious,	
	If it be so, as so tis put on me,	
	And that in way of caution, I must tell you,	
	You doe not understand your selfe so cleerely	
	As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,	
	What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,	
Ophelia.	He hath my Lord of late made many tenders	
	Of his affection to me.	1.3.100 (566)
Polonius.	Affection, puh, you speak like a greene girle	
	Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,	
	Doe you belieue his tenders, as you call them?	
Ophelia.	I doe not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.	
Polonius.	Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie	
	That you haue tane these tenders for true pay	
	Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearely	
	Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase	
	Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.	
Ophelia.	My Lord he bath importun'd me with loue	1.3.110 (576)
	In honorable fashion.	
Polonius.	I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.	
Ophelia.	And hath giuen countenance to his speech	
	My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.	

Section 26 First Quarto 1.3.82-114 (554-580)

Corambis.	What i'st *Ofelia* he hath saide to you?	
Ofelia.	Somthing touching the prince *Hamlet.*	
Corambis.	Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to vnderstand,	1.3.90 (556-7)
	That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence	
	Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so,	
	As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution	
	I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe	
	So well as befits my honor, and your credite.	
Ofelia.	My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue	1.3.100 (565-6)
	to me.	
Corambis.	Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.	
Ofelia.	And withal, such earnest vowes.	

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Section 27 First Folio 1.3.115-136 (581-602)

Polonius. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter, 1.3.120 (586)
Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inuestments show:
But meere implorators of vnholy Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds, 1.3.130 (596)
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Haue you so slander any moment leisure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Ophelia. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

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Section 27 Second Quarto 1.3.115-136 (581-602)

Polonius. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not take for fire, from this time 1.3.120 (586)
Be something scanter of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Belieue so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments showe
But meere imploratotors of vnholy suites
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds 1.3.130 (596)
The better to beguile: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time foorth
Haue you so slaunder any moment leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Ophelia I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Section 27 First Quarto 1.3.115-136 (581-602)]

Corambis. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden presence, 1.3.121 (587)
Or tendring thus you'l tender mee a foole.
Ofelia. I shall obey my lord in all I may.
Corambis. *Ofelia*, receive none of his letters,
"For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Desire;
Come in *Ofelia*, such men often proue,
"Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.
Ofelia. I will my lord. *exeunt.* 1.3.136 (602)

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Section 28 First Folio 1.4.1-16 (603-621)

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Hamlet. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold? 1.4.1 (604)
Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.
Hamlet. What hower now?
Horatio. I thinke it lacks of twelue.
Marcellus. No, it is strooke.
Horatio. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the season,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.
What does this meane my Lord?
Hamlet. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouse,
Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe, 1 .4.10 (614)
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.
Horatio. Is it a custome?
Hamlet. I marry ist;
And to my mind, though I am natiue heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.

Section 28 Second Quarto 1.4.1-16 (603-621)

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Hamlet. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde. 1.4.1 (604)
Horatio It is nipping, and an eager ayre.
Hamlet. What houre now?
Horatio. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.
Marcellus. No, it is strooke.
Horatio. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A florish of trumpets*
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*
Hamlet. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowse.
Keepes wassell and the swaggring vp-spring reeles:
And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe, 1.4.10 (614)
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Horatio. Is it a custome?
Hamlet. I marry ist,
But to my minde, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.

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Section 28 First Quarto 1.4.1-16 (603-621)

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hamlet. The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and 1.4.1 (603)
An nipping winde, what houre i'st?
Horatio. I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*
Marcellus. No, t'is strucke.
Horatio. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?
Hamlet. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowse,
Keepe wassel, and the swaggering vp-spring reeles,
And as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe, 1.4.10 (614)
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.
Horatio. Is it a custome here?
Hamlet. I mary i'st and though I am
Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the observance.

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Section 29 Second Quarto 1.4.17-1.3.38 (621 + 1-621 + 22)]

[*Hamlet.*] This heauy headed reueale east and west
Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes 1.4.20 (621+3)
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces 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 ore-grow'th of some complextion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men 1.4.30 (621+14)
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.

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Section 30 First Folio 1.4.38-57 (622-643)

Enter Ghost.

Horatio. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Hamlet. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd, 1.4.40 (625)
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy euents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,
Haue burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes, 1.4.50 (635)
To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,
Reuisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?

Ghost beckens Hamlet.

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Section 30 Second Quarto 1.4.38-57 (622-643)

Enter Ghost.

Horatio. Looke my Lord it comes.

Hamlet. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs:
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd, 1.4.40 (625)
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall Dane, ô answere mee,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes, 1.4.50 (635)
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane
That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
Reuisites thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe? *Beckins.*

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Section 30 First Quarto 1.4.38-57 (622-643)

Enter the Ghost.

Horatio. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Hamlet. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs.
Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd, 1.4.40 (625)
Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blasts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou commest in such questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee,
Ile call thee *Hamlet,* King, Father, Royall Dane,
O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance,
But say why thy canonizd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath burst his ponderous and marble Iawes, 1.4.50 (635)
To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corse, againe in compleate steele,
Reuissets thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
So horridely to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane?

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Section 31 First Folio 1.4.58-91 (643-680)

Ghost beckens Hamlet.

Horatio. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone. 1.4.60 (646)
Marcellus Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.
Horatio. No, by no meanes.
Hamlet. It will not speake: then will I follow it.
Horatio. Doe not my Lord.
Hamlet. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.
Horatio. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe, 1.4.70 (659)
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reason,
And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?
Hamlet. It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.
Marcellus. You shall not goe my Lord. 1.4.80 (665)
Hamlet. Hold off your hand.
Horatio. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.
Hamlet. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.
Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.
Horatio. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Marcellus. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Horatio. Haue after, to what issue will this come?
Marcellus. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke. 1.4.90 (678)
Horatio. Heauen will direct it.
Marcellus. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

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Section 31 Second Quarto 1.4.58-91 (643-680)

[*Hamlet.*] Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe? *Beckins.*
Horatio. It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone. 1.4.60 (646)
Marcellus. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.
Horatio. No, by no meanes.
Hamlet. It will not speake, then I will followe it.
Horatio. Doe not my Lord.
Hamlet. Why what should be the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.
Horatio. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe 1.4.70 (659)
That bettles ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrable forme
Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.
Hamlet. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.
Marcellus. You shall not goe my Lord. 1.4.80 (665)
Hamlet. Hold of your hands.
Horaio. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.
Hamlet. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*
Horatio. He waxes desperate with imagion.
Marcellus. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.
Horatio. Haue after, to what issue will this come?
Marcellus. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke. 1.4.90 (678)
Horatio. Heauen will direct it.
Marcellus. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

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Section 31 First Quarto 1.4.58-91 (643-680)

Horatio.	It beckons you, as though it had something	
	To impart to you alone.	1.4.60 (645-6)
Marcellus.	Looke with what courteous action	
	It waues you to a more remoued ground,	
	But do not go with it.	
Horatio.	No, by no meanes my Lord.	
Hamlet.	It will not speake, then will I follow it.	
Horatio.	What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.	
	That beckles ore his bace, into the sea,	1.4.71 (660)
	And there assume some other horrible shape,	
	Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason,	
	And driue you into madnesse: thinke of it.	
Hamlet.	Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.	
Horatio.	My Lord, you shall not go.	1.4.80 (665)
Hamlet.	Why what should be the feare?	
	I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,	
	And for my soule, what can it do to that?	
	Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,	
	Go on, ile follow thee.	
Marcellus.	My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.	
Hamlet.	My fate cries out, and makes each pety Artiue	
	As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,	1.4.83 (670)
	Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;	
	By heauen ile make a ghost of him that lets me,	
	Away I say, go on, ile follow thee.	
Horatio.	He waxeth desperate with imagination.	
Marcellus.	Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke.*	1.4.90 (678)
Horatio.	Haue after; to what issue will this sort?	
Marcellus.	Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. *exit.*	

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Section 32 First Folio 1.5.1-31 (681-717)

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Hamlet. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no further. 1.5.1 (682)
Ghost. Marke me.
Hamlet. I will.
Ghost. My hower is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render vp my selfe.
Hamlet. Alas poore Ghost.
Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.
Hamlet. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.
Hamlet. What?
Ghost. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night; 1.5.10 (695)
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes 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 vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine: 1.5.20 (705)
But this eternall blason must not be
To eares of flesh and bloud; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.
Hamlet. Oh Heauen!
Ghost. Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.
Hamlet. Murther?
Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.
Hamlet. Hast, hast me to know it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue, 1.5.30 (716)
May sweepe to my Reuenge.

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Section 32 Second Quarto 1.5.1-31 (681-717)

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

Hamlet. Where wilt thou lead me, speake, Ile go no further. 1.5.1 (682)
Ghost. Marke me.
Hamlet. I will.
Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.
Hamlet. Alas poore Ghost.
Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.
Hamlet. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.
Hamlet. What?
Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomd for a certaine terme to walke the night, 1.5.10 (695)
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes 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 vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine, 1.5.20 (705)
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood; list list, ô list:
If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.
Hamlet. Oh God.
Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murther.
Hamlet. Murther.
Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.
Hamlet. Hast me to know't, that with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue, 1.5.30 (716)
May sweepe to my reuenge.

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Section 32 First Quarto 1.5.1-31 (681-717)

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Hamlet. Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me? 1.5.1 (682)
Ghost. Marke me.
Hamlet. I will.
Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit, doomd for a time 1.5.10 (694-5)
To walke the night, and all the day
Confinde in flaming fire,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are purged and burnt away.
Hamlet. Alas poore Ghost.
Ghost. Nay pitty me not, but to my vnfolding
Lend thy listning eare, but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house
I would a tale vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand on end
Like quils vpon the fretfull Porpentine, 1.5.20 (705)
But this same blazon must not be, to eares of flesh and blood
Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father loue.
Hamlet. O God.
Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder:
Hamlet. Murder.
Ghost. Yea, murder in the highest degree,
As in the least tis bad,
But mine most foule, beastly, and vnnaturall.
Hamlet. Haste me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as
meditation, or the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge. 1.5.31 (716-7)

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Section 33 First Folio 1.5.31-57 (718-742)]

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne. 1.5.40 (727)
Hamlet. O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?
Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to seduce? Won to to this shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline 1.5.50 (737)
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will sate it selfe in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage.

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Section 33 Second Quarto 1.5.31-57 (718-742)

Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'st thou not sturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis given out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, so the whole eare of Denmarke
Is by a forged processe of my death
Ranckely abusde: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne. 1.5.40 (727)
Hamlet. O my propheticke soule! my Vncle?
Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline 1.5.50 (737)
Vppon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed
And pray on garbage.

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Section 33 First Quarto 1.5.31-57 (718-742)

Ghost. O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in ease
On *Lethe* wharffe: briefe let me be.
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A Serpent stung me; so the whole eare of *Denmarke*
Is with a forged Prosses of my death rankely abusde:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting
Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne. 1.5.40 (726-7)
Hamlet. O my prophetike soule, my vncle! my vncle!
Ghost. Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will with gifts,
O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power
So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,
But vertne, as it neuer will be moued, 1.5.53 (739)
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,
So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,
Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,
And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes

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Section 34 First Folio 1.5.58-91 (743-776)

[*Ghost.*] But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone; 1.5.60 (745)
Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,
That swift as Quick-siluer, it courses through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posset
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine; 1.5.70 (755)
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht;
Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible: 1.5.80 (765)
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contriue
Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme showes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire: 1.5.90 (775)
Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit.*

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Section 34 Second Quarto 1.5.58-91 (743-776)

[*Ghost.*] But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone, 1.5.60 (745)
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leaprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholsome blood; so did it mine, 1.5.70 (755)
And a most instant tetter barckt about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnaneld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible. 1.5.80 (765)
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire, 1.5.90 (775)
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

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Section 34 First Quarto 1.5.58-91 (743-776)

[*Ghost.*] And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes
I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,
Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes 1.5.60 (744-5)
In the after noone, vpon my secure houre
Thy vncle came, with iuyce of Hebona
In a viall, and through the porches of my eares
Did powre the leaprous distilment, whose effect
Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quickesiluer, it posteth through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood 1.5.70 (753-5)
Like eager dropings into milke.
And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once depriued, no reckoning made of,
But sent vnto my graue,
With all my accompts and sinnes vpon my head,
O horrible, most horrible! 1.5.80 (765)
Hamlet. O God!
Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not,
But howsoeuer, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother aught,
Leaue her to heauen,
And to the burthen that her conscience beares.
I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin
To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectuall fire: 1.5.90 (774-5)
Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me. *Exit*

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Section 35 First Folio 1.5.92-112 (777-796)

Hamlet. Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past, 1.5.100 (785)
That youth and observation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word; 1.5.110 (795)
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue sworn't.

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Section 35 Second Quarto 1.5.92-112 (777-796)

Hamlet. O all you host of heauen, ô earth, what els,
And shall I coupple hell, ô fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my sinnowes, growe not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All sawes of bookes, all formes, all pressures past 1.5.100 (785)
That youth and observation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen,
O most pernicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word, 1.5.110 (795)
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Section 35 First Quarto 1.5.92-112 (777-796) [FQ 12]

Hamlet. O all you hoste of heauen! O earth, what else?
And shall I couple hell; remember thee?
Yes thou poore Ghost; from the tables
Of my memorie, ile wipe away all sawes of Bookes,
All triuiall fond conceites
That euer youth, or else obseruance noted, 1.5.101 (786)
And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit.
Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernitious villaine,
Murderous, bawdy, smiling damned villaine,
(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
At least I am sure, it may be so in *Denmarke.*
So vncle, there you are, there you are. 1.5.110 (795)
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soe t'is enough I haue swome.

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Section 36 First Folio 1.5.112-132 (797-824)]

Horatio & Marcelus within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Marcellus.	Lord *Hamlet.*	
Horatio.	Heauen secure him.	
Marcellus.	So be it.	
Horatio.	Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.	
Hamlet.	Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.	
Marcellus.	How ist't my Noble Lord?	
Horatio.	What newes, my Lord?	
Hamlet.	Oh wonderfull!	
Horatio.	Good my Lord tell it.	
Hamlet.	No you'l reueale it.	
Horatio.	Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.	1.5.120 (809)
Marcellus.	Nor I, my Lord.	
Hamlet.	How say you then, would heart of man once think it?	
	But you'l be secret?	
Both.	I, by Heau'n, my Lord.	
Hamlet.	There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke	
	But hee's an arrant knaue.	
Horatio.	There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the	
	Graue, to tell vs this.	
Hamlet.	Why right, you are i'th' right;	
	And so, without more circumstance at all,	
	I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:	
	You, as your busines and desires shall point you:	
	For euery man ha's businesse and desire,	1.5.130 (822)
	Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,	
	Looke you, Ile goe pray.	

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Section 36 Second Quarto 1.5.112-132 (797-824)

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Horatio. My Lord, my Lord.
Marcellus. Lord *Hamlet.*
Horatio. Heauens secure him.
Hamlet. So be it.
Marcellus. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Hamlet. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.
Marcellus. How i'st my noble Lord?
Horatio. What newes my Lord?
Hamlet. O wonderfull.
Horatio. Good my Lord tell it.
Hamlet. No, you will reueale it.
Horatio. Not I my Lord by heaven. 1.5.120 (809)
Marcellus. Nor I my Lord.
Hamlet. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you're be secret.
Both. I by heauen.
Hamlet. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Horatio. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Hamlet. 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 busines and desire shall poynt you,
For euery man hath busines and desire 1.5.130 (822)
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

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Section 36 First Quarto 1.5.112-132 (797-824)

Horatio.	My lord, my lord.	*Enter. Horatio,*	
Marcellus.	Lord Hamlet.	*and Marcellus.*	
Horatio.	Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.		
Hamlet.	Ill, lo, lo, so, ho, so, come boy, come.		
Horatio.	Heauens secure him.		
Marcellus.	How i'st my noble lord?		
Horatio.	What news my lord?		
Hamlet.	O wonderfull, wonderful.		
Horatio.	Good my lord tel it.		
Hamlet.	No not I, you'l reueale it.		
Horatio.	Not I my Lord by heauen.		1.5.120 (809)
Marcellus.	Nor I my Lord.		
Hamlet.	How say you then? would hart of man		
	Once thinke it? but you'l be secret.		
Both.	I by heauen, my lord.		
Hamlet.	There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*,		
	But hee's an arrant knaue.		
Horatio.	There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell		
	you this.		
Hamlet.	Right, you are in the right, and therefore		
	I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,		
	Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines		
	And desiers shall leade you: for looke you,		
	Euery man hath busines, and desires, such		1.5.130 (822-3)
	As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.		

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Section 37 First Folio 1.5.133-148 (825-844)

Horatio. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.
Hamlet. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.
Horatio. There's no offence my Lord.
Hamlet. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweene vs.
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends, 1.5.140 (833)
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore request.
Horatio. What is't my Lord? we will.
Hamlet. Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Hamlet. Nay, but swear't.
Horatio. In faith my Lord, not I.
Marcellus. Nor I my Lord: in faith.
Hamlet. Vpon my sword.
Marcellus. We haue sworne my Lord already.
Hamlet. Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.

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Section 37 Second Quarto 1.5.133-148 (825-844)

Horatio. These are but wilde and whurling words my Lord.
Hamlet. I am sorry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.
Horatio. There's no offence my Lord.
Hamlet. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs
Oremastret as you may, and now good friends, 1.5.140 (833)
As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,
Giue me one poore request.
Horatio. What i'st my Lord, we will.
Hamlet. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Hamlet. Nay but swear't.
Horatio. In faith my Lord not I.
Marcellus. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Hamlet. Vppon my sword.
Marcellus. We haue sworne my Lord already.
Hamlet. Indeede vppon my sword, indeed.

Section 37 First Quarto 1.5.133-148 (825-844)

Horatio. These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.
Hamlet. I am sory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.
Horatio. Ther's no offence my Lord.
Hamlet. Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too, touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you,
For your desires to know what is betweene vs.
Or'emaister it as you may:
And now kind frends, as you are frends, 1.5.140 (833-4)
Schollers and gentlemen,
Grant mee one poore request.
Both. What i'st my Lord?
Hamlet. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night
Both. My lord, we will not.
Hamlet. Nay but sweare.
Horatio. In faith my Lord not I.
Marcellus. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Hamlet. Nay vpon my sword, indeed vpon my sword.

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Section 38 First Folio 1.5.149-181 (845-878)

Ghost.	Sweare. *Ghost cries under the Stage.*	
Hamlet.	Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true-	1.5.150 (846)
	penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge	
	Consent to sweare.	
Horatio.	Propose the Oath my Lord.	
Hamlet.	Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene.	
	Sweare by my sword.	
Ghost.	Sweare.	
Hamlet.	*Hic & vbique?* Then wee'l shift for grownd,	
	Come hither Gentlemen,	
	And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,	
	Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard:	1.5.160 (856)
	Sweare by my Sword.	
Ghost.	Sweare.	
Hamlet.	Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th' ground so fast?	
	A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.	
Horatio.	Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange.	
Hamlet.	And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.	
	There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,	
	Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,	
	Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,	
	How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe;	1.5.170 (866)
	(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet	
	To put an Anticke disposition on:)	
	That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall	
	With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;	
	Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;	
	As well, we know, or we could and if we would,	
	Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,	
	Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,	
	That you know ought of me; this not to doe:	
	So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you:	1.5.180 (876)
	Sweare.	
Ghost.	Sweare.	

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Section 38 Second Quarto 1.5.149-181 (845-878)

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ghost. Sweare.

Hamlet. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there trupenny? 1.5.150 (846)
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Consent to sweare.

Horatio. Propose the oath my Lord.

Hamlet. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene
Sweare by my sword.

Ghost. Sweare.

Hamlet. *Hic, & vbique*, then weele shift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Sweare by my sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard. 1.5.160 (856)

Ghost. Sweare by his sword.

Hamlet. Well sayd olde Mole, can'st worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner, once more remooue good friends.

Horatio. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your philosophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe, 1.5.170 (866)
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you. 1.5.180 (876)

Ghost. Sweare.

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Section 38 First Quarto 1.5.149-181 (845-878)

Ghost.	Sweare.	
	The Gost vnder the stage.	
Hamlet.	Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the sellerige,	1.5.151 (846-7)
	Here consent to sweare.	
Horatio.	Propose the oth my Lord.	
	Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,	
	Sweare by my sword.	
Ghost.	Sweare.	
Hamlet.	*Hic & vbique*; nay then weele shift our ground:	
	Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes	
	Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake	1.5.160 (855-6)
	Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword.	
Ghost.	Sweare.	
Hamlet.	Well said old Mole, can'st worke in the earth?	
	So fast, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.	
Horatio.	Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.	
Hamlet.	And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,	
	There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,	
	Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,	
	But come here, as before you neuer shall	
	How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe,	1.5.170 (866)
	As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,	
	To put an Anticke disposition on,	
	That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall	
	With Armes, incombred thus, or this head shake,	
	Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrase,	
	As well well, wee know, or wee could and if we would,	
	Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:	
	Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,	
	This not to doe, so grace, and mercie	1.5.180 (875-6)
	At your most need helpe you, sweare	
Ghost.	sweare.	

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Section 39 First Folio 1.5.182-190 (879-887)

Hamlet. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you,
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh cursed spight,
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.* 1.5.190 (887)

Section 39 Second Quarto 1.5.182-190 (879-887)

Hamlet. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you,
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, ô cursed spight
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.* 1.5.190 (887)

Section 39 First Quarto 1.5.182-190 (879-887)

Hamlet. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so gentlemen,
In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* may,
To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
Nay come lett's go together,
But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spite,
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come lett's go together. *Exeunt.* 1.5.190 (887)

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Section 40 First Folio 2.1.1-27 (888-919)

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polonius.	Giue him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo.*	2.1.1 (890)
Reynoldo.	I will my lord.	
Polonius.	You shall doe maruels wisely: good *Reynoldo,*	
	Before you visite him you make inquiry	
	Of his behauiour.	
Reynoldo.	My Lord, I did intend it.	
Polonius.	Marry, well said;	
	Very well said. Looke you Sir,	
	Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;	
	And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:	
	What company, at what expence: and finding	
	By this encompassement and drift of question,	2.1.10 (901)
	That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer	
	Then your particular demands will touch it,	
	Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,	
	And thus I know his father and his friends,	
	And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo?*	
Reynoldo.	I, very well my Lord.	
Polonius.	And in part him, but you may say not well;	
	But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;	
	Addicted so and so; and there put on him	
	What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke,	2.1.20 (911)
	As may dishonour him; take heed of that:	
	But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,	
	As are Companions noted and most knowne	
	To youth and liberty.	
Reynoldo.	As gaming my Lord.	
Polonius.	I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,	
	Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.	
Reynoldo.	My Lord that would dishonour him.	

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Section 40 Second Quarto 2.1-27 (888-919)

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Polonius.	Giue him this money, and these notes *Reynaldo.*	2.1.1 (890)
Reynaldo.	I will my Lord.	
Polonius.	You shall doe meruiles wisely good *Reynaldo,*	
	Before you visite him, to make inquire	
	Of his behauiour.	
Reynaldo.	My Lord, I did intend it.	
Polonius.	Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,	
	Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,	
	And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,	
	What companie, at what expence, and finding	
	By this encompasment, and drift of question	2.1.10 (901)
	That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer	
	Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,	
	Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,	
	As thus, I know his father, and his friends,	
	And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?	
Reynaldo.	I, very well my Lord.	
Polonius.	And in part him, but you may say, not well,	
	But y'ft be he I meane, hee's very wilde,	
	Adicted so and so, and there put on him	
	What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck	2.1.20 (911)
	As may dishonour him, take heede of that,	
	But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,	
	As are companions noted and most knowne	
	To youth and libertie.	
Reynaldo.	As gaming my Lord.	
Polonius.	I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,	
	Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.	
Reynaldo.	My Lord, that would dishonour him.	

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Section 40 First Quarto 2.1.1-27 (888-919)

Enter Corambis, and Montano.

Corambis.	*Montano*, here, these letters to my sonne,	2.1.1 (890)
	And this same many with my blessing to him,	
	And bid him ply his learning good *Montano.*	
Montano.	I will my lord.	
Corambis.	You shall do very well *Montano*, to say thus,	
	I knew the gentleman, or know his father,	
	To inquire the manner of his life,	
	As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,	
	You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,	
	At game, or drincking, swearing, or drabbing,	2.1.25 (917)
	You may go so farre.	
Montano.	My lord, that will impeach his reputation.	

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Section 41 First Folio 2.1.28-51 (920-944)

Polonius. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie; 2.1.30 (922)
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A sauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.
Reynoldo. But my good Lord.
Polonius. Wherefore should you doe this?
Reynoldo. I my Lord, I would know that.
Polonius. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working: 2.2.40 (933)
Marke you your party in converse; him you would sound,
Hauing euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence:
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of man and Country.
Reynoldo. Very good my Lord.
Polonius. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to say?
I was about to say somthing: where did I leaue? 2.2.50 (944)

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Section 41 Second Quarto 2.1.28-51 (920-944)

Polonius. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandell on him,
That he is open to incontinencie, 2.1.30 (922)
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclamed blood,
Of generall assault.
Reynaldo. But my good Lord.
Polonius. Wherefore should you doe this?
Reynaldo. I my Lord, I would know that.
Polonius. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these slight sallies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soyld with working, 2.1.40 (933)
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound
Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, 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.
Reynaldo. Very good my Lord.
Polonius. And then sir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say something, 2.1.50 (944)
Where did I leaue?

Section 41 First Quarto 2.1.28-51 (920-944)

Corambis. I faith not a whit, no not a whit,
Now happely hee closeth with you in the consequence,
As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.
What was I about to say,

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Section 42 First Folio 2.1.51-71 (945-969)

Reynoldo. At closes in the consequence:
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.
Polonius. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of saile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;
Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth; 2.1.60 (955)
And thus doe we of wisedome and of reach
With windlesses, and with assaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Reynoldo. My Lord I haue.
Polonius. God buy you; fare you well.
Reynoldo. Good my Lord.
Polonius. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.
Reynoldo. I shall my Lord.
Polonius. And let him plye his Musicke. 2.1.70 (966)
Reynoldo. Well, my lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polonius. Farewell:

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Section 42 Second Quarto 2.1.51-71 (945-969)

Reynaldo. At closes in the consequence.
Polonius. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell or so foorth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth, 2.1.60 (955)
And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,
With windlesses, and with assaies of bias,
By indirections find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise
Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Reynaldo. My Lord, I haue.
Polonius. God buy ye, far ye well.
Reynaldo. Good my Lord.
Polonius. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.
Reynaldo. I shall my Lord.
Polonius. And let him ply his musique. 2.1.70 (966)
Reynaldo. Well my Lord. *Exit Reynaldo.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polonius. Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

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Section 42 First Quarto 2.1.51-71 (945-969)

Montano. He closeth with him in the consequence. 2.1.51 (945)
Corambis. I, you say right, he closeth with him thus,
This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,
Mary this, I saw him yesterday, or tother day,
Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,
Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell,
Thus sir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
By indirections, finde directions forth, 2.1.63 (958)
And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?
Montano. I haue my lord.
Corambis. Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.
Montano. I will my lord.
Corambis. And bid him ply his musicke 2.1.70 (966)
Montano. My lord I wil. *exit.*

Enter. Ofelia.

Corambis. Farewel, how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?

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Section 43 First Folio 2.1.71-83 (968-982)

Enter Ophelia.

Polonius. Farewell:
How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Ophelia. Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.
Polonius. With what, in the name of Heauen?
Ophelia. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pitious in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell, 2.1.80 (979)
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.
Polonius. Mad for thy Loue?
Ophelia. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.

Section 43 Second Quarto 2.1.71-83 (968-982)

Enter Ophelia.

Polonius. Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?
Ophelia. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,
Polonius. With what i'th name of God?
Ophelia. My Lord, as I was sowing in my closset,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stocking fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell 2.1.80 (979)
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.
Polonius. Mad for thy loue?
Ophelia. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

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Section 43 & 44 First Quarto 2.1.71-104 (968-1004)

Enter, Ofelia.

Corambis. Farewel, how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?
Ofelia. O my deare father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.
Corambis. Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*? 2.1.71 (970)
Ofelia. O yong Prince *Hamlet*, the only floure of *Denmark*,
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Iewell that ador'nd his feature most
Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee, with a distracted looke,
His garters lagging downe, his shooes vntide, 2.1.77 (976)
And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest obiect.
Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrist,
And there he holdes my pulse till with a sigh
He doth vnclaspe his holde, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,
He seemed to finde the way without his eies: 2.1.95 (995)
For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And so did leaue me.
Corambis. Madde for thy loue,
What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late?

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Section 44 First Folio 2.1.83-104 (983-1004)

Polonius. What said he?
Ophelia. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to such perusall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe; 2.1.90 (990)
He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the last, bended their light on me.
Polonius. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of Loue,
Whose violent property foredoes it selfe, 2.1.100 (1000)
And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

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Section 44 Second Quarto 2.1.83-104 (983-1004)

Polonius. What said he?
Ophelia. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it, long stayd he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe, 2.1.90 (990)
He raisd a sigh so pittious and profound
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulder turn'd
Hee seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.
Polonius. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extacie of loue,
Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe, 2.1.100 (1000)
And leades the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any passions vnder heauen
That dooes afflict our natures: I am sorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

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Section 45 First Folio 2.1.105-117 (1005-1017)

Ophelia. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His accesse to me.
Polonius. That hath made him mad.
I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my iealousie: 2.1.110 (1011)
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger sort
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
This must be knowne, w^c^ being kept close might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

Section 45 Second Quarto 2.1.105-117 (1005-1017)

Ophelia. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters, and denied
His accesse to me.
Polonius. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but beshrow my Ielousie: 2.1.110 (1011)
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

Section 45 First Quarto 2.1.105-117 (1005-1017)

Ofelia. I did repell his letters, deny his gifts, 2.1.106 (1006)
As you did charge me.
Corambis. Why that hath made him madde:
By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast
Beyond our selues, as t'is for the yonger sort
To leaue their wantonnesse. Well, I am sory
That I was so rash: but what remedy?
Lets to the King, this madnesse may prooue, 2.1.114 (1015)
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exeunt.*

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Section 46 First Folio 2.2.1-26 (1018-1045)

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne Cum alijs.

King. Welcome deere *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne*. 2.2.1 (1021)
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke
Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both, 2.2.10 (1030)
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest heere 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 gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.
Queene. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing, 2.2.20 (1039)
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs so much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receiue such thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.

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Section 46 Second Quarto 2.2.1-26 (1018-1045)

Florish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere *Rosencraus*, and *Guyldensterne*, 2.2.1 (1021)
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both 2.2.10 (1030)
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,
That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lyes within our remedie.
Queene. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there is not liuing 2.2.20 (1039)
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Section 46 First Quarto 2.2.1-26 (1018-1045)

Enter King and Queene, Rossencraft, and Gilderstone.

King. Right noble friends, that our deere cosin Hamlet 2.2.1 (1021)
Hath lost the very heart of all his sence,
It is most right, and we most very for him:
Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender
Our care to him, and our great loue to you,
That you will labour but to wring from him
The cause and ground of his distemperancie.
Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* shal be thankefull.

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Section 47 First Folio 2.2.26-39 (1046-1062)

Rosincrance. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs.
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.
Guilensterne. We both obey,
And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent, 2.2.30 (1051)
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.
King. Thankes *Rosincrance*, and gentle *Guildensterne*.
Queene. Thankes *Guildensterne* and gentle *Rosincrance*.
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go some of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guilensterne. Heauens make our presence and our practises
Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*
Queene. Amen.

Section 47 Second Quarto 2.2.26-39 (1046-1062)

Rosencrause. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.
Guyldensterne. But we both obey.
And heere giue vp our selues in the full bent, 2.2.30 (1051)
To lay our seruice freely at your feete
To be commaunded.
King. Thanks *Rosencraus*, and gentle *Guyldensterne.*
Queene. Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and *gentle Rosencraus.*
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guyldensterne. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.
Queene. I Amen. *Exeunt Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.*

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Section 47 First Quarto 2.2.26-39 (1046-1062)

Rossencraft.	My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power	
	Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes	2.2.28 (1048)
	Then vse perswasions to your liege men, bound	
	By loue, by duetie, and obedience.	
Gilderstone.	What we may doe for both your Maiesties	
	To know the griefe troubles the Prince your sonne,	
	We will indeuour all the best we may,	
	So in all duetie doe we take our leaue.	
King.	Thankes Guilderstone, and gentle Rossencraft.	
Queene.	Thankes Rossencraft, and gentle Gilderstone.	2.2.34 (1055)

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Section 48 First Folio 2.2.40-57 (1063-1081)

Enter Polonius.

Polonius.	Th'Ambassadors from Norwey, my good Lord,	2.2.40 (1064)
	Are ioyfully return'd.	
King.	Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.	
Polonius.	Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,	
	I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,	
	Both to my God, one to my gracious King:	
	And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine	
	Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure	
	As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found	
	The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.	
King.	Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.	2.2.50 (1074)
Polonius.	Giue first admittance to th'Ambassadors,	
	My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.	
King.	Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.	
	He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found	
	The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.	
Queene.	I doubt it is no other, but the maine,	
	His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.	

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Section 48 Second Quarto 2.2.40-57 (1063-1081)

Enter Polonius.

Polonius. Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord, 2.2.40 (1064)
Are ioyfully returnd.
King. Thou still hast been the father of good newes.
Polonius. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my dutie as I hold my soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vsd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie.
King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare. 2.2.50 (1074)
Polonius. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.
King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.
He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he bath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.
Queene. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Section 48 First Quarto 2.2.40-57 (1063-1081)

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.

Corambis. My Lord, the Ambassadors are joyfully
Return'd from *Norway.*
King. Thou still hast beene the father of good news.
Corambis. Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace,
I holde my duetie as I holde my life,
Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King: 2.2.45 (1069)
And I beleeue, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traine of policie so well
As it had wont to doe, but I haue found
The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.
Queene. God graunt he hath.

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Section 49 First Folio 2.2.58-85 (1082-1111)

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Frends:
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norwey?
Voltemand. Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires. 2.2.60 (1085)
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,]
That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norwey: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more 2.2.70 (1095)
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie.
Whereon old Norwey, ouercome with joy,
Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers
So leuied as before, against the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe. 2.2.80 (1105)
King. It likes vs well:
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.
Most welcome home. *Exit Ambassadors.*

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Section 49 Second Quarto 2.2.58-85 (1082-1111)

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Voltemand. Most faire returne of greetings and desires; 2.2.60 (1085)
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat greeu'd
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more 2.2.70 (1095)
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with joy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commission to imploy those souldiers
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreatie heerein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe. 2.2.80 (1105)
King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night weele feast together,
Most welcome home. *Exeunt Embassadors.*

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Section 49 First Quarto 2.2.58-85 (1082-1111)

Enter the Ambassadors.

King. Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway*?
Voltemar. Most faire returnee of greetings and desires,
Vpon our first he sent forth to suppresse
His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
But better look't into, he truely found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieued,
That so his sickenesse, age, and impotence,
Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obays,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine,
Makes vow before his vncle, neuer more
To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,
Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with joy,
Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commission to employ those souldiers,
So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it would please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions, for that enterprise
On such regardes of safety and allowances
As therein are set downe.
King. It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure
Weele reade and answere these his Articles,
Meane time we thanke you for your well
Tooke labour: go to your rest, at night weele feast togither:
Right welcome home. *exeunt Ambassadors.*

2.2.60 (1085)
2.2.70 (1095)
2.2.80 (1105)

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Section 50 First Folio 2.2.85-108 (1112-1135)

Polonius. This businesse is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit, 2.2.90 (1117)
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.
Queene. More matter, with lesse Art.
Polonius. Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.
Mad let vs grant him then: and now remaines 2.2.100 (1128)
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cause,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: haue, whil'st she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.

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Section 50 Second Quarto 2.2.85-108 (1112-1135)

Polonius. This busines is well ended.
My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit, 2.2.90 (1117)
And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,
I will be briefe, your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What ist but to be nothing els but mad,
But let that goe.
Queene. More matter with lesse art.
Polonius. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,
And pitty tis tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vse no art,
Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines 2.2.100 (1128)
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,

Section 50 First Quarto 2.2.85-108 (1112-1135)

Corambis. This busines is very well dispatched.
Now my Lord, touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then: 2.2.100 (1128)
Now to know the cause of this effect,
Or else to say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause.
Queene. Good my Lord be briefe.
Corambis. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter, 2.2.106 (1133)
Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
Is surest, we often loose: now to the Prince.
My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience
Deliuer'd to my handes.
King. Reade it my Lord.
Corambis. Marke my Lord.

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Section 51 First Folio 2.2.110-130 (1136-1159)

The Letter.

[*Polonius.*] *To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified 0-*
phelia. 2.2.110 (1138)
That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white bosome, these.

Queene. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Polonius. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.
Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
But never Doubt, I loue. 2.2.119 (1147)
O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best be-leeue it. Adieu.

Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this
Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
And more aboue hath his soliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?

Polonius. What do you thinke of me?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable. 2.2.130 (1159)

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Section 51 Second Quarto 2.2.110-130 (1136-1159)

[*Polonius.*] *To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll, the most beautiffed* Ophelia, *tha"s an ill phrase, a vile phrase,* 2.2.110 (1138)
beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in her excellent white bosome, these &c.
Queene. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
Polonius. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the starres are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue. 2.2.119 (1147)
O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to recken my grones, but that I loue thee best, ô most best believe it, adew.
Thine evermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him. *Hamlet.*
Polonius. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me,
And more about hath his solicitings
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?
Polonius. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honorable. 2.2.130 (1159)

Section 51 First Quarto 2.2.110-130 (1136-1159)

[*Corambis.*] Doubt that in earth is fire, 2.2.116 (1144)
Doubt that the starres doe moue,
Doubt trueth to be a liar,
But doe not doubt I loue.
To the beautifull *Ofelia*:
Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince *Hamlet.*
My Lord, what doe you thinke of me? 2.2.129 (1158)
I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?
King. As of a true friend and a most louing subject.

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Section 52 First Folio 2.2.131-151 (1160-1180)

Polonius. I wold faine proue so. But what might you think?
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceived it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, think,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake 2.2.140 (1169)
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens:
Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,
And he repulsed A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues, 2.2.150 (1179)
And all we waile for.

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Section 52 Second Quarto 2.2.131-151 (1160-1180)

Polonius. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake, 2.2.140 (1169)
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,
This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from her resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens,
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:
And he repelled, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madnes wherein now he raues, 2.2.150 (1179)
And all we mourne for.

Section 52 First Quarto 2.2.131-151 (1160-1180)

Corambis. I would be glad to prooue so.
Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre, 2.2.141 (1170)
And one that is vnequall for your loue:
Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe.
Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.
Now since which time, seeing his loue thus cross'd,
Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,
He straitway grew into a melancholy,
From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,
Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,
And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine
Into this frensie, which now possesseth him:
And if this be not true, take this from this.

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Section 53 First Folio 2.2.151-167 (1181-1202)

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?
Queene. It may be very likely.
Polonius. Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,
That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Polonius. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Polonius. You know sometimes 2.2.160 (1192)
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.
Queene. So he ha's indeed.
Polonius. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.
King. We will try it.

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Section 53 Second Quarto 2.2.151-167 (1181-1202)

King. Doe you thinke this?
Queene. It may be very like.
Polonius. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positively said, tis so,
When it proou'd otherwise?
King. Not that I know.
Polonius. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Polonius. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together 2.2.160 (1192)
Heere in the Lobby.
Queene. So he dooes indeede.
Polonius. At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.
King. We will try it.

Section 53 First Quarto 2.2.151-167 (1181-1201)

King. Thinke you t'is so? 2.2.151 (1181)
Corambis. How? so my Lord, I would very faine know
That thing that I haue saide t'is so, positiuely,
And it hath fallen out otherwise.
Nay, if circumstances leade me on,
Ile finde it out, if it were hid
As deepe as the centre of the earth.
King. how should wee trie this same? 2.2.159 (1191)
Corambis. Mary my good lord thus,
The Princes walke is here in the galery,
There let *Ofelia*, walke vntill hee comes:
Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,
There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,
And if it proue any otherwise then loue,
Then let my censure faile an other time.

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Section 54 First Quarto 2.2.168-82 (1204, 1709-1737)

King. see where hee comes poring vppon a booke. 2.2.168 (1204)

Enter Hamlet.

Corambis. Madame, will it please your grace
To leaue vs here?
Queene. With all my hart. *exit.*
Corambis. And here *Ofelia*, reade you on this booke, 3.1.42 (1694)
And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnseene.
Hamlet. To be, or not to be, I there's the point, 3.1.55 (1710)
To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an everlasting Iudge,
From whence no passenger euer retur'nd,
The vndiscouered country, at whose sight
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.
But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,
Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world, 3.1.69 (1724)
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curssed of the poore?
The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life, 3.1.76 (1731)
When that he may his full *Quietus* make,
With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which pusles the braine, and doth confound the sence,
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue, 3.1.80 (1735)
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,

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Section 55 First Quarto 3.1.88-100 (1743-1756)

[*Hamlet.*] Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembred.
Ofelia. My Lord, I haue sought opportunitie, which now
I haue, to redeliver to your worthy handes, a small remembrance, such tokens which I haue received of you.
Hamlet. Are you faire? 3.1.104 (1760)
Ofelia. My Lord.
Hamlet. Are you honest?
Ofelia. What meanes my Lord?
Hamlet. That if you be faire and honest,
Your beauty should admit no discourse to your honesty.
Ofelia. My Lord, can beauty haue better priuiledge than
with honesty?
Hamlet. Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme
Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:
Then Honesty can transforme Beauty: 3.1.112 (1768)
This was sometimes a Paradox,
But now the time giues it scope.
I neuer gaue you nothing.
Ofelia. My Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them such earnest vowes of loue,
As would haue moou'd the stoniest breast aliue,
But now too true I finde,
Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.

Section 56 First Quarto 3.1.114-129 (1770-1785)

Hamlet. I neuer loued you.
Ofelia. You made me beleeue you did.
Hamlet. O thou shouldst not a beleeued me!
Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou 3.1.120 (1776)
Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes
It had beene better my mother had ne're borne me,
O I am very prowde, ambitious, disdainefull,
With more sinnes at my becke, then I haue thoughts
To put them in, what should such fellowes as I
Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
Beleeue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.
Ofelia. O heauens secure him!

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Section 57 First Quarto 3.1.129-149 (1785-1805)

Hamlet. Wher's thy father?
Ofelia. At home my lord. 3.1.130 (1786)
Hamlet. For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him,
He may play the foole no where but in his
Owne house: to a Nunnery goe.
Ofelia. Help him good God.
Hamlet. If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee
This plague to thy dowry:
Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.
Ofelia. Alas, what change is this?
Hamlet. But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,
For wisemen know well enough,
What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.
Ofelia. Pray God restore him. 3.1.141 (1797)
Hamlet. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
God bath giuen you one face,
And you make your selues another,
You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
Making your wantonnesse, your ignorance,
A pox, t'is scuruy, Ile no more of it,
It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages,
All that are married but one, shall liue,
The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,
To a Nunnery goe. *exit.* 3.1.149 (1804)

Section 58 First Quarto 3.1.150-161 (1806-1817)

Ofelia. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?
The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,
All dasht and splinterd thence, O woe is me, 3.1.160 (1816)
To a seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *exit.*

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Section 59 First Quarto 3.1.162, 2.2.173 (1818-1819, 1206, 1210)

Enter King and Corambis.

King. Loue? No, no, that's not the cause,
Some deeper thing it is that troubles him.
Corambis. Wel, something it is: my Lord, content you a while,
I will my selfe goe feele him: let me worke,
Ile try him euery way: see where he comes,
Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone
To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. *exit King.*

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Section 60 First Folio 2.2.168-195 (1203-1233)

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Queene. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.
Polonius. Away I do beseech you, both away,
Ile boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.* 2.2.170 (1207)
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?
Hamlet. Well, God-a-mercy.
Polonius. Do you know me, my Lord?
Hamlet. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.
Polonius. Not I my Lord.
Hamlet. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Polonius. Honest, my Lord?
Hamlet. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
one man pick'd out of two thousand.
Polonius. That's very true, my Lord. 2.2.180 (1217)
Hamlet. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion——
Haue you a daughter?
Polonius. I haue my Lord.
Hamlet. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne: Conception is a
blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend
looke too't.
Polonius. How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh-
ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-
ger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,
I suffred much extreamity for loue: very neere this. Ile 2.2.190 (1228)
speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?
Hamlet. Words, words, words.
Polonius. What is the matter, my Lord?
Hamlet. Betweene who?
Polonius. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

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Section 60 Second Quarto 2.2.168-195 (1203-1233)

Enter Hamlet.

Queene. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.
Polonius. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue, 2.2.170 (1207)
How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet*?
Hamlet. Well, God a mercy.
Polonius. Doe you knowe me my Lord?
Hamlet. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.
Polonius. Not I my Lord.
Hamlet. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Polonius. Honest my Lord.
Hamlet. I sir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.
Polonius. That's very true my Lord. 2.2.180 (1217)
Hamlet. For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?
Polonius. I haue my Lord.
Hamlet. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing,
But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.
Polonius. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my Lord.
Hamlet. Words, words, words. 2.2.192 (1230)
Polonius. What is the matter my Lord.
Hamlet. Betweene who.
Polonius. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.

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Section 60 First Quarto 2.2.171-195 (1208-1233)

Enter Hamlet.

[*Corambis.*]	Now my good Lord, do you know me?	2.2.173 (1210)
Hamlet.	Yea very well, y'are a fishmonger.	
Corambis.	Not I my Lord.	
Hamlet.	Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,	
	For to be honest, as this age goes,	
	Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.	
Cormbis.	What doe you reade my Lord?	2.2.191 (1229)
Hamlet.	Wordes, wordes.	
Corambis.	What's the matter my Lord?	
Hamlet.	Betweene who?	
Corambis.	I meane the matter you reade my Lord.	

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Section 61 First Folio 2.2.196-204 (1234-1242)

Hamlet. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slaue saies here,
that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit,
together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I 2.2.200 (1238)
most powerfully, and potently beleeue; yet I holde it
not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For you your
selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could
go backward.

Section 61 Second Quarto 2.2.196-204 (1234-1242)

Hamlet. Slaunders sir; for the satericall rogue sayes heere, that old
men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes
purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir
though I most powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not
honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall growe old
as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.

Section 61 First Quarto 2.2.196-204 (1234-1242)

Hamlet. Mary most vile heresie:
For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,
That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,
Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges,
All which sir, I most potently beleeue not:
For sir, your selfe shal be olde as I am,
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backeward. 2.2.203 (1241)

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Section 62 First Folio 2.2.205-221 (1243-1266)

Polonius. Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?
Hamlet. Into my Graue?
Polonius. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on, 2.2.210 (1250)
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.
I will leaue him,
And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leaue of you.
Hamlet. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.
Polonius. Fare you well my Lord.
Hamlet. These tedious old fooles.
Polonius. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there hee is. 2.2.220 (1263)

Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne.

Rosencraus. God saue you sir.

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Section 62 Second Quarto 2.2.205-221 (1243-1266)

Polonius. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?
Hamlet. Into my graue.
Poloius. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.
Hamlet. You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Enter Guyldersterne, and Rosencraus.

Polonius. Fare you well my Lord.
Hamlet. These tedious old fooles.
Polonius. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is. 2.2.220 (1263)
Rosencraus. God saue you sir.

Section 62 First Quarto 2.2.205-220 (1243-1264)

Corambis. How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:
Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger.
All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue,
And when I was yong, I was very idle,
And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:
Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?
Hamlet. Into my graue.
Corambis. By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,
Very shrewd answers,
My lord I will take my leaue of you. 2.2.213 (1256)

Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.

Hamlet. You can take nothing from me sir,
I will more willingly part with all,
Olde doating foole.
Corambis. You seeke Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. *exit.* 2.2.220 (1263-4)

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Section 63 First Folio 2.2.222-239 (1267-1285)

Guildensterne. Mine honour'd Lord? 2.2.222 (1267)
Rosincrance. My most deare Lord?
Hamlet. My excellent good friends? How do'st thou *Guildensterne*? Oh, *Rosincrane*; good Lads: How doe ye both?
Rosincrance. As the indifferent Children of the earth.
Guildensterne. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.
Hamlet. Nor the Soales of her Shoo? 2.2.230 (1275)
Rosincrance. Neither my Lord.
Hamlet. Then you liue about her waste, or in the middle of her fauour?
Guilensterne. Faith, her priuates, we.
Hamlet. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?
Rosincrance. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honest.
Hamlet. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue

Section 63 Second Quarto 2.2.222-239 (1267-1285)

Polonius. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is. 2.2.222 (1267)
Rosencraus. God saue you sir.
Guyldersterne. My honor'd Lord.
Rosencraus. My most deere Lord.
Hamlet. My extent good friends, how doost thou *Guyldersterne*? A *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?
Rosencraus. As the indifferent children of the earth.
Guyldersterne. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.
Hamlet. Nor the soles of her shooe. 2.2.230 (1275)
Rosencraus. Neither my Lord.
Hamlet. Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fauors.
Guyldersterne. Faith her priuates we.
Hamlet. In the secret parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet, What newes?
Rosencraus. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.
Hamlet. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true;

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Section 63 & 64 & 65 & 66 First Quarto 2.2.222-310 (1267-1357)

Gilderstone. Health to your Lordship. 2.2.222 (1267)
Hamlet. What, Gilderstone, and Rossencraft,
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elsanoure.*
Gilderstone. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at *Wittenberg.*
Hamlet. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of 2.2.275 (1322)
Your selues, or were you not sent for?
Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.
Gilderstone. What say you? 2.2.289 (1336)
Hamlet. Nay then I see how the winde sits,
Come, you were sent for.
Rossencraft. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.
Hamlet. Why I want preferment.
Rossencraft. I thinke not so my lord.
Hamlet. Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh. 2.2.313 (1360)

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Section 64 First Folio 2.2.239-269 (1285-1316)

[*Hamlet.*] not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither? 2.2.240 (1286)

Guilensterne. Prison, my Lord?

Hamlet. Denmark's a Prison.

Rosincance. Then is the World one.

Hamlet. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worst.

Rosincrance. We thinke not so my Lord.

Hamlet. 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. 2.2.250 (1295)

Rosincrance. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Hamlet. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guilensterne. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meerely the shadow of a Dreame.

Hamlet. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow. 2.2.260 (1306)

Rosincrance. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.

Hamlet. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th'Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?

Both. Wee'l wait vpon you.

Hamlet. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten

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Section 65 First Folio 2.2.269-292 (1316-1339)

[*Hamlet.*] man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten
way of friendship, What make you at *Elsonower*? 2.2.270 (1317)
Rosincrance. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion
Hamlet. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes;
but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks
are too deare a halfepeny; were you not sent for? Is it
your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,
deale justly with me: come, come; nay speake.
Guildensterne. What should we say my Lord?
Hamlet. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were
sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes;
which your modesties haue not craft enough to co- 2.2.280 (1327)
lor, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you.
Rosincrance. To what end my Lord?
Hamlet. That you must teach me: but let mee coniure
you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of
our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preserued loue,
and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge
you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you
were sent for or no.
Rosincrance. What say you?
Hamlet. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me 2.2.290 (1337)
hold not off.
Guildensterne. My Lord, we were sent for.

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Section 65 Second Quarto 2.2.269-292 (1316-1339)

[*Hamlet.*] But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsonoure*?
Rosencraus. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.
Hamlet. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale justly with me, come, come, nay speake.
Guyldersterne. What should we say my Lord?
Hamlet. Any thing but to'th purpose: you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.
Rosencraus. To what end my Lord?
Hamlet. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.
Rosencraus. What say you. 2.2.2890 (1336)
Hamlet. Nay then I haue an eye of you? if you loue me hold not of.
Guyldersterne. My Lord we were sent for.

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Section 66 First Folio 2.2.293-310 (1340-1357)

Hamlet. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation
preuent your discovery of your secricie to the King and
Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore
I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of ex-
ercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my disposi-
tion; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a ster-
rill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre, 2.2.300 (1346)
look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe,
fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing
to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of va-
pours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in
Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing
how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an An-
gel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the
world, the Parragon 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 seeme 2.2.310 (1356)
to say so.

Section 66 Second Quarto 2.2.293-310 (1340-1357)

Hamlet. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your
discovery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no fea-
ther, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth,
forgon all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heavily with
my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a
sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke
you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiesticall roofe fret-
ted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule
and pestilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a
man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and
moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an An-
gell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the
paragon of Annimales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of
dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your
smilling, you seeme to say so. 2.2.310 (1356)

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Section 67 First Folio 2.2.311-337 (1358-1384)

Rosincrance. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.
Hamlet. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights not me?
Rosincrance. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.
Hamlet. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the adventurous Knight shal vse his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall not sigh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled a'th'sere: and the Lady shall say her minde freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players are they? 2.2.320 (1367)
Rosincrance. Euen those you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.
Hamlet. How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation and profit was better both waues. 2.2.330 (1377)
Rosincrance. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?
Hamlet. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?
Rosincrance. No indeed, they are not.
Hamlet. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

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Section 67 Second Quarto 2.2.311-336 (1358-1384)

Rosencraus. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.
Hamlet. Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.
Rosencraus. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we coted them on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you seruice.
Hamlet. He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maiestie shal haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and target, the Louer shall not sigh gratis, the humerus Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her minde freely: or the black verse shall hault for't. What players are they?
Rosencraus. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citty.
Hamlet. How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in repu- 2.2.330 (1376)
tation, and profit was better both wayes.
Rosencraus. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouasion.
Hamlet. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citty; are they so followed.
Rosencraus. No indeede are they not.

Section 67 First Quarto 2.2.311-337 (1358-1384)

Gilderstone. My lord, we laugh not at that.
Hamlet. Why did you laugh then,
When I said, Man did not content mee?
Gilderstone. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not content you.
What entertainement the Players shall haue,
We boorded them a the way: they are comming to you.
Hamlet. Players, what Players be they?
Rossencraft. My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty, 2.2.328 (1375)
Those that you tooke delight to see so often.
Hamlet. How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow restie?

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Section 68 First Folio 2.2.338-362 (1385-1408)

Rosincrance. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted
pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little
Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and 2.2.340 (1387)
are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the
fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they
call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of
Goose-quils, and dare scarse come thither.
Hamlet. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em?
How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no
longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards
if they should grow themselues to common Players (as
it is like most if their meanes are not better) their Wri- 2.2.350 (1396)
ters do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their
owne Succession.
Rosincrance. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides:
and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Con-
trouersie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argu-
ment, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in
the Question.
Hamlet. Is't possible?
Guildensterne. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of
Braines.
Hamlet. Do the Boyes carry it away? 2.2.360 (1407)
Rosincrance. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

Section 68 First Quarto 2.2.338-362 (1385-1408)

Gilderstone. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.
Hamlet. How then?
Gilderstone. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,
For the principall publike audience that
Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,
And to the humour of children.

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Section 69 First Folio 2.2.363-379 (1409-1426)

Hamlet. It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guildensterne. There are the Players.

Hamlet. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd. 2.2.370 (1417)

Guilensteren. In what my deere Lord?

Hamlet. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Section 69 Second Quarto 2.2.363-379 (1409-1426)

Hamlet. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred dockets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is somthing in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out. *A Florish.*

Guyldersterne. There are the players.

Hamlet. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you must showe fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyldersterne. In what my deare Lord.

Hamlet. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand saw.

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Section 69 First Quarto 2.2.363-379 (1409-1426)

Hamlet. I doe not greatly wonder of it,
For those that would make mops and moes 2.2.364 (1410)
At my vncle, when my father liued,
Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds
For his picture: but they shall be welcome,
He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me, 2.2.320 (1367)
The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target,
The louer shall sigh gratis,
The clowne shall make them laugh
That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt for't,
And the Lady shall haue leaue to speake her minde freely.

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Section 70 First Folio 2.2.380-420 (1427-1465)

Enter Polonius.

Polonius.	Well be with you Gentlemen.	2.2.380 (1428)
Hamlet.	Hearke you *Guildensterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.	
Rosincrance.	Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.	
Hamlet.	I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.	
Polonius.	My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.	
Hamlet.	My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you. When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome—	2.2.390 (1438)
Polonius.	The Actors are come hither my Lord.	
Hamlet.	Buzze, buzze.	
Polonius.	Vpon mine Honor.	
Hamlet.	Then can each Actor on his Asse——	
Polonius.	The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.	2.2.400 (1448)
Hamlet.	O *Iephta* Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?	
Polonius.	What a Treasure had he, my Lord?	
Hamlet.	Why one faire Daughter, and no more, The which he loued passing well.	
Polonius.	Still on my Daughter.	
Hamlet.	Am I not i'th'right old *Iephta*?	2.2.410 (1457)
Polonius.	If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.	
Hamlet.	Nay that followes not.	
Polonius.	What followes then, my Lord?	
Hamlet.	Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.	2.2.420 (1464)

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Section 70 Second Quarto 2.2.380-420 (1427-1465)

Enter Polonius.

Polonius. Well be with you Gentlemen. 2.2.380 (1428)
Hamlet. Harke you *Guyldensterne*, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swadling clouts.
Rosencraus. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.
Hamlet. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You say right sir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.
Polonius. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.
Hamlet. My Lord I haue newes to let you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.
Polonius. The Actors are come hether my Lord.
Hamlet. Buz, buz.
Polonius. Vppon my honor.
Hamlet. Then came each Actor on his Asse.
Polonius. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comicall, Historicall Pastorall, scene indeuidible, or Poem unlimited, *Sceneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.
Hamlet. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure had'st thou?
Polonius. What a treasure had he my Lord?
Hamlet. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued passing well.
Polonius. Still on my daughter.
Hamlet. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*? 2.2.410 (1457)
Polonius. If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.
Hamlet. Nay that followes not.
Polonius. What followes then my Lord?
Hamlet. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will showe you more, for looke where my abridgment comes. 2.2.420 (1464)

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Section 70 First Quarto 2.2.380-420 (1427-1465)

The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.

[*Hamlet.*]	Do you see yonder great baby?	2.2.382 (1430)
	He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.	
Gilderstone.	That may be, for they say an olde man	
	Is twice a childe.	
Hamlet.	Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the Players,	
	You say true, a monday last, t'was so indeede.	
Corambis.	My lord, I haue news to tell you.	
Hamlet.	My Lord, I haue newes to tell you:	2.2.390 (1438)
	When *Rossios* was an Actor in *Rome.*	
Corambis.	The Actors are come hither, my lord.	
Hamlet.	Buz, buz.	
Corambis.	The best Actors in Christendome,	
	Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,	
	Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comicall,	
	Comicall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:	
	Seneca cannot be too heauy, nor *Plato* too light:	2.2.400 (1448)
	For the law hath writ those are the onely men.	
Hamlet.	O *Iepha* Iudge of *Israel*! what a treasure hadst thou?	
Corambis.	Why what a treasure had he my lord?	
Hamlet.	Why one faire daughter, and no more,	
	The which he loued passing well.	
Corambis.	A, stil harping a my daughter! well my Lord,	2.2.409 (1456)
	If you call me *Iepha*, I hane a daughter that	
	I loue passing well.	
Hamlet.	Nay that followes not.	
Corambis.	What followes then my Lord?	
Hamlet.	Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,	
	And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet	
	Wil let you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:	

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Section 71 First Folio 2.2.421-433 (1466-1478)

Enter foure or fiue Players.

[*Hamlet.*] Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast of your quality: come, a passionate speech. 2.2.430 (1475)

1. Player. What speech, my Lord?

Section 71 Second Quarto 2.2.421-433 (1466-1478)

Enter the Players.

[*Hamlet.*] You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanct since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? what my young Lady and mistris, by lady your Ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see, weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a tast of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

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Section 71 First Quarto 2.2.421-433 (1466-1478)

Enter players.

[*Hamlet.*] Welcome maisters, welcome all,
What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Denmarke*?
My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your
Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than you were:
Pray God sir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant
Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
Weele euen too't, like French Falconers, 2.2.430 (1475)
Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Quallitie, a speech, a passionate speech.
Players. What speech my good lord?

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Section 72 First Folio 2.2.434-467 (1479-1508)

Hamlet. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was
neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I
remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cauiarie* to the
Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose
iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an
excellent Play; well digested in the Scœnes, set downe 2.2.440 (1484)
with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said,
there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sa-
uoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the
Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One
cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale
to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks
of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at
this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like 2.2.450 (1492)
th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus*
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
Bak'd and impacted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light 2.2.460 (1502)
To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandsire *Priam* seekes.

Polonius. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good ac-
cent, and good discretion.

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Section 72 Second Quarto 2.2.434-467 (1479-1508)

Hamlet. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted,
or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleasd not
the million, t'was cauiary to the generall, but it was as I receaued
it & others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top
of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe
with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one sayd there
were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no
matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection,
but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very
much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefely loued,
t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he
speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at
this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pirhus* like Th'ircanian
beast, tis not so, it beginnes with *Pirrhus*, the rugged *Pirrhus*, he whose
sable Armes,
Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in th'omynous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and empasted with the parching streetes
That lend a tirranus and a damned light 2.2.460 (1502)
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Phirrhus*
Old grandsire *Priam* seekes; so proceede you.

Polonius. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

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Section 72 First Quarto 2.2.434-467 (1479-1508)

Hamlet. I heard thee speake a speech once,
But it was neuer acted: or if it were,
Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar, it was cauiary
To the million: but to me
And others, that received it in the like kinde,
Cried in the toppe of their iudgements, an excellent play,
Set downe with as great modestie as cunning: 2.2.440 (1484)
One said there was no sallets in the lines to make thē sauory,
But called it an honest methode, as wholesome as sweete.
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was *Æneas* tale to *Dido*,
And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,
If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me see.
The rugged *Pyrrus*, like th'arganian beast: 2.2.450 (1492)
No t'is not so, it begins with *Pirrus*:
O I haue it.
The rugged *Pirrus*, he whose sable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered
With Heraldry more dismall, head to foote,
Now is he totall guise, horridely tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore, 2.2.459 (1501)
Rifted in earth and fire, olde graandsire *Pryam* seekes:
So goe on.

Corambis. Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good accent.

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Section 73 First Folio 2.2.468-501 (1509-1541)

I Player. Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles 2.2.470 (1511)
Repugnant to command: vnequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th'Ayre to sticke:
So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood, 2.2.480 (1521)
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
Arowsed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne, 2.2.490 (1530)
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falles on *Priam.*
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.
Polonius. This is too long.
Hamlet. It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Pry-
thee say on: He's for a ligge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee 2.2.500 (1540)
sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba.*

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Section 73 Second Quarto 2.2.468-501 (1509-1541)

Player. anon he finds him,
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals, 2.2.470 (1511)
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father fals:
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner Pirrhus eare, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* stood 2.2.480 (1521)
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhus* pause,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for proofe eterne, 2.2.490 (1530)
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam.*
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.
Polonius. This is too long. 2.2.498 (1538)
Hamlet. It shall to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's
for a Iigge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come to *Heuba.*

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Section 73 First Quarto 2.2.468-501 (1509-1541)

Player.	Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,	
	His antike sword rebellious to his Arme,	2.2.470 (1511)
	Lies where it falles, vnable to resist.	
	Pyrrus at *Pryam* driues, but all in rage,	
	Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde	
	Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father falles.	
Corambis.	Enough my friend, t'is too long.	
Hamlet.	It shall to the Barbers with your beard:	
	A pox, hee's for a Iigge, or a tale of bawdry,	2.2.500 (1540)
	Or else he sleepes, come on to *Hecuba*, come.	

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Section 74 First Folio 2.2.502-518 (1542-1559)

1.Player. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.
Hamlet. The inobled Queene?
Polonius. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.
1 Player. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd, 2.2.510 (1551)
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.

Section 74 Second Quarto 2.2.502-518 (1542-1559)

Player. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene,
Hamlet. The mobled Queene.
Polonius. That's good.
Player. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With *Bison* rehume, a clout vppon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept, 2.2.510 (1551)
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounst;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods.

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Section 74 First Quarto 2.2.502-518 (1542-1559)

Player. But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene?
Corambis. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.
Player. All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,
And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blancket
And a kercher on that head, where late the diademe stoode,
Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech, 2.2.510 (1551)
Would treason haue pronounced,
For if the gods themselues had seene her then,
When she saw *Pirrus* with malitious strokes,
Mincing her husbandes limbs,
It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And passion in the gods.

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Section 75 First Folio 2.2.519-549 (1560-1588)

Polonius. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more. 2.2.520 (1561)
Hamlet. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest,
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
stow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are
the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After
your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you liued.
Polonius. My Lord, I will vse them according to their de-
sart.
Hamlet. Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euerie man
after his desart, and who should scape whipping: vse 2.2.530 (1571)
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they
deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in.
Polonius. Come sirs. *Exit Polonius.*
Hamlet. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to mor-
row. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murther of *Gonzago*?
Player. I my Lord.
Hamlet. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a 2.2.540 (1580)
need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which
I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?
Player. I my Lord.
Hamlet. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night
you are welcome to *Elsonower*?
Rosincrance. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

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Section 75 Second Quarto 2.2.519-549 (1560-1588)

Polonius. Looke where he has not turnd his cullour, and has teares in's eyes, prethee no more.

Hamlet. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone, Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.

Polonius. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert. 2.2.529 (1569)

Hamlet. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his desert, & who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honor and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Polonius. Come sirs.

Hamlet. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrowe; dost thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Player. I my Lord.

Hamlet. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study 2.2.540 (1580) a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't, could you not?

Player. I my lord.

Hamlet. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elsonoure.* *Exeunt Polonius and Players.*

Rosencraus. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

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Section 75 First Quarto 2.2.519-549 (1560-1588)

Corambis. Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,
And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more. 2.2.520 (1561)
Hamlet. T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And briefe abstracts of the time,
After your death I can tell you,
You were better haue a bad Epiteeth,
Then their ill report while you liue.
Corambis. My lord, I will vse them according to their deserts.
Hamlet. O farre better man, vse euery man after his deserts, 2.2.530 (1570)
Then who should scape whipping?
Vse them after your owne honor and dignitie,
The lesse they deserue, the greater credit's yours.
Corambis. Welcome my good fellowes. *exit.*
Hamlet. Come hither maisters, can you not play the mur-
der of *Gonsago*?
Players. Yes my lord. 2.2.539 (1579)
Hamlet. And could'st not thou for a neede study me
Some dozen or sixteene lines,
Which I would set downe and insert?
Players. Yes very easily my good Lord.
Hamlet. T'is well, I thanke you: follow that lord:
And doe you heare sirs? take heede you mocke him not.
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
And for a time I would desire you leaue me.
Gilderstone. Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

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Section 76 First Folio 2.2.549-581 (1589-1622)

Hamlet. I so, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slaue am I? 2.2.550 (1590)
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weepe for her? What would he doe, 2.2.560 (1600)
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whose property, and most deere life, 2.2.570 (1610)
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th'Nose? giues me the Lye i'th'Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
I should haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloudy: a Bawdy villaine, 2.2.580 (1620)
Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!

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Section 76 Second Quarto 2.2.549-581 (1589-1622)

Hamlet. I so God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pesant slaue am I. 2.2.550 (1590)
Is it not monstrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion
Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function suting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba.*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weepe for her? what would he doe 2.2.560 (1600)
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,
Like Iohn-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and most deare life, 2.2.570 (1610)
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th thraote
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
Hah, s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should a fatted all the region kytes
With this slaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine, 2.2.580 (1620)
Remorslesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.

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Section 76 First Quarto 2.2.549-581 (1589-1622)

Hamlet. Why what a dunghill idiote slaue am I? 2.2.550 (1590)
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:
For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
What would he do and if he had my losse?
His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,
He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,
Amaze the standers by with his laments,
Strike more then wonder in the iudiciall eares,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wise, 2.2.565 (1605)
Indeede his passion would be generall.
Yet I like to an asse and Iohn a Dreames,
Hauing my father murdred by a villaine,
Stand still, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward:
Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose,
Giue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
Sure I should take it, or else I haue no gall,
Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites
With this slaues offell, this damned villaine, 2.2.580 (1620)
Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:

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Section 77 First Folio 2.2.582-605 (1623-1645)

[*Hamlet.*] Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Cursing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scœne, 2.2.590 (1630)
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seene
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps 2.2.600 (1640)
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit*

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Section 77 Second Quarto 2.2.582-605 (1623-1645)

[*Hamlet.*] Why what an Asse am I, this is most braue,
That I the sonne of a deere murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Must like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallyon, fie vppont, foh.
About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the scene, 2.2.590 (1630)
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ: Ile haue these Players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene
May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps, 2.2.600 (1640)
Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
More relative then this, the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. *Exit.*

Section 77 First Quarto 2.2.582-605 (1623-1645)

[*Hamlet.*] Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,
Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe
Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
I haue heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confest a murder 2.2.590 (1630)
Committed long before.
This spirit that I haue seene may be the Diuell,
And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy, 2.2.601 (1641)
As he is very potent with such men,
Doth seeke to damne me, I will haue sounder proofes,
The play's the thing,
Wherein I'le catch the conscience of the King. *exit.*

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Section 78 First Folio 3.1.1-14 (1646-1662)

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance 3.1.1 (1648)
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
Rosincrance. He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.
Guilenstern. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state. 3.1.10 (1657)
Queene. Did he receive you well?
Rosincrance. Most like a Gentleman.
Guildensterne. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Rosincrance. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Section 78 Second Quarto 3.1.1-14 (1646-1662)

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Guyldensterne, Lords.

King. An can you by no drift of conference 3.1.1 (1648)
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Rosencraus. He dooes confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause, a will by no meanes speake.
Guyldensterne. Nor doe we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state. 3.1.10 (1657)
Queene. Did he receive you well?
Rosencraus. Most like a gentleman.
Guyldensterne. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Rosencraus. Niggard of question, but of our demaunds
Most free in his reply.

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Section 78 First Quarto 3.1.1-10 (1646-1657)

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

King. Lordes, can you by no meanes finde 3.1.1 (1648)
The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacie?
You being so neere in loue, euen from his youth,
Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.
Gilderstone. My lord, we haue done all the best we could,
To wring from him the cause of all his griefe,
But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes
Would make an answere to that we exposde.

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Section 79 First Folio 3.1.14-28 (1663-1677)

Queene. Did you assay him to any pastime?
Rosincrance. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order 3.1.20 (1668)
This night to play before him.
Polonius. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on
To these delights.
Rosincrance. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Section 79 Second Quarto 3.1.14-28 (1663-1677)

Queene. Did you assay him to any pastime?
Rosencraus. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order 3.1.20 (1668)
This night to play before him.
Polonius. Tis most true,
And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.
King. With all my hart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And driue his purpose into these delights.
Rosencraus. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Ros. & Guyl.*

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Section 79 First Quarto 3.1.14-28 (1663-1677)

Rossencraft. Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth
Before we left him, and I take it,
He hath giuen order for a play to night, 3.1.20 (1668)
At which he craues your highnesse company.
King. With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth,
Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,
And we vnto your selues will still be thankefull.
Both. In all wee can, be sure you shall commaund.
Queene. Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of *Denmarke*
May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want.
Gilderstone. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.
King. Thanks to you both: Gertred you'l see this play.
Queene. My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the soule
He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth. 3.1.25 (1674)

Section 80 First Quarto 3.1.15-188 (1663-1847)

Corambis. Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his distemperance, therefore
I holde it meete, if so it please you,
Else they shall not meete, and thus it is.
King. What i'st *Corambis*?
Corambis. Mary my good lord this, soone when the sports are done,
Madam, send you in haste to speake with him,
And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras, 3.1.184 (1841)
There question you the cause of all his griefe,
And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all:
My Lord, how thinke you on't?
King. It likes vs well, Gerterd, what say you?
Queene. With all my heart, soone will I send for him.
Corambis. My selfe will be that happy messenger,
Who hopes his griefe will be reueal'd to her. *exeunt omnes.*

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Section 81 First Folio 3.1.28-41 (1678-1693)

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there 3.1.30 (1680)
Affront *Ophelia.* Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene
We may of their encounter frankely judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he suffers for.
Queene. I shall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe, 3.1.40 (1691)
To both your Honors.
Ophelia. Madam, I wish it may.

Section 81 Second Quarto 3.1.28-41 (1678-1693)

King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'ere by accedent, may heere 3.1.30 (1680)
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,
Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If t be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.
Queene. I shall obey you.
And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe, 3.1.40 (1691)
To both your honours.
Ophelia. Maddam, I wish it may.

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Section 82 First Folio 3.1.42-54 (1694-1708)

Polonius. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The diuell himselfe.
King. Oh 'tis true:
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art 3.1.50 (1703)
Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!
Polonius. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.
Exeunt.
Enter Hamlet.

Section 82 Second Quarto 3.1.42-54 (1694-1708)

Polonius. *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious so please you,
We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,
That show of such an exercise may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The deuill himselfe.
King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art, 3.1.50 (1703)
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word:
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.
Polonius. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

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Section 83 First Folio 3.1.55-68 (1710-1723)

Hamlet. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end 3.1.60 (1715)
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue shufflel'd off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:

Section 83 Second Quarto 3.1.55-68 (1710-1723)

Hamlet. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end 3.1.60 (1715)
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamitie of so long life:

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Section 84 First Folio 3.1.69-87 (1724-1742)

[*Hamlet.*] For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely, 3.1.70 (1725)
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouered Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue, 3.1.80 (1735)
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,

Section 84 Second Quarto 3.1.69-87 (1724-1742)

[*Hamlet.*] For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely, 3.1.70 (1725)
The pangs of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne
No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue, 3.1.80 (1735)
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,

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Section 85 First Folio 3.1.87-101 (1742-1757)

[*Hamlet.*] And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.
Ophelia. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day? 3.1.90 (1746)
Hamlet. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.
Ophelia. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer.
I pray you now, receiue them.
Hamlet. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.
Ophelia. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde. 3.1.100 (1756)
There my Lord.

