Hamlet

by William Shakespeare

THE GHOST

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark, son of the late King Hamlet

and Queen Gertrude

QUEEN GERTRUDE, widow of King Hamlet, now married to Claudius

KING CLAUDIUS, brother to the late King Hamlet

OPHELIA

LAERTES, her brother

POLONIUS, father of Ophelia and Laertes, councillor to King Claudius

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius

HORATIO, Hamlet’s friend and confidant



*courtiers at the Danish court*

VOLTEMAND

CORNELIUS

ROSENCRANTZ

GUILDENSTERN

OSRIC

Gentlemen

A Lord



*Danish soldiers*

FRANCISCO

BARNARDO

MARCELLUS

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway

A Captain in Fortinbras’s army

Ambassadors to Denmark from England

Players who take the roles of Prologue, Player King, Player Queen, and Lucianus in *The Murder of Gonzago*

Two Messengers

Sailors

Gravedigger

Gravedigger’s companion

Doctor of Divinity

Attendants, Lords, Guards, Musicians, Laertes’s Followers, Soldiers,   
Officers

ACT     1

Act 1 Scene 1

*Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two sentinels.*

BARNARDO     Who’s there?

FRANCISCO

Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BARNARDO     Long live the King!

FRANCISCO     Barnardo.

BARNARDO     He. 5

FRANCISCO

You come most carefully upon your hour.

BARNARDO

’Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRANCISCO

For this relief much thanks. ’Tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart.

BARNARDO     Have you had quiet guard? 10

FRANCISCO     Not a mouse stirring.

BARNARDO     Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

FRANCISCO

I think I hear them.—Stand ho! Who is there? 15

HORATIO     Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS     And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO     Give you good night.

MARCELLUS

O farewell, honest text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartosoldier.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto Who hath relieved

you? 20

FRANCISCO

Barnardo hath my place. Give you good night.

*Francisco exits.*

MARCELLUS     Holla, Barnardo.

BARNARDO     Say, what, is Horatio there?

HORATIO       A piece of him.

BARNARDO

Welcome, Horatio.—Welcome, good Marcellus. 25

HORATIO

What, has this thing appeared again tonight?

BARNARDO       I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS

Horatio says ’tis but our fantasy

And will not let belief take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us. 30

Therefore I have entreated 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.

HORATIO

Tush, tush, ’twill not appear. 35

BARNARDO         Sit down awhile,

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we have two nights seen.

HORATIO         Well, sit we down, 40

And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.

BARNARDO     Last night of all,

When yond same star that’s westward from the pole

Had made his course t’ illume that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself, 45

The bell then beating one—

*Enter Ghost.*

MARCELLUS

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

BARNARDO

In the same figure like the King that’s dead.

MARCELLUS    *, editorial emendationto Horatioeditorial emendation*

Thou art a scholar. Speak to it, Horatio.

BARNARDO

Looks he not like the King? Mark it, Horatio. 50

HORATIO

Most like. It text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoharrowstext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto me with fear and wonder.

BARNARDO

It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS     Speak to it, Horatio.

HORATIO

What art thou that usurp’st this time of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form 55

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? By heaven, I charge thee,

speak.

MARCELLUS

It is offended.

BARNARDO     See, it stalks away. 60

HORATIO

Stay! speak! speak! I charge thee, speak!

*Ghost exits.*

MARCELLUS     ’Tis gone and will not answer.

BARNARDO

How now, Horatio, you tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on ’t? 65

HORATIO

Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

MARCELLUS     Is it not like the King?

HORATIO     As thou art to thyself. 70

Such was the very armor he had on

When he the ambitious Norway combated.

So frowned he once when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledded editorial emendationPolackseditorial emendation on the ice.

’Tis strange. 75

MARCELLUS

Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HORATIO

In what particular thought to work I know not,

But in the gross and scope of mine opinion

This bodes some strange eruption to our state. 80

MARCELLUS

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

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land,

And text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartowhytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto such daily text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartocasttext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto of brazen cannon

And foreign mart for implements of war, 85

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week.

What might be toward that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint laborer with the day?

Who is ’t that can inform me? 90

HORATIO      That can I.

At least the whisper goes so: our last king,

Whose image even but now appeared to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto pricked on by a most emulate pride, 95

Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet

(For so this side of our known world esteemed him)

Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a sealed compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did forfeit, with his life, all text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothosetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto his lands 100

Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror.

Against the which a moiety competent

Was gagèd by our king, which had text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoreturnedtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

To the inheritance of Fortinbras

Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same comart 105

And carriage of the article editorial emendationdesigned,editorial emendation

His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimprovèd mettle hot and full,

Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there

Sharked up a list of lawless resolutes 110

For food and diet to some enterprise

That hath a stomach in ’t; which is no other

(As it doth well appear unto our state)

But to recover of us, by strong hand

And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands 115

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 posthaste and rummage in the land.

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioBARNARDO

I think it be no other but e’en so. 120

Well may it sort that this portentous figure

Comes armèd through our watch so like the king

That was and is the question of these wars.

HORATIO

A mote it is to trouble the mind’s eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome, 125

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,

Disasters in the sun; and the moist star, 130

Upon whose influence Neptune’s empire stands,

Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

And even the like precurse of editorial emendationfearededitorial emendation events,

As harbingers preceding still the fates

And prologue to the omen coming on, 135

Have heaven and Earth together demonstrated

Unto our climatures and countrymen.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio

*Enter Ghost.*

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

I’ll cross it though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!

*It spreads his arms.*

If thou hast any sound or use of voice, 140

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, 145

Which happily foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,

For which, they say, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoyoutext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto spirits oft walk in death, 150

Speak of it. *The cock crows.*

Stay and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

Shall I strike it with my partisan?

HORATIO     Do, if it will not stand.

BARNARDO     ’Tis here. 155

HORATIO     ’Tis here.

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoGhost exits.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

MARCELLUS     ’Tis gone.

We do it wrong, being so majestical,

To offer it the show of violence,

For it is as the air, invulnerable, 160

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BARNARDO

It was about to speak when the cock crew.

HORATIO

And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, 165

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,

Th’ extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine, and of the truth herein 170

This present object made probation.

MARCELLUS

It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say that ever ’gainst that season comes

Wherein our Savior’s birth is celebrated,

This bird of dawning singeth all night long; 175

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

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallowed and so gracious is that time.

HORATIO

So have I heard and do in part believe it. 180

But look, the morn in russet mantle clad

Walks o’er the dew of yon high eastward hill.

Break we our watch up, and by my advice

Let us impart what we have seen tonight

Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, 185

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?

MARCELLUS

Let’s do ’t, I pray, and I this morning know

Where we shall find him most convenient. 190

*They exit.*

Act 1 Scene 2

*Flourish. Enter Claudius, King of Denmark, Gertrude the*

*Queen, editorial emendationtheeditorial emendation Council, as Polonius, and his son Laertes,*

*Hamlet, with others, editorial emendationamong them Voltemand and*

*Cornelius.editorial emendation*

KING

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother’s death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted

To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe,

Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature 5

That we with wisest sorrow think on him

Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,

Th’ imperial jointress to this warlike state,

Have we (as ’twere with a defeated joy, 10

With an auspicious and a dropping eye,

With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole)

Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barred

Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone 15

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, 20

Colleaguèd with this dream of his advantage,

He hath not failed to pester us with message

Importing the surrender of those lands

Lost by his father, with all bonds of law,

To our most valiant brother—so much for him. 25

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 bedrid, scarcely hears

Of this his nephew’s purpose, to suppress 30

His further gait herein, in that the levies,

The lists, and full proportions are all made

Out of his subject; and we here dispatch

You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand,

For bearers of this greeting to old Norway, 35

Giving to you no further personal power

To business with the King more than the scope

Of these dilated articles allow.

*editorial emendationGiving them a paper.editorial emendation*

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty. 40

CORNELIUS/VOLTEMAND

In that and all things will we show our duty.

KING

We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoVoltemand and Cornelius exit.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

And now, Laertes, what’s the news with you?

You told us of some suit. What is ’t, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane

And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, 45

Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

The head is not more native to the heart,

The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. 50

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

LAERTES      My dread lord,

Your leave and favor to return to France,

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark

To show my duty in your coronation, 55

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?

POLONIUS

Hath, my lord, lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Foliowrung from me my slow leave 60

By laborsome petition, and at last

Upon his will I sealed my hard consent.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio

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.— 65

But now, my cousin Hamlet and my son—

HAMLET    *, editorial emendationasideeditorial emendation*

A little more than kin and less than kind.

KING

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET

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

QUEEN

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off, 70

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not forever with thy vailèd lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

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

Passing through nature to eternity. 75

HAMLET

Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN      If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

HAMLET

“Seems,” madam? Nay, it is. I know not “seems.”

