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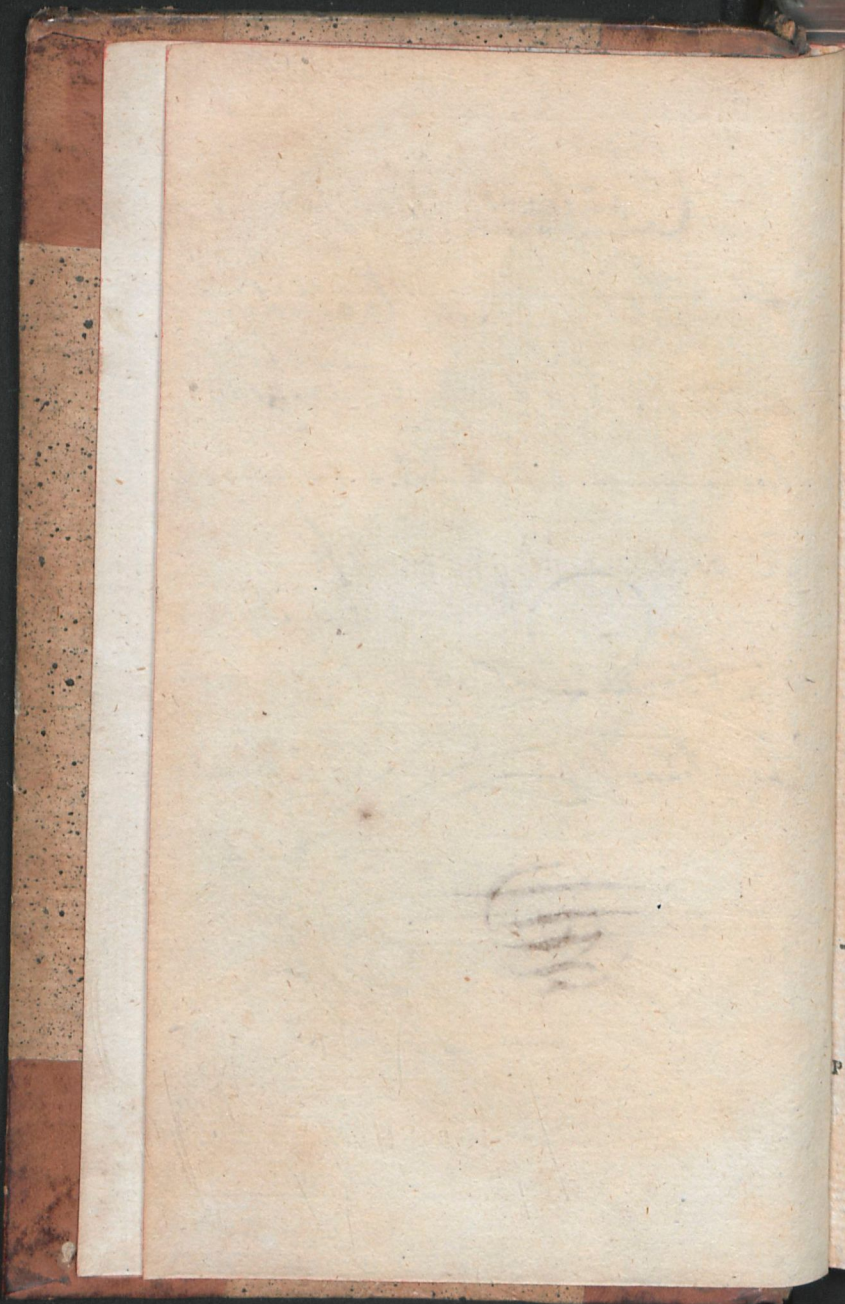
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PR

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PRINT



HAMLET

PRINCE OF DENMARK

A TRAGEDY.

BY

WILL. SHAKESPEARE.

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.

GOTTINGEN

PRINTED FOR VICTORINUS BOSSIEGEL

1784.





H A M L E T,
PRINCE OF DENMARK.



Persons Represented.

Claudius, King of Denmark.

Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.

Hamlet, Son to the Former, and nephew to the present King.

Polonius, Lord chamberlain.

Horatio, Friend to *Hamlet*.

Laertes, Son to *Polonius*.

Voltimeand,

Cornelius,

Rosencrantz,

Güldenstern,

} Courtiers,

Osrik, a Courtier.

Another Courtier.

Marcellus,

Bernardo,

} Officers.

Francisco, a soldier.

Reynaldo, Servant to *Polonius*.

Ghost of *Hamlet's* father.

Gertrude, queen of Denmark and Mother to *Hamlet*.

Ophelia, daughter to *Polonius*.

Ladies, Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.





H A M L E T,
PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

EL SIN O U R.

A platform before the palace.

FRANCISCO *on his post.* Enter to him BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the King! (*).

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

A 2

Ber-

*) *Long live the King.*) This is the Watch-word. STEEVENS.

Bernardo. 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed Francisco.

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

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals **) of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

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

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liege-men to the Dane.

Fran. Give you good night.

Mar. Oh, farewell, honest soldier! Who hath reliev'd you!

Fran. Bernardo hath my place. Give you good night.
(*Exit Francisco.*)

Mar. Holla! Bernardo.

Ber. Say, what, is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him. ***)

Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar.

**) *The Rivals of my watch.*) Rivals for Partners. WARBURTON. — WARNER reads *Rival* instead of *Rivals*, because Marcellus was an Officer, and consequently did that through duty, for which *Horatio* had no motive but curiosity.

***) *A piece of him.*) He says this as he gives his hand. WARB. A piece of him, is, I believe, no more than a cant expression STEEVENS.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

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

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down a while;

And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen. —

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

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

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look where it comes again.

Enter the Ghost.

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

Nar. Thou art a Scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the King! Mark it, Horatio.

A 3

Hor.

*) Approve our eyes —) add anew testimony to that of our eyes. JOHNSON.

Hor. Most like. — It harrows me with fear
and wonder,

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

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

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay; speak, I charge thee, speak.

(*Exit ghost.*)

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now Horatio? you tremble and look
pale.

Is not this something more than phantasy?

What think you of it?

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

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitions Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the fledged Polack on the ice
'Tis strange.

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

Her. *) In what particular thought to work, I
know not,

But,

*) In what particular thought to work) i. e. What particular train of thinking to follow. STEEVENS.

But, *) in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down, and tell me, he
that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subjects of the land?
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose fore
task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day,
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last King,
Whose image but even now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat: in which, our valiant Ham-
let

(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a seal'd compact
Well ratified by law and heraldry, (**)
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands,
Which he stood seis'd of, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd

A 4

To

*) — *Gross and Scope*) General thoughts, and tendency at large. JOHNSON.

***) *by Law and heraldry*) Mr. Upton says, that Shakespeare sometimes expresses one thing by two substantives, and that *Law and Heraldry* means, by the *herald law*. STEEVENS.

To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
 Had he been vanquisher; as, by that covenant,
 **) And carriage of the articles design'd,
 His fell to Hamlet. Now, Sir, young Fortinbras,
 Of unimproved mettle hot and full, ***)
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
 *) Shark'd up a list of landless resolute
 For food and diet, to some enterprize
 That hath **) a stomach in't; which is no other
 (As it doth well appear unto our state)
 But to recover of us, by strong hand,
 And terms compulsory those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost: and this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations;
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
Ber. I think, it be no other, but even so:
 Well may it fort, that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch; so like the King
 That was, and is the question of these wars.
Hor. A mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye.
 In the most high and palmy ***) state of Rome,

A

**) *And carriage of the Articles design'd,*) Carriage, is import: designed is formed, drawn-up between them. JOHNSON.

**) *Full of unimproved mettle*) is full of Spirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience. JOHNSON.

*) *Shark'd up a list*) to *shark up* means to pick up without distinction, as the shark-fish collects his prey. STEEVENS.

**) *That has a Stomach*) Stomach in the time of Shakespeare was used for constancy, resolution. JOHNSON.

**) *Palmy*) for victorious. POPE.

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
 Stars shone with trains of fire; dews of blood fell;
 Disasters veil'd the sun; and the moist star
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
 Was sick almost to dooms - day with eclipse.
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the omen'd coming-on,
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.

Enter Ghost again.

But soft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
 I'll cross it, though it blast me. — Stay illusion!

(Spreading his arms.)

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

If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
 Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy Country's fate,
 Which happily, foreknowing may avoid,
 Oh speak! —

Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,
(Cock crows.)

Speak of it. Stay, and speak — Stop it, Mar-
 cellus. —

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

A 5

Ber.

Ber. 'Tis here! —

Hor. 'Tis here! —

Mar. 'Tis gone!

(*exit Ghost.*)

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the shew of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

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

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
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 air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad,
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy *) takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in rufflet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.
Break

*) *No fairy takes*) No fairy strikes, with lameness or diseases. This sense of take is frequent in this Author.

Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night
 Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray. And I this morning
 know

Where we shall find him most conveniently.

(Exeunt.)

S C E N E II.

A room of state.

*Enter the Queen, Hamlet, Poloniüs, Laertes;
 Voltimand, Cornelius, lords and atten-
 dants.*

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brothers
 death

The memory be green; and that it us besitteth
 To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
 To be contracted in one brow of woe;
 Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
 That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
 Together with remembrance of ourselves.
 Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
 The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
 With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
 In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
 Taken to wife. — Nor have we herein barr'd
 Your

Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
 With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
 Now follows, that you know young Fortinbras
 Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
 Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
 Our state to be disjoint and out of frame;
 Co-leagued with this dream of his advantage,
 He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
 To our most valiant brother. — So much for him.
 Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:
 Thus much the business is. We have here writ
 To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
 (Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 Of this his nephew's purpose) to suppress
 His further gait herein; in that the levies,
 The lifts, and full proportions, are all made
 Out of his subjects: and we here dispatch
 You, good Cornelius, and you Voltimand,
 For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
 Giving to you no further personal power
 To business with the King, more than the scope *)
 Of these dilated articles allows.
 Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
Vol. In that, and all things will we shew our duty.
King. We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.
 (*exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*)
 And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
 You

*) *More than the Scope*) more than is comprised in the general design of these articles which you may explain in a more diffuse and dilated stile. JOHNSON.

You told us of some suit. What is't Laertes?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
 And lose your voice. What would'st thou beg
 Laertes.

That shall not be my offer, nor thy asking?
 *) The head is not more native to the heart,
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
 Than to the throne of Denmark is thy father.
 What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

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

King. Have you your Father's leave? what
 says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, (wrung from me my
 slow leave,
 By laboursome petition: and, at last,
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent:)
 I do beseech you give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be
 thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will. —
 But now, my Cousin Hamlet, and my son —

Ham.

*) *The Head is not more etc.)* The purport of these three lines is as follows: that Polonius's counsels and ministry were to him and his throne, what the head is to the heart and the hand to the mouth. CAPELL.

Ham. A little more than Kin, and less than
Kind. *)

(*Aside.*)

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

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

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour
off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark,
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
Thou knowst, 'tis common; all, that live must
die;

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam! nay, it is; I know not
seems.

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, modes, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly. — These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:

But

*) *less than Kind*) *Kind* is a Teutonic Word for child.
JOHNSON.

**) *too much i' the Sun*) Meaning probably his being sent
for from his studies to be expos'd at his Uncle's mar-
riage as his *chiefest Courtier*. STEEVENS.

But I have that within, which passeth shew;
These, but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your
nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious *) sorrow. But to persever
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shews a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient,
An understanding simple, and unschool'd:
For, what we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense.
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd; whose common theme
Is death of fathers; and who still hath cry'd,
From the first corse, 'till he that died to-day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for, let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility **) of love,
Than that which dearest father bears his son,
Do I impart ***) toward you, For your intent
In

*) *Obsequious*) is here from *obsequies*, or funeral ceremonies.
JOHNSON.

**) *nobility*) generosity. JOHNSON.

***) *Do I impart toward You*) The crow of Denmark
was

In going back to school to Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire:
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,

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

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why; 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;
Be as ourself in Denmark. — Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof
No jocund health, that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell;
And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away.

(Exeunt.)

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh, that this too too solid flesh would
melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His *) canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
God!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Fie

was elective. The king means, that as Hamlet stands the fairest chance to be next elected, he will strive with as much love to ensure it to him, as a father would shew in the Continuance of heirdom to a Son. STEEVENS.

*) his canon 'gainst self slaughter) i. e. that he had not restrained suicide by his express Law and peremptory prohibition. THEOBALD.

Fie on't! o fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to feed; things rank, and gross in
nature,
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! -- nay, not so much; not
two:

So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr: **) so loving to my mother,
That he might not let e'en the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? — Why, she would hang on
him,

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month —
Let me not think on't -- Frailty, thy name is
Woman!

A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears; — why she, even she. —
O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason.
Would have mourn'd longer — married with my
uncle,

My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month —
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes —
She married. — Oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good:
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!
Enter

**) Hyperion to a Satyr) By the Satyr is meant Pan as
by Hyperion, Apollo. Pan and Apollo were brothers,
and the allusion is to the contention between those two
Gods for the preference in music. WARBURTON.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well;
Horatio, — or do I forget myself?

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor ser-
vant ever.

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

Mar. My good lord —

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good Even,
Sir.

— But what, in faith, make you from Wit-
tenberg?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself. I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinour?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's fu-
neral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me. fellow-
student;

I think, it was to see my mother's Wedding.

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

Ham. Thrift, thrift! the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables.

Would

*) *Il change that name*). I'll be your servant you shall
be my friend. JOHNSON.

Would I had met my dearest *) foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio! —
My father — methinks, I see my father.

Hor. O where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

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

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father!

Hor. Season **) your admiration but a while,
With an attent ear; 'till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pè,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, di-
still'd **)

B 2

Almost

*) *dearest*) *dearest*, signifies most consequential, important.
STEEVENS.

**) *Season*) That is, temper it. JOHNSON.

**) *distill'd*) The Folio Edition reads: *bestilled*: This was perhaps an afterthought of the Poet's, who reflected that things are not *distilled* to a jelly, though some of

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. 'This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father:
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

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

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My lord, I did;

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

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

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

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles
me.

Hold you the watch to night?

Both. We do my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both

them are turned to it afterwards; but that *blood*, the
thing alluded to here, takes the form of one *instantly*
when arrested by the action of cold, which he terms
a *bestilling* it here, but in another place *freezing*. CA-
PELL.

Both. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like; very like: staid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? No?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silver'd

Ham. I'll watch to-night; perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you, it will.

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

All. Our duty to your honour.

Exeunt.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.
My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play. Would the night were
come!
'Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,
'Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.

An apartement in Polonius's house

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

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

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his fa-
vour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature;
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting:
The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
No more. —

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
Fer nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no foil, nor cautel, doth besmerch
The

The virtue *) of his will: but, you must fear,
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:
 For he himself is subject to his birth:
 He may not, as unvalued persons do,
 Curve for himself; for on his choice depends
 The sanity and health of the whole state;
 And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
 Whereof he is the head. Then, if he says, he

loves you,
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,
 As he in his particular act and place
 May give his saying deed; which is no further,
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
 Then weigh, what loss your honour may sustain,
 If with too credent ear you list his songs;
 Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
 To his *) unmaster'd importunity.
 Fear it Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister;
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
 Virtue itself' scapes not calumnious strokes:
 The Canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd;
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.