Section 85 Second Quarto 3.1.87-101 (1742-1757)

[*Hamlet.*] And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.
Ophelia. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day? 3.1.90 (1746)
Hamlet. I humbly thanke you well.
Ophelia. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to redeliver,
I pray you now receive them.
Hamlet. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.
Ophelia. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composd
As made these things more rich, their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when givers prooue vnkind, 3.1.100 (1756)
There my Lord.

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Section 86 First Folio 3.1.102-129 (1758-1785)

Hamlet. Ha, ha: Are you honest?
Ophelia. My Lord.
Hamlet. Are you faire?
Ophelia. What meanes your Lordship?
Hamlet. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty should admit no discourse to your Beautie.
Ophelia. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce then your Honestie?
Hamlet. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner 3.1.110 (1766) transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse. This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it proofe. I did loue you once.
Ophelia. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue so.
Hamlet. You should not haue beleeued me. For vertue cannot so innocculate our old stocke, but we shall rellish of it. I loued you not.
Ophelia. I was the more deceiued.
Hamlet. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou 3.1.120 (1776) be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowd, reuengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleeue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

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Section 86 Second Quarto 3.1.102-129 (1758-1785)

Hamlet. Ha, ha, are you honest.
Ophelia. My Lord.
Hamlet. Are you faire?
Ophelia. What meanes your Lordship?
Hamlet. That if you be honest & faire, you should admit no discourse to your beautie.
Ophelia. Could beauty my Lord haue better comerse Then with honestie?
Hamlet. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can translate beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now the time giues it proofe, I did loue you once.
Ophelia. Indeed my Lord you made me belieue so.
Hamlet. You should not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot so enocutat our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.
Ophelia. I was the more deceiued. 3.1.119 (1775)
Hamlet. Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crauling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleeue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

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Section 87 First Folio 3.1.130-149 (1786-1805)

Ophelia. At home, my Lord. 3.1.130 (1786)
Hamlet. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.
Ophelia. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.
Hamlet. If thou doest Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chast as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, 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. 3.1.140 (1796)
Ophelia. O heauenly Powers, restore him.
Hamlet. I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

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Section 87 Second Quarto 3.1.130-149 (1786-1805)

Ophelia. At home my Lord. 3.1.130 (1786)
Hamlet. Let the doores be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.
Ophelia. O helpe him you sweet heauens.
Hamlet. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chast as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.
Ophelia. Heauenly powers restore him. 3.1.141 (1797)
Hamlet. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selfes another, you gig & amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married alreadie, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

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Section 88 First Folio 3.1.150-161 (1806-1817)

Ophelia. O what a Noble mind is heere o're-throwne? 3.1.150 (1806)
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.
Haue I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,
Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh,
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me, 3.1.160 (1816)
T'haue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.

Section 88 Second Quarto 3.1.150-161 (1806-1817)

Ophelia. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne! 3.1.150 (1806)
The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all observers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suckt the honny of his musickt vowes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacie, ô woe is mee 3.1.160 (1816)
T'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *Exit.*

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Section 89 First Folio 3.1.162-175 (1818-1832)

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute: 3.1.170 (1827)
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Section 89 Second Quarto 3.1.162-175 (1818-1832)

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
VVill be some danger, which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set it downe: he shall with speede to *England*,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute, 3.1.170 (1827)
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

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Section 90 First Folio 3.1.176-188 (1833-1847)

Polonius. It shall do well. But yet do I beleeue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please, 3.1.180 (1837)
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To show his Greefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
To England send him: Or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.
King. It shall be so:
Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.
Exeunt.

Section 90 Second Quarto 3.1.176-188 (1833-1847)

Polonius. It shall doe well.
But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his greefe,
Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please, 3.1.180 (1837)
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To show his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare
Of all their conference, if she find him not,
To *England* send him: or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.
King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

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Section 91 First Folio 3.2.1-14 (1848-1862)

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Hamlet. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd 3.2.1 (1849)
it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer
had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much
your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Tor-
rent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of
Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that
may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule,
to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passi-
on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the 3.2.10 (1858)
Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of
nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could
haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it
out-*Herod's Herod.* Pray you auoid it.

Section 91 Second Quarto 3.2.1-14 (1848-1862)

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Hamlet. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trip-
pingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do,
I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre
too much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very tor-
rent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must
acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, ô it
offends mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe
tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the ground-
lings, vvho for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplica-
ble dumbe showes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for
ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

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Section 91 First Quarto 3.2.1-14 (1848-1862)

Enter Hamlet and the Players.

Hamlet. Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue 3.2.1 (1849)
as I taught thee,
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speake my lines.
Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,
But giue euery thing his action with temperance.
O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a rebustious periwig fellow,
To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges, 3.2.10 (1858)
To split the eares of the ignorant, who for the
Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and noises,
I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant
It out, Herodes Herod.

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Section 92 First Folio 3.2.15-35 (1863-1883)

Player. I warrant your Honor.
Hamlet. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall observance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done, is frõ the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o'reway a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abhominably.

Section 92 Second Quarto 3.2.15-35 (1863-1883)

Player. I warrant your honour.
Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall observance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure: Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious greeue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard others praysd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abhominably.

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Section 92 First Quarto 3.2.15-45 (1863-1893)

Players. My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that among vs.

Hamlet. The better, the better, mend it all together:
There be fellowes that I haue seene play,
And heard others commend them, and that highly too,
That hauing neither the gate of Christian, Pagan,
Nor Turke, haue so strutted and bellowed,
That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen
Had made men, and not made them well,
They imitated humanitie, so abhominable:
Take heede, auoyde it.

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Section 93 First Folio 3.2.36-51 (1884-1900)

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Hamlet. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Polonius. And the Queene too, and that presently.

Hamlet. Bid the Players make hast. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to hasten them? 3.2.50 (1899)

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Section 93 Second Quarto 3.2.36-51 (1884-1900)

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Hamlet. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes amost pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Rosencraus.

Polonius. And the Queene to, and that presently.

Hamlet. Bid the Players make hast. Will you two help to hasten thẽ.

Rosencraus. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

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Section 93 First Quarto 3.2.36-51 (1884-1900)

Players. I warrant you my Lord.
Hamlet. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themselues, to set on some
Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,
Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
Then to be obserued: O t'is vile, and shewes
A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.
And then you haue some agen, that keepes one sute
Of ieasts, as a man is knowne by one sute of
Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his feasts downe
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eate my porrige? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullison:
And, your beere is sowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapase of ieasts,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a iest
Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maisters tell him of it.
Players. We will my Lord.
Hamlet. Well, goe make you ready. *exeunt players.*

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Section 94 First Folio 3.2.53-74 (1901-1925)

Enter Horatio.

Hamlet. What hoa, *Horatio*?
Horatio. Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.
Hamlet. *Horatio*, thou art eene as iust a man
As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall.
Horatio. O my deere Lord.
Hamlet. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennew hast, but thy good spirits
To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe, 3.2.60 (1911)
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger, 3.2.70 (1921)
To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man,
That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.

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Section 94 Second Quarto 3.2.53-74 (1901-1925)

Hamlet. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*
Horatio. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.
Hamlet. *Horatio*, thou art een as iust a man
As ere my conuersation copt withall
Horatio. O my deere Lord.
Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew hast but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flattery?
No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe, 3.2.60 (1911)
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare,
Since my deare soule was mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
S'hath seald thee for herselfe, for thou hast been
As one in suffring all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and iudgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger 3.2.70 (1921)
To sound what stop she please: giue me that man
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart
As I doe thee. Something too much of this,

Section 94 First Quarto 3.2.53-74 (1901-1925)

Horatio. Heere my Lord.
Hamlet. *Horatio*, thou art euen as iust a man,
As e're my conversation cop'd withall. 3.2.55 (1905)
Horatio. O my lord!
Hamlet. Nay why should I flatter thee?
Why should the poore be flattered?
What gaine should I receive by flattering thee,
That nothing hath but thy good minde?
Let flattery sit on those time-pleasing tongs,
To glose with them that loues to heare their praise,
And not with such as thou *Horatio.*

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Section 95 First Folio 3.2.75-89 (1926-1941)

[*Hamlet.*] There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scœne of it comes neere the Circumstance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt, 3.2.80 (1931)
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
To censure of his seeming.
Horatio. Well my Lord.
If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,
And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Section 95 Second Quarto 3.2.75-89 (1926-1941)

[*Hamlet.*] There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt 3.2.80 (1931)
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we haue seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne
In censure of his seeming.
Horatio. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

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Section 95 First Quarto 3.2.75-89 (1926-1941)

[*Hamlet.*] There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue
Comes very neere the murder of my father,
When thou shalt see that Act afoote,
Marke thou the King, doe but obserue his lookes,
For I mine eies will riuet to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
It is a damned ghost that we haue seene. 3.2.82 (1933)
Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well.
Horatio. My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face,
And not the smallest alteration
That shall appeare in him, but I shall note it.

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Section 96 First Folio 3.2.90-111 (1942-1965)

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildensterne, and other Lords attendant with his Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.

Hamlet.	They are comming to the Play: I must be idle. Get you a place.	3.2.90 (1946)
King.	How fares our Cosin *Hamlet*?	
Hamlet.	Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish: I eate the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.	
King.	I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these words are not mine.	
Hamlet.	No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th'Vniuersity, you say?	
Polonius.	That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.	3.2.100 (1955)
Hamlet.	And what did you enact?	
Polonius.	I did enact *Julius Cæsar*, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.	
Hamlet.	It was a bruite part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?	
Rosincrance.	I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.	
Queene.	Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.	
Hamlet.	No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.	3.2.110 (1964)
Polonius.	Oh ho, do you marke that?	

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Section 96 Second Quarto 3.2.90-111 (1942-1965)

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.

Hamlet. They are comming to the play. I must be idle, 3.2.90 (1946)
Get you a place.
King. How fares our cosin *Hamlet*?
Hamlet. Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.
King. I haue nothing with this aunswer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.
Hamlet. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,
Polonius. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,
Hamlet. What did you enact?
Polonius. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild meet 3.2.104 (1959)
Hamlet. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?
Rosencraus. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.
Gertrard. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, sit by me.
Hamlet. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue. 3.2.110 (1964)
Polonius. O ho, doe you marke that.

Section 96 First Quarto 3.2.90-111 (1942-1965)

Hamlet. Harke, they come.
Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords.
King. How now son *Hamlet*, how fare you, shall we haue a play?
Hamlet. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cramm'd,
feede a the ayre.
I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.
Corambis. That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.
Hamlet. What did you enact there?
Corambis. My lord, I did act *Iulius Cæsar*, I was killed 3.2.100 (1955)
in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.
Hamlet. It was a brute parte of him,
To kill so capitall a calfe.
Come, be these Players ready?
Queene. Hamlet come sit downe by me.
Hamlet. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more attractiue:

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Section 97 First Folio 3.2.112-135 (1966-1989)

Hamlet. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?
Ophelia. No my Lord.
Hamlet. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?
Ophelia. I my Lord.
Hamlet. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?
Ophelia. I thinke nothing, my lord.
Hamlet. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs
Ophelia. What is my Lord? 3.2.120 (1973)
Hamlet. Nothing.
Ophelia. You are merrie, my Lord?
Hamlet. Who I?
Ophelia. I my Lord.
Hamlet. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what should a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.
Ophelia. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.
Hamlet. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsse, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.

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Section 97 Second Quarto 3.2.112-135 (1966-1989)

Hamlet. Lady shall I lie in your lap?
Ophelia. No my Lord.
Hamlet. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?
Ophelia. I thinke nothing my Lord.
Hamlet. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.
Ophelia. What is my Lord? 3.2.120 (1973)
Hamlet. Nothing.
Ophelia. You are merry my Lord.
Hamlet. Who I?
Ophelia. I my Lord.
Hamlet. O God your onely ligge-maker, what should a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.
Ophelia. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.
Hamlet. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a sute of sables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a yeere, but her Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.

Section 97 First Quarto 3.2.112-135 (1966-1989)

Lady will you giue me leaue, and so forth:
To lay my head in your lappe?
Ofelia. No my Lord.
Hamlet. Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant contrary matters?

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Section 98 First Folio 3.2.135ff. (1990-2002)

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.
Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck. Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. Exeunt

Section 98 Second Quarto 3.2.135ff. (1990-2002)

The Trumpets sounds. Dumbe show followes.
Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysner wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Section 98 First Quarto 3.2.135ff. (1990-2002)

Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits downe in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Lucianus with poyson in a Vialll, and powres it in his eares, and goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him dead: and goes away with the other.

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Section 99 First Folio 3.2.136-154 (2003-2022)

Ophelia. What meanes this, my Lord?
Hamlet. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Mischeefe.
Ophelia. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play? 3.2.140 (2007)
Hamlet. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.
Ophelia. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?
Hamlet. I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it meanes.
Ophelia. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your Clemencie: 3.2.150 (2018)
We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Hamlet. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?
Ophelia. 'Tis briefe my Lord.
Hamlet. As Womans loue.

Section 99 Second Quarto 3.2.136-154 (2003-2022)

Ophelia. VVhat meanes this my Lord?
Hamlet. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischiefe.
Ophelia. Belike this show imports the argument of the play. 3.2.140 (2006)
Hamlet. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*
The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.
Ophelia. Will a tell vs what this show meant?
Hamlet. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.
Ophelia. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.
Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie, 3.2.150 (2018)
We begge your hearing patiently.
Hamlet. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?
Ophelia. Tis breefe my Lord.
Hamlet. As womans loue.

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Section 99 First Quarto 3.2.136-154 (2003-2022)

Ofelia. What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue.*
Hamlet. This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.
Ofelia. What doth this meane my lord?
Hamlet. you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.
Ofelia. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?
Hamlet. I, or any shew you'le shew him,
Be not afeard to shew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:
O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'le tell all.
Prologue. For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere stowpiug to your clemencie, 3.2.150 (2018)
We begge your hearing patiently.
Hamlet. I'st a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?
Ofelia. T'is short my Lord.
Hamlet. As womens loue.

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Section 100 First Folio 3.2.155-172 (2023-2039)

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times bath Phœbus Cart gon round,
Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in most sacred Bands. 3.2.160 (2029)

Baptista. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,
In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so. 3.2.170 (2039)

Section 100 Second Quarto 3.2.155-172 (2023-2039)

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands. 3.2.160 (2029)

Queene. So many iourneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.
For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so, 3.2.170 (2039)
Where loue is great, the litlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

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Section 100 First Quarto 3.2.155-172 (2023-2039)

Enter the Duke and Dutchesse

Duke. Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone, 3.2.154 (2024)
Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,
Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines
Of musicke, which whilome pleasde mine eare,
Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
And therefore sweete Nature must pay his due,
To heauen must I, and leaue the earth with you. 3.2.173 (2040)

Dutchesse. O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,
When death takes you, let life from me depart.

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Section 101 First Folio 3.2.173-185 (2040-2053)

King. Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou——
Baptista. Oh confound the rest:
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first. 3.2.180 (2048)
Hamlet. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Baptista. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

Section 101 Second Quarto 3.2.173-185 (2040-2053)

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.
Queene O confound the rest,
Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first. *Hamlet.* That's
The instances that second marriage moue wormwood
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Section 101 First Quarto 3.2.173-185 (2040-2053)

Duke. Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
Thon maist (perchance) haue a more noble mate,
More wise, more youthfull, and one.
Dutchesse. O speake no more, for then I am accurst,
None weds the second, but she kils the first: 3.2.180 (2048)
A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
Hamlet. O wormewood, wormewood!

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Section 102 First Folio 3.2.186-215 (2054-2083)

King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slaue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vnripe stickes on the Tree, 3.2.190 (2058)
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt:
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne ennactors with themselues destroy:
Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange 3.2.200 (2068)
That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Frend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begun, 3.2.210 (2078)
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

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Section 102 Second Quarto 3.2.186-215 (2054-2083)

King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaue to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree, 3.2.190 (2058)
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of eyther, griefe, or ioy,
Their owne ennactures with themselues destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, griefe doth most lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange, 3.2.200 (2068)
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flyes,
The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne, 3.2.210 (2078)
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Section 102 First Quarto 3.2.186-215 (2054-2083)

Duke. I doe beleeue you sweete, what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake, 3.2.187 (2055)
For our demises stil are ouerthrowne, 3.2.212 (2080)
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
So thinke you will no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

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Section 103 First Folio 3.2.216-228 (2084-2096)

Baptista. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
Each opposite that blankes the face of ioy, 3.2.220 (2086)
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy:
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.
Hamlet. If she should breake it now.
King. 'Tis deepely sworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.
Queene. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exit*

Section 103 Second Quarto 3.2.216-228 (2084-2096)

Queene. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blancks the face of ioy, 3.2.220 (2086)
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Hamlet.* If she should
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now.
King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.
Queene. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Section 103 First Quarto 3.2.216-228 (2084-2096)

Dutchesse. Both here and there pursue me lasting strife, 3.2.222 (2088)
If once a widdow, euer I be wife.
Hamlet. If she should breake now.
Duke. T'is deepely sworne, sweete leaue me here a while,
My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedi-
ous time with sleepe.
Dutchesse. Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady*

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Section 104 First Folio 3.2.229-243 (2097-2110)

Hamlet. Madam, how like you this Play?
Queene. The Lady protests to much me thinkes. 3.2.230 (2098)
Hamlet. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.
King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?
Hamlet. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Offence i'th'world.
King. What do you call the Play?
Hamlet. The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you shall see anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o'that? Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnrung.

Section 104 Second Quarto 3.2.229-243 (2097-2110)

Hamlet. Madam, how like you this play?
Queene. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks. 3.2.230 (2098)
Hamlet. O but shee'le keepe her word.
King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?
Hamlet. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.
King. What doe you call the play?
Hamlet. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image of a murther doone in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one Luc-

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Section 104 First Quarto 3.2.229-243 (2097-2110)

Hamlet. Madam, how do you like this play?
Queene. The Lady protests too much. 3.2.230 (2098)
Hamlet. O but shee'le keepe her word.
King. Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence in it?
Hamlet. No offence in the world, poyson in iest, poison in iest.
King. What do you call the name of the play?
Hamlet. Mouse-trap: mary how trapically: this play is
The image of a murder done in *guyana*, *Albertus*
Was the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*,
Father, it is a knauish peece a worke: but what 3.2.240 (2108)
A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one

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Section 105 First Folio 3.2.244-254 (2111-2123)

Enter Luciamus.

[*Hamlet.*] This is one *Luciamus* nephew to the King.
Ophelia. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.
Hamlet. I could interpret betweene you and your loue:
if I could see the Puppets dallying.
Ophelia. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.
Hamlet. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my
edge. 3.2.250 (2118)
Ophelia. Still better and worse.
Hamlet. So you mistake Husbands.
Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and
begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Re-
uenge.

Section 105 Second Quarto 3.2.244-254 (2111-2123)

[*Hamlet.*] let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lu-*
ciamus, Nephew to the King.
Enter Luciamus.
Ophelia. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.
Hamlet. I could interpret betweene you and your loue
If I could see the puppets dallying.
Ophelia. You are keene my lord, you are keene.
Hamlet. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge. 3.2.250 (2117)
Ophelia. Still better and worse.
Hamlet. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue
thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow
for reuenge.

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Section 105 First Quarto 3.2.244-254 (2111-2123)

[*Hamlet.*]	Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.	
Ofelia.	Ya're as good as a *Chorus* my lord.	3.2.245 (2113)
Hamlet.	I could interpret the loue you beare, if I sawe the poopies dallying.	
Ofelia.	Y'are very pleasant my lord.	
Hamlet.	Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mo- ther lookes, my father died within these two houres.	
Ofelia.	Nay, t'is twice two months, my Lord.	
Hamlet.	Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke, For i'le haue a sute of Sables: Iesus, two months dead, And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outliue memorie, But by my faith hee must build churches then, Or els hee must follow the olde Epitithe, With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horse is forgot.	
Ofelia.	Your iests are keene my Lord.	3.2.248 (2116)
Hamlet.	It would cost you a groning to take them off.	
Ofelia.	Still better and worse.	
Hamlet.	So you must take your husband, begin. Murdred Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, Come, the croking rauen doth bellow for reuenge.	

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Section 106 First Folio 3.2.255-270 (2124-2142)

Lucianus. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholsome life, vsurpe immediately. 3.2.260 (2130)
Powres the poyson in his eares.

Hamlet. He poysons him i'th'Garden for's estate: His name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.

Ophelia. The King rises.

Hamlet. What, frighted with false fire.

Queene. How fares my Lord?

Polnius. Giue o're the Play.

King. Giue me some Light. Away.

All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt* 3.2.270 (2141)
Manet Hamlet & Horatio.

Section 106 Second Quarto 3.2.255-270 (2124-2142)

Lucianus. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Considerat season els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholsome life vsurps immediatly. 3.2.260 (2130)

Hamlet. A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonzago*, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Ophelia. The King rises.

Queene. How fares my Lord?

Polonius. Giue ore the play.

King. Giue me some light, away.

Polonius. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*

Section 106 First Quarto 3.2.255-270 (2124-2142)

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Murderer. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing.
Confederate season, else no creature seeing:
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected,
With *Hecates* bane thrise blasted, thrise infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,
One wholesome life vsurps immediately. *exit.*

Hamlet. He poysons him for his estate.

King. Lights, I will to bed. 3.2.270 (2141)

Corambis. The king rises, lights hoe.
Exeunt King and Lordes.

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Section 107 First Folio 3.2.271-290 (2143-2162)

Hamlet. Why let the strucken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie of Players sir.
Horatio. Halfe a share.
Hamlet. A whole one I, 3.2.280 (2152)
For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.
Horatio. You might haue Rim'd.
Hamlet. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?
Horatio. Verie well my Lord.
Hamlet. Vpon the talke of the poysoning?
Horatio. I did verie well note him. 3.2.290 (2162)

Section 107 Second Quarto 3.2.271-290 (2143-2162)

Hamlet. Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch while some must sleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this sir & a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?
Horatio. Halfe a share.
Hamlet. A whole one I. 3.2.280 (2152)
For thou doost know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme dismantled was
Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.
Horatio. You might haue rym'd.
Hamlet. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?
Horatio. Very well my Lord.
Hamlet. Vpon the talke of the poysning.
Horatio. I did very well note him. 3.2.290 (2162)

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Section 107 First Quarto 3.2.271-290 (2143-2162)

Hamlet.	What, frighted with false fires?	3.2.266 (2137)
	Then let the stricken deere goe weepe,	3.2.271 (2143)
	The Hart vngalled play,	
	For some must laugh, while some must weepe,	
	Thus runnes the world away.	
Horatio.	The king is mooued my lord.	
Hamlet.	I *Horatio*, i'le take the Ghosts word	3.2.286 (2158)
	For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke.*	

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Section 108 First Folio 3.2.296-313 (2163-2184)

Enter Rosincrance and Guildensterne.

Hamlet. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come ye Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Musicke.

Guildensterne. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Hamlet. Sir, a whole History.

Guildensterne. The King, sir.

Hamlet. I sir, what of him? 3.2.300 (2171)

Guildensterne. Is in his retyrement, maruellous distemper'd.

Hamlet. With drinke Sir?

Guildensterne. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Hamlet. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guildensterne. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre.

Hamlet. I am tame Sir, pronounce. 3.2.310 (2181)

Guildensterne. The Queene your Mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Hamlet. You are welcome.

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Section 108 Second Quarto 3.2.296-313 (2163-2184)

Hamlet. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique.
Enter Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.
Guyldensterne. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.
Hamlet. Sir a whole historie.
Guyldensterne The King sir.
Hamlet. I sir, what of him? 3.2.300 (2171)
Guyldensterne. Is in his retirement meruilous distempred.
Hamlet. With drinke sir?
Guyldensterne No my Lord, with choller,
Hamlet. Your wisedome should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.
Guyldensterne Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.
Hamlet. I am tame sir, pronounce. 3.2.310 (2181)
Guyldensterne. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.
Hamlet. You are welcome.

Section 108 First Quarto 3.2.296-313 (2163-2184)

Enter Rossencraft and Gilderstone.

Rossencraft. Now my lord, how i'st with you?
Hamlet. And if the king like not the tragedy, 3.2.293 (2165)
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.

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Section 109 First Folio 3.2.314-344 (2185-2214)

Guildensterne. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of
the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol-
some answer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment:
if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of
my Businesse.
Hamlet. Sir, I cannot.
Guildensterne. What, my Lord? 3.2.320 (2191)
Hamlet. Make you a wholsome answere: my wits dis-
eas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal com-
mend: or rather you say, my Mother: therfore no more
but to the matter. My Mother you say.
Rosincrance. Then thus she sayes: your behauior hath stroke
her into amazement, and admiration.
Hamlet. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a
Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mo-
thers admiration? 3.2.330 (2200)
Rosincrance. She desires to speake with you in her Closset,
ere you go to bed.
Hamlet. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother.
Haue you any further Trade with vs?
Rosincrance. My Lord, you once did loue me.
Hamlet. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.
Rosincrance. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distem-
per? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Liber-
tie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.
Hamlet. Sir I lacke Aduancement. 3.2.340 (2210)
Rosincrance How can that be, when you haue the voyce of
the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?
Hamlet. I, but while the grasse growes, the Prouerbe is
something musty.

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Section 109 Second Quarto 3.2.314-344 (2185-2214)

Guyldensterne. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breede, if it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswere, I will doe your mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall be the end of busines.

Hamlet. Sir I cannot.

Rosencraus. What my Lord. 3.2.320 (2191)

Hamlet. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits disease, but sir, such answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Rosencraus. Then thus she sayes, your behauiour bath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

Hamlet. O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother, but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.

Rosencraus. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Hamlet. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?

Rosencraus. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Hamlet. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Rosencraus. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.

Hamlet. Sir I lacke aduauncement. 3.2.340 (2210)

Rosencraus. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Section 109 First Quarto 3.2.314-344 (2185-2214)

Rossencraft. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,
My good lord, let vs againe intreate
To know of you the ground and cause of your distemperature

Gilderstone. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you. 3.2.331 (2201)

Hamlet. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.

Rossencraft. But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?

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Section 110 First Folio 3.2.345-373 (2215-2244)

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guildensterne. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmannerly.

Hamlet. I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe? 3.2.350 (2221)

Guildensterne. My Lord, I cannot.

Hamlet. I pray you.

Guildensterne. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Hamlet. I do beseech you.

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

Hamlet. 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke. Looke you, these are the stoppes. 3.2.360 (2231)

Guildensterne. But these cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony, I haue not the skill.

Hamlet. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mysterie; you would sound mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Musicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

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Section 110 Second Quarto 3.2.345-373 (2215-2244)

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Hamlet. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?

Guyldensterne. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.

Hamlet. I do not wel understand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?

Guyldensterne My lord I cannot.

Hamlet. I pray you.

Guyldensterne Beleeue me I cannot.

Hamlet. I doe beseech you.

Guyldensterne I know no touch of it my Lord.

Hamlet. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vmber, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.

Guyldensterne But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.

Hamlet. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'bloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

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Section 110 First Quarto 3.2.345-373 (2215-2244)

Hamlet. I pray will you play vpon this pipe? 3.2.350 (2221)
Rossencraft. Alas my lord I cannot.
Hamlet. Pray will you.
Gilderstone. I haue no skill my Lord.
Hamlet. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
T'is but stopping of these holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will giue most delicate musick. 3.2.359 (2230)
Gilderstone. But this cannot wee do my Lord.
Hamlet. Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you.
Rossencraft. My lord wee cannot.
Hamlet. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of me?
You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon mee
You would search the very inward part of my hart,
And diue into the secreet of my soule.
Zownds do you thinke I am easier to be pla'yd 3.2.370 (2240)
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument
You will, though you can frett mee, yet you can not
Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a spunge. 4.2.12 (2642)
Rossencraft. How a spunge my Lord?
Hamlet. I sir, a spunge, that sokes vp the kings
Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes
His liberalitie your store house: but such as you,
Do the king, in the end, best seruise;
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
In the corner of his Iaw, first mouthes you,
Then swallowes you: so when hee hath need
Of you, t'is but squeesing of you,
And spunge, you shall be dry againe, you shall. 4.2.20 (2649)
Rossencraft. Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.
Hamlet. Farewell, farewell, God blesse you.
Exit Rossencraft and Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis

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Section 111 First Folio 3.2.374-387 (2245-2257)

Polonius. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you,
and presently.
Hamlet. Do you see that Clowd? that's almost in shape
like a Camell.
Polonius. By'th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.
Hamlet. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.
Polonius. It is back'd like a Weazell. 3.2.380 (2251)
Hamlet. Or like a Whale?
Polonius. Verie like a Whale.
Hamlet. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.
Polonius. I will say so. *Exit.*
Hamlet. By and by, is easily said. Leaue me Friends:

Section 111 Second Quarto 3.2.374-387 (2245-2257)

Polonius. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.
Hamlet. Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camel?
Polonius. By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.
Hamlet. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.
Polonius. It is backs like a Wezell. 3.2.380 (2251)
Hamlet. Or like a Whale.
Polonius. Very like a Whale.
[*Hamlet.*] Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, say so. By and by is easily said,

Section 111 First Quarto 3.2.374-387 (2245-2257)

Corambis. My lord, the Queene would speake with you. 3.2.374 (2245)
Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?
Corambis. T'is like a camell in deed.
Hamlet. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Corambis. T'is back't like a weasell.
Hamlet. Or like a whale.
Corambis. Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*
Hamlet. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by. 3.2.383 (2254)
Good night *Horatio.*
Horatio. Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.*

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Section 112 First Folio 3.2.388-399 (2259-2270)

[*Hamlet.*] 'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall, 3.2.395 (2266)
I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.

Section 112 Second Quarto 3.2.388-399 (2259-2270)

[*Hamlet.*] Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such busines as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall, 3.2.395 (2266)
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them seales neuer my soule consent. *Exit.*

Section 112 First Quarto 3.2.388-399 (2259-2270)

Hamlet. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let ne're the heart of *Nero* enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall. 3.2.395 (2266)
I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,
To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent. *exit.*

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Section 113 First Folio 3.3.1-26 (2271-2300)

Enter King, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs. 3.3.1 (2271)
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guildensterne. We will our selues prouide:
Most holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie. 3.3.10 (2282)

Rosincrance. The single
And peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests
The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount,
To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles, 3.3.20 (2293)
Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boystrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

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Section 113 Second Quarto 3.3.1-26 (2271-2300)

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs 3.3.1 (2272)
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazerd so neer's as doth hourely grow
Out of his browes.

Guyldensterne. We will our selues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie. 3.3.10 (2282)

Rosencraus. The single and peculier life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand lesser things
Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls, 3.3.20 (2293)
Each small annexment petty consequence
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Rosencraus. We will hast vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

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Section 114 First Folio 3.3.27-35 (2301-2311)

Enter Polonius.

Polonius. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe
To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said, 3.3.30 (2305)
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.

Section 114 Second Quarto 3.3.27-35 (2301-2311)

Enter Polonius.

Polonius. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my selfe
To heare the processe, I'le warrant shee'letax him home,
And as you sayd, and wisely was it sayd, 3.3.30 (2305)
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parciall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deere my Lord.

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Section 115 First Folio 3.3.36-72 (2312-2349)

[*King.*] Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent, 3.3.40 (2316)
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serues mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp, 3.3.50 (2326)
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am still possesst
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue, 3.3.60 (2336)
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
Oh limed soule, that strugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

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Section 115 Second Quarto 3.3.36-72 (2312-2349)

[*King.*] O my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent, 3.2.40 (2316)
And like a man to double bussines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
And both neglect, what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To wash it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp. 3.2.50 (2326)
My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer
Can serue my turne, forgiue me my foule murther,
That cannot be since I am still possest
Of those effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;
May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guilded hand may showe by justice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue, 3.2.60 (2336)
There is no shufling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forhead of our faults
To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, ô bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make assay,
Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,. 3.2.70 (2346)
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

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Section 115 First Quarto 3.3.36-72 (2312-2349)

Enter the King.

King. O that this wet that falles vpon my face
Would wash the crime cleere from my conscience!
When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespasse,
The earth doth still crie out vpon my fact,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
O these are sinnes that are vnpardonable:
Why say thy sinnes were blacker then is ieat,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe: 3.3.46 (2322)
I but still to perseuer in a sinne,
It is an act gainst the vniuersall power,
Most wretched uuan, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer,
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

hee kneeles. *enters Hamlet*

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Section 116 First Folio 3.3.73-87 (2350-2362)

Hamlet. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,
And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his soule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread, 3.3.80 (2356)
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen:
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.

Section 116 Second Quarto 3.3.73-87 (2350-2362)

Hamlet. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and silly, not reuendge,
A tooke my father grosly full of bread, 3.2.80 (2356)
Withall his crimes braod blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasond for his passage?
No.

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Section 116 First Quarto 3.3.73-87 (2350-2362)

Hamlet. I so, come forth and worke thy last,
And thus hee dies: and so am I revenged: 3.3.75 (2352)
No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping, his sins brim full,
And how his soule stoode to the state of heauen
Who knowes, saue the immortall powres,
And shall I kill him now,
When he is purging of his soule? 3.3.85 (2361)
Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,
And not revenge: no, get thee vp agen,

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Section 117 First Folio 3.3.88-98 (2363-2373)

[*Hamlet.*] Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed, 3.3.90 (2365)
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That ha's no rellish of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

Section 117 Second Quarto 3.3.88-98 (2363-2373)

[*Hamlet.*] Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed, 3.2.90 (2365)
At game a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't,
Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staies,
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies. *Exit.*

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

Section 117 First Quarto 3.3.88-98 (2363-2373)

[*Hamlet.*] And not revenge: no, get thee vp agen,
When hee's at game swaring, taking his carowse, drinking drunke,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relish
Of saluation in't, then trip him
That his heeles may kicke at heauen,
And fall as lowe as hel: my mother stayes, 3.3.95 (2370)
This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. *exit Ham.*

King. My wordes fly vp, my sinnes romaine below.
No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. *exit King.*

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Section 118 First Folio 3.4.1-7 (2374-2384)

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Polonius. He will come straight: 3.4.1 (2375)
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace bath scree'nd, and stoode betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.
Hamlet. within. Mother, mother, mother.
Queene. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.
Enter Hamlet.

Section 118 Second Quarto 3.4.1-7 (2374-2384)

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polonius. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him, 3.4.1 (2375)
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath screend and stood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Gertrard. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Section 118 First Quarto 3.4.1-7 (2374-2384)

Enter Queene and Corambis.

Corambis. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming, 3.4.7 (2383)
I'le shrowde my selfe behinde the Arras. *exit Cor.*
Queene. Do so my Lord.

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Section 119 First Folio 3.4.8-24 (2385-2405)

Hamlet. Now Mother, what's the matter?
Queene. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet. Mother, you haue my Father much offended. 3.4.10 (2387)
Queene. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Hamlet. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.
Queene. Why how now *Hamlet*?
Hamlet. Whats the matter now?
Queene. Haue you forgot me?
Hamlet. No by the Rood, not so:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.
Queene. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge:
You go not till I set you vp a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you? 3.4.20 (2400)
Queene. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.
Polonius. What hoe, helpe, helpe, helpe.
Hamlet. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.
Polonius. Oh I am slaine. *Killes Polonius.*

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Section 119 Second Quarto 3.4.8-24 (2385-2405)

Hamlet. Now mother, what's the matter?
Gertrard. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet. Mother, you haue my father much offended. 3.4.10 (2387)
Gertrard. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.
Hamlet. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.
Gertrard. Why how now *Hamlet*?
Hamlet. What's the matter now?
Gertrard. Haue you forgot me?
Hamlet. No by the rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.
Gertrard. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse
Where you may see the most part of you. 3.4.20 (2400)
Gertrard. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.
Polonius. What how helpe.
Hamlet. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.
Polonius. O I am slaine.

Section 119 First Quarto 3.4.8-24 (2385-2405)

Hamlet. Mother, mother, O are you here?
How i'st with you mother?
Queene. How i'st with you?
Hamlet. I'le tell you, but first weele make all safe.
Queene. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet. Mother, you haue my father much offended. 3.4.10 (2387)
Queene. How now boy?
Hamlet. How now mother! come here, sit downe, for you
shall heare me speake.
Queene. What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me: 3.4.21 (2401)
Helpe hoe.
Corambis. Helpe for the Queene.
Hamlet. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.

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Section 120 First Folio 3.4.25-38 (2406-2420)

Queene. Oh me, what hast thou done?
Hamlet. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Queene. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?
Hamlet. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.
Queene. As kill a King? 3.4.30 (2411)
Hamlet. I Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,
That it is proofe and bulwarke against Sense.

Section 120 Second Quarto 3.4.25-38 (2406-2420)

Gertrard. O me, what hast thou done?
Hamlet. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?
Gertrard. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.
Hamlet. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Gertrard. As kill a King. 3.4.30 (2411)
Hamlet. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penitrable stuffe,
If damned custome haue not brasd it so,
That it be proofe and bulwark against sence.

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Section 120 First Quarto 3.4.25-38 (2406-2420)

[*Hamlet.*]	Rash intruding foole, farewell,	
	I tooke thee for thy better.	
Queene.	Hamlet, what hast thou done?	
Hamlet.	Not so much harme, good mother,	
	As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.	
Queene.	How! kill a king!	3.4.30 (2411)
Hamlet.	I a King: nay sit you downe, and ere you part,	
	If you be made of penitrable stuffe,	
	I'le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,	
	And see how horride there and blacke it shews.	

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Section 121 First Folio 3.4.39-51 (2421-2434)

Queene. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noise so rude against me? 3.4.40 (2422)
Hamlet. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapsidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doome, 3.4.50 (2433)
Is thought-sicke at the act.

Section 121 Second Quarto 3.4.39-51 (2421-2434)

Gertrard. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noise so rude against me? 3.4.40 (2422)
Hamlet. Such an act
That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,
Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule, and sweet religion makes
A rapsedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidity and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome 3.4.50 (2433)
Is thought sick at the act

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Section 122 First Folio 3.4.51-88 (2435-2463)

Queene. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Hamlet. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed, 3.4.60 (2444)
Where euery God did seeme to set his Seale,
To giue the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement 3.4.70 (2454)
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus bath cousend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell, 3.4.82 (2457)
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compulsive Ardure giues the charge,
Since Frost it selfe, as actively doth burne,
As Reason panders Will.

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Section 122 Second Quarto 3.4.51-88 (2435-2463)

Queene. Ay me, what act?
Hamlet. That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on this browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Ioue* himselfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,
A combination, and a forme indeede, 3.4.60 (2444)
Where euery God did seeme to set his seale
To giue the world assurance of a man,
This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vppon the iudgement, and what iudgement3.4.70 (2454)
Would step from this to this, sence sure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd
But it reseru'd some quantity of choise
To serue in such a difference, what deuill wast
That thus bath cosund you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence 3.4.80 (2456 + 3)
Could not so mope: ô shame where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsive ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actively doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

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Section 122 First Quarto 3.4.51-88 (2435-2463)

Queene. Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing words?
Hamlet. Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture, 3.4.53 (2437)
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,
See here a face, to outface *Mars* himselfe,
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,
A front wherin all vertues are set downe
For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,
Whose heart went hand in hand euen with that vow,
He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband, 3.4.64 (2447)
Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a face like *Vulcan.*
A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this same haue you left to change with this.
What Diuell thus hath cosoned you at hob-man blinde?
A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That slew my father, and your deere husband,
To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

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Section 123 First Folio 3.4.88-102 (2464-2483)

Queene. O *Hamlet*, speake no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots, 3.4.90 (2466)
As will not leaue their Tinct.
Hamlet. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the nasty Stye.
Queene. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet *Hamlet.*
Hamlet. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelfe, the precious Diadem stole, 3.4.100 (2479)
And put it in his Pocket.
Queene. No more.
Enter Ghost.
Hamlet. A King of shreds and patches.

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Section 123 Second Quarto 3.4.88-102 (2464-2483)

Gertrard.	O *Hamlet* speake no more,	
	Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,	
	And there I see such blacke and greeued spots	3.4.90 (2466)
	As will leaue there their tin'ct.	
	Ham. Nay but to liue	
	In the ranck sweat of an inseemed bed	
	Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue	
	Ouer the nasty stie.	
Gertrard.	O speake to me no more,	
	These words like daggers enter in my eares,	
	No more sweete *Hamlet.*	
Hamlet.	A murtherer and a villaine,	
	A slaue that is not twentith part the kyth	
	Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,	
	A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,	
	That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole	3.4.100 (2479)
	And put it in his pocket.	
Gertrard.	No more.	
	Enter Ghost.	
Hamlet.	A King of shreds and patches,	

Section 123 First Quarto 3.4.88-102 (2464-2483)

Queene.	O Hamlet, speake no more.	3.4.88 (2464)
Hamlet.	To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,	
	For a king of clowts, of very shreads.	
Queene.	Sweete Hamlet cease.	
Hamlet.	Nay but still to persist and dwell in sinne,	
	To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,	
	To make increase of shame, to seale damnation.	
Queene.	Hamlet, no more.	3.4.101 (2481)
Hamlet.	Why appetite with you is in the waine,	
	Your blood runnes backeward now from whence it came,	
	Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,	
	When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?	
Queene.	Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine.	3.4.156 (2540)
Hamlet.	O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the better.	
	Enter the ghost in his night gowne.	

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Section 124 First Folio 3.4.103-115 (2484-2495)

[*Hamlet.*] Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?
Queene. Alas he's mad.
Hamlet. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.
Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation 3.4.110 (2490)
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet.*

Section 124 Second Quarto 3.4.103-115 (2484-2495)

[*Hamlet.*] Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heavenly gards: what would your gracious figure?
Gertrard. Alas hee's mad.
Hamlet. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap'st in time and passion lets goe by
Th'important acting of your dread command, ô say.
Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation 3.4.110 (2490)
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet.*

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Section 124 First Quarto 3.4.103-115 (2484-2495)

[*Hamlet.*]	Saue me, saue me, you gratious	3.4.103 (2484)
	Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,	
	With your celestiall wings.	
	Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,	
	That I thus long haue let revenge slippe by?	
	O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!	
	Lest that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,	
	And euery part that should assist revenge,	
	Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pitty.	
Ghost.	Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,	
	To put thee in remembrance of my death:	
	Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.	3.4.110 (2490)
	But I perceive by thy distracted lookes,	
	Thy mother's fearefull, and she stands amazde:	
	Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,	
	Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.	

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Section 125 First Folio 3.4.115-136 (2496-2519)

Hamlet. How is it with you Lady?
Queene. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme, 3.4.120 (2501)
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?
Hamlet. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Least with this pitteous action you conuert
My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood. 3.4.130 (2511)
Queene. To who do you speake this?
Hamlet. Do you see nothing there?
Queene. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.
Hamlet. Nor did you nothing heare?
Queene. No, nothing but our selues.
Hamlet. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*

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Section 125 Second Quarto 3.4.115-136 (2496-2519)

Hamlet. How is it with you Lady?
Gertrard. Alas how i'st with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Foorth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme, 3.4.120 (2501)
Your bedded haire like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, ô gentle sonne
Vpon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinckle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?
Hamlet. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood. 3.4.130 (2511)
Gertrad. To whom doe you speake this?
Hamlet. Doe you see nothing there?
Gertrad. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.
Hamlet. Nor did you nothing heare?
Gertrad. No nothing but our selues.
Hamlet. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*

Section 125 First Quarto 3.4.115-136 (2496-2519)

Hamlet. How i'st with you Lady?
Queene. Nay, how i'st with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie, 3.4.117 (2498)
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?
Hamlet. Why doe you nothing heare?
Queene. Not I.
Hamlet. Nor doe you nothing see?
Queene. No neither.
Hamlet. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the habite
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he steales away out of the Portall, 3.4.136 (2519)
Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost.*

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Section 126 First Folio 3.4.137-155 (2520-2538)

Queene. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.
Hamlet. Extasie?
My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time, 3.4.140 (2523)
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,
That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnseene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come, 3.4.150 (2533)
And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fatnesse of this pursie times,
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.

Section 126 Second Quarto 3.4.137-155 (2520-2538)

Gertrad. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilesse creation extacie is very cunning in.
Hamlet. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time, 3.4.140 (2523)
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse
That I haue vttred, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That not your trespasse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene, confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come, 3.4.150 (2533)
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.

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Section 126 First Quarto 3.4.137-155 (2520-2538)

Queene. Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:
But as I haue a soule, I sweare by heauen,
I neuer knew of this most horride murder:
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
And for my loue forget these idle fits.

Hamlet. Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours, 3.4.140 (2523)
It is not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet.
O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,
Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,
And win your selfe by little as you may,
In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:
And mother, but assist mee in reuenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.

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Section 127 First Folio 3.4.156-179 (2539-2555)

Queene. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.
Hamlet. O throw away the worser part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight, 3.4.170 (2546)
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
I do repent: but heauen 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 gaue him: so againe, good night.
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worse remaines behinde.

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Section 127 Second Quarto 3.4.156-179 (2539-2555)

Gertrad. O *Hamlet* thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.
Hamlet. O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you haue it not, 3.4.160 (2544)
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frock or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night, 3.4.170 (2546)
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleasd it so
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestowe him and will answere well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.
One word more good Lady. 3.4.180 (2555 + 1)

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Section 128 First Folio 3.4.180-196 (2556-2572)

Queene. What shall I do? 3.4.180 (2556)
Hamlet. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to rauell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe, 3.4.190 (2566)
Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,
No in despight of Sense and Secrecie,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Section 128 Second Quarto 3.4.180-196 (2556-2572)

Gertrard. What shall I doe?
Hamlet. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib, 3.4.190 (2566)
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispight of sence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,
And breake your owne necke downe.

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Section 129 First Folio 3.4.197-217 (2573-2585)

Queene. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou hast saide to me.
Hamlet. I must to England, you know that? 3.4.200 (2576)
Queene. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.
Hamlet. This man shall set me packing:
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.
Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Section 129 Second Quarto 3.4.197-217 (2573-2585)

Gertrard. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.
Hamlet. I must to *England*, you knowe that. 3.4.200 (2576)
Gertrard. Alack I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.
Hamlet. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: ô tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete, 3.4.210 (2577 + 9)
This man shall set me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

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Section 129 First Quarto 3.4.197-217 (2573-2585)

Queene. *Hamlet*, I vow by that maiesty,
That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,
What stratagem soe're thou shalt deuise.
Hamlet. It is enough, mother good night:
Come sir, I'le prouide for you a graue,
Who was in life a foolish prating knaue. 3.4.215 (2582)
Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

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Section 130 First Folio 4.1.1-12 (2586-2598)

Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes. 4.1.1 (2587)
These profound heaues
You must translate; Tis fit we vnderstand them.
Where is your Sonne?
Queene. Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?
King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?
Queene. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat, 4.1.10 (2596)
And in his brainish apprehension killes
The vnseene good old man.

Section 130 Second Quarto 4.1.1-12 (2586-2598)

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues, 4.1.1 (2587)
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne?
Gertrard. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?
King. What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?
Gertrard. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,
Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat, 4.1.10 (2596)
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

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Section 130, 131, 132 First Quarto 4.1.1-45 (2586-2629)

Enter the King and Lordes.

King.	Now Gertred, what sayes our sonne, how doe you finde him?	4.1.6 (2592)
Queene.	Alas my lord, as raging as the sea: Whenas he came, I first bespake him faire, But then he throwes and tosses me about, As one forgetting that I was his mother: At last I called for help: and as I cried, *Corambis* Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage	4.1.10 (2596)
	The good olde man he killes.	
King.	Why this his madnesse will vndoe our state. Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out.	4.1.36 (2624)
Gilderstone.	We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lordes.*	

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Section 131 First Folio 4.1.12-32 (2599-2619)

King. Oh heauy deed:
It had bin so with vs had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,
We would not understand what was most fit, 4.1.20 (2607)
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queene. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed, 4.1.30 (2617)
We must with all our Maiesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Guild.*

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Section 131 Second Quarto 4.1.12-32 (2599-2619)

King. O heauy deede!
It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt
This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not understand what was most fit, 4.1.20 (2607)
But like the owner of a foule disease
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gertrard. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Showes it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O *Gertrard*, come away,
The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede 4.1.30 (2617)
We must with all our Maiestie and skill *Enter Ros. & Guild.*
Both countenaunce and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,

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Section 132 First Folio 4.1.32-45 (2620-2629)

[*King.*] Ho *Guildenstern*:
Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.
Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wisest friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away, 4.1.40 (2628)
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Section 132 Second Quarto 4.1.32-45 (2620-2629)

[*King.*] Both countenaunce and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And whats vntimely doone, 4.1.40 (2628)
Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poysned shot, may misse our Name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, ô come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

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Section 133 First Folio 4.2.1-31 (2630-2660)

Enter Hamlet.

Hamlet. Safely stowed. 4.2.1 (2631)

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. What noise? Who cals on *Hamlet*?
Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.*

Rosincrance. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Hamlet. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosincrance. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Hamlet. Do not beleeue it.

Rosincrance. Beleeue what? 4.2.10 (2640)

Hamlet. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosincrance. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Hamlet. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King best seruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his iaw, first mouh'd to be last swallowed, when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rosincrance. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Hamlet. I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

Rosincrance. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

Hamlet. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing ——

Guildensterne A thing my Lord?

Hamlet. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. *Exeunt.* 4.2.30 (2659)

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Section 133 Second Quarto 4.2.1-31 (2630-2660)

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Hamlet. Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O heere they come.

Rosencraus. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Hamlet. Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.

Rosencraus. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Hamlet. Doe not beleeue it.

Rosencraus. Beleeue what. 4.2.10 (2640)

Hamlet. That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne, besides to be demaunded of a spunge, what replycation should be made by the sonne of a King.

Rosencraus. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

Hamlet. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenaunce, his rewards, his authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but squeesing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

Rosencraus. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

Hamlet. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.

Rosencraus. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs to the King.

Hamlet. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.

Guyldensterne A thing my Lord.

Hamlet. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.*

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Section 134 First Folio 4.3.1-11 (2661-2672)

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie: 4.3.1 (2662)
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,
This sodaine sending him away, must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releeued, 4.3.10 (2671)
Or not at all. *Enter Rosincrane.*

Section 134 Second Quarto 4.3.1-11 (2661-2672)

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body, 4.3.1 (2662)
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
VVho like not in their iudgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperat growne,
By desperat applyance are relieu'd 4.3.10 (2671)
Or not at all.

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Section 135 First Quarto 4.1.28-30, 4.3.ff. (2615-2617, 2681)

King. Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we haue sent by *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone*,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
Happly the aire and climate of the Country
May please him better than his natiue home:
See where he comes.

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Section 136 First Folio 4.3.11-15 (2673-2680)

[*King.*] Or not at all. *Enter Rosincrane.*
How now? What hath befalne?
Rosincrance. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Rosincrance. Without my Lord, guarded to know your
pleasure.
King. Bring him before vs.
Rosincrance. Hoa, *Guildensterne*? Bring in my Lord.

Section 136 Second Quarto 4.3.11-15 (2673-2680)

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.
King. How now, what hath befalne?
Rosencraus. Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord
VVe cannot get from him.
King. But where is hee?
Rosencraus. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before vs.
Rosencraus. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*

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Section 137 First Folio 4.3.16-39 (2681-2700)

Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Hamlet. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where?

Hamlet. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes, but to one Table that's the end.

King. What dost thou meane by this?

Hamlet. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progresse through the guts of a Begger. 4.3.30 (2692)

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Hamlet. In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messenger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Hamlet. He will stay till ye come.

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Section 137 Second Quarto 4.3.15-39 (2680-2700)

Rosencraus. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*
King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?
Hamlet. At supper.
King. At supper, where.
Hamlet. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuacation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable service, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.
King. Alas, alas.
Hamlet. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.
King. VVhat doost thou meane by this?
Hamlet. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse through the guts of a begger.
King. Where is *Polonius*?
Hamlet. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him not thrre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the stayres into the Lobby.
King. Goe seeke him there.
Hamlet. A will stay till you come.

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Section 137 First Quarto 4.3.12-39 (2681-2700)

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

Gilderstone. My lord, we can by no meanes 4.3.12 (2674)
Know of him where the body is.
King. Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?
Hamlet. At supper, not where he is eating, but
Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes
are euen now at him.
Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one messe:
Looke you, a man may fish with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fish,
Which that worme hath caught.
King. What of this?
Hamlet. Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King 4.3.30 (2692)
May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar.
King. But sonne *Hamlet*, where is this body?
Hamlet. In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there,
Father, you had best looke in the other partes below
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,
You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.
King. Make haste and finde him out.
Hamlet. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haste,
I'le warrant you hee'le stay till you come. 4.3.39 (2700)

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Section 138 First Folio 4.3.40-53 (2701-2717)

King. *Hamlet*, this deed of thine, for shine especial safety 4.3.40 (2701)
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th'Associates tend, and euery thing at bent
For England.
Hamlet. For England?
King. I *Hamlet.*
Hamlet. Good.
King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.
Hamlet. I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother.
King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet.* 4.3.50 (2714)
Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,
for England. *Exit*

Section 138 Second Quarto 4.3.40-53 (2701-2717)

King. *Hamlet* this deede for shine especiall safety 4.3.40 (2701)
Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence.
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'associats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England.*
Hamlet. For *England.*
King. I *Hamlet.*
Hamlet. Good.
King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.
Hamlet. I see a Cherub that sees thē, but come for *England,*
Farewell deere Mother.
King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet.* 4.3.50 (2714)
Hamlet. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:
Come for *England.* *Exit.*

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Section 138 First Quarto 4.3.40-53 (2701-2717)

King. Well sonne *Hamlet*, we in care of you: but specially
in tender preservation of your health,
The which we price euen as our proper selfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*,
The winde sits faire, you shall aboorde to night,
Lord *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone* shall goe along with you.
Hamlet. O with all my heart: farewel mother.
King. Your louing father, Hamlet. 4.3.50 (2714)
Hamlet. My mother I say: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,
And so (my mother) farewel: for England hoe.

exeunt all but the king.

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Section 139 First Folio 4.3.54-68 (2718-2733)

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboord:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That else leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make hast.
And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red 4.3.60 (2725)
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set
Our Soueraigne Processe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet.* Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

Section 139 Second Quarto 4.3.54-68 (2718-2733)

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede abord,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is seald and done
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make hast,
And *England*, if my loue thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red, 4.3.60 (2725)
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou mayst not coldly set
Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*,
For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

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Section 139 First Quarto 4.3.54-68 (2718-2733)

exeunt all but the king.

King. Gertred, leaue me,
And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,
To England is he gone, ne're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of England, 4.3.64 (2729)
That on the sight of them, on his allegeance,
He presently without demaunding why,
That *Hamlet* loose his head, for he must die,
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:
He once being dead, why then our state is free. *exit.*

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Section 140 First Folio 4.4.1-8 (2734-2743)

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

Fortinbras. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King, 4.4.1 (2735)
Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.
Captaine. I will doo't, my lord.
Fortinbras. Go safely on. *Exit.*

Section 140 Second Quarto 4.4.1-8 (2734-2743)

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army ouer the stage.

Fortinbrasse. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King, 4.4.1 (2735)
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conveyance of a promisd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous,
If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.
Captaine. I will doo't my Lord.
Fortinbrasse. Goe softly on.

Section 140 First Quarto 4.4.1-8 (2734-2743)

Enter Fortenbrasse, Drumme and Souldiers.

Fortenbrasse. Captaine, from vs goe greete 4.4.1 (2735)
The king of Denmarke:
Tell him that *Fortenbrasse* nephew to old *Norway*,
Craues a free passe and conduct ouer his land,
According to the Articles agreed on:
You know our Randevous, goe march away. *exeunt all.*

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Section 141 Second Quarto 4.4.9-31 (2743 + 1-2743 + 25)

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Hamlet. Good sir whose powers are these?
Captaine. They are of *Norway* sir. 4.4.10 (2743 + 3)
Hamlet. How purposd sir I pray you?
Captaine. Against some part of *Poland.*
Hamlet. Who commaunds them sir?
Captaine. The Nephew to old *Norway*, *Fortenbrasse.*
Hamlet. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,
Or for some frontire?
Captaine. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it; 4.4.20 (2743 + 13)
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Hamlet. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.
Captaine. Yes, it is already garisond.
Hamlet. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand duckets
VVill not debate the question of this straw,
This is th'Impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and showes no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.
Captaine. God buy you sir. 4.4.30 (2743 + 23)
Rosencraus. Wil't please you goe my Lord?
Hamlet. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.

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Section 142 Second Quarto 4.4.32-66 (2743 + 26-2743 + 60)

[*Hamlet.*] How all occasions doe informe against me,
And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capabilitie and god-like reason
To fust in vs vnvsd, now whether it be
Bestiall oblivion, or some crauen scruple 4.4.40 (2743 + 34)
Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisedom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition puft, 4.4.50 (2743 + 43)
Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vnsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake, how stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother staind,
Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The iminent death of twenty thousand men, 4.4.60 (2743 + 54)
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine, ô from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

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Section 143 First Folio 4.5.1-20 (2744-2766)

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Queene. I will not speake with her. 4.5.1 (2745)
Horatio. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode
will needs be pittied.
Queene. What would she haue?
Horatio. She speakes much of her Father, saies she heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts, 4.5.10 (2755)
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.
Queene. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,
So full of Artlesse iealousie is guilt,
It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt. 4.5.20 (2765)

Enter Ophelia distracted.

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Section 143 Second Quarto 4.5.1-20 (2744-2766)

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Queene. I will not speake with her. 4.5.1 (2745)
Gentleman. Shee is importunat,
Indeede distract, her moode will needes be pittied.
Queene. What would she haue?
Gentleman. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts, 4.5.10 (2755)
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.
Horatio. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Queene. 'To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artlesse iealousie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spylt. 4.5.20 (2765)

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Section 143 First Quarto 4.5.1-20 (2744-2766)

enter King and Queene.

King. *Hamlet* is ship't for England, fare him well,
I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
If euery thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.

Queene. God grant it may, heau'ns keep my *Hamlet* safe:
But this mischance of olde *Corambis* death,
Hath piersed so the yong *Ofeliaes* heart,
That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

King. Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
We understand her brother's come from *France*, 4.5.88 (2825)
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
Vnlesse by some meanes he be pacified.

Queene. O see where the yong *Ofelia* is!

Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing.

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Section 144 First Folio 4.5.21-41 (2767-2783)

Ophelia. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.
Queene. How now *Ophelia*?
Ophelia. *How should I your true loue know from another one?*
By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.
Queene. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?
Ophelia. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, 4.5.30 (2773)
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.
Enter King.
Queene. Nay but *Ophelia.*
Ophelia. Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.
Queene. Alas, looke heere my Lord.
Ophelia. *Larded with sweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-loue showres. 4.5.40 (2782)
King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Section 144 Second Quarto 4.5.21-41 (2767-2783)

Ophelia. Where is the beautious Maiestie of Denmarke?
Queene. How now *Ophelia*? *shee sings.*
Ophelia. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.
Queene. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?
Ophelia. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a grasgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.
Queene. Nay but *Ophelia.*
Ophelia. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.
Enter King.
Queene. Alas looke heere my Lord.
Ophelia. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue showers. 4.5.40 (2782)
King. How doe you pretty Lady?

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Section 144 First Quarto 4.5.21-41 (2767-2783)

Ofelia.	How should I your true loue know	4.5.23 (2769)
	From another man?	
	By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,	
	And his sandall shoone.	
	White his shrowde as mountaine snowe,	4.5.36 (2778)
	Larded with sweete flowers,	
	That bewept to the graue did not goe	
	With true louers showers:	
	He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,	4.5.29 (2773)
	At his head a grasse greene turffe,	
	At his heeles a stone.	
King.	How i'st with you sweete *Ofelia*?	4.5.41 (2783)

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Section 145 First Folio 4.5.42-73 (2784-2810)

Ophelia. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was
a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your Table.
King. Conceit vpon her Father.
Ophelia. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when
they aske you what it meanes, say you this:
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine. 4.5.50 (2791)
Then vp he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.
King. Pretty *Ophelia.*
Ophelia. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for shame:
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't, 4.5.60 (2798)
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed:
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.
King. How long hath she bin this?
Ophelia. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,
but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should
lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it,
and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my
Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies:
Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

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Section 145 Second Quarto 4.5.42-73 (2784-2810)

Ophelia. Well good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophelia. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.

To morrow is S. Valentines day, *Song.*
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayde at your window 4.5.50 (2791)
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophelia. Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint Charitie,
alack and lie for shame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't, 4.5.60 (2798)
by Cock they are too blame.
Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promisd me to wed,
(He answers.) So would I a done by yonder sunne
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Ophelia. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.
Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.

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Section 145 First Quarto 4.5.42-73 (2784-2810)

Ofelia. Well God yeeld you.
It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but weepe:
And will he not come againe?
And will he not come againe?
No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone,
And he neuer will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moane:
God a mercy on his soule.
And of all christen soules I pray God. 4.5.200 (2949)
God be with you Ladies, God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*

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Section 146 First Folio 4.5.74-96 (2811-2833)

King. Follow her close,
Giue her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*,
When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battaliaes. First, her Father slaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author 4.5.80 (2817)
Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement,
Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare 4.5.90 (2827)
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Giues me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

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Section 146 Second Quarto 4.5.74-96 (2811-2833)

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers
death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard*, *Gertrard*,
When sorrowes come, they come not single spyes,
But in battalions: first her Father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author 4.5.80 (2817)
Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,
VVithout the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,
Last, and as much contayning as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare 4.5.90 (2827)
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: ô my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murdring peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Section 146 First Quarto 4.5.74-95 (2811-2833)

King. A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:
O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,
To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.

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Section 147 First Folio 4.5.96-111 (2833-2851)

[*King.*] Giues me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Queene. Alacke, what noyse is this?
King. Where are my *Switzers*?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
Messenger. Saue your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List) 4.5.100 (2839)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
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.
Queene. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry, 4.5.110 (2849)
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.
Noise within. *Enter Laertes.*

Section 147 Second Quarto 4.5.96-111 (2833-2851)

[*King.*] Giues me superfluous death. *A noise within.*
Enter a Messenger.
King. Attend, where is my Swissers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?
Messenger. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his list 4.5.100 (2839)
Eates not the flats with more impitious hast
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.
Queene. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
O this is counter you false Danish dogges.
Enter Laertes with others

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Section 147 First Quarto 4.5.7.96 (2835, 2851)

[*King.*] How now, what noyse is that?
A noyse within. *enter Leartes.*

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Section 148 First Folio 4.5.112-130 (2852-2876)

King.	The doores are broke.	
Laertes.	Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.	
All.	No, let's come in.	
Laertes.	I pray you giue me leaue.	
All.	We will, we will.	
Laertes.	I thanke you: Keepe the doore.	
	Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.	
Queene.	Calmely good *Laertes.*	
Laertes.	That drop of blood, that calmes	
	Proclaimes me Bastard:	
	Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot	
	Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow	4.5.120 (2863)
	Of my true Mother.	
King.	What is the cause *Laertes,*	
	That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?	
	Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:	
	There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,	
	That Treason can but peepe to what it would,	
	Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes,*	
	Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude.*	
	Speake man.	
Laertes.	Where's my Father?	
King.	Dead.	
Queene.	But not by him.	
King.	Let him demand his fill.	4.5.130 (2876)

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Section 148 Second Quarto 4.5.112-130 (2852-2876)

King. The doores are broke.
Laertes. Where is this King? sirs stand you all without.
All. No lets come in.
Laertes. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. VVe will, we will.
Laertes. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
Giue me my father.
Queene. Calmely good *Laertes.*
Laertes. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chast vnsmirched browe 4.5.120 (2863)
Of my true mother.
King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?
Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our person,
There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenst, let him goe *Gertrard.*
Speake man.
Laertes. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queene. But not by him.
King. Let him demaund his fill. 4.5.130 (2876)

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Section 148 & 149 First Quarto 4.5.112-130 (2852-2876)

Leartes.	Stay there vntill I come,	
	O thou vilde king, giue me my father:	4.5.117 (2858)
	Speake, say, where's my father?	
King.	Dead.	
Leartes.	Who hath murdred him? speake, i'le not	
	Be juggled with, for he is murdred.	
Queene.	True, but not by him.	
Leartes.	By whome, by heau'n I'le be resolued.	
King.	Let him goe *Gertred*, away, I feare him not,	
	There's such diuinitie doth wall a king,	4.5.127 (2871)
	That treason dares not looke on.	
	Let him goe *Gertred*, that your father is murdred,	
	T'is true, and we most sory for it,	
	Being the chiefest pillar of our state:	
	Therefore will you like a most desperate gamster,	
	Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?	

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Section 149 First Folio 4.5.131-145 (2877-2894)

Laertes. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
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: onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my Father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laertes. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little. 4.5.140 (2887)
King. Good *Laertes*:
If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your revenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.
Laertes. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.

Section 149 Second Quarto 4.5.131-145 (2877-2894)

Laertes. How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laertes. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little. 4.5.140 (2887)
King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, i'st writ in your reuenge,
That soopstake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.
Laertes. None but his enemies,
King. Will you know them then?

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Section 150 First Folio 4.5.146-153 (2895-2905)

Laertes. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death, 4.5.150 (2900)
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.
A noise within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.

Section 150 Second Quarto 4.5.146-153 (2895-2905)

Laertes. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death, 4.5.150 (2900)
And am most sencibly in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day dooes to your eye. *A noyse within.*
Enter Ophelia.

Section 150 First Quarto 4.5.146-153 (2895-2905)

Leartes. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope mine arms, 4.5.146 (2895)
And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,
I will no reconcilement but by bloud.
King. Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:
And that in soule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.
Enter Ofelia as before.

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Section 151 First Folio 4.5.154-170 (2906-2922)

Laertes. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by weight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits, 4.5.160 (2912)
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues.
Ophelia. *They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,*
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.
Laertes. Had'st thou thy wits, and did't perswade Re-
uenge, it could not moue thus.

Section 151 Second Quarto 4.5.153-170 (2904-2922)

Laertes. Let her come in.
How now, what noyse is that?
O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seauen times salt
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye,
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Tell our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits 4.5.160 (2912)
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.
Ophelia. They bore him bare-faste on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.
Laertes. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge
It could not mooue thus.

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Section 151 First Quarto 4.5.154-170 (2906-2922)

Leartes. Who's this, *Ofelia*? O my deere sister!
I'st possible a yong maides life,
Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe? 4.5.160 (2912)
O heau'ns themselves! how now *Ofelia*?

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Section 152 First Folio 4.5.171-201 (2923-2950)

Ophelia. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call
him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is
the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.
Laertes. This nothings more then matter.
Ophelia. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.
Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for
Thoughts.
Laertes. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-
brance fitted.
Ophelia. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's 4.5.180 (2932)
Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew
with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
ed: They say, he made a good end;
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.
Laertes. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.
Ophelia. *And will he not come againe,* 4.5.190 (2941)
And will he not come againe:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never wil come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule.
And of all Christian Soules, I pray God. 4.5.200 (2949)

God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia*

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Section 152 Second Quarto 4.5.171-201 (2923-2950)

Ophelia. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

Laertes. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophelia. There's Rosemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laertes. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophelia. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for you, heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies, you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dasie, I would giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed, they say a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laertes. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

Ophelia. And wil a not come againe, *Song.* 4.5.190 (2941)
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,
God buy you.

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Section 152 & 153 First Quarto 4.5.171-201 (2923-2950)

Ofelia.	Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:	
	Here, here is rew for you,	
	You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,	
	Heere's some for me too: you must weare your rew	
	With a difference, there's a dazie.	
	Here Loue, there's rosemary for you	4.5.175 (2927)
	For remembrance: I pray Loue remember,	
	And there's pansey for thoughts.	
Leartes.	A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:	
	O God, O God!	
Ofelia.	There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you	
	Some violets, but they all withered, when	4.5.185 (2936)
	My father died: alas, they say the owle was	4.5.42 (2784)
	A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,	
	But can not tell what we shall be.	4.5.44 (2786)
	For bonny sweete Robin is all my joy.	4.5.187 (2938)
Leartes.	Thoughts & afflictions, torments worse than hell.	
Ofelia.	Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:	4.5.46 (2788)
	I pray now, you shall sing a downe,	
	And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter	
	And the false steward, and if any body	
	Aske you of any thing, say you this.	
	To morrow is saint Valentines day,	
	All in the morning betime,	
	And a maide at your window,	4.5.50 (2791)
	To be your Valentine:	
	The yong man rose, and dan'd his clothes,	
	And dupt the chamber doore,	
	Let in the maide, that out a maide	
	Neuer departed more.	
	Nay I pray marke now,	
	By gisse, and by saint Charitie,	
	Away, and fie for shame:	
	Yong men will doo't when they come too't:	4.5.60 (2798)
	By cocke they are too blame.	
	Quoth she, before you tumbled me,	
	You promised me to wed.	
	So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,	
	If thou hadst not come to my bed.	
	So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.	
	God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*	

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Section 153 First Folio 4.5.202-220 (2951-2971)

Laertes. Do you see this, you Gods?
King. *Laertes*, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not, 4.5.210 (2959)
Be you content to lend your patience to vs.
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.
Laertes. Let this be so:
His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I must call in question.
King. So you shall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

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Section 153 Second Quarto 4.5.202-220 (2951-2971)

Laertes. Doe you this ô God.
King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours
To you in satisfaction; but if not, 4.5.210 (2959)
Be you content to lend your patience to vs.
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.
Laertes. Let this be so.
His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.
King. So you shall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Section 154 First Quarto 4.5.202 ff. (2951 ff.)

Leartes. Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
My sister thus distracted:
Cursed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.
King. Content you good Leartes for a time,
Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
Brimme full of sorrow, but forbeare a while,
And thinke already the reuenge is done
On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.
Leartes. You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le striue,
To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,
Which once vnhearsed, then the world shall heare
Leartes had a father he held deere.
King. No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon. *exeunt om.*

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Section 155 First Quarto 4.5.220ff. (2971ff.)

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Horatio. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in *Denmarke*,
This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
And subtle treason that the king had plotted,
Being crossed by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*, 5.2.15 (3515)
Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,
As at his next conuersion with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.

Queene. Then I perceive there's treason in his lookes
That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie:
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,
But know not you *Horatio* where he is?

Horatio. Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me
To meete him on the east side of the Cittie
To morrow morning.

Queene. O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, commend me
A mothers care to him, bid him a while
Be wary of his presence, lest that he
Faile in that he goes about.

Horatio. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinke by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'de, obserue the king, and you shall
Quickely finde, *Hamlet* being here,
Things fell not to his minde.

Queene. But what became of *Gilderstone* and *Rossencraft*?

Horatio. He being set ashore, they went for *England*,
And in the Packet there writ down that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale, 5.2.49 (3552)
So all was done without discouerie.

Queene. Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince,
Horatio once againe I take my leaue,
With thowsand mothers blessings to my sonne.

Horatio. Madam adue.

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Section 156 First Folio 4.6.1-12 (2972-2984)

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Horatio. What are they that would speake with me? 4.6.1 (2973)
Servant. Saylors sir, they say they haue Letters for you.
Horatio. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Saylor.

Saylor. God blesse you Sir.
Horatio. Let him blesse thee too.
Saylor. Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter 4.6.10 (2981)
for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambassadours that was
bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let
to know it is.

Section 156 Second Quarto 4.6.1-12 (2972-2984)

Enter Horatio and others.

Horatio. VVhat are they that would speake with me? 4.6.1 (2973)
Gentleman. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.
Horatio. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet.* *Enter Saylers.*
Sayler. God blesse you sir.
Horatio. Let him blesse thee to.
Sayler. A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came
frõ th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

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Section 157 First Folio 4.6.13-31 (2985-3002)

Reads the Letter.
Horatio. When thou shalt haue ouerlook'd this, give these Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selues too slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boarded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee, like Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosincrance *and* Guildensterne, *hold their course for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*
He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.

Section 157 Second Quarto 4.6.13-31 (2985-3002)

Horatio. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer-lookt this, giue these fellowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chase, finding our selues too slow of saile, wee put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prisoner, they haue dealt with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest flie death, I haue wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold theyr course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.
So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

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Section 158 First Folio 4.6.32-34 (3003-3005)

[*Horatio.*] Come, I will giue you way for these your Letters,
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Section 158 Second Quarto 4.6.32-34 (3003-3005)

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

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Section 159 First Folio 4.7.1-24 (3006-3032)

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal, 4.7.1 (3007)
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Laertes. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd vp?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnsinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so coniunctiue to my life and soule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone, 4.7.20 (3028)
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would haue reverted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

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Section 159 Second Quarto 4.7.1-24 (3006-3032)

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale, 4.7.1 (3007)
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laertes. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdome, all things els
You mainely were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnsinnow'd,
But yet to mee tha'r strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone, 4.7.20 (3028)
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymberd for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reverted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

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Section 160-168 First Quarto 4.7.1-24 (3006-3032)

Enter King and Leartes.

King. Hamlet from *England!* is it possible?
What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.
Leartes. O he is welcome, by my soule he is:
At it my jocund heart doth leape for joy,
That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies.
King. Leartes, content your selfe, be rulde by me,
And you shall haue no let for your revenge.
Leartes. My will, not all the world.
King. Nay but Leartes, marke the plot I haue layde,
I haue heard him often with a greedy wish,
Vpon some praise that he hath heard of you
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.
Leartes. And how for this? 4.7.106 (3104)
King. Mary Leartes thus: I'le lay a wager,
Shalbe on *Hamlets* side, and you shall giue the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more desire,
To try the maistry, that in twelue venies
You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
When you are hot in midst of all your play,
Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyson,
That if it drawes but the least dramme of blood, 4.7.143 (3134)
In any part of him, he cannot liue:
This being done will free you from suspition,
And not the deerest friend that *Hamlet* lov'de
Will euer haue Leartes in suspect.