’Tis not alone my inky cloak, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartogoodtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto mother, 80

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected havior of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, editorial emendationshapeseditorial emendation of grief, 85

That can text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartodenotetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto me truly. These indeed “seem,”

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within which passes show,

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING

’Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, 90

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 95

To do obsequious sorrow. But to persever

In obstinate condolement is a course

Of impious stubbornness. ’Tis unmanly grief.

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,

A heart unfortified, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoatext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto mind impatient, 100

An understanding simple and unschooled.

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, 105

A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,

To reason most absurd, whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,

From the first corse till he that died today,

“This must be so.” We pray you, throw to earth 110

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 115

Do I impart toward you. For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,

It is most retrograde to our desire,

And we beseech you, bend you to remain

Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye, 120

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.

HAMLET

I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING

Why, ’tis a loving and a fair reply. 125

Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come.

This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof

No jocund health that Denmark drinks today

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell, 130

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

Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

*Flourish. All but Hamlet exit.*

HAMLET

O, that this too, too sullied flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,

Or that the Everlasting had not fixed 135

His canon ’gainst text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoself-slaughter!text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto O God, God,

How text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoweary,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto stale, flat, and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Fie on ’t, ah fie! ’Tis an unweeded garden

That grows to seed. Things rank and gross in nature 140

Possess it merely. That it should come text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoto this:text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

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 beteem the winds of heaven 145

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and Earth,

Must I remember? Why, she text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartowouldtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 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!), 150

A little month, or ere those shoes were old

With which she followed my poor father’s body,

Like Niobe, all tears—why she, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoeven shetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

(O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason

Would have mourned longer!), married with my 155

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 gallèd eyes, 160

She married. O, most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!

It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.*

HORATIO     Hail to your Lordship. 165

HAMLET     I am glad to see you well.

Horatio—or I do forget myself!

HORATIO

The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

HAMLET

Sir, my good friend. I’ll change that name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?— 170

Marcellus?

MARCELLUS     My good lord.

HAMLET

I am very glad to see you.*editorial emendationTo Barnardo.editorial emendation* Good

even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg? 175

HORATIO

A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET

I would not hear your enemy say so,

Nor shall you do my ear that violence

To make it truster of your own report

Against yourself. I know you are no truant. 180

But what is your affair in Elsinore?

We’ll teach you to drink text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartodeeptext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto ere you depart.

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

I prithee, do not mock me, fellow student.

I think it was to text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoseetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto my mother’s wedding. 185

HORATIO

Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

HAMLET

Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral baked meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio! 190

My father—methinks I see my father.

HORATIO

Where, my lord?

HAMLET      In my mind’s eye, Horatio.

HORATIO

I saw him once. He was a goodly king.

HAMLET

He was a man. Take him for all in all, 195

I shall not look upon his like again.

HORATIO

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET     Saw who?

HORATIO

My lord, the King your father.

HAMLET      The King my father? 200

HORATIO

Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear, till I may deliver

Upon the witness of these gentlemen

This marvel to you.

HAMLET      For God’s love, let me hear! 205

HORATIO

Two nights together had these gentlemen,

Marcellus and Barnardo, on their watch,

In the dead waste and middle of the night,

Been thus encountered: a figure like your father,

Armed at point exactly, cap-à-pie, 210

Appears before them and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked

By their oppressed and fear-surprisèd eyes

Within his truncheon’s length, whilst they, distilled

Almost to jelly with the act of fear, 215

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,

editorial emendationWhere, aseditorial emendation they had delivered, both in time,

Form of the thing (each word made true and good), 220

The apparition comes. I knew your father;

These hands are not more like.

HAMLET      But where was this?

MARCELLUS

My lord, upon the platform where we watch.

HAMLET

Did you not speak to it? 225

HORATIO      My lord, I did,

But answer made it none. Yet once methought

It lifted up its head and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak;

But even then the morning cock crew loud, 230

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away

And vanished from our sight.

HAMLET     ’ Tis very strange.

HORATIO

As I do live, my honored lord, ’tis true.

And we did think it writ down in our duty 235

To let you know of it.

HAMLET     Indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the watch tonight?

ALL      We do, my lord.

HAMLET

Armed, say you? 240

ALL      Armed, my lord.

HAMLET      From top to toe?

ALL     My lord, from head to foot.

HAMLET     Then saw you not his face?

HORATIO

O, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up. 245

HAMLET     What, looked he frowningly?

HORATIO

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET     Pale or red?

HORATIO

Nay, very pale.

HAMLET      And fixed his eyes upon you? 250

HORATIO

Most constantly.

HAMLET      I would I had been there.

HORATIO     It would have much amazed you.

HAMLET     Very like. Stayed it long?

HORATIO

While one with moderate haste might tell a 255

hundred.

BARNARDO/MARCELLUS     Longer, longer.

HORATIO

Not when I saw ’t.

HAMLET      His beard was grizzled, no?

HORATIO

It was as I have seen it in his life, 260

A sable silvered.

HAMLET     I will watch editorial emendationtonight.editorial emendation

Perchance ’twill walk again.

HORATIO      I warrant it will.

HAMLET

If it assume my noble father’s person, 265

I’ll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto concealed this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still;

And whatsomever else shall hap tonight, 270

Give it an understanding but no tongue.

I will requite your loves. So fare you well.

Upon the platform, ’twixt eleven and twelve,

I’ll visit you.

ALL      Our duty to your Honor. 275

HAMLET

Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

*editorial emendationAll but Hamleteditorial emendation exit.*

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. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoFoultext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o’erwhelm them, to men’s

eyes. 280

*He exits.*

Act 1 Scene 3

*Enter Laertes and Ophelia, his sister.*

LAERTES

My necessaries are embarked. Farewell.

And, sister, as the winds give benefit

And convey text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoistext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto assistant, do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA      Do you doubt that? 5

LAERTES

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,

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, 10

No more.

OPHELIA     No more but so?

LAERTES      Think it no more.

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone

In thews and text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartobulk,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto but, as this temple waxes, 15

The inward service of the mind and soul

Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,

And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch

The virtue of his will; but you must fear,

His greatness weighed, his will is not his own, 20

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoFor he himself is subject to his birth.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

He may not, as unvalued persons do,

Carve for himself, for on his choice depends

The safety and editorial emendationtheeditorial emendation health of this whole state.

And therefore must his choice be circumscribed 25

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 30

May give his saying deed, which is no further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain

If with too credent ear you list his songs

Or lose your heart or your chaste treasure open 35

To his unmastered 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 40

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 disclosed,

And, in the morn and liquid dew of youth, 45

Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear.

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep

As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother, 50

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

Whiles, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoliketext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto a puffed and reckless libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads

And recks not his own rede. 55

LAERTES      O, fear me not.

*Enter Polonius.*

I stay too long. But here my father comes.

A double blessing is a double grace.

Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POLONIUS

Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame! 60

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,

And you are stayed for. There, my blessing with

thee.

And these few precepts in thy memory

Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, 65

Nor any unproportioned thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel,

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment 70

Of each new-hatched, unfledged courage. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,

Bear ’t that th’ opposèd may beware of thee.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.

Take each man’s censure, but reserve thy judgment. 75

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not expressed in fancy (rich, not gaudy),

For the apparel oft proclaims the man,

And they in France of the best rank and station

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoAretext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto of a most select and generous chief in that. 80

Neither a borrower nor a lender text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartobe,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

For text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoloantext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto oft loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartodulls thetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto edge of husbandry.

This above all: to thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day, 85

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell. My blessing season this in thee.

LAERTES

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POLONIUS

The time invests you. Go, your servants tend.

LAERTES

Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well 90

What I have said to you.

OPHELIA     ’Tis in my memory locked,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAERTES     Farewell. *Laertes exits.*

POLONIUS

What is ’t, Ophelia, he hath said to you? 95

OPHELIA

So please you, something touching the Lord

Hamlet.

POLONIUS     Marry, well bethought.

’Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you, and you yourself 100

Have of your audience been most free and

bounteous.

If it be so (as so ’tis put on me,

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

You do not understand yourself so clearly 105

As it behooves my daughter and your honor.

What is between you? Give me up the truth.

OPHELIA

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders

Of his affection to me.

POLONIUS

Affection, puh! You speak like a green girl 110

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his “tenders,” as you call them?

OPHELIA

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

POLONIUS

Marry, I will teach you. Think yourself a baby

That you have ta’en these tenders for true pay, 115

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,

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

editorial emendationRunningeditorial emendation it thus) you’ll tender me a fool.

OPHELIA

My lord, he hath importuned me with love

In honorable fashion— 120

POLONIUS

Ay, “fashion” you may call it. Go to, go to!