B 4

Be

*) *the virtue of his will*) Will seems here to comprise both excellence and power, and may be explained the pure effect. JOHNSON -- *virtue of his will* is his virtuous will, or virtuous intentions; and soil in the line before that, -- is soil of lust. CAPELL.

*) *unmaster'd*) licentious. JOHNSON.

Be wary then: best safety lies in fear;
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puff and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks *) not his own read.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

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

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard for
shame;
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are staid for. There! — my blessing
with you:

(Laying his hand on Laertes's head.)

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
**) But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of

*) recks not his own read) heeds not his own lessons,
POPE.

**) But do not dull thy palm with en-
ertainment
Of each new batch'd, unsledg'd
comrade

The literal sense is do not make thy palm callous by shaking
every

Of each new hatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Be-
ware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear it that the opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not exprest in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select, and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all; to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my blessing **) season this in thee!

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

Pol. The time invites you: go your Servants
tend. ***)

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

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,

And yon yourself shall *) keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

(Exit. *Laer.*

B 5 *Pol.*

every man by the hand. The figurative meaning may be,
do not by promiscuous conversation make thy mind insen-
sible to the difference of characters. JOHNSON.

**) Season to season is to infix. JOHNSON.

***) tend) are waiting for you.

*) (shall keep the key of it) the meaning is, that your coun-
sels are as sure of remaining locked up in my memory,
as if you yourself carried the key of it. STEEVENS.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?
Oph. So please you, something touching the
 lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
 Given private time to you; and you yourself
 Have of your audience been most free and boun-
 teous.

If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
 You do not understand yourself so clearly,
 As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
 What is between you? Give me up the truth.

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

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green
 girl,

*) Unstified in such peridious circumstance.
 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

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

Pol. Marry I'll teach you. Think yourself a
 baby,

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
 Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
 dearly;

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase)
 **) Wronging it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph.

*) Unstified) unstified, for untried.

**) Wronging it thus). The word wronging has reference
 not to the phrase but to Ophelia; if you go on wrong-
 ing it thus, that is, if you continue to go on thus wrong-
 ing. JOHNSON,

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with
love,

In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, *) fashion you may call it: go to, go to,

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

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

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,

Even in their promise as is it a making,

You must not take for fire. From this time,

Be somewhat scantier of thy maiden-presence;

Set your intreatments at a higher rate,

Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young;

And with a larger tether may he walk,

Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,

Not of that dye which their investments shew,

But meer implorers of unholy suits,

Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds **),

The better to beguile. This is for all.

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

Have you so slander any moment's leisure,

As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.

Look

*) *fashion you call it*) the usus *fashion* for *manner*, and
he for a *transient practice*. JOHNSON.

**) *Set your intreatments*) *Intreatments* here means *com-*
pany, conversation. JOHNSON.

**) *bonds*) Theobald for *bonds* substitutes *bawds*. JOHN-
SON.

Look to't, I charge you. Come your ways,
Oph. I shall obey, my lord,

(Exeunt.)

SCENE IV.

Changes to a platform.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

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

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve

Mar. No, it is struck.

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

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk,

(Noise of musk within.)

What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to-night, and takes
his rouse,

Keeps wassel, and the swaggering up-spring reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettle drum, and trumpet, thus bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:

But, to my mind - though I am native here,

And to the manner born — it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach, than the observ-
ance.

*) This

*) This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
 Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
 They clepe us, drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
 From our achievemens, though perform'd at
 height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As, in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot chuse his origin)
 By the o'ergrowth of some **) complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausible manners; — that these men —
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
 Being natures livery, or fortune's *) scar,
 Their virtues else (be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo)
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault. — **) The dram of
 base
 Doth all the noble substance of worth out,
 To his own scandal)

Shall

*) *This heavy-headed revel east and west*) i. e. This heavy-headed revel makes us traduced and taxed of other nations. JOHNSON.

**) *complexion*) i. e. humour; as sanguine, melancholy &c. WARBURTON.

*) *Fortune's Scar*) In the old quarto of 1637 it is *fortune's Star*, which means simply a mark. But the Candour of the Poet is great, in calling habits, (by which he means vicious habits) *Stars of fortune* or accident. CAPELL.

**) *Doth all the noble substance of worth out,*) This is
 one

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us! —

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
hell,

Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a ^{***} questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! answer me;
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy ^{****} canoniz'd bones, heard in death,
Have burst their cearments? Why the sepulchre
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean —
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revi-

one of the low colloquial expressions, which at present are neither employed in writing nor are perhaps reconcilable to the propriety of language. To do a thing *out*, is to efface, or obliterate any thing in drawing. STEEVENS.

^{***}) *questionable shape*) *questionable* means *willing to be questioned*. STEEVENS.

^{****}) *Why thy canonized bones, heard in death*) — Thy bones, which with due ceremonies have been intombed in death in the common state of departed mortals. JOHNSON. *Canonized* has no other meaning than *sacred*, a fit epithet for the bones of a father. *Hear'd* is figuratively for deposited, — and *death* for the place of the dead. CAPELL.

Revisit't thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition *)
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should
 we do?

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

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

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

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's **) fee:
 And, for my soul, what can it do to that —
 Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again. — I'll follow it —

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

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea;
 And there assume some other horrible form;
 Which might deprive ***) your sovereignty of
 reason,

And draw you into madness? Think of it:
 (The very place puts toys *) of desperation,
 With-

*) disposition) Disposition for frame of the body.

**) a pin's fee) the value of a pin. JOHNSON.

***) deprive) deprive in this place signifies simply to take
 away. JOHNSON.

*) toys) Toys for Whims. WARE.

Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.)

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

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands

Mar. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. —

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

(Breaking from them.)

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

I say, away: — Go on — I'll follow thee —
(Exit Ghost and Hamlet.)

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

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

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

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

(Exit.)

SCENE

*) *that lets me* to let among the old authors signifies to prevent, to hinder. STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

A more remote part of the platform.

Reenter Ghost and Hamlet.

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

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hear-
ing.

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

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

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to fast *) in fires,
'Till

*) — *confin'd to fast in fires*) We should read, — too fast in fires i. e. very closely confined. WARBURTON. I am rather inclined to read *confin'd to lasting fires*, to fires unremitted and unconsumed. JOHNSON — *to fast in fires*) is to do penance in fires; a poetical application of what is only a part of penance, to penance in general: the word was probably chosen for the sake of alliterating; a practice that is not without beauty when judiciously managed as it is in this place, which it causes to move with greater Solemnity CAPELL.

'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young
 blood;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
 spheres.

Thy knotted and combined looks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
 But this eternal blazon must not be
 To ears of flesh and blood. — List, list, oh
 list! —

If thou did'st ever thy dear father love —

Ham. O heaven!

Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
 murder.

Ham Murder!

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

Ham. Haste me to know it; that I with wings
 as swift

As *) meditation or the thoughts of love,
 May sweep to my revenge.

Ghoſt. I find thee apt:

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
 That

*) *As meditation or the thoughts of love*) The word meditation is consecrated by the *mystics*, to signify that stretch and flight of mind which aspires to the enjoyment of the supreme good. So that Hamlet considering with to what compare the swiftness of his revenge chooses two of the most rapid things in nature the ardency of divine and human passion, in an *enthusiast* and a *lover*.
 WARBURTON.

That rots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
 hear:
 'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,
 A serpent stung me: so the whole ear of Den-
 mark

Is by a forged process of my death
 Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
 The serpent, that did sting thy fathers' life,
 Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetick Soul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
 beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traiterous gifts
 (O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming virtuous queen,
 O Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air—
 Brief let me be — Sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secret hour thy uncle stole,
 With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour

C 2

The

The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That, swift as quick-silver, it courses through
 The natural gates and alleys of the body;
 And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posslet
 And curd, like eæper droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body —

Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of live, of crown, of queen, at once *) dis-
 patch'd:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
) Unhousel'd, *) disappointed, ****) unan-
 eal'd:

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:

****) Oh, horrible, oh, horrible! most horrible!
 If

*) *dispatch'd*) *Dispatch'd* for *bereft*. WARBURTON.

**) *Unhousel'd*) without the Sacrament being taken; from the Saxon old Word for the Sacrament *houfel*. THEOBALD.

***) *disappointed*) *Disappointed* is the same as *unappointed* and may be properly explain'd *unprepared*. JOHNSON. In other Editions *unappointed* i. e. without extreme unction.

****) *unaneal'd*) SKINNER, in his Lexicon of old and obsolete English terms, tells us, that *aneal'd* is *unctus*, from the Teutonic proposition *an* and *ole* i. e. oil: So that *unaneal'd* must consequently signify, *unappointed*, not having the extreme unction. THEOBALD.

*****) Oh, horrible! oh horrible! most horrible!) It was ingeniously hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

(Exit.

Ham. Oh, all you host of heaven! o earth!
 what else?
 And shall I couple hell? — O fie! Hold, hold
 my heart,
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost while memory holds a
 seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there:
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
 O most pernicious Woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling damned villain!

C 3

My

this line seems to belong to Hamlet, in whose mouth
 it is a proper and natural exclamation; and who ac-
 cording to the practice of the stage, may be supposed
 to interrupt so long a speech. JOHNSON.

My tables — meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villa'n;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark.

(Writing.)

So, uncle, there you are: now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu! remember me.
I have sworn it. — —

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. My lord, my lord —

Mar. Lord Hamlet —

Hor. Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! *) Come bird, come.

Mar. How is't, my noble lord?

Hor. What news, my lord?

Ham. Oh, wonderful!

Hor. Good, my lord, tell it.

Ham. No; you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven:

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you then; would heart of
man/once think it?

But you'll be secret —

Both. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. Theres ne' er a villain, dwelling in all
Denmark.

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor.

*) *Come, bird, come*) This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them. HANMER.

mor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
the grave

To tell us this.

Ham. Why right; you are i'the right;
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit, that we shake hands, and part:
You, as your business and desire, shall point you;—
For every man has his business and desire
Such as it is; — and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words,
my lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily;
Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes by St. Patrik, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching his vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er master it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord, we will.

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

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear it.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. Swear.

(Ghost beneath.

C 4

Ham.

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

Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

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

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then w'ell shift our ground. Come higher, gentlemen, and lay your hands again upon my sword: swear by my sword. Never to speak of this which you have heard. (*Ghost beneath.*) Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said, old mole! can'st work 'i th' ground so fast?

A worthy pioneer! Once more remove good friends.

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

Ham. *) And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, *Horatio,*

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come,

Here, as before, never (so help you mercy!)

How strange or odd so'er I bear myself,

As I, perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,

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

(With

*) *And therefore as a stranger give it welcome* i. e. receive it to yourself; take it under your own roof; as much as to say *keep it secret*. Alluding to the laws of hospitality. **WARBURTON.**

(With arms encumber'd thus, or this head shake,
 Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, well, well -- we know; -- or, we would,
and if we would;
 Or, *if we list to speak; -- or there be, an if*
there might; --
 Or such ambiguous giving out) denote
 That you know ought of me: this do you swear,
 So grace and mercy at your most need help you!
 Swear.

Ghost beneath.) Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,

With all my love do I commend me to you:
 And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
 May do, to express his love and friending to you,
 God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together,

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.
 The time is out of joint; o cursed spight!
 That ever I was born to set it right!
 Nay, come, let's go together.

(Exeunt.)

ACT. II. SCENE I.

An apartment in Polonius's house.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Polonius.

— Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

C 5

Pol.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely good Rey-
naldo.

Before you visit him, to make enquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look
you, Sir,

Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;
And how; and who; what means; and where
they keep;

What company; at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more
near;

Then your particular demands will touch it.
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge
of him,

As thus: — I know his father, and his friends,
And in part, him — Do you mark this, Rey-
naldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

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

But if't be he, I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so; — and there put on him
What forgeries you please: marry, none so rank,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord —

Pol. Ay, or, drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing: — You may go so far.

Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol.

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

You must not put an utter scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults
so quaintly,

That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and out-break of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood

*) Of general assault.

Rey. But, my good lord —

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

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

Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;

And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You, laying these slight follies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you, your party in converse, him you
would sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good Sir, or so, or *friend*, or *gentleman*,
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my lord.

Pol. And then, Sir, does he this;

He does — What was I about to say?
I: was about to say something — where did I
leave? —

Rey. At, closes in the consequence.

Pol.

*) of general assault i. e. such as youth in general is liable to. WARBURTON.

Pol. At, closes in the consequence — Ay,
 He closes with you thus; — I know the gentle-
 marry.
 man;
 I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,
 Or then, or then; with such and such; and, as
 you say,
 There was he gaming, there o'erook in [his
 rouze;
 There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
 I saw him enter such a house of sale,
 (*Videlicet*, a brothel) or to forth. — See you now.
 Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
 With windlasses, and with assays of bias,
 By indirections find directions out;
 So by my former lecture and advice
 Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God b'wi you: fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord —
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Roy. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord.

(*Exit.*)

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell. — How now, Ophelia? what's
 the matter?
Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted,
Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet
 Lord

Lord Hamlet — with his doublet all unbrac'd,
 No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
 Ungarter'd, and down gyred to his ancle,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other;
 And with a look so piteous in purport,
 As if he had been loosed out of hell,
 To speak of horrors: he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me
 hard:

Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
 And, with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long staid he so;
 At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus wavring up and down,
 He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
 That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being. That done he lets me go,
 And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
 For out o' doors he went without their helps,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go seek; the
 king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,
 Whose violent property foredoes itself,
 And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
 As oft as any passion under heaven
 That does afflict our natures. I am sorry
 What, have you given him any hard words of
 late?

Oph.

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,

I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted him. I fear he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jealousy!

It seems, it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack Discretion. Come, go we to the king,
This must be known; which, being kept close,
might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter, love.
Come.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The palace.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosincrantz, and Guildenstern!
More over that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Some thing you have heard
Of Hamlets transformation; so I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Rembles that it was. What it should be
More than his father's death, that thus hath put
him
So

So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him
And since, so neighbour'd to his youth and hu-
mour,

That, you vouchsafe rest here in our court
Some little time: So by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,
(Whether ought, to us unknown, afflicts him
thus,)

That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd
of you;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please
you

To shew us so much gentry *) and good-will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the **) supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks,
As fits a king's remembrance.

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

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full ***) bent.
To

*) gentry for complaisance. WARBURTON.

**) For the supply &c.) That the hope which your arrival has raised, may be completed by the desired effect.
JOHNSON

***) — in the full bent, Bent, for endeavour, application.
WARBURTON.

To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks; Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz.

And, I beseech you, instantly to visit
My too much changed son. — Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him! (*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*)

Queen. Ay, Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

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

King. Oh, speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to the ambassadors:
My news shall be the **) fruit of that great feast.

King.

*) — *The trail of policy*) The trail is the course of an animal pursued by the Scent. JOHNSON.