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Section 161 First Folio 4.7.25-35 (3033-3044)

Laertes. And so haue I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister driuen into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.
King. Breake not your sleepes for that, 4.7.30 (3038)
You must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Section 161 Second Quarto 4.7.25-35 (3033-3044)

Laertes. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.
King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

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Section 162 First Folio 4.7.36-42 (3045-3053)

Enter a Messenger.

[*King.*] How now? What Newes?
Messenger. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet.* This to your
Maiesty: this to the Queene.
King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?
Messenger. Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them. 4.7.40 (3051)
King. *Laertes* you shall heare them:
Leaue vs. *Exit Messenger*

Section 162 Second Quarto 4.7.36-42 (3045-3053)

Enter a *Messenger with Letters.*

Messenger. These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene.
King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?
Messenger. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them 4.7.40 (3051)
Of him that brought them.
King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.

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Section 163 First Folio 4.7.43-57 (3054-3067)

[*King.*] *High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leaue to see your Kingly Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne.*
Hamlet.
What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing? 4.7.50 (3060)
Laertes. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Post-
script here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me?
Laertes. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.

Section 163 Second Quarto 4.7.43-57 (3054-3067)

[*King.*] High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom, to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shal first asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my suddaine returne.
King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing? 4.7.50 (3060)
Laertes. Know you the hand?
King. Tis *Hamlets* caracter. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
Can you deuise me?
Laertes. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didst thou.

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Section 164 First Folio 4.7.57-68 (3068-3078)

King.	If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:	
	How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?	
Laertes.	If so you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.	4.7.60 (3070)
King.	To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,	
	As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes	
	No more to vndertake it; I will worke him	
	To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,	
	Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;	
	And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,	
	But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,	
	And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence	4.7.81 (3078)

Section 164 Second Quarto 4.7.57-68 (3068-3078)

King.	If it bee so *Laertes*,	
	As how should it be so, how otherwise,	
	Will you be rul'd by me?	
Laertes.	I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace.	4.7.60 (3070)
King.	To thine owne peace, if he be now returned	
	As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes	
	No more to undertake it, I will worke him	
	To an exployt, now ripe in my devise,	
	Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:	
	And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,	
	But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,	
	And call it accedent.	

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Section 165 Second Quarto 4.7.68-81 (3078 + 1-3078 + 16)

Laertes. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ. 4.7.70 (3078 + 3)
King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siedge.
Laertes. What part is that my Lord?
King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then setled age, his sables, and his weedes 4.7.80 (3078 + 15)
Importing health and grauenes; two months since

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Section 166 First Folio 4.7.81-106 (3078-3104)

[*King.*]	And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence	4.7.81 (3078)
	Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,	
	I'ue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,	
	And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant	
	Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,	
	And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,	
	As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd	
	With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,	
	That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,	
	Come short of what he did.	4.7.90 (3087)
Laertes.	A Norman was't?	
King.	A Norman.	
Laertes.	Vpon my life *Lamound.*	
King.	The very same.	
Laertes.	I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,	
	And Iemme of all our Nation.	
King.	Hee mad confession of you,	
	And gaue you such a Masterly report,	
	For Art and exercise in your defence;	
	And for your Rapier most especially[e],	
	That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,	
	If one could match you Sir. This report of his	4.7.100 (3099)
	Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,	
	That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,	
	Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;	
	Now out of this.	
Laertes.	Why out of this, my Lord?	

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Section 166 Second Quarto 4.7.81-106 (3078-3104)

[*King*.] Importing health and grauenes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant
Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp'st, and demy natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did. 4.7.90 (3087)

Laertes. A Norman wast?

King. A Norman.

Laertes. Vppon my life *Lamord*.

King. The very same.

Laertes. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.

King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cride out t'would be a sight indeed
If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposd them; sir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laertes. What out of this my Lord?

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Section 167 First Folio 4.7.107-126 (3105-3115)

King. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laertes. Why aske you this?
King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father, 4.7.110 (3109)
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Section 167 Second Quarto 4.7.107-1126 (3105-3115)

King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a hart?
Laertes. Why aske you this?
King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father, 4.7.110 (3109)
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many, 4.7.120 (3112 + 7)
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend thirfts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
To showe your selfe indeede your fathers sonne
More then in words?

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Section 168 First Folio 4.7.126-139 (3116-3129)

Laertes. To cut his throat i'th'Church.
King. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home: 4.7.130 (3120)
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Section 168 Second Quarto 4.7.126-139 (3116-3129)

Laertes. To cut his thraot i'th Church.
King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarise,
Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home, 4.7.130 (3120)
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your Father.

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Section 169 First Folio 4.7.139-162 (3130-3153)

Laertes. I will doo't,
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
King. Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Proiect
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proofe: Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

4.7.140 (3131)
4.7.150 (3142)
4.7.160 (3151)

Enter Queene.

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Section 169 Second Quarto 4.7.139-162 (3130-3153)

Laertes. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword. 4.7.140 (3131)
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.
King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what convenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle, 4.7.150 (3142)
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in proofe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping, 4.7.160 (3151)
If he by chaunce escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Section 169 First Quarto 4.7.139-162 (3130-3153)

Leartes. My lord, I like it well:
But say lord *Hamlet* should refuse this match.
King. I'le warrant you, wee'le put on you
Such a report of singularitie,
Will bring him on, although against his will.
And lest that all should misse,
I'le haue a potion that shall ready stand,
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke, 4.7.159 (3150)
Shall be his period and our happinesse.
Leartes. T'is excellent, O would the time were come!
Here comes the Queene. *enter the Queene.*

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Section 170 First Folio 4.7.163-183 (3154-3175)

Queene. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes.*
Laertes. Drown'd! O where?
Queene. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name; 4.7.170 (3162)
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be, 4.7.180 (3172)
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.

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Section 170 Second Quarto 4.7.163-183 (3154-3175)

Queene. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd *Laertes.*
Laertes. Drown'd, ô where?
Queene. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke
That showes his horry leaues in the glassy streame,
There with fantastique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daises, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name, 4.7.170 (3162)
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes
Clambring to hang, an enuious sliuer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature natiue and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be 4.7.180 (3172)
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Section 170 First Quarto 4.7.163-183 (3154-3175)

King. How now Gertred, why looke you heauily?
Queene. O my Lord, the yong *Ofelia*
Hauing made a garland of sundry sortes of floures,
Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke, 4.7.166 (3158)
The enuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroade,
Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she sate smiling,
Euen Mermaide-like, twixt heauen and earth,
Chaunting olde sundry tunes vncapable
As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,
Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

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Section 171 First Folio 4.7.183-194 (3176-3188)

Laertes. Alas then, is she drown'd?
Queene. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laertes. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze, 4.7.190 (3183)
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*
King. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Section 171 Second Quarto 4.7.183-194 (3176-3188)

Laertes. Alas, then she is drownd.
Queene. Drownd, drownd.
Laertes. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase, 4.7.190 (3183)
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*
King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Section 171 First Quarto 4.7.183-194 (3176-3188)

Leartes. So, she is drownde: 4.7.183 (3176)
Too much of water hast thou *Ofelia*,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
Reuenge it is must yeeld this heart releese,
For woe begets woe, and griefe hangs on griefe. *exeunt.*

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Section 172 First Folio 5.1.1-25 (3189-3214)

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne saluation? 5.1.1 (3190)

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clowne. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clowne. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life. 5.1.20 (3209)

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

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Section 172 Second Quarto 5.1.1-25 (3189-3214)

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therfore make her graue straight, the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

Clowne. It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drownd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life. 5.1.20 (3209)

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i'st, Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she should haue been buried out a christian buriall.

Section 172 First Quarto 5.1.1-25 (3189-3214)

enter Clowne and an other.

Clowne. I say no, she ought not to be buried 5.1.1 (3190)
In christian buriall.

2. Why sir?

Clowne. Mary because shee's drownd.

2. But she did not drowne her selfe.

Clowne. No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.

2. Yea but it was against her will.

Clowne. No, I deny that, for looke you sir, I stand here,
If the water come to me, I drowne not my selfe: 5.1.18 (3207)
But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,
Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:
Y'are gone, goe y'are gone sir.

2. I but see, she hath christian buriall,
Because she is a great woman.

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Section 173 First Folio 5.1.26-44 (3215-3233)

Clowne. Why there thou say'st. And the more pitty that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams* Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clowne. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clowne. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou vnderstand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe——

Other. Go too. 5.1.40 (3229)

Clowne. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a thousand Tenants.

Section 173 Second Quarto 5.1.26-44 (3215-3233)

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pitty that great folke should haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang thẽ selues, more then theyr euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no aunci-ent gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.
Ile put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to. 5.1.40 (3229)

Clowne. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-liues a thousand tenants.

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Section 173 First Quarto 5.1.26-44 (3215-3233)

Clowne.	Mary more's the pitty, that great folke	5.1.26 (3215)
	Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne	
	Themselues, more than other people:	
	Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou	
	Goest, tell me one thing, who buildes strongest,	
	Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?	5.1.42 (3231)
2.	Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone,	
	And will indure long.	
Clowne.	That's prety, too't agen, too't agen.	
2.	Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes,	
	And that brings many a one to his long home.	

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Section 174 First Folio 5.1.45-64 (3234-3255)

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship-wright, or a Carpenter? 5.1.50 (3239)

Clowne. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clowne. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask's this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very sweete:
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

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Section 174 Second Quarto 5.1.45-64 (3234-3255)

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well,
but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou
doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall,
the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.
Other. VVho buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a
Carpenter.
Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.
Other. Marry now I can tell.
Clowne. Too't.
Other. Masse I cannot tell.
Clowne. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse wil
not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question
next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lasts till Doomesday.
Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soope of liquer. 5.1.60 (3249)
In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*
Me thought it was very sweet
To contract ô the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.
Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Section 174 First Quarto 5.1.45-64 (3234-3255)

Clowne. Prety agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe
dooes it well? the gallowes dooes well to them that doe ill,
goe get thee gone:
And if any one aske thee hereafter, say,
A Graue-maker, for the houses he buildes
Last till Doomes-day. Fetch me a stope of beere, goe.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.
Clowne. A picke-axe and a spade, 5.1.94 (3285)
A spade for and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is, for t'will be made, *he throwes vp a shouel.*
For such a ghest most meete.

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Section 175 First Folio 5.1.65-93 (3256-3283)

Hamlet. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Graue-making?

Horatio. Custome bath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Hamlet. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier sense. 5.1.70 (3261)

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had never beene such.

Hamlet. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue iowles it to th'grownd, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Asse o'e Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not? 5.1.80 (3271)

Horatio. It might, my Lord.

Hamlet. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Horatio. I, my Lord.

Hamlet. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knocks about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

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Section 175 Second Quarto 5.1.65-93 (3256-3283)

Hamlet. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making.
Horatio. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.
Hamlet. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier sence
Clowne. But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*
hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been such.
Hamlet. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines jawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?
Horatio. It might my Lord.
Hamlet. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not?
Horatio. I my Lord.
Hamlet. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the massene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine revolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Section 175 First Quarto 5.1.65-93 (3256-3283)

Hamlet. Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe,
That is thus merry in making of a graue?
See how the slaue joles their heads against the earth.
Horatio. My lord, Custome hath made it in him seeme nothing.

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Section 176 First Folio 5.1.94-118 (3284-3309)

Clowne sings.
A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a shrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.

Hamlet. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, 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 Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha?

Horatio. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Hamlet. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Horatio. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnnes too.

Hamlet. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

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Section 176 Second Quarto 5.1.94-118 (3284-3309)

Clowne. A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*
for and a shrowding sheet,
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Hamlet. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cases, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sconce with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conveyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more, ha.

Horatio. Not a iot more my Lord.

Hamlet. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Horatio. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to.

Hamlet. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I wil speak to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

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Section 176 First Quarto 5.1.94-118 (3284-3309)

Clowne. A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is for to be made,
For such a ghest most meet.
Hamlet. Looke you, there's another *Horatio.*
Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer? 5.1.98 (3289)
Me thinkes he should indite that fellow
Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
Him about the pate with's shouel: now where is your
Quirkes and quillets now, your vouchers and
Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,
And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarse
Holde the conueiance of his land, and must
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!
I prethee tell me *Horatio,*
Is parchment made of sheep-skinnes? 5.1.114 (3305)
Horatio. I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.
Hamlet. If aith they prooue themselues sheepe and calues
That deale with them, or put their trust in them.
There's another, why may not that be such a ones
Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,
When he meant to beg him? *Horatio,* I prethee
Lets question yonder fellow.
Now my friend, whose graue is this? 5.1.118 (3308)

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Section 177 First Folio 5.1.117-136 (3308-3327)

[*Hamlet.*] rance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?
Clowne. Mine Sir:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made, 5.1.120 (3311)
for such a Guest is meete.
Hamlet. I thinke it be shine indeed: for thou liest in't.
Clowne. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.
Hamlet. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.
Clowne. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.
Hamlet. What man dost thou digge it for? 5.1.130 (3321)
Clowne. For no man Sir.
Hamlet. What woman then?
Clowne For none neither.
Hamlet. Who is to be buried in't?
Clowne. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's deed.

Section 177 Second Quarto 5.1.117-136 (3308-3327)

Clowne. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made. 5.1.120 (3311)
Hamlet. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.
Clowne You lie out ont sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.
Hamlet Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.
Clowne Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.
Hamlet. What man doost thou digge it for? 5.1.130 (3321)
Clowne. For no man sir.
Hamlet. What woman then?
Clowne For none neither.
Hamlet Who is to be buried in't?
Clown. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

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Section 177 First Quarto 5.1.117-136 (3308-3327)

Clowne. Mine sir.
Hamlet. But who must lie in it?
Clowne. If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat sir.
Hamlet. What man must be buried here?
Clowne. No man sir.
Hamlet. What woman?
Clowne. No woman neither sir, but indeede
One that was a woman. 5.1.135 (3326)

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Section 178 First Folio 5.1.137-162 (3328-3352)

Hamlet. How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake
by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the
Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it,
the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant
comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his
Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?
Clowne. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day
that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras.*
Hamlet. How long is that since?
Clowne. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that:
It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee
that was mad, and sent into England.
Hamlet. I marry, why was he sent into England?
Clowne. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his 5.1.150 (3341)
wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.
Hamlet. Why?
Clowne. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as
mad as he.
Hamlet. How came he mad?
Clowne. Very strangely they say.
Hamlet. How strangely?
Clowne. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.
Hamlet. Vpon what ground? 5.1.160 (3350)
Clowne. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin sixeteene
heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

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Section 178 Second Quarto 5.1.137-162 (3328-3352)

Hamlet. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been Graue-maker?

Clowne. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbrasse*.

Hamlet. How long is that since?

Clowne. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: hee that is mad and sent into England.

Hamlet. I marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clowne. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Hamlet. Why?

Clowne. Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad as hee.

Hamlet. How came he mad?

Clowne. Very strangely they say.

Hamlet. How strangely?

Clowne. Fayth eene with loosing his wits.

Hamlet. Vpon what ground? 5.1.160 (3350)

Clowne. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.

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Section 179 First Quarto 5.1.137-162 (3328-3352)

Hamlet. An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio*,
This seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pesant,
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?
Clowne. I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corses,
He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner
Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.
Hamlet. And why a tanner?
Clowne. Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
Deuourer of your dead body, a great soaker.
Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
Let me see, I euer since our last king *Hamlet*
Slew *Fortenbrasse* in combat, yong *Hamlets* father,
Hee that's mad.
Hamlet. I mary, how came he madde? 5.1.156 (3346)
Clowne. Ifaith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.
Hamlet. Vpon what ground?
Clowne. A this ground, in *Denmarke.*
Hamlet. Where is he now?
Clowne. Why now they sent him to *England.*
Hamlet. To *England!* wherefore?
Clowne. Why they say he shall haue his wittes there,
Or if he haue not, t'is no great matter there,
It will not be seene there.
Hamlet. Why not there?
Clowne. Why there they say the men are as mad as he. 5.1.155 (3344)

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Section 180 First Folio 5.1.163-195 (3353-3383)

Hamlet. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?
Clowne. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue
many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold
the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine
yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.
Hamlet. Why he, more then another?
Clowne. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that 5.1.170 (3359)
he will keepe out water a great while. And your water,
is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull
now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.
Hamlet. Whose was it?
Clowne. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was;
Whose doe you thinke it was?
Hamlet. Nay, I know not.
Clowne. A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a 5.1.180 (3367)
Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull
Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Iester.
Hamlet. This?
Clowne E'ene that.
Hamlet. Let me see. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Ho-*
ratio, a fellow of infinite Iest; of most excellent fancy, he
hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how
abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere
hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft.
VVhere be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your
Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to
set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own
Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies
Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this
fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry-
thee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

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Section 180 Second Quarto 5.1.163-195 (3353-3383)

Hamlet. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?
Clowne Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corses, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you som eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeere.
Hamlet. Why he more then another?
Clowne. Why sir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.
Hamlet. Whose was it?
Clowne. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?
Hamlet. Nay I know not.
Clowne. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a pourd a flagon of Renish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings Iester.
Hamlet. This?
Clowne. Een that.
Hamlet. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lyppes that I haue kist I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that.
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

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Section 180 First Quarto 5.1.163-195 (3353-3383)

Hamlet. Whose scull was this? 5.1.175 (3363)
Clowne. This, a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,
He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why do not you know him? this was one *Yorickes* scull.
Hamlet. Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore *Yoricke*
I knew him *Horatio*,
A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath carted mee twenty times vpon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me: Wheres your iests now *Yoricke*? your flashes of meriment: now go to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch thicke, to this she must come *Yoricke. Horatio*, I prethee tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that *Alexander* looked thus?

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Section 181 First Folio 5.1.196-216 (3384-3403)

Horatio. What's that my Lord?
Hamlet. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fashion i'th' earth?
Horatio. E'ene so.
Hamlet. And smelt so? Puh. 5.1.200 (3388)
Horatio. E'ene so, my Lord.
Hamlet. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio.* Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bunghole.
Horatio. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.
Hamlet. No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether with modestie enough, & likeliehood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuerted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.

Section 181 Second Quarto 5.1.196-216 (3384-3403)

Horatio. What's that my Lord?
Hamlet. Doost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?
Horatio. Een so.
Hamlet. And smelt so pah. 5.1.200 (3388)
Horatio. Een so my Lord.
Hamlet. To what base vses wee may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a bunghole?
Horatio. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.
Hamlet. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?
Imperious *Cæsar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.

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Section 181 First Quarto 5.1.196-216 (3384-3403)

[*Hamlet.*] thicke, to this she must come *Yoricke. Horatio*, I prethee tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that *Alexander* looked thus?

Horatio. Euen so my Lord.

Hamlet. And smelt thus?

Horatio. I my lord, no otherwise.

Hamlet. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of *Alexander*, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* became earth, of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being but clay, why might not time bring to passe, that he might stoppe the boung hole of a beere barrell?
Imperious *Casar* dead and turnd to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.

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Section 182 First Folio 5.1.217-222 (3404-3411)

[*Hamlet.*] But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.
Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.
The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand, 5.1.220 (3409)
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Section 182 Second Quarto 5.1.217-222 (3404-3411)

[*Hamlet.*] But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King, *Enter K. Q.*
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow? *Laertes and*
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken, *the corse.*
The corse they follow, did with desprat hand 5.1.220 (3409)
Foredoo it owne life, twas of some estate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Section 182 First Quarto 5.1.217-222 (3404-3411)

Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes, with a Priest after the coffin.
Hamlet. What funerall's this that all the Court laments? 5.1.218 (3407)
It shews to be some noble parentage:
Stand by a while.

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Section 183 First Folio 5.1.223-242 (3412-3433)

Laertes. What Cerimony else?
Hamlet. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.
Laerte. What Cerimony else?
Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,
She should in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier, 5.1.230 (3419)
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be throwne on her
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.
Laertes. Must there no more be done?
Priest. No more be done:
We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.
Laertes. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest) 5.1.240 (3431)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

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Section 183 Second Quarto 5.1.223-242 (3412-3433)

Laertes. What Ceremonie els?
Hamlet. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.
Laertes. What Ceremonie els?
Doctor. Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground vnsanctified been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers, 5.1.230 (3419)
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.
Laertes. Must there no more be doone?
Doctor. No more be doone.
We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.
Laertes. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest, 5.1.240 (3431)
A ministring Angell shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Section 183 First Quarto 5.1.223-242 (3412-3433)

Leartes. What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else? 5.1.223 (3412)
Priest. My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
And more than well the church can tolerate,
She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:
And but for fauour of the king, and you,
She had beene buried in the open fieldes,
Where now she is allowed christian buriall.
Leartes. So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell 5.1.240 (3431)
shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.

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Section 184 First Folio 5.1.242-254 (3434-3448)

Hamlet. What, the faire *Ophelia*?
Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.
Laertes. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes: 5.1.250 (3443)
Leaps in the graue.
Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus.*

Section 184 Second Quarto 5.1.242-254 (3434-3448)

Hamlet. What, the faire *Ophelia.*
Queene. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'st haue been my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.
Laertes. O treble woe
Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes; 5.1.250 (3443)
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyesh head
Of blew *Olympus.*

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Section 184 First Quarto 5.1.242-254 (3434-3448)

Hamlet. The faire *Ofelia* dead!
Queene. Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:
I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,
And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.
Leartes. Forbeare the earth a while: sister farewell: 5.1.249 (3442)
Leartes leapes into the graue.
Now powre your earth on, *Olympus* hie,
And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*: *Hamlet leapes*
Whats he that coniures so? *in after Leartes*

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Section 185 First Folio 5.1.254-284 (3449-3481)

Hamlet. What is he, whose griefes
Beares such an Emphasis ? whose phrase of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
Laertes. The deuill take thy soule.
Hamlet. Thou prai'st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat; 5.1.260 (3456)
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.
King. Pluck them asunder.
Queene. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*
Gentleman. Good my Lord be quiet.
Hamlet. Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme.
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.
Queene. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?
Hamlet. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue) 5.1.270 (3467)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?
King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,
Queene. For loue of God forbeare him.
Hamlet. Come show me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Esile*, eate a Crocodile?
Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw 5.1.280 (3477)
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

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Section 185 Second Quarto 5.1.254-284 (3449-3481)

Hamlet. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an emphesis, whose phrase of sorrow
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.
Laertes. The deuill take thy soule.
Hamlet. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not spleenatiue rash,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand,
King. Pluck them a sunder.
Queene. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*
All. Gentlemen.
Horatio. Good my Lord be quiet.
Hamlet. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Queene. O my sonne, what theame?
Hamlet. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue 5.1.270 (3467)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.
King. O he is mad *Laertes.*
Queene. For loue of God forbeare him.
Hamlet. S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe:
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,
Woo'tt drinke vp Esill, eate a Crocadile?
Ile doo't, doost come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw 5.1.280 (3477)
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone
Make Ossa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.

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Section 185 First Quarto 5.1.254-284 (3449-3481)

[*Laertes.*]	And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*:	*Hamlet leapes*
	Whats he that coniures so?	*in after Leartes*
Hamlet.	Beholde tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane.	5.1.258 (3453)
Leartes.	The diuell take thy soule.	
Hamlet.	O thou praiest not well,	
	I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,	
	For there is something in me dangerous,	
	Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:	
	I lou'de *Ofelia* as deere as twenty brothers could:	5.1.269 (3466)
	Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:	
	Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,	
	Wilt drinke vp vessels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:	
	Com'st thou here to whine?	
	And where thou talk'st of burying thee a liue,	
	Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs.	5.1.280 (3477)
	Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,	
	Make Oosell as a Wart.	

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Section 186 First Folio 5.1.284-299 (3482-3498)

King. This is meere Madnesse:
And thus a while the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will sit drooping.
Hamlet. Heare you Sir:
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I loud' you euer; but it is no matter: 5.1.290 (3489)
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*
King. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrude* set some watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Section 186 Second Quarto 5.1.284-299 (3482-3498)

Queene. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.
Hamlet. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter, 5.1.290 (3489)
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

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Section 186 First Quarto 5.1.284-299 (3482-3498)

King. Forbeare *Leartes*, now is hee mad, as is the sea,
Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
Therfore a while giue his wilde humour scope.
Hamlet. What is the reason sir that you wrong mee thus? 5.1.289 (3488)
I neuer gaue you cause: but stand away,
A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.
Exit Hamlet and Horatio.
Queene. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, *Leartes.*
King. My lord, t'is so: but wee'le no longer trifle,
This very day shall *Hamlet* drinke his last,
For presently we meane to send to him,
Therfore *Leartes* be in readynes.
Leartes. My lord, till then my soule will not bee quiet.
King. Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our sonne,
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.
Queene. God grant they may. *exeunt omnes.*

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Section 187 First Folio 5.2.1-11 (3499-3511)

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Hamlet. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other, 5.2.1 (3500)
You doe remember all the Circumstance.
Horatio. Remember it my Lord?
Hamlet. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends, 5.2.10 (3509)
Rough-hew them how we will.
Horatio. That is most certaine.

Section 187 Second Quarto 5.2.1-11 (3499-3511)

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Hamlet. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other, 5.2.1 (3500)
You doe remember all the circumstance.
Horatio. Remember it my Lord.
Hamlet. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And praysd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe fall, & that should learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends, 5.2.10 (3509)
Rough hew them how we will.
Horatio. That is most certaine.

Section 187-191 First Quarto 5.2.1-80 (3499-3586)

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Hamlet. beleeue mee, it greeues mee much *Horatio*, 5.2.75 (3579)
That to *Leartes* I forgot my selfe:
For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his griefe,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.
Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

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Section 188 First Folio 5.2.12-26 (3512-3527)

Hamlet. Vp from my Cabin
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Gropt'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reason; 5.2.20 (3520)
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be struck off.
Horatio. Ist possible?
Hamlet. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:

Section 188 Second Quarto 5.2.12-26 (3512-3527)

Hamlet. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold
My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commission; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reasons, 5.2.20 (3520)
Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe such bugges and goblines in my life,
That on the superuise no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.
Horatio. I'st possible?
Hamlet. Heeres the commission, read it at more leasure,

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Section 189 First Folio 5.2.27-47 (3528-3549)

[*Hamlet.*] But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?
Horatio. I beseech you.
Hamlet. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines, 5.2.30 (3531)
They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans seruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?
Horatio. I, good my Lord.
Hamlet. An earnest Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many such like Assis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debasement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriuing time allowed.

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Section 189 Second Quarto 5.2.27-47 (3528-3549)

[*Hamlet.*] But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.
Horatio. I beseech you.
Hamlet. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines, 5.2.30 (3531)
They had begunne the play, I sat me downe,
Deuisd a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?
Horatio. I good my lord.
Hamlet. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might florish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Comma tweene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shriuing time alow'd.

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Section 190 First Folio 5.2.47-62 (3550-3565)

Horatio. How was this seal'd?
Hamlet. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale: 5.2.50 (3553)
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau't th'impression, plac't it safely,
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already.
Horatio. So *Guildensterne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.
Hamlet. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes 5.2.60 (3563)
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.

Section 190 Second Quarto 5.2.47-62 (3550-3565)

Horatio. How was this seald?
Hamlet. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the modill of that Danish seale, 5.2.50 (3553)
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subcribe it, gau't th'impression, plac'd it safely,
The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.
Horatio. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.
Hamlet. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinnuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes 5.2.60 (3563)
Betweene the passe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits

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Section 191 First Folio 5.2.62-80 (3566-3586)

Horatio. Why, what a King is this?
Hamlet. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill. 5.2.70 (3574)
Horatio. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.
Hamlet. It will be short,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But sure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring passion. 5.2.80 (3584)
Horatio. Peace, who comes heere?
nter young Osricke.

Section 191 Second Quarto 5.2.62-80 (3566-3586)

Horatio. Why what a King is this!
Hamlet. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cusnage, i'st not perfect conscience?
Enter a Courtier.

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Section 192 First Folio 5.2.81-105 (3587-3610)

Osricke. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmarke.
Hamlet. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?
Horatio. No my good Lord.
Hamlet. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the possession of dirt.
Osricke. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure, I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty. 5.2.90 (3596)
Hamlet. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head.
Osricke. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.
Hamlet. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.
Osricke. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.
Hamlet. Mee thinkes it is very soultry, and hot for my Complexion.
Osricke. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere 5.2.100 (3605) I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.
Hamlet. I beseech you remember.
Osricke. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith:

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Section 192 Second Quarto 5.2.81-105 (3587-3610)

Courtier. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.
Hamlet. I humble thanke you sir.
Doost know this water fly?
Horatio. No my good Lord.
Hamlet. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spacious in the possession of durt.
Courtier. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should impart a thing to you from his Maiestie. 5.2.90 (3596)
Hamlet. I will receaue it sir with all dilligence of spirit, your bonnet to his right vse, tis for the head.
Courtier. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.
Hamlet. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.
Courtier. It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.
Hamlet. But yet me thinkes it is very sully and hot, or my complection.
Courtier. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultery, as t'were I can not tell how: my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.
Hamlet. I beseech you remember.
Courtier. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly

Section 192 First Quarto 5.2.81-105 (3587-3610)

[*Hamlet.*] *Horatio*, but marke yon water-flie,
The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court.
Gentleman. Now God saue thee, sweete prince *Hamlet.*
Hamlet. And you sir: foh, how the muske-cod smels!
Gentleman. I come with an embassage from his majesty to you 5.2.90 (3596)
Hamlet. I shall sir giue you attention:
By my troth me thinkes t'is very colde.
Gentleman. It is indeede very rawish colde.
Hamlet. T'is hot me thinkes.
Gentleman. Very swoltery hote: 5.2.100 (3605)

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Section 193 Second Quarto 5.2.106-135 (3610 + 1-3610 + 25)

Courtier. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly com to Court *Laertes*, belieue me an absolute gentlemen, ful of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake fellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

Hamlet. Sir, his Refinement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inventorially, would dazzie th'arithmaticke of memory, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick saile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixion of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his vmbrage, nothing more. 5.2.120 (3610 + 12)

Courtier. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Hamlet. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Courtier. Sir.

Horatio. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will doo't sir really.

Hamlet. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Courtier. Of *Laertes.*

Horatio. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Hamlet. Of him sir.

Courtier. I know you are not ignorant.

Hamlet. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

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Section 194 First Folio 5.2.136-164 (3611-3629)

[*Osricke.*] Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Hamlet. What's his weapon?

Osricke. Rapier and dagger.

Hamlet. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Osricke. The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignee, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Hamlet. What call you the Carriages?

Osricke. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Hamlet. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but against the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?

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Section 194 Second Quarto 5.2.136-164 (3611-3629)

Courtier. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.
Hamlet. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.
Courtier. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.
Hamlet. What's his weapon?
Courtier. Rapier and Dagger.
Hamlet. That's two of his weapons, but well.
Courtier. The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses, against the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers and Poynards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.
Hamlet. What call you the carriages?
Horatio. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.
Courtier. The carriage sir are the hangers.
Hamlet. The phrase would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it be might hangers till then, but on, six Barbry horses against six French swords their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this all you call it?

Section 194 First Quarto 5.2.136-164 (3611-3629)

[*Gentleman.*] The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,
Six Barbary horse, against six french rapiers,
With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.
Hamlet. The cariages sir, I do not know what you meane.
Gentleman. The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.
Hamlet. The worde had beene more cosin german to the phrase, if he could haue carried the canon by his side,
And howe's the wager? I vnderstand you now.

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Section 195 First Folio 5.2.165-194 (3630-3657)

Osrricke. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answere.

Hamlet. How if I answere no? 5.2.170 (3635)

Osricke. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.

Hamlet. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Osricke. Shall I redeliver you ee'n so?

Hamlet. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osricke. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Hamlet. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.

Horatio. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Hamlet. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauy that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

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Section 195 Second Quarto 5.2.165-194 (3630-3657)

Courtier. The King sir, hath layd sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.
Hamlet. How if I answere no? 5.2.170 (3635)
Courtier. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.
Hamlet. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it please his Maiestie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.
Courtier. Shall I deliuer you so?
Hamlet. To this effect sir, after what florish your nature will. 5.2.180 (3644)
Courtier. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.
Hamlet. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.
Horatio. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.
Hamlet. A did so sir with his dugge before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of histy colection, which carries them through and through the most prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Section 195 First Quarto 5.2.165-194 (3630-3657)

Gentleman. Mary sir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies
At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you,
And on your side the King hath laide,
And desires you to be in readinesse.
Hamlet. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
I dare venture my skull: when must this be?
Gentleman. My Lord, presently, the king, and her maiesty,
With the rest of the best iudgement in the Court,
Are comming downe into the outward pallace.
Hamlet. Goe tell his maiestie, I wil attend him.
Gentleman. I shall deliuer your most sweet answer. *exit.*
Hamlet. You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced,
Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole.
Horatio. He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.

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Section 196 Second Quarto 5.2.195-208 (3657 + 1-3657 +13)

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by young *Ostricke*, who brings backe 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?

Hamlet. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoeuer, prouided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

Hamlet. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Hamlet. Shee well instructs me.

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Section 197 First Folio 5.2.209-224 (3658-3673)

Horatio. You will lose this wager, my Lord.
Hamlet. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, 5.2.210 (3659)
I haue beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the
oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere a-
bout my heart: but it is no matter.
Horatio. Nay, good my Lord.
Hamlet. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of
gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.
Horatio. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will fore-
stall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.
Hamlet. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall
Prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not
to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it
be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no
man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue be-
times?

Section 197 Second Quarto 5.2.209-224 (3658-3673)

Horatio. You will loose my Lord.
Hamlet. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene
in continuall practice, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not
thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.
Horatio. Nay good my Lord.
Hamlet. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamgiuing, as
would perhapes trouble a woman.
Horatio. If your minde dislike any thing, obey it. I will forstal their
repaire hether, and say you are not fit.
Hamlet. Not a whit, we defie augury, there is speciall prouidence in
the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come,
it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all,
since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes,
let be.

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Section 197 First Quarto 5.2.209-224 (3658-3673)

Hamlet. Beleeue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the sodaine
Very sore, all here about.
Horatio. My lord, forbeare the challenge then.
Hamlet. No *Horatio*, not I, if danger be now,
Why then it is not to come, theres a predestinate providence.
in the fall of a sparrow: heere comes the King. 5.2.220 (3669)

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Section 198 First Folio 5.2.225-252 (3674-3705)

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.
Hamlet. Giue me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht
With sore distraction? What I haue done 5.2.230 (3682)
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it
Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience, 5.2.240 (3692)
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.
Laertes. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time, 5.2.250 (3703)
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.

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Section 198 Second Quarto 5.2.225-252 (3674-3705)

A table prepard, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushions,
King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers,
and Laertes.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.
Hamlet. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punnisht
With a sore distraction, what I haue done 5.2.230 (3682)
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnesse,
Wast *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then? his madnesse. Ift be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enimie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill, 5.2.241 (3693)
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house
And hurt my brother.
Laertes. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngord: but all that time 5.2.250 (3703)
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.

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Section 198 First Quarto 5.2.225-252 (3674-3705)

Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.

King. Now sonne *Hamlet*, we hane laid vpon your head,
And make no question but to haue the best.
Hamlet. Your maiestie bath laide a the weaker side.
King. We doubt it not, deliver them the foiles.
Hamlet. First Leartes, heere's my hand and loue,
Protesting that I neuer wrongd *Leartes.* 5.2.233 (3685)
If *Hamlet* in his madnesse did amisse,
That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to *Leartes*,
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,
And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house,
And hurt my brother.
Leartes. Sir I am satisfied in nature,
But in termes of honor I'le stand aloofe,
And will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder maisters of our time
I may be satisfied.

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Section 199 First Folio 5.2.252-266 (3706-3726)

Hamlet. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.
Laertes. Come one for me.
Hamlet. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th'darkest night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.
Laertes. You mocke me Sir.
Hamlet. No by this hand.
King. Giue them the Foyles yong *Osricke*,
Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager. 5.2.260 (3716)
Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace bath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.
King. I do not feare it,
I haue seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.
Laertes. This is too heauy,
Let me see another.
Hamlet. This likes me well,
These Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*
Osricke. I my good Lord.

Section 199 Second Quarto 5.2.252-266 (3706-3726)

Hamlet. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
franckly play.
Giue vs the foiles.
Laertes. Come, one for me.
Hamlet. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.
Laertes. You mocke me sir.
Hamlet. No by this hand.
King. Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cosin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager. 5.2.260 (3716)
Hamlet. Very well my Lord.
Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker side.
King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.
Laertes. This is to heauy: let me see another.
Hamlet. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.
Ostricke. I my good Lord.

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Section 200 First Folio 5.2.267-279 (3727-3740)

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire, 5.2.270 (3730)
The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw
Richer then that, which foure successive Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.
Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet.* Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.

Section 200 Second Quarto 5.2.267-279 (3727-3740)

King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire. 5.2.270 (3730)
The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Onixe shall he throwe,
Richer then that which foure successiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannns to the heauens, the heauen to earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets*
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*

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Section 201 First Folio 5.2.280-284 (3741-3752)

Hamlet.	Come on sir.	5.2.280 (3741)
Laertes.	Come on sir.	*They play.*
Ham.	One.	
Laertes.	No.	
Hamlet.	Iudgement.	
Osricke.	A hit, a very palpable hit.	
Laertes.	Well: againe.	
King.	Stay, giue me drinke.	
	Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,	
	Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,	
	Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.	
Hamlet.	Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.	

Section 201 Second Quarto 5.2.280-284 (3741-3752)

Hamlet.	Come on sir.	5.2.280 (3741)
Laertes.	Come my Lord.	
Hamlet.	One.	
Laertes.	No.	
Hamlet.	Iudgement.	
Ostricke.	A hit, a very palpable hit.	*Drum, trumpets and shot.*
Laertes.	Well, againe.	*Florish, a peece goes off.*
King.	Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.	
	Heeres to thy health: giue him the cup.	
Hamlet.	Ile play this bout first, set it by a while	

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Section 201 First Quarto 5.2.280-284 (3741-3752)

King. Giue them the foyles.
Hamlet. I'le be your foyle *Leartes*, these foyles 5.2.255 (3710)
Haue all a laught, come on sir: *a hit.*
Leartes No none. *Heere they play:*
Hamlet. Iudgement. 5.2.280 (3745)
Gentleman. A hit, a most palpable hit.
Leartes. Well, come againe. *They play againe.*
Hamlet. Another. Iudgement.
Leartes. I, I grant, a tuch, a tuch.
King. Here *Hamlet*, the king doth drinke a health to thee
Queene. Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy face.
King. Giue him the wine.
Hamlet. Set it by, I'le haue another bowt first,
I'le drinke anone.

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Section 202 First Folio 5.2.285-296 (3753-3769)

[*Hamlet.*]	Come: Another hit; what say you?	
Laertes.	A touch, a touch, I do confesse.	
King.	Our Sonne shall win.	
Queene.	He's fat, and scant of breath.	
	Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,	
	The Queene Carowses to thy fortune, *Hamlet.*	
Hamlet.	Good Madam.	5.2.290 (3759)
King.	*Gertrude*, do not drinke.	
Queene.	I will my Lord;	
	I pray you pardon me.	
King.	It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.	
Hamlet.	I dare not drinke yet Madam,	
	By and by.	
Queene.	Come, let me wipe thy face.	
Laertes.	My Lord, Ile hit him now.	
King.	I do not thinke't.	
Laertes.	And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.	

Section 202 Second Quarto 5.2.285-296 (3753-3769)

[*Hamlet.*]	Come, another hit. What say you?	
Laertes.	I doe confest.	
King.	Our sonne shall winne.	
Queene.	Hee's fat and scant of breath.	
	Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,	
	The Queene carowses to thy fortune *Hamlet.*	
Hamlet.	Good Madam.	5.2.290 (3759)
King.	*Gertrard* doe not drinke.	
Queene.	I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.	
King.	It is the poysned cup, it is too late.	
Hamlet.	I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.	
Queene.	Come, let me wipe thy face.	
Laertes.	My Lord, Ile hit him now.	
King.	I doe not think't.	
Laer.	And yet it is almost against my conscience.	

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Section 202 First Quarto 5.2.285-296 (3753-3769)

Queene. Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinkes to thee.
Shee drinkes.
King. Do not drinke *Gertred*: O t'is the poysned cup! 5.2.290 (3760)

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Section 203 First Folio 5.2.297-312 (3770-3792)

Hamlet. Come for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence,
I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.
Laertes. Say you so? Come on. *Play.*
Osricke. Nothing neither way.
Laertes. Haue at you now.
In scuffling they change Rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Hamlet. Nay come, againe.
Osricke. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
Horatio. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?
Osricke. How is't *Laertes*?
Laertes. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Osricke*,
I am justly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
Hamlet. How does the Queene?
King. She sounds to see them bleede.
Queene. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke, 5.2.310 (3789)
I am poyson'd.
Hamlet. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out.

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Section 203 Second Quarto 5.2.297-312 (3770-3792)

Hamlet. Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.
I pray you passe with your best violence
I am sure you make a wanton of me.
Laertes. Say you so, come on. 5.2.300 (3774)
Ostricke. Nothing neither way.
Laertes. Haue at you now.
King. Part them, they are incenst.
Hamlet. Nay come againe.
Ostricke. Looke to the Queene there howe.
Horatio. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?
Ostricke. How ist *Laertes*?
Laertes. Why as a woodcock to mine owne springe *Ostrick*,
I am justly kild with mine owne treachery.
Hamlet. How dooes the Queene?
King. Shee sounds to see them bleed.
Queene. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke the drinke, I am poysned. 5.2.310 (3790)
Hamlet. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, seeke it out.

Section 203 First Quarto 5.2.297-312 (3770-3792)

Hamlet. *Leartes* come, you dally with me,
I pray you passe with your most cunningst play.
Leartes. I! say you so? haue at you, 5.2.300 (3774)
Ile hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.
Hamlet. Come on sir.

They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Leartes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.

King. Looke to the Queene. 5.2.303 (3780)
Queene. O the drinke, the drinke, *Hamlet*, the drinke.
Hamlet. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.

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Section 204 First Folio 5.2.313-327 (3793-3810)

Laertes. It is heere *Hamlet.*
Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practice
Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame. 5.2.320 (3801)
Hamlet. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
Hurts the King.
All. Treason, Treason.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Hamlet. Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*

Section 204 Second Quarto 5.2.313-327 (3793-3810)

Laertes. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art slaine,
No medcin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practice
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie
Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poysned,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame. 5.2.320 (3801)
Hamlet. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.
All. Treason, treason.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Hamlet. Heare thou incestious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.

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Section 204 First Quarto 5.2.313-327 (3793-3810)

Lords. How ist my Lord *Leartes*?
Leartes. Euen as a coxcombe should,
Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:
Hamlet, thou hast not in thee halfe an houre of life, 5.2.315 (3796)
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.
Vnbated and invenomed: thy mother's poysned
That drinke was made for thee.
Hamlet. The poysned Instrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. *The king dies.*

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Section 205 First Folio 5.2.327-332 (3811-3816)

Laertes. He is iustly seru'd.
It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:
Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee, 5.2.330 (3814)
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
Hamlet. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.

Section 205 Second Quarto 5.2.327-332 (3811-3816)

Laertes. He is justly serued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe,
Exchange forgiuenesse with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee, 5.2.330 (3814)
Nor thine on me.
Hamlet. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;

Section 205 First Quarto 5.2.327-332 (3811-3816)

Leartes. O he is justly serued: 5.2.327 (3811)
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my loue: I doe forgive thee. *Leartes dies.*
Hamlet. And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.

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Section 206 First Folio 5.2.333-349 (3817-3835)

[*Hamlet.*] I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right
To the vnsatisfied. 5.2.340 (3824)

Horatio. Neuer beleeue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Hamlet. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.

Section 206 Second Quarto 5.2.333-349 (3817-3835)

[*Hamlet.*] I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke 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, ô I could tell you,
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right
To the vnsatisfied. 5.2.340 (3824)

Horatio. Neuer belieue it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet some liquer left.

Hamlet. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,
O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine *A march a*
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this? *farre off.*

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Section 206 First Quarto 5.2.333-349 (3817-3835)

Hamlet. And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.
Horatio. No, I am more an antike Roman, 5.2.341 (3826)
Then a Dane, here is some poison left.
Hamlet. Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
O fie *Horatio*, and if thou shouldst die,
What a scandale wouldst thou leaue behinde?
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart sinckes *Horatio*,
Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse:
Farewel *Horatio*, heauen receiue my soule. *Ham. dies.*

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Section 207 First Folio 5.2.349-361 (3836-3851)

March afarre off, and shout within.

[*Hamlet.*] What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Osricke.

Osricke. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come frõ Poland
To th'Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Hamlet. O I dye *Horatio*:
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*

Horatio. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest, 5.2.360 (3850)
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Section 207 Second Quarto 5.2.349-361 (3836-3851)

[*Hamlet.*] And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine *A march a*
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this? *farre off.*

Enter Osrick.

Osrtricke. Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,
To th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.

Hamlet. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
But I doe prophecie th'ellection lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th'occurrants more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.

Horatio. Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest. 5.2.360 (3850)
Why dooes the drum come hether?

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Section 208 First Folio 5.2.362-372 (3852-3866)

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.

Fortinbras. Where is this sight?
Horatio. What is it ye would see;
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
Fortinbras. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke.
Ambassador. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd, 5.2.370 (3864)
That *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne* are dead:
Where should we haue our thankes?

Section 208 Second Quarto 5.2.362-372 (3852-3866)

Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.

Fortenbrasse. Where is this sight?
Horatio. What is it you would see?
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
Fortenbrasse. This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloodily hast strook?
Embassador. The sight is dismall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfild, 5.2.370 (3864)
That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,
Where should we haue our thankes?

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Section 208 First Quarto 5.2.362-372 (3852-3866)

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.
enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.

Fortenbrasse. Where is this bloudy sight? 5.2.362 (3854)
Horatio. If aught of woe or wonder you'ld behold,
Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle.
Fortenbrasse. O imperious death! how many Princes
Hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death?
Ambassadors. Our ambassie that we haue brought from *England*,
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.

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Section 209 First Folio 5.2.372-386 (3867-3881)

Horatio. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arrived. Giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare 5.2.380 (3875)
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall indgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.

Section 209 Second Quarto 5.2.372-386 (3867-3881)

Horatio. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since so iump vpon this bloody question
You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*
Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world
How these things came about; so shall you heare 5.2.380 (3875)
Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidental iudgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on th'inuenters heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

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Section 209 First Quarto 5.2.372-386 (3867-3881)

Horatio. Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy:
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde, 5.2.380 (3875)
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

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Section 210 First Folio 5.2.386-394 (3882-3894)

Fortinbras. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth 5.2.390 (3886)
Inuite me,
Horatio. Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

Section 210 Second Quarto 5.2.386-394 (3882-3894)

Fortenbrasse. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortune,
I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vantage doth inuite me. 5.2.390 (3886)
Horatio. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,
But let this same be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
On plots and errores happen.

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Section 211 First Folio 5.2.395-403 (3895-3907)

Fortinbras. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him. 5.2.400 (3901)
Take vp the body; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.
Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are shot off.

FINIS.

Section 211 Second Quarto 5.2.395-403 (3895-3907)

Fortenbrasse. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued most royall; and for his passage,
The souldiers musicke and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him: 5.2.400 (3901)
Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere showes much amisse.
Goe bid the souldiers shoote. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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Section 211 First Quarto 5.2.395-403 (3895-3907)

Fortenbrasse. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,
Which now to claime my leisure doth inuite mee:
Let foure of our chiefest Captaines 5.2.395 (3895)
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to his graue:
For he was likely, had he liued,
To a prou'd most royall.
Take vp the bodie, such a sight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Finis

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THEATER-TEXT *HAMLET*

A PERFORMANCE SCRIPT EDITION

by

ROBERT KOLE

VOLUME II

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2001

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THE TRAGEDIE OF
H A M L E T, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.

Barnardo. WHo's there? 1.1.1 (4)
Francisco. Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold your selfe.
Barnardo. Long liue the King.
Francisco. *Barnardo*?
Barnardo. He.
Francisco. You come most carefully vpon your houre.
Barnardo. 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*
Francisco. For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold,
And I am sicke at heart.
Barnardo. Haue you had quiet Guard?
Francisco. Not a Mouse stirring. 1.1.10 (14)
Barnardo. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and
Marcellus, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.
Francisco. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?
Horatio. Friends to this ground.
Marcellus. And Leige-men to the Dane.
Francisco. Giue you good night.
Marcellus. O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?
Francisco. *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.
Exit Fran.
Marcellus. Holla *Barnardo.*
Barnardo. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Horatio. A peece of him.
Barnardo. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.* 1.1.20 (29)
Marcellus. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.
Barnardo. I haue seene nothing.
Marcellus. *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seene of vs.
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.
Horatio. Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare. 1.1.30 (39)

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Barnardo. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we two Nights haue seene,
Horatio. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Barnardo. Last night of all,
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole
Had made his course t'illume that part of Heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,
The Bell then beating one.
Marcellus. Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghost.* 1.1.40 (51)
Looke where it comes againe.
Barnardo. In the same figure, like the King that's dead.
Marcellus. Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio.*
Barnardo. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio*
Horatio. Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder
Barnardo. It would be spoke too.
Marcellus. Question it *Horatio.*
Horatio. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.
Marcellus. It is offended. 1.1.50 (63)
Barnardo. See, it stalkes away.
Horatio. Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.
Exit the Ghost.
Marcellus. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
Barnardo. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this something more then Fantasie?
What thinke you on't?
Horatio. Before my God, I might not this beleeue
Without the sensible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.
Marcellus. Is it not like the King?
Horatio. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on, 1.1.60 (76)
When th'Ambitious Norwey combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis strange.
Marcellus. Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,
With Martiall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.
Horatio. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,

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This boades some strange erruption to our State.
Marcellus. Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes 1.1.70 (86)
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose sore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this sweaty hast
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?
Horatio. That can I,
At least the whisper goes so: Our last King, 1.1.80 (97)
Whose Image euen but now appear'd to vs.
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteem'd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbras*: who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all those his Lands
Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:
Against the which, a Moity competent 1.1.90 (107)
Was gaged by our King: which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquisher, as by the same Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article designe,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now sir, young *Fortinbras*
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a List of Landlesse Resolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to some Enterprize
That hath a stomacke in't: which is no other 1.1.100 (117)
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And termes Compulsatiue, those foresaid Lands
So by his Father lost: and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Sourse of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this post-hast, and Romage in the Land.
Enter Ghost againe.
But soft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe:
Ile crosse it, though it blast me. Stay Illusion:
If thou hast any sound, or vse of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done, 1.1.130 (129)

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That may to thee do ease, and grace to me; speak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh speake.
Or, if thou hast vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treasure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they say, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and speake. Stop it *Marcellus.*

Marcellus. Shall I strike at it with my Partizan? 1.1.140 (137)
Horatio. Do, if it will not stand.
Barnardo. 'Tis heere.
Horatio. 'Tis heere.
Marcellus 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghost.*
We do it wrong, being so Maiesticall
To offer it the shew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.
Barnardo. It was about to speake, when the Cocke crew.
Horatio. And then it started, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day, 1.1.150 (149)
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throate
Awake the God of Day: and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This present Obiect made probation.
Marcellus. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some sayes, that euer 'gainst that Season comes
Wherein our Sauiours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning singeth all night long: 1.1.160 (159)
And then (they say) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholsome, then no Planets strike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme:
So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.
Horatio. So haue I heard, and do in part beleeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Russet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Easterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet.* For vpon my life, 1.1.170 (169)
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will speake to him:
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty?
Marcellus. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we shall finde him most conueniently. *Exeunt*

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Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Sister Ophelia, Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death 1.2.1 (179)
The memory be greene: and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe:
Yet so farre hath Discretion fought with Nature,
That we with wisest sorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our selues.
Therefore our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntresse of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy, 1.2.10 (188)
With one Auspicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wisedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*
Holding a weake supposall of our worth;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be disioynt, and out of Frame, 1.2.20 (198)
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage;
He hath not fayl'd to pester vs 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.
Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the businesse is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose, to suppresse 1.2.30 (209)
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
The Lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subiect: and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,

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For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further personall power,
To businesse with the King, more then the scope
Of these dilated Articles allow:
Farewell and let your hast commend your duty.

Voltemand. In that, and all things, will we shew our duty. 1.2.40 (219)

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.
Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.
And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you?
You told vs of some suite. What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of Reason to the Dane,
And loose your voyce. What would'st thou beg *Laertes*,
That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Natiue to the Heart,
The Hand more Instrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*? 1.2.50 (230)

Laertes. Dread my lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To shew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
What sayes *Pollonius*?

Pollonius. He hath my Lord:
I do beseech you giue him leaue to go. 1.2.61 (241)

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

Hamlet. A little more then kin, and lesse then kinde.

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

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

Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids 1.2.70 (250)
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that liues must dye,
Passing through Nature, to Eternity.

Hamlet. I Madam, it is common.

Queene. If it be;
Why seemes it so particular with thee.

Hamlet. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)

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Nor Customary suites of solemne Blacke,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye, 1.2.80 (261)
Nor the deiected hauiour of the Visage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, shewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. These indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which passeth show;
These, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your Father:
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father lost, lost his, and the Suruiuer bound 1.2.90 (272)
In filiall Obligation, for some terme
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to perseuer
In obstinate Condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornnesse. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It shewes a will most incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart unfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderstanding simple, and vnschool'd:
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peeuish Opposition 1.2.100 (282)
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault against the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first Coarse, till he that dyed to day,
This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne,
And with no lesse Nobility of Loue, 1.2.110 (292)
Then that which dearest Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefest Courtier Cosin, and our Sonne.

Queene. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers *Hamlet*:
I prythee stay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Hamlet. I shall in all my best 1.2.120 (302)
Obey you Madam.

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King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens shall bruite againe,
Respeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Hamlet. Oh that this too too solid Flesh, would melt,
Thaw, and resolue it selfe into a Dew: 1.2.130 (314)
Or that the Euerlasting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainst Selfe-slaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature
Possesse it meerely. That it should come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother, 1.2.140 (324)
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Must I remember: why she would hang on him,
As if encrease of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere those shooes were old,
With which she followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why she, euen she.
(O Heauen! A beast that wants discourse of Reason 1.2.150 (334)
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous Teares
Had left the flushing of her gauled 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 breake my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Horatio. Haile to your Lordship. 1.2.160 (345)
Hamlet. I am glad to see you well:

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Horatio, or I do forget my selfe.
Horatio. The same my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.
Hamlet. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Marcellus. My good Lord.
Hamlet. I am very glad to see you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberge*?
Horatio. A truant disposition, good my Lord.
Hamlet. I would not haue your Enemy say so; 1.2.170 (358)
Nor shall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elsenour*?
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.
Horatio. My Lord, I came to see your Fathers Funerall.
Hamlet. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to see my Mothers Wedding.
Horatio. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Hamlet. Thrift, thrift Horatio: the Funerall Bakt-meats 1.2.180 (368)
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer seene that day *Horatio*.
My father, me thinkes I see my father.
Horatio. Oh where my Lord?
Hamlet. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)
Horatio. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.
Hamlet. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not look vpon his like againe.
Horatio. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Hamlet. Saw? Who? 1.2.190 (379)
Horatio. My Lord, the King your Father.
Hamlet. The King my Father?
Horatio. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent care; till I may deliver
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen,
This maruell to you.
Hamlet. For Heauens loue let me heare.
Horatio. Two nights together, had these Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe*, 1.2.200 (391)

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Appeares before them, and with sollemne march
Goes slow and stately: By them thrice he walks,
By their oppress and feare-surprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilst they bestil'd
Almost to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and speake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good, 1.2.210 (401)
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
These hands are not more like.

Hamlet. But where was this?
Marcellus. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.
Hamlet. Did you not speake to it?
Horatio. My Lord, I did;
But answere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion, like as it would speake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the sound it shrunke in hast away,
And vanisht from our sight. 1.2.220 (413)
Hamlet. Tis very strange.
Horatio. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.
Hamlet. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night?
Both. We doe my Lord.
Hamlet. Arm'd, say you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Hamlet. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foote.
Hamlet. Then saw you not his face?
Horatio. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp. 1.2.230 (426)
Hamlet. What, lookt he frowningly?
Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.
Hamlet. Pale, or red?
Horatio. Nay very pale.
Hamlet. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Horatio. Most constantly.
Hamlet. I would I had beene there.
Horatio. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Hamlet. Very like, very like: staid it long?
Horatio. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundred.

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All. Longer, longer.
Horatio. Not when I saw't.
Hamlet. His Beard was grisly? no.
Horatio. It was, as I haue seene it in his life, 1.2.240 (440)
A Sable Siluer'd.
Hamlet. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake againe.
Horatio. I warrant you it will.
Hamlet. If it assume my noble Fathers person,
Ile speake to it, though Hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this sight;
Let it bee treble in your silence still:
And whatsoever els shall hap to night,
Giue it an understanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues; so, fare ye well: 1.2.250 (451)
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*
Hamlet. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt some foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then sit still my soule; foule deeds will rise,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laertes. My necessaries are imbark't; Farewell: 1.3.1 (462)
And Sister, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is assistant; doe not sleepe,
But let me heare from you.
Ophelia. Doe you doubt that?
Laertes. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; sweet not lasting
The suppliance of a minute? No more. 1.3.10 (471)
Ophelia. No more but so.
Laertes. Thinke it no more:
For nature cressant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward seruice of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,

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And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you must feare
His greatnesse weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himselfe is subiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnuallued persons doe,
Carue for himselfe; for, on his choyce depends 1.3.20 (483)
The sanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore must his choyce be circumscrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he sayes he loues you,
It fits your wisedome so farre to beleeue it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his saying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what losse your Honour may sustaine,
If with too credent eare you list his Songs; 1.3.30 (493)
Or lose your Heart; or your chest Treasure open
To his vnmastred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Sister,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the shot and danger of Desire.
The chariest Maid is Prodigall enough,
If she vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious stroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd, 1.3.40 (503)
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare;
Youth to it selfe rebels, though none else neere.

Ophelia. I shall th'effect of this good Lesson keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as some vngracious Pastors doe,
Shew me the steepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilst like a puft and recklesse Libertine
Himselfe, the Primrose path of dalliance treads, 1.3.50 (513)
And reaks not his owne reade.

Laertes. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Polonius. Yet heere *Laertes*? Aboord, aboord for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for there: my blessing with you;

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And these few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act: 1.3.60 (525)
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnhatchtt, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans censure; but reserue thy iudgement:
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy; 1.3.70 (535)
But not express in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the best ranck and station,
Are of a most select and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loses both it selfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne selfe be true:
And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man. 1.3.80 (545)
Farewell: my Blessing season this in thee.

Laertes. Most humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.

Polonius. The time inuites you, goe, your seruants tend.

Laertes. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue said to you.

Ophelia. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laertes. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*

Polonius. What ist *Ophelia* he hath said to you?

Ophelia. So please you, somthing touching the L. *Hamlet.*

Polonius. Marry, well be thought: 1.3.90 (556)
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene 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 doe not understand your selfe so cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?

Ophelia. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me. 1.3.100 (566)

Polonius. Affection, puh. You speake like a greene Girle,

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Vnsifted in such perillous Circumstance.
Doe you beleeue his tenders, as you call them?
Ophelia. I do not know, my Lord, what I should thinke.
Polonius. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your selfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not starling. Tender your selfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phrase,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.
Ophelia. My Lord, he bath importun'd me with loue, 1.3.110 (576)
In honourable fashion.
Polonius. I, fashion you may call it, go too, go too.
Ophelia. And hath giuen countenance to his speech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.
Polonius. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: these blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promise, as it is a making;
You must not take for fire. For this time Daughter, 1.3.120 (586)
Be somewhat scanter of your Maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inuestments show:
But meere implorators of vnholy Sutes,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds, 1.3.130 (596)
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Haue you so slander any moment leisure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Ophelia. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Hamlet. The Ayre bites shrewdly: is it very cold? 1.4.1 (604)
Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.
Hamlet. What hower now?
Horatio. I thinke it lacks of twelue.
Marcellus. No, it is strooke.
Horatio. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the season,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.
What does this meane my Lord?

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Hamlet. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouse,
Keepes wassels and the swaggering vpspring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Renish downe, 1.4.10 (614)
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.
Horatio. Is it a custome?
Hamlet. I marry ist;
And to my mind, though I am natiue heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Custome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obseruance.
Enter Ghost.
Horatio. Looke my Lord, it comes.
Hamlet. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd, 1.4.40 (625)
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blasts from Hell,
Be thy euents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, answer me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearsed in death,
Haue burst their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we saw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes, 1.4.50 (635)
To cast thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarse againe in compleat steele,
Reuisits thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we doe?
Ghost beckens Hamlet.
Horatio. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone. 1.4.60 (646)
Marcellus Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.
Horatio. No, by no meanes.
Hamlet. It will not speake: then will I follow it.
Horatio. Doe not my Lord.
Hamlet. Why, what should be the feare?
I doe not set my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it selfe:

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It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.
Horatio. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe, 1.4.70 (659)
That beetles o're his base into the Sea,
And there assumes some other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reason,
And draw you into madnesse thinke of it?
Hamlet. It wafts me still: goe on, Ile follow thee.
Marcellus. You shall not goe my Lord. 1.4.80 (665)
Hamlet. Hold off your hand.
Horatio. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.
Hamlet. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghost of him that lets me:
I say away, goe on, Ile follow thee.
Exeunt Ghost & Hamlet.
Horatio. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Marcellus. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Horatio. Haue after, to what issue will this come?
Marcellus. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke. 1.4.90 (678)
Horatio. Heauen will direct it.
Marcellus. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*
Enter Ghost and Hamlet.
Hamlet. Where wilt thou lead me? speak; Ile go no further. 1.5.1 (682)
Ghost. Marke me.
Hamlet. I will.
Ghost. My hower is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting Flames
Must render vp my selfe.
Hamlet. Alas poore Ghost.
Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.
Hamlet. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.
Hamlet. What?
Ghost. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night; 1.5.10 (695)
And for the day confin'd to fast in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes 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 enfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,

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Make thy two eyes like Starres, start from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine: 1.5.20 (705)
But this eternall blason must not be
To eares of flesh and bloud; list *Hamlet*, oh list,
If thou didst euer thy deare Father loue.

Hamlet. Oh Heauen!

Ghost. Reuenge his foule and most vnnaturall Murther.

Hamlet. Murther?

Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is;
But this most foule, strange, and vnnaturall.

Hamlet. Hast, hast me to know it,
That with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue, 1.5.30 (716)
May sweepe to my Reuenge.

Ghost. I finds thee apt,
And duller should'st thou be then the fat weede
That rots it selfe in ease, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'st thou not stirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that sleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged processe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Fathers life,
Now weares his Crowne. 1.5.40 (727)

Hamlet. O my Propheticke soule: mine Vncle?

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate Beast
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to seduce? Won to to this shamefull Lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whose loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline 1.5.50 (737)
Vpon a wretch, whose Naturall gifts were poore
To those of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of Heauen:
So Lust, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will sate it selfe in a Celestiallbed, & prey on Garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I sent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be: Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My custome alwayes in the afternoone; 1.5.60 (745)
Vpon my secure hower thy Vncle stole

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With iuyce of cursed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with bloud of Man,
That swift as Quick-siluer, it courses through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a sodaine vigour it doth posses
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholsome blood: so did it mine; 1.5.70 (755)
And a most instant Tetter bak'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth Body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once dispatcht
Cut off euen in the Blossomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, disappointed, vnnaneld,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, most horrible: 1.5.80 (765)
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Incest.
But howsoever thou pursuest this Act,
Taint not thy mind; nor let thy Soule contrive
Against thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen,
And to those Thornes that in her bosome lodge,
To pricke and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme showes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire: 1.5.90 (775)
Adue, adue, *Hamlet*: remember me. *Exit.*

Hamlet. Oh all you host of Heauen! Oh Earth; what els?
And shall I couple Hell? Oh fie: hold my heart;
And you my sinnewes, grow not instant Old;
But beare me stiffely vp: Remember thee?
I, thou poore Ghost, while memory holds a seate
In this distracted Globe: Remember thee?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All sawes of Bookes, all formes, all presures past, 1.5.100 (785)
That youth and observation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone shall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baser matter; yes, yes, by Heauen:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh Villaine, Villaine, smiling damned Villaine!

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My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villaine;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke;
So Vnckle there you are: now to my word; 1.5.110 (795)
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me: I haue sworn't.

Horatio. & Marcelus. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Marcellus. Lord *Hamlet.*
Horatio. Heauen secure him.
Marcellus. So be it.
Horatio. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Hamlet. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.
Marcellus. How ist't my Noble Lord?
Horatio. What newes, my Lord?
Hamlet. Oh wonderfull!
Horatio. Good my Lord tell it.
Hamlet. No you'l reueale it.
Horatio. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen. 1.5.120 (809)
Marcellus. Nor I, my Lord.
Hamlet. How say you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'l be secret?
Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.
Hamlet. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Horatio. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.
Hamlet. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part
You, as your busines and desires shall point you:
For euery man ha's businesse and desire, 1.5.130 (822)
Such as it is: and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.
Horatio. These are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.
Hamlet. I'm sorry they offend you heartily:
Yes faith, heartily.
Horatio. There's no offence my Lord.
Hamlet. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Vision heere:
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is betweene vs.
O'remaster't as you may. And now good friends, 1.5.140 (833)
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore request.
Horatio. What is't my Lord? we will.

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Hamlet. Neuer make known what you haue seen to night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Hamlet. Nay, but swear't.
Horatio. In faith my Lord, not I.
Marcellus. Nor I my Lord: in faith.
Hamlet. Vpon my sword.
Marcellus. We haue sworne my Lord already.
Hamlet. Indeed, vpon my sword, Indeed.
Ghost. Sweare. *Ghost cries under the Stage.*
Hamlet. Ah ha boy, sayest thou so. Art thou there true- 1.5.150 (846)
penny? Come one you here this fellow in the selleredge
Consent to sweare.
Horatio. Propose the Oath my Lord.
Hamlet. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene.
Sweare by my sword.
Ghost. Sweare.
Hamlet. *Hic & vbique*? Then wee'l shift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard: 1.5.160 (856)
Sweare by my Sword.
Ghost. Sweare.
Hamlet. Well said old Mole, can'st worke i'th' ground so fast?
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.
Horatio. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous strange.
Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe; 1.5.170 (866)
(As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet
To put an Anticke disposition on:)
That you at such time seeing me, neuer shall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head shake;
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull Phrase;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake; or there be and if there might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out to note,
That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you: 1.5.180 (876)
Sweare.
Ghost. Sweare.
Hamlet. Rest, rest perturbed Spirit: so Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,

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May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you,
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh cursed spight,
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.* 1.5.190 (887)

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.

Polonius. Giue him his money, and these notes *Reynoldo.* 2.1.1 (890)
Reynoldo. I will my lord.
Polonius. You shall doe maruels wisely: good *Reynoldo*,
Before you visite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.
Reynoldo. My Lord, I did intend it.
Polonius. Marry, well said;
Very well said. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompassement and drift of question, 2.1.10 (901)
That they doe know my sonne: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo?*
Reynoldo. I, very well my Lord.
Polonius. And in part him, but you may say not well;
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
Addicted so and so; and there put on him
What forgeries you please: marry, none so ranke, 2.1.20 (911)
As may dishonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are Companions noted and most knowne
To youth and liberty.
Reynoldo. As gaming my Lord.
Polonius. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarelling, drabbing. You may goe so farre.
Reynoldo. My Lord that would dishonour him.
Polonius. Faith no, as you may season it in the charge;
You must not put another scandall on him,

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That hee is open to Incontinencie; 2.1.30 (922)
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults so quaintly,
That they may seeme the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A sauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall assault.

Reynoldo. But my good Lord.

Polonius. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynoldo. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polonius. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working: 2.2.40 (933)
Marke you your party in converse; him you would sound,
Hauing euer seene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence:
Good sir, or so, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phrase and the Addition,
Of man and Country.

Reynoldo. Very good my Lord.

Polonius. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to say?
I was about to say somthing: where did I leaue? 2.2.50 (944)

Reynoldo. At closes in the consequence:
At friend, or so, and Gentleman.

Polonius. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with such and such; and as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouse,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of saile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or so forth. See you now;
Your bait of falshood, takes this Cape of truth; 2.2.60 (955)
And thus doe we of wisedome and of reach
With windlesses, and with assaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Reynoldo. My Lord I haue.

Polonius. God buy you; fare you well.

Reynoldo. Good my Lord.

Polonius. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Reynoldo. I shall my Lord.

Polonius. And let him plye his Musicke. 2.2.70 (966)

Reynoldo. Well, my lord. *Exit.*

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Enter Ophelia.

Polonius. Farewell:
How now *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Ophelia. Alas my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted.
Polonius. With what, in the name of Heauen?
Ophelia. My Lord, as I was sowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pitious in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell, 2.1.80 (979)
To speake of horrors: he comes before me.
Polonius. Mad for thy Loue?
Ophelia. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.
Polonius. What said he?
Ophelia. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to such perusall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long staid he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe; 2.1.90 (990)
He rais'd a sigh, so pittious and profound,
That it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the last, bended their light on me.
Polonius. Goe with me, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extasie of Loue,
Whose violent property foredoes it selfe, 2.1.100 (1000)
And leads the will to desperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any passion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am sorrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?
Ophelia. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His accesse to me.
Polonius. That hath made him mad.
I am sorrie that with better speed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,

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And meant to wracke thee: but beshrew my iealousie:
It seemes it is as proper to our Age,
To cast beyond our selues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger sort
To lacke discretion. Come, go we to the King,
This must be knowne, w^c being kept close might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Rosincrane, and Guilden-sterne Cum alijs.

King. Welcome deere *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne.* 2.2.1 (1021)
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The neede we haue to vse you, did prouoke
Our hastie sending. Something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation: so I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both, 2.2.10 (1030)
That being of so young dayes brought vp with him:
And since so Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchsafe your rest heere 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 gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.
Queene. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And sure I am, two men there are not liuing, 2.2.20 (1039)
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew vs so much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the supply and profit of our Hope,
Your Visitation shall receiue such thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.
Rosincrance. Both your Maiesties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs.
Put your dread pleasures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.
Guilensterne. We both obey,

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	And here giue vp our selues, in the full bent,	2.2.30 (1051)
	To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,	
	To be commanded.	
King.	Thankes Rosincrance, and gentle Guildensterne.	
Queene.	Thankes Guildensterne and gentle Rosincrance.	
	And I beseech you instantly to visit	
	My too much changed Sonne.	
	Go some of ye,	
	And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.	
Guilensterne.	Heauens make our presence and our practises	
	Pleasant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*	
Queene.	Amen.	
	Enter Polonius.	
Polonius.	Th'Ambassadors from Norwey, my good Lord,	2.2.40 (1064)
	Are ioyfully return'd.	
King.	Thou still hast bin the Father of good Newes.	
Polonius.	Haue I, my Lord? Assure you, my good Liege,	
	I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,	
	Both to my God, one to my gracious King:	
	And I do thinke, or else this braine of mine	
	Hunts not the traile of Policie, so sure	
	As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found	
	The very cause of *Hamlets* Lunacie.	
King.	Oh speake of that, that I do long to heare.	2.2.50 (1074)
Polonius.	Giue first admittance to th'Ambassadors,	
	My Newes shall be the Newes to that great Feast.	
King.	Thy selfe do grace to them, and bring them in.	
	He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found	
	The head and sourse of all your Sonnes distemper.	
Queene.	I doubt it is no other, but the maine,	
	His Fathers death, and our o're-hasty Marriage.	
	Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.	
King.	Well, we shall sift him. Welcome good Frends:	
	Say *Yoltumand*, what from our Brother Norwey?	
Voltemand.	Most faire returne of Greetings, and Desires.	2.2.60 (1085)
	Vpon our first, he sent out to suppresse	
	His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd	
	To be a preparation 'gainst the Poleak:	
	But better look'd into, he truly found	
	It was against your Highnesse, whereat greeued,]	
	That so his Sicknesse, Age, and Impotence	
	Was falsely borne in hand, sends out Arrests	
	On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,	
	Receiues rebuke from Norwey: and in fine,	
	Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more	2.2.70 (1095)

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To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie.
Whereon old Norwey, ouercome with joy,
Giues him three thousand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commission to imploy those Soldiers
So leuied as before, against the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On such regards of safety and allowance,
As therein are set downe. 2.2.80 (1105)

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more consider'd time wee'l read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this Businesse.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your rest, at night wee'l Feast together.
Most welcome home. *Exit Ambass.*

Polonius. This businesse is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What Maiestie should be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time.
Therefore, since Breuitie is the Soule of Wit, 2.2.90 (1117)
And tediousnesse, the limbes and outward flourishes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madnesse,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad.
But let that go.

Queene. More matter, with lesse Art.

Polonius. Madam, I sweare I vse no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A foolish figure,
But farewell it: for I will vse no Art.
Mad let vs grant him then: and now remaines 2.2.100 (1128)
That we finde out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect defective, comes by cause,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter: haue, whil'st she is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this: now gather, and surmise.

The Letter.

To the Celestiall, and my Soules Idoll, the most beautified 0-phelia.