OPHELIA

And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POLONIUS

Ay, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartospringestext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto to catch woodcocks. I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul 125

Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat, extinct in both

Even in their promise as it is a-making,

You must not take for fire. From this time

Be something scanter of your maiden presence. 130

Set your entreatments at a higher rate

Than a command to parle. For Lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him that he is young,

And with a larger text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartotethertext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto may he walk

Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia, 135

Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,

Not of that dye which their investments show,

But mere text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoimploratorstext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto of unholy suits,

Breathing like sanctified and pious editorial emendationbawdseditorial emendation

The better to text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartobeguile.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto This is for all: 140

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

Have you so slander any moment leisure

As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to ’t, I charge you. Come your ways.

OPHELIA     I shall obey, my lord. 145

*They exit.*

Act 1 Scene 4

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.*

HAMLET

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

HORATIO

It is text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoatext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto nipping and an eager air.

HAMLET     What hour now?

HORATIO     I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS     No, it is struck. 5

HORATIO

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

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

*A flourish of trumpets and two pieces goes off.*

What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET

The King doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swagg’ring upspring reels; 10

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

HORATIO     Is it a custom?

HAMLET     Ay, marry, is ’t, 15

But, to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honored in the breach than the observance.

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioThis heavy-headed editorial emendationreveleditorial emendation east and west

Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations. 20

They clepe us drunkards and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition. And, indeed, it takes

From our achievements, though performed at

height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute. 25

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 choose his origin),

By editorial emendationtheeditorial emendation o’ergrowth of some complexion 30

(Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason),

Or by some habit that too much o’erleavens

The form of plausive manners—that these men,

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,

Being nature’s livery or fortune’s star, 35

His virtues else, be they as pure as grace,

As infinite as man may undergo,

Shall in the general censure take corruption

From that particular fault. The dram of editorial emendationevileditorial emendation

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt 40

To his own scandal.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio

*Enter Ghost.*

HORATIO      Look, my lord, it comes.

HAMLET

Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned,

Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from 45

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.” O, answer me! 50

Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell

Why thy canonized bones, hearsèd in death,

Have burst their cerements; why the sepulcher,

Wherein we saw thee quietly interred,

Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws 55

To cast thee up again. What may this mean

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,

Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous, and we fools of nature

So horridly to shake our disposition 60

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoGhosttext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto beckons.*

HORATIO

It beckons you to go away with it

As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone. 65

MARCELLUS     Look with what courteous action

It waves you to a more removèd ground.

But do not go with it.

HORATIO      No, by no means.

HAMLET

It will not speak. Then I will follow it. 70

HORATIO

Do not, my lord.

HAMLET      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? 75

It waves me forth again. I’ll follow it.

HORATIO

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 80

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason

And draw you into madness? Think of it.

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioThe very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fathoms to the sea 85

And hears it roar beneath.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio

HAMLET

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

MARCELLUS

You shall not go, my lord. *editorial emendationThey hold back Hamlet.editorial emendation*

HAMLET      Hold off your hands.

HORATIO

Be ruled. You shall not go. 90

HAMLET      My fate cries out

And makes each petty arture in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion’s nerve.

Still am I called. Unhand me, gentlemen.

By heaven, I’ll make a ghost of him that lets me! 95

I say, away!—Go on. I’ll follow thee.

*Ghost and Hamlet exit.*

HORATIO

He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS

Let’s follow. ’Tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO

Have after. To what issue will this come?

MARCELLUS

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. 100

HORATIO

Heaven will direct it.

MARCELLUS     Nay, let’s follow him.

*They exit.*

Act 1 Scene 5

*Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

HAMLET

Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak. I’ll go no

further.

GHOST

Mark me.

HAMLET     I will.

GHOST      My hour is almost come 5

When I to sulf’rous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

HAMLET      Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST

Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing

To what I shall unfold. 10

HAMLET     Speak. I am bound to hear.

GHOST

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET     What?

GHOST     I am thy father’s spirit,

Doomed for a certain term to walk the night 15

And for the day confined to fast in fires

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house,

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word 20

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their

spheres,

Thy knotted and combinèd locks to part,

And each particular hair to stand an end, 25

Like quills upon the fearful porpentine.

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—

HAMLET     O God! 30

GHOST

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET     Murder?

GHOST

Murder most foul, as in the best it is,

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAMLET

Haste me to know ’t, that I, with wings as swift 35

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 roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, 40

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 Denmark

Is by a forgèd process of my death

Rankly abused. But know, thou noble youth, 45

The serpent that did sting thy father’s life

Now wears his crown.

HAMLET     O, my prophetic soul! My uncle!

GHOST

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

With witchcraft of his wits, with traitorous gifts— 50

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 text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoatext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto falling off was there!

From me, whose love was of that dignity 55

That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage, and to decline

Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor

To those of mine.

But virtue, as it never will be moved, 60

Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,

So, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartolust,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto though to a radiant angel linked,

Will text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartosatetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto itself in a celestial bed

And prey on garbage.

But soft, methinks I scent the morning air. 65

Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,

My custom always of the afternoon,

Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,

With juice of cursèd hebona in a vial

And in the porches of my ears did pour 70

The leprous distilment, whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man

That swift as quicksilver it courses through

The natural gates and alleys of the body,

And with a sudden vigor it doth text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartopossettext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 75

And curd, like eager droppings into milk,

The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,

And a most instant tetter barked about,

Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust

All my smooth body. 80

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother’s hand

Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched,

Cut off, even in the blossoms of my sin,

Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled,

No reck’ning made, but sent to my account 85

With all my imperfections on my head.

O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

A couch for luxury and damnèd incest. 90

But, howsomever thou pursues 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. 95

The glowworm shows the matin to be near

And ’gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me. *text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHe exits.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

HAMLET

O all you host of heaven! O Earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart, 100

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartostifflytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto up. Remember thee?

Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee?

Yea, from the table of my memory 105

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, 110

Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!

O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain!

My tables—meet it is I set it down

That one may smile and smile and be a villain. 115

At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark.

*editorial emendationHe writes.editorial emendation*

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word.

It is “adieu, adieu, remember me.”

I have sworn ’t.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

HORATIO     My lord, my lord! 120

MARCELLUS     Lord Hamlet.

HORATIO     Heavens secure him!

HAMLET     So be it.

MARCELLUS     Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

HAMLET     Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartobird,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto come! 125

MARCELLUS

How is ’t, my noble lord?

HORATIO      What news, my lord?

HAMLET     O, wonderful!

HORATIO

Good my lord, tell it.

HAMLET      No, you will reveal it. 130

HORATIO

Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MARCELLUS      Nor I, my lord.

HAMLET

How say you, then? Would heart of man once think

it?

But you’ll be secret? 135

HORATIO/MARCELLUS      Ay, by heaven, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartomy lord.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

HAMLET

There’s never a villain dwelling in all Denmark

But he’s an arrant knave.

HORATIO

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

To tell us this. 140

HAMLET     Why, right, you are in the right.

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,

You, as your business and desire shall point you

(For every man hath business and desire, 145

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

I will go pray.

HORATIO

These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

HAMLET

I am sorry they offend you, heartily;

Yes, faith, heartily. 150

HORATIO      There’s no offense, my lord.

HAMLET

Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,

And much offense, too. Touching this vision here,

It is an honest ghost—that let me tell you.

For your desire to know what is between us, 155

O’ermaster ’t as you may. And now, good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

HORATIO     What is ’t, my lord? We will.

HAMLET

Never make known what you have seen tonight. 160

HORATIO/MARCELLUS      My lord, we will not.

HAMLET     Nay, but swear ’t.

HORATIO     In faith, my lord, not I.

MARCELLUS     Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMLET

Upon my sword. 165

MARCELLUS     We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAMLET     Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

GHOST  *cries under the stage*  Swear.

HAMLET

Ha, ha, boy, sayst thou so? Art thou there,

truepenny? 170

Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellarage.

Consent to swear.

HORATIO      Propose the oath, my lord.

HAMLET

Never to speak of this that you have seen,

Swear by my sword. 175

GHOST*, editorial emendationbeneatheditorial emendation*  Swear.

HAMLET

*Hic et ubique?* Then we’ll shift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword.

Swear by my sword 180

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

GHOST*, editorial emendationbeneatheditorial emendation* Swear by his sword.

HAMLET

Well said, old mole. Canst work i’ th’ earth so fast?—

A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends.

HORATIO

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange. 185

HAMLET

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come.

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd some’er I bear myself 190

(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on)

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

With arms encumbered thus, or this headshake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, 195

As “Well, well, we know,” or “We could an if we

would,”

Or “If we list to speak,” or “There be an if they

might,”

Or such ambiguous giving-out, to note 200

That you know aught of me—this do swear,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you.

GHOST*, editorial emendationbeneatheditorial emendation*  Swear.

HAMLET

Rest, rest, perturbèd spirit.—So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you, 205

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do t’ express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together,

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint. O cursèd spite 210

That ever I was born to set it right!

Nay, come, let’s go together.