**) — *the fruit* —) The desert after the meat. JOHNSON.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring
 them in. (*Exit Pol.*)
 He tells me, my dear Gertrude, that he hath found
 The head and source of all your son's distemper.
Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
 His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

*Re-enter Polonius, with Voltimand and Corne-
 lius.*

King. Well, we shall sift him. — Welcome,
 my good friends!
 Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Nor-
 way?

Volt. Most fair return of greetings and desires.
 Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
 His nephew's levies; which to him appea'rd
 To be a preparation, 'gainst the Polack,
 But, better look'd into, he truly found
 It was against your highness: whereat griev'd —
 That so his sickness, age, and impotence
 Was falsely borne in hand — sends out arrests
 On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
 Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
 Makes vow before his uncle, never more
 To give the assay of arms against your majesty.
 Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
 Gives him three-score thousand crowns in annual
 fee;

And his commission to employ those soldiers,
 So levied as before, against the Polack:
 With an entreaty, herein further shewn,
 That it might please you to give quiet pass
 Through your dominions for this enterprize.
 On such regards of safety, and allowance,

D

Aa

As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well;

And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.

Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together.
Most welcome home!

(Exeunt Volt. and Cor.)

Pol. This business is well ended.

My liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day and time.
Therefore -- since brevity's the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourish-
es —

I will be brief: your noble son is mad;
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad:
But let that go. —

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all. —
That he is mad 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a foolish figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. —
Perpend. —

I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath-

Hath given me this. — Now gather, and surmise
*To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
 beautified*

Ophelia — That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase;
Beautified is a vile phrase; but you shall hear—

These
to her excellent white bosom, these &c. —
Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam, stay a while; I will be
 faithful. —
 (reading)

*Doubt thou, the stars are fire,
 Doubt, that the sun doth move,
 Doubt truth to be a liar,
 But never doubt, I love.*

*Oh, dear Ophelia I am ill at these numbers;
 I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I
 love the best, oh most best, believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst
 this machine is to him, HAMLET.*

This, in obedience hath my daughter shewn me,
 And, more above, hath his solicitings,
 As they fell out by time, by means and place,
 All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might
 you think

When I had seen this hot love on the wing
 (As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,
 Before my daughter told me) what might you,
 Or my dear majesty your queen here, think

D 2

If

If I had playd the desk or table-book;
 Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb,
 Or look'd upon this love with idle sight?
 What might you think? No, I went round to work,
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
 Lord Hamlet is a prince: — out of thy sphere,
 This must not be: and then, I precepts gave her,
 That she should lock herself from his resort,
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens,
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
 And he, repulsed (a short tale to make)
 Fell into a sadness; then into a fast;
 Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
 Thence to a lightness; and, by this declension,
 Into the madness wherein now he raves,
 And all we wail for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I'd fain know
 that)

That I have positively said, 'tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

(Pointing to his head and shoulder.)

If circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
 Within the center.

King. How may we try it further.

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours
 together,

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to
him:

Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm, and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But, look, where, sadly the poor
wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you, both away:
(*Exeunt King and Queen.*)

I'll board him presently.

Oh, give me leave. — How does my good Lord
Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a' mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honest as this world goes,
Is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a god, kissing carrion — Have you a
daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception
is a blessing but not as your daughter may con-
ceive. Friend look to't.

Pol. How say you by that? (*Aside.*) Still harping on my daughter: —
Yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a
filsmonger. —
He is far gone, far gone; and truly, in my youth,
I suffered much extremity for love;
Very near this. — I'll speak to him again.
— What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the satirical *) slave says here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit; together with most weak hams. All which, Sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, Sir, shall be as old as I am, if like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madness, yet there's method in't. (*Aside.*)

Will you walk out of the air my lord?

Ham. Into my grave? —

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air: —

How pregnant sometimes his replies are!

A happiness that often madness hits on,

Which

*) for the satirical (slave) By the satirical slave he means Juvenal in his tenth Satire vers. 199 seq. WARBURTON. There was no translation of Juvenal extant so early; those who have seen Mr. Farmer's pamphlet will hardly believe that Shakespeare was able to have read the Original. STEEVENS.

Which sanity and reason could not be
So prosperously deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And suddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter. —
My honourable lord, I will most humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing,
that I will more willingly part withal, except
my life, except my life, except my life

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to seek lord Hamlet; there he is.
(*Exit.*)

Ros. God save you, Sir.

Guil. Mine honour'd lord! —

Ros. My most dear lord! —

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost
thou Guldenstern?

Oh, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy
On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waift, or in
the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith in her privates we.

Ham. In the secret parts of fortune? oh, most
rue; she is a strumpet. What news?

Ros. None my lord, but that the world's grown
honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near: but your news
is not true. Let me question more in particular:

D 4

what

what have you, my goods friends, deserved at the hands of fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

Rof. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one o'the worst.

Rof. We think not so, my lord

Ham. Why then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so. To me, it is a prison.

Rof. Why then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition: for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow *) of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Rof. Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow.

am. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and out-stretch'd heroes, the beggar's shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham.

*) — the shadow of a dream) Shakespeare has accidentally inverted an expression of Pindar, that the state of humanity is *σκιας εωραε* the dream of a Shadow.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinour?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear at a half-penny. Were you not sent for? is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour. I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our everpreserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

Ros. What say you?

(*To Guildenstern*)

Ham. *) Nay, then I have an eye of you:
if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

D 5

Ham.

*) *Nay, then I have an eye of you*) An eye of you means I have a glimpse of your meaning. STEEVENS.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly firm, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me — nor woman neither; though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ref. My lord there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh when I said man delights not me?

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

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target: the

*) We coted them on the way ---) To cote is to overtake,
STEEVENS.

the lover shall not sigh gratis: the humorous man shall end his part in peace: the *) clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the fere: and the **) lady shall fly her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for't. — What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take delight in, the tragedians of this city.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their confidence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. ***) I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so follow'd?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

„Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

„Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the „wonted pace: but there is, Sir, an ****) Aiery „of

*) *The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickled o' the fere*) i. e. those who are asthmatical, and to whom laughter is most uneasy. SCHEVENS.

***) *The lady shall &c.*) *The lady shall have no obstruction, unless from the lameness of the verse.* JOHNSON.

****) *I think, their inhibition --*) I fancy this is transposed: Hamlet enquires not about an inhibition, but an innovation; the answer therefore probably was, *I think, their innovation, that is, their new practice of strolling, comes by the means of the late inhibition* JOHN-SON.

****) *An Aiery of children, little Eyases*) Relating to the playhouses then contending, the *Bankside*, the *Fortune* &c. played by the Children of his Majesty's chapel POPE. *Aiery* or *Eyery*, pronounced *Airy*, a Brood of Hawcks, properly the Nest they are hatched in. — *Eyase*, plur. *Eyases*, a young, Hawck, a Nestling, one jutt come from the Egg.

„of children, little Eyaſes, that *) cry out on
 „the top of queſtion, and are moſt tyrannically
 „clapp'd for't: theſe are now the faſhion; and ſo
 „berattle the common ſtages (ſo they call them)
 „that many wearing rapiers are afraid of gooſe-
 „quills, and dare ſcarce come tither.

„*Ham.* What, are they children? who maintains
 „'em? how are they **) eſcoted? ***) Will they
 „pursue quality no longer than they can *ſing*?
 „Will they not *ſay* afterwards. If they ſhould
 „grow themſelves to common players (as it is
 „moſt like, if their means are no better) their
 „writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim
 „againſt their own ſucceſſion.

„*Roſ.* 'Faith, there has been much to do on
 „both ſides, and the nation holds it no ſin, to
 „tarre ****) them on, to controverſy. There was,
 „for a while, no money bid for argument, un-
 „leſs the poet and the players went to cuffs in
 „the queſtion.

„*Ham.* Is it poſſible?

Guil. Oh, there has been much throwing about
 of brains.

„*Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

„*Roſ.*

*) -- cry out on the top of the queſtion --) Children-
 that perpetually ſpeak in the higheſt notes of voice
 that can be admitted in ſpeaking. STEEVENS.

**) -- eſcoted) Paid. JOHNSON.

***) Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can
ſing? Will they follow theſe *profession* of players no
 longer than they keep the voices of boys? JOHNSON.

****) to tarre them) to provoke any animal to rage, is to
 tarre him. JOHNSON.

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord, *) Hercules
and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for mine uncle
is King of Denmark; and those that would make
mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty,
forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a piece for his
picture in little. There is something in this more
than natrual, if philotophy could find it out

Flourish of trumpets.

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to El-
finour. Your hands. Come then. The appur-
tenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony:
let me comply with you in this garb, lest
my extent to the players, which, I tell you,
must shew fairly outward, should more appear
like entertainment than yours. You are wel-
come: but my uncle - father and aunt - mother
are deceiv'd

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north - north - west:
when the wind is foucherly, I know a hawk *)
from a hand-saw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too;
at each ear a hearer. That great baby, you see
there, is not yet out of his swaddling - clouts.

Ros. Happily, he's the second time come to
them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham.

*) *Hercules and his load too*) i. e. they not only carry
away the world, but the Worldbearer too: alluding to
the Story of Hercules relieving Atlas: **WARBURTON.**

**) *from a hand saw*): This was a common proverbial
speech.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it. — You say right, Sir: on Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.

When Roscius was an actor in Rome —

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. *) Buz, buz! —

Pol. Upon mine honour

Ham. **) *Then came each actor on his ass* —

Pol. The best actors in the world: either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, *tragicohistorical*, *tragicohistorical*, *historical pastoral*, scene undividable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. Oh, *Jephta, judge of Israel*, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why — *one fair daughter; and no more, The which he loved passing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'the right, old *Jephta*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephta*, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol.

*) *Buz, buz.* Mere idle talk, the buz of the vulgar.

JOHNSON.

Buz, buz! are, I believe only interjections employed to interrupt Polonius. STEEVENS.

**) *Then came each actor on his ass*) This seems to be a line of a Ballad. JOHNSON.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. *) *Why, as by lot, God wot* — and then you know, *it came to pass, as most like it was*: the first row of the **) *pious chanson* will shew you more. For, look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter Players.

You are welcome masters. Welome all. I am glad to see thee well: — welcome, good friends. old friend! why, thy face is valanc'd since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in Denmark? Wha! my young lady and mistress? By-'r lady, your ladyship is nearer heaven than I saw you last, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God, your vo ce like a piece of uncurrent gold, be ***) not crack'd within the ring. — Masters, you are all well-come. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see, we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech.

I. Play. what speech my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once; but it was never acted; or if it was, not above once: for
the

*) *Why, as by lot, God wot &c.*) The old Song from which these quotations are taken, is printed in the 2d Edit. of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of ancient English Poetry.*

**) *the pious chanson*) Some Editions read *pons chanson* i. e. old ballads sung on bridges. The old quarto 1611 reads *pious chanson*, which gives the sense wanted. The *pious chansons* were a Kind of *Christmas Carol*, containing some Scriptural history thrown into loose rhimes, and sung about the Streets by the common people when they went at that season to beg alms.

***) -- *be nat crack'd within the ring.*) That is, cracked to much for use. This is said to a young player who acted the parts of women. JOHNSON.

the play, I remember, pleased not the million. 'twas caviare to the general, but it was (as I received it, and others whose judgment in such matters *) cried in the top of mine) an excellent play; well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty **) as cunning. I remember one said, there were no ***) fallers in the lines, to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that ****) might indite the author of affection; but called it, an honest method (as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine). One speech in it I chiefly loved; 'twas Aeneas's tale to Dido; and thereof of it especially, where he speaks of Priams slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me see, let me see — *The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast.* It is not so; — it begins Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus, he, whose sable arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horse; —
Hath now his dread and black complexion smear'd
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot,*

Now

*) -- cried in the top of mine) i. e. whose judgment I had the highest opinion of. **WARBURTON.** — That were higher than mine. **JOHNSON.** — Whose judgment in such matters, was in much higher vogue than mine. *Revisal.* — Whose judgment was more clamourously delivered than mine. **STEEVENS.** — and others of better judgment than me. **CAPELL.**

**) *modestly*) simplicity.

) *Sallets*) such is the reading of the old copies. **STEEVENS.

****) *indite the author of affection*) i. e. convict the author of being a fantastical affected writer. **STEEVENS.**

Now is he total gules; horridly trick'd
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
 Bak'd and impasted with the parching fires,
 That lend a tyrannous and damned light
 To their lord's murder. Roasted in wrath and fire,
 And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus.
 Old grandsire Priam seeks: — So proceed you.

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

1. Play. Anon he finds him,

Striking, too short, at Greeks: his antique sword
 Rebellicious to his arm, lies where it falls,
 Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,
 Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
 But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword,
 The unnerved father falls. Then senseless Ilium,
 Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
 Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash
 Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear. For, lo, his sword
 Which was declining on the milky head
 Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:
 So like a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;
 And, like a neutral to his will and matter
 Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below
 As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
 Doth rend the region: so after Pyrrhus, pause,
 A roused vengeance sets him new a-work;
 And never did the Cyclops' hammer fall
 On Mars his armour, forg'd for pro of eterne,
 With less remorse than Pyrrhus bleeding sword
 Now falls on Priam. —

E

Out,

*Out, out. thou strumpet Fortune! all you gods,
In general syn'd take away her power:
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!*

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's with your beard.
Pr'ythee, say on; he's for a jig, or a tale of
bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

I. *Play. But, who, oh! who had seen the* ^(*)
mobled queen. --

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen, is good.

Play. *Run bare-foot up and down, threat-*
ning the flames

With biffon ^(**) *rheum; a clcut upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe
About her lank and all o'er reemed loins,
A blanket in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had teen with tongue invenom steep'd
Gainst fortune's state would treason have pro-*
nounc'd;

*But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicous sport
In mencing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And passion in the gods.*

Pol. Look, wher he has not turn'd his co-
lour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham.

^(*) Mobled queen) mobled or mabled signifies veiled. WAR-
BURY — buddled, grossly covered. JOHNSON. —
The folio reads — the imobled queen; and in all pro-
bability it is the true reading. STEEVENS.

^(**) Biffon) i. e. blind.

Ham. 'Tis well. I'll have thee speak out the rest of this soon. Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do ye hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad epitaph, then their ill report while you lived.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better. Ufd every man after his desert, and who shall scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more meritis in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs.

(Exit Polonius.)

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. — Dost thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murder of Gonzago?

Play. Ay, my lord.

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

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look, you mock him not. — My good Friends, *(to Ros. and Guild.)* I'll leave you 'till night. You are welcome to Elsinour.

(Exeunt.)

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay, so, God be wi'ye. — Now I am alone. Oh,

E 2

Oh,

Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
 Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
 That, from her working, all his visage *) wan'd;
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
 For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he **) should weep for her? What; would
 he do,

Had he the motive and the ***) cue for passion,
 That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the ****) general ear with horrid speech,
 Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
 The very faculty of ears and eyes.

Yet I,
 A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
 Like John-a-dreams, *****) unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
 Upon whose property and most dear life,
 A damn'd *****) defeat was made. Am I a
 coward?

Who

*) *Wan'd*) i. e. turn'd pale or wan. WARBURT.