That's an ill Phrase, a vilde Phrase, beautified is a vilde
Phrase: but you shall heare these in her excellent white

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bosome, these.
Queene. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.
Polonius. Good Madam stay awhile, I will be faithfull.
Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue:
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
But never Doubt, I loue.
O deere Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers: I haue not Art to reckon my grones; but that I loue thee best, oh most Best beleeue it. Adieu.
Thine euermore most deere Lady, whilst this Machine is to him, Hamlet.
This in Obedience hath my daughter shew'd me:
And more aboue hath his soliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath she receiu'd his Loue?
Polonius. What do you thinke of me?
King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable. 2.2.130 (1159)
Polonius. I wold faine proue so. But what might you think?
When I had seene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceived it, I must tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere, think,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle sight,
What might you thinke? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Mistris) thus I did bespeake 2.2.140 (1169)
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This must not be: and then, I Precepts gaue her,
That she should locke her selfe from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens:
Which done, she tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,
And he repulsed A short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadnesse, then into a Fast,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weaknesse,
Thence to a Lightnesse, and by this declension
Into the Madnesse whereon now he raues, 2.2.150 (1179)
And all we waile for.
King. Do you thinke 'tis this?
Queene. It may be very likely.
Polonius. Hath there bene such a time, I'de fain know that,
That I haue possitiuely said, 'tis so,
When it prou'd otherwise?

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King. Not that I know.
Polonius. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
If Circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.
King. How may we try it further?
Polonius. You know sometimes 2.2.160 (1192)
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.
Queene. So he ha's indeed.
Polonius. At such a time Ile loose my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter: If he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon;
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.
King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Queene. But looke where sadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.
Polonius. Away I do beseech you, both away,
Ile boord him presently. *Exit King & Queen.* 2.2.170 (1207)
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?
Hamlet. Well, God-a-mercy.
Polonius. Do you know me, my Lord?
Hamlet. Excellent, excellent well: y'are a Fishmonger.
Polonius. Not I my Lord.
Hamlet. Then I would you were so honest a man.
Polonius. Honest, my Lord?
Hamlet. I sir, to be honest as this world goes, is to bee
one man pick'd out of two thousand.
Polonius. That's very true, my Lord. 2.2.180 (1217)
Hamlet. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge,
being a good kissing Carrion——
Haue you a daughter?
Polonius. I haue my Lord.
Hamlet. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne: Conception is a
blessing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend
looke too't.
Polonius. How say you by that? Still harping on my daugh-
ter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a Fishmon-
ger: he is farre gone, farre gone: and truly in my youth,

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I suffred much extreamity for loue: very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Hamlet. Words, words, words.

Polonius. What is the matter, my Lord?

Hamlet. Betweene who?

Polonius. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Hamlet. Slanders Sir: for the Satyricall slaue saies here, that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme: and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I most powerfully, and potently beleeue; yet I holde it not Honestie to haue it thus set downe: For you your selfe Sir, should be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Polonius. Though this be madnesse,
Yet there is Method in't: will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord?

Hamlet. Into my Graue?

Polonius. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre:
How pregnant (sometimes) his Replies are?
A happinesse,
That often Madnesse hits on, 2.2.210 (1250)
Which Reason and Sanitie could not
So prosperously be deliuer'd of.
I will leaue him,
And sodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will most humbly
Take my leaue of you.

Hamlet. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polonius. Fare you well my Lord.

Hamlet. These tedious old fooles.

Polonius. You goe to seeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there hee is. 2.2.220 (1263)

Enter Rosincran and Guildensterne.

Rosincrance. God saue you Sir.

Guildensterne. Mine honour'd Lord?

Rosincrance. My most deare Lord?

Hamlet. My excellent good friends? How do'st thou *Guildensterne*? Oh, *Rosincrane*; good Lads: How doe ye both?

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Rosincrance. As the indifferent Children of the earth.
Guildensterne. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.
Hamlet. Nor the Soales of her Shoo? 2.2.230 (1275)
Rosincrance. Neither my Lord.
Hamlet. Then you liue about her waste, or in the middle of her fauour?
Guilensterne. Faith, her priuates, we.
Hamlet. In the secret parts of Fortune? Oh, most true: she is a Strumpet. What's the newes?
Rosincrance. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honest.
Hamlet. Then is Doomesday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me question more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deserued at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?
Guilensterne. Prison, my Lord?
Hamlet. Denmark's a Prison.
Rosincance. Then is the World one.
Hamlet. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worst.
Rosincrance. We thinke not so my Lord.
Hamlet. 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.
Rosincrance. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.
Hamlet. O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count my selfe a King of infinite space; were it not that I haue bad dreames.
Guilensterne. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very substance of the Ambitious, is meerely the shadow of a Dreame.
Hamlet. A dreame it selfe is but a shadow. 2.2.260 (1306)
Rosincrance. Truely, and I hold Ambition of so ayry and light a quality, that it is but a shadowes shadow.
Hamlet. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-stretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: shall wee to th'Court: for, by my fey I cannot reason?
Both. Wee'l wait vpon you.
Hamlet. No such matter. I will not sort you with the rest of my seruants: for to speake to you like an honest man: I am most dreadfully attended; but in the beaten

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way of friendship, What make you at *Elsonower*? 2.2.270 (1317)
Rosincrance. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.
Hamlet. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes;
but I thanke you: and sure deare friends my thanks
are too deare a halfepeny; were you not sent for? Is it
your owne inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come,
deale justly with me: come, come; nay speake.
Guildensterne. What should we say my Lord?
Hamlet. Why any thing. But to the purpose; you were
sent for; and there is a kinde confession in your lookes;
which your modesties haue not craft enough to co- 2.2.280 (1327)
lor, I know the good King & Queene haue sent for you.
Rosincrance. To what end my Lord?
Hamlet. That you must teach me: but let mee coniure
you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of
our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preserued loue,
and by what more deare, a better proposer could charge
you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you
were sent for or no.
Rosincrance. What say you?
Hamlet. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me 2.2.290 (1337)
hold not off.
Guildensterne. My Lord, we were sent for.
Hamlet. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation
preuent your discovery of your secricie to the King and
Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore
I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custome of ex-
ercise; and indeed, it goes so heauenly with my dispositi-
on; that this goodly frame the Earth, seemes to me a ster-
rill Promontory; this most excellent Canopy the Ayre,
look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maiesticall Roofe,
fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing
to mee, then a foule and pestilent congregation of va-
pours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in
Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing
how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an An-
gel? in apprehension, how like a God? the beauty of the
world, the Parragon 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 seeme
to say so.
Rosincrance. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my
thoughts.
Hamlet. Why did you laugh, when I said, Man delights
not me?

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Rosincrance. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man,
what Lenton entertainment the Players shall receive
from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are
they comming to offer you Seruice.

Hamlet. He that playes the King shall be welcome; his
Maiesty shall haue Tribute of mee: the adventurous 2.2.320 (1367)
Knight shal vse his Foyle and Target: the Louer shall
not sigh *gratis*, the humorous man shall end his part in
peace: the Clowne shall make those laugh whose lungs
are tickled a'th'sere: and the Lady shall say her minde
freely; or the blanke Verse shall halt for't: what Players
are they?

Rosincrance. Euen those you were wont to take delight in
the Tragedians of the City.

Hamlet. How chances it they trauaile? their resi-
dence both in reputation and profit was better both
wayes.

Rosincrance. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes
of the late Innouation?

Hamlet. Doe they hold the same estimation they did
when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Rosincrance. No indeed, they are not.

Hamlet. How comes it? doe they grow rusty?

Rosincrance. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted
pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little
Yases, that crye out on the top of question; and 2.2.340 (1387)
are most tyrannically clap't for't: these are now the
fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they
call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of
Goose-quils, and dare scarse come thither.

Hamlet. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em?
How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no
longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards
if they should grow themselues to common Players (as
it is like most if their meanes are not better) their Wri-
ters do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their
owne Succession.

Rosincrance. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides:
and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Con-
trouersie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argu-
ment, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in
the Question.

Hamlet. Is't possible?

Guildensterne. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of
Braines.

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Hamlet. Do the Boyes carry it away? 2.2.360 (1407)
Rosincrance. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.
Hamlet. It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guildensterne. There are the Players.
Hamlet. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your 2.2.370 (1417)
hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.
Guilensteren. In what my deere Lord?
Hamlet. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Polonius. Well be with you Gentlemen. 2.2.380 (1428)
Hamlet. Hearke you *Guildensterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.
Rosincrance. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.
Hamlet. I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.
Polonius. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
Hamlet. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you. 2.2.390 (1438)
When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome—
Polonius. The Actors are come hither my Lord.
Hamlet. Buzze, buzze.
Polonius. Vpon mine Honor.
Hamlet. Then can each Actor on his Asse——
Polonius. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.
Hamlet. O *Iephta* Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st

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thou?

Polonius. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Hamlet. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

Polonius. Still on my Daughter.

Hamlet. Am I not i'th'right old *Iephta*? 2.2.410 (1457)

Polonius. If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Hamlet. Nay that followes not.

Polonius. What followes then, my Lord?

Hamlet. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or fiue Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. Play. What speech, my Lord?

Hamlet. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cauiarie* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scœnes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus*
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd

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With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
Bak'd and impacted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light 2.2.460 (1502)
To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandsire *Priam* seekes.

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

1 Player. Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles 2.2.470 (1511)
Repugnant to command: vnequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Bace, and with a hideous crash
Takes Prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th'Ayre to sticke:
So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood, 2.2.480 (1521)
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the Heauens, the Racke stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
Arowsed Vengeance sets him new a-worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne, 2.2.490 (1530)
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now falles on *Priam.*
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Polonius. This is too long.

Hamlet. It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Prythee say on: He's for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba.*

1.Player. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen.

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Hamlet. The inobled Queene?
Polonius. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.
I Player. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Bisson Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome steep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Vnlesse things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.
Polonius. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more. 2.2.520 (1561)
Hamlet. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest,
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
stow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are
the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After
your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you liued.
Polonius. My Lord, I will vse them according to their de-
sart.
Hamlet. Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euerie man
after his desart, and who should scape whipping: vse
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they
deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in.
Polonius. Come sirs. *Exit Polon.*
Hamlet. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to mor-
row. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murther of *Gonzago*?
Player. I my Lord.
Hamlet. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a 2.2.540 (1580)
need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which
I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?
Player. I my Lord.
Hamlet. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night
you are welcome to *Elsonower*?
Rosincrance. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

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Manet Hamlet.

Hamlet. I so, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pesant slaue am I? 2.2.550 (1590)
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weepe for her? What would he doe, 2.2.560 (1600)
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, peake
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whose property, and most deere life, 2.2.570 (1610)
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breakes my pate a-crosse?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th'Nose? giues me the Lye i'th'Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
I should haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloudy: a Bawdy villaine, 2.2.580 (1620)
Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!
Who? What an Asse am I? I sure, this is most braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Cursing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scœne, 2.2.590 (1630)
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently

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They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seene
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps 2.2.600 (1640)
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildenstern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance 3.1.1 (1648)
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
Rosincrance. He does confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.
Guilenstern. Nor do we finde him forward to be sounded,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state. 3.1.10 (1657)
Queene. Did he receive you well?
Rosincrance. Most like a Gentleman.
Guildensterne. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Rosincrance. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
Queene. Did you assay him to any pastime?
Rosincrance. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order 3.1.20 (1668)
This night to play before him.
Polonius. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,

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Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on
To these delights.

Rosincrance. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt.*

King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there 3.1.30 (1680)
Affront *Ophelia.* Her Father, and my selfe (lawful espials)
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene
We may of their encounter frankely judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he suffers for.

Queene. I shall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe, 3.1.40 (1691)
To both your Honors.

Ophelia. Madam, I wish it may.

Polonius. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your lonelinesse. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The diuell himselfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my Conscience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaist'ring Art 3.1.50 (1703)
Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

Polonius. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Hamlet. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end 3.1.60 (1715)
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes
That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation
Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,

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When we haue shufflel'd off this mortall coile,
Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely, 3.1.70 (1725)
The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare
To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouered Countrey, from whose Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue, 3.1.80 (1735)
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution
Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Ophelia. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day? 3.1.90 (1746)

Hamlet. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.

Ophelia. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer.
I pray you now, receiue them.

Hamlet. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophelia. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take these againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde. 3.1.100 (1756)
There my Lord.

Hamlet. Ha, ha: Are you honest?

Ophelia. My Lord.

Hamlet. Are you faire?

Ophelia. What meanes your Lordship?

Hamlet. That if you be honest and faire, your Honesty
should admit no discourse to your Beautie.

Ophelia. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce
then your Honestie?

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Hamlet. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will sooner 3.1.110 (1766)
transforme Honestie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the
force of Honestie can translate Beautie into his likenesse.
This was sometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it
proofe. I did loue you once.
Ophelia. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue so.
Hamlet. You should not haue beleeued me. For vertue
cannot so innocculate our old stocke, but we shall rellish
of it. I loued you not.
Ophelia. I was the more deceiued.
Hamlet. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'st thou 3.1.120 (1776)
be a breeder of Sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were bet-
ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowd, re-
uengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke,
then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue
them shape, or time to acte them in. What should such
Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth.
We are arrant Knaues all, beleeue none of vs. Goe thy
wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?
Ophelia. At home, my Lord. 3.1.130 (1786)
Hamlet. Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may
play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.
Ophelia. O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.
Hamlet. If thou doest Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague
for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chast as Ice, as pure as Snow,
thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery.
Go, 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. Far-
well. 3.1.140 (1796)
Ophelia. O heauenly Powers, restore him.
Hamlet. I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough.
God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe an-
other: you gidge, you amble, and you lispe, and nickname
Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ig-
norance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad.
I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are
married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep
as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*
Ophelia. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne? 3.1.150 (1806)
The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectansie and Rose of the faire State,
The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme,
Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe.

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Haue I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes:
Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason,
Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh,
That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me, 3.1.160 (1816)
T'haue seene what I haue seene: see what I see.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little,
Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule?
O're which his Melancholly sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose
Will be some danger, which to preuent
I haue in quicke determination
Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England
For the demand of our neglected Tribute: 3.1.170 (1827)
Haply the Seas and Countries different
With variable Obiects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his heart:
Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

Polonius. It shall do well. But yet do I beleeue
The Origin and Commencement of this greefe
Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* saide,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please, 3.1.180 (1837)
But if you hold it fit after the Play,
Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him
To show his Greefes: let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd so, please you in the eare
Of all their Conference. If she finde him not,
To England send him: Or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so:
Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Hamlet. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd
it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it,
as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer
had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much

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your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule, to see a robustious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod.* Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall observance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done, is frõ the purpose of Playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and pressure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o'reway a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue seene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abhominably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Hamlet. O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vses it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

How now my Lord,

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Will the King heare this peece of Worke?
Polonius. And the Queene too, and that presently.
Hamlet. Bid the Players make hast. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to hasten them? 3.2.50 (1899)
Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*
Enter Horatio.
Hamlet. What hoa, *Horatio*?
Horatio. Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.
Hamlet. *Horatio*, thou art eene as iust a man
As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall.
Horatio. O my deere Lord.
Hamlet. Nay, do not thinke I flatter:
For what aduancement may I hope from thee,
That no Reuennew hast, but thy good spirits
To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe, 3.2.60 (1911)
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyse,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those,
Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger, 3.2.70 (1921)
To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man,
That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scœne of it comes neere the Circumstance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt, 3.2.80 (1931)
Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech,
It is a damned Ghost that we haue seene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
To censure of his seeming.
Horatio. Well my Lord.
If he steale ought the whil'st this Play is Playing,

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And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildensterne, and other Lords attendant with his Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.

Hamlet. They are comming to the Play: I must be idle. 3.2.90 (1946)
Get you a place.
King. How fares our Cosin *Hamlet*?
Hamlet. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions dish: I eate
the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.
King. I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these
words are not mine.
Hamlet. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once
i'th'Vniuersity, you say?
Polonius. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good 3.2.100 (1955)
Actor.
Hamlet. And what did you enact?
Polonius. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol:
Brutus kill'd me.
Hamlet. It was a bruite part of him, to kill so Capitall a
Calfe there. Be the Players ready?
Rosincrance. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.
Queene. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.
Hamlet. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue. 3.2.110 (1964)
Polonius. Oh ho, do you marke that?
Hamlet. Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?
Ophelia. No my Lord.
Hamlet. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?
Ophelia. I my Lord.
Hamlet. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?
Ophelia. I thinke nothing, my lord.
Hamlet. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs
Ophelia. What is my Lord? 3.2.120 (1973)
Hamlet. Nothing.
Ophelia. You are merrie, my Lord?
Hamlet. Who I?
Ophelia. I my Lord.
Hamlet. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what should
a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheereful-
ly my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two
Houres.
Ophelia. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.
Hamlet. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke,

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for Ile haue a suite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he must builde Churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horsse, whose Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horse is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe shew enters.
Enter a King and Queene, very louingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes shew of Protestation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck. Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She seeing him a-sleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kisses it, and powres poyson in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes passionate Action. The Poysoner, with some two or three Mutes comes in againe, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poysoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, she seemes loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. *Exeunt*

Ophelia. What meanes this, my Lord?
Hamlet. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Mischeefe.
Ophelia. Belike this shew imports the Argument of the Play? 3.2.140 (2007)
Hamlet. We shall know by these Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counsell, they'l tell all.
Ophelia. Will they tell vs what this shew meant?
Hamlet. I, or any shew that you'l shew him. Bee not you asham'd to shew, hee'l not shame to tell you what it meanes.
Ophelia. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your Clemencie: 3.2.150 (2018)
We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Hamlet. Is this a Prologue, or the Poesie of a Ring?
Ophelia. 'Tis briefe my Lord.
Hamlet. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times bath Phœbus Cart gon round,
Neptunes salt Wash, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:

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And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed sheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in most sacred Bands. 3.2.160 (2029)

Baptista. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme state,
That I distrust you: yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you (my Lord) it nothing must:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,
In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so. 3.2.170 (2039)

King. Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou——

Baptista. Oh confound the rest:
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first. 3.2.180 (2048)

Hamlet. Wormwood, Wormwood.

Baptista. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.

King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slaue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vnripe stickes on the Tree, 3.2.190 (2058)
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt:
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne ennactors with themselues destroy:
Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange 3.2.200 (2068)
That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,

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Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Frend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begun, 3.2.210 (2078)
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Baptista. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
Each opposite that blankes the face of ioy, 3.2.220 (2086)
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy:
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.

Hamlet. If she should breake it now.

King. 'Tis deepely sworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Queene. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exit*

Hamlet. Madam, how like you this Play?

Queene. The Lady protests to much me thinkes. 3.2.230 (2098)

Hamlet. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?

Hamlet. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Offence i'th'world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Hamlet. The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna*: *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you shall see anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o'that?
Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.

Ophelia. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.

Hamlet. I could interpret betweene you and your loue:
if I could see the Puppets dallying.

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Ophelia. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.
Hamlet. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my
edge. 3.2.250 (2118)
Ophelia. Still better and worse.
Hamlet. So you mistake Husbands.
Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and
begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Re-
uenge.
Lucianus. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholsome life, vsurpe immediately. 3.2.260 (2130)
Powres the poyson in his eares.
Hamlet. He poysons him i'th'Garden for's estate: His
name's *Gonzago*: the Story is extant and writ in choyce
Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the
loue of *Gonzago's* wife.
Ophelia. The King rises.
Hamlet. What, frighted with false fire.
Queene. How fares my Lord?
Polnius. Giue o're the Play.
King. Giue me some Light. Away.
All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt* 3.2.270 (2141)
Manet Hamlet & Horatio.
Hamlet. Why let the strucken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of
my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall
Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie
of Players sir.
Horatio. Halfe a share.
Hamlet. A whole one I, 3.2.280 (2152)
For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.
Horatio. You might haue Rim'd.
Hamlet. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for
a thousand pound. Did'st perceiue?
Horatio. Verie well my Lord.

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Hamlet. Vpon the talke of the poysoning?
Horatio. I did verie well note him. 3.2.290 (2162)
Enter Rosincrance and Guildensterne.
Hamlet. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come ye Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Musicke.
Guildensterne. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Hamlet. Sir, a whole History.
Guildensterne. The King, sir.
Hamlet. I sir, what of him? 3.2.300 (2171)
Guildensterne. Is in his retyrement, maruellous distemper'd.
Hamlet. With drinke Sir?
Guildensterne. No my Lord, rather with choller.
Hamlet. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more ri-
cher, to signifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him
to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre
more Choller.
Guildensterne. Good my Lord put your discourse into some
frame, and start not so wildely from my affayre.
Hamlet. I am tame Sir, pronounce. 3.2.310 (2181)
Guildensterne. The Queene your Mother, in most great affli-
ction of spirit, hath sent me to you.
Hamlet. You are welcome.
Guildensterne. Nay, good my Lord, this courtesie is not of
the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a whol-
some answer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment:
if not, your pardon, and my returne shall bee the end of
my Businesse.
Hamlet. Sir, I cannot.
Guildensterne. What, my Lord? 3.2.320 (2191)
Hamlet. Make you a wholsome answere: my wits dis-
eas'd. But sir, such answers as I can make, you shal com-
mend: or rather you say, my Mother: therfore no more
but to the matter. My Mother you say.
Rosincrance. Then thus she sayes: your behauior hath stroke
her into amazement, and admiration.
Hamlet. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can so astonish a
Mother. But is there no sequell at the heeles of this Mo-
thers admiration? 3.2.330 (2200)
Rosincrance. She desires to speake with you in her Closset,
ere you go to bed.
Hamlet. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother.
Haue you any further Trade with vs?
Rosincrance. My Lord, you once did loue me.

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Hamlet. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers.
Rosincrance. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.
Hamlet. Sir I lacke Aduancement. 3.2.340 (2210)
Rosincrance How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe, for your Succession in Denmarke?
Hamlet. I, but while the grasse growes, the Prouerbe is something musty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me see, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?
Guildensterne. O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmannerly.
Hamlet. I do not well vnderstand that. Will you play 3.2.350 (2221)
vpon this Pipe?
Guildensterne. My Lord, I cannot.
Hamlet. I pray you.
Guildensterne. Beleeue me, I cannot.
Hamlet. I do beseech you.
Guildensterne. I know no touch of it, my Lord.
Hamlet. 'Tis as easie as lying: gouerne these Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musicke.
Looke you, these are the stoppes. 3.2.360 (2231)
Guildensterne. But these cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony, I haue not the skill.
Hamlet. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would seeme to know my stops: you would pluck out the heart of my Mysterie; you would sound mee from my lowest Note, to the top of my Compasse: and there is much Musicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am easier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polonius. My Lord; the Queene would speak with you, and presently.
Hamlet. Do you see that Clowd? That's almost in shape like a Camell.
Polonius. By'th'Misse, and it's like a Camell indeed.

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Hamlet. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.
Polonius. It is back'd like a Weazell. 3.2.380 (2251)
Hamlet. Or like a Whale?
Polonius. Verie like a Whale.
Hamlet. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by:
They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.
Polonius. I will say so. *Exit.*
Hamlet. By and by, is easily said. Leaue me Friends:
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it selfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter businesse as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, loose not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme bosome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake Daggers to her, but vse none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule consent.

Enter King, Rosincrance, and Guildensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs. 3.3.1 (2271)
To let his madnesse range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you:
The termes of our estate, may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.
Guildensterne. We will our selues prouide:
Most holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie. 3.3.10 (2282)
Rosincrance. The single
And peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it selfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whose spirit depends and rests
The liues of many, the cease of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a massie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the highest Mount,
To whose huge Spoakes, ten thousand lesser things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles, 3.3.20 (2293)

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Each small annexment, pettie consequence
Attends the boystrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King sighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this speedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Polonius. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Closset:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my selfe
To heare the Processe. Ile warrant shee'l tax him home,
And as you said, and wisely was it said, 3.3.30 (2305)
'Tis meete that some more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, should o're-heare
The speech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my strong intent, 3.3.40 (2316)
And like a man to double businesse bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect; what if this cursed hand
Were thicker then it selfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the sweet Heauens
To wash it white as Snow? Whereto serues mercy,
But to confront the visage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-stalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp, 3.3.50 (2326)
My fault is past. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can serue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, since I am still possesst
Of those effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may shoue by Iustice,
And oft 'tis seene, the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not so aboue, 3.3.60 (2336)
There is no shuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our selues compell'd

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Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What rests?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched state! Oh bosome, blacke as death!
Oh limed soule, that strugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make assay:
Bow stubborne knees, and heart with strings of Steele,
Be soft as sinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Hamlet. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so he goes to Heauen,
And so am I reueng'd: that would be scann'd,
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his soule Sonne, do this same Villaine send
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father grossely, full of bread, 3.3.80 (2356)
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as fresh as May,
And how his Audit stands, who knowes, saue Heauen:
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke asleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'incestuous pleasure of his bed, 3.3.90 (2365)
At gaming, swearing, or about some acte
That ha's no rellish of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother stayes,
This Physicke but prolongs thy sickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Polonius. He will come straight: 3.4.1 (2375)
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace bath scree'nd, and stoode betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile silence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Hamlet. within. Mother, mother, mother.

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Queene. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.
Enter Hamlet.
Hamlet. Now Mother, what's the matter?
Queene. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.
Hamlet. Mother, you haue my Father much offended. 3.4.10 (2387)
Queene. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
Hamlet. Go, go, you question with an idle tongue.
Queene. Why how now *Hamlet*?
Hamlet. Whats the matter now?
Queene. Haue you forgot me?
Hamlet. No by the Rood, not so:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not so. You are my Mother.
Queene. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.
Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not
boudge:
You go not till I set you vp a glasse,
Where you may see the inmost part of you? 3.4.20 (2400)
Queene. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.
Polonius. What hoe, helpe, helpe, helpe.
Hamlet. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.
Polonius. Oh I am slaine. *Killes Polonius.*
Queene. Oh me, what hast thou done?
Hamlet. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Queene. Oh what a rash, and bloody deed is this?
Hamlet. A bloody deed, almost as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.
Queene. As kill a King? 3.4.30 (2411)
Hamlet. I Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie, is some danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, sit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuffe;
If damned Custome haue not braz'd it so,
That it is proofe and bulwarke against Sense.
Queene. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tong,
In noise so rude against me? 3.4.40 (2422)
Hamlet. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and blush of Modestie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,

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And makes a blister there. Makes marriage vowes
As false as Dicers Oathes. Oh such a deed,
As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very soule, and sweete Religion makes
A rapsidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this solidity and compound masse,
With tristfull visage as against the doome, 3.4.50 (2433)
Is thought-sicke at the act.

Queene. Aye me; what act, that roares so lowd, & thunders in the Index.

Hamlet. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet presentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was seated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himselfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kissing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed, 3.4.60 (2444)
Where euery God did seeme to set his Seale,
To giue the world assurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blasting his wholsom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would step from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus bath cousend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Blush? Rebellious Hell, 3.4.82 (2457)
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no shame,
When the compulsive Ardure giues the charge,
Since Frost it selfe, as actively doth burne,
As Reason panders Will.

Queene. O *Hamlet*, speake no more.
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soule,
And there I see such blacke and grained spots, 3.4.90 (2466)
As will not leaue their Tinct.

Hamlet. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the nasty Stye.

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Queene. Oh speake to me, no more,
These words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more sweet *Hamlet.*
Hamlet. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a shelfe, the precious Diadem stole, 3.4.100 (2479)
And put it in his Pocket.
Queene. No more.
Enter Ghost.
Hamlet. A King of shreds and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?
Queene. Alas he's mad.
Hamlet. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh say.
Ghost. Do not forget: this Visitation 3.4.110 (2490)
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies, strongest workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet.*
Hamlet. How is it with you Lady?
Queene. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold discourse.
Forth at your eyes, your spirits wildely peepe,
And as the sleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme, 3.4.120 (2501)
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and stand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?
Hamlet. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioyn'd, preaching to stones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Least with this pitteous action you conuert
My sterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood. 3.4.130 (2511)
Queene. To who do you speake this?
Hamlet. Do you see nothing there?
Queene. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.
Hamlet. Nor did you nothing heare?
Queene. No, nothing but our selues.

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Hamlet. Why look you there: looke how it steals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*
Queene. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodilesse Creation extasie is very cunning in.
Hamlet. Extasie?
My Pulse as yours doth temperately keepe time, 3.4.140 (2523)
And makes as healthfull Musicke. It is not madnesse
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Test
And I the matter will re-word: which madnesse
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your soule,
That not your trespasse, but my madnesse speakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whil'st ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnseene. Confesse your selfe to Heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come, 3.4.150 (2533)
And do not spred the Compost or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fatnesse of this pursie times,
Vertue it selfe, of Vice must pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.
Queene. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou hast cleft my heart in twaine.
Hamlet. O throw away the worser part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Assume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that shall lend a kinde of easinesse
To the next abstinence. Once more goodnight, 3.4.170 (2546)
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing begge of you. For this same Lord,
I do repent: but heauen 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 gaue him: so againe, good night.
I must be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worse remaines behinde.
Queene. What shall I do? 3.4.180 (2556)
Hamlet. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,

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Make you to rauell all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe, 3.4.190 (2566)
Such deere concernings hide, Who would do so,
No in despight of Sense and Secrecie,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houses top:
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Conclusions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Queene. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life: I haue no life to breath
What thou hast saide to me.

Hamlet. I must to England, you know that? 3.4.200 (2576)

Queene. Alacke I had forgot: 'Tis so concluded on.

Hamlet. This man shall set me packing:
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life, a foolish prating Knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.
Enter King.

King. There's matters in these sighes. 4.1.1 (2587)
These profound heaues
You must translate; Tis fit we vnderstand them.
Where is your Sonne?

Queene. Ah my good Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet*?

Queene. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawlesse fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing something stirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat, 4.1.10 (2596)
And in his brainish apprehension killes
The vnseene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed:
It had bin so with vs had we beene there:
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answered?
It will be laide to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But so much was our loue,

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We would not understand what was most fit, 4.1.20 (2607)
But like the Owner of a foule disease,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queene. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madnesse like some Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels base
Shewes it selfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vilde deed, 4.1.30 (2617)
We must with all our Maiesty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuse. *Enter Ros. & Guild.*
Ho *Guildenstern*:
Friends both go ioyne you with some further ayde:
Hamlet in madnesse hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his Mother Clossets hath he drag'd him.
Go seeke him out, speake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you hast in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wisest friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's untimely done. Oh come away, 4.1.40 (2628)
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Hamlet. Safely stowed. 4.2.1 (2631)

Gentlemen within. *Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. What noise? Who cals on *Hamlet*?
Oh heere they come. *Enter Ros. and Guildensterne.*

Rosincrance. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Hamlet. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Rosincrance. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Hamlet. Do not beleeue it.

Rosincrance. Beleeue what? 4.2.10 (2640)

Hamlet. That I can keepe your counsell, and not mine owne. Besides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication should be made by the Sonne of a King.

Rosincrance. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord?

Hamlet. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but such Officers do the King best seruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his iaw, first mouh'd to be last swallowed, when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and Spundge you shall be dry againe.

Rosincrance. I vnderstand you not my Lord.

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Hamlet. I am glad of it: a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.
Rosincrance. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.
Hamlet. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing ——
Guildensterne A thing my Lord?
Hamlet. Of nothing: bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. *Exeunt.* 4.2.30 (2659)

Enter King.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the bodie: 4.3.1 (2662)
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose:
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him:
Hee's loued of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes:
And where 'tis so, th'Offenders scourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence: to beare all smooth, and euen,
This sodaine sending him away, must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperate growne,
By desperate appliance are releeued, 4.3.10 (2671)
Or not at all. *Enter Rosincrane*
How now? What hath befalne?
Rosincrance. Where the dead body is bestow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.
King. But where is he?
Rosincrance. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before vs.
Rosincrance. Hoa, *Guildensterne*? Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?
Hamlet. At Supper.
King. At Supper? Where?
Hamlet. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else to fat vs, and we fat our selfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable seruice to dishes, but to one Table that's the end.
King. What dost thou meane by this?
Hamlet. Nothing but to shew you how a King may go a Progresse through the guts of a Begger. 4.3.30 (2692)
King. Where is *Polonius*.
Hamlet. In heauen, send thither to see. If your Messen-

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ger finde him not there, seeke him i'th other place your
selfe: but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you
shall nose him as you go vp the staires into the Lobby.

King. Go seeke him there.

Hamlet. He will stay till ye come.

King. *Hamlet*, this deed of thine, for shine especial safety 4.3.40 (2701)
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence
With fierie Quicknesse. Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th'Associates tend, and euery thing at bent
For England.

Hamlet. For England?

King. I *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. Good.

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

Hamlet. I see a Cherube that see's him: but come, for
England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet.* 4.3.50 (2714)

Hamlet. My Mother: Father and Mother is man and
wife: man & wife is one flesh, and so my mother. Come,
for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speed aboord:
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That else leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make hast.
And England, if my loue thou holdst at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sense,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red 4.3.60 (2725)
After the Danish Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs; thou maist not coldly set
Our Soueraigne Processe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet.* Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

Fortinbras. Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King, 4.4.1 (2735)
Tell him that by his license, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous:
If that his Maiesty would ought with vs,

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We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.

Captaine. I will doo't, my lord.

Fortinbras. Go safely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Queene. I will not speake with her. 4.5.1 (2745)

Horatio. She is importunate, indeed distract, her moode
will needs be pittied.

Queene. What would she haue?

Horatio. She speakes much of her Father, saies she heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at Strawes, speakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe sense: Her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection; they ayme at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts, 4.5.10 (2755)
Which as her winkes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

Queene. 'Twere good she were spoken with,
For she may strew dangerous conjectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my sicke soule (as sinnes true Nature is)
Each toy seemes Prologue, to some great amisse,
So full of Artlesse iealousie is guilt,
It spill's it selfe, in fearing to be spilt. 4.5.20 (2765)

Enter Ophelia distracted.

Ophelia. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmark.

Queene. How now *Ophelia*?

Ophelia. *How should I your true loue know from another one?*
By his Cockle hat and staffe, and his Sandal shoone.

Queene. Alas sweet Lady: what imports this Song?

Ophelia. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, 4.5.30 (2773)
At his head a grasse-greene Turfe, at his heeles a stone.

Enter King.

Queene. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Ophelia. Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Queene. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophelia. *Larded with sweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the grave did not go,
With true-loue showres. 4.5.40 (2782)

King. How do ye, pretty Lady?

Ophelia. Well, God dil'd you. They say the Owle was

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a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but
know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophelia. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when
they aske you what it meanes, say you this:
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine. 4.5.50 (2791)
Then vp he rose, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophelia. Indeed la? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for shame:
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't, 4.5.60 (2798)
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed:
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she bin this?

Ophelia. I hope all will be well. We must bee patient,
but I cannot choose but weepe, to thinke they should
lay him i'th'cold ground: My brother shall knowe of it,
and so I thanke you for your good counsell. Come, my
Coach: Goodnight Ladies: Goodnight sweet Ladies:
Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her close,
Giue her good watch I pray you:
Oh this is the poyson of deepe greefe, it springs
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude*, *Gertrude*,
When sorrowes comes, they come not single spies,
But in Battaliaes. First, her Father slaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he most violent Author 4.5.80 (2817)
Of his owne iust remoue: the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholsome in their thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her selfe, and her faire Iudgement,
Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare 4.5.90 (2827)
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,

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Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Giues me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Queene. Alacke, what noyse is this?
King. Where are my *Switzers*?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
Messenger. Saue your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List) 4.5.100 (2839)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
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.
Queene. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry, 4.5.110 (2849)
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

Noise within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.
Laertes. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laertes. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. We will, we will.
Laertes. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.
Queene. Calmely good *Laertes*.
Laertes. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow 4.5.120 (2863)
Of my true Mother.
King. What is the cause *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*.
Speake man.
Laertes. Where's my Father?

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King. Dead.
Queene. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill. 4.5.130 (2876)
Laertes. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
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: onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my Father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laertes. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little. 4.5.140 (2887)
King. Good *Laertes*:
If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your revenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.
Laertes. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.
Laertes. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death, 4.5.150 (2900)
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.
A noise within. Let her come in.
Enter Ophelia.
Laertes. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by weight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits, 4.5.160 (2912)
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues.
Ophelia. *They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,*
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:

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And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laertes. Had'st thou thy wits, and did't perswade Re-
uenge, it could not moue thus. 4.5.170 (2922)

Ophelia. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call
him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is
the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.

Laertes. This nothings more then matter.

Ophelia. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce.
Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for
Thoughts.

Laertes. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remem-
brance fitted.

Ophelia. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's 4.5.180 (2932)
Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it
Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew
with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you
some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dy-
ed: They say, he made a good end;
For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laertes. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.

Ophelia. *And will he not come againe,* 4.5.190 (2941)
And will he not come againe:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He never wil come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule.
And of all Christian Soules, I pray God. 4.5.200 (2949)
God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia*

Laertes. Do you see this, you Gods?

King. *Laertes*, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in satisfaction. But if not, 4.5.210 (2959)
Be you content to lend your patience to vs.
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laertes. Let this be so:

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His meanes of death, his obscure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I must call in question.

King. So you shall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Horatio. What are they that would speake with me? 4.6.1 (2973)
Servant. Saylors sir, they say they haue Letters for you.
Horatio. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Saylor.

Saylor. God blesse you Sir.
Horatio. Let him blesse thee too.
Saylor. Hee shall Sir, and't please him. There's a Letter 4.6.10 (2981)
for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambassadours that was
bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let
to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

Horatio. When thou shalt haue ouerlook'd this, give these Fellowes some meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our selues too slow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boarded them: On the instant they got cleare of our Shippe, so I alone became their Prisoner. They haue dealt with mee, like Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repaire thou to me with as much hast as thou wouldest flye death. I haue words to speake in your eare, will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. These good Fellowes will bring thee where I am. Rosincrance and Guildensterne, hold their course for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine,
Hamlet.

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

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Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal, 4.7.1 (3007)
And you must put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father slaine,
Pursued my life.

Laertes. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feates,
So crimefull, and so Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wisedome, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd vp?

King. O for two speciall Reasons,
Which may to you (perhaps) seeme much vnsinnowed,
And yet to me they are strong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almost by his lookes: and for my selfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's so coniunctiue to my life and soule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone, 4.7.20 (3028)
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Winde,
Would haue reverted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laertes. And so haue I a Noble Father lost,
A Sister driuen into desperate tearmes,
Who was (if praises may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that, 4.7.30 (3038)
You must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe, so flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime. You shortly shall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine——

Enter a Messenger.

How now? What Newes?

Messenger. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your
Maiesty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

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Messenger. Saylors my Lord they say, I saw them not:
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them. 4.7.40 (3051)
King. *Laertes* you shall heare them:
Leaue vs. *Exit Messenger*
High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdome. To morrow shall I begge leaue to see your Kingly Eyes. When I shall (first asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'Occasions of my sodaine, and more strange returne.
Hamlet.
What should this meane? Are all the rest come backe?
Or is it some abuse? Or no such thing? 4.7.50 (3060)
Laertes. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Post-
script here he sayes alone: Can you aduise me?
Laertes. I'm lost in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknesse in my heart,
That I shall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddest thou.
King. If it be so *Laertes*, as how should it be so:
How otherwise will you be rul'd by me?
Laertes. If so you'l not o'rerule me to a peace. 4.7.60 (3070)
King. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame shall breath,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence 4.7.81 (3078)
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I'ue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they ran well on Horsebacke; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his Horse,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beast, so farre he past my thought,
That I in forgery of shapes and trickes,
Come short of what he did. 4.7.90 (3087)
Laertes. A Norman was't?
King. A Norman.
Laertes. Vpon my life *Lamound.*
King. The very same.
Laertes. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.
King. Hee mad confession of you,

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And gaue you such a Masterly report,
For Art and exercise in your defence;
And for your Rapier most especially[e],
That he cryed out, t'would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his 4.7.100 (3099)
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and begge,
Your sodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.

Laertes. Why out of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes* was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laertes. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father, 4.7.110 (3109)
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you undertake,
To show your selfe your Fathers sonne indeed,
More then in words?

Laertes. To cut his throat i'th'Church.

King. No place indeed should murder Sancturize;
Reuenge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come home: 4.7.130 (3120)
Wee'l put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foiles? So that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A Sword vnbaited, and in a passe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.

Laertes. I will doo't,
And for that purpose Ile annoint my Sword: 4.7.140 (3131)
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death,
That is but scratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's further thinke of this,

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Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape, if this should faile; 4.7.150 (3142)
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assaid; therefore this Proiect
Should haue a backe or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proofe: Soft, let me see
Wee'l make a solemne wager on your commings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but sipping, 4.7.160 (3151)
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; how sweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queene. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they'l follow: your Sister's drown'd *Laertes.*
Laertes. Drown'd! O where?
Queene. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,
That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:
There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name; 4.7.170 (3162)
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be, 4.7.180 (3172)
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.
Laertes. Alas then, is she drown'd?
Queene. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laertes. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a speech of fire, that faine would blaze, 4.7.190 (3183)
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*

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King. Let's follow, *Gertrude*:
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it start againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is she to bee buried in Christian buriall, that wilfully seekes her owne saluation? 5.1.1 (3190)

Other. I tell thee she is, and therefore make her Graue straight, the Crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drowned her selfe in her owne defence?

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clowne. It must be *Se offendendo*, it cannot bee else: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall she drown'd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.

Clowne. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere stands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himselfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himselfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life.

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry is't, Crowners Quest Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou say'st. And the more pitty that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselues, more then their euen Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams* Profession.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clowne. He was the first that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clowne. What, ar't a Heathen? how dost thou vnderstand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe——

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Other. Go too. 5.1.40 (3229)

Clowne. What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a thousand Tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Ship- 5.1.50 (3239)
wright, or a Carpenter?

Clowne. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Masse, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clowne. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Asse will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask's this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very sweete:
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Hamlet. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Graue-making?

Horatio. Custome bath made it in him a property of easinesse.

Hamlet. 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier sense. 5.1.70
(3261)

Clowne sings.

But Age with his stealing steps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath shipped me intill the Land,
as if I had never beene such.

Hamlet. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue iowles it to th'grownd, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the first murther: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Asse o'e Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not? 5.1.80 (3271)

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Horatio. It might, my Lord.
Hamlet. Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?
Horatio. I, my Lord.
Hamlet. Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knocks about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne sings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,
for and a shrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for such a Guest is meete.

Hamlet. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, 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 Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha?
Horatio. Not a iot more, my Lord.
Hamlet. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?
Horatio. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnnes too.
Hamlet. They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?
Clowne. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made, 5.1.120 (3311)

for such a Guest is meete.

Hamlet. I thinke it be shine indeed: for thou liest in't.
Clowne. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

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Hamlet. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine:
'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou
lyest.
Clowne. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me
to you.
Hamlet. What man dost thou digge it for? 5.1.130 (3321)
Clowne. For no man Sir.
Hamlet. What woman then?
Clowne. For none neither.
Hamlet. Who is to be buried in't?
Clowne. One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule,
shee's deed.
Hamlet. How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake
by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the
Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it,
the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant
comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his
Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?
Clowne. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day
that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras.*
Hamlet. How long is that since?
Clowne. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that:
It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee
that was mad, and sent into England.
Hamlet. I marry, why was he sent into England?
Clowne. Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his 5.1.150 (3341)
wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.
Hamlet. Why?
Clowne. 'Twill not be seene in him, there the men are as
mad as he.
Hamlet. How came he mad?
Clowne. Very strangely they say.
Hamlet. How strangely?
Clowne. Faith e'ene with loosing his wits.
Hamlet. Vpon what ground? 5.1.160 (3350)
Clowne. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin sixeteene
heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.
Hamlet. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?
Clowne. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue
many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold
the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine
yeare. A Tanner will last you nine yeare.
Hamlet. Why he, more then another?
Clowne. Why sir, his hide is so tan'd with his Trade, that 5.1.170 (3359)
he will keepe out water a great while. And your water,

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is a sore Decayer of your horson dead body. Heres a Scull
now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Hamlet. Whose was it?

Clowne. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was;
Whose doe you thinke it was?

Hamlet. Nay, I know not.

Clowne. A pestlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a 5.1.180 (3367)
Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull
Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Iester.

Hamlet. This?

Clowne. E'ene that.

Hamlet. Let me see. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Ho-*
ratio, a fellow of infinite Iest; of most excellent fancy, he
hath borne me on his backe a thousand times: And how
abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge rises at it. Heere
hung those lipps, that I haue kist I know not how oft.
VVhere be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your
Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to
set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own
Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies
Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this
fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that: pry-
thee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Horatio. What's that my Lord?

Hamlet. Dost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this fa-
shion i'th' earth?

Horatio. E'ene so.

Hamlet. And smelt so? Puh. 5.1.200 (3388)

Horatio. E'ene so, my Lord.

Hamlet. To what base vses we may returne *Horatio.*
Why may not Imagination trace the Noble dust of *A-*
lexander, till he find it stopping a bunghole.

Horatio. 'Twere to consider: to curiously to consider so.

Hamlet. No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether
with modestie enough, & likeliehood to lead it; as thus.
Alexander died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* re-
turneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make
Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuer-
ted) might they not stopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.
But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King.

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Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarse they follow, did with disperate hand, 5.1.220 (3409)
Fore do it owne life; 'twas some Estate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laertes. What Cerimony else?

Hamlet. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laertes. What Cerimony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-swaies the order,
She should in ground vnsanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the last Trumpet. For charitable praier, 5.1.230 (3419)
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, should be throwne on her
Yet heere she is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laertes. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done:
We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing sage *Requiem*, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laertes. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh,
May Violets spring. I tell thee (churlish Priest) 5.1.240 (3431)
A Ministring Angell shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling?

Hamlet. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the sweet farewell.
I hop'd thou should'st haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (sweet Maid)
And not t'haue strew'd thy Graue.

Laertes. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that cursed head
Whose wicked deed, thy most Ingenious sence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes: 5.1.250 (3443)
Leaps in the graue.
Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyish head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Hamlet. What is he, whose griefes

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Beares such an Emphasis ? whose phrase of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laertes. The deuill take thy soule.

Hamlet. Thou prai'st not well,
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat; 5.1.260 (3456)
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and rash,
Yet haue I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisenesse feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queene. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gentleman. Good my Lord be quiet.

Hamlet. Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme.
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Queene. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Hamlet. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thousand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue) 5.1.270 (3467)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Queene. For loue of God forbeare him.

Hamlet. Come show me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy selfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Esile*, eate a Crocodile?
Ile doo't. Dost thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw 5.1.280 (3477)
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

King. This is meere Madnesse:
And thus a while the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are disclos'd;
His silence will sit drooping.

Hamlet. Heare you Sir:
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I loud' you euer; but it is no matter: 5.1.290 (3489)
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*

King. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our last nights speech,
Wee'l put the matter to the present push:

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Good *Gertrude* set some watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue shall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Hamlet. So much for this Sir; now let me see the other, 5.2.1 (3500)
You doe remember all the Circumstance.
Horatio. Remember it my Lord?
Hamlet. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me sleepe; me thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
(And praise be rashnesse for it) let vs know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that should teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that shapes our ends, 5.2.10 (3509)
Rough-hew them how we will.
Horatio. That is most certaine.
Hamlet. Vp from my Cabin
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke,
Gropt'd I to finde out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnseale
Their grand Commission, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reason; 5.2.20 (3520)
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, such Bugges and Goblins in my life,
That on the superuize no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be struck off.
Horatio. Ist possible?
Hamlet. Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?
Horatio. I beseech you.
Hamlet. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines, 5.2.30 (3531)
They had begun the Play. I sate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans seruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

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Horatio. I, good my Lord.
Hamlet. An earnest Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme should flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland weare,
And stand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many such like Assis of great charge,
That on the view and know of these Contents,
Without debasement further, more or lesse,
He should the bearers put to sodaine death,
Not shriuing time allowed.
Horatio. How was this seal'd?
Hamlet. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purse,
Which was the Modell of that Danish Seale: 5.2.50 (3553)
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subscrib'd it, gau't th'impression, plac't it safely,
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was sement,
Thou know'st already.
Horatio. So *Guildensterne* and *Rosincrance*, go too't.
Hamlet. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conscience; their debate
Doth by their owne insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baser nature comes 5.2.60 (3563)
Betweene the passe, and fell incensed points
Of mighty opposites.
Horatio. Why, what a King is this?
Hamlet. Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such coozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill. 5.2.70 (3574)
Horatio. It must be shortly knowne to him from England
What is the issue of the businesse there.
Hamlet. It will be short,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to say one: but I am very sorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my selfe;
For by the image of my Cause, I see
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But sure the brauery of his griefe did put me

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Into a Towring passion. 5.2.80 (3584)

Horatio. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Osricke.

Osricke. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmarke.

Hamlet. I humbly thank you Sir, dost know this waterflie?

Horatio. No my good Lord.

Hamlet. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beast be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the Kings Messe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I saw spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osricke. Sweet Lord, if your friendship were at leysure, I should impart a thing to you from his Maiesty. 5.2.90 (3596)

Hamlet. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit; put your Bonet to his right vse, 'tis for the head.

Osricke. I thanke your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Hamlet. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Osricke. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Hamlet. Mee thinkes it is very soultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Osricke. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very soultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maiesty bad me signifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Hamlet. I beseech you remember.

Osricke. Nay, in good faith, for mine ease in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Hamlet. What's his weapon?

Osricke. Rapier and dagger.

Hamlet. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Osricke. The sir King ha's wag'd with him six Barbary Horses, against the which he impon'd as I take it, sixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assignee, as Girdle, Hangers or so: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Hamlet. What call you the Carriages?

Osricke. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Hamlet. The phrase would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our sides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on sixe Barbary Horses against sixe French Swords: their Assignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but a-

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gainst the Danish; why is this impon'd as you call it?
Osrricke. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen passes betweene you and him, hee shall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelve for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answere.
Hamlet. How if I answere no? 5.2.170 (3635)
Osricke. I meane my Lord, the opposition of your person in tryall.
Hamlet. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it please his Maiestie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.
Osricke. Shall I redeliver you ee'n so?
Hamlet. To this effect Sir, after what flourish your nature will. 5.2.180 (3644)
Osricke. I commend my duty to your Lordship.
Hamlet. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues else for's tongue.
Horatio. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.
Hamlet. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee suck't it: thus had he and mine more of the same Beauy that I know the drossie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yesty collection, which carries them through & through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.
Horatio. You will lose this wager, my Lord.
Hamlet. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, 5.2.210 (3659) I haue beene in continuall practice; I shall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldest not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.
Horatio. Nay, good my Lord.
Hamlet. It is but foolery; but it is such a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.
Horatio. If your minde dislike any thing, obey. I will forestall their repaire hither, and say you are not fit.
Hamlet. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a speciall Prouidence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readinesse is all, since no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue betimes?

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Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

King. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.
Hamlet. Giue me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard how I am punisht
With sore distraction? What I haue done 5.2.230 (3682)
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madnesse:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away:
And when he's not himselfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it
Who does it then? His Madnesse? If't be so,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience, 5.2.240 (3692)
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts,
That I haue shot mine Arrow o're the house,
And hurt my Mother.
Laertes. I am satisfied in Nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I stand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Masters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and president of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time, 5.2.250 (3703)
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.
Hamlet. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.
Laertes. Come one for me.
Hamlet. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill shall like a Starre i'th'darkest night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.
Laertes. You mocke me Sir.
Hamlet. No by this hand.
King. Giue them the Foyles yong Osricke,
Cousen *Hamlet*, you know the wager. 5.2.260 (3716)

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Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace bath laide the oddes a'th'weaker side.
King. I do not feare it,
I haue seene you both:
But since he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.
Laertes. This is too heauy,
Let me see another.
Hamlet. This likes me well,
These Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*
Osricke. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the first, or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire, 5.2.270 (3730)
The King shal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion shal he throw
Richer then that, which foure successive Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.
Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets speake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet.* Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.
Hamlet. Come on sir. 5.2.280 (3741)
Laertes. Come on sir. *They play.*
Ham. One.
Laertes. No.
Hamlet. Iudgement.
Osricke. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laertes. Well: againe.
King. Stay, giue me drinke.
Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,
Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.
Hamlet. Ile play this bout first, set by a-while.
Come: Another hit; what say you?
Laertes. A touch, a touch, I do confesse.
King. Our Sonne shall win.
Queene. He's fat, and scant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowses to thy fortune, *Hamlet.*
Hamlet. Good Madam. 5.2.290 (3759)
King. *Gertrude*, do not drinke.
Queene. I will my Lord;

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I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late.
Hamlet. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.
Queene. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laertes. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I do not thinke't.
Laertes. And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.
Hamlet. Come for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you passe with your best violence,
I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.
Laertes. Say you so? Come on. *Play.* 5.2.300 (3774)
Osricke. Nothing neither way.
Laertes. Haue at you now.
In scuffling they change Rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Hamlet. Nay come, againe.
Osricke. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
Horatio. They bleed on both sides. How is't my Lord?
Osricke. How is't *Laertes*?
Laertes. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Osricke*,
I am justly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
Hamlet. How does the Queene?
King. She sounds to see them bleede.
Queene. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke, 5.2.310 (3789)
I am poyson'd.
Hamlet. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, seeke it out.
Laertes. It is heere *Hamlet*.
Hamlet, thou art slaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand,
Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practice
Hath turn'd it selfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to rise againe: Thy Mothers poyson'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame. 5.2.320 (3801)
Hamlet. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
Hurts the King.
All. Treason, Treason.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.

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Hamlet. Heere thou incestuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*

Laertes. He is iustly seru'd.
It is a poyson temp'red by himselfe:
Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee, 5.2.330 (3814)
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*

Hamlet. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is strick'd in his Arrest) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liu'st, report me and my causes right
To the vnsatisfied. 5.2.340 (3824)

Horatio. Neuer beleeue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet some Liquor left.

Hamlet. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things standing thus vnknowne) shall liue behind me.
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.
March afarre off, and shout within.
What warlike noyse is this?

Enter Osricke.

Osricke. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conquest come frõ Poland 5.2.350 (3839)
To th'Ambassadors of England giues this warlike volly.

Hamlet. O I dye *Horatio*:
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do prophesie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and lesse,
Which haue solicited. The rest is silence. O, o, o, o. *Dyes*

Horatio. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight sweet Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest, 5.2.360 (3850)

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Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and English Ambassador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.

Fortinbras. Where is this sight?
Horatio. What is it ye would see;
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
Fortinbras. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feast is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou so many Princes, at a shoote,
So bloodily hast strooke.
Ambassador. The sight is dismall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are senselesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his command'ment is fulfill'd, 5.2.370 (3864)
That *Rosincrance* and *Guildensterne* are dead:
Where should we haue our thankes?
Horatio. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
But since so iumpe vpon this bloodie question,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arrived. Giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you heare 5.2.380 (3875)
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall indgements, casuall slaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cause,
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.
Fortinbras. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the Noblest to the Audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue some Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are to claime, my vantage doth 5.2.390 (3886)
Inuite me,
Horatio. Of that I shall haue alwayes cause to speake,
And from his mouth
Whose voyce will draw on more:
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Lest more mischance
On plots, and errors happen.

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Fortinbras. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd most royally:
And for his passage,
The Souldiours Musicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him. 5.2.400 (3901)
Take vp the body; Such a sight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere shewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers shoote.

Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are shot off.

FINIS.

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The Tragedie of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Barnardo. WHose there? 1.1.1 (4)
Francisco. Nay answere me. Stand and vnfolde your selfe.
Barnardo. Long liue the King.
Francisco. *Barnardo.*
Barnardo. Hee.
Francisco. You come most carefully vpon your houre,
Barnardo. Tis now strooke twelfe, get thee to bed *Francisco*,
Francisco. For this reliefe much thanks, tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at hart.
Barnardo. Haue you had quiet guard? 1.1.10 (15)
Francisco. Not a mouse stirring.
Barnardo. Well, good night.
If you doe meete *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The riualls of my watch, bid them make hast.
Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.
Francisco. I thinke I heare them, stand ho, who is there?
Horatio. Friends to this ground.
Marcellus. And Leedgemen to the Dane,
Francisco. Giue you good night.
Marcellus. O, farwell honest souldiers, who hath relieu'd you?
Francisco. *Barnardo* hath my place; giue you good night. *Exit Fran.*
Marcellus. Holla, *Barnardo.*
Barnardo. Say, what is *Horatio* there?
Horatio. A peece of him.
Barnardo. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*, 1.1.20 (29)
Horatio. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night?
Barnardo. I haue seene nothing.
Marcellus. *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs.
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparision come,
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.
Horatio. Tush, tush, twill not appeare. 1.1.30 (39)
Barnardo. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,

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What we haue two nights seene.
Horatio. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.
Barnardo. Last night of all,
When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The bell then beating one.
Enter Ghost.
Marcellus. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe. 1.1.40 (51)
Barnardo. In the same figure like the King thats dead.
Marcellus. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio.*
Barnardo. Lookes a not like the King? marke it *Horatio.*
Horatio. Most like, it horrowes me with feare and wonder.
Barnardo. It would be spoke to.
Marcellus. Speake to it *Horatio.*
Horatio. What art thou that vsurpst this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.
Marcellus. It is offended. 1.1.50 (63)
Barnardo. See it staukes away.
Horatio. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*
Marcellus. Tis gone and will not answere.
Barnardo. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this somthing more then phantasie?
What thinke you-ont?
Horatio. Before my God I might not this belieue,
Without the sencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.
Marcellus. Is it not like the King?
Horatio. As thou art to thy selfe.
Such was the very Armor he had on, 1.1.60 (76)
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.
Marcellus. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.
Horatio. In what particular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
Marcellus. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes, 1.1.70 (86)
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,

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And with such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this sweaty hast
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?

Horatio. That can I.
At least the whisper goes so; our last King, 1.1.80 (97)
Whose image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy
Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands
Which he stood seaz'd of, to the conquerour.
Against the which a moitie competent 1.1.90 (107)
Was gaged by our King, which had returne
To the inheritance of *Fortinbrasse*,
Had he bin vanquisher; as by the same comart,
And carriage of the article desseigne,
His fell to Hamlet; now Sir, young *Fortinbrasse*
Of vnimproued mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* heere and there
Sharkt vp a list of lawelesse resolutes
For foode and diet to some enterprise
That hath a stomacke in't, which is no other 1.1.100 (117)
As it doth well appeare vnto our state
But to recouer of vs by strong hand
And tearmes compulsatory, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost; and this I take it,
Is the maine motiue of our preparations
The source of this our watch, and the chiefe head
Of this post hast and Romadge in the land.

Barnardo. I thinke it be no other, but enso;
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 warres.

Horatio. A moth it is to trouble the mindes eye:
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest *Iulius* fell
The graues stood tennatlesse, and the sheeted dead
Did squeake and gibber in the Roman streets

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As starres with traines of fier, and dewes of blood
Disasters in the sunne; and the moist starre,
Vpon whose influence *Neptunes* Empier stands,
Was sicke almost to doomesday with eclipse. 1.1.120 (124 + 13)
And euen the like precurse of feare euents
As harbindgers preceading still the fates
And prologue to the *Omen* comming on
Haue heauen and earth together demonstrated
Vnto our Climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe
Ile crosse it though it blast mee: stay illusion, *It spreads*
If thou hast any sound or vse of voyce, *his armes.*
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,
Speake to me.
If thou art priuie to thy countries fate
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd
O speake:
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death. *The cocke*
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus.* *crowes.*

Marcellus. Shall I strike it with my partizan? 1.1.140 (137)
Horatio. Doe if it will not stand.
Barnardo. Tis heere.
Horatio. Tis heere.
Marcellus. Tis gone.
We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall
To offer it the showe of violence,
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.
Barnardo. It was about to speake when the cock crewe.
Horatio. And then it started like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons; I haue heard,
The Cock that is the trumpet to the morne, 1.1.150 (149)
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat
Awake the God of day, and at his warning
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine, and of the truth heerein
This present obiect made probation.
Marcellus. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
Some say that euer gainst that season comes
Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated

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This bird of dawning singeth all night long, 1.1.160 (159)
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abraode
The nights are wholsome, then no plannets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme
So hallowed, and so gratious is that time.

Horatio. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,
But looke the morne in russet mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
Breake we our watch vp and by my aduise
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young *Hamlet*, for vppon my life 1.1.170 (169)
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to him:
Doe you consent we shall acquaint him with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting our duty.

Marcellus. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning knowe
Where we shall find him most conuenient. *Exeunt.*

Florish. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertradt he Queene,

Counsaile: as Polonius, and his Sonne Laertes, Hamlet, Cum Alijs.

Claudius. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deare brothers death 1.2.1 (179)
The memorie be greene, and that it vs befitted
To beare our harts in griefe, and our whole Kingdome,
To be contracted in one browe of woe
Yet so farre hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrowe thinke on him
Together with remembrance of our selues:
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queene
Th'imperiall ioyntresse to this warlike state
Haue we as twere with a defeated ioy 1,.2.10 (188)
With an auspitious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funerall, and with dirdge in marriage,
In equall scale weighing delight and dole
Taken to wife: nor haue we heerein bard
Your better wisdomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along (for all our thankes)
Now followes that you knowe young *Fortinbrasse*,
Holding a weake supposall of our worth
Or thinking by our late deare brothers death
Our state to be disioynt, and out of frame 1.2.20 (198)
Coleagued with this dreame of his aduantage
He hath not faild to pestur vs with message
Importing the surrender of those lands

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Lost by his father, with all bands of lawe
To our most valiant brother, so much for him:
Now for our selfe, and for this time of meeting,
Thus much the busines is, we haue heere writ
To *Norway* Vncle of young *Fortenbrasse*
Who impotent and bedred scarcely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpose; to suppresse 1.2.30 (209)
His further gate heerein, in that the leuies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject, and we heere dispatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Valtemand*,
For bearers of this greeting to old *Norway*,
Giuing to you no further personall power
To busines with the King, more then the scope
Of these delated articles allowe:
Farwell, and let your hast commend your dutie.

Cornelius. Voltemand. In that, and all things will we showe our dutie.

King. We doubt it nothing, hartely farwell.
And now *Laertes* whats the newes with you?
You told vs of some sute, what ist *Laertes*?
You cannot speake of reason to the Dane
And lose your voyce; what wold'st thou begge *Laertes*,?
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking,
The head is not more natiue to the hart
The hand more instrumentall to the mouth
Then is the throne of Denmarke to thy father,
What would'st thou haue *Laertes*? 1.2.50 (230)

Laertes. My dread Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to Fraunce,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke,
To showe my dutie in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confesse, that duty done
My thoughts and wishes bend againe toward Fraunce
And bowe them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, what saies *Polonius*?

Polonius. Hath my Lord wroung from me my slowe leaue
By laboursome petition, and at last
Vpon his will I seald my hard consent, 1.2.60 (240 + 2)
I doe beseech you giue him leaue to goe.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine
And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
But now my Cosin *Hamlet*, and my sonne.

Hamlet. A little more then kin, and lesse then kind.

King. How is it that the clowdes still hang on you.

Hamlet. Not so much my Lord, I am too much in the sonne.

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Queene. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
And let thine eye looke like a friend on *Denmarke*,
Doe not for euer with thy vailed lids 1.2.70 (250)
Seeke for thy noble Father in the dust,
Thou know'st tis common all that liues must die,
Passing through nature to eternitie.
Hamlet. I Maddam, it is common.
Queene. If it be
VVhy seemes it so perticuler with thee.
Hamlet. Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes,
Tis not alone my incky cloake coold mother
Nor customary suites of solembe blacke
Nor windie suspiration of forst breath
No, nor the fruitfull riuer in the eye, 1.2.80 (261)
Nor the deiected hauior of the visage
Together with all formes, moodes, chapes of griefe
That can deuote me truely, these indeede seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play
But I haue that within which passes showe
These but the trappings and the suites of woe.
King. Tis sweete and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
To giue these mourning duties to your father
But you must knowe your father lost a father,
That father lost, lost his, and the suruiuer bound 1.2.90 (272)
In filliall obligation for some tearme
To doe obsequious sorrowe, but to perseuer
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornes, tis vnmanly griefe,
It showes a will most incorrect to heauen
A hart vnfortified, or minde impatient
An vnderstanding simple and vnschoold
For what we knowe must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sence,
Why should we in our peuish opposition 1.2.100 (282)
Take it to hart, fie, tis a fault to heauen,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theame
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cryed
From the first course, till he that died to day
This must be so: we pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs
As of a father, for let the world take note
You are the most imediate to our throne,
And with no lesse nobilitie of loue 1.2.110 (292)
Then that which dearest father beares his sonne,

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Doe I impart toward you for your intent
In going back to schoole in *Wittenberg*,
It is most retrogard to our desire,
And we beseech you bend you to romaine
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cosin, and our sonne.

Queene. Let not thy mother loose her prayers *Hamlet*,
I pray thee stay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

Hamlet. I shall in all my best obey you Madam. 1.2.120 (302)

King. Why tis a louing and a faire reply,
Be as our selfe in Denmarke, Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling to my hart, in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the cloudes shall tell.
And the Kings rowse the heauen shall brute againe,
Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Florish.* *Exeunt all, but Hamlet.*

Hamlet. O that this too too sallied flesh would melt, 1.2.130 (314)
Thaw and resolue it selfe into a dewe,
Or that the everlasting had not fixt
His cannon gainst seale slaughter, ô God, God,
How wary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seeme to me all the vses of this world?
Fie on't, ah fie, tis an unweeded garden
That growes to seede, things rancke and grose in nature,
Possesse it meerely that it should come thus
But two months dead, nay not so much, not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a satire, so louing to my mother, 1.2.140 (324)
That he might not beteeme the winds of heauen
Visite her face too roughly, heauen and earth
Must I remember, why she should hang on him
As if increase of appetite had growne
By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
Let me not thinke on't; frailty thy name is woman
A little month or ere those shooes were old
With which she followed my poore fathers bodie
Like *Niobe* all teares, why she
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason 1.2.150 (334)
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,
My fathers brother, but no more like my father
Then I to *Hercules*, within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most vnrighteous teares,
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes
She married, ô most wicked speede; to post

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With such dexteritie to incestious sheets,
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
But breake my hart, for I must hold my tongue.
Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

Horatio. Haile to your Lordship. 1.2.160 (345)
Hamlet. I am glad to see you well; *Horatio*, or I do forget my selfe.
Horatio. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.
Hamlet. Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,
And what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Marcellus. My good Lord.
Hamlet. I am very glad to see you, (good euen sir)
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?
Horatio. A truant disposition good my Lord.
Hamlet. I would not heare your enimie say so, 1.2.170 (358)
Nor shall you doe my eare that violence
To make it truster of your owne report
Against your selfe, I knowe you are no truant,
But what is your affaire in *Elsonoure*?
Weele teach you for to drinke ere you depart.
Horatio. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall
Hamlet. I prethee doe not mocke me fellowe studient,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.
Horatio. Indeede my Lord it followed hard vppon.
Hamlet. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates 1.2.180 (368)
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father, me thinkes I see my father.
Horatio. Where my Lord?
Hamlet. In my mindes eye *Horatio.*
Horatio. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.
Hamlet. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vppon his like againe.
Horatio. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.
Hamlet. saw, who? 1.2.190 (379)
Horatio. My Lord the King your father.
Hamlet. The King my father?
Horatio. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent eare till I may deliuer
Vppon the witnes of these gentlemen
This maruile to you.
Hamlet. For Gods loue let me heare?
Horatio. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch

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In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea* 1.2.200 (391)
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walks
By their oppress and feare surprised eyes
Within his tronchions length, whil'st they distil'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me
In dreadfull secresie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had deliuered both in time
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparision comes: I knewe your father,
These hands are not more like.

Hamlet. But where was this?

Marcellus. My Lord vppon the platforme where we watch

Hamlet. Did you not speake to it?

Horatio. My Lord I did,
But answere made it none, yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addresse
It selfe to motion like as it would speake:
But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,
And at the sound it shrunk in hast away
And vanisht from our sight. 1.2.220 (413)

Hamlet. Tis very strange.

Horatio. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true
And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie
To let you knowe of it.

Hamlet. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Hamlet. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Hamlet. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Hamlet. Then sawe you not his face

Horatio. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp. 1.2.230 (426)

Hamlet. What look't he frowningly?

Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Hamlet. Pale, or red?

Horatio. Nay very pale.

Hamlet. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Horatio. Most constantly.

Hamlet. I would I had beene there.

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Horatio. It would haue much a maz'd you.
Hamlet. Very like, stayd it long?
Horatio. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.
Both. Longer, longer.
Horatio. Not when I saw't.
Hamlet. His beard was grissl'd, no.
Horatio. It was as I haue seene it in his life 1.2.240 (440)
A sable siluer'd.
Hamlet. I will watch to nigh
Perchaunce twill walke againe.
Horatio. I warn't it will.
Hamlet. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it though hell it selfe should gape
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you haue hetherto conceald this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And what someuer els shall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding but no tongue,
I will requite your loues, so farre you well: 1.2.250 (451)
Vppon the platforme twixt aleauen and twelfe
Ile visite you.
All. Our dutie to your honor. *Exeunt.*
Hamlet. Your loues, as mine to you, farwell.
My fathers spirit (in armes) all is not well,
I doubt some foule play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my soule, fonde deedes will rise
Though all the earth ore-whelme them to mens eyes. *Exit.*

Enter Laertes, and Opheliahis Sister.

Laertes. My necessaries are inbarckt, farwell, 1.3.1 (462)
And sister, as the winds giue benefit
And conuay, in assistant doe not sleepe
But let me heere from you.
Ophelia. Doe you doubt that?
Laertes. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweete, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute
No more. 1.3.10 (471)
Ophelia. No more but so.
Laertes. Thinke it no more.
For nature cressant does not growe alone
In thewes and bulkes, but as this temple waxes
The inward seruice of the minde and soule
Growes wide withall, perhapes he loues you now,

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And now no soyle nor cautell doth besmirch
The vertue of his will, but you must feare,
His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,
He may not as vnualewed persons doe,
Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends 1.3.20 (483)
The safty and health of this whole state,
And therefore must his choise be circumscribd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,
It fits your wisdome so farre to belieue it
As he in his particular act and place
May giue his saying deede, which is no further
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine
If with too credent eare you list his songs 1.3.30 (493)
Or loose your hart, or your chest treasure open
To his vnmastred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare sister,
And keepe you in the reare of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire,
"The chariest maide is prodigall inough
If she vnmaske her butie to the Moone
"Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes
"The canker gaules the infants of the spring
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd, 1.3.40 (503)
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth
Contagious blastments are most iminent,
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non els neare.

Ophelia. I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother
Doe not as some ungracious pastors doe,
Showe me the steepe and thorny way to heauen
Whiles a puff, and reckles libertine
Himselfe the primrose path of dalience treads. 1.3.50 (513)
And reakes not his owne reed. *Enter Polonius.*

Laertes. O feare me not,
I stay too long, but heere my father comes
A double blessing, is a double grace,
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Polonius. Yet heere *Laertes*? a bord, a bord for shame,
The wind sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are stayed for, there my blessing with thee,
And these fewe precepts in thy memory
Looke thou character, giue thy thoughts no tongue,

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Nor any vnproportion'd thought his act, 1.3.60 (525)
Be thou familier, but by no meanes vulgar,
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them vnto thy soule with hoopes of Steele,
But doe not dull thy palme with entertainment
Of each new hatcht vnfledgd courage, beware
Of entrance to a quarrell, but being in,
Bear't that th'opposed may beware of thee,
Giue euery man thy care, but fewe thy voyce,
Take each mans censure, but reserue thy iudgement,
Costly thy habite as thy purse can buy, 1.3.70 (535)
But not express in fancy; rich not gaudy,
For the apparrell oft proclaimes the man
And they in Fraunce of the best ranck and station,
Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:
Neither a borrower nor a lender boy,
For loue oft looses both it selfe, and friend,
And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry;
This aboue all, to thine owne selfe be true
And it must followe as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man: 1.3.80 (545)
Farwell, my blessing season this in thee.

Laertes. Most humbly doe I take my leaue my Lord.

Polonius. The time inuests you goe, your servants tend.

Laertes. Farwell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue sayd to you.

Ophelia. Tis in my memory lockt
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Laertes. Farwell. *Exit Laertes.*

Polonius. What ist *Ophelia* he hath sayd to you?

Ophelia. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet.*

Polonius. Marry well be thought 1.3.90 (556)
Tis tolde me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you, and you your selfe
Haue of your audience beene most free and bountious,
If it be so, as so tis put on me,
And that in way of caution, I must tell you,
You doe not understand your selfe so cleerely
As it behooues my daughter, and your honor,
What is betweene you giue me vp the truth,

Ophelia. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me. 1.3.100 (566)

Polonius. Affection, puh, you speake like a greene girle
Vnsifted in such perrilous circumstance,
Doe you believe his tenders as you call them?

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Ophelia. I doe not knowe my Lord what I should thinke.
Polonius. Marry I will teach you, thinke your selfe a babie
That you haue tane these tenders for true pay
Which are not sterling, tender your selfe more dearely
Or (not to crack the winde of the poore phrase
Wrong it thus) you'l tender me a foole.
Ophelia. My Lord he bath importun'd me with loue 1.3.110 (576)
In honorable fashion.
Polonius. I, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.
Ophelia. And hath giuen countenance to his speech
My Lord, with almost all the holy vowes of heauen.
Polonius. I, springs to catch wood-cockes, I doe knowe
When the blood burnes, how prodigall the soule
Lends the tongue vowes, these blazes daughter
Giuing more light then heate, extinct in both
Euen in their promise, as it is a making
You must not take for fire, from this time 1.3.120 (586)
Be something scanter of your maiden presence
Set your intreatments at a higher rate
Then a commaund to parle; for Lord *Hamlet*,
Belieue so much in him that he is young,
And with a larger tider may he walke
Then may be giuen you: in fewe *Ophelia*,
Doe not belieue his vowes, for they are brokers
Not of that die which their inuestments showe
But meere imploratotors of vnholy suites
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds 1.3.130 (596)
The better to beguide: this is for all,
I would not in plaine tearmes from this time foorth
Haue you so slaunder any moment leasure
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*,
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.
Ophelia I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.