*They exit.*

ACT 2

Act 2 Scene 1

*Enter old Polonius with his man text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoReynaldo.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

POLONIUS

Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

REYNALDO     I will, my lord.

POLONIUS

You shall do marvelous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquire

Of his behavior. 5

REYNALDO      My lord, I did intend it.

POLONIUS

Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;

And how, and who, what means, and where they

keep, 10

What company, at what expense; and finding

By this encompassment and drift of question

That they do know my son, come you more nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it.

Take you, as ’twere, some distant knowledge of him, 15

As thus: “I know his father and his friends

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

REYNALDO     Ay, very well, my lord.

POLONIUS

“And, in part, him, but,” you may say, “not well.

But if ’t be he I mean, he’s very wild, 20

Addicted so and so.” And there put on him

What forgeries you please—marry, none so rank

As may dishonor him, take heed of that,

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

As are companions noted and most known 25

To youth and liberty.

REYNALDO      As gaming, my lord.

POLONIUS     Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,

Quarreling, drabbing—you may go so far.

REYNALDO     My lord, that would dishonor him. 30

POLONIUS

Faith, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartono,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him

That he is open to incontinency;

That’s not my meaning. But breathe his faults so

quaintly 35

That they may seem the taints of liberty,

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,

A savageness in unreclaimèd blood,

Of general assault.

REYNALDO     But, my good lord— 40

POLONIUS     Wherefore should you do this?

REYNALDO     Ay, my lord, I would know that.

POLONIUS     Marry, sir, here’s my drift,

And I believe it is a fetch of wit.

You, laying these slight sullies on my son, 45

As ’twere a thing a little soiled text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoi’ th’text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 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 assured 50

He closes with you in this consequence:

“Good sir,” or so, or “friend,” or “gentleman,”

According to the phrase or the addition

Of man and country—

REYNALDO      Very good, my lord. 55

POLONIUS     And then, sir, does he this, he does—what

was I about to say? By the Mass, I was about to say

something. Where did I leave?

REYNALDO     At “closes in the consequence,” text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoat “friend,

or so,” and “gentleman.”text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 60

POLONIUS

At “closes in the consequence”—ay, marry—

He closes thus: “I know the gentleman.

I saw him yesterday,” or “th’ other day”

(Or then, or then, with such or such), “and as you

say, 65

There was he gaming, there text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoo’ertooktext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto in ’s rouse,

There falling out at tennis”; or perchance

“I saw him enter such a house of sale”—

*Videlicet*, a brothel—or so forth. See you now

Your bait of falsehood take this carp of truth; 70

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? 75

REYNALDO

My lord, I have.

POLONIUS      God be wi’ you. Fare you well.

REYNALDO     Good my lord.

POLONIUS

Observe his inclination in yourself.

REYNALDO     I shall, my lord. 80

POLONIUS     And let him ply his music.

REYNALDO     Well, my lord.

POLONIUS

Farewell. *Reynaldo exits.*

*Enter Ophelia.*

How now, Ophelia, what’s the matter?

OPHELIA

O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted! 85

POLONIUS     With what, i’ th’ name of God?

OPHELIA

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced,

No hat upon his head, his stockings fouled,

Ungartered, and down-gyvèd to his ankle, 90

Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,

And with a look so piteous in purport

As if he had been loosèd out of hell

To speak of horrors—he comes before me.

POLONIUS

Mad for thy love? 95

OPHELIA      My lord, I do not know,

But truly I do fear it.

POLONIUS      What said he?

OPHELIA

He took me by the wrist and held me hard.

Then goes he to the length of all his arm, 100

And, with his other hand thus o’er his brow,

He falls to such perusal of my face

As he would draw it. Long stayed he so.

At last, a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down, 105

He raised a sigh so piteous and profound

As it did seem to shatter all his bulk

And end his being. That done, he lets me go,

And, with his head over his shoulder turned,

He seemed to find his way without his eyes, 110

For out o’ doors he went without their helps

And to the last bended their light on me.

POLONIUS

Come, go with me. I will go seek the King.

This is the very ecstasy of love,

Whose violent property fordoes itself 115

And leads the will to desperate undertakings

As oft as any passions under heaven

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.

What, have you given him any hard words of late?

OPHELIA

No, my good lord, but as you did command 120

I did repel his letters and denied

His access to me.

POLONIUS      That hath made him mad.

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment

I had not coted him. I feared he did but trifle 125

And meant to wrack thee. But beshrew my jealousy!

By heaven, it is as proper to our age

To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions

As it is common for the younger sort

To lack discretion. Come, go we to the King. 130

This must be known, which, being kept close, might

move

More grief to hide than hate to utter love.

Come.

*They exit.*

Act 2 Scene 2

*Flourish. Enter King and Queen, Rosencrantz and*

*Guildenstern editorial emendationand Attendants.editorial emendation*

KING

Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Moreover that we much did long to see you,

The need we have to use you did provoke

Our hasty sending. Something have you heard

Of Hamlet’s transformation, so call it, 5

Sith nor th’ exterior nor the inward man

Resembles that it was. What it should be,

More than his father’s death, that thus hath put him

So much from th’ understanding of himself

I cannot dream of. I entreat you both 10

That, being of so young days brought up with him

And sith so neighbored to his youth and havior,

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court

Some little time, so by your companies

To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather 15

So much as from occasion you may glean,

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioWhether aught to us unknown afflicts him thuslines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio

That, opened, lies within our remedy.

QUEEN

Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of you,

And sure I am two men there is not living 20

To whom he more adheres. If it will please you

To show us so much gentry and goodwill

As to expend your time with us awhile

For the supply and profit of our hope,

Your visitation shall receive such thanks 25

As fits a king’s remembrance.

ROSENCRANTZ      Both your Majesties

Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,

Put your dread pleasures more into command

Than to entreaty. 30

GUILDENSTERN     But we both obey,

And here give up ourselves in the full bent

To lay our service freely at your feet,

To be commanded.

KING

Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern. 35

QUEEN

Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz.

And I beseech you instantly to visit

My too much changèd son.—Go, some of you,

And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

GUILDENSTERN

Heavens make our presence and our practices 40

Pleasant and helpful to him!

QUEEN      Ay, amen!

*Rosencrantz and Guildenstern exit*

*editorial emendationwith some Attendants.editorial emendation*

*Enter Polonius.*

POLONIUS

Th’ ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,

Are joyfully returned.

KING

Thou still hast been the father of good news. 45

POLONIUS

Have I, my lord? I assure 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 50

As it hath used to do, that I have found

The very cause of Hamlet’s lunacy.

KING

O, speak of that! That do I long to hear.

POLONIUS

Give first admittance to th’ ambassadors.

My news shall be the fruit to that great feast. 55

KING

Thyself do grace to them and bring them in.

*editorial emendationPolonius exits.editorial emendation*

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found

The head and source of all your son’s distemper.

QUEEN

I doubt it is no other but the main—

His father’s death and our text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoo’erhastytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto marriage. 60

KING

Well, we shall sift him.

*Enter Ambassadors text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoVoltemand and Cornelius editorial emendationwitheditorial emendation*

*Polonius.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

Welcome, my good friends.

Say, Voltemand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLTEMAND

Most fair return of greetings and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress 65

His nephew’s levies, which to him appeared

To be a preparation ’gainst the Polack,

But, better looked into, he truly found

It was against your Highness. Whereat, grieved

That so his sickness, age, and impotence 70

Was falsely borne in hand, sends out arrests

On Fortinbras, which he, in brief, obeys,

Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,

Makes vow before his uncle never more

To give th’ assay of arms against your Majesty. 75

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, 80

With an entreaty, herein further shown,

*editorial emendationHe gives a paper.editorial emendation*

That it might please you to give quiet pass

Through your dominions for this enterprise,

On such regards of safety and allowance

As therein are set down. 85

KING      It likes us well,

And, at our more considered time, we’ll read,

Answer, and think upon this business.

Meantime, we thank you for your well-took labor.

Go to your rest. At night we’ll feast together. 90

Most welcome home!

*editorial emendationVoltemand and Corneliuseditorial emendation exit.*

POLONIUS      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 95

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.

Therefore, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartosincetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto brevity is the soul of wit,

And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,

I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.

“Mad” call I it, for, to define true madness, 100

What is ’t but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that go.

QUEEN      More matter with less art.

POLONIUS

Madam, I swear I use no art at all.

That he’s mad, ’tis true; ’tis true ’tis pity, 105

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, 110

For this effect defective comes by cause.

Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.

Perpend.

I have a daughter (have while she is mine)

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark, 115

Hath given me this. Now gather and surmise.

*editorial emendationHe reads.editorial emendation To the celestial, and my soul’s idol, the*

*most beautified Ophelia—*

That’s an ill phrase, a vile phrase; “beautified” is a

vile phrase. But you shall hear. Thus:*editorial emendationHe reads.editorial emendation 120*

*In her excellent white bosom, these, etc.—*

QUEEN     Came this from Hamlet to her?