**) *cue*) the hint, the direction. JOHNSON.

***) — *The general ear --*) The ears of all mankind.

****) *unpregnant*) not quickened with a new desire of vengeance; not teeming with revenge.

*****) *defeat*) for *destruction*. WARBURT, --- rather *dispossession*. JOHNSON.

Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-crofs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lye i' the
throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Yet I should take it: -- for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy, villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, *) kind-
less villain!

Why, what an as am I? This is most brave,
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion! Fie upon't! foh!

**) About, my brain! Hum! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struk so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murder, though it have no tongue, will

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
speak
players
Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;
Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent ***) him to the quick; if he but blench, ****)
I know

*) Kindless) unnatural. JOHNSON.

**) About, my brain) Brain, go about the present business,
JOHNSON.

***) tent him) Search his wounds. JOHNSON.

****) -- if he but blench) If he shrink. STEEVENS.

I know my course. The spirit, that I have seen,
 May be the devil; and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
 Out of weakness, and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits)
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More *) relative than this: the play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.
 (*Exit*)

ACT. III. SCENE I.

The Palace.

*Enter King, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosen-
 cranz, and Guildenstern.*

King.

And can you by no drift of conference
 Get from him why he puts on this confusion;
 Grating so harshly all his days of quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

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

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be
 founded;

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
 When we would bring him on to some confession
 of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Ros.

*) relative) nearly related, closely connected. JOHN-
 SON.

Rof. *) Niggard of question; but, of our demands,

Most free in his reply,

Queen. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rof. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er raught **) on the way; of these we
told him:

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

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

King. With all my heart: and it doth much
content me

To hear him so inclin'd. —
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Rof. We shall, my lord.

Exeunt.

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here

L 4

*) Aff

*) *Niggard of question* in his reply) Warburton reads:
Most free of question; but, of our demands

Niggard in his reply.

— If *question*, be restrain'd, as it should be to questions
of moment, such as might give the speaker a handle to
bring on a confession, there will be no occasion for the trans-
position that has been made in these lines by two latter
moderns: the import of *free* is not open, but ready, *prodigal*
of words, and is set against *niggard*. CAPELL.

**) *o'er-raught*) that is *overtook*. JOHNSON.

*) Affront Ophelia.
 Her father and myself (lawful Espials)
 Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
 We may of their encounter frankly judge;
 And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
 If't be the affliction of his love, or no,

Queen. I shall obey you: —
 And for my part, Ophelia, I do wish,
 That your good beauties be the happy cause
 Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your vir-
 tues
 May bring him to his wonted way again
 To both your honours

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

(*Exit Queen.*)
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here: -- Gracious, so
 please ye,
 We will bestow ourselves: -- Read on this book;

(*To Ophelia*)
 That shew of such an exercise may colour
 Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,
 **) 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotions 'vi-
 sage

And pious action, we do sugar o'er
 The devil himself.

King. Oh, 'tis too true!
 How smart a lash that speech doth give my
 conscience!

(*Aside.*)
 The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with plastring art,
 Is

*) *affront*) to affront is only to meet directly. JOHNSON.

**) *'Tis too much prov'd* - it is found by too frequent ex-
 perience. JOHNSON.

Is not *) more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my most painted word.
O heavy burden!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw my
lord.

(Exeunt all but Ophelia.)

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be? that is the question. --
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing, end them? -- To die -- to
sleep --

No more? -- and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die; -- to sleep; --
To sleep! perchance, to dream: -- Ay, there's
the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled of this mortal **) coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contu-
mely,

The pangs of despis'd love, law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes;
E 5 When

*) -- more ugly to the thing that helps it,) That is, com-
pared with the thing that helps it. JOHNSON.

**) coil) Ado, Stir, bustle,

When he himself, might his *) quietus make
 With a bare **) bodkin? Who would fardles bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns; puzzles the will;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action. -- Soft you, now!

(Seeing Ophelia

The fair Ophelia? -- Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remembered.

Oph. Good, my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver.

I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I; I never gave you ought.

Ham. My honour'd lord, you know right
 well you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath
 compos'd,

As made the things more rich; that perfume lost,
 Take

*) *might his quietus make*) This expression probably alluded to the writ of discharge, which was formerly granted to those barons and knights, who personally attended the king on any foreign expedition, which was called a *quietus*. STEEVENS.

**) *bodkin*) a small dagger.

Take these again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
--- There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. *) That if you be honest and fair, you
should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
merce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is, to
a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate
beauty into its likeness. This was sometime a
paradox. But now the time gives it proof. I did
love you once.

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

Ham. You should not have believed me: for
virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we
shall relish of it. I lov'd you not

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst
thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indif-
ferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such
things, that it were better my mother had not
borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambi-
tious; with more offences **) at my beck, than
I have

*) *That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no dis-
course to your beauty*) The true reading seems to be this,
*If you be honest and fair, you should admit your honesty
to no discourse with your beauty.* This is the sense evi-
dently required by the process of the conversation.
JOHNSON.

**) *at my beck*) That is, *always ready to come about me.*
WARB.

I have thoughts *) to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows, as I, do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. Oh, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for the dowry. Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures and make **) your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

(Exit Hamlet.)

Oph.

*) *thoughts to put them in*) To put a thing into thoughts, is, to think on it. JOHNSON.

**) -- *make your wantonness your ignorance*) You mistake by wanton affectation, and pretend to mistake by ignorance. JOHNSON.

Oph. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 *) The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
 sword;
 The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion, and **) the mould of form,
 The observ'd of all observers! Quite, quite down!
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
 That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
 Blasted with ***) ecstasy. Oh woe is me!
 To have seen what I have seen; see what I see.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little;
 Was not like madness. Something's in his soul,
 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
 And I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose
 Will be some danger; which, how to prevent,
 I have in quick determination
 Thus set it down. He shall with speed to England,
 For the demand of our neglected tribute;

Haply

*) *The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;*
 The poet certainly meant to have placed his words thus)
The courtier's, scholar's, soldier's, eye, tongue, sword;
 otherwise the excellence of *tongue* is appropriated to
 the *soldier* and the *scholar* wears the *sword*. WARNER.

**) *the mould of form*) The Model by whom all endeavoured
 to form themselves. JOHNSON.

***) *with ecstasy*.) The word *ecstasy* was anciently used to
 signify some degree of alienation of mind. STEEVENS.

Haply, the seas, and countries different,
 With variable objects, shall expel
 This something-fetled matter in his heart,
 Whereon his brain still bearing, puts him thus
 From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well. But yet do I believe
 The origin and commencement of this grief
 Sprung from neglected love. How now, Ophelia?
 You need not tell us what lord Hamlet said;
 We heard it all.

(Exit Ophelia.)

My lord, do as you please.

But, if you hold it fit, after the play
 Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him
 To shew his griefs; let her be round with him;
 And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear
 Of all their conference. If she find him not,
 To England send him: or confine him where
 Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so,
 Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go
(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

A hall.

*Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the
 Players.*

Ham. Speack the speech, I pray you, as I pro-
 nounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But
 if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I
 had as lieve the town-crier had spoke my lines.
 Nor

Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of *) the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews, and noise: I could have such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing **) Termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone is from the purpose of playing; whose end, both at the first, and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and ***) pressure. Now this over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot
but

*) — *the groundlings*) The meaner people then seem to have sat below, as they now sit in the upper gallery, who, not well understanding poetical language, were sometimes gratified by a mimical and mute representation of the drama, previous to the dialogue. JOHNSON.

**) *Termagant*) *Termagant* was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. PERCY.

**) *pressure*) Resemblance, as in a print. JOHNSON.

but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowanc o'er weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly (nor to speak it profanely*) that neither having the accent of christian, nor the gait of christian, pagan, or *) men have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered. That's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. —

(*Exeunt Players.*)

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.
How now, my lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.

(*Exit Polonius.*)

*) — not to speak it profanely) Profanely seems to relate not the to praise which he has mentioned, but to the censure which he is about to utter. Any gross or indelicate language was called profane. JOHNSON,

**) *Man*). Mr. Farmer reads *Mussulman*,

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord.

(Exeunt.)

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter Horatio to Hamlet.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service:

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man,
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

Hor. Oh my dear lord —

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:

For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be
flatter'd?

No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the *) pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;

A man, that fortune's buffet's and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks. And blest are those
**) Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
mingled,

That

*) *the pregnant hinges of the knee*) The sense of pregnant in this place is, *quick, ready, prompt.* JOHNSON.

**) *Whose blood and judgment* -) According to the doctrine of the four humours, *desire and confidence* were seated in the blood, and judgment in the phlegm and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character. JOHNSON.

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me that
man.

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this. —
There is a play to-night before the king,
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pry'hee, when thou seest that act a foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe my uncle; if his occult guilt
Do not itself unkenneled in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As *) Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.

If he steal aught, the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must
be idle: get you a place.

Danish march. A flourish.

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosen-
crantz, Guildenstern, and others.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's dist.
I eat the air, promise-craun'd. You cannot feed
capons so.

King.

*) *Vulcan's stithy* -) *Stithy* is a Smith's forge: properly the
anvil he works upon. CAPELL.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

Ham. No, *) nor mine now, my lord. — You play'd once i' the university, you say?

(*To Polonius.*)

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was kill'd i' the capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. — Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

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

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. Oh, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

(*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*)

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant **) country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

F 2

Ham.

*) nor mine now.) A man's words, says the proverb, are his own no longer than he keep them unspoken. JOHNSON.

**) country matters) I think we must read *country manners*. JOHNSON.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Oh, your only jig-maker. What should a man do, but be merry? For, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have *) a suit of fables. Oh heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, **) with the hobby horse; whose epitaph is *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot.*

Trum-

*) *a suit of fables*) fables, the furs so called, are the finery of most northern nations; so that Hamlet's saying- he would have a suit of fables amounts to a declaration, that he would leave of his blacks, since his father, was so long dead. CAPELL.

**) *with the hobby horse*) Amongst the country may-games there was an hobby-horse, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and discredited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the sectaries; from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. WARBURTON. In a small black letter book, intitled, *Plays confuted*, by Stephen Gosset; I find the *hobby-horse* enumerated in the list of dances. STEVENS.

Trumpets sound. The dumb shew follows.

Enter a king, and queen very lovingly; the queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes shew of prostration unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; he lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in another man takes off his crown, kisse it, and pour poison in the sleeper's ears, and exit. The queen returns, finds the king dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner woos the queen with gifts; she seems harsh a while, but in the end accepts his love.

(Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry; this is *) *Miching Malicho*; it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this shew imports the argument of the play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

F 3

Oph.

*) *Miching Malicho*) signifies mischief lying hid; *Malicho* is the Spanish *Malbecho*. HANMER. I think *Hanner's* exposition most likely to be right. JOHNSON. The quarto reads *munching mallico*. STEEVENS. *Malicho* the Character call'd by us Iniquity in the ancient Moralities; by the Spaniards *Malbecho* and *Malbechor*, evil Deed, and evil Doer. CAPELL.

Oph. Will he tell us, what this shew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any shew that you'll shew him.
Be not you ashamed to shew *), he 'll not shame to tell what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the play.

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

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a Duke, and a Dutches.

Duke. Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart
gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus, orb'd ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed *shen* **)
About the world have times 'twelve thirty been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late.
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That

*) — Be not you ashamed to shew (i.e.) The conversation of Hamlet with Ophelia, which cannot fail to disgust every modern reader, is probably such as was peculiar to the young and fashionable of the age of Shakespeare, which was, by no means an age of delicacy. The poet is, however: blameable; for extravagance of thought, not indecency of expression is the characteristic of madness, at least, of such madness, as should be represented on the Scene. STEEVENS.

**) *shen*) splendor, lustre. JOHNSON.

That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
 Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
 For women fear too much, even as they love,
 And women's fear and love hold quantity;
 In neither ought, or in extremity.
 Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
 And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
 (Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fears;
 Where little fears grow great, great love grows

there.
 Duke. 'Faith, I must leave, thee, love, and,
 shortly too:

My operant powers their functions leave to do,
 And thou shalt live in this fair world behind;
 Honour'd, below'd; and, haply, one as kind
 For husband shalt thou. —

Duch. Oh, confound the rest!
 Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
 In second husband let me be accurst!
 None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's wormwood!

Dutch. The instances*) that second marriage
 move,

Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
 A second time I kill my husband dead
 When second husband kisses me in bed.

Duke. I do believe you think what now you speak;
 But what we do determine, oft we break;
 Purpose is but the slave to memory,
 Of violent birth, but poor validity:
 Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,
 But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
 Most necessary 'tis, that we forget

F 4

*) The instances -) The motives. JOHNSON.

To

To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt: *)
 What to ourselves in passion we propose,
 The passion ending, doth the purpose lose;
 The violence of either grief or joy.
 Their own **) enactures with themselves destroy:
 Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;
 Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
 This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not strange,
 That even our loves should with our fortunes change.
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,
 Whether love leads fortune, or else fortune love.
 The great man down, you mark, his fav'rite sties;
 The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto does love on fortune tend,
 For who' not needs, shall never lack a friend;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But, orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills, and fates, do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown;
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
 So think, thou wilt no second husband wed;
 But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.
 Dutch. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven
 light!
 Sport and repose, lock from me, day and night!
 To

*) *what to ourselves is debt:*) The performance of a resolution, in which only the resolver, is interested, is a debt only to himself, which he may therefore remit at pleasure. JOHNSON.

**) *Their own enactures with themselves destroy*) What grief or joy enact or determine in their violence, is revoked in their abatement. *Enactures* is the word in the quarto Edition; all the modern editors have *enactors*. JOHNSON

To desperation turn my trust and hope!
 An anchor's *) cheer in prison by my scope!
 Each opposite, that blanks the face of joy,
 Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
 Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife!
 If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If she should break it now —

Duke. 'Tis deeply sworn; sweet, leave me here
 a while:

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
 The tedious day with sleep.

(Sleeps.)

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
 And never come mischance between us twain!

(Exit.)

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady protests too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but she'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? is there
 no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest.
 No offence i' th' world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The *Mousetrap*; — Marry, how?
 tropically. This play is the image of a murder
 done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name,
 his wife's *Baptista*; you shall see anon, 'tis a
 knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your
 majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches
 us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers
 are unwrung.

Enter *Lucianus*.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the duke.

E 5

Oph.

*) An anchor's) Anchor is for *Anachoret*. JOHNSON.

Oph. You are as good, as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret *) between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worse **).

Ham. So you ***) mistake your husbands. Begin, murderer. — Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. *Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing.*

Confederate season, else no creature seeing:

Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

With Hecates ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magik, and dire property,

On wholsom life usurp immediately.

(Pours the poison into his ears.)

Ham. He poisonshim i' th' garden for's estate; his name's *Gonzago*; the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of *Gonzago's* wife,

Oph.

*) *I could interpret, &c.*) This refers to the interpreter, who formerly sat on the stage at all motions or puppet-shews, and interpreted to the audience. STEEVENS.

***) *Still better and worse*) i. e. better in regard to the with of your double entendre, but worse in respect of the grossness of your meaning. STEEVENS.

****) *So you mistake your husbands*) So you take husbands, and make them *amiss*, make very wrong choice of them. CAPELL.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frightened with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light: — Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

(*Exeunt all but Hamlet and Horatio.*)

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
So runs the world away.