Hamlet. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde. 1.4.1 (604)
Horatio. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.
Hamlet. What houre now?
Horatio. I thinke it lackes of twelfe.
Marcellus. No, it is strooke.
Horatio. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A florish of trumpets*
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*
Hamlet. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowse.
Keepes wassell and the swaggring vp-spring reeles:

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And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe, 1.4.10 (614)
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Horatio. Is it a custome?

Hamlet. I marry ist,
But to my minde, though I am natiue heere
And to the manner borne, it is a custome
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance.
This heauy headed reueale east and west
Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phrase
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes 1.4.20 (621 + 4)
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height
The pith and marrow of our attribute,
So oft it chaunces 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 ore-grow'th of some complextion
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men 1.1.30 (621 + 14)
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
Being Natures liuery, or Fortunes starre,
His vertues els be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may vndergoe,
Shall in the generall censure take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of eale
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
To his owne scandle.

Enter Ghost.

Horatio. Looke my Lord it comes.

Hamlet. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs:
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd, 1.4.40 (625)
Bring with thee ayres from heauen, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, father, royall Dane, ô answere mee,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their cerements? why the Sepulcher,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
Hath op't his ponderous and marble iawes, 1.4.50 (635)
To cast thee vp againe? what may this meane

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That thou dead corse, againe in compleat steele
Reuisites thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules,
Say why is this, wherefore, what should we doe? *Beckins.*

Horatio. It beckins you to goe away with it
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone. 1.4.60 (646)

Marcellus. Looke with what curteous action
It waues you to a more remooued ground,
But doe not goe with it.

Horatio. No, by no meanes.

Hamlet. It will not speake, then I will followe it.

Horatio. Doe not my Lord.

Hamlet. Why what should be the feare,
I doe not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

Horatio. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
Or to the dreadfull somnet of the cleefe 1.4.70 (659)
That bettles ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrable forme
Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Hamlet. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

Marcellus. You shall not goe my Lord. 1.4.80 (665)

Hamlet. Hold of your hands.

Horatio. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Hamlet. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Horatio. He waxes desperate with imagion.

Marcellus. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Horatio. Haue after, to what issue will this come?

Marcellus. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke. 1.4.90 (678)

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Horatio. Heauen will direct it.
Marcellus. Nay lets follow him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

Hamlet. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further.
Ghost. Marke me.
Hamlet. I will.
Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.
Hamlet. Alas poore Ghost.
Ghost. Pitty me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall vnfold.
Hamlet. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Ghost. So art thou to reuenge, when thou shalt heare.
Hamlet. What?
Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit,
Doomd for a certaine tearme to walke the night, 1.5.10 (695)
And for the day confind to fast in fires,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes 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 vnfolde whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand an end,
Like quils vpon the fearefull Porpentine, 1.5.20 (705)
But this eternall blazon must not be
To eares of flesh and blood, list, list, ô list
If thou did'st euer thy deare father loue.
Hamlet. O God.
Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murther.
Hamlet. Murther.
Ghost. Murther most foule, as in the best it is,
But this most foule, strange and vnnaturall.
Hamlet. Hast me to know't, that I with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of loue 1.5.30 (716)
May sweepe to my reuenge.
Ghost. I find thee apt,
And duller shouldst thou be then the fat weede
That rootes it selfe in ease on *Lethe* wharffe,
Would'st thou not sturre in this; now *Hamlet* heare,
Tis given out, that sleeping in my Orchard,
A Serpent stung me, so the whole eare of Denmarke

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Is by a forged processe of my death
Ranckely abusde: but knowe thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy fathers life
Now weares his Crowne. 1.5.40 (727)

Hamlet. O my propheticke soule! my Vncle?

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline 1.5.50 (737)
Vppon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle linckt,
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed
And pray on garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,
Briefe let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone, 1.5.60 (745)
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leaprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholsome blood; so did it mine, 1.5.70 (755)
And a most instant tetter barckt about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnaneled,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
Withall my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible. 1.5.80 (765)
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,
Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be

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A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contrive
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire, 1.5.90 (775)
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Hamlet. O all you host of heauen, ô earth, what els,
And shall I coupple hell, ô fie, hold, hold my hart,
And you my sinnowes, growe not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All sawes of bookes, all formes, all pressures past 1.5.100 (785)
That youth and observation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen,
O most pernicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine,
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word, 1.5.110 (795)
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Horatio. My Lord, my Lord.
Marcellus. Lord Hamlet.
Horatio. Heauens secure him.
Hamlet. So be it.
Marcellus. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Hamlet. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.
Marcellus. How i'st my noble Lord?
Horatio. What newes my Lord?
Hamlet. O wonderfull.
Horatio. Good my Lord tell it.
Hamlet. No, you will reueale it.
Horatio. Not I my Lord by heaven. 1.5.120 (809)
Marcellus. Nor I my Lord.

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Hamlet. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you're be secret.
Both. I by heauen.
Hamlet. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Horatio. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.
Hamlet. 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 busines and desire shall poynt you,
For euery man hath busines and desire 1.5.130 (822)
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.
Horatio. These are but wilde and whurling words my Lord.
Hamlet. I am sorry they offend you hartily,
Yes faith hartily.
Horatio. There's no offence my Lord.
Hamlet. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs
Oremastret as you may, and now good friends, 1.5.140 (833)
As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,
Giue me one poore request.
Horatio. What i'st my Lord, we will.
Hamlet. Neuer make knowne what you haue seene to night.
Both. My Lord we will not.
Hamlet. Nay but swear't.
Horatio. In faith my Lord not I.
Marcellus. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Hamlet. Vppon my sword.
Marcellus. We haue sworne my Lord already.
Hamlet. Indeede vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ghost. Sweare.
Hamlet. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Consent to sweare.
Horatio. Propose the oath my Lord.
Hamlet. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene
Sweare by my sword.
Ghost. Sweare.

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Hamlet. *Hic, & vbique*, then weele shift our ground:
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Sweare by my sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard. 1.5.160 (856)
Ghost. Sweare by his sword.
Hamlet. Well sayd olde Mole, can'st worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner, once more remooue good friends.
Horatio. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your philosophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe, 1.5.170 (866)
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe sweare,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you. 1.5.180 (876)
Ghost. Sweare.
Hamlet. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit so Gentlemen,
Withall my loue I doe commend me to you,
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and frending to you
God willing shall not lack, let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, ô cursed spight
That euer I was borne to set it right.
Nay come, lets goe together. *Exeunt.* 1.5.190 (887)

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Polonius. Giue him this money, and these notes *Reynaldo.* 2.1.1 (890)
Reynaldo. I will my Lord.
Polonius. You shall doe meruiles wisely good *Reynaldo*,
Before you visite him, to make inquire
Of his behauiour.
Reynaldo. My Lord, I did intend it.
Polonius. Mary well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what Danskers are in Parris,
And how, and who, what meanes, and where they keepe,

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What companie, at what expence, and finding
By this encompasment, and drift of question 2.1.10 (901)
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer
Then your perticuler demaunds will tuch it,
Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Reynaldo. I, very well my Lord.

Polonius. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y'ft be he I meane, hee's very wilde,
Adicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marry none so ranck 2.1.20 (911)
As may dishonour him, take heede of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Reynaldo. As gaming my Lord.

Polonius. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so far.

Reynaldo. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Polonius. Fayth as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandell on him,
That he is open to incontinencie, 2.1.30 (922)
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A sauagenes in vnreclamed blood,
Of generall assault.

Reynaldo. But my good Lord.

Polonius. Wherefore should you doe this?

Reynaldo. I my Lord, I would know that.

Polonius. Marry sir, heer's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these slight sallies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soyld with working, 2.1.40 (933)
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound
Hauing euer seene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, 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.

Reynaldo. Very good my Lord.

Polonius. And then sir doos a this, a doos, what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say something, 2.1.50 (944)

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Where did I leaue?
Reynaldo. At closes in the consequence.
Polonius. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or th'other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell or so foorth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood take this carpe of truth, 2.1.60 (955)
And thus doe we of wisedome, and of reach,
With windlesses, and with assaies of bias,
By indirections find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise
Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Reynaldo. My Lord, I haue.
Polonius. God buy ye, far ye well.
Reynaldo. Good my Lord.
Polonius. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.
Reynaldo. I shall my Lord.
Polonius. And let him ply his musique. 2.1.70 (966)
Reynaldo. Well my Lord. *Exit Rey.*

Enter Ophelia.

Polonius. Farewell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?
Ophelia. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,
Polonius. With what i'th name of God?
Ophelia. My Lord, as I was sowing in my closset,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stocking fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyued to his ancle,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell 2.1.80 (979)
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.
Polonius. Mad for thy loue?
Ophelia. My lord I doe not know,
But truly I doe feare it.
Polonius. What said he?
Ophelia. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it, long stayd he so,

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At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe, 2.1.90 (990)
He raisd a sigh so pittious and profound
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his beeing; that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his shoulder turn'd
Hee seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out adoores he went without theyr helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Polonius. Come, goe with mee, I will goe seeke the King,
This is the very extacie of loue,
Whose violent propertie fordoos it selfe, 2.1.100 (1000)
And leades the will to desperat vndertakings
As oft as any passions vnder heauen
That dooes afflict our natures: I am sorry,
What, haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophelia. No my good Lord, but as you did commaund
I did repell his letters, and denied
His accesse to me.

Polonius. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry, that with better heede and iudgement
I had not coted him, I fear'd he did but trifle
And meant to wrack thee, but beshrow my Ielousie: 2.1.110 (1011)
By heauen it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond our selues in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion; come, goe we to the King,
This must be knowne, which beeing kept close, might moue
More griefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue,
Come. *Exeunt.*

Florish. Enter King and Queene, Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. Welcome deere *Rosencraus*, and *Guyldensterne*, 2.2.1 (1021)
Moreouer, that we much did long to see you,
The need we haue to vse you did prouoke
Our hastie sending, something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation, so call it,
Sith nor th'exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles that it was, what it should be,
More then his fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderstanding of himselfe
I cannot dreame of: I entreate you both 2.2.10 (1030)
That beeing of so young dayes brought vp with him,
And sith so nabored to his youth and hauior,

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That you voutsafe your rest heere in our Court
Some little time, so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather
So much as from occasion you may gleane,
Whether ought to vs vnknowne afflicts him thus,
That opend lyes within our remedie.

Queene. Good gentlemen, he hath much talkt of you,
And sure I am, two men there is not liuing 2.2.20 (1039)
To whom he more adheres, if it will please you
To shew vs so much gentry and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Rosencrause. Both your Maiesties
Might by the soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleasures more into commaund
Then to entreatie.

Guyldensterne. But we both obey.
And heere giue vp our selues in the full bent, 2.2.30 (1051)
To lay our seruice freely at your feete
To be commaunded.

King. Thanks *Rosencraus*, and gentle *Guyldensterne*.

Queene. Thanks *Guyldensterne*, and *gentle Rosencraus*.
And I beseech you instantly to visite
My too much changed sonne, goe some of you
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guyldensterne. Heauens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpfull to him.

Queene. I Amen. *Exeunt Ros.and Guyld.*

Enter Polonius.

Polonius. Th'embassadors from *Norway* my good Lord, 2.2.40 (1064)
Are ioyfully returnd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good newes.

Polonius. Haue I my Lord? I assure my good Liege
I hold my dutie as I hold my soule,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I doe thinke, or els this braine of mine
Hunts not the trayle of policie so sure
As it hath vsd to doe, that I haue found
The very cause of *Hamlets* lunacie.

King. O speake of that, that doe I long to heare. 2.2.50 (1074)

Polonius. Giue first admittance to th'embassadors,
My newes shall be the fruite to that great feast.

King. Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in.

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He tells me my deere *Gertrard* he bath found
The head and source of all your sonnes distemper.

Queene. I doubt it is no other but the maine
His fathers death, and our hastie marriage.

Enter Embassadors.

King. Well, we shall sift him, welcome my good friends,
Say *Voltemand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Voltemand. Most faire returne of greetings and desires; 2.2.60 (1085)
Vpon our first, he sent out to suppresse
His Nephews leuies, which to him appeard
To be a preparation gainst the *Pollacke*,
But better lookt into, he truly found
It was against your highnes, whereat greeu'd
That so his sicknes, age, and impotence
Was falsly borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in breefe obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
Makes vow before his Vncle neuer more 2.2.70 (1095)
To giue th'assay of Armes against your Maiestie:
Whereon old *Norway* ouercome with joy,
Giues him threescore thousand crownes in anuall fee,
And his commission to imploy those souldiers
So leuied (as before) against the *Pollacke*,
With an entreatie heerein further shone,
That it might please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions for this enterprise
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set downe. 2.2.80 (1105)

King. It likes vs well,
And at our more considered time, wee'le read,
Answer, and thinke vpon this busines:
Meane time, we thanke you for your well tooke labour,
Goe to your rest, at night weele feast together,
Most welcome home. *Exeunt Embassadors.*

Polonius. This busines is well ended.
My Liege and Maddam, to expostulate
What maiestie should be, what dutie is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to wast night, day, and time,
Therefore breuitie is the soule of wit, 2.2.90 (1117)
And tediousnes the lymmes and outward florishes,
I will be briefe, your noble sonne is mad:
Mad call I it, for to define true madnes,
What ist but to be nothing els but mad,

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But let that goe.
Queene. More matter with lesse art.
Polonius. Maddam, I sweare I vse no art at all,
That hee's mad tis true, tis true, tis pitty,
And pitty tis tis true, a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will vse no art.
Mad let vs graunt him then, and now remaines 2.2.100 (1128)
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause:
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus
Perpend,
I haue a daughter, haue while she is mine,
Who in her dutie and obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this, now gather and surmise,
To the Celestiall and my soules Idoll, the most beau-

tiffed Ophelia, *tha"s an ill phrase, a vile phrase,* 2.2.110 (1138)
beautified is a vile phrase, but you shall heare: thus in
her excellent white bosome, these &c.
Queene. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?
Polonius. Good Maddam stay awhile, I will be faithfull,
Doubt thou the starres are fire, *Letter.*
Doubt that the Sunne doth moue,
Doubt truth to be a lyer,
But neuer doubt I loue.
O deere *Ophelia*, I am ill at these numbers, I haue not art to recken my grones, but that I loue thee best, ô most best believe it, adew.
Thine evermore most deere Lady, whilst this machine is to him.
Polonius. This in obedience hath my daughter showne me, (*Hamlet..*
And more about hath his solicitings
As they fell out by time, by meanes, and place,
All giuen to mine eare.
King. But how hath she receiu'd his loue?
Polonius. What doe you thinke of me?
King. As of a man faithfull and honorable. 2.2.130 (1159)
Polonius. I would faine proue so, but what might you thinke
When I had seene this hote loue on the wing,
As I perceiu'd it (I must tell you that)
Before my daughter told me, what might you,
Or my deere Maiestie your Queene heere thinke,
If I had playd the Deske, or Table booke,
Or giuen my hart a working mute and dumbe,
Or lookt vppon this loue with idle sight,
What might you thinke? no, I went round to worke,
And my young Mistris thus I did bespeake, 2.2.140 (1169)

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Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy star,
This must not be: and then I prescripts gaue her
That she should locke her selfe from her resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens,
Which done, she tooke the fruites of my aduise:
And he repelled, a short tale to make,
Fell into a sadnes, then into a fast,
Thence to a wath, thence into a weakenes,
Thence to lightnes, and by this declension,
Into the madnes wherein now he raues, 2.2.150 (1179)
And all we mourne for.

King. Doe you thinke this?

Queene. It may be very like.

Polonius. Hath there been such a time, I would faine know that,
That I haue positively said, tis so,
When it proou'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Polonius. Take this, from this, if this be otherwise;
If circumstances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further?

Polonius. You know sometimes he walkes foure houres together
Heere in the Lobby.

Queene. So he dooes indeede.

Polonius. At such a time, Ile loose my daughter to him,
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Marke the encounter, if he loue her not,
And be not from his reason falne thereon
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keepe a farme and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet.

Queene. But looke where sadly the poore wretch comes reading.

Polonius. Away, I doe beseech you both away, *Exit King and Queene.*
Ile bord him presently, oh giue me leaue, 2.2.170 (1207)
How dooes my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Hamlet. Well, God a mercy.

Polonius. Doe you knowe me my Lord?

Hamlet. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Polonius. Not I my Lord.

Hamlet. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Polonius. Honest my Lord.

Hamlet. I sir to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pickt out of tenne thousand.

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Polonius. That's very true my Lord. 2.2.180 (1217)
Hamlet. For if the sunne breede maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion. Haue you a daughter?
Polonius. I haue my Lord.
Hamlet. Let her not walke i'th Sunne, conception is a blessing, But as your daughter may conceaue, friend looke to't.
Polonius. How say you by that, still harping on my daughter, yet hee knewe me not at first, a sayd I was a Fishmonger, a is farre gone, and truly in my youth, I suffred much extremity for loue, very neere this. Ile speake to him againe. What doe you reade my Lord.
Hamlet. Words, words, words.
Polonius. What is the matter my Lord.
Hamlet. Betweene who.
Polonius. I meane the matter that you reade my Lord.
Hamlet. Slaunders sir; for the satericall rogue sayes heere, that old men haue gray beards, that their faces are wrinckled, their eyes purging thick Amber, & plumtree gum, & that they haue a plentifull lacke of wit, together with most weake hams, all which sir though I most powerfully and potentlie belieue, yet I hold it not honesty to haue it thus set downe, for your selfe sir shall growe old as I am: if like a Crab you could goe backward.
Polonius. Though this be madnesse, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the ayre my Lord?
Hamlet. Into my graue.
Poloius. Indeede that's out of the ayre; how pregnant sometimes his replies are, a happines that often madnesse hits on, which reason and sanctity could not so prosperously be deliuered of. I will leaue him and my daughter. My Lord, I will take my leaue of you.
Hamlet. You cannot take from mee any thing that I will not more willingly part withall: except my life, except my life, except my life. *Enter Guyldersterne, and Rosencraus.*
Polonius. Fare you well my Lord.
Hamlet. These tedious old fooles.
Polonius. You goe to seeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.
Rosencraus. God saue you sir.
Guyldersterne. My honor'd Lord.
Rosencraus. My most deere Lord.
Hamlet. My extent good friends, how doost thou *Guyldersterne*? A *Rosencraus*, good lads how doe you both?
Rosencraus. As the indifferent children of the earth.
Guyldersterne. Happy, in that we are not euer happy on Fortunes lap, We are not the very button.
Hamlet. Nor the soles of her shooe. 2.2.230 (1275)
Rosencraus. Neither my Lord.

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Hamlet. Then you liue about her wast, or in the middle of her fauors.
Guyldersterne. Faith her priuates we.
Hamlet. In the secret parts of Fortune, oh most true, she is a strumpet, What newes?
Rosencraus. None my Lord, but the worlds growne honest.
Hamlet. Then is Doomes day neere, but your newes is not true; But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at *Elsonoure*?
Rosencraus. To visit you my Lord, no other occasion.
Hamlet. Begger that I am, I am euer poore in thankes, but I thanke you, and sure deare friends, my thankes are too deare a halfpeny: were you not sent for? is it your owne inclining? is it a free visitation? come, come, deale justly with me, come, come, nay speake.
Guyldersterne. What should we say my Lord?
Hamlet. Any thing but to'th purpose: you were sent for, and there is a kind of confession in your lookes, which your modesties haue not craft enough to cullour, I know the good King and Queene haue sent for you.
Rosencraus. To what end my Lord?
Hamlet. That you must teach me: but let me coniure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancie of our youth, by the obligation of our euer preserued loue; and by what more deare a better proposer can charge you withall, bee euen and direct with me whether you were sent for or no.
Rosencraus. What say you.
Hamlet. Nay then I haue an eye of you? if you loue me hold not of.
Guyldersterne. My Lord we were sent for.
Hamlet. I will tell you why, so shall my anticipation preuent your discovery, and your secrecie to the King & Queene moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I knowe not, lost all my mirth, forgon all custome of exercises: and indeede it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame the earth, seemes to mee a sterill promontorie, this most excellent Canopie the ayre, looke you, this braue orehanging firmament, this maiesticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and pestilent congregation of vapoures. What peece of worke is a man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an Angell in apprehension, how like a God: the beautie of the world; the paragon of Annimales; and yet to me, what is this Quintessence of dust: man delights not me, nor women neither, though by your smilling, you seeme to say so. 2.2.310 (1356)
Rosencraus. My Lord, there was no such stuffe in my thoughts.
Hamlet. Why did yee laugh then, when I sayd man delights not me.
Rosencraus. To thinke my Lord if you delight not in man, what Lenton entertainment the players shall receaue from you, we coted them

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on the way, and hether are they comming to offer you seruice.

Hamlet. He that playes the King shal be welcome, his Maiestie shal haue tribute on me, the aduenterous Knight shall vse his foyle and target, the Louer shall not sigh gratis, the humerus Man shall end his part in peace, and the Lady shall say her minde freely: or the black verse shall hault for't. What players are they?

Rosencraus. Euen those you were wont to take such delight in, the Tragedians of the Citty.

Hamlet. How chances it they trauaile? their residence both in reputation, and profit was better both wayes.

Rosencraus. I thinke their inhibition, comes by the meanes of the late innouasion.

Hamlet. Doe they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the Citty; are they so followed.

Rosencraus. No indeede are they not.

Hamlet. It is not very strange, for my Vncle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mouths at him while my father liued, giue twenty, fortie, fifty, a hundred dockets a peece, for his Picture in little, s'bloud there is somthing in this more then naturall, if Philosophie could find it out. *A Florish.*

Guyldersterne. There are the players.

Hamlet. Gentlemen you are welcome to *Elsonoure*, your hands come then, th'appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremonie; let mee comply with you in this garb: let me extent to the players, which I tell you must showe fairely outwards, should more appeare like entertainment then yours? you are welcome: but my Vncle-father, and Aunt-mother, are deceaued.

Guyldersterne. In what my deare Lord.

Hamlet. I am but mad North North west; when the wind is Southerly, I knowe a Hauke, from a hand saw.

Enter Polonius.

Polonius. Well be with you Gentlemen. 2.2.380 (1428)

Hamlet. Harke you *Guyldensterne*, and you to, at each eare a hearer, that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swadling clouts.

Rosencraus. Happily he is the second time come to them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

Hamlet. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players, mark it, You say right sir, a Monday morning, t'was then indeede.

Polonius. My Lord I haue newes to tell you.

Hamlet. My Lord I haue newes to let you: when *Rossius* was an Actor in Rome.

Polonius. The Actors are come hether my Lord.

Hamlet. Buz, buz.

Polonius. Vppon my honor.

Hamlet. Then came each Actor on his Asse.

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Polonius. The best actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedy, History, Pastorall, Pastorall Comicall, Historicall Pastorall, scene indeuidible, or Poem unlimited, *Sceneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light for the lawe of writ, and the liberty: these are the only men.

Hamlet. O *Ieptha* Iudge of Israell, what a treasure had'st thou?

Polonius. What a treasure had he my Lord?

Hamlet. Why one faire daughter and no more, the which he loued passing well.

Polonius. Still on my daughter.

Hamlet. Am I not i'th right old *Ieptha*? 2.2.410 (1457)

Polonius. If you call me *Ieptha* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue

Hamlet. Nay that followes not. (passing well.

Polonius. What followes then my Lord?

Hamlet. Why as by lot God wot, and then you knowe it came to passe, as most like it was; the first rowe of the pious chanson will showe you more, for looke where my abridgment comes.

Enter the Players.

Hamlet. You are welcome maisters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well, welcome good friends, oh old friend, why thy face is valanct since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? what my young Lady and mistris, by lady your Ladishippe is nerer to heauen, then when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voyce like a peece of vncurrant gold, bee not crackt within the ring: maisters you are all welcome, weele ento't like friendly Fankners, fly at any thing we see, weele haue a speech straite, come giue vs a tast of your quality, come a passionate speech.

Player. What speech my good Lord?

Hamlet. I heard thee speake me a speech once, but it was neuer acted, or if it was, not aboue once, for the play I remember pleasd not the million, t'was cauiary to the generall, but it was as I receaued it & others, whose iudgements in such matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set downe with as much modestie as cunning. I remember one sayd there were no sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection, but cald it an honest method, as wholesome as sweete, & by very much, more handsome then fine: one speech in't I chiefely loued, t'was *Aeneas* talke to *Dido*, & there about of it especially when he speakes of *Priams* slaughter, if it liue in your memory begin at this line, let me see, let me see, the rugged *Pirhus* like Th'ircanian beast, tis not so, it beginnes with *Pirrhus*, the rugged *Pirrhus*, he whose sable Armes,

Black as his purpose did the night resemble,

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When he lay couched in th'omynous horse,
Hath now this dread and black complection smeard,
With heraldy more dismall head to foote,
Now is he totall Gules horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Bak'd and empasted with the parching streetes
That lend a tirranus and a damned light 2.2.460 (1502)
To their Lords murther, rosted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-cised with coagulate gore,
With eyes like Carbunkles, the hellish *Phirrhus*
Old grandsire *Priam* seekes; so proceede you.

Polonius. Foregod my Lord well spoken, with good accent and good
Player. anon he finds him, (discretion.
Striking too short at Greekes, his anticke sword
Rebellious to his arme, lies where it fals, 2.2.470 (1511)
Repugnant to commaund; vnequall matcht,
Pirrhus at *Priam* driues, in rage strikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell sword,
Th'vnnerued father fals:
Seeming to feele this blowe, with flaming top
Stoopes to his base; and with a hiddious crash
Takes prisoner Pirrhus eare, for loe his sword
Which was declining on the milkie head
Of reuerent *Priam*, seem'd i'th ayre to stick,
So as a painted tirant *Pirrhus* stood 2.2.480 (1521)
Like a newtrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often see against some storme,
A silence in the heauens, the racke stand still,
The bold winds speechlesse, and the orbe belowe
As hush as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region, so after *Pirrhus* pause,
A rowsed vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Marses* Armor forg'd for proofe eterne, 2.2.490 (1530)
With lesse remorse then *Pirrhus* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam.*
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune, all you gods,
In generall sinod take away her power,
Breake all the spokes, and follies from her wheele,
And boule the round naue downe the hill of heauen
As lowe as to the fiends.

Polonius. This is too long.

Hamlet. It shall to the barbers with your beard; prethee say on, he's for a Iigge, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleepes, say on, come to *Heuba.*

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Player. But who, a woe, had seene the mobled Queene,
Hamlet. The mobled Queene.
Polonius. That's good.
Player. Runne barefoote vp and downe, threatning the flames
With *Bison* rehume, a clout vppon that head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a robe,
About her lanck and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blancket in the alarme of feare caught vp,
Who this had seene, with tongue in venom steept, 2.2.510 (1551)
Gainst fortunes state would treason haue pronounst;
But if the gods themselues did see her then,
When she saw *Pirrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband limmes,
The instant burst of clamor that she made,
Vnlesse things mortall mooue them not at all,
Would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen
And passion in the gods.
Polonius. Looke where he has not turnd his cullour, and has teares in's eyes, prethee no more.
Hamlet. Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest of this soone,
Good my Lord will you see the players well bestowed; doe you heare, let them be well vsed, for they are the abstract and breefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better haue a bad Epitaph then their ill report while you liue.
Polonius. My Lord, I will vse them according to their desert.
Hamlet. Gods bodkin man, much better, vse euery man after his desert, & who shall scape whipping, vse them after your owne honor and dignity, the lesse they deserue the more merrit is in your bounty. Take them in.
Polonius. Come sirs.
Hamlet. Follow him friends, weele heare a play to morrowe; dost thou heare me old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?
Player. I my Lord.
Hamlet. Weele hate to morrowe night, you could for neede study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would set downe and insert in't, could you not?
Player. I my lord.
Hamlet. Very well, followe that Lord, & looke you mock him not.
My good friends, Ile leaue you tell night, you are welcome to *Elsonoure.* *Exeunt Pol. and Players.*
Rosencraus. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*
Hamlet. I so God buy to you, now I am alone,
O what a rogue and pesant slaue am I. 2.2.550 (1590)
Is it not monstrous that this player heere
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion

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Could force his soule so to his owne conceit
That from her working all the visage wand,
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
A broken voyce, an his whole function suting
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba.*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he should weepe for her? what would he doe 2.2.560 (1600)
Had he the motiue, and that for passion
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty, and appale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeede
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy metteld raskall peake,
Like Iohn-a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no not for a King,
Vpon whose property and most deare life, 2.2.570 (1610)
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,
Who cals me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th thraote
As deepe as to the lunges, who does me this,
Hah, s'wounds I should take it: for it cannot be
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should a fatted all the region kytes
With this slaues offall, bloody, baudy villaine, 2.2.580 (1620)
Remorslesse, trecherous, lecherous, kindlesse villaine.
Why what an Asse am I, this is most braue,
That I the sonne of a deere murthered,
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,
Must like a whore vnpacke my hart with words,
And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallyon, fie vppont, foh.
About my braines; hum, I haue heard,
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Haue by the very cunning of the scene, 2.2.590 (1630)
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murther, though it haue no tongue will speake
With most miraculous organ: Ile haue these Players
Play something like the murther of my father
Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a doe blench
I know my course. The spirit that I haue seene

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May be a deale, and the deale hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps, 2.2.600 (1640)
Out of my weakenes, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damne me; Ile haue grounds
More relative then this, the play's the thing
Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King. *Exit.*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Guyldensterne, Lords.

King. An can you by no drift of conference 3.1.1 (1648)
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?
Rosencraus. He dooes confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,
But from what cause, a will by no meanes speake.
Guyldensterne. Nor doe we find him forward to be sounded,
But with a craftie madnes keepes aloofe
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state. 3.1.10 (1657)
Queene. Did he receive you well?
Rosencraus. Most like a gentleman.
Guyldensterne. But with much forcing of his disposition.
Rosencraus. Niggard of question, but of our demaunds
Most free in his reply.
Queene. Did you assay him to any pastime?
Rosencraus. Maddam, it so fell out that certaine Players
We ore-raught on the way, of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kind of ioy
To heare of it: they are heere about the Court,
And as I thinke, they haue already order 3.1.20 (1668)
This night to play before him.
Polonius. Tis most true,
And he beseecht me to intreat your Maiesties
To heare and see the matter.
King. With all my hart,
And it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen giue him a further edge,
And driue his purpose into these delights.
Rosencraus. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt Ros. & Guyl.*
King. Sweet *Gertrard*, leaue vs two,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hether,
That he as t'ere by accedent, may heere 3.1.30 (1680)
Affront *Ophelia*; her father and my selfe,

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Wee'le so bestow our selues, that seeing vnseene,
We may of their encounter franckly iudge,
And gather by him as he is behau'd,
If t be th'affliction of his loue or no
That thus he suffers for.

Queene. I shall obey you.
And for your part *Ophelia*, I doe wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildnes, so shall I hope your vertues,
Will bring him to his wonted way againe, 3.1.40 (1691)
To both your honours.

Ophelia. Maddam, I wish it may.

Polonius. *Ophelia* walke you heere, gracious so please you,
We will bestow our selues; reade on this booke,
That show of such an exercise may cullour
Your lowlines; we are oft too blame in this,
Tis too much proou'd, that with deuotions visage
And pious action, we doe sugar ore
The deuill himselfe.

King. O tis too true,
How smart a lash that speech doth giue my conscience.
The harlots cheeke beautied with plastring art, 3.1.50 (1703)
Is not more ougly to the thing that helps it,
Then is my deede to my most painted word:
O heauy burthen.

Enter Hamlet.

Polonius. I heare him comming, with-draw my Lord.

Hamlet. To be, or not to be, that is the question,
Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer
The slings and arrowes of outragious fortune,
Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them, to die to sleepe
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end 3.1.60 (1715)
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks
That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation
Deuoutly to be wisht to die to sleepe,
To sleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub,
For in that sleepe of death what dreames may come
When we haue shuffled off this mortall coyle
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect
That makes calamitie of so long life:
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,
Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,
The pangs of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,

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The insolence of office, and the spurnes
That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,
When he himselfe might his quietas make
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,
To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne
No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue, 3.1.80 (1735)
Then flie to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*, Nimph in thy orizons
Be all my sinnes remembred.

Ophelia. Good my Lord,
How dooes your honour for this many a day? 3.1.90 (1746)

Hamlet. I humbly thanke you well.

Ophelia. My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours
That I haue longed long to redeliver,
I pray you now receive them.

Hamlet. No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

Ophelia. My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath composd
As made these things more rich, their perfume lost,
Take these againe, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poore when givers prooue vnkind, 3.1.100 (1756)
There my Lord.

Hamlet. Ha, ha, are you honest.

Ophelia. My Lord.

Hamlet. Are you faire?

Ophelia. What meanes your Lordship?

Hamlet. That if you be honest & faire, you should admit
no discourse to your beautie.

Ophelia. Could beauty my Lord haue better comerse
Then with honestie?

Hamlet. I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can translate beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now the time giues it proofe, I did loue you once.

Ophelia. Indeed my Lord you made me belieue so.

Hamlet. You should not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot so

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enocutat our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.

Ophelia. I was the more deceiued.

Hamlet. Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I haue thoughts to put them in, imagination to giue them shape, or time to act them in: what should such fellowes as I do crauling betweene earth and heauen, wee are arrant knaues, beleeue none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Ophelia. At home my Lord. 3.1.130 (1786)

Hamlet. Let the doores be shut vpon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house,
Farewell.

Ophelia. O helpe him you sweet heauens.

Hamlet. If thou doost marry, Ile giue thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chast as yce, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Ophelia. Heauenly powers restore him.

Hamlet. I haue heard of your paintings well enough, God hath giuen you one face, and you make your selfes another, you gig & amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, Ile no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will haue no mo marriage, those that are married alreadie, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nunry go. *Exit.*

Ophelia. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne! 3.1.150 (1806)
The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'obseru'd of all observers, quite quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched,
That suckt the honny of his musickt vowes;
Now see what noble and most soueraigne reason
Like sweet bells iangled out of time, and harsh,
That vnmatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extacie, ô woe is mee 3.1.160 (1816)
T'haue seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *Exit.*

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue, his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose

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VVill be some danger, which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set it downe: he shall with speede to *England*,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute, 3.1.170 (1827)
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expell
This something setled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

Polonius. It shall doe well.
But yet doe I belieue the origin and comencement of his greefe,
Sprung from neglected loue: How now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please, 3.1.180 (1837)
But if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his Queene-mother all alone intreate him
To show his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare
Of all their conference, if she find him not,
To *England* send him: or confine him where
Your wisedome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,
Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Hamlet. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronoun'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, I had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the ayre too much with your hand thus, but vse 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 giue it smoothnesse, ô it offends mee to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellowe tere a passion to totters, to very rags, to spleet the eares of the groundlings, vvho for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe showes, and noyse: I would haue such a fellow whipt for ore-dooing Termagant, it out Herods Herod, pray you auoyde it.

Player. I warrant your honour.

Hamlet. Be not too tame neither, but let your owne discretion be your tutor, sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this speciall observance, that you ore-steppe not the modestie of nature: For any thing so ore-doone, is from the purpose of playing, whose end both at the first, and novve, was and is, to holde as twere the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vertue her feature; scorne her own Image, and the very age and body of the time his forme and pressure:

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Now this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it makes the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the judicious greeue, the censure of which one, must in your allowance ore-weigh a whole Theater of others. O there be Players that I haue seene play, and heard others praysd, and that highly, not to speake it prophanely, that neither hauing th'accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, haue so strutted & bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Iornimen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanitie so abhominably.

Player. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs.

Hamlet. O reforme it altogether, and let those that play your clownes speake no more then is set downe for them, for there be of them that wil themselues laugh, to set on some quantitie of barraine spectators to laugh to, though in the meane time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered, that's villanous, and shewes a most pittifull ambition in the foole that vses it: goe make you readie. How now my Lord, will the King heare this peece of worke?

Enter Polonius, Guyldensterne, & Rosencraus.

Polonius. And the Queene to, and that presently.

Hamlet. Bid the Players make hast. Will you two help to hasten thẽ.

Rosencraus. I my Lord. *Exeunt they two.*

Hamlet. What howe, *Horatio.* *Enter Horatio.*

Horatio. Heere sweet Lord, at your seruice.

Hamlet. *Horatio*, thou art een as iust a man
As ere my conuersation copt withall

Horatio. O my deere Lord.
Nay, doe not thinke I flatter,
For what advancement may I hope from thee
That no reuenew hast but thy good spirits
To feede and clothe thee, why should the poore be flattery?
No, let the candied tongue licke absurd pompe, 3.2.60 (1911)
And crooke the pregnant hindges of the knee
Where thrift may follow fauning; doost thou heare,
Since my deare soule was mistris of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,
S'hath seald thee for herselfe, for thou hast been
As one in suffring all that suffers nothing,
A man that Fortunes buffets and rewards
Hast tane with equall thanks; and blest are those
Whose blood and iudgement are so well comedled,
That they are not a pype for Fortunes finger 3.2.70 (1921)
To sound what stop she please: giue me that man
That is not passions slaue, and I will weare him
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart

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As I doe thee. Something too much of this,
There is a play to night before the King,
One scene of it comes neere the circumstance
Which I haue told thee of my fathers death,
I prethee when thou seest that act a foote,
Euen with the very comment of thy soule
Obserue my Vncle, if his occulted guilt 3.2.80 (1931)
Doe not it selfe vnkennill in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we haue seene,
And my imaginations are as foule
As *Vulcans* stithy; giue him heedfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his face,
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne
In censure of his seeming.

Horatio. Well my lord,
If a steale ought the whilst this play is playing
And scape detected, I will pay the theft.

Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.

Hamlet. They are comming to the play. I must be idle, 3.2.90 (1946)
Get you a place.

King. How fares our cosin *Hamlet*?

Hamlet. Excellent yfaith,
Of the Camelions dish, I eate the ayre,
Promiscram'd, you cannot feede Capons so.

King. I haue nothing with this aunswer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Hamlet. No, nor mine now my Lord.
You playd once i'th Vniuersitie you say,

Polonius. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor,

Hamlet. What did you enact?

Polonius. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*, I was kild i'th Capitall,
Brutus kild meet

Hamlet. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calfe there,
Be the Players readie?

Rosencraus. I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

Gertrard. Come hether my deere *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Hamlet. No good mother, heere's mettle more attractiue. 3.2.110 (1964)

Polonius. O ho, doe you marke that.

Hamlet. Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Ophelia. No my Lord.

Hamlet. Doe you thinke I meant country matters?

Ophelia. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Hamlet. That's a fayre thought to lye betweene maydes legs.

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Ophelia. What is my Lord? 3.2.120 (1973)
Hamlet. Nothing.
Ophelia. You are merry my Lord.
Hamlet. Who I?
Ophelia. I my Lord.
Hamlet. O God your onely Iigge-maker, what should a man do but be merry, for looke you how cheerefully my mother lookes, and my father died within's two howres.
Ophelia. Nay, tis twice two months my Lord.
Hamlet. So long, nay then let the deule weare blacke, for Ile haue a sute of sables; ô heauens, die two months agoe, and not forgotten yet, then there's hope a great mans memorie may out-liue his life halfe a yeere, but her Lady a must build Churches then, or els shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for ô, for ô, the hobby-horse is forgot.

The Trumpets sounds. Dumbe show followes.
Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her necke, he lyes him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him asleepe, leaues him: anon come in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysner with some three or foure come in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poysner wooes the Queene with gifts, shee seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Ophelia. VVhat meanes this my Lord?
Hamlet. Marry this munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischiefe.
Ophelia. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.
Hamlet. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter Prologue.*
The Players cannot keepe, they'le tell all.
Ophelia. Will a tell vs what this show meant?
Hamlet. I, or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show, heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.
Ophelia. You are naught, you are naught, Ile mark the play.
Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie, 3.2.150 (2018)
We begge your hearing patiently.
Hamlet. Is this a Prologue, or the posie of a ring?
Ophelia. Tis breefe my Lord.
Hamlet. As womans loue.
Enter King and Queene.
King. Full thirtie times hath *Phebus* cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirtie dosen Moones with borrowed sheene

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About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our harts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands. 3.2.160 (2029)

Queene. So many iourneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ore ere loue be doone,
But woe is me, you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from our former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.
For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantitie,
Eyther none, in neither ought, or in extremitie,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'd, my feare is so, 3.2.170 (2039)
Where loue is great, the litlest doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.

King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.

Queene O confound the rest,
Such loue must needes be treason in my brest,
In second husband let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kild the first. *Hamlet.* That's
The instances that second marriage moue wormwood
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

King. I doe belieue you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaue to memorie,
Of violent birth, but poore validitie,
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree, 3.2.190 (2058)
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of eyther, griefe, or ioy,
Their owne ennactures with themselues destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, griefe doth most lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accedent,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange, 3.2.200 (2068)
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change:

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For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or els fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flyes,
The poore aduaunc'd, makes friends of enemies,
And hetherto doth loue on fortune tend,
For who not needes, shall neuer lacke a friend,
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begunne, 3.2.210 (2078)
Our wills and fates doe so contrary runne,
That our deuises still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne,
So thinke thou wilt no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts when thy first Lord is dead.

Queene. Nor earth to me giue foode, nor heauen light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
To desperation turne my trust and hope,
And Anchors cheere in prison be my scope,
Each opposite that blancks the face of ioy, 3.2.220 (2086)
Meete what I would haue well, and it destroy,
Both heere and hence pursue me lasting strife, *Hamlet.* If she should
If once I be a widdow, euer I be a wife. breake it now.

King. Tis deeply sworne, sweet leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.

Queene. Sleepe rock thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exeunt.*

Hamlet. Madam, how like you this play?

Queene. The Lady doth protest too much mee thinks. 3.2.230 (2098)

Hamlet. O but shee'le keepe her word.

King. Haue you heard the argument? is there no offence in't?

Hamlet. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no offence i'th world.

King. What doe you call the play?

Hamlet. The Mousetrap, mary how tropically, this play is the Image of a murther doone in *Vienna*, *Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon, tis a knauish peece of worke, but what of that? your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not, let the gauled Iade winch, our withers are vnwrong. This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Ophelia. You are as good as a Chorus my Lord.

Hamlet. I could interpret betweene you and your loue
If I could see the puppets dallying.

Ophelia. You are keene my lord, you are keene.

Hamlet. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge. 3.2.250 (2117)

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Ophelia. Still better and worse.
Hamlet. So you mistake your husbands. Beginne murtherer, leaue
thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow
for reuenge.
Lucianus. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugges fit, and time agreeing,
Considerat season els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranck, of midnight weedes collected,
VVith *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice inuected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire property,
On wholsome life vsurps immediatly. 3.2.260 (2130)
Hamlet. A poysons him i'th Garden for his estate, his names *Gonza-*
go, the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian, you shall see
anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.
Ophelia. The King rises.
Queene. How fares my Lord?
Polonius. Giue ore the play.
King. Giue me some light, away.
Polonius. Lights, lights, lights. *Exeunt all but Ham. & Horatio.*
Hamlet. Why let the strooken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch while some must sleepe,
Thus runnes the world away. Would not this sir & a forest of fea-
thers, if the rest of my fortunes turne Turk with me, with prouinciall
Roses on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players?
Horatio. Halfe a share.
Hamlet. A whole one I. 3.2.280 (2152)
For thou doost know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme dismantled was
Of *Ioue* himselfe, and now raignes heere
A very very paiock.
Horatio. You might haue rym'd.
Hamlet. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand
pound. Did'st perceiue?
Horatio. Very well my Lord.
Hamlet. Vpon the talke of the poysning.
Horatio. I did very well note him. 3.2.290 (2162)
Hamlet. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Come, some musique.
Enter Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.
Guyldensterne. Good my Lord, voutsafe me a word with you.
Hamlet. Sir a whole historie.
Guyldensterne. The King sir.
Hamlet. I sir, what of him? 3.2.300 (2171)

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Guyldensterne Is in his retirement meruilous distempred.
Hamlet. With drinke sir?
Guyldensterne No my Lord, with choller,
Hamlet. Your wisedome should shewe it selfe more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for, for mee to put him to his purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more choller.
Guyldensterne. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame, And stare not so wildly from my affaire.
Hamlet. I am tame sir, pronounce. 3.2.310 (2181)
Guyldensterne. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.
Hamlet. You are welcome.
Guyldensterne Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breede, if it shall please you to make me a wholsome aunswere, I will doe your mothers commaundement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall be the end of busines.
Hamlet. Sir I cannot.
Rosencraus. What my Lord. 3.2.320 (2191)
Hamlet. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits disease, but sir, such answere as I can make, you shall commaund, or rather as you say, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.
Rosencraus. Then thus she sayes, your behauiour bath strooke her into amazement and admiration.
Hamlet. O wonderful sonne that can so stonish a mother, but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration, impart.
Rosencraus. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.
Hamlet. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?
Rosencraus. My Lord, you once did loue me.
Hamlet. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.
Rosencraus. Good my Lord, what is your cause of distemper, you do surely barre the doore vpon your owne liberty if you deny your griefes to your friend.
Hamlet. Sir I lacke aduauncement. 3.2.340 (2210)
Rosencraus. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himselfe for your succession in Denmarke.

Enter the Players with Recorders.

Hamlet. I sir, but while the grasse growes, the prouerbe is something musty, ô the Recorders, let mee see one, to withdraw with you, why doe you goe about to recouer the wind of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle?
Guyldensterne. O my lord, if my duty be too bold, my loue is too vnmanerly.
Hamlet. I do not wel understand that, wil you play vpon this pipe?
Guyldensterne. My lord I cannot.
Hamlet. I pray you.

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Guyldensterne Beleeue me I cannot.
Hamlet. I doe beseech you.
Guyldensterne I know no touch of it my Lord.
Hamlet. It is as easie as lying; gouerne these ventages with your fingers, & the vmber, giue it breath with your mouth, & it wil discourse most eloquent musique, looke you, these are the stops.
Guyldensterne. But these cannot I commaund to any vttrance of harmonie, I haue not the skill.
Hamlet. Why looke you now how vnwoorthy a thing you make of me, you would play vpon mee, you would seeme to know my stops, you would plucke out the hart of my mistery, you would sound mee from my lowest note to my compasse, and there is much musique excellent voyce in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak, s'bloud do you think I am easier to be plaid on then a pipe, call mee what instrument you wil, though you fret me not, you cannot play vpon me. God blesse you sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polonius. My Lord, the Queene would speake with you, & presently.
Hamlet. Do you see yonder clowd that's almost in shape of a Camel?
Polonius. By'th masse and tis, like a Camell indeed.
Hamlet. Mee thinks it is like a Wezell.
Polonius. It is backs like a Wezell. 3.2.380 (2251)
Hamlet. Or like a Whale.
Polonius. Very like a Whale.
[*Hamlet.*] Then I will come to my mother by and by,
They foole me to the top of my bent, I will come by & by,
Leaue me friends.
I will, say so. By and by is easily said,
Tis now the very witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and hell it selfe breakes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drinke hote blood,
And doe such busines as the bitter day
Would quake to looke on: soft, now to my mother,
O hart loose not thy nature, let not euer
The soule of *Nero* enter this firme bosome,
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will speake dagger to her, but vse none,
My tongue and soule in this be hypocrites,
How in my words someuer she be shent,
To giue them seales neuer my soule consent. *Exit.*

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guyldensterne.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with vs 3.3.1 (2272)
To let his madnes range, therefore prepare you,
I your commission will forth-with dispatch,

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And he to *England* shall along with you,
The termes of our estate may not endure
Hazerd so neer's as doth hourely grow
Out of his browes.

Guyldensterne. We will our selues prouide,
Most holy and religious feare it is
To keepe those many many bodies safe
That liue and feede vpon your Maiestie. 3.3.10 (2282)

Rosencraus. The single and peculier life is bound
With all the strength and armour of the mind
To keepe it selfe from noyance, but much more
That spirit, vpon whose weale depends and rests
The liues of many, the cesse of Maiestie
Dies not alone; but like a gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it, or it is a massie wheele
Fixt on the somnet of the highest mount,
To whose hough spokes, tenne thousand lesser things
Are morteist and adioynd, which when it falls, 3.3.20 (2293)
Each small annexment petty consequence
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone
Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.

King. Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,
For we will fetters put about this feare
Which now goes too free-footed.

Rosencraus. We will hast vs. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Polonius. My Lord, hee's going to his mothers closet,
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my selfe
To heare the processe, I'le warrant shee'letax him home,
And as you sayd, and wisely was it sayd, 3.3.30 (2305)
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,
Since nature makes them parciall, should ore-heare
The speech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.
And tell you what I knowe. *Exit.*

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
O my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldest curse vppont,
A brothers murther, pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent, 3.2.40 (2316)
And like a man to double bussines bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,
And both neglect, what if this cursed hand

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Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens
To wash it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp. 3.2.50 (2326)
My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer
Can serue my turne, forgiue me my foule murther,
That cannot be since I am still possest
Of those effects for which I did the murther;
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;
May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guilded hand may showe by justice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue, 3.2.60 (2336)
There is no shufling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forhead of our faults
To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, ô bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make assay,
Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Hamlet. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo't, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.
Why, this is base and silly, not reuendge,
A tooke my father grosly full of bread, 3.2.80 (2356)
Withall his crimes braod blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seasond for his passage?

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No.
Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed, 3.2.90 (2365)
At game a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't,
Then trip him that his heels may kick at heauen,
And that his soule may be as damnd and black
As hell whereto it goes; my mother staies,
This phisick but prolongs thy sickly daies. *Exit.*

King. My words fly vp, my thoughts remaine belowe
Words without thoughts neuer to heauen goe. *Exit.*

Enter Gertrard and Polonius.

Polonius. A will come strait, looke you lay home to him, 3.4.1 (2375)
Tell him his prancks haue beene too braod to beare with,
And that your grace hath screend and stood betweene
Much heate and him, Ile silence me euen heere,
Pray you be round.

Enter Hamlet.

Gertrard. Ile wait you, feare me not,
With-drawe, I heare him comming.

Hamlet. Now mother, what's the matter?

Gertrard. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy father much offended.

Hamlet. Mother, you haue my father much offended. 3.4.10 (2387)

Gertrard. Come, come, you answere with an idle tongue.

Hamlet. Goe, goe, you question with a wicked tongue.

Gertrard. Why how now *Hamlet*?

Hamlet. What's the matter now?

Gertrard. Haue you forgot me?

Hamlet. No by the rood not so,
You are the Queene, your husbands brothers wife,
And would it were not so, you are my mother.

Gertrard. Nay, then Ile set those to you that can speake.

Hamlet. Come, come, and sit you downe, you shall not boudge,
You goe not till I set you vp a glasse
Where you may see the most part of you. 3.4.20 (2400)

Gertrard. What wilt thou doe, thou wilt not murther me,
Helpe how.

Polonius. What how helpe.

Hamlet. How now, a Rat, dead for a Duckat, dead.

Polonius. O I am slaine.

Gertrard. O me, what hast thou done?

Hamlet. Nay I knowe not, is it the King?

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Gertrard. O what a rash and bloody deede is this.
Hamlet. A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Gertrard. As kill a King. 3.4.30 (2411)
Hamlet. I Lady, it was my word.
Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace sit you downe,
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall
If it be made of penitrable stuffe,
If damned custome haue not brasd it so,
That it be proofe and bulwark against sence.
Gertrard. What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue
In noise so rude against me? 3.4.40 (2422)
Hamlet. Such an act
That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,
Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Rose
From the faire forhead of an innocent loue,
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes
As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soule, and sweet religion makes
A rapsedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe
Ore this solidity and compound masse
With heated visage, as against the doome 3.4.50 (2433)
Is thought sick at the act
Queene. Ay me, what act?
Hamlet. That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,
See what a grace was seated on this browe,
Hiperions curles, the front of *Ioue* himselfe,
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald *Mercury*,
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,
A combination, and a forme indeede, 3.4.60 (2444)
Where euery God did seeme to set his seale
To giue the world assurance of a man,
This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age

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The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vppon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this, sence sure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd
But it reseru'd some quantity of choise
To serue in such a difference, what deuill wast
That thus bath cosund you at hodman blind;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sance all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope: ô shame where is thy blush?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsive ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actively doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Gertrard. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and greeued spots 3.4.90 (2466)
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck sweat of an inseemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Ouer the nasty stie.

Gertrard. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweete *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentith part the kyth
Of your precedent Lord, a vice of Kings,
A cut-purse of the Empire and the rule,
That from a shelfe the precious Diadem stole 3.4.100 (2479)
And put it in his pocket.

Gertrard. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Hamlet. A King of shreds and patches,
Saue me and houer ore me with your wings
You heavenly gards: what would your gracious figure?

Gertrard. Alas hee's mad.

Hamlet. Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That lap'st in time and passion lets goe by

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Th'important acting of your dread command, ô say.
Ghost. Doe not forget, this visitation 3.4.110 (2490)
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose,
But looke, amazement on thy mother sits,
O step betweene her, and her fighting soule,
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest workes,
Speake to her *Hamlet.*
Hamlet. How is it with you Lady?
Gertrard. Alas how i'st with you?
That you doe bend your eye on vacancie,
And with th'incorporall ayre doe hold discourse,
Foorth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,
And as the sleeping souldiers in th'alarme, 3.4.120 (2501)
Your bedded haire like life in excrements
Start vp and stand an end, ô gentle sonne
Vpon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinckle coole patience, whereon doe you looke?
Hamlet. On him, on him, looke you how pale he glares,
His forme and cause conioynd, preaching to stones
Would make them capable, doe not looke vpon me,
Least with this pittious action you conuert
My stearne effects, then what I haue to doe
Will want true cullour, teares perchance for blood. 3.4.130 (2511)
Gertrad. To whom doe you speake this?
Hamlet. Doe you see nothing there?
Gertrad. Nothing at all, yet all that is I see.
Hamlet. Nor did you nothing heare?
Gertrad. No nothing but our selues.
Hamlet. Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,
My father in his habit as he liued,
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portall. *Exit Ghost.*
Gertrad. This is the very coynage of your braine,
This bodilesse creation extacie is very cunning in.
Hamlet. My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time, 3.4.140 (2523)
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse
That I haue vttred, bring me to the test,
And the matter will reword, which madnesse
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule
That not your trespasse but my madnesse speakes,
It will but skin and filme the vlcerous place
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within
Infects vnseene, confesse your selfe to heauen,
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come, 3.4.150 (2533)
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes

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To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue,
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,
Yea curbe and wooe for leaue to doe him good.
Gertrad. O *Hamlet* thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.
Hamlet. O throwe away the worser part of it,
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,
Assume a vertue if you haue it not, 3.4.160 (2544)
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this
That to the vse of actions faire and good,
He likewise giues a frock or Liuery
That aptly is put on to refraine night,
And that shall lend a kind of easines
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,
And either the deuill, or throwe him out
With wonderous potency: once more good night, 3.4.170 (2546)
And when you are desirous to be blest,
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleasd it so
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister,
I will bestowe him and will answere well
The death I gaue him; so againe good night
I must be cruell only to be kinde,
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.
One word more good Lady. 3.4.180 (2555 + 1)
Gertrard. What shall I doe?
Hamlet. Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,
Or padling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.
Make you to rouell all this matter out
That I essentially am not in madnesse,
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib, 3.4.190 (2566)
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,
No, in dispight of sence and secrecy,
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,

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And breake your owne necke downe.

Gertrard. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath
What thou hast sayd to me.

Hamlet. I must to *England*, you knowe that. 3.4.200 (2576)

Gertrard. Alack I had forgot.
Tis so concluded on.

Hamlet. Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,
For tis the sport to haue the enginer
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,
And blowe them at the Moone: ô tis most sweete
When in one line two crafts directly meete, 3.4.210 (2577 + 9)
This man shall set me packing,
Ile lugge the guts into the neighbour roome;
Mother good night indeed, this Counsayler
Is now most still, most secret, and most graue,
Who was in life a most foolish prating knaue.
Come sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night mother. *Exit.*

Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.

King. There's matter in these sighes, these profound heaues,
You must translate, tis fit we vnderstand them,
Where is your sonne?

Gertrard. Bestow this place on vs a little while.
Ah mine owne Lord, what haue I seene to night?

King. What *Gertrard*, how dooes *Hamlet*?

Gertrard. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier, in his lawlesse fit,
Behind the Arras hearing some thing stirre,
Whyps out his Rapier, cryes a Rat, a Rat, 4.1.10 (2596)
And in this brainish apprehension kills
The vnseene good old man.

King. O heauy deede!
It had beene so with vs had wee been there,
His libertie is full of threates to all,
To you your selfe, to vs, to euery one,
Alas, how shall this bloody deede be answer'd?
It will be layd to vs, whose prouidence
Should haue kept short, restraind, and out of haunt

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This mad young man; but so much was our loue,
We would not understand what was most fit, 4.1.20 (2607)
But like the owner of a foule disease
To keepe it from divulging, let it feede
Euen on the pith of life: where is he gone?

Gertrard. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
Ore whom, his very madnes like some ore
Among a minerall of mettals base,
Shows it selfe pure, a weepes for what is done.

King. O *Gertrard*, come away,
The sunne no sooner shall the mountaines touch,
But we will ship him hence, and this vile deede 4.1.30 (2617)
We must with all our Maiestie and skill *Enter Ros. & Guild.*
Both countenaunce and excuse. Ho *Guyldensterne*,
Friends both, goe ioyne you with some further ayde,
Hamlet in madnes hath *Polonius* slaine,
And from his mothers closet hath he dreg'd him,
Goe seeke him out, speake fayre, and bring the body
Into the Chappell; I pray you hast in this,
Come *Gertrard*, wee'le call vp our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we meane to doe
And whats vntimely doone, 4.1.40 (2628)
Whose whisper ore the worlds dyameter,
As leuell as the Cannon to his blanck,
Transports his poysned shot, may misse our Name,
And hit the woundlesse ayre, ô come away,
My soule is full of discord and dismay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, and others.

Hamlet. Safely stowd, but soft, what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?
O heere they come.

Rosencraus. What haue you doone my Lord with the dead body?

Hamlet. Compound it with dust whereto tis kin.

Rosencraus. Tell vs where tis that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Hamlet. Doe not beleeue it.

Rosencraus. Beleeue what. 4.2.10 (2640)

Hamlet. That I can keepe your counsaile & not mine owne, besides to be demaunded of a spunge, what replycation should be made by the sonne of a King.

Rosencraus. Take you me for a spunge my Lord?

Hamlet. I sir, that sokes vp the Kings countenaunce, his rewards, his authorities, but such Officers doe the King best seruice in the end, he keepes them like an apple in the corner of his iaw, first mouth'd to be last swallowed, when hee needs what you haue gleand, it is but squeesing you, and spunge you shall be dry againe.

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Rosencraus. I vnderstand you not my Lord.
Hamlet. I am glad of it, a knauish speech sleepes in a foolish eare.
Rosencraus. My Lord, you must tell vs where the body is, and goe with vs to the King.
Hamlet. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing.
Guyldensterne A thing my Lord.
Hamlet. Of nothing, bring me to him. *Exeunt.* 4.2.30 (2659)

Enter King, and two or three.

King. I haue sent to seeke him, and to find the body, 4.3.1 (2662)
How dangerous is it that this man goes loose,
Yet must not we put the strong Law on him,
Hee's lou'd of the distracted multitude,
VVho like not in their iudgement, but theyr eyes,
And where tis so, th'offenders scourge is wayed
But neuer the offence: to beare all smooth and euen,
This suddaine sending him away must seeme
Deliberate pause, diseases desperat growne,
By desperat applyance are relieu'd 4.3.10 (2671)
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.

King. How now, what hath befalne?
Rosencraus. Where the dead body is bestowd my Lord
VVe cannot get from him.
King. But where is hee?
Rosencraus. Without my lord, guarded to know your pleasure.
King. Bring him before vs.
Rosencraus. How, bring in the Lord. *They enter.*
King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?
Hamlet. At supper.
King. At supper, where.
Hamlet. Not where he eates, but where a is eaten, a certaine conuacation of politique wormes are een at him: your worme is your onely Emperour for dyet, we fat all creatures els to fat vs, and wee fat our selues for maggots, your fat King and your leane begger is but variable service, two dishes but to one table, that's the end.
King. Alas, alas.
Hamlet. A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme.
King. VVhat doost thou meane by this?
Hamlet. Nothing but to shew you how a King may goe a progresse through the guts of a begger.
King. Where is *Polonius*?

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Hamlet. In heauen, send thether to see, if your messenger finde him not thrre, seeke him i'th other place your selfe, but if indeed you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you goe vp the stayres into the Lobby.

King. Goe seeke him there.

Hamlet. A will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet* this deede for shine especiall safety 4.3.40 (2701)
Which we do tender, as we deerely grieue
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence.
Therefore prepare thy selfe,
The Barck is ready, and the wind at helpe,
Th'associats tend, and euery thing is bent
For *England.*

Hamlet. For *England.*

King. I *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. Good.

King. So is it if thou knew'st our purposes.

Hamlet. I see a Cherub that sees thẽ, but come for *England*,
Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet.* 4.3.50 (2714)

Hamlet. My mother, Father and Mother is man and wife,
Man and wife is one flesh, so my mother:
Come for *England.* *Exit.*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with speede abord,
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is seald and done
That els leanes on th'affayre, pray you make hast,
And *England*, if my loue thou hold'st at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee sence,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red, 4.3.60 (2725)
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs, thou mayst not coldly set
Our soueraigne processe, which imports at full
By Letters congruing to that effect
The present death of *Hamlet*, doe it *England*,
For like the Hectique in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me; till I know tis done,
How ere my haps, my ioyes will nere begin. *Exit.*

Enter Fortinbrasse with his Army ouer the stage.

Fortinbrasse. Goe Captaine, from me greet the Danish King, 4.4.1 (2735)
Tell him, that by his lycence *Fortinbrasse*
Craues the conveyance of a promisd march
Ouer his kingdome, you know the randeuous,

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If that his Maiestie would ought with vs,
We shall expresse our dutie in his eye,
And let him know so.
Captaine. I will doo't my Lord.
Fortinbrasse. Goe softly on.
Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.
Hamlet. Good sir whose powers are these?
Captaine. They are of *Norway* sir. 4.4.10 (2743 + 3)
Hamlet. How purposd sir I pray you?
Captaine. Against some part of *Poland.*
Hamlet. Who commaunds them sir?
Captaine. The Nephew to old *Norway, Fortenbrasse.*
Hamlet. Goes it against the maine of *Poland* sir,
Or for some frontire?
Captaine. Truly to speake, and with no addition,
We goe to gaine a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name
To pay fiue duckets, fiue I would not farme it; 4.4.20 (2743 + 13)
Nor will it yeeld to *Norway* or the *Pole*
A rancker rate, should it be sold in fee.
Hamlet. Why then the *Pollacke* neuer will defend it.
Captaine. Yes, it is already garisond.
Hamlet. Two thousand soules, & twenty thousand duckets
VVill not debate the question of this straw,
This is th'Impostume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breakes, and showes no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thanke you sir.
Captaine. God buy you sir. 4.4.30 (2743 + 23)
Rosencraus. Wil't please you goe my Lord?
Hamlet. Ile be with you straight, goe a little before.
How all occasions doe informe against me,
And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
If his chiefe good and market of his time
Be but to sleepe and feede, a beast, no more:
Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
Looking before and after, gaue vs not
That capabilitie and god-like reason
To fust in vs vnvsd, now whether it be
Bestiall oblivion, or some crauen scruple 4.4.40 (2743 + 34)
Of thinking too precisely on th'euent,
A thought which quarterd hath but one part wisedom,
And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
Sith I haue cause, and will, and strength, and meanes
To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,

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Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whose spirit with diuine ambition puft, 4.4.50 (2743 + 43)
Makes mouthes at the invisible euent,
Exposing what is mortall, and vnsure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Euen for an Egge-shell. Rightly to be great,
Is not to stirre without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
When honour's at the stake, how stand I then
That haue a father kild, a mother staind,
Excytements of my reason, and my blood,
And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
The iminent death of twenty thousand men, 4.4.60 (2743 + 54)
That for a fantasie and tricke of fame
Goe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tombe enough and continent
To hide the slaine, ô from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. *Exit.*

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Queene. I will not speake with her. 4.5.1 (2745)
Gentleman. Shee is importunat,
Indeede distract, her moode will needes be pittied.
Queene. What would she haue?
Gentleman. She speakes much of her father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beates her hart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to theyr owne thoughts, 4.5.10 (2755)
Which as her wincks, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeede would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.
Horatio. Twere good she were spoken with, for shee may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Queene. 'To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artlesse iealousie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spylt. 4.5.20 (2765)
Ophelia. Where is the beautious Maiestie of Denmarke?

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Queene. How now *Ophelia*? *shee sings.*
Ophelia. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.
Queene. Alas sweet Lady, what imports this song?
Ophelia. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead & gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a grasgreene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.
Queene. Nay but *Ophelia.*
Ophelia. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.
Enter King.
Queene. Alas looke heere my Lord.
Ophelia. Larded all with sweet flowers,
Which beweept to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue showers. 4.5.40 (2782)
King. How doe you pretty Lady?
Ophelia. Well good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what we may be.
God be at your table.
King. Conceit vpon her Father.
Ophelia. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they aske you what it meanes, say you this.
To morrow is S. Valentines day, *Song.*
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayde at your window 4.5.50 (2791)
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.
King. Pretty *Ophelia.*
Ophelia. Indeede without an oath Ile make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint Charitie,
alack and lie for shame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't, 4.5.60 (2798)
by Cock they are too blame.
Quoth she, Before you tumbled me, you promisd me to wed,
(He answers.) So would I a done by yonder sunne
And thou hadst not come to my bed.
King. How long hath she beene thus?
Ophelia. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot chuse but weepe to thinke they would lay him i'th cold ground, my brother shall know of it, and so I thanke you for your good counsaile. Come my Coach, God night Ladies, god night.
Sweet Ladyes god night, god night.
King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poyson of deepe griefe, it springs all from her Fathers

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death, and now behold, ô *Gertrard, Gertrard,*
When sorrowes come, they come not single spyes,
But in battalions: first her Father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author 4.5.80 (2817)
Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death: and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Deuided from herselfe, and her faire iudgement,
VVithout the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,
Last, and as much contayning as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from Fraunce,
Feeds on this wonder, keepes himselfe in clowdes,
And wants not buzzers to infect his eare 4.5.90 (2827)
With pestilent speeches of his fathers death,
Wherein necessity of matter beggerd,
Will nothing stick our person to arraigne
In eare and eare: ô my deare *Gertrard*, this
Like to a murdring peece in many places
Giues me superfluous death. *A noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

King. Attend, where is my Swissers, let them guard the doore,
What is the matter?
Messenger. Saue your selfe my Lord.
The Ocean ouer-peering of his list 4.5.100 (2839)
Eates not the flats with more impitious hast
Then young *Laertes* in a riotous head
Ore-beares your Officers: the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to beginne,
Antiquity forgot, custome not knowne,
The ratifiers and props of euery word,
The cry choose we, *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues applau'd it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.
Queene. How cheerefully on the false traile they cry. *A noise within.*
O this is counter you false Danish dogges.

Enter Laertes with others.

King. The doores are broke.
Laertes. Where is this King? sirs stand you all without.
All. No lets come in.
Laertes. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. VVe will, we will.
Laertes. I thanke you, keepe the doore, ô thou vile King,
Giue me my father.

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Queene. Calmely good *Laertes.*
Laertes. That drop of blood thats calme proclames me Bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chast vnsmirched browe
Of my true mother.
King. VVhat is the cause *Laertes*
That thy rebellion lookes so gyant like?
Let him goe *Gertrard*, doe not feare our person,
There's such diuinitie doth hedge a King,
That treason can but peepe to what it would,
Act's little of his will, tell me *Laertes*
Why thou art thus incenst, let him goe *Gertrard.*
Speake man.
Laertes. Where is my father?
King. Dead.
Queene. But not by him.
King. Let him demaund his fill. 4.5.130 (2876)
Laertes. How came he dead, I'le not be iugled with,
To hell allegiance, vowes to the blackest deuill,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit
I dare damnation, to this poynt I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes, onely I'le be reueng'd
Most throughly for my father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laertes. My will, not all the worlds:
And for my meanes I'le husband them so well,
They shall goe farre with little. 4.5.140 (2887)
King. Good *Laertes*, if you desire to know the certainty
Of your deere Father, i'st writ in your reuenge,
That soopstake, you will draw both friend and foe
Winner and looser.
Laertes. None but his enemies,
King. Will you know them then?
Laertes. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope my armes,
And like the kind life-rendring Pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good child, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your fathers death, 4.5.150 (2900)
And am most sencibly in griefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your iudgement peare
As day dooes to your eye. A *noyse within.*
Enter Ophelia.
Laertes. Let her come in.

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How now, what noyse is that?
O heate, dry vp my braines, teares seauen times salt
Burne out the sence and vertue of mine eye,
By heauen thy madnes shall be payd with weight
Tell our scale turne the beame. O Rose of May,
Deere mayd, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia*,
O heauens, ist possible a young maids wits 4.5.160 (2912)
Should be as mortall as a poore mans life.

Ophelia. They bore him bare-faste on the Beere, *Song.*
And in his graue rain'd many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laertes. Hadst thou thy wits, and did'st perswade reuenge
It could not mooue thus. 4.5.170 (2922)

Ophelia. You must sing a downe a downe,
And you call him a downe a. O how the wheele becomes it,
It is the false Steward that stole his Maisters daughter.

Laertes. This nothing's more then matter.

Ophelia. There's Rosemary, thats for remembrance, pray you loue remember, and there is Pancies, thats for thoughts.

Laertes. A document in madnes, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophelia. There's Fennill for you, and Colembines, there's Rewe for you, heere's some for me, we may call it herbe of Grace a Sondaies, you may weare your Rewe with a difference, there's a Dasie, I would giue you some Violets, but they witherd all when my Father dyed, they say a made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laertes. Thought and afflictions, passion, hell it selfe
She turnes to fauour and to prettines.

Ophelia. And wil a not come againe, *Song.* 4.5.190 (2941)
And wil a not come againe,
No, no, he is dead, goe to thy death bed,
He neuer will come againe.
His beard was as white as snow,
Flaxen was his pole,
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
God a mercy on his soule, and of all Christians soules,
God buy you.

Laertes. Doe you this ô God.

King. *Laertes*, I must commune with your griefe,
Or you deny me right, goe but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall heare and iudge twixt you and me,
If by direct, or by colaturall hand
They find vs toucht, we will our kingdome giue,
Our crowne, our life, and all that we call ours

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To you in satisfaction; but if not, 4.5.210 (2959)
Be you content to lend your patience to vs.
And we shall ioyntly labour with your soule
To giue it due content.

Laertes. Let this be so.
His meanes of death, his obscure funerall,
No trophe sword, nor hatchment ore his bones,
No noble right, nor formall ostentation,
Cry to be heard as twere from heauen to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall,
And where th'offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you goe with me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and others.

Horatio. VVhat are they that would speake with me?

Gentleman. Sea-faring men sir, they say they haue Letters for you.

Horatio. Let them come in.
I doe not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted. If not from Lord *Hamlet.* *Enter Saylers.*

Sayler. God blesse you sir.

Horatio. Let him blesse thee to.

Sayler. A shall sir and please him, there's a Letter for you sir, it came frõ th'Embassador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio. *Horatio*, when thou shalt haue ouer-lookt this, giue these fellowes some meanes to the King, they haue Letters for him: Ere wee were two daies old at Sea, a Pyrat of very warlike appointment gaue vs chase, finding our selues too slow of saile, wee put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boorded them, on the instant they got cleere of our shyp, so I alone became theyr prisoner, they haue dealt with me like thieues of mercie, but they knew what they did, I am to doe a turne for them, let the King haue the Letters I haue sent, and repayre thou to me with as much speede as thou wouldest flie death, I haue wordes to speake in thine eare will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* hold theyr course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.
So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

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

Enter King and Laertes.

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King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laertes. It well appeares: but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdome, all things els
You mainely were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnsinnow'd,
But yet to mee tha'r strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it eyther which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymberd for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reverted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laertes. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayses may goe backe againe
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections, but my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your sleepes for that, you must not thinke
That we are made of stuffe so flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be shooke with danger,
And thinke it pastime, you shortly shall heare more,
I loued your father, and we loue our selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine.

Enter a Messenger with Letters.

Messenger. These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*, who brought them?

Messenger. Saylers my Lord they say, I saw them not,
They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiued them 4.7.40 (3051)
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall heare them: leaue vs.

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High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom, to morrow shall I begge leaue to see your kingly eyes, when I shal first asking you pardon, there-vnto recount the occasion of my suddaine returne.

King. What should this meane, are all the rest come backe,
Or is it some abuse, and no such thing? 4.7.50 (3060)

Laertes. Know you the hand?

King. Tis *Hamlets* caracter. Naked,
And in a postscript heere he sayes alone,
Can you deuise me?

Laertes. I am lost in it my Lord, but let him come,
It warmes the very sicknes in my hart
That I liue and tell him to his teeth
Thus didst thou.