POLONIUS

Good madam, stay awhile. I will be faithful.

*editorial emendationHe reads theeditorial emendation letter.*

*Doubt thou the stars are fire,*

*Doubt that the sun doth move, 125*

*Doubt truth to be a liar,*

*But never doubt I love.*

*O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers. I have not*

*art to reckon my groans, but that I love thee best, O*

*most best, believe it. Adieu. 130*

*Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst*

*this machine is to him, Hamlet.*

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown me,

And more text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoabove,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto hath his solicitings,

As they fell out by time, by means, and place, 135

All given to mine ear.

KING     But how hath she received his love?

POLONIUS     What do you think of me?

KING

As of a man faithful and honorable.

POLONIUS

I would fain prove so. But what might you think, 140

When I had seen this hot love on the wing

(As I perceived it, I must tell you that,

Before my daughter told me), what might you,

Or my dear Majesty your queen here, think,

If I had played the desk or table-book 145

Or given my heart a text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartowinking,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto mute and dumb,

Or looked upon this love with idle sight?

What might you think? No, I went round to work,

And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:

“Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star. 150

This must not be.” And then I prescripts gave her,

That she should lock herself from text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartohistext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto resort,

Admit no messengers, receive no tokens;

Which done, she took the fruits of my advice,

And he, repelled (a short tale to make), 155

Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,

Thence to text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoatext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto lightness, and, by this declension,

Into the madness wherein now he raves

And all we mourn for. 160

KING*, editorial emendationto Queeneditorial emendation* Do you think text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto’tistext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto this?

QUEEN     It may be, very like.

POLONIUS

Hath there been such a time (I would fain know

that)

That I have positively said “’Tis so,” 165

When it proved otherwise?

KING      Not that I know.

POLONIUS

Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

If circumstances lead me, I will find

Where truth is hid, though it were hid, indeed, 170

Within the center.

KING      How may we try it further?

POLONIUS

You know sometimes he walks four hours together

Here in the lobby.

QUEEN      So he does indeed. 175

POLONIUS

At such a time I’ll loose my daughter to him.

*editorial emendationTo the King.editorial emendation*Be you and I behind an arras then.

Mark the encounter. If he love her not,

And be not from his reason fall’n thereon,

Let me be no assistant for a state, 180

But keep a farm and carters.

KING      We will try it.

*Enter Hamlet text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoreading on a book.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

QUEEN

But look where sadly the poor wretch comes

reading.

POLONIUS

Away, I do beseech you both, away. 185

I’ll board him presently. O, give me leave.

*King and Queen exit editorial emendationwith Attendants.editorial emendation*

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET     Well, God-a-mercy.

POLONIUS     Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET     Excellent well. You are a fishmonger. 190

POLONIUS     Not I, my lord.

HAMLET     Then I would you were so honest a man.

POLONIUS     Honest, my lord?

HAMLET     Ay, sir. To be honest, as this world goes, is to

be one man picked out of ten thousand. 195

POLONIUS     That’s very true, my lord.

HAMLET     For if the sun breed maggots in a dead

dog, being a good kissing carrion—Have you a

daughter?

POLONIUS     I have, my lord. 200

HAMLET     Let her not walk i’ th’ sun. Conception is a

blessing, but, as your daughter may conceive,

friend, look to ’t.

POLONIUS*, editorial emendationasideeditorial emendation* How say you by that? Still harping on

my daughter. Yet he knew me not at first; he said I 205

was a fishmonger. He is far gone. And truly, in my

youth, I suffered much extremity for love, very near

this. I’ll speak to him again.—What do you read, my

lord?

HAMLET     Words, words, words. 210

POLONIUS     What is the matter, my lord?

HAMLET     Between who?

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

HAMLET     Slanders, sir; for the satirical rogue says here

that old men have gray beards, that their faces are 215

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 220

yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if, like a crab,

you could go backward.

POLONIUS    *, editorial emendationasideeditorial emendation* Though this be madness, yet there is

method in ’t.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAMLET     Into my grave? 225

POLONIUS     Indeed, that’s out of the air.*editorial emendationAside.editorial emendation* How

pregnant sometimes his replies are! A happiness

that often madness hits on, which reason and

text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartosanitytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto could not so prosperously be delivered of. I

will leave him text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoand suddenly contrive the means of 230

meeting between himtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and my daughter.—My lord,

I will take my leave of you.

HAMLET     You cannot, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartosir,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto take from me anything that I

will more willingly part withal—except my life,

except my life, except my life. 235

POLONIUS     Fare you well, my lord.

HAMLET*, editorial emendationasideeditorial emendation* These tedious old fools.

*Enter Guildenstern and Rosencrantz.*

POLONIUS     You go to seek the Lord Hamlet. There he is.

ROSENCRANTZ*, editorial emendationto Poloniuseditorial emendation* God save you, sir.

*editorial emendationPolonius exits.editorial emendation*

GUILDENSTERN     My honored lord. 240

ROSENCRANTZ     My most dear lord.

HAMLET     My text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoexcellenttext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto good friends! How dost thou,

Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do

you both?

ROSENCRANTZ

As the indifferent children of the earth. 245

GUILDENSTERN

Happy in that we are not text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartooverhappy.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

On Fortune’s text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartocap,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto we are not the very button.

HAMLET     Nor the soles of her shoe?

ROSENCRANTZ     Neither, my lord.

HAMLET     Then you live about her waist, or in the 250

middle of her favors?

GUILDENSTERN     Faith, her privates we.

HAMLET     In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true!

She is a strumpet. What news?

ROSENCRANTZ     None, my lord, but text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothattext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto the world’s 255

grown honest.

HAMLET     Then is doomsday near. But your news is not

true. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoLet me question more in particular. What

have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of

Fortune that she sends you to prison hither? 260

GUILDENSTERN     Prison, my lord?

HAMLET     Denmark’s a prison.

ROSENCRANTZ     Then is the world one.

HAMLET     A goodly one, in which there are many confines,

wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o’ 265

th’ worst.

ROSENCRANTZ     We think not so, my lord.

HAMLET     Why, then, ’tis none to you, for there is

nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it

so. To me, it is a prison. 270

ROSENCRANTZ     Why, then, your ambition makes it one.

’Tis too narrow for your mind.

HAMLET     O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and

count myself a king of infinite space, were it not

that I have bad dreams. 275

GUILDENSTERN     Which dreams, indeed, are ambition,

for the very substance of the ambitious is merely

the shadow of a dream.

HAMLET     A dream itself is but a shadow.

ROSENCRANTZ     Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy 280

and light a quality that it is but a shadow’s shadow.

HAMLET     Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs

and outstretched heroes the beggars’ shadows.

Shall we to th’ court? For, by my fay, I cannot

reason. 285

ROSENCRANTZ/GUILDENSTERN     We’ll wait upon you.

HAMLET     No such matter. I will not sort you with the

rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an

honest man, I am most dreadfully attended.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto But,

in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at 290

Elsinore?

ROSENCRANTZ     To visit you, my lord, no other occasion.

HAMLET     Beggar that I am, I am text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoeventext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto poor in thanks;

but I thank you, and sure, dear friends, my thanks

are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? 295

Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation?

Come, come, deal justly with me. Come, come; nay,

speak.

GUILDENSTERN     What should we say, my lord?

HAMLET     Anything but to th’ purpose. You were sent 300

for, and there is a kind of confession in your looks

which your modesties have not craft enough to

color. I know the good king and queen have sent for

you.

ROSENCRANTZ     To what end, my lord? 305

HAMLET     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 ever-preserved

love, and by what more dear a better

proposer can charge you withal: be even and direct 310

with me whether you were sent for or no.

ROSENCRANTZ*, editorial emendationto Guildensterneditorial emendation* What say you?

HAMLET*, editorial emendationasideeditorial emendation* Nay, then, I have an eye of you.—If

you love me, hold not off.

GUILDENSTERN     My lord, we were sent for. 315

HAMLET     I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation

prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the

King and Queen molt 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 320

with my disposition that this goodly frame, the

Earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most

excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o’erhanging

firmament, this majestical roof, fretted

with golden fire—why, it appeareth nothing to me 325

but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapors.

What text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoatext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 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 like

an angel, in apprehension how like a god: the 330

beauty of the world, the paragon of animals—and

yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? Man

delights not me, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartono,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto nor women neither, though by

your smiling you seem to say so.

ROSENCRANTZ     My lord, there was no such stuff in my 335

thoughts.

HAMLET     Why did you laugh, then, when I said “man

delights not me”?

ROSENCRANTZ     To think, my lord, if you delight not in

man, what Lenten entertainment the players shall 340

receive from you. We coted them on the way, and

hither are they coming to offer you service.