Would not this, Sir, and a forest of feathers
(if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me)
with two provencial roses*) on my rayed shoes,
get me a fellowship in a cry**) of players, Sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

„For thou dost know, oh Damon dear,

„This realm dismantled was

„Of Jove himself, and now reigns here

„A very, very***), — peacock.

Hor.

*) — *with two provencial roses on my rayed shoes*) when shoe-strings were worn, they were covered, where they met in the middle, by a ribband, gathered in the form of a rose. *Rayed shoes*, are shoes braided in lines. JOHNSON. Undoubtedly we should read *Provincial*, or (with the french e) *Provencal*. He means roses of *Provence*, a beautiful species of rose, and formerly much cultivated &c. WARTON.

**) *cry of players*) There is surely here no allusion to hounds (as Dr. Warburton supposes,) whatever the origin of the term might have been. *Cry* means a troop or company in general. MALONE.

***) — *Peacock*) This alludes to a fable of the birds choosing a king, instead of the eagle, a peacock. POPE

Hor. You might have rhym'd *).

Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. Didst perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning? —

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha! come, some music; Come, the recorders.

For if the King like not the comedy;

Why, then belike, — he likes it not, perdy.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Come, some musick.

Guild. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history.

Guild. The king, Sir —

Ham. Ay, Sir' what of him?

Guild. Is, in his retirement, marvellous distemper'd —

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guild. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should shew itself more richer, to signify this to his doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guild. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir; — pronounce.

Guild. The queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham.

*) *rhym'd*) What *Horatio* would rime with, is *ass*. CAPELL.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return, shall be the end of my business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot,

Guild. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer: my wit's diseas'd. But, Sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother. Therefore no more but to the matter. — My mother you say —

Rof. Then thus she says. Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

Rof. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Rof. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do still, by these pickers and stealers *).

Rof. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Rof. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himself, for your succession in *Denmark*?

Ham.

*) *by these pickers &c.*) 'By these hands. JOHNSON,

Ham. Ay, but *) *while the grass grows* — the Proverb is something musty.

*Enter one with a **) recorder.*

Oh, the recorders; let me see one. To withdraw with you — why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guild. Oh my lord, if my duty ***) be to bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guild. My lord, I cannot

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying; Govern these †) ventages with your fingers and thumb ††), give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most

*) *while the grass &c.*) the Proverb is, *While the grass grows, the Steed starves.* GREY.

**) *a recorder*) an ancient musical instrument, resembling the Hoboy, in french, *Haut-bois.* CAPELL.

***) *if my duty be bold, my love is too unmannerly*) i. e. if my duty to the King makes me press you a little, my love to you makes me still more importunate. WARBURTON.

†) *Ventages*) Vents or Air-holes in a flute or other wind instrument.

††) *-- and thumb*) One of the Quartos reads *and the Umber.* *Umber* is the Stop of a recorder or Hoboy; so called *ab' umbrando*, shading or overshadowing the lower hole of that Instrument. CAPELL.

most eloquent musick. Look you, these are the stops.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. „Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note, to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. S'blood do you think, that I am easier to be play'd on than a pipe? call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. — Good blefs you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a Camel?

Pol. By the mass, and it's like a camel indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a *) weazel.

Pol. It is back'd **) like a weazel.

Ham.

*) *Methinks, &c.*) This passage has been printed in modern editions thus:

Methinks it like an *ouzel* &c. *Pol.* it is *black* like an *Ouzel*. The first folio reads, it is like a *weazel*.

**) *Pol.* It is *back'd* like a *weazel*; and what occasion for alteration there was, I cannot find out. The *weasel* is remarkable for the length of its *back*; but though I believe a *black weasel* is not easy to be found, yet it is a likely that the cloud should resemble a *weasel* in shape, as an *ouzel* (i. e. black-bird) in colour. STEEV.

Ham. Or like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by— *) they fool me to the top of my bent. — I will come by and by.

Pol. I will say so.

Ham. By and by is easily said. Leave me, friends.
(*Exeunt.*)

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such bitter **) business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my
mother —

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;

How in my words soever she be silent ***)

To give them seals ****) never my soul consent!

SCENE

*) they fool me to the top of my bent) They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure to do it no longer.
JOHNSON.

**) bitter) unpleasing.

***) silent) to spend is to treat with injurious language.
STEEVENS.

****) give to them seals) to put them in execution. WAR-
BURT.

SCENE III.

*A room in the palace.**Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.*

King. I like him not: nor stands it safe withu
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes *)

Guild. We will ourselves provide;
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many, many, bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep itself from 'noyance; but much more,
That spirit, on whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it. It's a massy wheel
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh; but with a general groan.

King.

*) *Lunes*) *Lunacies* is the reading of the folio. *Lunes* is
Theobalds emendation, because Shakespeare uses the
word, *lunes*, in the same sense in the *Merry wives of*
Windsor. STEEVENS. — *Lunes*, i. e. mad fits, frenzy

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy
voyage;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now grows too free-footed.

Bosh. We will haste us,

(*Exeunt Gentlemen.*)

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet,
Behind the arras I'll convey myself

To bear the process. I'll warrant, she'll tax him
home;

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet, that some more audience than a mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech *), of vantage. Fare you well, my

liege;

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,

And tell you what I know.

(*Exit.*)

King. Thanks, dear my lord.

Oh! my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n;

It hath the primal, eldest, curse upon't;

A brother's murd'ring! — Pray I cannot,

Though inclination be as sharp as **) 'twill,

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent:

And

*) of vantage) By some opportunity of secret observation.
JOHNSON.

**) as 'twill) The old reading is -- as sharp as will. --
The change of will,) into 'twill, proposed by Theobald,
and admitted by Hanmer,) does certainly give the sense
of this line; and yet the change is not necessary; for
will (taking it as a verb,) conveys the same sense, and
with less offence to the ear, which was probably
the poet's reason for choosing it. CAPELL.

And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood;
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'n's
 To washit white as snow? Whereto serves 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 down? then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But oh, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder! —
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
 There, out the law; but 'tis not so above:
 There, is no shuffling; there, the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try, what repentance can: What can it not?
 Yet, what can it, when one cannot *) repent?
 Oh wretched state! oh bosom, black as death!
 Oh **) limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
G 2
Art

*) Yet what can it, when one cannot repent) What can repentance do for a man that cannot be penitent, for a man who has only part of penitence, distress of conscience, without the other part, resolution of amendment. JOHNSON.

**) limed) this alludes to bird lime. STEEVENS.

Art more engag'd! help, angels! make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart, with strings
of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. (*The King kneels.*)

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't — and so he goes to heav'n.
And so am I reveng'd? that would be scann'd.
A villain kills my father; and for that
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heav'n —

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, and flush as May;
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
No. —

Up, sword, and know thou a horrid more hent *)
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed;
A gaming, swearing; or about some act,
That

*) *hent*) The two oldest quartos, as well as the two elder folios read -- a more horrid *hent*. *Pope*, *Theobald* *Hammer*, and *Warburton* read *bent*; but *bent* is probably the right word. To *bent*, is used by *Shakespeare*, for to *seize*, to catch, to lay hold on. *Hent* is, therefore *hold*, or seizure. Lay hold on him sword, at a more horrid time. *JOHNSON*,



That has no relish of Salvation in't;
 Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
 As hell, wherero it goes. My mother stays;
 This physick but prolongs thy sickly days.
 (Exit.)

The King rises.

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

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Queen's Closet

Enter Queen, and Polonius.

Pol. He will come straight; look, you lay
 home to him;
 Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear
 with;
 And that your Grace hath screen'd, and stood
 between
 Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en here;
 Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. (within) Mother! Mother! Mother! —

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.

Withdraw, I hear him coming.

(Polonius hides himself behind the Arras.)

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much of-
 fended.

G 3

Ham.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much
offended

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so;

You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife,
And, would you were not so!— You are my mother.

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

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you
shall not budge.

You go not, 'till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder
me?

Help, help, ho.

Pol. What ho! help!

(Behind the Arras.

Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducat, dead.

(Hamlet strikes at Polonius through the Arras

Pol. Oh, I am slain.

Queen. Oh me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the king?

Queen. Oh what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king?

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word. —

Thou wretched, rash intruding fool, farewell!

(When he sees Polonius.

I took thee for thy Better; take thy fortune:

Thou

Thou find'st, to be too busy, is some danger.
 Leave wringing of your hands; peace, sit you down,
 And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,
 If it be made of penerable stuff;
 If damned custom have not braz'd it so,
 That is it proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag
 thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
 Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the rose *);
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage - vows
 As false as dicers' oaths: Oh, such a deed,
 As from the body of contraction **) plucks
 The very soul, and sweet Religion makes
 A rhapsody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow
 This solidity and compound mass
 With trustful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought - sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me! what act,
 ****) That roars so loud, and thunders in the In-
 dex ****).

G 4

Ham.

*) *takes off the rose*) Alluding to the custom of wearing roses on the side of the face. **WARBURTON.**

) *Contraction*) contraction for *marriage - contract*. **WARB.

***) *That roars so loud*) The meaning is, *What is this act*, of which the *discovery*, or mention, cannot be made, but with this violence of clamour. **JOHNSON.**

****) *and thunders in the index*) Indexes of many old books were at that time inserted at the beginning, instead of the end, as is now the custom. So *Orbello* Act. II. Sc. 7. — and *index* and *obscure prologue* to the history of lust and foul thoughts. **STEEVENS.**

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this.
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
 Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
 An eye, like Mars to threaten or command;
 A station, like the herald Mercury
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form indeed,
 Where every God did seem to set his seal
 To give the world assurance of a man.
 This *was* your husband. — Look you now, what
 follows;

Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes!
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor? ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love; for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
 Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you
 have,
 Else could you not have (*) notion: but, sure,
 that sense
 Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err;
 Nor

(*) *notion*) This is *Warburton's* emendation. The reading of the old editions is *motion*, which is not to be rejected, — *Sense*, in this place, is reason, or understanding; and therefore *motion*, should be restrained to such motion as is proper to those of her species; for if extended to motion in general, the position is not true; but under this restraint, the reasoning is as it should be; that since she *mov'd* and *perform'd* other actions that belonged to humanity, the permission was, she had the reason belonging to it. CAPELL.

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it refer'd some quantity of choice
 To serve in such a difference. — What devil
 was't,

That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling *sans* all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutiny in a matron's bones;
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
 And melt in her own fire: — Proclaim no shame,
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge;
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
 And reason panders will.

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

Ham. Nay, but to live
 In the rank sweat of an incestuous bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
 Over the nasty stye!

Queen. Oh, speak no more;
 These words like daggers enter in mine ears: —
 No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain!
 A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
 Of your precedent lord! A vice *) of Kings; —

G 5

A

*) grained) dyed in grains. JOHNSON.

**) *vice of Kings*) Vice a very important personage of the
 Drama in old time, that sprung from the ancient mo-
 ralities

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. A king *) of shreds and patches —
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings
(*Starting up.*)

You heav'nly guards! — What would your gra-
cious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad —

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That **) lapp'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command?
O say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy.
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?

Forth

ralities (in which particular vices were personated, and sometimes vices in general by the name of Iniquity) and was called in the plays that succeeded them, the Vice, (*vitium*); a buffoon Character and father of the modern Harlequin. CAPELL.

*) *A King of shreds and patches*) This is said, pursuing the idea of the vice of Kings. The vice was dressed as a fool, in a coat of particoloured patches.

**) *lapp'd in time and passion*) That having suffered time to slip, and passion to cool, lets go &c. JOHNSON.

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep?
 And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm
 Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements*),
 Starts up, and stand on end. O gentle son,
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! look you, how pale
 he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones,
 Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
 Left with this piteous action you convert
 My stern **) effects; then what I have to do,
 Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

(Pointing to the Ghost.)

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, no hing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look', how it
 steals away!

My father, in his habit, as he lived!
 Look where he goes ev'n now, out at the portal.

(Exit Ghost.)

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
 This bodiless creation ecstasy
 Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 And

*) *like life in excrements*) means, as there were life in those excrements, for so the *hair*, is frequently called in many parts of the poet. CAPELL.

**) *eff:ct:*) is put for intended effects i. e. actions or deeds CAPELL.

And makes as healthful musick. It is not madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place:
 Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heav'n;
 Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;
 And *) do not spread the compost on the weeds
 To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
 For, in the fatness of these purfy times,
 Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
 Yea, curb, and woo, for leave to do it good.
Queen. Oh Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in
 twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
 And live the purer with the other half.
 Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
 Assume a virtue, if you have it not,
 (That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
 Of habits **) evil, is angel yet in this;
 That to the use of actions fair and good
 He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
 That aptly is put on; Refrain to -night;)
 And that shall lend a kind of easiness
 To the next abstinence; (the next, more easy;
 For

*) — do not spread the compost &c.) Do not by any new indulgence, heighten your former offences. JOHNSON.

**) *Habit's evil*) This is the emendation of the former reading *habit's devil*, given by Dr. Thirlby, and adopted by Theobald — I think Thirlby's conjecture wrong, though the succeeding editors followed it; *angel and devil* are evidently opposed. JOHNSON.

For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
 And master ev'n the devil, or throw him out
 With wondrous potency.) Once more, good night!
 And when you are desirous to be blest,
 I'll blessing beg of you. — For this same lord,

(*Pointing to Polonius,*

I do repent: but heav'n hath pleas'd it so,
 To punish me with this, and me, with this,
 That I must be their scourge and minister.
 I will bestow him, and will answer well
 The death I gave him; So, again, good night!
 I must be cruel, only to be kind;
 Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
 One word more good lady.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means, that I bid you do
 Let the *) bloat King tempt you again to bed;
 Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
 And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,
 Or padding in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
 Make you to ravel all this matter out,
 That I essentially am not in madness,
 But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know.
 For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wife,
 Would from a paddok, from a bar, a gib,
 Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
 No in despite of sense and secrecy,
 Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
 Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,
 To try conclusions, in the basket creep;
 And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
 breath,

And

*) bloat i. e. bloated.

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. (There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fellows,

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd;) They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way, And marshal me to knavery: let it work. — For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer Hoist with his own petard; and't shall go hard But I will delve one yard below their mines, And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet, When in one line two crafts directly meet!) This man shall set me packing; — I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room; Mother, good night. — Indeed, this counsellor Is now most still, most secret, and most grave, Who was in life a foolish prating knave. Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you, Good night, mother.
Exit the Queen, and Hamlet dragging in Polonius.

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Aroyal apartment.

Enter King and Queen, with Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King.

There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit, we understand them:
Where is your son?

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while.

To

(To Ros. and Guild. who go out.)

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to night?

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the seas and wind, when both
contend

Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there;
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of
haunt *),

This mad young man. But so much was our love
We would not understand what was most fit;
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
E'en on the pith of life, Where is he gone?

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

King. O Gertrude, come away:
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,
But

*) -- out of haunt,) out of haunt, means out of company;
STEEVENS.

**) like some ore) Shakespeare seems to think ore to be
or that is Gold. Base metals have ore no less than
precious. JOHNSON.