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

Laertes. I my Lord, so you will not ore-rule me to a peace. 4.7.60 (3070)

King. To thine owne peace, if he be now returned
As the King at his voyage, and that he meanes
No more to undertake it, I will worke him
To an exployt, now ripe in my devise,
Vnder the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
But euen his Mother shall vncharge the practice,
And call it accedent.

Laertes. My Lord I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deuise it so
That I might be the organ. 4.7.70 (3078 + 3)

King. It falls right,
You haue beene talkt of since your trauaile much,
And that in *Hamlets* hearing, for a qualitie
Wherein they say you shine, your summe of parts
Did not together plucke such enuie from him
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthiest siedge.

Laertes. What part is that my Lord?

King. A very ribaud in the cap of youth,
Yet needfull to, for youth no lesse becomes
The light and carelesse liuery that it weares
Then setled age, his sables, and his weedes 4.7.80 (3078 + 15)
Importing health and grauenes; two months since
Heere was a gentleman of *Normandy*,
I haue seene my selfe, and seru'd against the French,
And they can well on horsebacke, but this gallant

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Had witch-craft in't, he grew vnto his seate,
And to such wondrous dooing brought his horse,
As had he beene incorp'st, and demy natur'd
With the braue beast, so farre he topt me thought,
That I in forgerie of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did. 4.7.90 (3087)

Laertes. A Norman wast?
King. A Norman.
Laertes. Vppon my life *Lamord.*
King. The very same.
Laertes. I know him well, he is the brooch indeed
And Iem of all the Nation.
King. He made confession of you,
And gaue you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your Rapier most especiall,
That he cride out t'would be a sight indeed
If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposd them; sir this report of his
Did *Hamlet* so enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.
Laertes. What out of this my Lord?
King. *Laertes* was your father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a hart?
Laertes. Why aske you this?
King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father, 4.7.110 (3109)
But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,
And that I see in passages of proofe,
Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,
There liues within the very flame of loue
A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodnes still,
For goodnes growing to a plurisie,
Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe
We should doe when we would: for this would changes,
And hath abatements and delayes as many, 4.7.120 (3112 + 7)
As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,
And then this should is like a spend thirfts sigh,
That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th'vlcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake
To showe your selfe indeede your fathers sonne

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More then in words?
Laertes. To cut his thraot i'th Church.
King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarise,
Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,
Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home, 4.7.130 (3120)
Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together
And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnbated, and in a pace of practice
Requite him for your Father.
Laertes. I will doo't,
And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword. 4.7.140 (3131)
I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck
So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,
Collected from all simples that haue vertue
Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death
That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.
King. Lets further thinke of this.
Wey what convenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle, 4.7.150 (3142)
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
Twere better not assayd, therefore this proiect,
Should haue a back or second that might hold
If this did blast in proofe; soft let me see,
Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,
I hate, when in your motion you are hote and dry,
As make your bouts more violent to that end,
And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him
A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping, 4.7.160 (3151)
If he by chaunce escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Queene. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So fast they follow; your Sisters drownd *Laertes.*
Laertes. Drown'd, ô where?
Queene. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke
That showes his horry leaues in the glassy streame,

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There with fantastique garlands did she make
Of Crowflowers, Nettles, Daises, and long Purples
That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name, 4.7.170 (3162)
But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.
There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes
Clambring to hang, an enuious sliuer broke,
When downe her weedy trophies and her selfe
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her clothes spred wide,
And Marmaide like awhile they bore her vp,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old laudes,
As one incapable of her owne distresse,
Or like a creature natiue and indewed
Vnto that element, but long it could not be 4.7.180 (3172)
Till that her garments heauy with theyr drinke,
Puld the poore wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laertes. Alas, then she is drownd.

Queene. Drownd, drownd.

Laertes. Too much of water hast thou poore *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my teares; but yet
It is our tricke, nature her custome holds,
Let shame say what it will, when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adiew my Lord,
I haue a speech a fire that faine would blase, 4.7.190 (3183)
But that this folly drownes it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrard*,
How much I had to doe to calme his rage,
Now feare I this will giue it start againe,
Therefore lets follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clowne. Is shee to be buried in Christian buriall, when she wilfully seekes her owne saluation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therfore make her graue straight, the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian buriall.

Clowne. How can that be, vnlesse she drown'd herselfe in her owne defence.

Other. Why tis found so.

Clowne. It must be so offended, it cannot be els, for heere lyes the poynt, if I drowne my selfe wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to doe, to performe, or all; she drownd her selfe wittingly.

Other. Nay, but heare you good man deluer.

Clowne. Giue mee leaue, here lyes the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man goe to this water & drowne himselfe, it is will

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he, nill he, he goes, marke you that, but if the water come to him, & drowne him, he drownes not himselfe, argall, he that is not guilty of his owne death, shortens not his owne life. 5.1.20 (3209)

Other. But is this law?

Clowne. I marry i'st, Crowners quest law.

Other. Will you ha the truth an't, if this had not beene a gentlewoman, she should haue been buried out a christian buriall.

Clowne. Why there thou sayst, and the more pitty that great folke should haue countnaunce in this world to drowne or hang thē selues, more then theyr euen Christen: Come my spade, there is no auncient gentlemen but Gardners, Ditchers, and Grauemakers, they hold vp Adams profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Clowne. A was the first that euer bore Armes.
Ile put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe.

Other. Goe to. 5.1.40 (3229)

Clowne. What is he that builds stronger then eyther the Mason, the Shypwright, or the Carpenter.

Other. The gallowes maker, for that out-liues a thousand tenants.

Clowne. I like thy wit well in good fayth, the gallowes dooes well, but howe dooes it well? It dooes well to those that do ill, nowe thou doost ill to say the gallowes is built stronger then the Church, argall, the gallowes may doo well to thee. Too't againe, come.

Other. VVho buildes stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter.

Clowne. I, tell me that and vnyoke.

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clowne. Too't.

Other. Masse I cannot tell.

Clowne. Cudgell thy braines no more about it, for your dull asse wil not mend his pace with beating, and when you are askt this question next, say a graue-maker, the houses hee makes lasts till Doomesday.

Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soope of liquer. 5.1.60 (3249)

In youth when I did loue did loue, *Song.*
Me thought it was very sweet
To contract ô the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there a was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Hamlet. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making.

Horatio. Custome hath made it in him a propertie of easines.

Hamlet. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier sence

Clowne. But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*

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hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been such.

Hamlet. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines jawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a pollitician, which this asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Horatio. It might my Lord.

Hamlet. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not?

Horatio. I my Lord.

Hamlet. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the massene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine revolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne. A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*
for and a shrowding sheet,
O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Hamlet. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cases, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sconce with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conveyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more, ha.

Horatio. Not a iot more my Lord.

Hamlet. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Horatio. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to.

Hamlet. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I wil speak to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

Clowne. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made. 5.1.120 (3311)

Hamlet. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.

Clowne. You lie out ont sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Hamlet. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clowne. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Hamlet. What man doost thou digge it for? 5.1.130 (3321)

Clowne. For no man sir.

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Hamlet. What woman then?
Clowne. For none neither.
Hamlet. Who is to be buried in't?
Clowne. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.
Hamlet. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been Graue-maker?
Clowne. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbrasse*.
Hamlet. How long is that since?
Clowne. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was borne: hee that is mad and sent into England.
Hamlet. I marry, why was he sent into *England*?
Clowne. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.
Hamlet. Why?
Clowne. Twill not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad as hee.
Hamlet. How came he mad?
Clowne. Very strangely they say.
Hamlet. How strangely?
Clowne. Fayth eene with loosing his wits.
Hamlet. Vpon what ground? 5.1.160 (3350)
Clowne. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.
Hamlet. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot?
Clowne. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corses, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you som eyght yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeere.
Hamlet. Why he more then another?
Clowne. Why sir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe out water a great while; & your water is a sore decayer of your whorson dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.
Hamlet. Whose was it?
Clowne. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was?
Hamlet. Nay I know not.
Clowne. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a pourd a flagon of Renish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir *Yoricks* skull, the Kings Iester.
Hamlet. This?
Clowne. Een that.
Hamlet. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thou-

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sand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rises at it. Heere hung those lyppes that I haue kist I know not howe oft, where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that.
Prethee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Horatio. What's that my Lord?
Hamlet. Doost thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth?
Horatio. Een so.
Hamlet. And smelt so pah. 5.1.200 (3388)
Horatio. Een so my Lord.
Hamlet. To what base vses wee may returne *Horatio*? Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping a bunghole?
Horatio. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.
Hamlet. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vvee make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?
Imperious *Cæsar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King, *Enter K. Q.*
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow? *Laertes and*
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken, *the corse.*
The corse they follow, did with desprat hand 5.1.220 (3409)
Foredoo it owne life, twas of some estate,
Couch we a while and marke.
Laertes. What Ceremonie els?
Hamlet. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.
Laertes. What Ceremonie els?
Doctor. Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground vnsanctified been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers, 5.1.230 (3419)
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.
Laertes. Must there no more be doone?

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Doctor. No more be doone.
We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.
Laertes. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest, 5.1.240 (3431)
A ministring Angell shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.
Hamlet. What, the faire *Ophelia.*
Queene. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'st haue been my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.
Laertes. O treble woe
Fall tenne times double on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deede thy most ingenious sence
Depriued thee of, hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes; 5.1.250 (3443)
Now pile your dust vpon the quicke and dead,
Till of this flat a mountaine you haue made
To'retop old *Pelion*, or the skyesh head
Of blew *Olympus.*
Hamlet. What is he whose griefe
Beares such an emphesis, whose phrase of sorrow
Coniures the wandring starres, and makes them stand
Like wonder wounded hearers: this is I
Hamlet the Dane.
Laertes. The deuill take thy soule.
Hamlet. Thou pray'st not well, I prethee take thy fingers from my throat,
For though I am not spleenatiue rash,
Yet haue I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare; hold off thy hand,
King. Pluck them a sunder.
Queene. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*
All. Gentlemen.
Horatio. Good my Lord be quiet.
Hamlet. Why, I will fight with him vpon this theame
Vntill my eye-lids will no longer wagge.
Queene. O my sonne, what theame?
Hamlet. I loued *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers
Could not with all theyr quantitie of loue 5.1.270 (3467)
Make vp my summe. What wilt thou doo for her.
King. O he is mad *Laertes.*
Queene. For loue of God forbeare him.

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Hamlet. S'wounds shew me what th'owt doe:
Woo't weepe, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't teare thy selfe,
Woo'tt drinke vp Esill, eate a Crocadile?
Ile doo't, doost come heere to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her graue,
Be buried quicke with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountaines, let them throw 5.1.280 (3477)
Millions of Acres on vs, till our ground
Sindging his pate against the burning Zone
Make Ossa like a wart, nay and thou'lt mouthe,
Ile rant as well as thou.
Queene. This is meere madnesse,
And this a while the fit will worke on him,
Anon as patient as the female Doue
When that her golden cuplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.
Hamlet. Heare you sir,
What is the reason that you vse me thus?
I lou'd you euer, but it is no matter, 5.1.290 (3489)
Let *Hercules* himselfe doe what he may
The Cat will mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit Hamlet*
King. I pray thee good *Horatio* waite vpon him. *and Horatio.*
Strengthen your patience in our last nights speech,
Weele put the matter to the present push:
Good *Gertrard* set some watch ouer your sonne,
This graue shall haue a liuing monument,
An houre of quiet thereby shall we see
Tell then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Hamlet. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You doe remember all the circumstance.
Horatio. Remember it my Lord.
Hamlet. Sir in my hart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleepe, my thought I lay
Worse then the mutines in the bilbo, rashly,
And praysd be rashnes for it: let vs knowe,
Our indiscretion sometime serues vs well
When our deepe plots doe fall, & that should learne vs
Ther's a diuinity that shapes our ends, 5.2.10 (3509)
Rough hew them how we will.
Horatio. That is most certaine.
Hamlet. Vp from my Cabin,
My sea-gowne scarft about me in the darke
Gropt I to find out them, had my desire,

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Fingard their packet, and in fine with-drew
To mine owne roome againe, making so bold
My feares forgetting manners to vnfold
Their graund commission; where I found *Horatio*
A royall knauery, an exact command
Larded with many seuerall sorts of reasons, 5.2.20 (3520)
Importing Denmarkes health, and *Englands* to,
With hoe such bugges and goblines in my life,
That on the superuise no leasure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the Axe,
My head should be strooke off.

Horatio. I'st possible?

Hamlet. Heeres the commission, read it at more leasure,
But wilt thou heare now how I did proceed.

Horatio. I beseech you.

Hamlet. Being thus benetted round with villaines,
Or I could make a prologue to my braines, 5.2.30 (3531)
They had begunne the play, I sat me downe,
Deuisd a new commission, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our statists doe,
A basenesse to write faire, and labourd much
How to forget that learning, but sir now
It did me yemans seruice, wilt thou know
Th'effect of what I wrote?

Horatio. I good my lord.

Hamlet. An earnest conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithfull tributary,
As loue betweene them like the palme might florish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland weare
And stand a Comma tweene their amities,
And many such like, as sir of great charge,
That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further more or lesse,
He should those bearers put to suddaine death,
Not shriuing time alow'd.

Horatio. How was this seald?

Hamlet. Why euen in that was heauen ordinant,
I had my fathers signet in my purse
Which was the modill of that Danish seale, 5.2.50 (3553)
Folded the writ vp in the forme of th'other,
Subcribe it, gau't th'impression, plac'd it safely,
The changling neuer knowne: now the next day
Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou knowest already.

Horatio. So *Guyldensterne* and *Rosencraus* goe too't.

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Hamlet. They are not neere my conscience, their defeat
Dooes by their owne insinnuation growe,
Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes 5.2.60 (3563)
Betweene the passe and fell incenced points
Of mighty opposits
Horatio. Why what a King is this!
Hamlet. Dooes it not thinke thee stand me now vppon?
He that hath kild my King, and whor'd my mother,
Pop't in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with such cusnage, i'st not perfect conscience?
Enter a Courtier.
Courtier. Your Lordship is right welcome backe to Denmarke.
Hamlet. I humble thanke you sir.
Doost know this water fly?
Horatio. No my good Lord.
Hamlet. Thy state is the more gracious, for tis a vice to know him,
He hath much land and fertill: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the Kings messe, tis a chough, but as I say, spacious in the possession of durt.
Courtier. Sweete Lord, if your Lordshippe were at leasure, I should
impart a thing to you from his Maiestie. 5.2.90 (3596)
Hamlet. I will receaue it sir with all dilligence of spirit, your bonnet to his right vse, tis for the head.
Courtier. I thanke your Lordship, it is very hot.
Hamlet. No belieue me, tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.
Courtier. It is indefferent cold my Lord indeed.
Hamlet. But yet me thinkes it is very sully and hot, or my complection.
Courtier. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very soultery, as t'were I can not tell how: my Lord his Maiestie bad me signifie to you, that a has layed a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.
Hamlet. I beseech you remember.
Courtier. Nay good my Lord for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly com to Court *Laertes*, belieue me an absolute gentlemen, ful of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeede to speake fellingly of him, hee is the card or kalender of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.
Hamlet. Sir, his Refinement suffers no perdition in you, though I know to deuide him inventorially, would dazzie th'arithmaticke of memory, and yet but raw neither, in respect of his quick saile, but in the veritie of extolment, I take him to be a soule of great article, & his infusion of such dearth and rarenesse, as to make true dixion of him, his semblable is his mirrour, & who els would trace him, his

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vmbrage, nothing more. 5.2.120 (3610 + 12)

Courtier. Your Lordship speakes most infallibly of him.

Hamlet. The concernancy sir, why doe we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Courtier. Sir.

Horatio. Ist not possible to vnderstand in another tongue, you will doo't sir really.

Hamlet. What imports the nomination of this gentleman.

Courtier. Of *Laertes.*

Horatio. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Hamlet. Of him sir.

Courtier. I know you are not ignorant.

Hamlet. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approoue me, well sir.

Courtier. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Hamlet. I dare not confesse that, least I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man wel, were to knowe himselfe.

Courtier. I meane sir for this weapon, but in the imputation laide on him, by them in his meed, hee's vnfellowed.

Hamlet. What's his weapon?

Courtier. Rapier and Dagger.

Hamlet. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Courtier. The King sir hath wagerd with him six Barbary horses, against the which hee has impaund as I take it six French Rapiers and Poynards, with their assignes, as girdle, hanger and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very deare to fancy, very responsiue to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Hamlet. What call you the carriages?

Horatio. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Courtier. The carriage sir are the hangers.

Hamlet. The phrase would bee more Ierman to the matter if wee could carry a cannon by our sides, I would it be might hangers till then, but on, six Barbry horses against six French swords their assignes, and three liberall conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this all you call it?

Courtier. The King sir, hath layd sir, that in a dozen passes betweene your selfe and him, hee shall not exceede you three hits, hee hath layd on twelue for nine, and it would come to immediate triall, if your Lordshippe would vouchsafe the answere.

Hamlet. How if I answere no? 5.2.170 (3635)

Courtier. I meane my Lord the opposition of your person in triall.

Hamlet. Sir I will walke heere in the hall, if it please his Maiestie, it is the breathing time of day with me, let the foiles be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpose; I will winne

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for him and I can, if not, I will gaine nothing but my shame, and the odde hits.

Courtier. Shall I deliuer you so?

Hamlet. To this effect sir, after what florish your nature will. 5.2.180 (3644)

Courtier. I commend my duty to your Lordshippe.

Hamlet. Yours doo's well to commend it himselfe, there are no tongues els for's turne.

Horatio. This Lapwing runnes away with the shell on his head.

Hamlet. A did so sir with his dugge before a suckt it, thus has he and many more of the same breede that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and out of an habit of incounter, a kind of histy colection, which carries them through and through the most prophane and trennowed opinions, and doe but blowe them to their triall, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Maiestie commended him to you by young *Ostricke*, who brings backe 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?

Hamlet. I am constant to my purposes, they followe the Kings pleasure, if his fitnes speakes, mine is ready: now or whensoeuer, prouided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queene, and all are comming downe.

Hamlet. In happy time.

Lord. The Queene desires you to vse some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Hamlet. Shee well instructs me.

Horatio. You will loose my Lord.

Hamlet. I doe not thinke so, since he went into France, I haue bene in continuall practice, I shall winne at the ods; thou would'st not thinke how ill all's heere about my hart, but it is no matter.

Horatio. Nay good my Lord.

Hamlet. It is but foolery, but it is such a kinde of gamgiuing, as would perhapes trouble a woman.

Horatio. If your minde dislike any thing, obey it. I will forstal their repaire hether, and say you are not fit.

Hamlet. Not a whit, we defie augury, there is speciall prouidence in the fall of a Sparrowe, if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come, the readines is all, since no man of ought he leaues, knowes what ist to leaue betimes, let be.

A table prepard, Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushions, King, Queene, and all the state, Foiles, daggers, and Laertes.

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King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.
Hamlet. Giue me your pardon sir, I haue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knowes,
And you must needs haue heard, how I am punnisht
With a sore distraction, what I haue done 5.2.230 (3682)
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I heare proclame was madnesse,
Wast *Hamlet* wronged *Laertes*? neuer *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himselfe be tane away,
And when hee's not himselfe, dooes wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* dooes it not, *Hamlet* denies it,
Who dooes it then? his madnesse. Ift be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madnesse is poore *Hamlets* enimie,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd euill, 5.2.241 (3693)
Free me so farre in your most generous thoughts
That I haue shot my arrowe ore the house
And hurt my brother.
Laertes. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motiue in this case should stirre me most
To my reuendge, but in my tearmes of honor
I stand a loofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder Maisters of knowne honor
I haue a voyce and president of peace
To my name vngord: but all that time 5.2.250 (3703)
I doe receaue your offerd loue, like loue,
And will not wrong it.
Hamlet. I embrace it freely, and will this brothers wager
franckly play.
Giue vs the foiles.
Laertes. Come, one for me.
Hamlet. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a starre i'th darkest night
Stick fiery of indeed.
Laertes. You mocke me sir.
Hamlet. No by this hand.
King. Giue them the foiles young *Ostricke*, cosin *Hamlet*,
You knowe the wager. 5.2.260 (3716)
Hamlet. Very well my Lord.
Your grace has layed the ods a'th weeker side.
King. I doe not feare it, I haue seene you both,
But since he is better, we haue therefore ods.
Laertes. This is to heauy: let me see another.
Hamlet. This likes me well, these foiles haue all a length.

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Ostricke. I my good Lord.
King. Set me the stoopes of wine vpon that table,
If *Hamlet* giue the first or second hit,
Or quit in answere of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire. 5.2.270 (3730)
The King shall drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the cup an Onixe shall he throwe,
Richer then that which foure successiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne: giue me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speake,
The trumpet to the Cannoneere without,
The Cannns to the heauens, the heauen to earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*, come beginne. *Trumpets*
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye. *the while.*
Hamlet. Come on sir. 5.2.280 (3741)
Laertes. Come my Lord.
Hamlet. One.
Laertes. No.
Hamlet. Iudgement.
Ostricke. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*
Laertes. Well, againe. *Florish, a peece goes off.*
King. Stay, giue me drinke, *Hamlet* this pearle is thine.
Heeres to thy health: giue him the cup.
Hamlet. Ile play this bout first, set it by a while
Come, another hit. What say you?
Laertes. I doe confest.
King. Our sonne shall winne.
Queene. Hee's fat and scant of breath.
Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes,
The Queene carowses to thy fortune *Hamlet.*
Hamlet. Good Madam. 5.2.290 (3759)
King. *Gertrard* doe not drinke.
Queene. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poysned cup, it is too late.
Hamlet. I dare not drinke yet Madam, by and by.
Queene. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laertes. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I doe not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
Hamlet. Come for the third *Laertes*, you doe but dally.
I pray you passe with your best violence
I am sure you make a wanton of me.
Laertes. Say you so, come on. 5.2.300 (3774)
Ostricke. Nothing neither way.
Laertes. Haue at you now.

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King. Part them, they are incenst.
Hamlet. Nay come againe.
Ostricke. Looke to the Queene there howe.
Horatio. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?
Ostricke. How ist *Laertes*?
Laertes. Why as a woodcock to mine owne sprindge *Ostrick*,
I am justly kild with mine owne treachery.
Hamlet. How dooes the Queene?
King. Shee sounds to see them bleed.
Queene. No, no, the drinke, the drinke, ô my deare *Hamlet*,
The drinke the drinke, I am poysned. 5.2.310 (3790)
Hamlet. O villanie, how let the doore be lock't,
Treachery, seeke it out.
Laertes. It is heere *Hamlet*, thou art slaine,
No medcin in the world can doe thee good,
In thee there is not halfe an houres life,
The treacherous instrument is in my hand
Vnbated and enuenom'd, the foule practice
Hath turn'd it selfe on me, loe heere I lie
Neuer to rise againe, thy mother's poysned,
I can no more, the King, the Kings too blame. 5.2.320 (3801)
Hamlet. The point inuenom'd to, then venome to thy worke.
All. Treason, treason.
King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.
Hamlet. Heare thou incestious damned Dane,
Drinke of this potion, is the Onixe heere?
Follow my mother.
Laertes. He is justly serued, it is a poyson temperd by himselfe,
Exchange forgiuenesse with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my fathers death come not vppon thee, 5.2.330 (3814)
Nor thine on me.
Hamlet. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew.
You that looke 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, ô I could tell you,
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou liuest, report me and my cause a right
To the vnsatisfied. 5.2.340 (3824)
Horatio. Neuer belieue it;
I am more an anticke Romaine then a Dane,
Heere's yet some liquer left.
Hamlet. As th'art a man
Giue me the cup, let goe, by heauen Ile hate,

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O god *Horatio*, what a wounded name
Things standing thus vnknowne, shall I leaue behind me?
If thou did'st euer hold me in thy hart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world drawe thy breath in paine *A march a*
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this? *farre off.*

Enter Osrick.

Osrtricke. Young *Fortenbrasse* with conquest come from Poland,
To th'embassadors of *England* giues this warlike volly.
Hamlet. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poyson quite ore-crowes my spirit,
I cannot liue to heare the newes from *England*,
But I doe prophecie th'ellection lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voyce,
So tell him, with th'occurrants more and lesse
Which haue solicited, the rest is silence.
Horatio. Now cracks a noble hart, good night sweete Prince,
And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest. 5.2.360 (3850)
Why dooes the drum come hether?

Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.

Fortenbrasse. Where is this sight?
Horatio. What is it you would see?
If ought of woe, or wonder, cease your search.
Fortenbrasse. This quarry cries on hauock, ô prou'd death
What feast is toward in thine eternall cell,
That thou so many Princes at a shot
So bloodily hast strook?
Embassador. The sight is dismall
And our affaires from *England* come too late,
The eares are sencelesse that should giue vs hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfild, 5.2.370 (3864)
That *Rosencraus* and *Guyldensterne* are dead,
Where should we haue our thankes?
Horatio. Not from his mouth
Had it th'ability of life to thanke you;
He neuer gaue commandement for their death;
But since so iump vpon this bloody question
You from the *Pollack* warres, and you from *England*
Are heere arriued, giue order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speake, to yet vnknowing world
How these things came about; so shall you heare
Of carnall, bloody and vnnaturall acts,

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Of accidental iudgements, casuall slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning, and for no cause
And in this vpshot, purposes mistooke,
Falne on th'inuenters heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fortenbrasse. Let vs hast to heare it,
And call the noblest to the audience,
For me, with sorrowe I embrace my fortune,
I haue some rights, of memory in this kingdome,
Which now to clame my vantage doth inuite me.

Horatio. Of that I shall haue also cause to speake,
And from his mouth, whose voyce will drawe no more,
But let this same be presently perform'd
Euen while mens mindes are wilde, least more mischance
On plots and errores happen.

Fortenbrasse. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to the stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on,
To haue prooued most royall; and for his passage,
The souldiers musicke and the right of warre
Speake loudly for him: 5.2.400 (3901)
Take vp the bodies, such a sight as this,
Becomes the field, but heere showes much amisse.
Goe bid the souldiers shoote. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

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The Tragicall Historie of
HAMLET
Prince of Denmarke.

Enter two Centinels.

1.	STand: who is that?	1.1.1 (4)
2.	Tis I.	
1.	O you come most carefully vpon your watch,	
2.	And if you meete *Marcellus* and *Horatio*,	
	The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.	
1.	I will: See who goes there.	
	Enter Horatio and Marcellus.	
Horatio.	Friends to this ground.	1.1.15 (20)
Marcellus.	And leegemen to the Dane,	
	O farewell honest souldier, who hath releeued you?	
1.	*Barnardo* hath my place, giue you good night.	
Marcellus.	Holla, *Barnardo.*	
2.	Say, is *Horatio* there?	
Horatio.	A peece of him.	
2.	Welcome Horatio, welcome good Marcellus.	1.1.20 (29)
Marcellus.	What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.	
2.	I haue seene nothing.	
Marcellus.	*Horatio* sayes tis but our fantasie,	
	And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,	
	Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,	
	Therefore I haue intreated him along with vs	
	To watch the minutes of this night,	
	That if againe this apparition come,	
	He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.	
Horatio.	Tut, t'will not appeare.	1.1.30 (39)
2.	Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe	
	Assaile your eares that are so fortified,	
	What we haue two nights seene.	
Horatio.	Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare *Bernardo* speake of this.	
2.	Last night of al, when yonder starre that's west-ward from the pole, had made his course to Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes, The bell then towling one.	
	Enter Ghost.	
Marcellus.	Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.	1.1.40 (51)

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2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,
Marcellus. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio.*
2. Lookes it not like the king?
Horatio. Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.
2. It would be spoke to.
Marcellus. Question it *Horatio.*
Horatio. What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in
Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes
Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake.
Marcellus. It is offended. *exit Ghost.* 1.1.50 (63)
2. See, it stalkes away.
Horatio. Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee
speake.
Marcellus. Tis gone and makes no answer.
2. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this something more than fantasie?
What thinke you on't
Horatio. Afore my God, I might not this beleeue, without
the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes.
Marcellus. Is it not like the King?
Horatio. As thou art to thy selfe,
Such was the very armor he had on, 1.1.60 (76)
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated.
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sleaded pollax on the yce,
Tis strange.
Marcellus. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead hower,
With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.
Horatio. In what particular to worke, I know not,
But in the thought and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to the state.
Marcellus. Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes 1.1.70 (86)
Why this same strikt and most observant watch,
So nightly toyles the subject of the land,
And why such dayly cost of brazen Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske
Does not diuide the Sunday from the weeke:
What might be toward that this sweaty march
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who is't that can informe me?
Horatio. Mary that can I, at least the whisper goes so, 1.1.80 (97)
Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Brasse of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared to

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The combate, in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
For so this side of our knowne world esteemed him,
Did slay this Fortenbrasse,
Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law
And heraldrie, did forfeit with his life all those
His lands which he stoode seazed of by the conqueror,
Against the which a moity competent, 1.1.90 (107)
Was gaged by our King:
Now sir, yong Fortenbrasse,
Of inapproued mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there,
Sharkt vp a sight of lawlesse Resolutes
For food and diet to some enterprise,
That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it) is the 1.1.100 (117)
Chiefe head and ground of this our watch.
Enter the Ghost.
But loe, behold, see where it comes againe,
Ile crosse it, though it blast me: stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done, 1.1.130 (129)
That may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee,
Speake to mee.
If thou art priuy to thy countries fate,
Which happly foreknowing may preuent, O speake to me,
Or if thou hast extorted in thy life,
Or hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth,
For which they say you Spirites oft walke in death, speake
to me, stay and speake, speake, stoppe it *Marcellus.*

2. Tis heere. *exit Ghost.*

Horatio. Tis heere.

Marcellus. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesti-
call, to offer it the shew of violence,
For it is as the ayre invelmorable,
And our vaine blowes malitious mockery.

2. It was about to speake when the Cocke crew.

Horatio. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons: I haue heard
The Cocke, that is the trumpet to the morning, 1.1.150 (149)
Doth with his earely and shrill crowing throate,
Awake the god of day, and at his sound,
Whether in earth or ayre, in sea or fire,
The strauagant and erring spirite hies
To his confines, and of the trueth heereof
This present object made probation.

Marcellus. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke,
Some say, that euer gainst that season comes,

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Wherein our Sauiours birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long, 1.1.160 (159)
And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroade,
The nights are wholesome, then no planet ftrikes,
No Fairie takes, nor Witch hath powre to charme,
So gratious, and so hallowed is that time.

Horatio. So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleeue it:
But see the Sunne in russet mantle clad,
Walkes ore the deaw of you hie mountaine top,
Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise,
Let vs impart what wee haue seene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*: for vpon my life 1.1.170 (169)
This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him:
Do ycu consent, wee shall acquaint him with it,
As needefull in our loue, fitting our duetie?

Marcellus. Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know,
Where we shall finde him most conveniently.

Enter King, Queene, Hamlet, Leartes, Corambis, and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants.

King. Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse*, 1.2.27 (206)
Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent
And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his
Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch
Yong good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar*
For bearers of these greetings to olde
Norway, giuing to you no further personall power
To businesse with the King,
Then those related articles do shew:
Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie.

Gentlemen. In this and all things will wee shew our dutie. 1.2.40 (219)

King. Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewel:
And now *Leartes*, what's the news with you?
You said you had a sute what i'st *Leartes*?

Leartes: My gratious Lord, your fauorable licence, 1.2.50 (231)
Now that the funerall rites are all performed,
I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*,
For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee,
Yet something is there whispers in my hart,
Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*.

King. Haue you your fathers leaue, *Leartes*?

Corambis. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt,
And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leaue.

King. With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well.

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Leartes. I in all loue and dutie take my leaue.
King. And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit.* 1.2.64 (244)
What meanes these sad and melancholy moodes?
For your intent going to *Wittenberg*,
Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient,
Being the loy and halfe heart of your mother.
Therefore let mee intreat you stay in Court,
All *Denmarkes* hope our coosin and dearest Sonne.
Hamlet. My lord, ti's not the sable sute I weare:
No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes,
Nor the distracted hauiour in the visage, 1.2.81 (262)
Nor all together mixt with outward semblance,
Is equall to the sorrow of my heart,
Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe,
These but the ornaments and sutes of woe.
King. This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*,
But you must thinke your father lost a father,
That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the 1.2.90 (272)
Generall ending. Therefore cease laments,
It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead,
A fault gainst nature, and in reasons
Common course most certaine,
None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die.
Queene. Let not thy mother loose her praiers *Hamlet*,
Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*.
Hamlet. I shall in all my best obey you madam. 1.2.120 (302)
King. Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne,
And there's no health the King shall drinke to day,
But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell
The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince *Hamlet*.
Exeunt all but Hamlet.
Hamlet. O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two: married,
Mine vncle: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother: but no more like
My father, then I to *Hercules*. 1.2.153 (337)
Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Vnrighteous teares had left their flushing
In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast
Deuoyd of reason would not haue made
Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.

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O wicked wicked speede, to make such 1.2.156 (340)
Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
Ere yet the shooes were olde,
The which she followed my dead fathers corse
Like *Nyobe*, all teares: married, well it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.
Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Horatio. Health to your Lordship. 1.2.160 (345)
Hamlet. I am very glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much
forget my selfe.
Horatio. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.
Hamlet. O my good friend, I change that name with you:
but what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?
Marcellus.
Marcellus. My good Lord.
Hamlet. I am very glad to see you, good euen sirs:
But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*?
Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.
Horatio. A trowant disposition, my good Lord.
Hamlet. Nor shall you make mee truster
Of your owne report against your selfe: 1.2.172 (360)
Sir, I know you are no trowant:
But what is your affaire in *Elsenoure*?
Horatio. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.
Hamlet. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow studient,
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.
Horatio. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Hamlet. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates 1.2.180 (368)
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my deerest foe in heauen
Ere euer I had seene that day *Horatio*;
O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father.
Horatio. Where my Lord?
Hamlet. Why, in my mindes eye *Horatio.*
Horatio. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.
Hamlet. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Horatio. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,
Hamlet. Saw, who? 1.2.190 (379)
Horatio. My Lord, the King your father.
Hamlet. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.
Horatio. Ceasen your admiration for a while
With an attentiue eare, till I may deliver,
Vpon the witnesse of these Gentlemen

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This wonder to you.
Hamlet. For Gods loue let me heare it.
Horatio. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night.
Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,
Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea* 1.2.200 (391)
Appeeres before them thrise, he walkes
Before their weake and feare oppressed eies
Within his tronchions length,
While they distilled almost to gelly.
With the act of feare stands dumbe,
And speake not to him: this to mee
In dreadfull secresie impart they did.
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had delivered forme of the thing. 1.2.210 (401)
Each part made true and good,
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
These handes are not more like.
Hamlet. Tis very strange.
Horatio. As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,
And wee did thinke it right done,
In our dutie to let you know it.
Hamlet. Where was this?
Marcellus. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.
Hamlet. Did you not speake to it?
Horatio. My Lord we did, but answere made it none,
Yet once me thought it was about to speake,
And lifted vp his head to motion,
Like as he would speake, but euen then
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haste,
It shruncke in haste away, and vanished 1.2.220 (412)
Our sight.
Hamlet. Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me:
Hold you the watch to night?
All. We do my Lord.
Hamlet. Armed say ye?
All. Armed my good Lord.
Hamlet. From top to toe?
All. My good Lord, from head to foote.
Hamlet. Why then saw you not his face?
Horatio. O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp. 1.2.230 (426)
Hamlet. How look't he, frowningly?
Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
Hamlet. Pale, or red?

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Horatio. Nay, verie pal
Hamlet. And fixt his eies vpon you.
Horatio. Most constantly.
Hamlet. I would I had beene there.
Horatio. It would a much amazed you.
Hamlet. Yea very like, very like, staid it long?
Horatio. While one with moderate pace
Might tell a hundred.
Marcellus. O longer, longer.
Hamlet. His beard was grisleld, no.
Horatio. It was as I haue seene it in his life, 1.2.240 (440)
A sable siluer.
Hamlet. I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe.
Horatio. I warrant it will.
Hamlet. If it assume my noble fathers person,
Ile speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape,
And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen,
If you haue hither consealed this sight,
Let it be tenible in your silence still,
And whatsoeuer else shall chance to night,
Giue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue,
I will requit your loues, so fare you well, 1.2.250 (451)
Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile visit you.
All. Our duties to your honor. *exeunt.*
Hamlet. O your loues, your loues, as mine to you,
Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes,
Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play,
Would the night were come,
Till then, sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise
Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Enter Leartes and *Ofelia.*

Leartes. My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboord, 1.3.1 (462)
But ere I part, marke what I say to thee:
I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a shew of loue
Beware *Ofelia*, do not trust his vowes,
Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue,
Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
The Chariest maide is prodigall enough, 1.3.36 (499)
If she vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone.
Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts,
Belieu't *Ofelia*, therefore keepe a loofe
Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame.
Ofelia. Brother, to this I haue lent attentiue eare,
And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme,

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But my deere brother, do not you
Like to a cunning Sophister,
Teach me the path and ready way to heauen,
While you forgetting what is said to me,
Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine 1.3.49 (512)
Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful,
And little recks how that his honour dies.

Leartes. No, feare it not my deere *Ofelia*,
Here comes my father, occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

Enter Corambis.

Corambis. Yet here *Leartes*? aboard, aboard, for shame,
The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile,
And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee
And these few precepts in thy memory.
"Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare; 1.3.61 (526)
"Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried,
"Graple them to thee with a hoope of Steele,
"But do not dull the palme with entertaine,
"Of euery new vnfleg'd courage,
"Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in,
"Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee,
"Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy. 1.3.70 (535)
"But not express in fashion,
"For the apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and station
Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:
"This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true,
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any one, 1.3.80 (545)
Farewel, my blessing with thee.

Leartes. I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*,
And remember well what I haue said to you. *exit.*

Ofelia. It is already lock't within my hart,
And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it.

Corambis. What i'st *Ofelia* he hath saide to you?

Ofelia. Somthing touching the prince *Hamlet*.

Corambis. Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to understand, 1.3.90 (556)
That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence
Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so,
As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution
I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe
So well as befits my honor, and your credite.

Ofelia. My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue
to me. 1.3.100 (566)

Corambis. Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them.

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Ofelia. And withal, such earnest vowes.
Corambis. Springes to catch woodcocks,
What, do not I know when the blood doth burne,
How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes,
In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden presence, 1.3.121 (587)
Or tendring thus you'l tender mee a foole.
Ofelia. I shall obey my lord in all I may.
Corambis. *Ofelia*, receive none of his letters,
"For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;
"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes
To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Desire;
Come in *Ofelia*, such men often proue,
"Great in their wordes, but little in their loue.
Ofelia. I will my lord. *exeunt.* 1.3.136 (602)

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hamlet. The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and 1.4.1 (604)
An nipping winde, what houre i'st?
Horatio. I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.*
Marcellus. No, t'is strucke.
Horatio. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?
Hamlet. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowse,
Keepe wassel, and the swaggering vp-spring reeles,
And as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe, 1.4.10 (614)
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.
Horatio. Is it a custome here?
Hamlet. I mary i'st and though I am
Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the observance.

Enter the Ghost.

Horatio. Looke my Lord, it comes.
Hamlet. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs,
Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd, 1.4.40 (625)
Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blasts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou commest in such questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee,
Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,
O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance,
But say why thy canonizd bones hearsed in death
Haue burst their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath burst his ponderous and marble Iawes, 1.4.50 (635)
To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,

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That thou, dead corse, againe in compleate steele,
Reuissets thus the glimses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
So horridely to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane?

Horatio. It beckons you, as though it had something
To impart to you alone. 1.4.60 (646)

Marcellus. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,
But do not go with it.

Horatio. No, by no meanes my Lord.

Hamlet. It will not speake, then will I follow it.

Horatio. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord.
That beckles ore his bace, into the sea, 1.4.71 (660)
And there assume some other horrible shape,
Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason,
And driue you into madnesse: thinke of it.

Hamlet. Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.

Horatio. My Lord, you shall not go. 1.4.80 (665)

Hamlet. Why what should be the feare?
I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,
Go on, ile follow thee.

Marcellus. My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.

Hamlet. My fate cries out, and makes each pety Artiue
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue, 1.4.83 (670)
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;
By heauen ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
Away I say, go on, ile follow thee.

Horatio. He waxeth desperate with imagination.

Marcellus. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke.* 1.4.90 (678)

Horatio. Haue after; to what issue will this sort?

Marcellus. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. *exit.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Hamlet. Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me? 1.5.1 (682)

Ghost. Marke me.

Hamlet. I will.

Ghost. I am thy fathers spirit, doomd for a time 1.5.10 (695)
To walke the night, and all the day
Confinde in flaming fire,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Arepurged and burnt away.

Hamlet. Alas poore Ghost.

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Ghost. Nay pitty me not, but to my vnfolding
Lend thy listning eare, but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house
I would a tale vnfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to stand on end
Like quils vpon the fretfull Porpentine, 1.5.20 (705)
But this same blazon must not be, to eares of flesh and blood
Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father loue.
Hamlet. O God.
Ghost. Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder:
Hamlet. Murder.
Ghost. Yea, murder in the highest degree,
As in the least tis bad,
But mine most foule, beastly, and vnnaturall.
Hamlet. Haste me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as
meditation, or the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge.
Ghost. O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be
Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in ease
On *Lethe* wharffe: briefe let me be.
Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,
A Serpent stung me; so the whole eare of *Denmarke*
Is with a forged Prosses of my death rankely abusde:
But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting
Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne. 1.5.40 (727)
Hamlet. O my prophetike soule, my vncle! my vncle!
Ghost. Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will with gifts,
O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power
So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,
But vertne, as it neuer will be moued, 1.5.53 (739)
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,
So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,
Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,
And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes
I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be,
Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes 1.5.60 (745)
In the after noone, vpon my secure houre
Thy vncle came, with iuyce of Hebona
In a viall, and through the porches of my eares
Did powre the leaprous distilment, whose effect
Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quickesilner, it posteth through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,

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And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood 1.5.70 (755)
Like eager dropings into milke.
And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once depriued, no reckoning made of,
But sent vnto my graue,
With all my accompts and sinnes vpon my head,
O horrible, most horrible! 1.5.80 (765)

Hamlet. O God!

Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not,
But howsoeuer, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother aught,
Leaue her to heauen,
And to the burthen that her conscience beares.
I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin
To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectuall fire: 1.5.90 (775)
Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me. *Exit*

Hamlet. O all you hoste of heauen! O earth, what else?
And shall I couple hell; remember thee?
Yes thou poore Ghost; from the tables
Of my memorie, ile wipe away all sawes of Bookes,
All triuiall fond conceites 1.5.99 (784)
That euer youth, or else obseruance noted,
And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit.
Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernitious villaine,
Murderous, bawdy, smiling damned villaine,
(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
At least I am sure, it may be so in *Denmarke.*
So vncle, there you are, there you are. 1.5.110 (795)
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soe t'is enough I haue sworne.

Horatio. My lord, my lord. *Enter. Horatio,*
Marcellus. Lord Hamlet. *and Marcellus.*

Horatio. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.

Marcellus. Ill, lo, lo, so, ho, so, come boy, come.

Horatio. Heauens secure him.

Marcellus. How i'st my noble lord?

Horatio. What news my lord?

Hamlet. O wonderfull, wonderful.

Horatio. Good my lord tel it.

Hamlet. No not I, you'l reueale it.

Horatio. Not I my Lord by heauen. 1.5.120 (809)

Marcellus. Nor I my Lord.

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Hamlet. How say you then? would hart of man
Once thinke it? but you'l be secret.
Both. I by heauen, my lord.
Hamlet. There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Horatio. There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell
you this.
Hamlet. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines
And desiers shall leade you: for looke you,
Euery man hath busines, and desires, such 1.5.130 (822)
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.
Horatio. These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.
Hamlet. I am sory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.
Horatio. Ther's no offence my Lord.
Hamlet. Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too, touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you,
For your desires to know what is betweene vs.
Or'emaister it as you may: 1.5.140 (833)
And now kind frends, as yon are frends,
Schollers and gentlemen,
Grant mee one poore request.
Both. What i'st my Lord?
Hamlet. Neuer make known what you haue seene to night
Both. My lord, we will not.
Hamlet. Nay but sweare.
Horatio. In faith my Lord not I.
Marcellus. Nor I my Lord in faith.
Hamlet. Nay vpon my sword, indeed vpon my sword.
Ghost. Sweare.
The Gost vnder the stage.
Hamlet. Ha, ha, come you here, this fellow in the sellerige, 1.5.151 (847)
Here consent to sweare.
Horatio. Propose the oth my Lord.
Neuer to speake what you haue seene to night,
Sweare by my sword.
Ghost. Sweare.
Hamlet. *Hic & vbique*; nay then weele shift our ground:
Come hither Gentlemen, and lay your handes
Againe vpon this sword, neuer to speake 1.5.160 (856)
Of that which you haue seene, sweare by my sword.
Ghost. Sweare.
Hamlet. Well said old Mole, can'st worke in the earth?

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So fast, a worthy Pioner, once more remoue.
Horatio. Day and night, but this is wondrous strange.
Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*,
Then are Dream't of, in your philosophie,
But come here, as before you neuer shall
How strange or odde soere I beare my selfe, 1.5.170 (866)
As I perchance hereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With Armes, incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing some vndoubtfull phrase,
As well well, wee know, or wee could and if we would,
Or there be, and if they might, or such ambiguous:
Giuing out to note, that you know aught of mee,
This not to doe, so grace, and mercie 1.5.180 (876)
At your most need helpe you, sweare
Ghost. sweare.
Hamlet. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so gentlemen,
In all my loue I do commend mee to you,
And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* may,
To pleasure you, God willing shall not want,
Nay come lett's go together,
But stil your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spite,
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come lett's go together. *Exeunt.* 1.5.190 (887)

Enter Corambis, and Montano.

Corambis. *Montano*, here, these letters to my sonne, 2.1.1 (890)
And this same many with my blessing to him,
And bid him ply his learning good *Montano.*
Montano. I will my lord.
Corambis. You shall do very well *Montano*, to say thus,
I knew the gentleman, or know his father,
To inquire the manner of his life,
As thus; being amongst his acquaintance,
You may say, you saw him at such a time, marke you mee,
At game, or drincking, swearing, or drabbing, 2.1.25 (917)
You may go so farre.
Montano. My lord, that will impeach his reputation.
Corambis. I faith not a whit, no not a whit,
Now happely hee closeth with you in the consequence,
As you may bridle it not disparage him a iote.
What was I about to say,
Montano. He closeth with him in the consequence. 2.1.51 (945)

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Corambis. I, you say right, he closeth with him thus,
This will hee say, let mee see what hee will say,
Mary this, I saw him yesterday, or tother day,
Or then, or at such a time, a dicing,
Or at Tennis, I or drincking drunke, or entring
Of a howse of lightnes viz. brothell,
Thus sir do wee that know the world, being men of reach,
By indirections, finde directions forth, 2.1.63 (958)
And so shall you my sonne; you ha me, ha you not?
Montano. I haue my lord.
Corambis. Wel, fare you well, commend mee to him.
Montano. I will my lord.
Corambis. And bid him ply his musicke 2.1.70 (966)
Montano. My lord I wil. *exit.*
Enter, Ofelia.
Corambis. Farewel, how now *Ofelia*, what's the news with you?
Ofelia. O my deare father, such a change in nature,
So great an alteration in a Prince,
So pitifull to him, fearefull to mee,
A maidens eye ne're looked on.
Corambis. Why what's the matter my *Ofelia*? 2.1.71 (970)
Ofelia. O yong Prince *Hamlet*, the only floure of *Denmark*,
Hee is bereft of all the wealth he had,
The Iewell that ador'nd his feature most
Is filcht and stolne away, his wit's bereft him,
Hee found mee walking in the gallery all alone,
There comes hee to mee, with a distracted looke,
His garters lagging downe, his shooes vntide, 2.1.77 (976)
And fixt his eyes so stedfast on my face,
As if they had vow'd, this is their latest obiect.
Small while he stoode, but gripes me by the wrist,
And there he holdes my pulse till with a sigh
He doth vnclaspe his holde, and parts away
Silent, as is the mid time of the night:
And as he went, his eie was still on mee,
For thus his head ouer his shoulder looked,
He seemed to finde the way without his eies: 2.1.95 (995)
For out of doores he went without their helpe,
And so did leaue me.
Corambis. Madde for thy loue,
What haue you giuen him any crosse wordes of late?
Ofelia. I did repell his letters, deny his gifts, 2.1.106 (1006)
As you did charge me.
Corambis. Why that hath made him madde:
By heau'n t'is as proper for our age to cast

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Beyond our selues, as t'is for the yonger sort
To leaue their wantonnesse. Well, I am sory
That I was so rash: but what remedy?
Lets to the King, this madnesse may prooue, 2.1.114 (1015)
Though wilde a while, yet more true to thy loue. *exeunt.*

Enter King and Queene, Rossencraft, and Gilderstone.

King. Right noble friends, that our deere cosin Hamlet 2.2.1 (1021)
Hath lost the very heart of all his sence,
It is most right, and we most very for him:
Therefore we doe desire, euen as you tender
Our care to him, and our great loue to you,
That you will labour but to wring from him
The cause and ground of his distemperancie.
Doe this, the king of *Denmarke* shal be thankefull.

Rossencraft. My Lord, whatsoeuer lies within our power
Your maiestie may more commaund in wordes 2.2.28 (1048)
Then vse perswasions to your liege men, bound
By loue, by duetie, and obedience.

Gilderstone. What we may doe for both your Maiesties
To know the griefe troubles the Prince your sonne,
We will indeuour all the best we may,
So in all duetie doe we take our leaue.

King. Thankes Guilderstone, and gentle Rossencraft.

Queene. Thankes Rossencraft, and gentle Gilderstone. 2.2.34 (1055)

Enter Corambis and Ofelia.

Corambis. My Lord, the Ambassadors are joyfully
Return'd from *Norway.*

King. Thou still hast beene the father of good news.

Corambis. Haue I my Lord? I assure your grace,
I holde my duetie as I holde my life,
Both to my God, and to my soueraigne King: 2.2.45 (1069)
And I beleeue, or else this braine of mine
Hunts not the traine of policie so well
As it had wont to doe, but I haue found
The very depth of Hamlets lunacie.

Queene. God graunt he hath.

Enter the Ambassadors.

King. Now *Voltemar*, what from our brother *Norway*?

Voltemar. Most faire returnee of greetings and desires, 2.2.60 (1085)
Vpon our first he sent forth to suppresse
His nephews leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation gainst the Polacke:
But better look't into, he truely found
It was against your Highnesse, whereat grieued,
That so his sickenesse, age, and impotence,

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Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests
On *Fortenbrasse*, which he in briefe obays,
Receiues rebuke from *Norway*: and in fine,
Makes vow before his vncle, neuer more 2.2.70 (1095)
To giue the assay of Armes against your Maiestie,
Whereon olde *Norway* ouercome with joy,
Giues him three thousand crownes in annuall fee,
And his Commission to employ those souldiers,
So leuied as before, against the Polacke,
With an intreaty heerein further shewne,
That it would please you to giue quiet passe
Through your dominions, for that enterprise
On such regardes of safety and allowances
As therein are set downe. 2.2.80 (1105)

King. It likes vs well, and at fit time and leasure
Weele reade and answere these his Articles,
Meane time we thanke you for your well
Tooke labour: go to your rest, at night weele feast togither:
Right welcome home. *exeunt Ambassadors.*

Corambis. This busines is very well dispatched.
Now my Lord, touching the yong Prince Hamlet,
Certaine it is that hee is madde: mad let vs grant him then:
Now to know the cause of this effect,
Or else to say the cause of this defect,
For this effect defectiue comes by cause.

Queene. Good my Lord be briefe.

Corambis. Madam I will: my Lord, I haue a daughter, 2.2.106 (1133)
Haue while shee's mine: for that we thinke
Is surest, we often loose: now to the Prince.
My Lord, but note this letter,
The which my daughter in obedience
Deliuer'd to my handes.

King. Reade it my Lord.

Corambis. Marke my Lord.
Doubt that in earth is fire, 2.2.116 (1144)
Doubt that the starres doe moue,
Doubt trueth to be a liar,
But doe not doubt I loue.
To the beautifull *Ofelia*:
Thine euer the most vnhappy Prince *Hamlet.*
My Lord, what doe you thinke of me? 2.2.129 (1158)
I, or what might you thinke when I sawe this?

King. As of a true friend and a most louing subject.

Corambis. I would be glad to prooue so.
Now when I saw this letter, thus I bespake my maiden:

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	Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of your starre,	2.2.141 (1170)
	And one that is vnequall for your loue:	
	Therefore I did commaund her refuse his letters,	
	Deny his tokens, and to absent her selfe.	
	Shee as my childe obediently obey'd me.	
	Now since which time, seeing his loue thus cross'd,	
	Which I tooke to be idle, and but sport,	
	He straitway grew into a melancholy,	
	From that vnto a fast, then vnto distraction,	
	Then into a sadnesse, from that vnto a madnesse,	
	And so by continuance, and weakenesse of the braine	
	Into this frensie, which now possesseth him:	
	And if this be not true, take this from this.	
King.	Thinke you t'is so?	2.2.151 (1181)
Corambis.	How? so my Lord, I would very faine know	
	That thing that I haue saide t'is so, positiuely,	
	And it hath fallen out otherwise.	
	Nay, if circumstances leade me on,	
	Ile finde it out, if it were hid	
	As deepe as the centre of the earth.	
King.	how should wee trie this same?	2.2.159 (1191)
Corambis.	Mary my good lord thus,	
	The Princes walke is here in the galery,	
	There let *Ofelia*, walke vntill hee comes:	
	Your selfe and I will stand close in the study,	
	There shall you heare the effect of all his hart,	
	And if it proue any otherwise then loue,	
	Then let my censure faile an other time.	
King.	see where hee comes poring vppon a booke.	2.2.168 (1204)
	Enter Hamlet.	
Corambis.	Madame, will it please your grace	
	To leaue vs here?	
Queene.	With all my hart. *exit.*	
Corambis.	And here *Ofelia*, reade you on this booke,	3.1.42 (1694)
	And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnseene.	
Hamlet.	To be, or not to be, I there's the point,	3.1.55 (1710)
	To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:	
	No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,	
	For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,	
	And borne before an everlasting Iudge,	
	From whence no passenger euer retur'nd,	
	The vndiscouered country, at whose sight	
	The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.	
	But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,	
	Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,	

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Scorned by the right rich, the rich cursed of the poore?
The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,
The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life, 3.1.76 (1731)
When that he may his full *Quietus* make,
With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which pusles the braine, and doth confound the sence,
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,
Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembred.

Ofelia. My Lord, I haue sought opportunitie, which now
I haue, to redeliver to your worthy handes, a small remembrance, such tokens which I haue received of you.

Hamlet. Are you faire? 3.1.104 (1760)

Ofelia. My Lord.

Hamlet. Are you honest?

Ofelia. What meanes my Lord?

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

Ofelia. My Lord, can beauty haue better priuiledge than
with honesty?

Hamlet. Yea mary may it; for Beauty may transforme
Honesty, from what she was into a bawd:
Then Honesty can transforme Beauty: 3.1.112 (1768)
This was sometimes a Paradox,
But now the time giues it scope.
I neuer gaue you nothing.

Ofelia. My Lord, you know right well you did,
And with them such earnest vowes of loue,
As would haue moou'd the stoniest breast aliue,
But now too true I finde,
Rich giftes waxe poore, when giuers grow vnkinde.

Hamlet. I neuer loued you.

Ofelia. You made me beleeue you did.

Hamlet. O thou shouldst not a beleeued me!
Go to a Nunnery goe, why shouldst thou 3.1.120 (1776)
Be a breeder of sinners? I am my selfe indifferent honest,
But I could accuse my selfe of such crimes
It had beene better my mother had ne're borne me,
O I am very prowde, ambitious, disdainefull,
With more sinnes at my becke, then I haue thoughts
To put them in, what should such fellowes as I

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Do, crawling between heauen and earth?
To a Nunnery goe, we are arrant knaues all,
Beleeue none of vs, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofelia. O heauens secure him!

Hamlet. Wher's thy father?

Ofelia. At home my lord. 3.1.130 (1786)

Hamlet. For Gods sake let the doores be shut on him,
He may play the foole no where but in his
Owne house: to a Nunnery goe.

Ofelia. Help him good God.

Hamlet. If thou dost marry, Ile giue thee
This plague to thy dowry:
Be thou as chaste as yce, as pure as snowe,
Thou shalt not scape calumny, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofelia. Alas, what change is this?

Hamlet. But if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole,
For wisemen know well enough,
What monsters you make of them, to a Nunnery goe.

Ofelia. Pray God restore him. 3.1.141 (1797)

Hamlet. Nay, I haue heard of your paintings too,
God bath giuen you one face,
And you make your selues another,
You fig, and you amble, and you nickname Gods creatures,
Making your wantonnesse, your ignorance,
A pox, t'is scuruy, Ile no more of it,
It hath made me madde: Ile no more marriages,
All that are married but one, shall liue,
The rest shall keepe as they are, to a Nunnery goe,
To a Nunnery goe. *exit.* 3.1.149 (1804)

Ofelia. Great God of heauen, what a quicke change is this?
The Courtier, Scholler, Souldier, all in him,
All dasht and splinterd thence, O woe is me, 3.1.160 (1816)
To a seene what I haue seene, see what I see. *exit.*

King. Loue? No, no, that's not the cause, *Enter King and*
Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. *Corambis.*

Corambis. Wel, something it is: my Lord, content you a while,
I will my selfe goe feele him: let me worke,
Ile try him euery way: see where he comes,
Send you those Gentlemen, let me alone
To finde the depth of this, away, be gone. *exit King.*
Now my good Lord, do you know me? *Enter Hamlet.*

Hamlet. Yea very well, y'are a fishmonger.

Corambis. Not I my Lord.

Hamlet. Then sir, I would you were so honest a man,
For to be honest, as this age goes,

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Is one man to be pickt out of tenne thousand.
Cormbis. What doe you reade my Lord? 2.2.191 (1229)
Hamlet. Wordes, wordes.
Corambis. What's the matter my Lord?
Hamlet. Betweene who?
Corambis. I meane the matter you reade my Lord.
Hamlet. Mary most vile heresie:
For here the Satyricall Satyre writes,
That olde men haue hollow eyes, weake backes,
Grey beardes, pittifull weake hammes, gowty legges,
All which sir, I most potently beleeue not:
For sir, your selfe shal be olde as I am,
If like a Crabbe, you could goe backeward. 2.2.203 (1241)
Corambis. How pregnant his replies are, and full of wit:
Yet at first he tooke me for a fishmonger.
All this comes by loue, the vemencie of loue,
And when I was yong, I was very idle,
And suffered much extasie in loue, very neere this:
Will you walke out of the aire my Lord?
Hamlet. Into my graue.
Corambis. By the masse that's out of the aire indeed,
Very shrewd answers,
My lord I will take my leaue of you. 2.2.213 (1256)
Enter Gilderstone, and Rossencraft.
Hamlet. You can take nothing from me sir,
I will more willingly part with all,
Olde doating foole.
Corambis. You seeke Prince Hamlet, see, there he is. *exit.*
Gilderstone. Health to your Lordship.
Hamlet. What, Gilderstone, and Rossencraft,
Welcome kinde Schoole-fellowes to *Elsanoure.*
Gilderstone. We thanke your Grace, and would be very glad
You were as when we were at *Wittenberg.*
Hamlet. I thanke you, but is this visitation free of 2.2.275 (1322)
Your selues, or were you not sent for?
Tell me true, come, I know the good King and Queene
Sent for you, there is a kinde of confession in your eye:
Come, I know you were sent for.
Gilderstone. What say you? 2.2.289 (1336)
Hamlet. Nay then I see how the winde sits,
Come, you were sent for.
Rossencraft. My lord, we were, and willingly if we might,
Know the cause and ground of your discontent.
Hamlet. Why I want preferment.
Rossencraft. I thinke not so my lord.

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Hamlet. Yes faith, this great world you see contents me not,
No nor the spangled heauens, nor earth nor sea,
No nor Man that is so glorious a creature,
Contents not me, no nor woman too, though you laugh.
Gilderstone. My lord, we laugh not at that.
Hamlet. Why did you laugh then,
When I said, Man did not content mee?
Gilderstone. My Lord, we laughed, when you said, Man did not
content you.
What entertainement the Players shall haue,
We boorded them a the way: they are comming to you.
Hamlet. Players, what Players be they?
Rossencraft. My Lord, the Tragedians of the Citty, 2.2.328 (1375)
Those that you tooke delight to see so often.
Hamlet. How comes it that they trauell? Do they grow restie?
Gilderstone. No my Lord, their reputation holds as it was wont.
Hamlet. How then?
Gilderstone. Yfaith my Lord, noueltie carries it away,
For the principall publike audience that
Came to them, are turned to priuate playes,
And to the humour of children.
Hamlet. I doe not greatly wonder of it,
For those that would make mops and moes 2.2.364 (1410)
At my vncle, when my father liued,
Now giue a hundred, two hundred pounds
For his picture: but they shall be welcome,
He that playes the King shall haue tribute of me, 2.2.320 (1367)
The ventrous Knight shall vse his foyle and target,
The louer shall sigh gratis,
The clowne shall make them laugh
That are tickled in the lungs, or the blanke verse shall halt for't,
And the Lady shall haue leaue to speake her minde freely.
The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.
Do you see yonder great baby? 2.2.382 (1430)
He is not yet out of his swadling clowts.
Gilderstone. That may be, for they say an olde man
Is twice a childe.
Hamlet. Ile prophecie to you, hee comes to tell mee a the Players,
You say true, a monday last, t'was so indeede.
Corambis. My lord, I haue news to tell you.
Hamlet. My Lord, I haue newes to tell you: 2.2.390 (1438)
When *Rossios* was an Actor in *Rome.*
Corambis. The Actors are come hither, my lord.
Hamlet. Buz, buz.
Corambis. The best Actors in Christendome,

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Either for Comedy, Tragedy, Historie, Pastorall,
Pastorall, Historicall, Historicall, Comicall,
Comicall historicall, Pastorall, Tragedy historicall:
Seneca cannot be too heauy, nor *Plato* too light: 2.2.400 (1448)
For the law hath writ those are the onely men.

Hamlet. O *Iepha* Iudge of *Israel*! what a treasure hadst thou?

Corambis. Why what a treasure had he my lord?

Hamlet. Why one faire daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

Corambis. A, stil harping a my daughter! well my Lord, 2.2.409 (1456)
If you call me *Iepha*, I hane a daughter that
I loue passing well.

Hamlet. Nay that followes not.

Corambis. What followes then my Lord?

Hamlet. Why by lot, or God wot, or as it came to passe,
And so it was, the first verse of the godly Ballet
Wil let you all: for look you where my abridgement comes:
Welcome maisters, welcome all, *Enter players.*
What my olde friend, thy face is vallanced
Since I saw thee last, com'st thou to beard me in *Denmarke*?
My yong lady and mistris, burlady but your you were:
Ladiship is growne by the altitude of a chopine higher than
Pray God sir your voyce, like a peece of vncurrant
Golde, be not crack't in the ring: come on maisters,
Weele euen too't, like French Falconers, 2.2.430 (1475)
Flie at any thing we see, come, a taste of your
Quallitie, a speech, a passionate speech.

Players. What speech my good lord?

Hamlet. I heard thee speake a speech once,
But it was neuer acted: or if it were,
Neuer aboue twice, for as I remember,
It pleased not the vulgar, it was cauiary
To the million: but to me
And others, that received it in the like kinde,
Cried in the toppe of their iudgements, an excellent play,
Set downe with as great modestie as cunning: 2.2.440 (1484)
One said there was no sallets in the lines to make thẽ sauory,
But called it an honest methode, as wholesome as sweete.
Come, a speech in it I chiefly remember
Was *Æneas* tale to *Dido*,
And then especially where he talkes of Princes slaughter,
If it liue in thy memory beginne at this line,
Let me see.
The rugged *Pyrrus*, like th'arganian beast: 2.2.450 (1492)
No t'is not so, it begins with *Pirrus*:

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O I haue it.
The rugged *Pirrus*, he whose sable armes,
Blacke as his purpose did the night resemble,
When he lay couched in the ominous horse,
Hath now his blacke and grimme complexion smeered
With Heraldry more dismall, head to foote,
Now is he totall guise, horridely tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sonnes,
Back't and imparched in calagulate gore, 2.2.459 (1501)
Rifted in earth and fire, olde graandsire *Pryam* seekes:
So goe on.

Corambis. Afore God, my Lord, well spoke, and with good accent.

Player. Anone he finds him striking too short at Greeks,
His antike sword rebellious to his Arme, 2.2.470 (1511)
Lies where it falles, vnable to resist.
Pyrrus at *Pryam* driues, but all in rage,
Strikes wide, but with the whiffe and winde
Of his fell sword, th'unnerued father falles.

Corambis. Enough my friend, t'is too long.

Hamlet. It shall to the Barbers with your beard:
A pox, hee's for a Iigge, or a tale of bawdry, 2.2.500 (1540)
Or else he sleepes, come on to *Hecuba*, come.

Player. But who, O who had seene the mobled Queene?

Corambis. Mobled Queene is good, faith very good.

Player. All in the alarum and feare of death rose vp,
And o're her weake and all ore-teeming loynes, a blancket
And a kercher on that head, where late the diademe stoode,
Who this had seene with tongue inuenom'd speech,
Would treason haue pronounced,
For if the gods themselues had seene her then,
When she saw *Pirrus* with malitious strokes,
Mincing her husbandes limbs,
It would haue made milch the burning eyes of heauen,
And passion in the gods.

Corambis. Looke my lord if he hath not changde his colour,
And hath teares in his eyes: no more good heart, no more.

Hamlet. T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord,
Will you see the Players well bestowed,
I tell you they are the Chronicles
And briefe abstracts of the time,
After your death I can tell you,
You were better haue a bad Epiteeth,
Then their ill report while you liue.

Corambis. My lord, I will vse them according to their deserts.

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Hamlet. O farre better man, vse euery man after his deserts,
Then who should scape whipping?
Vse them after your owne honor and dignitie,
The lesse they deserue, the greater credit's yours.
Corambis. Welcome my good fellowes. *exit.*
Hamlet. Come hither maisters, can you not play the murder of *Gonsago*?
Players. Yes my lord. 2.2.539 (1579)
Hamlet. And could'st not thou for a neede study me
Some dozen or sixteene lines,
Which I would set downe and insert?
Players. Yes very easily my good Lord.
Hamlet. T'is well, I thanke you: follow that lord:
And doe you heare sirs? take heede you mocke him not.
Gentlemen, for your kindnes I thanke you,
And for a time I would desire you leaue me.
Gilderstone. Our loue and duetie is at your commaund.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Hamlet. Why what a dunghill idiote slaue am I? 2.2.550 (1590)
Why these Players here draw water from eyes:
For Hecuba, why what is Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
What would he do and if he had my losse?
His father murdred, and a Crowne bereft him,
He would turne all his teares to droppes of blood,
Amaze the standers by with his laments,
Strike more then wonder in the iudiciall eares,
Confound the ignorant, and make mute the wise, 2.2.565 (1605)
Indeede his passion would be generall.
Yet I like to an asse and Iohn a Dreames,
Hauing my father murdred by a villaine,
Stand still, and let it passe, why sure I am a coward:
Who pluckes me by the beard, or twites my nose,
Giue's me the lie i'th throate downe to the lungs,
Sure I should take it, or else I haue no gall,
Or by this I should a fatted all the region kites
With this slaues offell, this damned villaine, 2.2.580 (1620)
Treacherous, bawdy, murderous villaine:
Why this is braue, that I the sonne of my deare father,
Should like a scalion, like a very drabbe
Thus raile in wordes. About my braine,
I haue heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play,
Hath, by the very cunning of the scene, confest a murder
Committed long before.
This spirit that I haue seene may be the Diuell,
And out of my weakenesse and my melancholy, 2.2.601 (1641)

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As he is very potent with such men,
Doth seeke to damne me, I will haue sounder proofes,
The play's the thing,
Wherein I'le catch the conscience of the King. *exit.*

Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.

King. Lordes, can you by no meanes finde 3.1.1 (1648)
The cause of our sonne Hamlets lunacie?
You being so neere in loue, euen from his youth,
Me thinkes should gaine more than a stranger should.
Gilderstone. My lord, we haue done all the best we could,
To wring from him the cause of all his griefe,
But still he puts vs off, and by no meanes
Would make an answere to that we exposde.
Rossencraft. Yet was he something more inclin'd to mirth
Before we left him, and I take it,
He hath giuen order for a play to night, 3.1.20 (1668)
At which he craues your highnesse company.
King. With all our heart, it likes vs very well:
Gentlemen, seeke still to increase his mirth,
Spare for no cost, our coffers shall be open,
And we vnto your selues will still be thankefull.
Both. In all wee can, be sure you shall commaund.
Queene. Thankes gentlemen, and what the Queene of *Denmarke*
May pleasure you, be sure you shall not want.
Gilderstone. Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince.
King. Thanks to you both: Gertred you'l see this play.
Queene. My lord I will, and it ioyes me at the soule
He is inclin'd to any kinde of mirth. 3.1.25 (1674)
Corambis. Madame, I pray be ruled by me:
And my good Soueraigne, giue me leaue to speake,
We cannot yet finde out the very ground
Of his distemperance, therefore
I holde it meete, if so it please you,
Else they shall not meete, and thus it is.
King. What i'st *Corambis*?
Corambis. Mary my good lord this, soone when the sports are done,
Madam, send you in haste to speake with him,
And I my selfe will stand behind the Arras, 3.1.184 (1841)
There question you the cause of all his griefe,
And then in loue and nature vnto you, hee'le tell you all:
My Lord, how thinke you on't?
King. It likes vs well, Gerterd, what say you?
Queene. With all my heart, soone will I send for him.

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Corambis. My selfe will be that happy messenger,
Who hopes his griefe will be reueal'd to her. *exeunt omnes.*

Enter Hamlet and the Players.

Hamlet. Pronounce me this speech trippingly a the tongue 3.2.1 (1849)
as I taught thee,
Mary and you mouth it, as a many of your players do
I'de rather heare a towne bull bellow,
Then such a fellow speake my lines.
Nor do not saw the aire thus with your hands,
But giue euery thing his action with temperance.
O it offends mee to the soule, to heare a rebustious periwig fellow,
To teare a passion in totters, into very ragges, 3.2.10 (1858)
To split the eares of the ignorant, who for the
Most parte are capable of nothing but dumbe shewes and noises,
I would haue such a fellow whipt, for o're doing, tarmagant
It out, Herodes Herod.

Players. My Lorde, wee haue indifferently reformed that
among vs.

Hamlet. The better, the better, mend it all together:
There be fellowes that I haue seene play,
And heard others commend them, and that highly too,
That hauing neither the gate of Christian, Pagan,
Nor Turke, haue so strutted and bellowed,
That you would a thought, some of Natures journeymen
Had made men, and not made them well,
They imitated humanitie, so abhominable:
Take heede, auoyde it.

Players. I warrant you my Lord.

Hamlet. And doe you heare? let not your Clowne speake
More then is set downe, there be of them I can tell you
That will laugh themselues, to set on some
Quantitie of barren spectators to laugh with them,
Albeit there is some necessary point in the Play
Then to be obserued: O t'is vile, and shewes
A pittifull ambition in the foole that vseth it.
And then you haue some agen, that keepes one sute
Of ieasts, as a man is knowne by one sute of
Apparell, and Gentlemen quotes his feasts downe
In their tables, before they come to the play, as thus:
Cannot you stay till I eate my porrige? and, you owe me
A quarters wages: and, my coate wants a cullison:
And, your beere is sowre: and, blabbering with his lips,
And thus keeping in his cinkapase of ieasts,
When, God knows, the warme Clowne cannot make a iest

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Vnlesse by chance, as the blinde man catcheth a hare:
Maisters tell him of it.

Players. We will my Lord.

Hamlet. Well, goe make you ready. *exeunt players.*

Horatio. Heere my Lord.

Hamlet. *Horatio*, thou art euen as iust a man,
As e're my conversation cop'd withall. 3.2.55 (1905)

Horatio. O my lord!

Hamlet. Nay why should I flatter thee?
Why should the poore be flattered?
What gaine should I receive by flattering thee,
That nothing hath but thy good minde?
Let flattery sit on those time-pleasing tongs,
To glose with them that loues to heare their praise,
And not with such as thou *Horatio.*
There is a play to night, wherein one Sceane they haue
Comes very neere the murder of my father,
When thou shalt see that Act afoote,
Marke thou the King, doe but obserue his lookes,
For I mine eies will riuet to his face:
And if he doe not bleach, and change at that,
It is a damned ghost that we haue seene. 3.2.82 (1933)
Horatio, haue a care, obserue him well.

Horatio. My lord, mine eies shall still be on his face,
And not the smallest alteration
That shall appeare in him, but I shall note it.

Hamlet. Harke, they come.

Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords.

King. How now son *Hamlet*, how fare you, shall we haue a play?

Hamlet. Yfaith the Camelions dish, not capon cramm'd,
feede a the ayre.
I father: My lord, you playd in the Vniuersitie.

Corambis. That I did my L: and I was counted a good actor.

Hamlet. What did you enact there?

Corambis. My lord, I did act *Iulius Cæsar*, I was killed 3.2.100 (1955)
in the Capitoll, *Brutus* killed me.

Hamlet. It was a brute parte of him,
To kill so capitall a calfe.
Come, be these Players ready?

Queene. Hamlet come sit downe by me.

Hamlet. No by my faith mother, heere's a mettle more attractiue:
Lady will you giue me leaue, and so forth:
To lay my head in your lappe?