HAMLET     He that plays the king shall be welcome—his

Majesty shall have tribute on me. The adventurous

knight shall use his foil and target, the lover shall 345

not sigh gratis, the humorous man shall end his

part in peace, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothe clown shall make those laugh

whose lungs are editorial emendationtickleeditorial emendation o’ th’ sear,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and the lady

shall say her mind freely, or the text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoblanktext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto verse shall

halt for ’t. What players are they? 350

ROSENCRANTZ     Even those you were wont to take such

delight in, the tragedians of the city.

HAMLET     How chances it they travel? Their residence,

both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

ROSENCRANTZ     I think their inhibition comes by the 355

means of the late innovation.

HAMLET     Do they hold the same estimation they did

when I was in the city? Are they so followed?

ROSENCRANTZ     No, indeed are they not.

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHAMLET     How comes it? Do they grow rusty? 360

ROSENCRANTZ     Nay, their endeavor keeps in the wonted

pace. But there is, sir, an aerie of children, little

eyases, that cry out on the top of question and are

most tyrannically clapped for ’t. These are now the

fashion and so editorial emendationberattleeditorial emendation the common stages (so 365

they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid

of goose quills and dare scarce come thither.

HAMLET     What, are they children? Who maintains ’em?

How are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality

no longer than they can sing? Will they not say 370

afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common

players (as it is editorial emendationmost like,editorial emendation if their means are

no better), their writers do them wrong to make

them exclaim against their own succession?

ROSENCRANTZ     Faith, there has been much editorial emendationto-doeditorial emendation on 375

both sides, and the nation holds it no sin to tar

them to controversy. There was for a while no

money bid for argument unless the poet and the

player went to cuffs in the question.

HAMLET     Is ’t possible? 380

GUILDENSTERN     O, there has been much throwing

about of brains.

HAMLET     Do the boys carry it away?

ROSENCRANTZ     Ay, that they do, my lord—Hercules

and his load too.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 385

HAMLET     It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of

Denmark, and those that would make mouths at

him while my father lived give twenty, forty, fifty,

a hundred ducats apiece for his picture in little.

’Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, 390

if philosophy could find it out.

*A flourish text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartofor the Players.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

GUILDENSTERN     There are the players.

HAMLET     Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore.

Your hands, come then. Th’ appurtenance of welcome

is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply 395

with you in this garb, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartolest mytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto extent to the players,

which, I tell you, must show fairly outwards, should

more appear like entertainment than yours. You are

welcome. But my uncle-father and aunt-mother are

deceived. 400

GUILDENSTERN     In what, my dear lord?

HAMLET     I am but mad north-north-west. When the

wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

*Enter Polonius.*

POLONIUS     Well be with you, gentlemen.

HAMLET     Hark you, Guildenstern, and you too—at 405

each ear a hearer! That great baby you see there is

not yet out of his swaddling clouts.

ROSENCRANTZ     Haply he is the second time come to

them, for they say an old man is twice a child.

HAMLET     I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the 410

players; mark it.—You say right, sir, a Monday

morning, ’twas then indeed.

POLONIUS     My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAMLET     My lord, I have news to tell you: when Roscius

was an actor in Rome— 415

POLONIUS     The actors are come hither, my lord.

HAMLET     Buzz, buzz.

POLONIUS     Upon my honor—

HAMLET     Then came each actor on his ass.

POLONIUS     The best actors in the world, either for 420

tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical,

historical-pastoral, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartotragical-historical,

tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto scene individable, or

poem unlimited. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor

Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, 425

these are the only men.

HAMLET     O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure

hadst thou!

POLONIUS     What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAMLET     Why, 430

*One fair daughter, and no more,*

*The which he lovèd passing well.*

POLONIUS*, editorial emendationasideeditorial emendation* Still on my daughter.

HAMLET     Am I not i’ th’ right, old Jephthah?

POLONIUS     If you call me “Jephthah,” my lord: I have a 435

daughter that I love passing well.

HAMLET     Nay, that follows not.

POLONIUS     What follows then, my lord?

HAMLET     Why,

*As by lot, God wot* 440

and then, you know,

*It came to pass, as most like it was—*

the first row of the pious chanson will show you

more, for look where my abridgment comes.

*Enter the Players.*

You are welcome, masters; welcome all.—I am glad 445

to see thee well.—Welcome, good friends.—O text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartomytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

old friend! Why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee

last. Com’st thou to beard me in Denmark?—What,

my young lady and mistress! text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoBy ’rtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto Lady, your ladyship

is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by 450

the altitude of a chopine. Pray God your voice, like a

piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the

ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We’ll e’en to ’t

like text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoFrenchtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto falconers, fly at anything we see. We’ll

have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your 455

quality. Come, a passionate speech.

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoFIRSTtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto PLAYER     What speech, my good lord?

HAMLET     I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it

was never acted, or, if it was, not above once; for

the play, I remember, pleased not the million: 460

’twas caviary to the general. But it was (as I

received it, and others whose judgments 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 465

were no sallets in the lines to make the matter

savory, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict

the author of affection, but called it an honest

method, lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folioas wholesome as sweet and, by very much,

more handsome than fine.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio One speech in ’t I 470

chiefly loved. ’Twas Aeneas’ text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartotaletext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto to Dido, and

thereabout of it especially when he speaks of

Priam’s slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at

this line—let me see, let me see:

*The rugged Pyrrhus, like th’ Hyrcanian beast—* 475

’tis not so; it begins with Pyrrhus:

*The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,*

*Black as his purpose, did the night resemble*

*When he lay couchèd in th’ ominous horse,*

*Hath now this dread and black complexion smeared* 480

*With heraldry more dismal. Head to foot,*

*Now is he total gules, horridly tricked*

*With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,*

*Baked and impasted with the parching streets,*

*That lend a tyrannous and a damnèd light* 485

*To their lord’s murder. Roasted in wrath and fire,*

*And thus o’ersizèd with coagulate gore,*

*With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus*

*Old grandsire Priam seeks.*

So, proceed you. 490

POLONIUS     ’Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good

accent and good discretion.

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoFIRSTtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto PLAYER      *Anon he finds him*

*Striking too short at Greeks. His antique sword,*

*Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,* 495

*Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,*

*Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage strikes wide;*

*But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword*

*Th’ unnervèd father falls. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoThen senseless Ilium,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

*Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top* 500

*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, seemed i’ th’ air to stick.*

*So as a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood* 505

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoAnd,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 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* 510

*As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder*

*Doth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus’ pause,*

*Arousèd vengeance sets him new a-work,*

*And never did the Cyclops’ hammers fall*

*On Mars’s armor, forged for proof eterne,* 515

*With less remorse than Pyrrhus’ bleeding sword*

*Now falls on Priam.*

*Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! All you gods*

*In general synod take away her power,*

*Break all the spokes and editorial emendationfellieseditorial emendation from her wheel,* 520

*And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven*

*As low as to the fiends!*

POLONIUS     This is too long.

HAMLET     It shall to the barber’s with your beard.—

Prithee say on. He’s for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or 525

he sleeps. Say on; come to Hecuba.

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoFIRST    text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto PLAYER

*But who, ah woe, had seen the moblèd queen—*

HAMLET     “The moblèd queen”?

POLONIUS     That’s good. text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto“Moblèdeditorial emendation queen” is good.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoFIRSTtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto PLAYER

*Run barefoot up and down, threat’ning the flames* 530

*With text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartobisson rheum,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto a clout upon that head*

*Where late the diadem stood, and for a robe,*

*About her lank and all o’erteemèd loins*

*A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up—*

*Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped, 535*

*’Gainst Fortune’s state would treason have*

*pronounced.*

*But if the gods themselves did see her then*

*When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport*

*In mincing with his sword her text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartohusband’stext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto limbs, 540*

*The instant burst of clamor 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.*

POLONIUS     Look whe’er he has not turned his color and 545

has tears in ’s eyes. Prithee, no more.

HAMLET     ’Tis well. I’ll have thee speak out the rest of

this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players

well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used,

for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the 550

time. After your death you were better have a bad

epitaph than their ill report while you live.

POLONIUS     My lord, I will use them according to their

desert.

HAMLET     God’s text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartobodykins,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto man, much better! Use every 555

man after his desert and who shall ’scape

whipping? Use them after your own honor and

dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in

your bounty. Take them in.

POLONIUS     Come, sirs. 560

HAMLET     Follow him, friends. We’ll hear a play

tomorrow.*editorial emendationAs Polonius and Players exit, Hamlet speaks to*

*the First Player.editorial emendation*Dost thou hear me, old friend? Can

you play “The Murder of Gonzago”?

editorial emendationFIRST    editorial emendation PLAYER     Ay, my lord. 565

HAMLET     We’ll ha ’t tomorrow night. You could, for text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoatext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen

lines, which I would set down and insert in ’t,

could you not?

editorial emendationFIRSTeditorial emendation PLAYER     Ay, my lord. 570

HAMLET     Very well. Follow that lord—and look you

mock him not.*editorial emendationFirst Player exits.editorial emendation* My good friends,

I’ll leave you till night. You are welcome to Elsinore.