But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed
We must, with all our Majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse. Ho! *Guildestern*.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildestern.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid:
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd him.
Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. Pray you, haste in this.

(Ex. Ros. and Guild.)

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. (For, haply, slander
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports its poison'd shot; may miss our name
And hit the woundless air. — O, come away;
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

SCENE II.

Another room.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.

C gentlemen within. Hamlet! lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet?
Oh, here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildestern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto'tis kin.
Ros.

Rof. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, *) in the corner of his jaw; first mouth'd, to be last swallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge you shall be dry again.

Rof. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Rof. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king, is noth with the body **). The king is a thing. —

Guild. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing. Bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. ***)

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE

*) *like an ape*) The quarto has *apple*, which is generally followed. The folio has *ape*, which *Hammer* has received, and illustrated with the following note. „It is the way of monkeys in eating, to throw that part of their food, which they take up first, into a pouch they are provided with on the side of their jaw, and then they keep it, till they have done with the rest. JOHNSON.

**) *The body is with the king*) Perhaps it may mean this. The body is in the King's house (i. e. the present King's) yet the king (i. e. he who should have been king) is not with the body. Inrimating that the usurper is here, the true king in a better place. STEEVENS.

***) *hide fox*) There is a play among children called, *Hide fox, and all after.* HAMMER.

SCENE III.

*Another room.**Enter King.*

King. I have sent to seek him, and to find
the body.

How dangerous is it, that this man goes loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on him:
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, th' offender's scourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth, and
even,

This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: Diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all. How now? What has befallen?

Enter Rosencrantz.

Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my
lord, we cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord, guarded, to know
your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet, and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet. We fat all creatures else, to fat us; and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and

and your lean beggar is but variable service; two dishes but to one table. That's the end.

King. Alas, Alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heav'n; send thither to see. If your messenger find him not there, seek him i'th' other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay 'till you come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done) must send thee

With fiery quickness; therefore prepare thy self;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good,

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub, that sees them, But
come,

For England! Farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

H a

Ham.

Ham. My mother. — Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh, and, so, my mother. Come. For England.

(Exit.)

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard:

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to -night;
Away; for every thing is seal'd and done
That else leans onth' affair. Pray you, make haste.

(Exeunt Ros. and Guild.)

And' England! if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us;) thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hestick in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: 'till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps *), my joys will ne'er begin.

(Exit.)

SCENE IV.

The Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras with an army.

For, Go, captain, from me, greet the Danish
king; Tell

*) *Howe'er my haps &c.*) The meaning is, 'till I know 'tis done, I shall be miserable, whatever befall me. JOHN-SON.

Tell him, that, by his licence Fortinbras
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march
 Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
 If that his majesty would aught with us,
 We shall express our duty in his eye,
 And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't my lord.

For. Go softly on. (*Exit Fortinbras, &c.*)

Enter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose powers [are these?

Capt. They are of Norway, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir,
 Or for some frontier?

Capt. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
 We go to gain a little patch of ground,
 That hath in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
 Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will de-
 fend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thou-
 sand ducats,

Will not debate the question of this straw:
 This is th' imposthume of much wealth and Peace;
 That inward breaks, and shows no cause without,
 Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

H 3

Capt.

Capr. God b' wi'ye, Sir.

Rof. Will't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you strait, Go a little before,
(*Exeunt.*)

Manet Hamlet.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull-revenge! What is a man,
If his *) chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse **) ,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fast in us unus'd. Now wheter it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part
wisdom,
And ever three parts coward) I do not know
Why yet I live to say, this thing's to do;
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:
Witness this army of such ma's and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the invisible event;
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even

*) — chief good and market —) If his highest good, and that for which he sells his time, be to sleep and feed. JOHNSON.

**) large discourse) Such latitude of comprehension, such power of reviewing the past and anticipating the future. JOHNSON.

Even for an egg-shell. *) Rightly to be great,
 Is not to stir without great argument;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasy and trick of fame
 Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot,
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause;
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth.
 (*Exit.*)

SCENE V.

Elsinour. A room in the palace.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate; indeed, distract.
 Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

H 4

Gent.

*) *Rightly to be great* &c.) The sentiment of Shakespeare is partly just, and partly romantic — *Rightly to be great, Is not to stir without great argument*; is exactly philosophical. *But greatly to find quarrel in a straw, when honour is at stake*, is the idea of a modern hero. *But then, says he, honour is an argument, or subject of debate, sufficiently great, and when honour is at stake, we must find cause of quarrel in a straw.* JOHNSON.

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says, she
 There's tricks i' th' world; and h^{ears}ms. and beats
 her heart;
 Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
 That carry but half sence. Her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshap'd use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
 Which as her winks, and nods, and gestures
 yield them,
 Indeed would make one think, there might be
 thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily *).

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with; for
 she may strow
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Queen. Let her come in. (*Exit Gent.*)
 To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss;
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.

Enter Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia?

Oph. How should your true love know,
 From another one?

***) *By his cockle hat and staff,* (Singing)
And by his sandal shoon,

Queen.

*) *Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily*) i. e. though her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a mischievous interpretation to it.
 WARBURTON.

**) *By his cockle hat &c.*) This is the description of a pilgrim.
 WARBURTON.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady; what imports this
song;

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark,

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass green turf,

At his heels a stone.

O, O!

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia —

Oph. Pray you, mark,

White his shroud as the mountain snow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord,

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers:

Which bewept to the grave did go,

With true love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

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

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

H 5

To

*) — the owl was a baker's daughter. This was a metamorphosis of the common people, arising from the mealy appearance, of the owl's feathers, and her guarding the bread from mice, WARBURTON.

To-morrow is St. Valentine's day,
 All in the morn betime,
 And I a maid at your window,
 To be your Valentine.
 Then up he rose, and don'd *) his cloaths,
 And dupt **) the chamber-door.
 Let in the maid, that out a maid
 Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an
 end on't.

By Gis ***) , and by St. Charity,
 Alack, and fie for shame!
 Young men will do't, if they come so't,
 By cock, they are so blame.
 Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
 You promis'd me to wed:
 So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
 And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long has she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be
 patient; but I cannot chuse but weep, to think,
 they shoud lay him i' the cold ground; my brother
 shall

*) don'd, did on, i. e. put on.

***) dupt, To dup, is to do up; to lift the latch. JOHN-
 SON.

****) By Gis) There is not the least mention of any saint
 whose name corresponds with this, either in the Ro-
 man Calendar, The Service in usum Sarum or in the
 benedictionary of Bishop Athelwold. I believe the word
 to be only a corrupted abbreviation of *Jesus* the letters
 J. H. S. being anciently all that was set down to de-
 note that sacred name, on altars, the covers of books,
 &c. Dr. RIDLEY.

shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies! good night, good night.

(Exit.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch,
I pray you, (Exit Horatio.

Oh! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next your son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholsome in their thoughts and

whispers,

For good Polonius' death; we have done but
*) greenly,

In hugging to inter him; poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts:
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece **) in many places
Gives me superfluous death! (A noise within.

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

Enter

*) — but greenly) But unskillfully; with greenness, that is without maturity of judgment. JOHNSON.

**) Like to a murdering piece, —) Such a piece as a dashing use, with many barrels. WARBURTON.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Where are my Switzers? let them guard
the door.

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord.

The ocean, over-peering of his list *),
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him
lord:

And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word **);
They cry, „Chuse we Laertes for our king“;
Caps, hands and tongues, applaud it to the clouds;
Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!”

Queen. How chearfully on the false trail they
cry!

Oh,

*) — of his list) The lists are the barriers which the spectators of a tournament must not pass. JOHNSON.

***) of every word) Warburton reads *ward*; Hamtr transposes the lines; Dr. Johnson reads *weal*; Capell, *work*.
— By *word* is here meant a declaration or proposal; it is determined to this sense, by the inference it hath to what had just preceded,

The rabble call him lord &c.

This acclamation, which is the *word* here spoken of, was made without regard to antiquity, or received custom, whose concurrence however is necessarily required to confer validity and stability in every proposal of this kind. REVISAL.

Oh, this is counter *), you false Danish dogs,
(*Noise within.*)

Enter Laertes armed, with Followers.

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this king? Sirs! stand you all
without.

Foll. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Foll. We will, we will.

(*Exeunt.*)

Laer. I thank you: keep the door. O thou
vile king,

Give me my father:

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, pro-
claims me bastard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched
brow

Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes.

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of its will. — Tell me, Laertes,

Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, Ger-
trude.

Speak, man.

Laer.

*) *Oh, this is counter, ye false Danish dogs*) Hounds run
counter when they trace the trail backwards. JOHN-
SON.

**) *unsmirched brow*) i. e. clean, not defiled.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled
with:

To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest
devil!

Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence;
Let come, what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your
revenge,
That sweep-stake you will draw both friend and
foe,

Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope
my arms.

And like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman,
That I am guiltless of your father's death,

And

And am most sensible in grief for it.
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear,
As day does to your eye.

(*Crowd wishin.*) "Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

*Enter Ophelia, fantastically dress'd with straws
and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! Tears, seven times
salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye! —
By heav'n, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
'Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

O heav'n's, is't possible a young maid's wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

„Nature *) is fine, in love; and where 'tis fine,

„It sends some precious instance of itself

„After the thing it loves.

Oph. They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier.

And on his grave rain'd many a tear;

Fare you well, my dove-

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and didst persuade
revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, down a-down, and you
call him a-down-a.

O.

*) *Nature is fine in love -- After the thing it loves.* Love (says Laertes) is the passion by which nature is most exalted [and refined]; and as substances refined, and subtilised, easily obey any impulse or follow any attraction, some part of nature, so purified and refined, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves. JOHN-SON.

O how the wheel *) becomes it! it is [the false steward that that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's ¹rosmary **) that's for remembrance. Pray, you, love, remember; And there's ²pansies ***) that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's ****) fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue †) for you, and here's some for me; — We may

*) --- the wheel) The *wheel*, may mean no more than the *burthen of the song* (1e Refrain) which she had just repeated, and as such was formerly used. STEEVENS.

**) *There's Rosmary that's for remembrance*) Rosemary was anciently supposed to strengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings, as appears from a passage in *Beaumont's and Fletcher's Elder Brother Act. III. Sc. 3.* STEEVENS. --- *Rosmary* is made *remembrance*, meaning of death, the dead corpse being anciently stuck with it, See *Romeo and Juliet Act. IV. Sc. 5.* CAPELL.

**) *there's pansies, that's for thoughts*) For a reason obvious enough, the word signifying thoughts in the French (*pensées*) CAPELL.

****) *There's fennel for you and columbines*) Fennel is bestowed on the King, and also *Columbine*; the reason not apparent in either, unless for the columbine, whose flower is a faint kind of purple, and therefore given to him. CAPELL.

†) *There is rue for you, and here is some for me*) I believe there is a quibble meant in the passage; *rue* anciently signifying the same as *Rarb* i. e. sorrow. Ophelia gives the queen some, and keeps a portion of it for herself. There is the same kind of play with the same word in *Richard the second.* STEEVENS.

may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. You may wear your rue with a difference *). There's a daisy; — I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. — They say he made a good end; —

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy, —

Laer. Thought, and affliction, passion, hell itself, she turns to favour, and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*

And will he not come again?

No, no he is dead,

Go to thy death bed,

He

Her *rue* she gives the queen, and herself, being an emblem of repentance and sorrows; of the latter, it might remind her at all times; but on *Sundays*, or when the thoughts are bend Godward, it is an emblem of penitence, and being given by the Grace for that purpose. All flowers are funereal, and herbs likewise, as being emblems of the shortness of life: (see the fourth act of *Cymbeline*, scene the second) and their scattering, as it were, in this place upon persons who were all to be swallowed up in short time, flows from that prophetic spirit, which antiquity thought inherent in madness, and the East is said to think so at present. CAPELL.

*) You may wear your rue, *with a difference*) this seems to refer to the rules of Heraldry, where the younger brothers of a family bear the same arms *with a difference*, or a mark of distinction. STEEVENS. By this is meant that more repentance was necessary for the queen than for her, and of a different kind. CAPELL.

*He never will come again,
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan
Gramercy on his soul!*

And on all christian souls! God b' wi' you
(Exit Ophelia.)

Laer. Do you see this, o God!

King. Laertes, I must commune with your
grief,

Or you deny me right: Go but a-part.
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you
will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and
me;

If by direct or by collateral hand

They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom
give,

Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction. — But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be so,

His means of death, his obscure funeral,
No trophy, *) sword, nor hatchment o'er his
bones,

No

*) No trophy sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones) This
practice is uniformly kept up to this day. Not only
the

No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n 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 go with me.

S C E N E VI.

Another room.

Enter Horatio, with a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with
me?

Ser. Sailors, Sir; they say, they have letters
for you.

Hor. Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bless you, Sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

Sail. He shall, Sir an't please him. — There's
a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' ambassa-
dor that was bound for England; if your name
be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

I 2

Horatio

the sword, but the helmet, gauntlet, spurs, and tabard (i. e. a coat whereon the armorial ensigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term *coat of arms*) are hung over the grave of every knight. HAWKINS.

—————

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO. when thou shalt have overlook'd this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding our selves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them; on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in thy ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light *) for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. — Rosen-crantz and uildensfern hold their course for England. Of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.

He that thou knowest thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for these your
letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E VII.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquit-
tance seal,
And

*) — for the bore of the matter) the bore is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of a barrel. The matter (says Hamlet) would carry heavier words. JOHNSON.

And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. — But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. O, for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unfin-
new'd,
And yet to me are strong. The queen his mo-
ther,

Lives almost by his looks; and for my self,
(My virtue or my plague, be it either which.)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publik count I might not go,
Is the great love the general *) gender bear him;
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to
stone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my ar-
rows,

Too slightly timbred for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms;

I 3

Whose

*) — the general gender) The common race of the people.
JOHNSON.

Whose worth, if praises *) may go back again
 Stood challenger on mount of all the age
 For their perfections: -- But my revenge will
 come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that. You must
 not think,

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
 That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
 And think it pastime. You shall soon hear more,
 If lov'd your father, and we love our self,
 And that, I hope, will teach you imagine --
 How now? what news?

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet,
 These to your majesty: this to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Gent. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them
 not:

They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd
 them, of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them: leave us.
 (*Exit Gent.*)

*HIGH and Mighty, you shall know, I am set
 naked on your Kingdom. To morrow shall I beg
 leave to see your kingly eyes. When I shall, first
 asking your pardon thereunto, recount th' occa-
 sion of my sudden return.*
 Hamlet.
 What

*) -- if praises may go back again) If y may praise what
 has been, but is now to be found no more. IOHN-
 SON.

What should this mean? are all the rest come
back?

Or is it some abuse, — and no such thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

King. 'This Hamlet's character. *Naked!*
And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone:*
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in it, my lord: But let him
come;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddest thou.

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

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

King. To thine own peace. If he be now re-
turn'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame shall
breathe;
But ev'n his mother shall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

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

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of since your travel much,
And

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein; they say, you shine: your sum of

Did not together pluck such envy from him,
As did that one; and that in my regard

*) Of the unworthiest siege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very riband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes
The light and careless livery that it wears,
Than settled age his fables and his weeds
Importing health *) and graveness. — Two months
since,

Here was a gentleman of Normandy.
I have seen my self, and serv'd against the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his feat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beast: So far he topp'd my
thought,

That I in forgery of shapes and tricks
Come short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, [was't!]