Ofelia. No my Lord.

Hamlet. Vpon your lap, what do you thinke I meant contrary matters?

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Enter in a Dumbe Shew, the King and the Queene, he sits downe in an Arbor, she leaues him: Then enters Lucianus with poyson in a Vialll, and powres it in his eares, and goes away: Then the Queene commeth and findes him dead: and goes away with the other.

Ofelia. What meanes this my Lord? *Enter the Prologue.*
Hamlet. This is myching Mallico, that meanes my chiefe.
Ofelia. What doth this meane my lord?
Hamlet. you shall heare anone, this fellow will tell you all.
Ofelia. Will he tell vs what this shew meanes?
Hamlet. I, or any shew you'le shew him,
Be not afeard to shew, hee'le not be afeard to tell:
O these Players cannot keepe counsell, thei'le tell all.
Prologue. For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere stowpiug to your clemencie, 3.2.150 (2018)
We begge your hearing patiently.
Hamlet. I'st a prologue, or a poesie for a ring?
Ofelia. T'is short my Lord.
Hamlet. As womens loue.

Enter the Duke and Dutchesse

Duke. Full fortie yeares are past, their date is gone, 3.2.154 (2024)
Since happy time ioyn'd both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthfull veines,
Runnes weakely in their pipes, and all the straines
Of musicke, which whilome pleasde mine eare,
Is now a burthen that Age cannot beare:
And therefore sweete Nature must pay his due,
To heauen must I, and leaue the earth with you. 3.2.173 (2040)
Dutchesse. O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,
When death takes you, let life from me depart.
Duke. Content thy selfe, when ended is my date,
Thon maist (perchance) haue a more noble mate,
More wise, more youthfull, and one.
Dutchesse. O speake no more, for then I am accurst,
None weds the second, but she kils the first: 3.2.180 (2048)
A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
Hamlet. O wormewood, wormewood!
Duke. I doe beleeue you sweete, what now you speake,
But what we doe determine oft we breake, 3.2.187 (2055)
For our demises stil are ouerthrowne, 3.2.212 (2080)
Our thoughts are ours, their end's none of our owne:
So thinke you will no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
Dutchesse. Both here and there pursue me lasting strife, 3.2.222 (2088)

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If once a widdow, euer I be wife.
Hamlet. If she should breake now.
Duke. T'is deepely sworne, sweete leaue me here a while,
My spirites growe dull, and faine I would beguile the tedious time with sleepe.
Dutchesse. Sleepe rocke thy braine,
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *exit Lady*
Hamlet. Madam, how do you like this play?
Queene. The Lady protests too much. 3.2.230 (2098)
Hamlet. O but shee'le keepe her word.
King. Haue you heard the argument, is there no offence in it?
Hamlet. No offence in the world, poyson in iest, poison in iest.
King. What do you call the name of the play?
Hamlet. Mouse-trap: mary how trapically: this play is
The image of a murder done in *guyana*, *Albertus*
Was the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*,
Father, it is a knauish peece a worke: but what 3.2.240 (2108)
A that, it toucheth not vs, you and I that haue free
Soules, let the galld iade wince, this is one
Luciamus nephew to the King.
Ofelia. Ya're as good as a *Chorus* my lord. 3.2.245 (2113)
Hamlet. I could interpret the loue you beare, if I sawe the poopies dallying.
Ofelia. Y'are very pleasant my lord.
Hamlet. Who I, your onlie jig-maker, why what shoulde a man do but be merry? for looke how cheerefully my mother lookes, my father died within these two houres.
Ofelia. Nay, t'is twice two months, my Lord.
Hamlet. Two months, nay then let the diuell weare blacke,
For i'le haue a sute of Sables: Iesus, two months dead,
And not forgotten yet? nay then there's some
Likelyhood, a gentlemans death may outliue memorie,
But by my faith hee must build churches then,
Or els hee must follow the olde Epitithe,
With hoh, with ho, the hobi-horse is forgot. 3.2.135 (1989)
Ofelia. Your iests are keene my Lord. 3.2.248 (2116)
Hamlet. It would cost you a groning to take them off.
Ofelia. Still better and worse.
Hamlet. So you must take your husband, begin. Murdred
Begin, a poxe, leaue thy damnable faces and begin,
Come, the croking rauen doth bellow for reuenge.
Murderer. Thoughts blacke, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing.
Confederate season, else no creature seeing:
Thou mixture rancke, of midnight weedes collected,

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With *Hecates* bane thrise blasted, thrise infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,
One wholesome life vsurps immediately. *exit.*

Hamlet. He poysons him for his estate.
King. Lights, I will to bed. 3.2.270 (2141)
Corambis. The king rises, lights hoe.
Exeunt King and Lordes.
Hamlet. What, frighted with false fires? 3.2.266 (2137)
Then let the stricken deere goe weepe, 3.2.271 (2143)
The Hart vngalled play,
For some must laugh, while some must weepe,
Thus runnes the world away.
Horatio. The king is mooued my lord.
Hamlet. I *Horatio*, i'le take the Ghosts word 3.2.286 (2158)
For more then all the coyne in *Denmarke.*

Enter Rossencraft and Gilderstone.

Rossencraft. Now my lord, how i'st with you?
Hamlet. And if the king like not the tragedy, 3.2.293 (2165)
Why then belike he likes it not perdy.
Rossencraft. We are very glad to see your grace so pleasant,
My good lord, let vs againe intreate
To know of you the ground and cause of your distemperature
Gilderstone. My lord, your mother craues to speake with you. 3.2.331 (2201)
Hamlet. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.
Rossencraft. But my good Lord, shall I intreate thus much?
Hamlet. I pray will you play vpon this pipe? 3.2.350 (2221)
Rossencraft. Alas my lord I cannot.
Hamlet. Pray will you.
Gilderstone. I haue no skill my Lord.
Hamlet. why looke, it is a thing of nothing,
T'is but stopping of these holes,
And with a little breath from your lips,
It will giue most delicate musick. 3.2.359 (2230)
Gilderstone. But this cannot wee do my Lord.
Hamlet. Pray now, pray hartily, I beseech you.
Rossencraft. My lord wee cannot.
Hamlet. Why how vnworthy a thing would you make of me?
You would seeme to know my stops, you would play vpon mee
You would search the very inward part of my hart,
And diue into the secreet of my soule.
Zownds do you thinke I am easier to be pla'yd 3.2.370 (2240)
On, then a pipe? call mee what Instrument
You will, though you can frett mee, yet you can not

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Play vpon mee, besides, to be demanded by a spunge.
Rossencraft. How a spunge my Lord?
Hamlet. I sir, a spunge, that sokes vp the kings
Countenance, fauours, and rewardes, that makes
His liberalitie your store house: but such as you,
Do the king, in the end, best seruise;
For hee doth keep you as an Ape doth nuttes,
In the corner of his Iaw, first mouthes you,
Then swallowes you: so when hee hath need
Of you, t'is but squeesing of you,
And spunge, you shall be dry againe, you shall. 4.2.20 (2649)
Rossencraft. Wel my Lord wee'le take our leaue.
Hamlet. Farewell, farewell, God blesse you.
Exit Rossencraft and Gilderstone.

Enter Corambis

Corambis. My lord, the Queene would speake with you. 3.2.374 (2245)
Do you see yonder clowd in the shape of a camell?
Corambis. T'is like a camell in deed.
Hamlet. Now me thinkes it's like a weasel.
Corambis. T'is back't like a weasell.
Hamlet. Or like a whale.
Corambis. Very like a whale. *exit Coram.*
Hamlet. Why then tell my mother i'le come by and by. 3.2.383 (2254)
Good night *Horatio.*
Horatio. Good night vnto your Lordship. *exit Horatio.*
Hamlet. My mother she hath sent to speake with me:
O God, let ne're the heart of *Nero* enter
This soft bosome.
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall. 3.2.395 (2266)
I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,
To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent. *exit.*
Enter the King.
King. O that this wet that falles vpon my face
Would wash the crime cleere from my conscience!
When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespasse,
The earth doth still crie out vpon my fact,
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:
O these are sinnes that are vnpardonable:
Why say thy sinnes were blacker then is ieat,
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe: 3.3.46 (2322)
I but still to perseuer in a sinne,
It is an act gainst the vniuersall power,
Most wretched uuan, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer,

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Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

hee kneeles. *enters Hamlet*

Hamlet. I so, come forth and worke thy last,
And thus hee dies: and so am I revenged: 3.3.75 (2352)
No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping, his sins brim full,
And how his soule stoode to the state of heauen
Who knowes, saue the immortall powres,
And shall I kill him now,
When he is purging of his soule? 3.3.85 (2361)
Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,
And not revenge: no, get thee vp agen,
When hee's at game swaring, taking his carowse, drinking drunke,
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,
Or at some act that hath no relish
Of saluation in't, then trip him
That his heeles may kicke at heauen,
And fall as lowe as hel: my mother stayes, 3.3.95 (2370)
This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. *exit Ham.*

King. My wordes fly vp, my sinnes romaine below.
No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. *exit King.*

Enter Queene and Corambis.

Corambis. Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming, 3.4.7 (2383)
I'le shrowde my selfe behinde the Arras. *exit Cor.*

Queene. Do so my Lord.

Hamlet. Mother, mother, O are you here?
How i'st with you mother?

Queene. How i'st with you?

Hamlet. I'le tell you, but first weele make all safe.

Queene. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Hamlet. Mother, you haue my father much offended. 3.4.10 (2387)

Queene. How now boy?

Hamlet. How now mother! come here, sit downe, for you
shall heare me speake.

Queene. What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me: 3.4.21 (2401)
Helpe hoe.

Corambis. Helpe for the Queene.

Hamlet. I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.
Rash intruding foole, farewell,
I tooke thee for thy better.

Queene. Hamlet, what hast thou done?

Hamlet. Not so much harme, good mother,
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queene. How! kill a king! 3.4.30 (2411)

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Hamlet. I a King: nay sit you downe, and ere you part,
If you be made of penitrable stuffe,
I'le make your eyes looke downe into your heart,
And see how horride there and blacke it shews.
Queene. Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing words?
Hamlet. Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture, 3.4.53 (2437)
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,
See here a face, to outface *Mars* himselfe,
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,
A front wherin all vertues are set downe
For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,
Whose heart went hand in hand euen with that vow,
He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murdred, damnably murdred, this was your husband,
Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a face like *Vulcan.*
A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred eie,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this same haue you left to change with this.
What Diuell thus hath cosoned you at hob-man blinde?
A! haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That slew my father, and your deere husband,
To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?
Queene. O Hamlet, speake no more. 3.4.88 (2464)
Hamlet. To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,
For a king of clowts, of very shreads.
Queene. Sweete Hamlet cease.
Hamlet. Nay but still to persist and dwell in sinne,
To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
To make increase of shame, to seale damnation.
Queene. Hamlet, no more. 3.4.101 (2481)
Hamlet. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backeward now from whence it came,
Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?
Queene. Hamlet, thou cleaues my heart in twaine. 3.4.156 (2540)
Hamlet. O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the better.

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Saue me, saue me, you gratious 3.4.103 (2484)
Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,
With your celestiall wings.
Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,

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That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittifull
Lest that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,
And euery part that should assist revenge,
Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pitty.

Ghost. Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,
To put thee in remembrance of my death:
Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off. 3.4.110 (2490)
But I perceive by thy distracted lookes,
Thy mother's fearefull, and she stands amazde:
Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

Hamlet. How i'st with you Lady?

Queene. Nay, how i'st with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie, 3.4.117 (2498)
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

Hamlet. Why doe you nothing heare?

Queene. Not I.

Hamlet. Nor doe you nothing see?

Queene. No neither.

Hamlet. No, why see the king my father, my father, in the habite
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,
See how he steales away out of the Portall, 3.4.136 (2519)
Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost.*

Queene. Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts griefe:
But as I haue a soule, I sweare by heauen,
I neuer knew of this most horride murder
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,
And for my loue forget these idle fits.

Hamlet. Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours, 3.4.140 (2523)
It is not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet.
O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,
Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,
And win your selfe by little as you may,
In time it may be you wil lothe him quite:
And mother, but assist mee in reuenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.

Queene. *Hamlet*, I vow by that majesty,
That knowes our thoughts, and lookes into our hearts,
I will conceale, consent, and doe my best,
What stratagem soe're thou shalt deuise.

Hamlet. It is enough, mother good night:
Come sir, I'le prouide for you a graue,
Who was in life a foolish prating knaue. 3.4.215 (2582)

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Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the King and Lordes.

King. Now Gertred, what sayes our sonne, how doe you finde him? 4.1.6 (2592)

Queene. Alas my lord, as raging as the sea:
Whenas he came, I first bespake him faire,
But then he throwes and tosses me about,
As one forgetting that I was his mother:
At last I called for help: and as I cried, *Corambis*
Call'd, which Hamlet no sooner heard, but whips me
Out his rapier, and cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good olde man he killes.

King. Why this his madnesse will vndoe our state.
Lordes goe to him, inquire the body out. 4.1.36 (2624)

Gilderstone. We will my Lord. *Exeunt Lordes.*

King. Gertred, your sonne shall presently to England,
His shipping is already furnished,
And we haue sent by *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone*,
Our letters to our deare brother of England,
For Hamlets welfare and his happinesse:
Happly the aire and climate of the Country
May please him better than his natiue home:
See where he comes.

Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.

Gilderstone. My lord, we can by no meanes
Know of him where the body is. 4.3.12 (2674)

King. Now sonne Hamlet, where is this dead body?

Hamlet. At supper, not where he is eating, but
Where he is eaten, a certaine company of politicke wormes
are euen now at him.
Father, your fatte King, and your leane Beggar
Are but variable seruices, two dishes to one messe:
Looke you, a man may fish with that worme
That hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eate that fish,
Which that worme hath caught.

King. What of this?

Hamlet. Nothing father, but to tell you, how a King
May go a progresse through the guttes of a Beggar. 4.3.30 (2692)

King. But sonne *Hamlet*, where is this body?

Hamlet. In heau'n, if you chance to misse him there,
Father, you had best looke in the other partes below
For him, and if you cannot finde him there,

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You may chance to nose him as you go vp the lobby.
King. Make haste and finde him out.
Hamlet. Nay doe you heare? do not make too much haste,
I'le warrant you hee'le stay till you come. 4.3.39 (2700)
King. Well sonne *Hamlet*, we in care of you: but specially
in tender preservation of your health,
The which we price euen as our proper selfe,
It is our minde you forthwith goe for *England*,
The winde sits faire, you shall aboorde to night,
Lord *Rossencraft* and *Gilderstone* shall goe along with you.
Hamlet. O with all my heart: farewel mother.
King. Your louing father, Hamlet. 4.3.50 (2714)
Hamlet. My mother I say: you married my mother,
My mother is your wife, man and wife is one flesh,
And so (my mother) farewel: for England hoe.

exeunt all but the king.

King. Gertred, leaue me,
And take your leaue of *Hamlet*,
To England is he gone, ne're to returne:
Our Letters are vnto the King of England, 4.3.64 (2729)
That on the sight of them, on his allegeance,
He presently without demaunding why,
That *Hamlet* loose his head, for he must die,
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see:
He once being dead, why then our state is free. *exit.*

Enter Fortenbrasse, Drumme and Souldiers.

Fortenbrasse. Captaine, from vs goe greete 4.4.1 (2735)
The king of Denmarke:
Tell him that *Fortenbrasse* nephew to old *Norway*,
Craues a free passe and conduct ouer his land,
According to the Articles agreed on:
You know our Randevous, goe march away. *exeunt all.*

enter King and Queene.

King. *Hamlet* is ship't for England, fare him well,
I hope to heare good newes from thence ere long,
If euery thing fall out to our content,
As I doe make no doubt but so it shall.
Queene. God grant it may, heau'ns keep my *Hamlet* safe:
But this mischance of olde *Corambis* death,
Hath piersed so the yong *Ofeliaes* heart,

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That she, poore maide, is quite bereft her wittes.

King. Alas deere heart! And on the other side,
We understand her brother's come from *France*, 4.5.88 (2825)
And he hath halfe the heart of all our Land,
And hardly hee'le forget his fathers death,
Vnlesse by some meanes he be pacified.

Queene. O see where the yong *Ofelia* is!

Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing.

Ofelia. How should I your true loue know 4.5.23 (2769)
From another man?
By his cockle hatte, and his staffe,
And his sandall shoone.
White his shrowde as mountaine snowe, 4.5.36 (2778)
Larded with sweete flowers,
That bewept to the graue did not goe
With true louers showers:
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, 4.5.29 (2773)
At his head a grasse greene turffe,
At his heeles a stone.

King. How i'st with you sweete *Ofelia*? 4.5.41 (2783)

Ofelia. Well God yeeld you.
It grieues me to see how they laid him in the cold ground,
I could not chuse but weepe:
And will he not come againe? 4.5.190 (2941)
And will he not come againe?
No, no, hee's gone, and we cast away mone,
And he neuer will come againe.
His beard as white as snowe:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moane:
God a mercy on his soule.
And of all christen soules I pray God. 4.5.200 (2949)
God be with you Ladies, God be with you. *exit Ofelia.*

King. A pretty wretch! this is a change indeede:
O Time, how swiftly runnes our ioyes away?
Content on earth was neuer certaine bred,
To day we laugh and liue, to morrow dead.
How now, what noyse is that?
A noyse within. enter Leartes.

Leartes. Stay there vntill I come,
O thou vilde king, giue me my father: 4.5.117 (2858)
Speake, say, where's my father?

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King. Dead.
Leartes. Who hath murdred him? speake, i'le not
Be juggled with, for he is murdred.
Queene. True, but not by him.
Leartes. By whome, by heau'n I'le be resolued.
King. Let him goe *Gertred*, away, I feare him not,
There's such diuinitie doth wall a king, 4.5.127 (2871)
That treason dares not looke on.
Let him goe *Gertred*, that your father is murdred,
T'is true, and we most sory for it,
Being the chiefest pillar of our state:
Therefore will you like a most desperate gamster,
Swoop-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?
Leartes. To his good friends thus wide I'le ope mine arms, 4.5.146 (2895)
And locke them in my hart, but to his foes,
I will no reconcilement but by bloud.
King. Why now you speake like a most louing sonne:
And that in soule we sorrow for for his death,
Your selfe ere long shall be a witnesse,
Meane while be patient, and content your selfe.
Enter Ofelia as before.
Leartes. Who's this, *Ofelia*? O my deere sister!
I'st possible a yong maides life,
Should be as mortall as an olde mans sawe? 4.5.160 (2912)
O heau'ns themselves! how now *Ofelia*?
Ofelia. Wel God a mercy, I a bin gathering of floures:
Here, here is rew for you,
You may call it hearb a grace a Sundayes,
Heere's some for me too: you must weare your rew
With a difference, there's a dazie.
Here Loue, there's rosemary for you 4.5.175 (2927)
For remembrance: I pray Loue remember,
And there's pansey for thoughts.
Leartes. A document in madnes, thoughts, remembrance:
O God, O God!
Ofelia. There is fennell for you, I would a giu'n you
Some violets, but they all withered, when 4.5.185 (2936)
My father died: alas, they say the owle was 4.5.42 (2784)
A Bakers daughter, we see what we are,
But can not tell what we shall be. 4.5.44 (2786)
For bonny sweete Robin is all my joy. 4.5.187 (2938)
Leartes. Thoughts & afflictions, torments worse than hell.
Ofelia. Nay Loue, I pray you make no words of this now:
I pray now, you shall sing a downe,
And you a downe a, t'is a the Kings daughter

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And the false steward, and if any body
Aske you of any thing, say you this.
To morrow is saint Valentines day,
All in the morning betime,
And a maide at your window, 4.5.50 (2791)
To be your Valentine:
The yong man rose, and dan'd his clothes,
And dupt the chamber doore,
Let in the maide, that out a maide
Neuer departed more.
Nay I pray marke now,
By gisse, and by saint Charitie,
Away, and fie for shame:
Yong men will doo't when they come too't: 4.5.60 (2798)
By cocke they are too blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I a done, by yonder Sunne,
If thou hadst not come to my bed.
So God be with you all, God bwy Ladies.
God bwy you Loue. *exit Ofelia.*

Leartes. Griefe vpon griefe, my father murdered,
My sister thus distracted:
Cursed be his soule that wrought this wicked act.

King. Content you good Leartes for a time,
Although I know your griefe is as a floud,
Brimme full of sorrow, but forbeare a while,
And thinke already the reuenge is done
On him that makes you such a haplesse sonne.

Leartes. You haue preuail'd my Lord, a while I'le striue,
To bury griefe within a tombe of wrath,
Which once vnhearsed, then the world shall heare
Leartes had a father he held deere.

King. No more of that, ere many dayes be done,
You shall heare that you do not dreame vpon. *exeunt om.*

Enter Horatio and the Queene.

Horatio. Madame, your sonne is safe arriv'de in *Denmarke*,
This letter I euen now receiv'd of him,
Whereas he writes how he escap't the danger,
And subtle treason that the king had plotted,
Being crossed by the contention of the windes,
He found the Packet sent to the king of *England*, 5.2.15 (3515)
Wherein he saw himselfe betray'd to death,
As at his next conuersion with your grace,
He will relate the circumstance at full.

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Queene. Then I perceive there's treason in his lookes
That seem'd to sugar o're his villanie:
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous mindes are alwayes jealous,
But know not you *Horatio* where he is?
Horatio. Yes Madame, and he hath appoynted me
To meete him on the east side of the Cittie
To morrow morning.
Queene. O faile not, good *Horatio*, and withall, commend me
A mothers care to him, bid him a while
Be wary of his presence, lest that he
Faile in that he goes about.
Horatio. Madam, neuer make doubt of that:
I thinke by this the news be come to court:
He is arriv'de, obserue the king, and you shall
Quickely finde, *Hamlet* being here,
Things fell not to his minde.
Queene. But what became of *Gilderstone* and *Rossencraft*?
Horatio. He being set ashore, they went for *England*,
And in the Packet there writ down that doome
To be perform'd on them poynted for him:
And by great chance he had his fathers Seale, 5.2.49 (3552)
So all was done without discouerie.
Queene. Thankes be to heauen for blessing of the prince,
Horatio once againe I take my leaue,
With thowsand mothers blessings to my sonne.
Horatio. Madam adue.

Enter King and Leartes.

King. Hamlet from *England!* is it possible?
What chance is this? they are gone, and he come home.
Leartes. O he is welcome, by my soule he is:
At it my jocund heart doth leape for joy,
That I shall liue to tell him, thus he dies. 4.7.56 (3066)
King. Leartes, content your selfe, be rulde by me,
And you shall haue no let for your revenge.
Leartes. My will, not all the world.
King. Nay but Leartes, marke the plot I haue layde,
I haue heard him often with a greedy wish,
Vpon some praise that he hath heard of you
Touching your weapon, which with all his heart,
He might be once tasked for to try your cunning.
Leartes. And how for this? 4.7.106 (3104)
King. Mary Leartes thus: I'le lay a wager,
Shalbe on *Hamlets* side, and you shall giue the oddes,
The which will draw him with a more desire,

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To try the maistry, that in twelue venies
You gaine not three of him: now this being granted,
When you are hot in midst of all your play,
Among the foyles shall a keene rapier lie,
Steeped in a mixture of deadly poyson,
That if it drawes but the least dramme of blood, 4.7.143 (3134)
In any part of him, he cannot liue:
This being done will free you from suspition,
And not the deerest friend that *Hamlet* lov'de
Will euer haue Leartes in suspect.

Leartes. My lord, I like it well:
But say lord *Hamlet* should refuse this match.

King. I'le warrant you, wee'le put on you
Such a report of singularitie,
Will bring him on, although against his will.
And lest that all should misse,
I'le haue a potion that shall ready stand,
In all his heate when that he calles for drinke, 4.7.159 (3150)
Shall be his period and our happinesse.

Leartes. T'is excellent, O would the time were come!
Here comes the Queene. *enter the Queene.*

King. How now Gertred, why looke you heauily?

Queene. O my Lord, the yong *Ofelia*
Hauing made a garland of sundry sortes of floures,
Sitting vpon a willow by a brooke, 4.7.166 (3158)
The enuious sprig broke, into the brooke she fell,
And for a while her clothes spread wide abroade,
Bore the yong Lady vp: and there she sate smiling,
Euen Mermaide-like, twixt heauen and earth,
Chaunting olde sundry tunes vncapable
As it were of her distresse, but long it could not be,
Till that her clothes, being heauy with their drinke,
Dragg'd the sweete wretch to death.

Leartes. So, she is drownde: 4.7.183 (3176)
Too much of water hast thou *Ofelia*,
Therefore I will not drowne thee in my teares,
Reuenge it is must yeeld this heart releese,
For woe begets woe, and griefe hangs on griefe. *exeunt.*
enter Clowne and an other.

Clowne. I say no, she ought not to be buried 5.1.1 (3190)
In christian buriall.

2. Why sir?

Clowne. Mary because shee's drownd.

2. But she did not drowne her selfe.

Clowne. No, that's certaine, the water drown'd her.

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2. Yea but it was against her will.
Clowne. No, I deny that, for looke you sir, I stand here,
If the water come to me, I drowne not my selfe: 5.1.18 (3207)
But if I goe to the water, and am there drown'd,
Ergo I am guiltie of my owne death:
Y'are gone, goe y'are gone sir.
2. I but see, she hath christian buriall,
Because she is a great woman.
Clowne. Mary more's the pitty, that great folke 5.1.26 (3215)
Should haue more authoritie to hang or drowne
Themselues, more than other people:
Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou
Goest, tell me one thing, who buildes strongest,
Of a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter? 5.1.42 (3231)
2. Why a Mason, for he buildes all of stone,
And will indure long.
Clowne. That's prety, too't agen, too't agen.
2. Why then a Carpenter, for he buildes the gallowes,
And that brings many a one to his long home.
Clowne. Prety agen, the gallowes doth well, mary howe
dooes it well? the gallowes dooes well to them that doe ill,
goe get thee gone:
And if any one aske thee hereafter, say,
A Graue-maker, for the houses he buildes
Last till Doomes-day. Fetch me a stope of beere, goe.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Clowne. A picke-axe and a spade, 5.1.94 (3285)
A spade for and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is, for t'will be made, *he throwes vp a shouel.*
For such a ghest most meete.
Hamlet. Hath this fellow any feeling of himselfe,
That is thus merry in making of a graue?
See how the slaue joles their heads against the earth.
Horatio. My lord, Custome hath made it in him seeme nothing.
Clowne. A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For and a winding sheete,
Most fit it is for to be made,
For such a ghest most meet.
Hamlet. Looke you, there's another *Horatio.*
Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer? 5.1.98 (3289)
Me thinkes he should indite that fellow
Of an action of Batterie, for knocking
Him about the pate with's shouel: now where is your
Quirkes and quillets now, your vouchers and
Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,

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And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarse
Holde the conueiance of his land, and must
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!
I prethee tell me *Horatio*,
Is parchment made of sheep-skinnes? 5.1.114 (3305)

Horatio. I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.
Hamlet. If aith they prooue themselues sheepe and calues
That deale with them, or put their trust in them.
There's another, why may not that be such a ones
Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,
When he meant to beg him? *Horatio*, I prethee
Lets question yonder fellow.
Now my friend, whose graue is this? 5.1.118 (3308)

Clowne. Mine sir.
Hamlet. But who must lie in it?
Clowne. If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat sir.
Hamlet. What man must be buried here?
Clowne. No man sir.
Hamlet. What woman?
Clowne. No woman neither sir, but indeede
One that was a woman. 5.1.135 (3326)

Hamlet. An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio*,
This seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pesant,
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,
How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?)

Clowne. I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corses,
He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner
Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.

Hamlet. And why a tanner?
Clowne. Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
Deuourer of your dead body, a great soaker.
Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
Let me see, I euer since our last king *Hamlet*
Slew *Fortenbrasse* in combat, yong *Hamlets* father,
Hee that's mad.

Hamlet. I mary, how came he madde? 5.1.156 (3346)
Clowne. Ifaith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.
Hamlet. Vpon what ground?
Clowne. A this ground, in *Denmarke.*
Hamlet. Where is he now?
Clowne. Why now they sent him to *England.*
Hamlet. To *England!* wherefore?

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Clowne. Why they say he shall haue his wittes there,
Or if he haue not, t'is no great matter there,
It will not be seene there.
Hamlet. Why not there?
Clowne. Why there they say the men are as mad as he. 5.1.155 (3344)
Hamlet. Whose scull was this? 5.1.175 (3363)
Clowne. This, a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,
He powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head,
Why do not you know him? this was one *Yorickes* scull.
Hamlet. Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore *Yoricke*
I knew him *Horatio*,
A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath carted mee twenty times
vpon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a
hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me: Wheres
your iests now *Yoricke*? your flashes of meriment: now go
to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch
thicke, to this she must come *Yoricke*. *Horatio*, I prethee
tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that *Alexander* looked
thus?
Horatio. Euen so my Lord.
Hamlet. And smelt thus?
Horatio. I my lord, no otherwise.
Hamlet. No, why might not imagination worke, as thus of
Alexander, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander*
became earth, of earth we make clay, and *Alexander* being
but clay, why might not time bring to passe, that he might
stoppe the boung hole of a beere barrell?
Imperious *Casar* dead and turnd to clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the winde away.
Enter King and Queene, Leartes, and other lordes,
with a Priest after the coffin.
Hamlet. What funerall's this that all the Court laments? 5.1.218 (3407)
It shews to be some noble parentage:
Stand by a while.
Leartes. What ceremony else? say, what ceremony else? 5.1.223 (3412)
Priest. My Lord, we haue done all that lies in vs,
And more than well the church can tolerate,
She hath had a Dirge sung for her maiden soule:
And but for fauour of the king, and you,
She had beene buried in the open fieldes,
Where now she is allowed christian buriall.
Leartes. So, I tell thee churlish Priest, a ministring Angell 5.1.240 (3431)
shall my sister be, when thou liest howling.
Hamlet. The faire *Ofelia* dead!
Queene. Sweetes to the sweete, farewell:

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I had thought to adorne thy bridale bed, faire maide,
And not to follow thee vnto thy graue.

Leartes. Forbeare the earth a while: sister farewell: 5.1.249 (3442)
Leartes leapes into the graue.
Now powre your earth on, *Olympus* hie,
And make a hill to o're top olde *Pellon*: *Hamlet leapes*
Whats he that coniures so? *in after Leartes*

Hamlet. Beholde tis I, *Hamlet* the Dane. 5.1.258 (3453)

Leartes. The diuell take thy soule.

Hamlet. O thou praiest not well,
I prethee take thy hand from off my throate,
For there is something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisedome feare, holde off thy hand:
I lou'de *Ofelia* as deere as twenty brothers could: 5.1.269 (3466)
Shew me what thou wilt doe for her:
Wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt pray,
Wilt drinke vp vessels, eate a crocadile? Ile doot:
Com'st thou here to whine?
And where thou talk'st of burying thee a liue,
Here let vs stand: and let them throw on vs. 5.1.280 (3477)
Whole hills of earth, till with the heighth therof,
Make Oosell as a Wart.

King. Forbeare *Leartes*, now is hee mad, as is the sea,
Anone as milde and gentle as a Doue:
Therfore a while giue his wilde humour scope.

Hamlet. What is the reason sir that you wrong mee thus? 5.1.289 (3488)
I neuer gaue you cause: but stand away,
A Cat will meaw, a Dog will haue a day.
Exit Hamlet and Horatio.

Queene. Alas, it is his madnes makes him thus,
And not his heart, *Leartes.*

King. My lord, t'is so: but wee'le no longer trifle,
This very day shall *Hamlet* drinke his last,
For presently we meane to send to him,
Therfore *Leartes* be in readynes.

Leartes. My lord, till then my soule will not bee quiet.

King. Come *Gertred*, wee'l haue *Leartes*, and our sonne,
Made friends and Louers, as befittes them both,
Euen as they tender vs, and loue their countrie.

Queene. God grant they may. *exeunt omnes.*
Enter Hamlet and Horatio

Hamlet. beleeue mee, it greeues mee much *Horatio*, 5.2.75 (3579)
That to *Leartes* I forgot my selfe:
For by my selfe me thinkes I feele his griefe,
Though there's a difference in each others wrong.

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Enter a Bragart Gentleman.

Horatio, but marke yon water-flie,
The Court knowes him, but hee knowes not the Court.

Gentleman. Now God saue thee, sweete prince *Hamlet.*
Hamlet. And you sir: foh, how the muske-cod smels!
Gentleman. I come with an embassage from his majesty to you 5.2.90 (3596)
Hamlet. I shall sir giue you attention:
By my troth me thinkes t'is very colde.
Gentleman. It is indeede very rawish colde.
Hamlet. T'is hot me thinkes.
Gentleman. Very swoltery hote: 5.2.100 (3605)
The King, sweete Prince, hath layd a wager on your side,
Six Barbary horse, against six french rapiers,
With all their acoutrements too, a the carriages:
In good faith they are very curiously wrought.
Hamlet. The cariages sir, I do not know what you meane.
Gentleman. The girdles, and hangers sir, and such like.
Hamlet. The worde had beene more cosin german to the
phrase, if he could haue carried the canon by his side,
And howe's the wager? I vnderstand you now.
Gentleman. Mary sir, that yong Leartes in twelue venies
At Rapier and Dagger do not get three oddes of you,
And on your side the King hath laide,
And desires you to be in readinesse.
Hamlet. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
I dare venture my skull: when must this be?
Gentleman. My Lord, presently, the king, and her maiesty,
With the rest of the best iudgement in the Court,
Are comming downe into the outward pallace.
Hamlet. Goe tell his maiestie, I wil attend him.
Gentleman. I shall deliuer your most sweet answer. *exit.*
Hamlet. You may sir, none better, for y'are spiced,
Else he had a bad nose could not smell a foole.
Horatio. He will disclose himselfe without inquirie.
Hamlet. Beleeue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the sodaine 5.2.213 (3662)
Very sore, all here about.
Horatio. My lord, forbeare the challenge then.
Hamlet. No *Horatio*, not I, if danger be now,
Why then it is not to come, theres a predestinate providence.
in the fall of a sparrow: heere comes the King. 5.2.220 (3669)

Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.

King. Now sonne *Hamlet*, we hane laid vpon your head,
And make no question but to haue the best.
Hamlet. Your maiestie bath laide a the weaker side.
King. We doubt it not, deliver them the foiles.

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Hamlet. First Leartes, heere's my hand and loue,
Protesting that I neuer wrongd *Leartes.* 5.2.233 (3685)
If *Hamlet* in his madnesse did amisse,
That was not *Hamlet*, but his madnes did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to *Leartes*,
I here proclaime was madnes, therefore lets be at peace,
And thinke I haue shot mine arrow o're the house,
And hurt my brother. 5.2.244 (3696)
Leartes. Sir I am satisfied in nature,
But in termes of honor I'le stand aloofe,
And will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder maisters of our time
I may be satisfied.
King. Giue them the foyles.
Hamlet. I'le be your foyle *Leartes*, these foyles 5.2.255 (3710)
Haue all a laught, come on sir: *a hit.*
Leartes No none. *Heere they play:*
Hamlet. Iudgement. 5.2.280 (3745)
Gentleman. A hit, a most palpable hit.
Leartes. Well, come againe. *They play againe.*
Hamlet. Another. Iudgement.
Leartes. I, I grant, a tuch, a tuch.
King. Here *Hamlet*, the king doth drinke a health to thee
Queene. Here *Hamlet*, take my napkin, wipe thy face.
King. Giue him the wine.
Hamlet. Set it by, I'le haue another bowt first,
I'le drinke anone.
Queene. Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinkes to thee.
Shee drinkes.
King. Do not drinke *Gertred*: O t'is the poysned cup! 5.2.290 (3760)
Hamlet. *Leartes* come, you dally with me,
I pray you passe with your most cunningst play.
Leartes. I! say you so? haue at you, 5.2.300 (3774)
Ile hit you now my Lord:
And yet it goes almost against my conscience.
Hamlet. Come on sir.

They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded,
Leartes falles downe, the Queene falles downe and dies.

King. Looke to the Queene. 5.2.303 (3780)
Queene. O the drinke, the drinke, *Hamlet*, the drinke.
Hamlet. Treason, ho, keepe the gates.
Lords. How ist my Lord *Leartes*?
Leartes. Euen as a coxcombe should,

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Foolishly slaine with my owne weapon:
Hamlet, thou hast not in thee halfe an houre of life,
The fatall Instrument is in thy hand.
Vnbated and invenomed: thy mother's poysned
That drinke was made for thee.

Hamlet. The poysned Instrument within my hand?
Then venome to thy venome, die damn'd villaine:
Come drinke, here lies thy vnion here. *The king dies.*

Leartes. O he is justly serued: 5.2.327 (3811)
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my loue: I doe forgive thee. *Leartes dies.*

Hamlet. And I thee, O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well.

Horatio. No, I am more an antike Roman, 5.2.341 (3826)
Then a Dane, here is some poison left.

Hamlet. Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe,
O fie *Horatio*, and if thou shouldst die,
What a scandale wouldst thou leaue behinde?
What tongue should tell the story of our deaths,
If not from thee? O my heart sinckes *Horatio*,
Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse:
Farewel *Horatio*, heauen receiue my soule. *Ham. dies.*

Enter Voltemar and the Ambassadors from England.
enter Fortenbrasse with his traine.

Fortenbrasse. Where is this bloudy sight? 5.2.362 (3854)

Horatio. If aught of woe or wonder you'ld behold,
Then looke vpon this tragicke spectacle.

Fortenbrasse. O imperious death! how many Princes
Hast thou at one draft bloudily shot to death?

Ambassadors. Our ambassie that we haue brought from *England*,
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most vnlooked for time! vnhappy country.

Horatio. Content your selues, Ile shew to all, the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy:
Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the State of the world be there:
Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde, 5.2.380 (3875)
That neuer mortall man could more vnfolde.

Fortenbrasse. I haue some rights of memory to this kingdome,
Which now to claime my leisure doth inuite mee:
Let foure of our chiefest Captaines 5.2.395 (3895)
Beare *Hamlet* like a souldier to his graue:
For he was likely, had he liued,
To a prou'd most royall.
Take vp the bodie, such a sight as this

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Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Finis

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Comments

Section 1 1.1.1-18 (1-25)

Q1 does not name the two Sentinels, but at 1.1.18 (24), Sentinel 1 refers to the other guard as "*Barnardo.*" Francisco's lines at 1.1.8-9 (12-13) about the "bitter cold" and being "sick at heart" do not appear in Q1. After Horatio and Marcellus enter in F1 and Q2 at (18), Francisco hears them, but does not appear to see them until 1.1.14 (19). F1 includes a heading for act and scene division, but Q2 and Q1 do not.

Section 2 1.1.18-30 (26-39)

The three texts are similar.

Section 3 1.1.30-39 (40-50)

The three texts are similar.

Section 4 1.1.40-51 (51-66)

The three texts are similar, but in Q1 the SD for the Ghost's exit appears three lines earlier at 1.1.50 (63).

Section 5 1.1.52-69 (67-85)

This section contains a textual crux at 1.1.63 (79). Q2 and Q1 read: "sleaded pollax." F1 reads: "sledded Pollax." Most modern editors emend the line to read: "sledded Polacks," as in a battle with Polish warriors in sleds on the ice. Others

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would retain the "Pollax," or pole-axe, a type of weapon used by men in armor, and emend the "sleaded/sledded" crux to "leaded" or "studded," as in a type of pole-axe: so that during the angry parle, King Hamlet could have struck his pole-axe on the ice. For more on this crux, see Jenkins, pages 425-7.

Section 6 1.1.70-79 (86-95)

The three texts are similar.

Section 7 1.1.79-107 (96-124)

The three texts are similar, but Q1is shorter. An interesting crux occurs at 1.1.98 (115). F1 reads: "Landlesse Resolutes," while Q2 and Q1 read: "lawelesse resolutes." Most editors choose "lawless."

Section 8 1.1.108-125 (124 + 1-124 + 18)

This section appears only in Q2. "Moth" from 1.1.108 (124 + 1) is usuually emended to "mote" as in a dust "mote" that troubles the "mind's eye."

Section 9 1.1.125-142 (125-141)

The three texts are similar, except for SD's. Q2 lacks an exit for the Ghost. Q1 shows the Ghost's exit two lines earlier than F1 at 1.1.141 (139).

Q2 contains two stage directions not found in F1 and Q1. In Q2 at 1.1.127-8 (127-8) a stage direction reads: "*It spreads his armes,*" which indicates that the Ghost reacts dramatically to Horatio's interference by spreading its/his arms. Or it may

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refer to Horatio's action in confronting the Ghost: "Ile crosse it," by spreading his arms to form a cross.

Q2 at 1.1.138-9 (135-6) reads: "*The cocke crowes.*" In all three texts at 1.1.147-160 (146-159), Horatio and Marcellus discuss the Ghost's reaction to the sound of the cock crowing. In the next scene, in all three texts, at 1.2.215-220 (408-413), when Horatio speaks to Hamlet, he describes the Ghost's reaction to the cock crowing. Therefore the Q2 sound effect may be correct for all three texts.

Section 10 1.1.143-175 (142-174)

The three texts are similar, but Q1 lacks an exit for Horatio and Marcellus.

Section 11 1.2 (175-178)

The SD for Hamlet's entrance is different in Q2. In F1 and Q1, Hamlet enters after the King and Queen, but before Polonius, according to his rank as Prince of Denmark. But in Q2, he enters after the court: "Cum Alijs," that is "with others," as if bringing up the rear of the procession, perhaps mixed in with lower court attendants, or simply alone, alienated from the royal entrance.

Polonius is listed as "*Counsaile*" only in Q2, and is named Corambis throughout Q1. Fear of insulting the founder of Oxford University, Robert Pullen, may have caused the Q1 text to substitute Corambis for Polonius. The title page to Q1 claims that the play was acted at both Cambridge and Oxford. For more on this substitution, see Hibbard, pages 74-5.

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Q1 specifies the entrance of the two Ambassadors, Voltemand and Cornelius, at the beginning of the scene with the rest of the court: "*and the two Ambassadors*" (178). They have a separate entrance in F1 at 1.2.26 (204). In Q2, the Ambassadors have no specific entrance. They may enter with the royal group at the beginning of the scene as in Q1, or a manuscript or printer's error omits their entrance in Q2 at a point corresponding to F1 (204). F1 and Q2 spell their names: "Voltemand" and "Cornelius." Q1 spells them: "Voltemar" and "Cornelia."

Only F1 calls for Ophelia's entrance, where she is specified as Laertes' sister. Her entrance is not listed at all in Q2 and Q1. Laertes enters in all three texts, but only in Q2 is he specified as Polonius' son. Laertes is spelled *Leartes* throughout Q1. The Queen's name is spelled "*Gertrude*" for her entrance in F1, and "*Gertrad*" in Q2. She is simply "*Queene*" in Q1. Later at 4.16 (2592), when the King speaks her name, it remains "*Gertrude*" in F1, but changes to "*Gertrard*" in Q2, and appears as "Gertred" in Q1. F1 and Q2 indicate the King's name as "*Claudius King of Denmarke.*" Q1 simply reads "*King.*"

F1 and Q1 lack a Flourish. Only F1 provides the scene number.

Section 12 1.2.1-25 (179-203)

This section does not appear in Q1. The speech heading for the King is listed as "*Claud.*" for Claudius in Q2, but after this one instance in Q2, all his speeches are assigned to "*King.*" as in F1 and Q1.

Section 13 1.2.26-41 (204-221)

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Only F1 lists a separate entrance for Voltemand and Cornelius at (204), and only F1 specifies their separate exit at (221), after the King bids them "farewell" at 1.2.41 (220). In Q1 they enter with the King and court at the beginning of the scene: "*and the two Ambassadors*" (178), but no separate exit is specified for them. No specific entrance or exit is listed for them in Q2. In Q2 and Q1 they may step back and join the other attendants on the stage after the King dismisses them, but haste is urged on them at 1.2.39 (218), so their separate exit may be implied in all three texts.

The speech heading at 1.2.40 (219) in F1 assigns this line: "In that, and all things, will we shew our duty," to "*Volt.*" that is, for Voltemand alone. Q2 prints: "*Cor. Vo.*" for both Cornelius and Voltemand, while Q1 prints "*Gent.*" for Gentleman or Gentlemen, implying that one or both Ambassadors may speak the line. I have emended "*Gent.*" to "*Gentlemen.*" in the Main Text. A crux referring to Cornelia as "yong good Cornelia" in Q1 at 1.2.34 (213) may indicate the Ambassadors age.

Section 14 1.2.42-63 (222-243)

Only Q1 specifies a separate exit and exit line for Laertes: "I in all loue and dutie take my leaue." And Laertes' separate exit in Q1 appears one line after his exit line is spoken, after the King has already begun to address Hamlet at 1.2.64 (244). This one line delay may simply be a manuscript or printer's error. In F1 and Q2 Laertes speaks of having returned to Denmark for the King's coronation at 1.2.53 (234), but in Q1 he has returned for the late King's funeral: "Now that the funerall rites are all performed." Q1 lacks the King's elaborate praise of Laertes' father at

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1.2.47-49 (227-229). Part of Polonius' speech about Laertes' petition to leave Denmark appears only in Q2 at 1.2.58-60 (240, 240 + 1, 240 + 2): "Hath my Lord wroung from me my slowe leaue / By laboursome petition, and at last / Vpon his will I seald my hard consent."

Section 15 1.2.64-86 (244-267)

F1 and Q2 are similar, but Q1 lacks the exchange between Hamlet and the Queen. Q1 also lacks Hamlet's two one-line responses to the King, at 1.2.65 (245) and at 1.2.67 (247): his opening lines in F1 and Q2. These one-line responses contain puns on Hamlet's relationship to the King: kin-kind and sun-son. The first one is often presented in performance as an aside. A variant at 1.2.77 (258) does not receive much attention from editors. F1 reads: "good Mother, " and Q2: "coold mother." Most editors choose good Mother."

An error in Q2 at 1.2.83 (264) has been emended from "That can deuote me truly" to "That can denote me truly."

Section 16 1.2.87-128 (268-312)

F1 and Q2 are similar, but Q1 is much shorter, and Q1 lacks the King's announcement that Hamlet is next in line to the throne at 1.2.109 (291). All three texts specify that Hamlet is left alone on stage after the King and court exit. Only a Q2 SD specifies a flourish to accompany the King's exit.

Section 17 1.2.129-159 (313-343)

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This section contains an important textual crux in the first line at 1.2.129 (313). F1 reads: "solid flesh" and Q2 and Q1 read: "sallied flesh," which is usually emended to "sullied flesh." Both versions make sense with F1's "solid" flesh melting, or Q2 and Q1's "sullied," as in contaminated, flesh melting. For more on this crux, see Jenkins 436-8 and Urkowitz, "Back to Basics" 260-1. Q1 transposes several phrases from this speech, running them in a different order than F1 and Q2.

Section 18 1.2.160-195 (344-386)

Q1 does not have Barnardo's entrance in the scene, and in Q1, Hamlet's greeting at 1.2.167 (355) is plural: "sirs," as if directed at Horatio and Marcellus, both of whom he has just greeted by name. In F1 and Q2 he also greets Horatio and Marcellus by name, but then seems to be greeting Barnardo alone as "sir," because he does not know or can not recall his name. However, in the next section, in all three texts, at 1.2.197 (388), Horatio refers to "these Gentlemen / (*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*)," implying that both are on stage in Q1 as well. And in Q1 in Section 20 at 1.2.225, 227, 228, 252 (420,422, 424, 454), the speech headings read "*All*," rather than "*Both*," which might imply three speakers rather than two, except that F1 reads "*All*" at 1.2.238 (437) for a line assigned to only two speakers: Barnardo and Marcellus. Q2 at 1.2.238 (437) reads: "*Both*." Q1 assigns this line to Marcellus alone, implying perhaps that Barnardo may not be on stage in Q1.

Hamlet repeats his question to Horatio in F1 and Q2 at 352 and 356, when he asks Horatio why he left Wittenberg: "And what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?" But at 356 in Q1 Hamlet asks Horatio: "But what is your affaire in

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Elsenoure?", and creates a different repetition at 356 and 362. In all three texts Hoartio does not answer until 357: "A truant disposition, good my Lord." Horatio is probably delayed because Hamlet greets Marcellus and Barnardo at 353 and 355. But Q1's repetition of the second question, before Horatio has answered the first, may be a manuscript or printer's error.

In Q1 at 381 Hamlet says to Horatio: "Ha, ha, the King my father ke you." The word "ke" may be a misspelling of "ken" an old form of "know."

Section 19 1.2.196-223 (387-417)

The three texts are similar. But F1 and Q2 contain a likely error at 400: "Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time," has been emended to read "Where as they had deliuer'd both in time." The place "where" they saw the Ghost seems evident from the context of the speech.

Section 20 1.2.224-257 (418-459)

The three texts are similar, but according to the stage directions in all three texts, Hamlet's visitors seem to exit at 1.2.252 (454), before he says farewell to them at 1.2.253 (455), and begins his short soliloquy. Perhaps the large platform stage at the Globe required them to begin their exit one line early. But Hamlet is clearly alone on stage for his short speech at 1.2.254-257 (456-459). The SD "*Exeunt*" appears in all three texts for Horatio, Barnardo and Marcellus, while Hamlet gets his own "*Exit*" at the end of the scene.

Q2 at 442 has been emended from "to nigh" to "to night."

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Section 21 1.3.1-10 (460-472)

In Q1 Laertes' exchange with Ophelia is much shorter so the Main Text combines sections 21, 22, and 23 for Q1. Ophelia is spelled *Ofelia* in Q1. Only F1 provides scene division.

Section 22 1.3.10-28 (473-491)

This section contains an important textual crux at 1.3.21 (484). F1 reads "sanctity." Q2 reads "safty." F1's reading of "sanctity" is often emended to "sanity." Q2's reading of "safety" for "safty" makes sense but does not scan metrically. For more on this crux, see Jenkins , page 440.

Section 23 1.3.29-44 (492-507)

In Q2, the quote marks at lines 1.3.36, 38, 39 (499, 501, 502) may indicate that these lines are formally sententious.

Section 24 1.3.45-54 (508-519)

The SD for the entrance of Laertes' father (Polonius in F1 and Q2, and Corambis in Q1) occurs at different lines in the three texts. A manuscript or printer's error, or an indication of when Laertes sees his father enter.

Section 25 1.3.55-87 (520-553)

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The three texts are similar. But Q1 supplies quote marks for much of Corambis' speech from 1.3.61-72 (526-537). These quote marks may indicate that these lines are formally sententious. For more on the traditional nature of such speeches of parental advice, see Jenkins, pages 440-3.

Two textual cruxes occur in this section at 1.3.65 (530) and at 1.3.74 (539). At 1.3.65 (530) F1 reads "Comrade." Q2 reads: "courage." Some editors argue that "courage" could refer to a person. Others believe that "courage" is a printer's error and accept the F1 reading: "Comrade."

At 1.3.74 (539), different versions of a difficult phrase occur. F1 has "Are of a most select and generous cheff in that." Q2: "Or of a most select and generous, chiefe in that:" Q1: "Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that:" Most editors accept F1's reading as: "Are of a most select and generous chief in that." Q2 has been emended and reads the same as F1: "Or" to "Are." For more on these cruxes, see Jenkins, pages 443-4, and 444-5.

Q2 has been emended at 1.3.76 (541) from "loue" to "lone" for reasons of sense. But in Q2 at 1.3.75 (540) "boy" has not been emended to "be" since "Neither a borrower nor a lender boy" does make sense, coming from a father to his son.

Section 26 1.3.88-114 (554-580)

F1 and Q2 are similar. Q1 provides a shorter version of this section.

Section 27 1.3.115-136 (581-602)

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The texts are similar, but Q1 provides quote marks for some of Laertes' advice to Ophelia. These quoted lines from Q1 do not correspond to any text in F and Q2. Many editors change "bonds" at 1.3.130 (596) to "bawds" because "bonds" do not breathe. For more on this crux, see Jenkins, pages 4445-6.

Q1 at 1.3.131 (597) has been emended from "The better to beguide" to "The better to beguile."

Section 28 1.4.1-16 (603-621)

The three texts are similar except for a difference in SD's for off-stage sound effects. Q2 is the most complete at 1.4.6-7 (610-611): "*A florish of trumpets / and 2. peeces goes of.*" Q1 reads: "*Sound Trumpets*" at 1.4.607 (413). But F1 lacks any stage direction for sound effects. Back at 1.2.126 (309) in all three texts, the King has promised to include cannon shot in his celebration: "But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell." Only Q2's stage direction calls for both trumpets and cannon.

Section 28 1.4.1-16 (603-621) [FF 13, SQ 13, FQ 9]

The three texts are similar except for a difference in SD's for off-stage sound effects. Q2 is the most complete at 1.4.6-7 (610-611): "*A florish of trumpets / and 2. peeces goes of.*" Q1 reads: "*Sound Trumpets*" at 1.4.607 (413). But F1 lacks any stage direction for sound effects. Back at 1.2.126 (309) in all three texts, the King has promised to include cannon shot in his celebration: "But the great Cannon to the Clowds shall tell." Only Q2's stage direction calls for both trumpets and cannon.

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Section 29 1.4.17-38 (621 + 1-621 + 22)

This section appears only in Q2.

Section 30 1.4.38-57 (622-643)

The three texts are similar.

Section 31 1.4.58-91 (643-674)

The three texts are similar, but in Q1 there is no SD for the Ghost to beckon Hamlet at (643), even though in Q1 at 1.4.447 (644), Horatio says: "It beckons you." Q1 also lacks an exit for the Ghost and Hamlet at (674). Although it may be possible in Q1 for Hamlet and the Ghost to simply move to another part of the stage, rather than exit, Q1, like F1 and Q2, provides a SD for Hamlet and the Ghost to re-enter at 1.5.1 (681).

Q2 at 1.4.69 (659) lacks the word "Lord" at the end of the line. It has been added.

Section 32 1.5.1-31 (681-717)

The three texts are similar.

Section 33 1.5.31-57 (718-742)

The three texts are similar. But a variant and a possible error exists in Q2 and Q1 at 1.5.57 (742). F1 reads: "Will sate itself in a Celestiall bed, & prey on Garbage." Q2 reads: "Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed / And pray on garbage."

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Q1 reads: "Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde, / And prey on garbage:". Q2 may need to be emended; it is difficult to understand the sense of "sort," but Q1 has been emended from "fate" to "sate."

Section 34 1.5.58-91 (743-776)

The three texts are similar, but Q2 fails to provide an exit for the Ghost at (776), probably a manuscript or printer's error.

Section 35 1.5.92-112 (777-796)

The three texts are similar.

Section 36 1.5.113-132 (797-824)

The three texts are similar, but only F1 specifies that Horatio and Marcellus call out for Hamlet from off stage at 1.5.113 (797): "*within.*" They probably do not find him until Marcellus' line at 1.5.117 (804): "How ist't my Noble Lord?" Therefore F1's stage direction for them to begin speaking their lines from off stage may be correct for all three texts.

Q1 assigns 1.5.116 (803) to Marcellus, but F1 and Q2 assign the line to Hamlet. In the Huntington Library copy of Q1 a correction appears, crossing out Marcellus and assigning the line to Hamlet. Q1 has been emended and the line assigned to Hamlet.

Section 37 1.5.133-148 (825-844)

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The three texts are similar.

Q1 at 1.5.141 (834) has been emended from "as yon are friends" to "as you are friends."

Section 38 1.5.149-181 (845-878)

The three texts are similar.

Q2 at 1.5.170 (866) has been emended from: "(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe," to "(How strange or odde so ere I beare my selfe,".

Section 39 1.5.182-190 (879-887)

The three texts are similar.

Q2 at 1.5.183 (880) has been emended from: "Withall my loue I doe commend me to you," to "With all my loue I doe commend me to you,".

Section 40 2.1-27 (888-919)

Q2's stage direction at the beginning of the section reads "*Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.*" F reads "*Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.*" In both texts only Reynaldo speaks with Polonius during the scene, and a singular "*Exit Rey.*" is listed for Reynaldo in Q2 at 2.1.71 (967), implying that he appears alone with Polonius. The singular stage direction "Exit" appears in both F and Q1.

Polonius is named Corambis throughout Q1 and Reynaldo is named Montano in Q1. Fear of insulting the founder of Oxford University: Robert Pullen, may have caused the Q1 text to substitute Corambis for Polonius. And fear of insulting John

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Reynolds, the President of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, may have caused the Q1 text to substitute Montano for Reynaldo. The title page to Q1 claims that the play was acted at both Cambridge and Oxford. For more on this substitution, see Hibbard, pages 74-75.

Section 41 2.1.28-51 (920-944)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 42 2.1.51-71 (945-969)

In all three texts the stage direction for Ophelia's entrance appears before Polonius finishes saying farewell to Reynaldo at 2.1.71 (969). And the stage direction for Reynaldo's exit appears before Polonius finishes saying farewell to him, and before the stage direction for Ophelia's entrance. Perhaps Polonius does not notice Reynaldo's exit or the printer simply put the stage direction where there was room on the page. The size of the Elizabethan stage may have been a factor as well; players may have required extra time to enter and exit in relation to other players already on the stage.

Section 43 2.1.71-83 (968-982)

In Q1 the exchange between Polonius and Ophelia is shorter, so in the Main Text for Q1 Sections 43 & 44 have been combined.

Section 44 2.1.83-104 (983-1004)

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F and Q2 are similar.

Section 45 2.1.105-117 (1005-1017)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 46 2.2.1-26 (1018-1045)

The stage directions at the beginning of this section are different.

F reads at (1019-20) "*Enter King, Queene, Rosincrane, and Guildensterne Cum alijs.*" "Cum aliis" means with others, perhaps other Lords and attendants. Q2 and Q1 call for the entrance of the King, Queen, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, but do not specify any others.

Yet in both F and Q2, the Queen addresses several attendants on stage at 2.2.36-7 (1058-9), when she says "Go some of ye, / And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is." So several attendants are required in F and Q2 to escort Rosencrantz and Guildenstern off the stage.

Accompanying the entrance at 2.2.1, the sound effect "Florish" appears only in Q2.

Section 47 2.2.26-39 (1046-1062)

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern exit in Q1 without attendants. And in Q1 there is no specific stage direction for their exit.

Section 48 2.2.40-57 (1063-1081)

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In F and Q2, Polonius enters alone, but in Q1 Ophelia enters with Polonius. In Q1 she remains on stage while Polonius reads her letter from Hamlet, and while the Ambassadors report. In Q1 she does not exit until section 58, at the end of Q1's "nunnery" scene.

In both F and Q2 at 2.2.53 (1077), the King commands Polonius to return with the Ambassadors: "Thy selfe doe grace to them, and bring them in." But a specific stage direction for Polonius to exit at this point does not appear in any text.

If Polonius obeys the King's command to escort the Ambassadors on stage, he must exit and return with the Ambassadors when they enter at 2.2.57 (1082) in Section 49. In F at (1082) a stage direction reads "*Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.*" In Q2 it reads simply "*Enter Embassadors.*"

But because of the King's command at 2.2.53 (1077), Polonius' exit and return seem necessary in both F and Q2. However it is possible that Polonius goes to the stage door and beckons for the Ambasadors to enter without actually leaving the stage himself.

In Q1 the situation is different. The King does not order Polonius to bring in the Ambassadors, and they enter only two lines after Polonius speaks on stage, making his exit and return very unlikely in Q1.

In Q1 at 2.2.48-49 (1072-3), Polonius claims that he has found the cause of Hamlet's lunacy. In Q1 the Queen responds with a single line not found in F or Q2: "God grant he hath." Because she speaks of Polonius in the third person, she might speak this line as an aside or to the King.

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In F and Q2 at 2.2.54-5 (1078-79), the King informs the Queen that Polonius has discovered the cause of "*Hamlets* Lunacie" which Polonius just told him of at 2.2.48-49 (1072-3). This seems to imply that Polonius spoke to the King out of the Queen's hearing at 2.2.48-49 (1072-3), or that the King is so excited at the news that he repeats it to the Queen.

Section 49 2.2.58-85 (1082-1111)

At (1082) only F specifies Voltemand and Cornelius by name in the stage directions. In Q2 and Q1 they are simply "Ambassadors."

Section 50 2.2.85-108 (1112-1135)

F and Q2 are similar.

In all three texts Polonius indicates Ophelia's letter from Hamlet at 2.2.108 (1135) when he says "this."

Section 51 2.2.110-130 (1136-1159)

F and Q2 are similar. And in all three texts Polonius reads from Hamlet's letter to Ophelia.

In F and Q2 the contents of the letter are printed in italics. And a stage direction calling for the letter appears in F and Q2.

In F at (1136) before Polonius begins reading from the letter at 2.2.109, the stage direction "*The Letter.*" appears. In Q2 at 2.2.116 (1144) when Polonius returns to the letter after addressing the Queen, Q2 prints "*Letter.*"

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It seems likely that the letter stage directions are not words spoken by Polonius. In F at 4.6.13 (2985) in Section 157, a stage direction "*Reads the Letter.*" appears before Horatio begins reading his letter from Hamlet.

The different location of the letter stage directions in F and Q2 may indicate that Polonius opens the letter at 2.2.116 (1144) after first reading the salutation on its cover at 2.2.110 (1137-38).

Section 52 2.2.131-151 (1160-1180)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 53 2.2.151-170 (1181-1207)

F and Q2 are similar, but at the end of this section Q1 diverges significantly from F and Q2.

Polonius' plan to eavesdrop on Hamlet and Ophelia, described in all three texts, is put into effect immediately in Q1. Ophelia is already on stage in Q1. She entered with her father at 2.2.40 (Section 48) and remained on stage while her letter from Hamlet was read to the King and Queen. In Q1 her confrontation with Hamlet (the "nunnery" scene) takes place soon after Polonius claims that Hamlet's love for Ophelia is the cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

In all three texts Hamlet's "To be, or not to be" speech occurs immediately before the "nunnery" scene with Ophelia. But in Q1, Hamlet's "To be, or not to be" speech and the "nunnery" scene take place before Polonius confronts Hamlet and his

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book, before Hamlet's first visit from Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and before the arrival of the players.

To place the F or Q2 text in the Q1 scene order, move Sections 81-88 to the end of Section 53.

Section 54 3.1.55-82 (1710-1737)

In Q1 the King speaks the line about seeing Hamlet reading, "see where hee comes poring vppon a booke" 2.2.168 (1204), and in Q1 Hamlet enters after the King's line about seeing him. In F and Q2 the Queen speaks this line at 2.2.168 (1204) in Section 60, "But looke where sadly the poore wretch / Comes reading." But in F and Q2 Hamlet's entrance appears at (1203) before the Queen points him out.

In all three texts this line refers to Hamlet reading a book, but only F's stage directions specify that Hamlet enters while "*reading on a Booke*." In Q2 and Q1, Hamlet simply enters.

It is unclear whether the King and Polonius overhear Hamlet's "To be, or not to be" speech before he confronts Ophelia. This issue is also uncertain in the F and Q2 versions of this scene in Section 83, although F provides a stage direction for their exit at 1708, "*Exeunt.*" .

In Q1 at the end of the "To be, or not to be" speech, Hamlet seems to turn more directly to address Ophelia than in F and Q2. Hamlet's line at 3.1.87-8 (1742-3) "Soft you now, / The faire Ophelia?" does not appear in Q1. (See the beginning of Section 85).

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Section 55 3.1.88-100 (1743-1756)

Q1 condenses the exchange between Hamlet and Ophelia found in F and Q2, and changes the order slightly. In Q1 the lines 3.1.102-114 (1758-70) beginning "Are you faire?" appear right after Hamlet first sees Ophelia, not later after she returns his gifts as in F and Q2. (See Section 85 and 86).

In F and Q2 the line at 3.1.101 (1757) "There my Lord." found at the end of Section 85, which often accompanies Ophelia returning her letters and gifts from Hamlet, does not appear in Q1.

Section 56 3.1.114-129 (1770-1785)

At the end of this section in Q1, Ophelia speaks a line specific to Q1: "O Heauens secure him!" before Hamlet asks: "Wher's thy father?" at 3.1.129 (1785). In F and Q2 Hamlet asks: "Where's your Father?" without an intervening line from Ophelia. (See the end of Section 86).

Section 57 3.1.129-149 (1785-1805)

The three texts are similar. See Section 87 for F and Q2.

Section 58 3.1.150-161 (1806-1817)

Q1 is shorter than F and Q2. See Section 88 for F and Q2.

Section 59 3.1.162, 2.2.173 (1818-1819, 1206, 1210)

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Because of the different scene order in Q1, after the "nunnery" scene the King exits, and Polonius confronts Hamlet and his book as he does in all three texts beginning 2.2.171 (1208). But in Q2 and F Polonius confronts Hamlet right after reading Ophelia's letter from Hamlet to the King and Queen.

In F and Q2 the King's speech after the "nunnery" scene is different than in Q1. (See Section 89). In F and Q2 the King decides that Hamlet must be sent away to England, while in Q1 the King exits and allows Polonius to confront Hamlet.

In Q1 Polonius does not address Ophelia after the "nunnery" scene as he does in F and Q2 at 3.1.178-180 (1835-7) in Section 90. In Q1 Ophelia exits at the end of her speech in Section 58 at 3.1.161 (1817).

Section 60 2.2.168-195 (1203-1233)

In Q1 only the King must exit so Polonius can be alone with Hamlet. In F and Q2, both the King and Queen must exit at 2.2.169 (1207) in order for Polonius to be alone with Hamlet.

Only F specifies Hamlet's entrance while "reading on a Booke" 2.2.168 (1203). In Q2 and Q1 Hamlet simply enters. But Hamlet uses a book in all three texts, because Polonius asks him at 2.2.191 (1229): "What do you read my Lord?"

F and Q2 are similar but the shorter Q1 texts omits 2.2.181-191, which includes Hamlet's emphasis on Ophelia and conception, and also omits Polonius' aside spoken in response to it. At the end of this Section in all three texts, Polonius prompts Hamlet to read from his book.

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Section 61 2.2.196-204 (1234-1242)

F and Q2 are similar. In F and Q2 Hamlet refers to the words he will read as "slanders" 2.2.196 (1234), but in Q1 he calls them "most vile heresie."

Section 62 2.2.205-221 (1243-1266)

F and Q2 are similar, but in Q1 after 2.2.204 (1242), Polonius delivers an aside about Hamlet's madness being caused by love. Polonius delivers this aside earlier in F and Q2 at 189-190 (1227-8).

In F and Q2 Polonius' aside at 2.2.211-213 (1253-5), where he announces his intent to bring Ophelia and Hamlet together, does not appear in Q1, because in Q1, Hamlet's "nunnery" scene with Ophelia has already taken place.

In all three texts, just before his exit, Polonius addresses Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and points Hamlet out to them at 2.2.220 (1263-4). But their entrance occurs at different points in all three texts.

In F the stage direction for their entrance appears at (1265) after Polonius already addresses them at 2.2.220 (1263-4). This placement is either a printer's error or Polonius sees Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as they enter, crossing the stage.

In Q2 Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter and cross the stage even earlier at 2.2.217 (1260) before Polonius says "Fare you well" to Hamlet.

In Q1 they enter even earlier than Q2 at 2.2.213-4 (1256-7) before Hamlet's last lines spoken to Polonius. In Q1 Polonius does not speak a second farewell line to Hamlet at 2.2.218 (1261). After saying to Hamlet "My Lord I will take my leave

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of you" at 2.2.213-4 (1256-7), he speaks only to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern before leaving the stage.

Perhaps in Q2 and Q1 Polonius begins to exit before Hamlet has finished speaking to him, and then encounters Rosencrantz and Guildenstern before he leaves the stage. The intended effect may be one of ganging up on Hamlet, as different people confront him to discover the cause of his behavior.

F and Q2 provide no stage direction for Polonius' exit in this scene. In F and Q2 Rosencrantz says to Polonius "God saue you sir" at 2.2.221 (1266) after Polonius points Hamlet out to them. In Q1 Rosencrantz says nothing in response to Polonius, and Polonius has an exit in Q1 at 2.2.220 (1263-4) immediately after he points Hamlet out to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Section 63 2.2.222-239 (1267-1285)

Q1 condenses the dialogue between Hamlet and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, reducing Sections 63-66 into the 22 lines here. F and Q2 are similar up to this point in the scene.

Section 64 2.2.239-269 (1285-1316)

This Section appears only in F.

In this Section Rosencrantz and Guildenstern try to discover the cause of Hamlet's lunacy by leading the conversation around to the subject of ambition. Their efforts could make Hamlet more suspicious of them than he is in Q2.

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Section 65 2.2.269-292 (1316-1339)

F and Q2 are similar, but Q1 is much shorter. See Section 63.

Section 66 2.2.293-310 (1340-1357)

F and Q2 are similar, but Q1 is much shorter. See Section 63.

Two differences exist between F and Q2: The word "firmament" does not appear in F at 2.2.301 (1347), probably a printer's error. And at 2.2.303-7 (1350-3) a difference in punctuation changes the phrasing and meaning of the lines. Editors are divided over which version to use.

In F the lines read:

> What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in
> Reason? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing
> how expresse and admirable? in Action, how like an An-
> gel? in apprehension, how like a God?

But in Q2 they read:

> What peece of worke is a
> man, how noble in reason, how infinit in faculties, in forme and
> moouing, how expresse and admirable in action, how like an An-
> gell in apprehension, how like a God:

Section 67 2.2.311-336 (1358-1384)

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F and Q2 are similar.

Section 68 2.2.338-362 (1385-1408)

This Section does not appear in Q2. A much shorter version appears in Q1.

This Section includes the discussion of the boy actors which increases the sense of F as a more theatrical text than Q2.

Section 69 2.2.363-379 (1409-1426)

F and Q2 are similar, but Q1 is much shorter. And the lines Hamlet speaks in F and Q2 at 2.2.319-325 (1366-72) in Section 67 when he first learns of the Players, beginning "He that playes the King shall be welcome" are spoken in this Section of Q1 after 2.2.366 (1412).

Both F and Q2 contain a flourish sound effect off stage announcing the arrival of the Players. At (1415) Q2 calls for "*A Florish.*" and F specifies a "*Flourish for the Players.*" In both F and Q2 at 2.2.369 (1416) Guildenstern identifies the flourish "There are the Players."

A flourish for the Players does not appear in this section of Q1, but later when Polonius enters in Section 70 at 2.2.380 (1427) to tell Hamlet about the players, Q1 calls for a sound effect with his entrance: "*The Trumpets sound, Enter Corambis.*"

Section 70 2.2.380-420 (1427-1465)

The three texts are similar.

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Section 71 2.2.421-433 (1466-1478)

The three texts are similar, but F specifies "*foure or fiue*" Players, while Q2 and Q1 do not specify how many Players enter.

Section 72 2.2.434-467 (1479-1508)

The three texts are similar.

Section 73 2.2.468-501 (1509-1541)

F and Q2 are similar but Q1 is much shorter, which makes Polonius' complaint at 2.2.498 (1538) that the Player's speech is "too long" very problematic.

Section 74 2.2.502-518 (1542-1559)

All three texts are similar, but in F and Q2 at 2.2.503 (1543) Hamlet echoes a phrase from the Player's speech. In F Hamlet says "The inobled Queene?" In Q2 he says "The mobled Queene." Most editors adopt the Q2 spelling "mobled" but are divided on the F punctuation question mark.

In all three texts Polonius praises that phrase in the next line at 2.2.504 (1544), but in Q1 he does so without first hearing Hamlet's echo of the phrase.

Section 75 2.2.519-549 (1560-1588)

In F and Q1 Polonius exits at 2.2.534 (1575) which makes sense, because in F Hamlet says to the Players in the very next line "Follow him Friends" at 2.2.535

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(1576). But in Q2 the stage direction for Polonius to exit with the Players appears much later at 2.2.547 (1586).

In Q1 after Polonius' exit, Hamlet addresses the Players when he asks for a specific play that night. Then he sends them off after Polonius at 2.2.545 (1584) when he says "Follow that Lord."

But in F and Q2 at 2.2.547 (1577) he seems to draw off the lead player in order to speak with him alone, sending the others on ahead.

In all three texts Hamlet continues to clear the stage. All three texts include a separate farewell to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. In F and Q2 at 2.2.546 (1585) he calls them "My good friends." In Q1 he says "Gentlemen." In F and Q2, Rosencrantz replies to Hamlet before exiting. In Q1 Guildenstern replies.

F and Q1 specify that now Hamlet is alone on stage. Q2 simply provides an exeunt for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern after the exit for Polonius and the Players.

Section 76 2.2.549-581 (1589-1622)

F and Q2 are similar, except for the last line of this Section which appears only in F at (1622): "Oh Vengeance!" This line does not appear in Q2 and Q1. Jenkins considers this line to be an "actor's addition" (272).

Section 77 2.2.582-605 (1623-1645)

F and Q2 are similar.

But at line 2.2.587 (1628) F prints "Scullion" a kitchen menial used as a term of contempt. Q1 agrees with F and prints "scalion."

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However Q2 shows "stallyon" which means a male whore, a term that also fits the sense of the speech, because words such as "whore" and "drab" precede it. Editors are divided over which term to use.

Section 78 3.1.1-14 (1646-1662)

In Q1 Ophelia does not enter. She will not be needed here in Q1, because in Q1 the "nunnery" scene with Hamlet has already taken place. Whereas in F and Q2 Hamlet's "To be, or not to be" speech and the "nunnery" scene have yet to occur.

Both F and Q2 specify the entrance of Polonius, Ophelia, and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Q1 simply prints "*Enter the King, Queene, and Lordes.*" Yet in Q1 Polonius and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have lines in this scene, so they almost certainly enter with the King and Queen in Q1 as they do in F and Q2. Also in Q1 the King addressees his question at 3.1.1 (1648) to "Lordes" and Guildenstern to which responds.