ROSENCRANTZ     Good my lord.

HAMLET

Ay, so, good-bye to you. 575

*editorial emendationRosencrantz and Guildensterneditorial emendation exit.*

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit 580

That from her working all text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartohistext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto visage wanned,

Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting

With forms to his conceit—and all for nothing!

For Hecuba! 585

What’s Hecuba to him, or he to text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHecuba,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

That he should weep for her? What would he do

Had he the motive and text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothe cuetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto for passion

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech, 590

Make mad the guilty and appall the free,

Confound the ignorant and amaze indeed

The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak

Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause, 595

And can say nothing—no, not for a king

Upon whose property and most dear life

A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?

Who calls me “villain”? breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face? 600

Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i’ th’ throat

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

Ha! ’Swounds, I should take it! For it cannot be

But I am pigeon-livered and lack gall

To make oppression bitter, or ere this 605

I should text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartohavetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto fatted all the region kites

With this slave’s offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless

villain!

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoO vengeance!text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 610

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,

That I, the son of a dear editorial emendationfathereditorial emendation murdered,

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, 615

A stallion! Fie upon ’t! Foh!

About, my brains!—Hum, I have heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play

Have, by the very cunning of the scene,

Been struck so to the soul that presently 620

They have proclaimed their malefactions;

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ. I’ll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father

Before mine uncle. I’ll observe his looks; 625

I’ll tent him to the quick. If he do blench,

I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

May be a text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartodevil,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and the text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartodeviltext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto hath power

T’ assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps,

Out of my weakness and my melancholy, 630

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.

*He exits.*

ACT 3

Act 3 Scene 1

*Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz,*

*Guildenstern, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoandtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto Lords.*

KING

And can you by no drift of conference

Get from him why he puts on this confusion,

Grating so harshly all his days of quiet

With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROSENCRANTZ

He does confess he feels himself distracted, 5

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

GUILDENSTERN

Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,

But with a crafty madness keeps aloof

When we would bring him on to some confession

Of his true state. 10

QUEEN      Did he receive you well?

ROSENCRANTZ     Most like a gentleman.

GUILDENSTERN

But with much forcing of his disposition.

ROSENCRANTZ

Niggard of question, but of our demands

Most free in his reply. 15

QUEEN     Did you assay him to any pastime?

ROSENCRANTZ

Madam, it so fell out that certain players

We o’erraught on the way. Of these we told him,

And there did seem in him a kind of joy

To hear of it. They are here about the court, 20

And, as I think, they have already order

This night to play before him.

POLONIUS     ’ Tis most true,

And he beseeched me to entreat your Majesties

To hear and see the matter. 25

KING

With all my heart, and it doth much content me

To hear him so inclined.

Good gentlemen, give him a further edge

And drive his purpose into these delights.

ROSENCRANTZ

We shall, my lord. *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern* 30

*editorial emendationand Lordseditorial emendation exit.*

KING      Sweet Gertrude, leave us text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartotoo,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,

That he, as ’twere by accident, may here

Affront Ophelia.

Her father and myself, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartolawful espials,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 35

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoWilltext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,

We may of their encounter frankly judge

And gather by him, as he is behaved,

If ’t be th’ affliction of his love or no

That thus he suffers for. 40

QUEEN      I shall obey you.

And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish

That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet’s wildness. So shall I hope your virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again, 45

To both your honors.

OPHELIA      Madam, I wish it may.

*editorial emendationQueen exits.editorial emendation*

POLONIUS

Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please you,

We will bestow ourselves.*editorial emendationTo Ophelia.editorial emendation* Read on this

book, 50

That show of such an exercise may color

Your text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoloneliness.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto—We are oft to blame in this

(’Tis too much proved), that with devotion’s visage

And pious action we do sugar o’er

The devil himself. 55

KING*, editorial emendationasideeditorial emendation* O, ’tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my

conscience.

The harlot’s cheek beautied with plast’ring art

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it 60

Than is my deed to my most painted word.

O heavy burden!

POLONIUS

I hear him coming. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoLet’stext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto withdraw, my lord.

*editorial emendationThey withdraw.editorial emendation*

*Enter Hamlet.*

HAMLET

To be or not to be—that is the question:

Whether ’tis nobler in the mind to suffer 65

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 heartache and the thousand natural shocks 70

That flesh is heir to—’tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep—

To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there’s the rub,

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, 75

Must give us pause. There’s the respect

That makes calamity of so long life.

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

Th’ oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law’s delay, 80

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of th’ unworthy takes,

When he himself might his quietus make

With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life, 85

But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscovered country from whose bourn

No traveler returns, puzzles the will

And makes us rather bear those ills we have

Than fly to others that we know not of? 90

Thus conscience does make cowards text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoof us all,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

And thus the native hue of resolution

Is text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartosickliedtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto o’er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprises of great pitch and moment

With this regard their currents turn awry 95

And lose the name of action.—Soft you now,

The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons

Be all my sins remembered.

OPHELIA      Good my lord,

How does your Honor for this many a day? 100

HAMLET     I humbly thank you, well.

OPHELIA

My lord, I have remembrances of yours

That I have longèd long to redeliver.

I pray you now receive them.

HAMLET

No, not I. I never gave you aught. 105

OPHELIA

My honored lord, you know right well you did,

And with them words of so sweet breath composed

As made text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto things more rich. Their perfume

lost,

Take these again, for to the noble mind 110

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

HAMLET     Ha, ha, are you honest?

OPHELIA     My lord?

HAMLET     Are you fair? 115

OPHELIA     What means your Lordship?

HAMLET     That if you be honest and fair, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoyour honestytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPHELIA     Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce

than with honesty? 120

HAMLET     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 his

likeness. This was sometime a paradox, but now

the time gives it proof. I did love you once. 125

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

HAMLET     You should not have believed me, for virtue

cannot so text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoinoculatetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto our old stock but we shall

relish of it. I loved you not.

OPHELIA     I was the more deceived. 130

HAMLET     Get thee text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartototext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be

a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest,

but yet I could accuse me of such things that it

were better my mother had not borne me: I am

very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offenses 135

at my beck than I have thoughts to put them

in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act

them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling

between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves

text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoall;text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. 140

Where’s your father?

OPHELIA     At home, my lord.

HAMLET     Let the doors be shut upon him that he may

play the fool nowhere but in ’s own house. Farewell.

OPHELIA     O, help him, you sweet heavens! 145

HAMLET     If thou dost marry, I’ll give thee this plague

for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as

snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a

nunnery, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry,

marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what 150

monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and

quickly too. Farewell.

OPHELIA     Heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET     I have heard of your paintings text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartotoo,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto well

enough. God hath given you one face, and you 155

make yourselves another. You jig and amble, and

you text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartolisp;text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto you nickname God’s creatures and make

your wantonness text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoyourtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto ignorance. Go to, I’ll no

more on ’t. It hath made me mad. I say we will have

no more marriage. Those that are married already, 160

all but one, shall live. The rest shall keep as they are.

To a nunnery, go. *He exits.*

OPHELIA

O, what a noble mind is here o’erthrown!

The courtier’s, soldier’s, scholar’s, eye, tongue,

sword, 165

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoTh’ expectancytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and rose of the fair state,

The glass of fashion and the mold of form,

Th’ observed of all observers, quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,

That sucked the honey of his musicked vows, 170

Now see text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothattext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto noble and most sovereign reason,

Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh;

That unmatched form and stature of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me

T’ have seen what I have seen, see what I see! 175

KING*, editorial emendationadvancing witheditorial emendation Polonius*

Love? His affections do not that way tend;

Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,

Was not like madness. There’s something in his soul

O’er which his melancholy sits on brood,

And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose 180

Will be some danger; which for to prevent,

I have in quick determination

Thus set it down: he shall with speed to England

For the demand of our neglected tribute.

Haply the seas, and countries different, 185

With variable objects, shall expel

This something-settled matter in his heart,

Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus

From fashion of himself. What think you on ’t?

POLONIUS

It shall do well. But yet do I believe 190

The origin and commencement of his grief

Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;

We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please,

But, if you hold it fit, after the play 195

Let his queen-mother all alone entreat him

To show his grief. Let her be round with him;

And I’ll be placed, so please you, in the ear

Of all their conference. If she find him not,

To England send him, or confine him where 200

Your wisdom best shall think.

KING      It shall be so.

Madness in great ones must not text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartounwatchedtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto go.

*They exit.*

Act 3 Scene 2

*Enter Hamlet and three of the Players.*

HAMLET     Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced

it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth

it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the

town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air

too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; 5

for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say,

whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and

beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O,

it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious,

periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very 10

rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the

most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable

dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow

whipped for o’erdoing Termagant. It out-Herods

Herod. Pray you, avoid it. 15

PLAYER     I warrant your Honor.