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.

King. The same.

Laer.

*) Of the unworthiest Siege) Of the lowest rank, Siege
for feat, place. JOHNSON.

**) Importing health and graveness) By health, we understand
as we should do, care of health; the opposition
between a grave and warm dress, and a careless and
light one, will be perfect and manifest. CAPELL.
Importing i. e. producing.

Laer. I know him well. He is the brooch,
indeed,

And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confession of you;
And gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in *) your defence;
And for your rapier most especial,
That he cry'd ont, 'twould be a fight indeed,
If one could match you **). The scrimers of
their nation,

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd'em. — Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now out of this, —

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your
father;

But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I see, in *) passages of proof,
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
[There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or snuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
I 5 For

*) -- in your defence) That is, in the science of defence.
JOHNSON.

**) The scrimers) The fencers. JOHNSON.

***) -- in passages of proof) In transactions of daily ex-
perience. JOHNSON.

For goodnes, growing to a pleurisy, *)
Dies in his own too much: That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this *would*
changes,

And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents:
And then this *should* is like a spendthrift sigh **)
That hurts by easing. But to the quick o' th'
ulcer --]

Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To shew yourself your father's son indeed,
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' th' church.

King. No place, indeed, should murder fan-
ctuarize;

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good
Laertes,

Will you do this? keep close within your cham-
ber:

Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come
home:

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine
together,

And

*) -- to a pleurisy) The dramatic writers of that time frequently call a fulness of blood a *pleurisy*, as if it came not from *πλευρα*, but from *plus, pluris*. WAR-BURTON.

**) -- a spendthrift sigh) The original reading is, not a *spendthrift*, sigh, but a *spendthrift* sigh; a *sigh* that makes an unnecessary waste of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent that *sighs* impair the strength and wear out the animal powers. JOHNSON.

And wager on your heads. *) He being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, **) and in a pass ***) of practice
Require him for your father.

Lair. I will do't;

And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword,
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this;

Weigh, what convenience both of time and
means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad perform-
ance,

'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should

*) -- *He being remiss*;) He being not vigilant and cautious. IOHNSON.

**) *A sword unbated*, --) i. e. not blunted as foils are. POPE. -- *unbated* i. e. wanting its button, a thing put upon foils, to abate the force of them. CAPELL.

***) -- *a pass of practice*) Practice' is often by *Shakespeare* and other writers, taken for an *insidious stratagem*, or *privy treason*, a sense not incongruous to this passage, where yet I rather believe, that nothing more is meant, than a *thrust for exercise*. IOHNSON.

Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blaft in proof. Soft; — let me
see —

We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha't: — When in your motion you are hot
and dry

(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; wheron but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,
Our purpose may hold there. — But stay, what
noise!

Enter Queen.

How now sweet queen?

Queen. One wee doth tread upon another's
heel,

So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, Laertes,
Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a
brook,

That shews his hoar leaves in the glassye stream:
There with fantastick garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long *)
purples,

That liberal **) shepherds give a grosser name;
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them:

There

*) -- and long purples) Long purples mean the plant called
Arum. STEEVENS.

**) -- liberal (shepherds) Liberal is free-spoken; licentious
in their language. MALONE.

There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious siver broke;
 When down her weedy trophies and herself
 Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths spread
 wide,

And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
 Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native, and indued
 Unto that element: but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd!

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
 Ophelia.

And therefore I forbid my tears. But yer
 It is our trick: nature her custom holds,
 Let flame say what it will, When these are
 gone,

The woman *) will be out. — Adieu, my lord!
 I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
 Bur that this folly drowns it. (*Exit.*)

King. Follow, Gertrude.

How much had I to do to calm his rage!
 Now fear I, this will give it start again;
 Therefore, let's follow. (*Exeunt.*)

ACT.

*) *The woman will be out* i. e., tears will flow. MALONE.

ACT. V. SCENE I.

*A church-yard.**Enter two Clowns, with spades, etc.**1 Clown.*

Is she to be buried in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clown. I tell thee, she is; therefore *) make her grave straight; the crowner hath fate on her, and finds it christian burial!

1 Clown. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 Clown. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clown. It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lies the point; if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act; and **) an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform; *Argal* ***) , she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 Clown. Nay, but hear you, goodman Delver

1 Clown. Give me leave; here lies the water, good: here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself.

*) *make her grave straight*) This means to *make her grave* immediately. STEEVENS.

**) -- *an act hath three branches;*) Ridicule on scholastic divisions without distinction; and of distinctions without difference. WARBURTON.

***) *Argal*) Corruption of *ergo*.

self. *Argal*, he, that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

2 *Clown*. But is this law?

1 *Clown*. Ay, marry is 't, crowner's quest-law.

2 *Clown*. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of christian burial.

1 *Clown*. Why, there thou say'st. And the more pity, that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even christian. *) Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and gravemakers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 *Clown*. Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown*. He was the first, that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown*. Why he had none.

1 *Clown*. What, art a heathen? how dost thou understand the scripture? the scripture says, Adam digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself —

2 *Clown*. Go to.

1 *Clown*. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the ship-wright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown*. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 *Clown*. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now thou dost ill, to say

*) — *their even christian*) An old english expression for fellow, christians. THIRLBY.

say the gallows is built stronger than the church;
argal the gallows may do well to thee. To't
again, come.

1 *Clown.* Who builds stronger than a mason,
a shipwright, or a carpenter? —

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke. *)

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Mafs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio at a distance.

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it,
for your dull afs will not mend his pace with
beating; and, when you are ask'd this question
next, say a grave-maker, The houses, he makes,
last 'till dooms-day; go, get thee to Yaughan,
and fetch me a stoup of liquor. (*Exit a Clown.*)

He digs, and sings.

*) *In youth when I did love, did love,*

Methought, it was very sweet;

To contract, oh, the time for, ah, my behove;

Oh, methought, there was nothing so meet.

Ham.

*) -- and unyoke) i. e. when you have done that, I'll
trouble you no more with these riddles. The phrase
taken from husbandry. **WARBURTON.**

**) *In youth when I did love etc.*) The original poem from
which this stanza, like the other succeeding ones, is taken,
is preserved among the Lord Surrey's poems, though as
Dr. Percy (*Reliques of ancient english Poetry Vol. I. p.*
173) has observed, it is attributed to Lord Vanx, by
George Gascoigne. **STEEVENS.**

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

Hor. Custom hath made it to him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Clown sings.

*But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath elaw'd me in his clutch:
And harb shipped me into the land
As if I had never been such.*

Ham. That scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass o'er-reaches, one that would circumvent God; might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! how dost thou, good lord?," This might be my lord such-a-one's, that prais'd my lord such-a-ones horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now *) my lady Worm's; chapless, and knockt about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's a fine revolution, if

*) -- and now my lady Worm's) The scull that was my lord such a one's, is now my lady Worm's. JOHNSON.

if we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats *) with 'em? mine ache to think on't,

Clown sings.

*A pick-axe and a spade, a spade,
For — and a shrowding sheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the scull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine, pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his pur-

*) *to play at loggats with 'em*) This is a game played in several parts of England even at this time. A stake is fixed in to the ground; those who play, throw loggats at it, and he that is nearest the stake, wins. It is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the statute of 33. of Henry VIII. STEEVENS, -- *Loggats*, the ancient name of a play, or diversion which is now call'd Skittles or Kittle pins: in which bones were often made use of by boys, instead of wooden pins (*loggats* or little logs) throwing at them with another bone instead of bowling. CAPELL.

purchases. and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly ly in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, Sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir —

O, a pit of clay for to be made

For such a guest is meet.

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

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in'r, and say, 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, and not for the quick, therefore thou liest.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill a way again from me to you,

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir,

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One, that was a woman, Sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

K 2

Ham.

Ham. How absolute the knave is? we must speak by the card *), or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken notice of it, the age is grown so picked **), that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i' th' year, I came to't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was that very day young Hamlet was born, he that was mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

Clown. Why, because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

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

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clown.

*) -- by the card, --) The card is the paper on which the different points of the compass were described. To do any thing by the card is, to do it with nice observation. IOHNSON.

***) -- the age is grown so picked) There was about that time a picked shoe, that is, a shoe with a long pointed toe, in fashion to which the allusion seems to be made. Every man now is smart; and every man now is a man of fashion. IOHNSON.

Clown. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here, in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corfes now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight year, or nine year; a tanner will last you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a fore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a scull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clown. A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once. This same scull, Sir, was Yorick's scull, the King's jester.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Ho-ratio, a fellow of infinite jest; of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips, that I have kiss'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the

table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that — Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander look'd o' this fashion i' th' earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? ipah? (*Smelling to the Scull.*)

Hor. E'en so, my lord;

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, 'till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider, too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot: but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in
awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the*) winter's flaw!
But soft! but soft a while. — Here comes the king,

Enter

*) the winter's flaw!) Winter's blast. JOHNSON.

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, the corpse of Ophelia
with Lords and Priests attending.*

The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with such *) maimed rites! this doth betoken,
The coarse, they follow, did with desperate hand,
Foredo its own life; It was of some estate **).

Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes, a most noble youth,
Mark —

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been so far enlarg'd
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'erflows the order,
She should in ground un sanctified have lodg'd
'Till the last trumpet. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on
her;

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants ***),
Her maiden-strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial. ****)

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more be done!

We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a Requiem, and such rest to her
As to peace-parted souls.

K 4

Laer.

*) maimed rites) Imperfect obsequies.

**) -- of some estate) Some person of high rank. JOHNSON.

***) virgin crants) Crants is the German word for garlands, and I suppose it was retained by us from the Saxons. JOHNSON!

****) Burial) Burial, here signifies, interment in consecrated ground. WARBURTON.

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

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet, farewell!

(Scattering flowers.)

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

And not have strew'd thy grave,

Laer. O treble woe

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

(Laertes leaps into the grave.)

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
 'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
 T' o'er-top old Pelion, or the skyish head
 Of blue Olympus.

Ham. *(discovering himself)* What is he, whose
 grief

Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wandring stars, and makes them
 stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
(Hamlet leaps into the grave.)

Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The Devil take thy soul!

(Grappling with him.)

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat —
 For

For, though I am not splenetic and rash;
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder —

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet.

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet,

(The attendants part them.)

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this
theme,

Untill my eye-lids will no longer wag,

Queen. Oh my son! what theme?

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

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Come shew me what thou'lt do.

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't
tear thy self?

Woo't drink up Eysell *) eat a crocodile?

I'll do't — Do'it thou come hither but to whine

To out-face me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her; and so will I;

And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us; 'till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

K 5

Queen.

*) *Woo't drink up Eysell*) I am persuaded the Poet wrote
Eysel, i. e. wilt thou swallow down large draughts of
vinegar. THEOBALD. — Our author in his CXI. Son-
net; —

-- I will drink
Potions of Eysell. FARMER.

Queen. This is meer madness:
 And thus a while the fit will work on him:
 Anon, as patient as the femal dove,
 *) When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
 His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir: —
 What is the reason that you use me thus?
 I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter —
 Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, the dog will have his day.

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon
 him. —

(Exit. Hor.)
 Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech:
(To Laertes.)

We'll put the matter to the present push. —
 Good Gertrude set some watch over your son:
 This grave shall have a living monument,
 An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
 'Till then, in patience our proceeding be.
(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

A hall, in the palace.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, Sir. Now shall you
 see the other.
 You do remember all the circumstance?

Hor.

*) *When that her golden couplets* Perhaps it should be:
Ere yet. JOHNSON,

Hor. Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,

That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay
Worse than the *) mutines in the bilboes. Rashly,
And prais'd be rashness for it — Let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail: and that should
teach us,

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,

My sea-gown scar'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission, where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command, —
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such **) bugs and goblins in my life;
That on the supervize, no leisure bated, ***)
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.

Hor.

*) — mutines in the bilboes) Mutines, the French word
feditious or disobedient fellows in the army or fleet.
Bilboes the ships' prison. JOHNSON.

**) — such bugs and goblins) With such causes of terror,
arising from my character and design. JOHNSON.

***) bated) Bated for allowed. WARBURTON.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission; read it at more
leisure.

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainies,
Ere I could mark the prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play: I sat me down,
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our statists *) do,
A baseness to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's service; **) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king, —
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them, like the palm, might
flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma ***) 'tween their amities;
And

*) -- as our statists do;) A statist is a statesman. STEEVENS.

**) -- yeoman's service) In the times of vassallage, lands were held of the chief Lord by paying rent and service. There was knights service, yeoman's service etc. STEEVENS.

***) And stand a comma) The poet without doubt wrote:
And stand a Comma between our amities.

The term is taken from a traffiker in love, who brings people together, a procurer. WARBURTON. -- The comma is the note of connection and continuity of sentences. JOHNSON,

And many such like as's *) of great charge, —
That on the view and knowing these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not thriving-time allow'd.

Hor. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's signet in my purse,
(Which was the model of that Danish seal;)
Folded the writ up in form of th' other;
Subscrib'd it, gave th' impression, plac'd it safely
The changeling **) never known; now, the
next day

Was our sea fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.

Ham. (Why, man, they did make love to this
employment:)

They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow: ***)

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass, and fell incensed points,
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham.

*) — as's of great charge) *Asse* heavily loaded. A quibble intended between *as* the conditional particle, and *ass* the beast of burthen. JOHNSON.

**) *The changeling never known*,) A *changeling* is a child, which the fairies are supposed to leave in the room of that which they steal. JOHNSON.

***) *Doth by their own insinuation grow*) *Insinuation* for corruptly obtruding themselves into his service. WAR-BURTON.

Ham. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me
 now upon?
 He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my
 mother.
 Popt in between the election and my hopes;
 Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
 And with such cozenage; is't not perfect con-
 science,
 To quit *) him with this arm? and is't not to
 be damn'd,
 To let this canker of our nature come
 In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from
 England
 What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short. The interim is mine;
 And a man's life's no more, than to say, one.
 But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
 That to Laertes I forgot myself;
 For by the image of my cause, I see
 The portraiture of his; I'll court his favour;
 But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me
 Into a towering passion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to
 Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Dost know
 this water-fly? **)

Hor.

*) To quit him) To requite him; to pay him his due.
 JOHNSON.

**) Dost know this water-fly? A water-fly? skips up and
 down

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. 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 king's mess; 'tis a chough: *) hut, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

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

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of spirit: your bonnet to his right use, — 'tis for the head.

Ofr. I thank your lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Ofr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. **) But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot, for my complexion. —

Ofr. Exceedingly, my lord. It is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how: — My lord, his majesty bid me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter —

Ham. I beseech you, remember

(*Hamlet moveshim to put on his hat.*)

Ofr.

down upon the surface of the water, without any apparent purpose or reason, and is thence the proper emblem of a busy trifler. JOHNSON.

*) -- *It is a chough; --*) A kind of a jack daw. JOHN-SON.