Section 79 3.1.14-28 (1663-1677)

F and Q2 are similar.

In F and Q2, if there are other Lords on stage, it seems likely that they exit with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern at 3.1.28 (1677), or perhaps with the Queen at 3.1.42 (1693), because Polonius and the King must be alone to spy on Hamlet's meeting with Ophelia.

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Q1 lacks an exit for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern but they almost certainly exit after Guildenstern says "Weele once againe vnto the noble Prince" and the King responds "Thanks to you both."

And in Q1, any extra Lords should probably exit with Rosencrantz and uildenstern or withdraw before Polonius suggests to the King and Queen that Polonius spy on Hamlet's meeting with the Queen.

Section 80 3.1.15-188 (1663-1847)

In Q1 Polonius makes the suggestion that the Queen meet with Hamlet after the play as soon as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern first mention Hamlet's interest in the Players. And in Q1 the Queen is on stage and agrees to Polonius' suggestion that she meet with Hamlet while Polonius spies on them. The King asks her directly "Gerterd, what say you?" And she responds "With all my heart, soone I will send for him."

In F and Q2 Polonius makes this suggestion after the "nunnery" scene at 3.1.181-5 (1838-1842) in Section 90, when the Queen is not on stage.

Section 81 3.1.28-41 (1678-1693)

Q2 and F are similar.

The phrase "(lawful espials)" from 3.1.31 (1681) does not appear in Q2.

The Queen probably exits at 3.1.41 (1693) after Ophelia's reply to her, even though no stage direction appears for her exit in F and Q2. The Queen's speech to

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Ophelia at 3.1.37-41 (1688-92) does not occur in Q1 during the corresponding scene. (See Section 54).

To place the F and Q2 text in the Q1 scene order, move Sections 81-88 to the end of Section 53.

Section 82 3.1.42-54 (1694-1708)

F and Q2 are similar.

But in Q1 Polonius' comment on "Deuotions visage and pious action" at 3.1.45-8 (1697-1700) does not appear during the corresponding scene. (See Section 54). And neither does the King's aside in response to it at 3.1.48-53 (1701-1706).

In F the stage direction for Hamlet's entrance appears at 1709. In F Hamlet enters after Polonius says he hears Hamlet coming at 3.1.54 (1707), and after the stage direction for the King and Polonius to exit at 1708.

In Q2 the stage direction for Hamlet's entrance appears earlier, just before Polonius says he hears Hamlet coming and before Polonius says to the King "with-draw my Lord" at 3.1.54 (1707). Q2 contains no specific exit for Polonius and the King. It is possible in Q2 that Hamlet sees the King and Polonius hide themselves.

Section 83 3.1.55-68 (1710-1723)

It is not clear whether Polonius and the King overhear Hamlet's "To be, or not to be" speech, or how Hamlet first sees Ophelia. The stage direction in F at 1708 "*Exeunt*" is probably intended just for Polonius and the King, not Ophelia.

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F and Q2 are similar. But the punctuation in Q2 seems less thorough. See especially the lack of punctuation in Q2 at 3.1.63 (1718).

For the Q1 version of this speech see Section 54.

Section 84 3.1.69-87 (1724-1742)

F and Q2 are similar. But the punctuation in Q2 seems less thorough. For example, Q2 at 3.1.75 (1730) lacks a question mark.

Section 85 3.1.87-101 (1742-1757)

F and Q2 are similar.

When Hamlet sees Ophelia, he tells himself to be silent at 3.1.87 (1742): "Soft you now."

In F at 3.1.88 (1743) his next words are a question "The faire Ophelia?" In Q2 there is no question mark.

In F at 3.1.91 (1747) Hamlet responds to Ophelia's question about how he is, with "well, well, well." In Q2 he answers "well." Editors are divided on the F repetition. Jenkins considers such repetition to be an "actor's elaboration" and omits it (Jenkins 62, 280). Others adopt the Folio text and include it.

In F at 3.1.94 (1751) when Hamlet denies the gifts he says "No, no." In Q2 he says "No not I."

In F and Q2 at 3.1.101 (1757) Ophelia says "There my Lord." This line usually accompanies her attempt to return the gifts to Hamlet.

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Section 86 3.1.102-129 (1758-1785)

F and Q2 are similar.

Hamlet concludes his speech in this Section at 3.1.129 (1785) by asking Ophelia "Where's your Father?" Does Hamlet notice Polonius and the King at this point? Does Ophelia do something to call attention to them? At this point in Q1, Ophelia has a line "O heauens secure him!" just before Hamlet asks about her father. (See Section 56).

Section 87 3.1.130-149 (1786-1805)

F and Q2 are similar. For the Q1 version see Section 57.

Section 88 3.1.150-161 (1806-1817)

F and Q2 are similar.

But Q2 supplies a separate exit for Ophelia after her speech at 3.1.161 (1817). F supplies no separate exit for Ophelia.

At 3.1.178 (1835) in both F and Q2, Polonius addresses Ophelia so she must be on stage. But it seems unlikely that Ophelia overhears the King and Polonius discussing their problem with Hamlet at 3.1.162-77 (1819-1835) and the King's plan to send Hamlet to England. Perhaps Ophelia remains on a different part of the stage, perhaps gathering the gifts and letters that were thrown down during the "nunnery" scene.

In Q1 she exits after her speech at 3.1.161 (1817) and Polonius does not address her again in the scene. For the Q1 version see Section 58.

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Section 89 3.1.162-175 (1818-1832)

F and Q2 are similar.

In Q1 the King does not mention sending Hamlet to England. Instead in Q1, in the next scene, Polonius will confront Hamlet while Hamlet reads a book, followed by Hamlet's first meeting with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. For the Q1 version see Section 58.

Section 90 3.1.176-188 (1833-1847)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 91 3.2.1-14 (1848-1862)

The F stage direction at (1848) calls for Hamlet to enter with "*two or three of the Players.*"

Q2 specifies "*three of the Players.*"

Q1 simply says "*Hamlet and the Players.*"

Section 92 3.2.15-35 (1863-1883)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 93 3.2.36-51 (1884-1900)

F and Q2 are similar.

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F at 3.2.45 (1893) shows "*Exit Players.*" But Q2 does not show a stage direction for the Players to exit.

In F and Q2, Polonius and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter and exit after only a few lines: 3.2.46-51 (1894-1900). In Q1 Polonius and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern do not enter at all.

F shows a specific exit for Polonius at 3.2.49 (1898). Q2 does not provide a stage direction for Polonius to exit, probably a printer's error. Q2 shows a specific exit for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern at (1900): "*Exeunt they two.*"

Q1 includes several additional lines deploring the actions of clowns on stage.

Section 94 3.2.53-74 (1901-1925)

Horatio's entrance is different in all three texts.

In F the stage direction for his entrance at (1901) appears before Hamlet calls for him at 3.2.52 (1902): "What hoa, *Horatio*?"

In Q2 his entrance appears after Hamlet calls for him.

And in Q1 he appears without being called "Heere my Lord."

Section 95 3.2.75-89 (1926-1941)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 96 3.2.90-111 (1942-1965)

The stage direction for the entrance of the court is different in all three texts.

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F1 reads: "*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildensterne, and other Lords attendant with his Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.*"

Q2 reads "*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drummes, King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia.*"

Q1 reads "*Enter King, Queene, Corambis, and other Lords.*"

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are not mentioned in the Q2 stage direction but Rosencrantz has a line in this Section at 3.2107 (1962). According to Jenkins the "*Danish March*" of F indicates the same thing as Q2's "*Trumpet and Kettledrums*" (Jenkins 447). The "*Guard carrying Torches*" appears only in F.

In F and Q2 Hamlet says at 3.2.90 (1946): "They are comming to the Play" after the stage direction for the entrance of the court. In Q1 he says "Harke, they come" before the stage direction for their entrance.

As the court enters, Hamlet and Horatio separate when Hamlet orders Horatio at 3.2.91 (1947): "Get you a place." Horatio must find a place where he can watch the King's reaction to the play.

Polonius' line in response to Hamlet's decision to watch the play near Ophelia at 3.2.111 (1965): "O ho, doe you marke that" is probably not overheard by Hamlet but is instead an aside or else directed at the King or Queen.

Section 97 3.2.112-135 (1966-1989)

After Hamlet rejects the Queen's request to sit near her at 3.2.108 (1963), the text in F at 3.2.114-5 (1968-1969) implies that Hamlet lies down with his head in

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Ophelia's lap. In F Ophelia agrees to let Hamlet lay his head in her lap at 3.2.115 (1969) "I my Lord." But in Q1 she says "No my Lord."

These two lines: 3.2.114-5 (1968-1969) do not appear in Q2.

Hamlet's conversations with Ophelia throughout this scene may be private and not overheard by the others. When Hamlet points out how happy the Queen looks at 3.2.126-7 (1979-80), the Queen may not notice Hamlet's reference to her.

The Q1 version is much shorter.

Section 98 3.2.135ff. (1990-2002)

The main problem in staging the dumb show is how to explain why the King does not respond to the dramatization of his crime. Perhaps he is drinking and talking with the Queen and others, and fails to see the actor playing the villain pour poison into the other actor's ear. Or the dumb show is less intense than the play itself which follows, and so the King's guilt rises in him slowly from the dumb show to the moment he exits in Section 106.

F and Q2 are similar. F at 1990 calls for "*Hoboyes*" to play. "*Hoboyes*" are hautboys, a type of oboe. Q2 calls for "*Trumpets.*"

F specifies that the Player-Queen kneels at (1992) while Q2 does not, but in both F and Q2 the Player-King "*takes her vp*" at (1993) so she must kneel in Q2 also.

F specifies that "*The Poysoner*" returns with "*some two or three*" (1998-9), while Q2 calls for "*some three or foure.*" F's economy in casting relative to Q2 is in keeping with the idea of F as the more practical and therefore the more theatrical text.

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F's phrase describing the wooing of the Player-Queen by the Poisoner at (2001) "*she seemes loath and unwilling awhile*" appears in Q2 as "*shee seemes harsh awhile.*"

The stage directions for the dumb show are less detailed in Q1.

Section 99 3.2.136-154 (2003-2022)

Ophelia's question to Hamlet at 3.2.136 (2003) "What meanes this, my Lord?" refers to the dumb show they just witnessed in Section 98. Hamlet's answer at 3.2.137 (2004) has created problems for editors.

F reads "Miching *Malicho.*"

Q2 reads "munching *Mallico.*"

Q1 reads "myching Mallico."

Editors accept "miching mallecho" or "miching malicho," but not Q2's "munching." "Miching" means lurking, skulking, sneaking and "malicho" probably stands for the Spanish word "malhecho" which means mischief. In all three texts at 3.2.138 (2005) Hamlet says the phrase means "Mischeefe."

The stage direction for the entrance of the Player who speaks the Prologue differs in all three texts.

In F at 3.2.149 (2016) "*Enter Prologue*" appears just before the Player's lines at 3.2.149-151 (2017-2019).

In Q2 he enters earlier when Hamlet points him out to Ophelia at 3.2.141 (2008): "We shall know by this fellow." In F that line reads "We shall know by these Fellowes" meaning the Players in general.

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In Q1 the Player who speaks the Prologue enters even sooner at 3.2.136 (2003). In Q1 Hamlet refers to him as "this fellow" just he does in Q2 at 3.2.141 (2008).

All three texts do not supply a separate exit for this Player.

Section 100 3.2.155-172 (2023-2039)

F and Q2 are similar but there is a slight difference in stage direction and speech headings.

For the entrance of the Player-King and Player-Queen at (2023), F specifies that the King enters with "*his Queene*." Q2 says simply "*Enter King and Queene.*" Q1 prints "*Enter the Duke and Dutchesse.*"

Q2's speech headings list the Player-King and Player-Queen as "*King*" and "*Quee*." F also assigns the Player-King's lines to "*King*."

But F assigns most of the Player-Queen's lines to "*Bap*" and "*Bapt*" for Baptista, the name of the Duchess in *The Murder of Gonzago*, the play which Hamlet asks the Players to perform.

Q1's speech headings assign the Players' lines to "*Duke*" and "*Dutchesse*."

F and Q2 at 3.2.155 (2024) print "full thirtie times" meaning thirty years of marriage. But Q1 prints "full fortie yeares are past."

Between 3.2.166 (2036) and 3.2.167 (2037), Q2 shows a line for the Player-Queen not found in F and Q1: "For women feare too much, euen as they loue." Editors usually exclude this line.

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And at 3.2.171-2 (between 2039 and 2040), Q2 gives the Player-Queen two lines: "Where loue is great, the litlest doubts are feare, / Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there." Editors usually include these lines.

Section 101 Second Quarto 3.2.173-185 (2040-2053)

F and Q2 are similar except for three lines that do not appear in F, and a difference at 3.2.181 (2049).

F shows Hamlet saying "Wormwood, Wormwood" at 3.2.181 (2049) between lines spoken by the Player-Queen. But Q2 places Hamlet's line "That's wormwood" in the margin of the Player-Queen's speech at 3.2.180-2 (2048-2050). Q1 prints Hamlet's line later after 3.2.185 (2053) "O wormewood, wormewood!"

Editors usually print the Q2 version "That's wormwood" as an aside.

Wormwood is a bitter, strong smelling plant that came to signify any bitter or unpleasant experience.

Section 102 3.2.186-215 (2054-2083)

F and Q2 are similar. Q1 is much shorter.

Section 103 3.2.216-228 (2084-2096)

Hamlet's line at 3.2.224 (2090) "If she should breake it now" appears in the margin of the Player-Queen's speech in Q2 at 3.2.323-4 (2088-9). But unlike "That's wormwood" at 3.2.181 (2049) in Section 101, Editors usually do not print this line as an aside.

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A stage direction for the Player-King to sleep appears in F at 3.2.27 (2095): "*Sleepes.*" Q2 and Q1 do not include this stage direction. But spoken lines indicate that the Player-King sleeps in all three texts.

A singular stage direction for the Player-Queen to exit appears in F and Q1 at 3.2.28 (2096). The stage direction in Q1 reads "*exit Lady.*"

But Q2 shows the plural "*Exeunt.*" Does someone else leave at this point in Q2? The Player-King is sleeping and waiting to be poisoned so it seems likely that he remains. Perhaps the Player who spoke the Prologue remains on stage until now. No specific exit appears for him in any text. Or it may simply be a printer's error in Q2 and the Player-Queen exits alone.

Section 104 3.2.229-243 (2097-2110)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 105 3.2.244-254 (2111-2123)

In F Lucianus enters at (2111) before Hamlet speaks of him at 3.2.244 (2112): "This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King." In Q2 Lucianus enters after Hamlet speaks this line. In Q1 no stage direction appears for Lucianus' entrance.

In Q1 Hamlet speaks to Ophelia about his father dying only two hours before in this section while the Players are performing for the Court. In F and Q2 Hamlet speaks these lines earlier at 3.2.125-135 (1978-1989) in Section 97 before the Players begin the dumb show.

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Section 106 3.2.255-270 (2124-2142)

Only F includes a stage direction for Lucianus to poison the Player-King at (2131): "*Powres the poyson in his eares.*"

In F 3.2.270 (2141): "Lights, Lights, Lights" is assigned to "*All.*" Q2 and Q1 give this line to Polonius.

F and Q2 specify that only Hamlet and Horatio remain on stage after everyone else departs.

Q1 provides a different stage direction at (2141): "*Exeunt King and Lordes.*" Yet it seems likely that in Q1, just as in F and Q2, only Hamlet and Horatio remain.

Section 107 3.2.271-290 (2143-2162)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 108 3.2.296-313 (2163-2184)

In F Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter at (2163) just before Hamlet calls for music and recorders at 3.2.292-5 (2164-2167): "Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come ye Recorders . . . Come some Musicke."

In Q2 Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter after this speech, after Hamlet calls for music.

In Q1 Hamlet never calls for music and recorders, and in Q1 no player enters with a recorder for Hamlet at (2215) in Section 110.

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But in Q1 Hamlet refers to a recorder in Section 110 at 3.2.350-1 (2221-2222) just as he does in F and Q2 when confronting Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. In Q1 Hamlet might be holding a recorder in his hand from the moment the Court and Players exit.

Section 109 3.2.314-344 (2185-2214)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 110 3.2.345-373 (2215-2244)

In F at (2215) the stage direction calls for one recorder "*Enter one with a Recorder.*"

In Q2 at (2215) the stage direction calls for more than one "*Enter the Players with Recorders.*"

In F Hamlet responds to the single recorder immediately at 3.2.346 (2216): "O the recorder."

In Q2 Hamlet does not respond immediately, and when he does, he refers to more than one recorder "ô the Recorders."

In Q1 Hamlet's lines about Rosencrantz and Guldenstern being sponges appear in this section, instead of later after Polonius' death at 4.2.12-21 (2642-2650) where they appear in F and Q2 in Section 133.

Only in Q1 do Rosencrantz and Guildenstern exit before Polonius enters at (2244).

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In Q2 and F Rosencrantz and Guildenstern remain on stage until Hamlet dismisses them at 3.2.387 (2258) in Section 111.

Section 111 3.2.374-387 (2245-2257)

F seems to call for a separate exit for Polonius at 3.2.386 (2286) after Polonius agrees to take Hamlet's message to the Queen. A singular stage direction: "*Exit*" appears in F after Polonius says: "I will say so." At this point, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and Horatio probably remain an stage and exit one line later at 3.2.387 (2258) when Hamlet says: "Leaue me Friends."

Q2 does not provide a separate exit for Polonius. In Q2 the words "I will say so" appear after Hamlet says "Leaue me friends." This would imply that in Q2 Polonius leaves with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and Horatio.

And Q2 seems in error when it omits Polonius' speech heading for "I will say so." It does not seem likely that Hamlet would speak these words as Q2 seems to imply. The omission of the Polonius speech heading in Q2 is probably a printer's error.

Q1 provides a separate exit for Polonius. In Q1 Rosencrantz and Guildenstern have already left the stage before Polonius enters at (2244) in Section 110. In Q1 Hamlet and Horatio bid "Good night" to one another and Horatio has a separate exit before Hamlet is left alone on stage.

Section 112 3.2.388-399 (2259-2270)

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F and Q2 are similar. But F omits an exit for Hamlet at 3.2.399 (2270), which is probably a printer's error.

Section 113 3.3.1-26 (2271-2300)

F and Q2 are similar.

This scene does not appear in Q1.

Section 114 3.3.27-35 (2301-2311)

F and Q2 are similar.

F omits an exit for Polonius at 3.3.35 (2310), which is probably a printer's error.

This scene does not appear in Q1.

Section 115 3.3.36-72 (2312-2349)

F and Q2 are similar.

Only Q1 includes a stage direction which specifies that the King kneels at prayer "*hee kneeles.*"

But in F and Q2 the King speaks the words at 3.3.70 (2346): "Bow stubborne knees" so it seems likely the King kneels in all three texts.

Section 116 3.3.73-87 (2350-2362)

F and Q2 are similar.

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Section 117 3.3.88-98 (2363-2373)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 118 3.4.1-7 (2374-2384)

In F Hamlet calls out to the Queen from off stage before he enters. In F at (2381) the speech heading reads "*Hamlet. within.*" This indicates that Hamlet calls from off stage when he says: "Mother, mother, mother."

In F Hamlet enters at (2384) after the Queen tells Polonius at 3.4.6-7 (2283): "Withdraw, I hear him coming."

In Q2 Hamlet does not call from off stage. And in Q2 Hamlet's entrance appears in the text before 3.4.6-7 (2283), before the Queen tells Polonius to "Withdraw, I hear him coming."

In Q1 Polonius hears Hamlet coming and tells the Queen: "Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming."

Q1 specifies an exit for Polonius to hide behind the arras.

Section 119 3.4.8-24 (2385-2405)

F and Q2 are similar.

F provides a stage direction specifying that Hamlet "*Killes Polonius.*"

Section 120 3.4.25-38 (2406-2420)

F and Q2 are similar.

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Section 121 3.4.39-51 (2421-2434)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 122 3.4.51-88 (2435-2463)

Hamlet's lines to his mother at 3.4.71-76 and 3.4.8-80 appear in Q2 but are not found in F.

Section 123 3.4.88-102 (2464-2483)

F and Q2 are similar.

Q1 specifies that the Ghost enters in "*his night gowne*."

Section 124 3.4.103-115 (2484-2495)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 125 3.4.115-136 (2496-2519)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 126 3.4.137-155 (2520-2538)

F and Q2 are similar.

But Hamlet's one word question "Extasie?" at 3.4.139 (2522) does not appear in Q2.

Section 127 3.4.156-179 (2539-2555)

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F and Q2 are similar.

But Hamlet's line at 3.4.180: "One word more good Lady" does not appear in F.

Section 128 3.4.180-196 (2556-2572)

Hamlet's lines at 3.4.202-210 appear in Q2 but not in F.

The stage direction at (2585) for Hamlet's exit with Polonius' body differs in all three texts.

F reads "*Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.*"

Q1 reads "*Exit Hamlet with the dead body.*"

Q2 simply says "*Exit.*" But in Q2 Hamlet address Polonius' corpse as he does in F at 3.4.216 (2583): "Come sir, to draw toward an end with you." So it seems likely that Hamlet exits with Polonius' body in all three texts.

Section 130 4.1.1-12 (2586-2598)

Q2 calls for the Queen to re-enter at the beginning of Act Four "*Enter King, and Queene, with Rosencraus and Guyldensterne.*"

F and Q1 do not call for the Queen to re-enter, which implies that she remains on stage after Hamlet exits with Polonius' body in Section 129 at the end of Act Three.

F calls for the King to enter alone.

Q2 calls for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to enter with the King and Queen. And in Q2 at 4.1.4 the Queen says "Bestow this place on vs a little while"

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which indicates that she wants to speak with the King alone. So an exit for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in Q2 after 4.1.4 may be implied. This request from the Queen does not appear in F, which seems consistent, because in F the King enters alone.

The Lords who enter with the King in Q1 must include Guildenstern who replies to the King's request to "inquire the body out."

This scene is much shorter in Q1, so Sections 130, 131, 132 are combined here.

Section 131 4.1.12-32 (2599-2619)

Both F and Q2 include specific entrances for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to enter just before the King calls for them at 4.1.32-33 (2620-2621): "Ho *Guildenstern*: / Friends both."

Section 132 4.1.32-45 (2620-2629)

The King's lines at 4.1.40-44 appear only in Q2, not in F.

Section 133 4.2.1-31 (2630-2660)

The stage directions in F seem more accurate and complete than in Q2.

In F and Q2 Hamlet enters alone and hears someone calling from off stage. In both F and Q2 Hamlet says at 4.2.3 (2633): "what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?" But only F includes a speech heading at 4.2.2 (2632) that reads "*Gentlemen within*" and the Gentlemen's speech from off stage calling "*Hamlet*, Lord *Hamlet*."

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The Gentlemen could be Rosencrantz and Guildenstern calling out for Hamlet as they search for him and Polonius' body. In F Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter as Hamlet sees them at 4.2.4 (2634): "Oh heere they come."

In Q2 Rosencrantz and Guildenstern do not have a separate entrance. At the beginning of the scene in Q2 the stage direction shows Hamlet entering with "*Rosencraus, and others.*" Q2 does not have anyone calling for Hamlet from off stage, but Hamlet asks in Q2, just as he does in F, at 4.2.3-4 (2633): "what noyse, who calls on *Hamlet*?"

So F seems more accurate and complete, with Hamlet entering alone, hearing someone call out for him from off stage, before Rosencrantz and Guildenstern enter.

F includes a line not found in Q2, spoken by Hamlet just before his exit at 4.2.30-1 (2659-2660): "hide Fox, and all after."

This scene does not appear in Q1.

Section 134 4.3.1-11 (2661-2672)

In F the King enters alone and delivers his lines at 4.3.1-11 (2662-2672) as a soliloquy.

But in Q2 the stage direction reads "*Enter King, and two or three.*" So perhaps in Q2 the King delivers this speech to several members of his court, and not as a soliloquy.

In F only Rosencrantz enters at the end of the King's speech at 4.3.11 (2672): "*Enter Rosincrane.*"

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In Q2 the stage direction reads "*Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.*"

Section 135 4.1.28-30, 4.3.ff. (2615-2617, 2681)

This scene appears only in Q1. Here the King explains to the Queen that Hamlet will be sent to England with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Section 136 4.3.11-15 (2673-2680)

In F only Rosencrantz enters at the end of the King's speech at 4.3.11 (2672): "*Enter Rosincrane.*"

In Q2 the stage direction reads "*Enter Rosencraus and all the rest.*"

In F and Q2 Hamlet remains off stage until he is brought on by order of the King at 4.3.15 (2679): "Bring him before vs."

In F Rosencrantz responds to the King's command at 4.3.15 (2679): "Bring him before vs" by specifically calling to Guildenstern at 4.3.15 (2680) to bring Hamlet on stage "Hoa, *Guildensterne*? Bring in my Lord." The F stage direction at (2680) specifies "*Enter Hamlet and Guildensterne.*" These stage directions in F imply that Guildenstern remains off stage with Hamlet until their entrance together at (2680).

But in Q2 Rosencrantz does not specify who is to bring Hamlet on at 4.3.15 (2680): "How, bring in the Lord." And the Q2 stage direction at (2680) reads "*They enter.*"

This section does not appear in Q1.

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At the beginning of the next Section 137 in Q1 Hamlet enters with Guildenstern and at least one other "*Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.*"

Section 137 4.3.16-39 (2682-2700)

At the beginning of this section in Q1 Hamlet enters with Guildenstern and at least one other "*Enter Hamlet and the Lordes.*" Guildenstern answers the King in Q1 so he must be on stage.

Two lines at 4.3.26-28 appear in Q2 but in F. The King responds to Hamlet at 4.3.26 "Alas, alas." And only in Q2 does Hamlet say at 4.3.27-8 "A man may fish with the worme that hath eate of a King, & eate of the fish that hath fedde of that worme."

In all three texts no stage direction appears for anyone to exit when the King sends at least one person off stage to find Polonius' body. Someone must exit in F and Q2 when the King says at 4.3.38 (2699): "Go seeke him there." And someone must exit in Q1 when the King says "Make haste and finde him out."

Section 138 4.3.40-53 (2701-2717)

A specific stage direction for Hamlet to exit alone appears in F and Q2 at 4.3.53 (2717).

But in Q1 no separate exit for Hamlet appears. Instead he seems to exit with others after (2717): "*exeunt all but the king.*" This Q1 stage direction is misleading however, since in Q1 the Queen is on stage from the beginning of Act

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Four. She does not leave in Q1 until Section 139 when the King specifically dismisses her "Gertred, leaue me."

Section 139 4.3.54-68 (2718-2733)

No stage direction appears in F and Q2 for the King to be left alone on stage.

But in F and Q2 the King seems to send everyone else off stage after Hamlet exits when the King says at 4.3.54-56 (2718-2721): "Follow him at foote, / Tempt him with speed aboard: / Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night. / Away." Rosencrantz and Guildenstern almost certainly exit here since they will accompany Hamlet to England.

But only Q1 includes a stage direction in Section 138 which specifies that the King is left alone on stage "*exeunt all but the king.*" And even in Q1 he must first dismiss the Queen before he actually can be alone "Gertred, leaue me, / And take your leaue of *Hamlet.*"

After his soliloquy a simple exit for the King appears in all three texts at 4.3.68 (2733).

Section 140 4.4.1-8 (2734-2743)

Fortinbras enters with an army in all three texts.

Only Q2 specifies that his army moves "*over the stage.*"

F reads "*Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.*"

Q1 calls for "*Drumme.*"

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In F at 4.4.8 (2743) Fortinbras orders his troop to "Go safely on."

In Q2 he says "Goe softly on" which means quietly.

In Q1 Fortinbras says "goe march away."

Perhaps Fortinbras exits after his army. An exit appears in F after his speech at 4.4.8 (2743).

Q1 reads "*exeunt all.*"

In all three texts, a Captain splits off from Fortinbras and his army, when Fortinbras orders the Captain at 4.4.1 (2735): "Go Captaine, from me greet the Danish King." In all three texts Fortinbras reminds the Captain at 4.4.4 (2738) that the Captain knows where to rendezvous with the army after greeting the Danish King.

But only in Q2 does the Captain remain on stage and speak to Hamlet in Section 141.

Also in Q2 part of the army may still be present on stage at the beginning of Section 141, because in Q2, Hamlet asks the Captain about the army at 4.4.9 in Section 141, "Good sir whose powers are these?"

No exit appears in Q2 for Fortinbras and his army.

Section 141 4.4.9-31 (2743 + 1-2743 + 25)

This section appears only in Q2.

In F and Q1 Hamlet does not re-enter until Act Five, scene one in Section 174.

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A separate exit for the Captain is implied in Q2 at 4.4.30 when the Captain says to Hamlet "God buy you sir."

An exit for Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is implied one line later when Hamlet says to them "Ile be with you straight, goe a little before." But even if Rosencrantz and Guildenstern remain on stage, perhaps off to one side, they probably do not hear Hamlet's speech at 4.4.32-66 in Section 142.

Section 142 4.4.32-66 (2743 + 26-2743 + 60)

This long speech of Hamlet's appears only in Q2.

At 4.4.25 in Section 141 Hamlet speaks of "two thousand soules" fighting in a battle.

Yet at 4.4.60 in Section 142 Hamlet speaks of "the iminent death of twenty thousand men."

Section 143 4.5.1-20 (2744-2766)

In F the Queen enters with only Horatio.

In Q2 she enters with Horatio and a Gentleman.

In Q1 she enters with the King.

In F Horatio convinces the Queen to speak with Ophelia, and the Queen, in F, once she is convinced, seconds Horatio's argument with lines of her own at 4.5.14-16 (2759-2761): "'Twere good she were spoken with, / For she may strew dangerous conjectures / In ill breeding minds. Let her come in."

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In Q2 these three lines of the Queen's are instead assigned to Horatio. In Q2 the words "Let her come in" could be part of Horatio's attempt to convince the Queen--a request directed to her. Or Horatio is taking control and in Q2 orders the Gentleman or someone off stage to admit Ophelia.

In Q2 the Gentleman, instead of Horatio, speaks at 4.5.2-3 (2746-2747) & 4.5.4-13 (2749-2758), the lines assigned to Horatio in F. Q2 might imply a more concerted effort by both Horatio and the Gentleman to convince the Queen to see Ophelia.

In both F and Q2 it seems likely that Horatio or the Gentleman exit to admit Ophelia before her entrance at the words "Let her come in."

In F the Queen speaks her lines at 4.5.17-20 (2762-2765) before Ophelia's entrance at (2766). In Q2 these lines are assigned to the Queen after Ophelia enters. In Q2 these lines appear with quote marks. Modern editors usually present them as an aside.

In Q1 the King and Queen discuss Ophelia's madness without courtiers present, and Ophelia enters without permission from anyone.

The stage direction for Ophelia's entrance differs slightly in the three texts.

F reads "*Enter Ophelia distracted.*"

Q2 reads "*Enter Ophelia.*"

Q1 reads "*Enter Ofelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing.*"

Section 144 4.5.21-41 (2767-2783)

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In this Section 144 and in Section 145, only F indicates Ophelia's songs by printing the lines she sings in italics.

Q2 provides several stage directions for Ophelia's singing "*shee sings*" and "*Song*" but Q2 does not indicate precisely which lines are sung and which are spoken.

In Q1 Ophelia's entrance calls for a lute and singing, but Q1 does not specify which lines are sung and which are spoken.

In this Section 144 and in Section 145, the italics in F seem the most accurate indication of which lines are sung by Ophelia and which are spoken.

In F the King enters at (2775) after Ophelia's song at 4.5.32 (2774). In F the Queen does not address the King until 4.5.37 (2779).

In Q2 the King enters after 4.5.36 just before the Queen speaks to him at 4.5.37 (2779): "Alas looke heere my Lord."

In Q1 the King is already on stage with the Queen when Ophelia enters.

In Q1 some of Ophelia's songs from F and Q2 do not appear in Q1 until she re-enters in Section 151 and 152. And some from Section 152 in F and Q2 appear here in Q1 in Section 144.

Section 145 4.5.42-73 (2784-2810)

Q2 omits an exit for Ophelia, probably an error.

Section 146 4.5.74-96 (2811-2833)

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In F and Q2 someone must exit after Ophelia--perhaps the Gentleman or Horatio--when the King orders someone at 4.5.74 (2811-2812): "Follow her close, / Giue her good watch I pray you."

Section 147 4.5.96-111 (2833-2851)

All three texts include a stage direction for "*A Noise within.*" The noise off stage indicates the rebellion led by Laertes.

In F and Q2 a messenger enters at (2834) to announce the rebellion.

No Messenger appears in Q1. In Q1 the King already knows that Laertes has returned from France. See Section 143.

In F at 4.5.96 (2835) the Queen asks "Alacke, what noyse is this?"

In Q1 the King asks "How now, what noyse is that?"

This line does not appear in Q2.

In F and Q2 a second stage direction for a noise off stage appears at 2851 in F and at 4.5.110 (2849) in Q2. In Q2 the noise off stage could be the shouts of Laertes' followers that the Queen comments on at 4.5.110 (2849): "How cheerefully on the false traile they cry."

The noise could be the sound of the doors being broken. In F and Q2 the King says at 4.5.112 (2852) in Section 148 "The doores are broke."

Or it could be the noise of fighting. The Messenger in F and Q2 refers to Laertes' followers defeating the King's officers at 4.5.103 (2842).

Only Q2 specifies that Laertes enters "*with others.*"

F reads "*Noise within. Enter Laertes.*"

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In Q1, there is no Messenger, and Laertes enters after the only sound effect of noise off stage "*A noyse within. enter Leartes.*"

But in all three texts in Section 148, Laertes asks his followers to wait outside, so either they enter with him, then exit, or their voices from off stage indicate their presence.

Neither F nor Q2 supplies an exit for the Messenger. Perhaps he remains on stage.

Section 148 4.5.112-130 (2852-2876)

In F and Q2 Laertes' followers ask to come in at 4.5.114 (2854), then they agree to stay out at 4.5.115 (2856).

In Q1 Laertes tells them to "Stay there vntill I come." And in Q1 they do not reply.

It is possible that Laertes' followers never actually appear, but convey their presence by voices and sound effects from off stage. Only Q2 in Section 147 calls for Laertes to actually enter "*with others.*"

In all three texts the King tells the Queen to let go of Laertes twice at 4.5.123 (2867) and 127 (2871): "Let him go *Gertrude*." She may be holding on to Laertes or blocking his path to the King.

Section 149 4.5.131-145 (2877-2894)

F and Q2 are similar.

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Section 150 4.5.146-153 (2895-2905)

In F Ophelia's entrance follows a stage direction calling for a sound effect off stage at (2904): "*A noise within.*" Then at least one voice also at (2904)--from Laertes' followers--calls from off stage "*Let her come in.*" In F the next line at (2905) reads "*Enter Ophelia.*"

In Q2 the line at (2904) is assigned to Laertes "Let her come in" right after the sound effect and Ophelia's entrance, as if Laertes is giving permission or issuing an order to admit Ophelia.

Q1 omits that line and provides no stage direction for "noise" off stage. Q1 simply reads "*Enter Ofelia as before.*"

Section 151 4.5.153-170 (2904-2922)

In F Ophelia's song are printed in italics.

Q2 provides a stage direction at 4.5.165 (2917): "*Song.*"

Section 152 4.5.171-201 (2923-2950)

In F Ophelia's song are printed in italics.

Q2 provides a stage direction at 4.5.190 (2941): "*Song.*"

Q2 omits an exit for Ophelia, probably a printer's error.

Q1 transposes part of Ophelia's song from Section 144 to this Section.

Section 153 4.5.202-220 (2951-2971)

F and Q2 are similar.

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Section 154 4.5.202 ff. (2951 ff.)

This section appears only in Q1.

Section 155 4.5.220ff. (2971ff.)

This scene between Horatio and the Queen appears only in Q1.

Here in Q1 Horatio discusses the letter he received from Hamlet. In Q1 he does not read Hamlet's letter out loud as he does in F and Q2 in Section 157 at 4.6.13-31 (2985-3002).

In this scene Horatio informs the Queen of the King's plot against Hamlet's life, and the Queen sends blessings to her son.

Section 156 Second Quarto 4.6.1-12 (2972-2984)

In F Horatio enters with just one Attendant, and a single sailor enters at (2978).

In Q2 Horatio enters with "*others*" and the stage direction in Q2 reads "*Enter Saylers.*"

Section 157 4.6.13-31 (2985-3002)

F includes a stage direction specifying at (2985) that Horatio "*Reads the Letter.*"

This section does not appear in Q1.

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Section 158 4.6.32-34 (3003-3005)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 159 4.7.1-24 (3006-3032)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 160-168 First Quarto 4.7.1-24 (3006-3032)

Q1 compresses the action a great deal in this section.

In Q1 the King and Laertes enter knowing that Hamlet has returned to Denmark.

In Q1 when the King and Laertes discuss the plan to kill Hamlet during a friendly duel, the King suggests putting poison on Laertes' blade.

In F and Q2 putting poison on Laertes' blade is Laertes' idea at 4.7.140-148 (3131-3139) in Section 169.

Section 161 4.7.25-35 (3033-3045)

In F before the Messenger enters at (3045), a long dash appears in F at the end of the line at 4.7.35 (3044): "And that I hope will teach you to imagine——." This punctuation in F seems to indicate that the King breaks off his speech in mid-sentence, because the Messenger interrupts him at (3045) in Section 162.

Section 162 4.7.36-42 (3045-3053)

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In Q2 the stage direction specifies that the Messenger carries letters "*Enter a Messenger with Letters.*"

In Q2 the Messenger gives the letters to the King at 4.5.37 (3047-3048) without being asked "These to your Maiestie, this to the Queene."

In Q2 the King takes the letters and says at 4.5.38 "From *Hamlet*, who brought them?"

In F the stage direction at (3045) reads simply "*Enter a Messenger.*"

In F the King asks the Messenger at 4.7.36 (3046): "How now? What Newes?" and receives a reply from the Messenger at 4.7.36 (3047): "Letters my Lord from *Hamlet.*"

These two lines do not appear in Q2.

Q2 does not provide an exit for the Messenger at 4.7.42 (3053), probably a printer's error.

Section 163 4.7.43-57 (3054-3067)

Hamlet's letter to the King appears in italics in F.

In F the letter ends with an extra phrase not found in Q2 at 4.7.47 (3057): "*my sodaine, and more strange returne*" and in F the letter is signed "Hamlet" at 4.7.48 (3058).

Section 164 4.7.57-68 (3068-3078)

F and Q2 are similar.

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Section 165 4.7.68-81 (3078 + 1-3078 + 16)

These lines appear only in Q2.

Section 166 4.7.81-106 (3078-3104)

Q2 contains lines at 4.7.100-102 not found in F "the Scrimures of their nation / He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye, / If you opposd them."

Section 167 4.7.107-1126 (3105-3115)

Q2 contains lines at 4.7.114-123 not found in F.

Section 168 4.7.126-139 (3116-3129)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 169 4.7.139-162 (3130-3153)

In F when the King sees the Queen, the King turns from plotting Hamlet's death and greets her pleasantly at (3153): "how sweet Queene."

In Q2 the King breaks off his talk with Laertes after hearing some sound off stage at 4.7.162 "but stay, what noyse?" That noise could be screams and cries of grief at the death of Ophelia. And in Q2 the King does not greet the Queen when she enters.

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In Q1 Laertes notices the Queen and says "Here comes the Queene." Perhaps when Laertes sees the Queen he warns the King to stop discussing their plans to kill Hamlet.

Section 170 4.7.163-183 (3154-3175)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 171 4.7.183-194 (3176-3188)

In F and Q2 at 4.7.191 (3184) Laertes has a separate exit. And in F and Q2 the King and Queen follow after him at 4.7.194 (3188).

In Q1 Laertes does not have a separate exit before the King and Queen.

Instead Q1 provides a simple "*exeunt.*"

Section 172 5.1.1-25 (3189-3214)

In F and Q2 the stage direction for the entrance of the Gravediggers shows "*Enter two Clownes.*" Q1 reads "*enter Clowne and an other.*"

A trap door in the stage itself could serve as the grave, with the Gravediggers stepping down into it. But using trap door below the stage could prevent the audience from seeing and hearing the players.

In this section F and Q2 are similar.

Section 173 5.1.26-44 (3215-3233)

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In F at 5.1.39 (3228) the First Gravedigger's speech ends with a long dash, indicating that he was interrupted by the Second Gravedigger at 5.1.40 (3229).

In Q1 the First Gravedigger first orders the Second Gravedigger off stage, then interrupts his exit "Goe fetch me a stope of drinke, but before thou / Goest, tell me one thing."

Section 174 5.1.45-64 (3234-3255)

No exit for the Second Gravedigger appears in any text, but it seems probable that he exits in all three texts at 5.1.59-60 (3249-3250) when the First Gravedigger sends him off to get liquor.

In F the First Gravedigger says "go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor." In Q2 the First Gravedigger says "Goe get thee in, and fetch mee a soope of liquer." In Q1 he says "Fetch me a stope of beere, goe."

The stage direction for the entrance of Hamlet and Horatio differs in all three texts.

In F Hamlet and Horatio enter after 5.1.55 at (3245) while the two Gravediggers are speaking.

In F the stage direction reads "*Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.*" This stage direction indicates that they can spy on the Gravediggers without being seen, or perhaps in F Hamlet and Horatio do not even notice the Gravediggers at first.

In Q2 Hamlet and Horatio enter after the Second Gravedigger has left and after the First Gravedigger begins singing.

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In Q1 Hamlet and Horatio enter after the Second Gravedigger has left the stage at 5.1.60 (3250) and before the First Gravedigger starts singing.

In F the lines sung by the First Gravedigger are printed in italics. A stage direction in Q2 at 5.1.61 (3252) indicates "*Song.*"

Q1 includes no stage direction for the First Gravedigger to sing, but his lines in this section in Q1 "A picke-axe and a spade, / A spade for and a winding sheete, / Most fit it is, for t'will be made, / For such a ghest most meete" appear as singing in F and Q2 in Section 176 at 5.1.94-7 (3285-3288).

Only Q1 includes a stage direction for the First Gravedigger during these lines in Section 174 "*he throwes vp a shouel.*"

This action in Q1 may simply digging with a shovel, or it could have something to do with the way the First Gravedigger treats the bones he digs up. See Section 175.

Section 175 5.1.65-93 (3256-3283)

In F and Q2 at 5.1.65-6 (3256-3257) Hamlet refers to the First Gravedigger singing while he digs, but in Q1 Hamlet does not refer to the singing

In all three texts Hamlet mentions the way the First Gravedigger treats the human remains he digs up.

In F and Q2 at 5.1.76 (3268) Hamlet describes how the First Gravedigger treats a skull. He "iowles it to th'grownd." In Q1 Hamlet says "See how the slaue joles their heads against the earth." Jenkins glosses "jowls" as "strikes" or "dashes" (Jenkins 380). Perhaps the First Gravedigger is lifting the skulls out of

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the grave with his shovel and tossing them onto the ground at the side of the grave. Or he smashes them down with his shovel after he digs them out of the grave. See Section 176 at 5.1.101-2 (3291-3293).

In F and Q2 Hamlet also says at 5.1.92 (3282) that the First Gravedigger plays with the bones, throwing them the way blocks of wood are thrown in a game called "Loggets." In "Loggets" the object is to get the blocks of wood to land as close as possible to a fixed stake or pole, like the modern game of horseshoes (Jenkins 381).

In F the lines sung by the First Gravedigger are printed in italics. And in F a stage direction at (3262) specifies that the "*Clowne sings.*" A stage direction at 5.1.71 (3263) in Q2 indicates "*Song.*" And in this section in Q1 the First Gravedigger's song does not appear.

Section 176 5.1.94-118 (3284-3309)

In F the lines sung by the First Gravedigger are printed in italics. And in F a stage direction at (3284) specifies that the "*Clowne sings.*" A stage direction in Q2 at 5.1.94 (3285) indicates "*Song.*" And in this section in Q1 the First Gravedigger's song appears without any direct indication that he sings those lines.

In all three texts at 5.1.101-102 (3291-3293) Hamlet refers to the First Gravedigger striking one of the skulls with his shovel "why doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell." This action could be the "jowling" of the skulls referred to in Section 175 or an additional action such

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as knocking the skulls with the shovel after they have been dashed or jowled to the ground.

Since Hamlet and Horatio were watching the First Gravedigger without his knowledge, Hamlet probably must come forward across the stage to question the First Gravedigger at 5.1.17 (3308).

Hamlet addresses the First Gravedigger at 5.1.118 (3309) differently in each text.

In F Hamlet calls him "Sir," a term of respect often directed at a superior, but probably meant here as a "general form of address used to men of any station" (Schmidt 1065).

In Q2 Hamlet says "sirra" a spelling of "sirrah," a term used to address "inferior persons" (Schmidt 1066).

In Q1 Hamlet calls him "my friend."

Section 177 5.1.117-136 (3308-3327)

In F at 5.1.120-1 (3311-3312) the two lines sung by the First Gravedigger are printed in italics.

In Q2 only the first line appears and Q2 provides no indication that this line is sung.

In Q1 these lines do not appear.

Section 178 5.1.137-162 (3328-3352)

F and Q2 are similar.

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Q1 transposes and combines lines from F and Q2. For Q1 text see Section 179 and Section 180.

Section 179 5.1.137-162 (3328-3352)

Q1 transposes and combines lines from F and Q2. See Section 180.

In Q1 5.1.139 (3330) Hamlet says he has "noted" for seven years that peasants speak like courtiers.

In F and Q2 at 5.1.139 (3330) in Section 178 Hamlet says it has been three years.

In Q1 the First Gravedigger calls Hamlet's attention to Yorick's skull "Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare, / Let me see, I euer since our last king *Hamlet* / Slew *Fortenbrasse* in combat, yong *Hamlets* father."

In Q1, in this section, the line "Let me see" is assigned to the First Gravedigger, as if he is trying to remember how long it has been since the death of King Fortinbras.

But in F at 5.1.184 (3372) in Section 180, the line "Let me see" is assigned to Hamlet, as if Hamlet is asking the First Gravedigger to hand him the skull.

And in F and Q2 at 5.1.173-4 (3362) in Section 180, the First Gravedigger says that Yorick's skull "has laine in the earth three and twenty years."

Section 180 5.1.163-195 (3353-3383)

Only in F at (3362) does the First Gravedigger include the phrase "this Scul," as if for greater emphasis than in Q2. In F at 5.1.173-4 (3361-3362) the First

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Gravedigger says "Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years."

Perhaps in F the First Gravedigger is teasing Hamlet through repetition, calling attention to the skull. And only in F at 5.1.180-1 (3368-3369) does the First Gravedigger repeat the phrase "This same Scull Sir" when he says "This same Scull Sir, this same Scull sir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings Iester."

In F Hamlet says at (3372) "Let me see" after the First Gravedigger tells him it is Yorick's skull.

In Q1 Hamlet says "I prethee let me see it."

This line does not appear in Q2.

Perhaps in Q2 the First Gravedigger gives Hamlet the skull more readily than in F and Q1

Perhaps in F and Q1 the First Gravedigger requires Hamlet to ask him for the skull.

Section 181 5.1.196-217 (3384-3404)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 182 5.1.217-222 (3404-3411)

When Ophelia's funeral procession approaches, Hamlet and Horatio withdraw.

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In F at 5.1.217 (3404) Hamlet says to Horatio "But soft, but soft, aside; heere comes the King." In Q2 Hamlet says "But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King.".

In F and Q2 at 5.1.222 (3411) after the funeral procession enters, Hamlet says to Horatio "Couch we a while, and mark."

In Q1 Hamlet says "Stand by a while."

The stage direction for the funeral's entrance differs slightly in the three texts.

All three call for the King, Queen, and Laertes to enter.

Q2 has the simplest stage direction. In the margins of 5.1.217-9 (3404-3408) Q2 shows "*Enter K. Q. Laertes and the corse.*"

But in all three texts Hamlet refers to the entrance of courtiers. In F and Q2 at 5.1.218 (3407) Hamlet refers to the entrance of "Courtiers." And in Q1 Hamlet observes that "all the Court laments."

So the stage direction in F and Q1 must be more accurate than Q2, when they call for "*Lords attendant*" in F and "*other Lordes*" in Q1.

F and Q1 call for a "coffin." Q2 specifies "*the corse.*" It is not clear whether Ophelia's body must be on stage or whether the coffin could be lowered into the grave in Section 183 without a body inside. In F and Q2 at 5.1.250 (3443) in Section 184 Laertes speaks of taking his dead sister "once more in mine armes." But a trap door in the stage could cover his action, and no corpse need be present in the grave.

The use of a closed coffin could be considered unusual, so the corpse of Ophelia need only be wrapped in a shroud and carried out on a "pallet or bier" (Zitner 143). S. P. Zitner shows that the "number and proximity" of sculls unearthed

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by the Gravedigger when preparing Opehlia's grave "argues for a graveyard where the rule is conventional burial in shrouds" (Zitner 142).

Only Q1 specifies the entrance of a "*Priest.*" Yet in all three texts, someone officiates at the funeral. So the entrance of a Priest in Q1 must be accurate for all three texts.

In F and Q1 speeches are assigned to a "*Priest*" in Section 183. In Q2 the speech headings for the Priest are assigned to "*Doct*" short for Doctor, as in Doctor of Divinity. Jenkins argues that the use of "*Doct*" in Q2 does not indicate a Protestant Minister in Q2, as opposed to a Catholic Priest in F and Q1 (Jenkins 388).

Section 183 5.1.223-242 (3412-3433)

F and Q2 are similar.

In all three texts Hamlet and Horatio watch the funeral, unseen by the others on stage.

In F and Q2 Laertes says at 5.1.238 (3429): "Lay her i'th' earth." But it is not clear who lowers the coffin or the corpse into the grave. Perhaps it is the Lords attending on the Court. Or the First Gravedigger lowers the corpse then stands by to fill in the grave. Sometimes the Second Gravedigger re-enters and assists in the burial. Or if no trap door is used, the shrouded coprpse may be lifted up and out of the pallet or bier and placed on the stage floor.

Section 184 5.1.242-254 (3434-3448)

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Hamlet learns that the funeral is for Ophelia, when he hears Laertes say "my Sister" at 5.1.241 (3432) in Section 183.

But Hamlet does not come forward until Laertes interrupts Ophelia's burial at 5.1.249 (3442).

The Queen usually drops flowers in the grave at 5.1.243 (3435) when she says "Sweets, to the sweet farewell."

Only F and Q1 specify that Laertes leaps in the grave at (3444). Laertes' line in all three texts at 5.1.251 (3445), "Now pile your dust, vpon the quicke, and dead," implies that Laertes is in the grave as specified in Q1 and F. But if no trap door is used, Laertes could be embracing Ophelia's corpse on stage, instead of leaping in her grave as the lack of a stage direction in Q2 implies.

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Section 185 5.1.254-284 (3449-3481)

Only Q1 specifies that Hamlet "*leapes in after Laertes.*" But the struggle between Hamlet and Laertes in Section 185 makes it possible that Hamlet leaps in after Laertes in F and Q2 as well. Yet Laertes could come out of the grave to fight Hamlet in F and Q2, so it is not clear that Hamlet also leaps in the grave. Hamlet and Laertes could struggle on the stage beside Ophelia's corpse, without either one leaping in the grave.

An error in Q1 at 5.1.256 (3451) seems to assign Hamlet's line "Whats he that coniures so?" to Laertes by mistake. But it could be Laertes' question to the man he sees leaping after him into his sister's grave in Q1. Hamlet answers the

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question himself in all three texts at 5.1.257-8 (3452-3453) "This is I, *Hamlet* the Dane."

In all three texts at 5.1.260 (3456) Hamlet asks Laertes to "take thy fingers from my throat." In F and Q2 at 5.1.264 (3460) the King orders his attendants to "Pluck them asunder."

In F at 5.1.265 (3462) at least one Gentleman says "Good my Lord be quiet." The speech heading in F says "*Gen.*" In Q2 Horatio is assigned this line.

In Q2 at 5.1.264 more than one person says "Gentlemen" because the word is assigned to "*All.*" This line does not appear in F.

In Q2 at 5.1.274 (3471) Hamlet uses the term "S'wounds" short for "God's Wounds." This word would have been cut from F because of censorship.

Section 186 5.1.284-299 (3482-3498)

F and Q1 assign the speech at 5.1.284-288 (3482-386) to the King. Q2 assigns it to the Queen. In this speech the speaker is blaming Hamlet's behavior on his madness, claiming that his violent outburst is temporary. The speech seems to urge patience and understanding.

In Section 185 at 5.1.272 (3469) the King says of Hamlet "Oh he is mad *Laertes.*" And in F and Q2 at 5.1.294 (3493) the King asks Laertes to be patient, so the speech about Hamlet's madness could belong to the King.

But in Section 185 at 5.1.273 (3470) the Queen says "For loue of God forbeare him." And after Hamlet exits in this section in Q1, the Queen says "Alas,

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it is his madnes makes him thus, / And not his heart, *Leartes.*" So the speech about Hamlet's madness at 5.1.284-288 (3482-3486) could belong to the Queen.

In F and Q2 Hamlet exits alone at 5.1.292 (3491). In Q1 Hamlet exits with Horatio.

In F and Q2 at 5.1.293 (3492) Horatio is ordered by the King to follow Hamlet "I pray you good Horatio wait vpon him." Although no specific exit for Horatio appears in F, it seems likely Q2's stage direction is correct. Q2 shows "*Exit Hamlet*" at 5.1.292 (3491) with "*and Horatio*" at 5.1.293 (3492) in the margin--one line later--after the King orders Horatio off the stage to attend on Hamlet.

The King speaks to Laertes separately at 5.1.294-5 (3493-3494) and at 5.1.297-9 (3496-3498) about their plot to kill Hamlet, and in between those lines addresses the Queen directly at 5.1.296 (3495): "Good *Gertrude* set some watch ouer your Sonne."

The stage clears after the scene ends. F and Q2 show a simple "*Exeunt*" and Q1 prints "*exeunt omnes.*"

Section 187 5.2.1-11 (3499-3511)

In Q1 Hamlet and Horatio enter as they do in F and Q2, but the scene between them is so much shorter in Q1, that Q1 combines Sections 187-192.

In Q1 Horatio already knows what happened during Hamlet's voyage to England--how Hamlet discovered and foiled the King's plot to have him killed.

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Horatio explains this to the Queen in Section 155 in a scene between Horatio and the Queen which appears only in Q1.

In this section, F and Q2 are similar.

Section 188 5.2.12-26 (3512-3527)

F and Q2 are similar.

When Hamlet says at 5.2.26 (3527): "Here's the Commission, read it at more leysure" he hands Horatio the document he stole from Rosencrantz and Guildenstern during their voyage to England, giving Horatio written proof of the King's treachery.

Section 189 5.2.27-47 (3528-3549)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 190 5.2.47-62 (3550-3565)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 191 5.2.62-80 (3566-3586)

F contains lines 5.2.68-80 (3572-3585) which do not appear in Q2.

In F Hamlet seems to break off his speech to Horatio when Osric enters at (3586). Only in F at 5.2.80 (3585) Hamlet says "Peace, who comes heere?"

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In Q2 Osric is listed as a "*Courtier*" and in Q1 he is a "*Braggart Gentleman.*"

Section 192 5.2.81-105 (3587-3610)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 193 5.2.106-135 (3610 + 1-3610 + 25)

This section appears only in Q2.

Section 194 5.2.136-164 (3611-3629)

F at 5.2.136 (3611-3612) includes a phrase not found in Q2--the reference to Laertes' excellence "at his weapon."

Q2 contains lines at 5.2.138-140 and 5.2.155-6 not found in F.

Section 195 5.2.165-194 (3630-3657)

F and Q2 do not specify an exit for Osric after Hamlet dismisses him at 5.2.183 (3647) with the words "Yours, yours." The lack of an exit for Osric is probably an error.

Q1 shows an exit for Osric after his last speech to Hamlet.

Section 196 5.2.195-208 (3657 + 1-3657 +13)

This section appears only in Q2.

The lack of an exit for the Lord at 5.2.207 is probably an error.

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Section 197 5.2.209-224 (3658-3673)

In F at 5.2.209 (3658) Horatio says "You will lose this wager, my Lord."

In Q2 Horatio says "You will loose my Lord."

In Q2 Hamlet says the word "ill" at 5.2.212 (3661-3662): "how ill all's heere about my hart."

In F Hamlet says "how all heere about my heart."

In Q1 Hamlet says "Beleeue me *Horatio*, my hart is on the sodaine / Very sore, all here about."

In F at 5.220-222 (3669-3671) Hamlet says "If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come."

In Q2 Hamlet says "if it be, tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it well come."

In Q1 Hamlet says "if danger be now, / Why then it is not to come."

Only in Q2 at the end of his speech in this section at 5.2.224 Hamlet says to Horatio "let be."

Section 198 5.2.225-252 (3674-3705)

The entrance of the Court for the duel differs in all three texts.

In F Laertes enters right after the King and Queen and before the Court and Attendants, while in Q2 Laertes enters last of all.

F specifies "*a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.*"

Q2 calls for "*A table prepard.*"

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Q1 does not specify a table and wine.

F omits sound effects and makes no mention of cushions.

Q2 calls for "*Trumpets, Drums and officers with Cushions.*" In Q2 some of the Court might watch the duel while reclining on cushions.

F calls for "*Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets.*"

Q2 specifies "*Foiles, daggers.*"

A gauntlet is an iron glove (Schmidt 468).

A foil is a rapier used in fencing (Schmidt 431).

The use of an iron glove instead of a dagger might facilitate the exchange of rapiers between Hamlet and Laertes, which takes place in Section 204. In Section 204 Q1 specifies that Hamlet and Laertes "*catch one anothers rapiers.*" Wearing a gauntlet might make such an exchange easier than holding a dagger.

Q2's inclusion of "*Drums and officers*" indicates a military presence at the duel in addition to the Courtiers.

Q1 reads "*Enter King, Queene, Leartes, Lordes.*"

The lack of wine and rapiers (foils) in Q1's stage direction is an error, since wine and rapiers are required during the scene.

Osric's entrance is not specified in any text, but in F and Q2 in Section 200 at 5.2.259 (3715), the King orders Osric by name, "Giue them the Foyles yong Osricke," so Osric probably enters with the Court at the beginning of the duel. Q1 assigns Osric's lines in Section 201 to a Gentleman.

In F at 5.2.240 (3692) Hamlet says "Sir, in this Audience." This line does not appear in Q2.

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In F at 5.2.244 (3696) Hamlet says "hurt my Mother."

In Q2 and Q1 Hamlet says "hurt my brother."

Since Hamlet is speaking to Laertes here, and in Section 199 at 5.2.253 (3707) Hamlet refers to the duel as "this Brothers wager," F is in error in printing "hurt my Mother."

Section 199 5.2.252-266 (3706-3726)

Laertes rejects one of the rapiers at 5.2.264 (3722-3723): "This is too heauy, / Let me see another." Laertes is probably looking for the poisoned rapier.

At 5.2.265 (3724-3725) Hamlet--perhaps noticing Laertes reject one of the rapiers--asks if the rapiers are all the same length "These Foyles haue all a length."

Osric answers Hamlet that they are the same, but it is not clear from the dialogue whether Osric knows about the plot to kill Hamlet.

Q1 does not specify a character named Osric. In Q1 a Gentleman acts as the judge of the duel at 5.2.281 (3746) in Section 201, taking a line assigned to Osric in F and Q2.

Osric's line in F and Q2 at 5.2.305 (3782) in Section 203 after Laertes is wounded, "How is't *Laertes*?", is assigned in Q1 to "*Lords*." In Q1 the line reads "How ist my Lord *Learte*s?"

F includes a stage direction at 5.2.265 (3725) for Hamlet and Laertes to take positions for the duel "*Prepare to play.*"

Section 200 5.2.267-279 (3727-3740)

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The King may have at least two cups of wine on stage. At 5.2.274 (3734) he orders "Giue me the Cups." And in Section 201 at 5.2.283 (3750) the King might drink from one cup while passing a different--poisoned cup--to Hamlet when the King says to Hamlet "Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup." But it is possible for the King to poison the cup after drinking from it, by dropping in the pearl before he orders the cup passed to Hamlet. In that case the King needs only one cup of wine on stage.

In Q2 when the King drinks to Hamlet at 5.2.278 (3739-3740) Q2 calls for "*Trumpets the while.*" The King's speech in both F and Q2 at 5.2.275-277 (3736-3738) seems to call for drums, trumpets, and cannons at this point, but no stage direction for those sound effects appear until Section 201.

In Q2 a stage direction at 5.2.281 (3746-3747) in Section 201 calls for sound effects when Hamlet scores a hit on the first round (or pass) of the duel "*Drum, trumpets and shot. / Florish, a peece goes off.*"

In F in Section 201 at (3751) "*Trumpets sound, and shot goes off*" after the King orders someone at 5.2.283 (3750) to give Hamlet the poisoned cup. So in F the sound effects occur while the poisoned cup is carried across the stage to Hamlet.

Q1 does not call for sound effects during the play's final scene.

Section 201 5.2.280-284 (3741-3752)

F shows the stage direction "*They play*" at 5.2.280 (3742) after Laertes says "Come on sir."

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Q1 calls for "*a hit*" after Hamlet says "come on sir." Q1 specifies "*Heere they play*" one line later to indicate the start of the second round between them.

Q2 lacks stage directions indicating the rounds of the duel.

In Q2 a stage direction at 5.2.281 (3746-3747) calls for sound effects when Hamlet scores a hit on the first round of the duel "*Drum, trumpets and shot. / Florish, a peece goes off.*"

In F at (3751) "*Trumpets sound, and shot goes off*" after the King orders someone at 5.2.283 (3750) to give Hamlet the poisoned cup. So in F the sound effects occur while the poisoned cup is carried across the stage to Hamlet.

Q1 does not call for sound effects during the play's final scene.

In all three texts at 5.2.284 (3752) Hamlet declines the poisoned cup "Ile play this bout first, set by a-while."

Section 202 5.2.285-296 (3753-3769)

In F and Q2 at 5.2.288 (3757) the Queen gives Hamlet her handkerchief to wipe his face "Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes." In Q2 she says "Heere *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy browes."

And in all three texts at 5.2.289 (3758) she drinks to Hamlet from the poisoned cup "The Queene Carowses to thy fortune, *Hamlet*." In Q1 she says "Here *Hamlet*, thy mother drinkes to thee."

In F and Q2 the King tries to stop the Queen from drinking at 5.2.290 (3760): "*Gertrude*, do not drinke."

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In F and Q2 at 5.2.294 (3766 the Queen wipes Hamlet's face after drinking from the poisoned cup "Come, let me wipe thy face."

In all three texts at 5.2.292 (3763) the King knows that the Queen drinks from the poisoned cup "it is the poyson'd Cup, it is too late."

F and Q2 at 5.2.293 (3764-3765) imply that the Queen offers Hamlet the poisoned cup after she drinks from it and Hamlet declines "I dare not drinke yet Madam, / By and by."

It is not certain that Laertes knows the Queen is poisoned, but Laertes' line in F and Q2 at 5.2.295 (3767) "My Lord, Ile hit him now" seems intended for the King alone.

And Laertes' line in F and Q2 at 5.2.296 (3769) seems intended as an aside "And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience." This line implies that Laertes may be having second thoughts about continuing the duel and using the poisoned rapier.

Section 203 5.2.297-312 (3770-3792)

Hamlet's speech to Laertes at 5.2.297-299 (3771-3773) may provoke Laertes, who was perhaps changing his mind about the murder plot. In F and Q2 Hamlet says "*Laertes*, you but dally, / I pray you passe with your best violence, / I am affear'd you make a wanton of me." In Q1 Hamlet says "*Leartes* come, you dally with me, / I pray you passe with your most cunningst play."

Laertes responds to these words in all three texts and continues the duel using the poisoned rapier. In F and Q2 at 5.2.300 (3774) Laertes says to Hamlet

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"Say you so? Come on." And in F and Q2 the third round of the duel continues immediately after this line. F shows a stage direction at 5.2.300 (3774) "*Play.*"

In Q1 Laertes also responds to Hamlet's speech. Laertes says "I! say you so? haue at you." But the duel does not continue immediately after this line.

In Q1 Laertes next line appears addressed to Hamlet "Ile hit you now my Lord." In F and Q2, before Hamlet's speech, Laertes says a similar line at 5.2.295 (3767) "My Lord, Ile hit him now." In F and Q2 that line seems intended for the King alone.

At this point in Q1 Laertes says--probably as an aside--"And yet it goes almost against my conscience." Then at this point only in Q1 Hamlet calls for the duel to continue "Come on sir."

In Q1 Hamlet and Horatio begin fighting in earnest at this point and both are mortally wounded by the poisoned foil. In Q1 no organized third round of the duel takes place. Q1 implies that Hamlet and Horatio are both wounded while fighting. No sneak attack by Laertes is implied. The stage direction in Q1 says "*They catch one anothers Rapiers, and both are wounded, / Leartes falles downe.*"

In F and Q2 at 5.2.301 (3775) no one scores during the third round of the duel "Nothing neither way." Laertes' attack on Hamlet at 5.2.302 (3776) is usually staged as a sneak attack before Hamlet can face him for the next round. When Laertes says at 5.2.302 (3776): "Haue at you now" he usually stabs Hamlet in the arm or leg, a glancing cut, just enough to draw blood. Since Hamlet outlives Laertes, it seems likely that Hamlet's wound is not as serious as the one that kills Laertes. Only Q1 specifies that Laertes "*falles downe.*" But in F and Q2 at

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5.2.318-9 (3799-3800) in Section 204 Laertes says "Loe, heere I lye, / Neuer to rise againe." But Hamlet performs actions on the stage while Laertes lies on the ground. So Hamlet's wound from the same poisoned rapier is not probably not as serious as Laertes'.

In F and Q2 after Laertes' sneak attack, Hamlet and Horatio fight in earnest, and according to F at (3777) "*In scuffling they change Rapiers.*" Laertes speech to Osric at 5.2.307 (3785) implies that Laertes is killed with the poisoned rapier he brought with him "I am justly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie." And in F and Q2 at 5.2.316 (3797) in Section 204 Laertes says to Hamlet "The Treacherous Instrument is in thy hand." In Q1 Laertes says "The fatall Instrument is in thy hand." So in all three texts Hamlet emerges from the fight with the poisoned rapier in his hand.

The exchange of rapiers may be a "textbook movement" according to one editor, G. B. Harrison, instead of a disorganized scuffle (Harrison 1647).

It is possible that the King's line in F and Q2 at 5.2.302 (3778) "Part them, they are incens'd" is in response to seeing the rapiers change hands. But in F and Q2 at 5.2.303 (3779) Hamlet insists on continuing "Nay come, againe."

While the rapiers change hands and Laertes receives his fatal wound, the Queen reacts to the poisoned cup. In F and Q2 at 5.2.303 (3780) Osric notices the Queen's reaction "Looke to the Queene there hoa." In Q1 the King calls out "Look to the Queene."

In F and Q2 at 5.2.308 (3787) the King explains the Queen's reaction by saying she faints or swoons at the sight of blood, "She sounds to see them bleede."

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But in all three texts the Queen insists at 5.2.309-10 (3788-3790) that she has been poisoned by the drink. It is possible that the Queen is warning Hamlet about the poisoned cup which she had offered him herself at 5.2.293 (3764-3765) in Section 202.

Although only Q1 specifically says that "*the Queene falles downe and dies,*" it seems clear in all three texts that she dies from the poison.

Someone, possibly Osric, exits at 5.2.311-2 (3791-3792) when Hamlet says "Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd. / Treacherie, seeke it out."

Section 204 5.2.313-327 (3793-3810)

Only F at (3804) specifies that Hamlet "*Hurts the King.*" But in all three texts at 5.2.321-2 (3802-3803) Hamlet implies that he will use the poisoned rapier on the King "The point envenom'd too, / Then venome to thy worke."

In F and Q2 at 5.2.323 (3805) more than one member of the Court reacts to the attack on the King by saying "Treason, Treason." The speech heading in F and Q2 assigns this line to "*All.*" But probably some on stage, like Horatio and Laertes, do not yell "Treason" when Hamlet attacks the King.

The King calls on the Court to help him, but there is no evidence that anyone interferes with Hamlet's actions against the King. After stabbing the King with the poisoned rapier, Hamlet forces the King to drink from the poisoned cup. F and Q1 at 5.2.327 (3810) specify that the "*King Dyes*" after drinking the poison.

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Section 205 5.2.327-332 (3811-3816)

In F and Q2 at 5.2.329 (3813) Laertes says "Exchange forgiuenesse with me, Noble *Hamlet.*" In Q1 Laertes says "here take my hand, / And withall, my loue: I doe forgive thee." It seems likely in all three texts that Hamlet moves toward Laertes to take his hand or make some gesture of reconciliation before Leartes dies. F and Q1 specify Laertes' death at 5.2.331 (3815).

Section 206 5.2.333-349 (3817-3835)

Hamlet turns from Laertes to Horatio at 5.2.333 (3817) in all three texts. In F and Q2 he says "I am dead *Horatio.*" In Q1 he says "O I am dead *Horatio*, fare thee well."

In F and Q2 at 5.2.333 (3817) Hamlet says good-bye to the Queen "wretched Queene adiew."

Then in F and Q2 at 5.2.334-8 (3818-3322) Hamlet addresses the Court on stage "You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance . . . " Hamlet appears ready to explain everything that has occurred but the poison weakens him and he feels death approach: "Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death / Is strick'd in his Arrest." The poison weakens him. In Q1 Hamlet says "O my heart sinckes *Horatio*, / Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse."

In F and Q2 Hamlet prevents Horatio from committing suicide by taking the poisoned cup away from him at 5.2.343 (3828-3829) "giue me the Cup. / Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't." In Q1 he convinces Horatio to let go of the cup "Vpon my loue I charge thee let it goe."

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Q1 specifies that Hamlet dies at the end of this section without hearing the approach of Fortinbras and the English Ambassadors.

Section 207 5.2.349-361 (3836-3851)

In F and Q2 a sound effect is heard off stage. F at (3836) calls for a "*March afarre off, and shout within.*" Q2 calls for "*A march a farre off.*"

Hamlet asks at 5.2.349 (3837) "What warlike noyse is this?" Osric enters one line later at (3838) and describes a "warlike volly" given to the English Ambassadors by Fortinbras who comes "with conquest from Poland." Horatio refers at 5.2.361 (3851) to "the Drumme." In Section 211 at 5.2. 399 (3900) Fortinbras orders that Hamlet be honored with "The Souldiours Musicke" and in F the play ends at (3906-3906) with the sound of a cannon when a "*Peale of Ordenance are shof off.*"

So it seems likely that the "*March a farre off*" at (3836) consists of a full complement of military sound effects.

Osric probably exited the stage at 5.2.311 (3791) in Section 203 when Hamlet ordered that the "doore be lock'd." It seems unlikely that Osric would exit in response to Hamlet's question at 5.2.349 (3837) "What warlike noyse is this?" and re-enter only one line later with the answer.

In Q1 Hamlet does not discuss the succession of Fortinbras to the throne of Denmark at 5.2.355-6 (3844-3845).

Hamlet succumbs to poison in all three texts. In F and Q2 he says to Horatio at 5.2.352-3 (3841-3842) "O I dye *Horatio*: / The potent poyson quite

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ore-crowes my spirit." In Q1 in Section 206 Hamlet says "O my heart sinckes *Horatio*, / Mine eyes haue lost their sight, my tongue his vse."

Hamlet's death differs in the three texts. In Q2 at 5.2.358 (3847) Hamlet last words are "the rest is silence." In Q1 at the end of Section 206 Hamlet says "heauen receiue my soule."

In F at 5.2.358 (3847) Hamlet cries out "O, o, o, o" after he says "the rest is silence" and a stage direction in F at (3847) specifies that he "*Dyes.*"

Section 208 5.2.362-372 (3852-3866)

F's stage direction for the entrance of Fortinbras and the Ambassadors seems more complete than Q2's.

F at (3852-3853) specifies that Fortinbras enters with "*English*" Ambassadors and specifies that Fortinbras is accompanied by "*Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.*" Q1 specifies that Fortinbras enters "*with his traine.*"

Q2 simply shows "*Enter Fortenbrasse, with the Embassadors.*"

But F and Q2 at 5.2.399 (3900) in Section 211 call for "The Souldiours Musicke" and at 5.2.395 (3895) Fortinbras orders that "foure Captaines" carry off Hamlet's body. So it seems likely that in all three texts Fortinbras enters with some followers, and in F and Q2 at least, military drums.

Q1 specifies that "*Voltemar*" enters with the Ambassadors, but Voltemand has not been on stage since Act Two. Editors of the First Quarto argue that a printer's error specified Voltemand in this scene , because the actor who played

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Voltemand in Act One and Act Two probably enters with Fortinbras as an Attendant, Ambassador or Soldier (Irace 114).

Section 209 5.2.372-386 (3867-3881)

F and Q2 are similar.

In Q1 at 5.2.371 (3865) the English Ambassador does not specifically mention the deaths of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Section 210 5.2.386-394 (3882-3894)

F and Q2 are similar.

Section 211 5.2.395-403 (3895-3907)

F specifies a military funeral. The stage direction in F at (3905-3906) reads "*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are shot off.*" Q2 simply says "*Exeunt.*" But at 5.2.403 (3904) in both F and Q2 Fortinbras says "Go, bid the Souldiers shoote." So military sound effects including a cannon seem called for in both F and Q2.

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