**) *But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, etc.*) Hamlet is here playing over the same farce with Ofrick, which he had formerly done with Polonius. STEEVENS.

Of. Nay, in good faith. For mine ease. In good faith: — Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent *) differences, of very soft society and great shew: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card **) or calendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, ***) his refinement suffers no perdition in you; though I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but †) raw neither in respect of his quick sail: But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article; ††) and his infusion of such

*) -- full of most excellent differences --) Full of distinguishing excellencies. JOHNSON.

**) -- the card or calendar of the gentry) The general preceptor of elegance; the card by which a gentleman is to direct his course, the calendar by which he is to chose his time, that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. JOHNSON.

***) -- for you shall find in him (the continent of what part a gentleman would see.) You shall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation. JOHNSON.

****) *Sir, his refinement etc.*) This is designed as a specimen and ridicule of the court-jargon, among the precieux of that time. WARBURTON.

†) -- and yet but raw neither) Raw signifies unripe, immature, thence unformed, imperfect, unskilful. The best account of him would be imperfect, in respect of his quick sail. The phrase quick sail, was, I suppose a proverbial term for activity of mind. JOHNSON.

††) -- a soul of great article) I suppose, a Soul of great article, means a soul of large comprehension, of many contents

Ofr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; If it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose. I will win for him if I can; if not, I'll gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

(Exit.)

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did compliment with his dug before he suck'd it: thus hath he (and many more of the same breed, that, I know, the drossy age dotes on), only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond *) and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trials, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young Ofrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the Hall. He sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time?

L.

Ham.

*) -- fond and winnowed opinions) Warburton reads *fan'd.*

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow his kings pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now, or when so ever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king and queen, all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She will instructs me. *Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France I have been in continual practice: I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill I's here about my heart. But it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, my good lord.

Ham. It is but foolry; but it is such *) a kind of gaingiving as would perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit. we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man knows aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, and lords, Osrick, with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table and flaggons of wine on it.

King. Come Hamlet, come, and take this hand from

*) - a kind of gaingiving) Gaingiving is the same as mis-giving. STEEVENS.

from me. (*King puts the hand of Laertes into the hand of Hamlet.*)

Ham. Give, me your pardon, Sir; I have done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,

How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? never, Hamlet,
If Hamlet from himself be ta' en away,
And, when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts
That I have shor mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconciliation,
'Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice, and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

L 3

Ham.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine igno-
rance

Your skill shall like a star i' th' darkest night

*) *Stick fiery off.* indeed.

Lear. You mock me, Sir,

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick, Cou-
fin Hamlet

You know the wager.

Ham. Well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

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

Lear. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well; these foils have all
 a length? (They prepare to play.)

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that table. —

If Hamlet gives the first, or second, hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange.

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an union shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark's Crown have worn. Give me the
cups;

And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,

The trumpets to the cannoneer without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.

Now the King drinks to Hamlet — Come, begin,

And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham.

*) *Stick fiery off.*) This image is taken from painting where
 a dark ground *throws off* light objects, and makes them
 appear more forward. STEEVENS.

Ham. Come on, Sir,
Laer. Come, my lord, (They play.)

Ham. One —

Laer. No —

Ham. Judgment.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well — again —

King. Stay, give me drink. Hamlet this pearl
 is thine,

Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
 (Trumpets sound, shot goes off.)

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by a while.
 (They play.)

Come another hit. What say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. He's fat, and scant of breath.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows.

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet,

Ham. Good Madam, —

King. Gertrude, do not drink —

Queen. I will, my lord; — I pray you, par-
 don me.

King. It is the poison'd cup. It is too late.

(Aside.)

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam. By and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.

Laer. I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
 (Aside.)

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes, you but dally;
 I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afraid you make a wanton of me,
Laer. Say you so? come on. (*Play.*)

Ofr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then in scuffling, they
 change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again —

Ofr. Look to the Queen there, ho!

(The Queen falls.

Hor. They bleed on both sides. — How is it,
 my lord?

Ofr. How is it, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe,
Ofrick,

I'm justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink —

Oh my dear Hamlet! — The drink, the drink —

I am poison'd — (*The Queen dies.*)

Ham. Oh villainy! ho! let the door be lock'd:
 Treachery! seek it out. —

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

Ham. The point envenom'd too?
 Then venom do thy work. (*Stabs the King.*)

All.

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous,
damned Dane,

Drink off this potion. Is the union here?

Follow my mo her.

(King dies.)

Laer. He is justly serv'd.

It is a poison temper'd by himself.

Exchange forgiveness with me noble Hamlet;

Mine and my father's death come not on thee.

Nor thine on me!

(Dies.)

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I'm dead, Horatio: Wretched queen adieu!

You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time, (as this fell serjeant death

Is strict in his arrest) oh, I could tell you —

But let it be — Horatio, I am dead;

Thou liv'st, report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.

I'm more an antique Roman than a Dane.

Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou art a man,

Give me the cup. Let go; by heav'n I'll have it.

Oh good Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind
me?

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity a while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story. *(March afar off, and shot within.)*

What warlike noise is this?

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come
from Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio:

The potent poison quite o'er-grows my spirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from England.
But I do prophesy, th' election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,
Which have sollicit^d.*) — The rest is silence.
(Dies.)

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night,
Sweet Prince;
And flights of angels wing thee to thy rest!
Why does the drum come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras, the English Ambassadors,
with drum, colours, and attendants.*

Fort. Where is this fight?

Hor. What is it you would see?
If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search.

Fort. This quarry cries, on havock! Oh proud
death!
What feast is tow'rd in thy infernal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

Amb. The fight is dismal,
And our affairs from England come too late:
The

*) *Which have sollicit^d*) *Sollicit^d*, for, brought on the
event. **WARBURTON.**

The ears are senseless, that should give us hearing;
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:
Where should we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, to jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack Wars, and you from Eng-
land,

Are here arriv'd; give order, that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on th'inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblesse to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
Which, now to claim, my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on
more:

But! let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mis-
chance

On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;

For

For he was likely: had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally. And for his pas-
sage,

The soldiers' music, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him —

Take up the bodies. Such a fight as this
Becomes the field, but here shews much amiss,
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

*(Exeunt : after which a peal of ordnance
is shot off.)*



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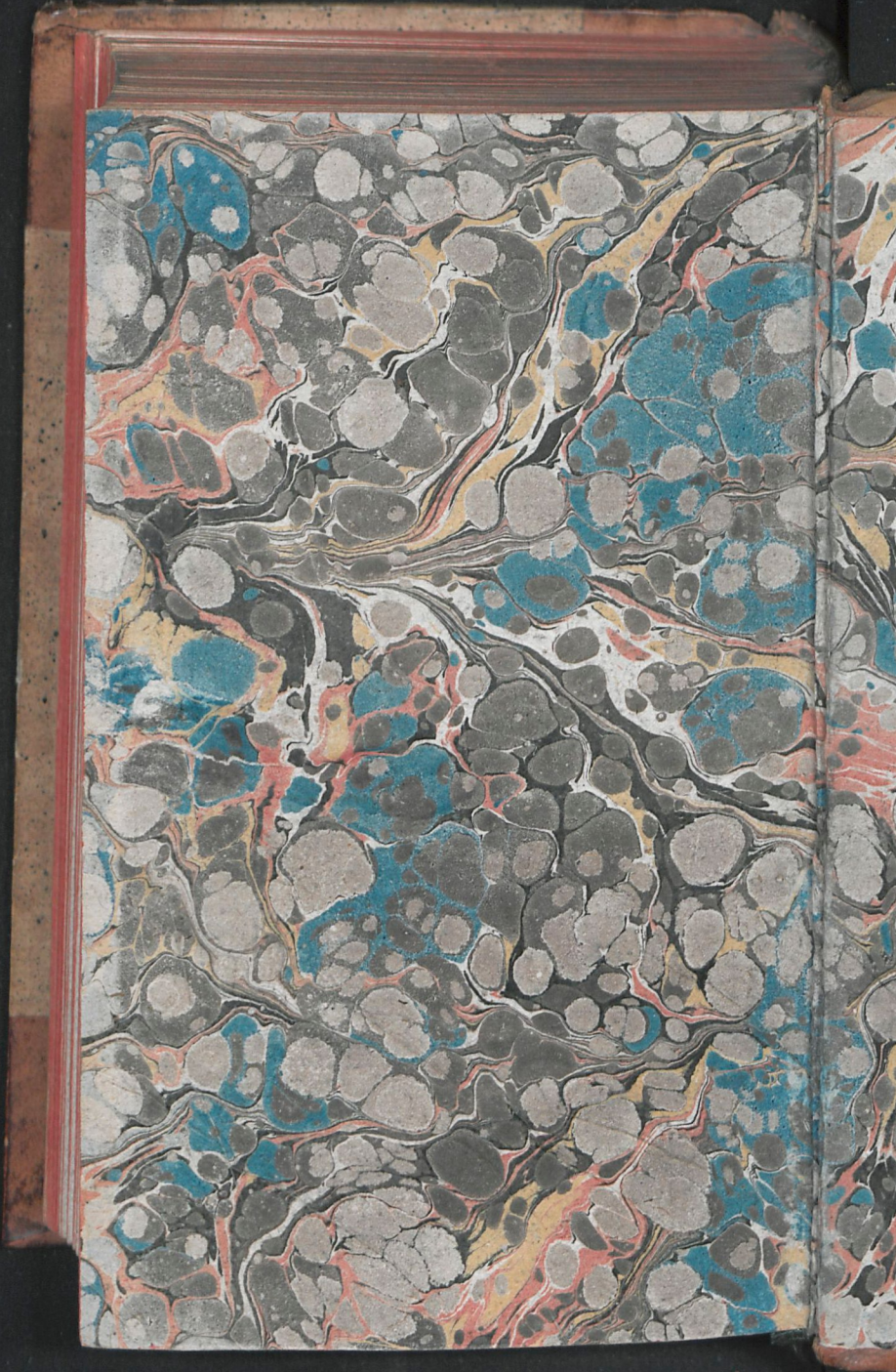
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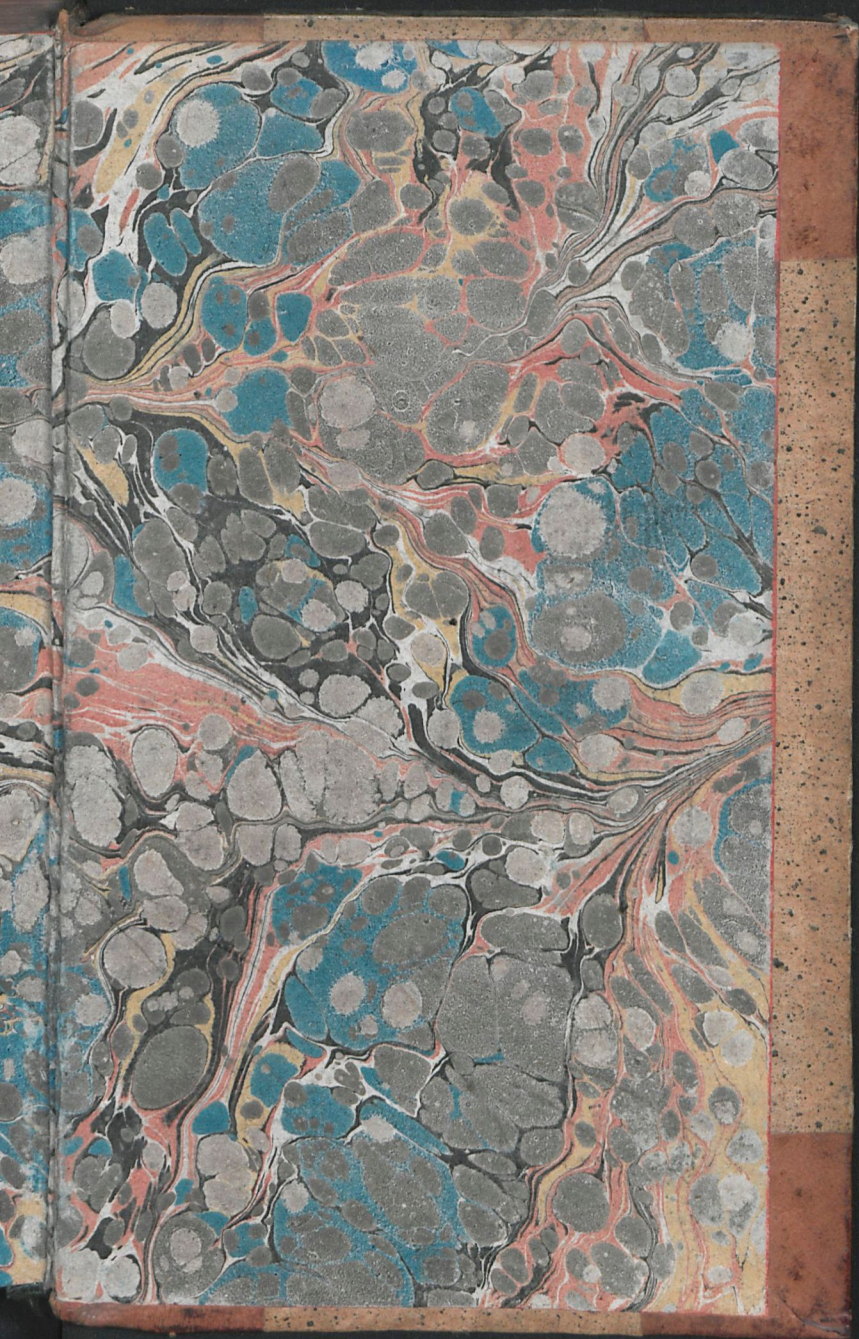
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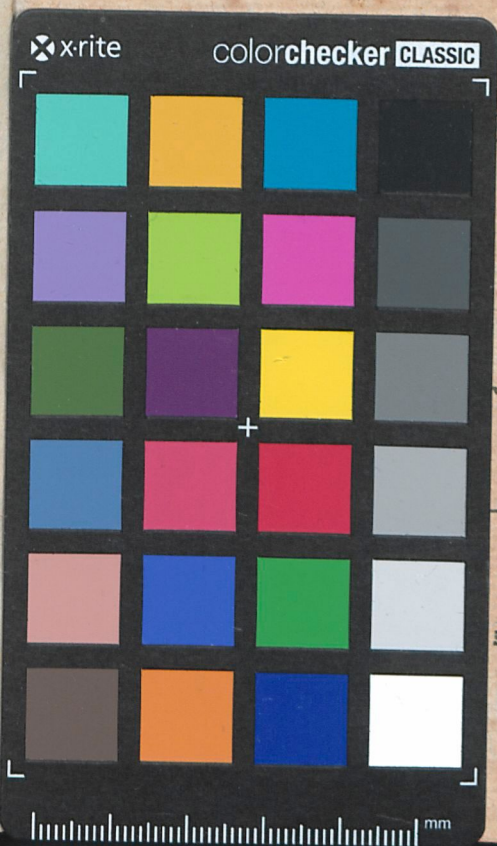




HAMLET

PRINCE OF DENMARK

A TRAGEDY.



C.

ES.

SIEGEL