HAMLET     Be not too tame neither, but let your own

discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the

word, the word to the action, with this special

observance, that you o’erstep not the modesty of 20

nature. For anything so o’erdone is from the purpose

of playing, whose end, both at the first and

now, was and is to hold, as ’twere, the mirror up to

nature, to show virtue her text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoowntext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto feature, scorn her

own image, and the very age and body of the time 25

his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come

tardy off, though it makes the unskillful laugh,

cannot but make the judicious grieve, the censure

of text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto which one must in your allowance o’erweigh

a whole theater of others. O, there be players that I 30

have seen play and heard others text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartopraisetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto (and that

highly), not to speak it profanely, that, neither

having th’ accent of Christians nor the gait of

Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and

bellowed that I have thought some of nature’s 35

journeymen had made men, and not made them

well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

PLAYER     I hope we have reformed that indifferently

with us, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartosir.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

HAMLET     O, reform it altogether. And let those that play 40

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. 45

That’s villainous and shows a most pitiful ambition

in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready.

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoPlayers exit.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

*Enter Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencrantz.*

How now, my lord, will the King hear this piece of

work?

POLONIUS     And the Queen too, and that presently. 50

HAMLET     Bid the players make haste. *text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoPolonius exits.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

Will you two help to hasten them?

ROSENCRANTZ     Ay, my lord. *They exit.*

HAMLET     What ho, Horatio!

*Enter Horatio.*

HORATIO     Here, sweet lord, at your service. 55

HAMLET

Horatio, thou art e’en as just a man

As e’er my conversation coped withal.

HORATIO

O, my dear lord—

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHAMLETtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto Nay, do not think I flatter,

For what advancement may I hope from thee 60

That no revenue hast but thy good spirits

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be

flattered?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee 65

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 sealed thee for herself. For thou hast been

As one in suffering all that suffers nothing, 70

A man that Fortune’s buffets and rewards

Hast ta’en with equal thanks; and blessed are those

Whose blood and judgment are so well

commeddled

That they are not a pipe for Fortune’s finger 75

To sound what stop she please. Give me that man

That is not passion’s slave, and I will wear him

In my heart’s core, ay, in my heart of heart,

As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play tonight before the King. 80

One scene of it comes near the circumstance

Which I have told thee of my father’s death.

I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,

Even with the very comment of thy soul

Observe my uncle. If his occulted guilt 85

Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damnèd 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, 90

And, after, we will both our judgments join

In censure of his seeming.

HORATIO      Well, my lord.

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing

And ’scape text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartodetectingtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto, I will pay the theft.95

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoSound a flourish.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

HAMLET     They are coming to the play. I must be idle.

Get you a place.

*Enter Trumpets and Kettle Drums. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoEntertext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto King, Queen,*

*Polonius, Ophelia, text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoRosencrantz, Guildenstern, and other*

*Lords attendant with editorial emendationthe King’seditorial emendation guard carrying*

*torches.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

KING     How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAMLET     Excellent, i’ faith, of the chameleon’s dish. I

eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed 100

capons so.

KING     I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet. These

words are not mine.

HAMLET     No, nor mine now.*editorial emendationTo Polonius.editorial emendation* My lord, you

played once i’ th’ university, you say? 105

POLONIUS     That did I, my lord, and was accounted a

good actor.

HAMLET     What did you enact?

POLONIUS     I did enact Julius Caesar. I was killed i’ th’

Capitol. Brutus killed me. 110

HAMLET     It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a

calf there.—Be the players ready?

ROSENCRANTZ     Ay, my lord. They stay upon your

patience.

QUEEN     Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me. 115

HAMLET     No, good mother. Here’s metal more

attractive. *editorial emendationHamlet takes a place near Ophelia.editorial emendation*

POLONIUS*, editorial emendationto the Kingeditorial emendation* Oh, ho! Do you mark that?

HAMLET     Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

OPHELIA     No, my lord. 120

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHAMLET     I mean, my head upon your lap?

OPHELIA     Ay, my lord.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

HAMLET     Do you think I meant country matters?

OPHELIA     I think nothing, my lord.

HAMLET     That’s a fair thought to lie between maids’ 125

legs.

OPHELIA     What is, my lord?

HAMLET     Nothing.

OPHELIA     You are merry, my lord.

HAMLET     Who, I? 130

OPHELIA     Ay, my lord.

HAMLET     O God, your only jig-maker. What should a

man do but be merry? For look you how cheerfully

my mother looks, and my father died within ’s two

hours. 135

OPHELIA     Nay, ’tis twice two months, my lord.

HAMLET     So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black,

for I’ll have a suit of sables. O heavens, die two

months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there’s

hope a great man’s memory may outlive his life half 140

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.”

*The trumpets sounds. Dumb show follows.*

*Enter a King and a Queen, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartovery lovingly,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto the Queen* 145

*embracing him and he her. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoShe kneels and makes show of*

*protestation unto him.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto He takes her up and declines his*

*head upon her neck. He lies him down upon a bank of*

*flowers. She, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon*

*text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartocomestext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto in another man, takes off his crown, kisses it, pours* 150

*poison in the sleeper’s ears, and leaves him. The Queen*

*returns, finds the King dead, makes passionate action. The*

*poisoner with some three or four come in again, seem to*

*condole with her. The dead body is carried away. The*

*poisoner woos the Queen with gifts. She seems harsh* 155

*awhile but in the end accepts text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartohistext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto love.*

*editorial emendationPlayers exit.editorial emendation*

OPHELIA     What means this, my lord?

HAMLET     Marry, this text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartois michingtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto mallecho. It means

mischief.

OPHELIA     Belike this show imports the argument of the 160

play.

*Enter Prologue.*

HAMLET     We shall know by this fellow. The players

cannot keep text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartocounsel;text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto they’ll tell all.

OPHELIA     Will he tell us what this show meant?

HAMLET     Ay, or any show that you will show him. Be 165

not you ashamed to show, he’ll not shame to tell you

what it means.

OPHELIA     You are naught, you are naught. I’ll mark the

play.

PROLOGUE

*For us and for our tragedy,* 170

*Here stooping to your clemency,*

*We beg your hearing patiently. editorial emendationHe exits.editorial emendation*

HAMLET     Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?

OPHELIA     ’Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET     As woman’s love. 175

*Enter editorial emendationthe Playereditorial emendation King and Queen.*

PLAYER KING

*Full thirty times hath Phoebus’ cart gone round*

*Neptune’s salt wash and Tellus’ text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoorbèdtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto ground,*

*And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen*

*About the world have times twelve thirties been*

*Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands* 180

*Unite commutual in most sacred bands.*

PLAYER QUEEN

*So many journeys may the sun and moon*

*Make us again count o’er ere love be done!*

*But woe is me! You are so sick of late,*

*So far from cheer and from text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoyourtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto former state,* 185

*That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,*

*Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must.*

*lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioFor women fear too much, even as they love,lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio*

*And women’s fear and love hold quantity,*

*In neither aught, or in extremity* 190*.*

*Now what my text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartolovetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto is, proof hath made you know,*

*And, as my love is sized, my fear is so:*

*lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioWhere love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;*

*Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio*

PLAYER KING

*Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too.* 195

*My operant powers their functions leave to do.*

*And thou shall live in this fair world behind,*

*Honored, beloved; and haply one as kind*

*For husband shalt thou—*

PLAYER QUEEN      *O, confound the rest!* 200

*Such love must needs be treason in my breast.*

*In second husband let me be accurst.*

*None wed the second but who killed the first.*

HAMLET     That’s wormwood!

PLAYER QUEEN

*The instances that second marriage move* 205

*Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.*

*A second time I kill my husband dead*

*When second husband kisses me in bed.*

PLAYER KING

*I do believe you think what now you speak,*

*But what we do determine oft we break.* 210

*Purpose is but the slave to memory,*

*Of violent birth, but poor validity,*

*Which now, the fruit unripe, sticks on the tree*

*But fall unshaken when they mellow be.*

*Most necessary ’tis that we forget* 215

*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.* 220

*Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;*

*Grief text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartojoys,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 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* 225

*Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.*

*The great man down, you mark his favorite flies;*

*The poor, advanced, makes friends of enemies.*

*And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,*

*For who not needs shall never lack a friend,* 230

*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;* 235

*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.*

PLAYER QUEEN

*Nor Earth to me give food, nor heaven light,*

*Sport and repose lock from me day and night,* 240

*lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioTo desperation turn my trust and hope,*

*editorial emendationAneditorial emendation anchor’s cheer in prison be my scope.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio*

*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,* 245

*If, once a widow, ever I be wife.*

HAMLET     If she should break it now!

PLAYER KING

*’Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile.*

*My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile*

*The tedious day with sleep. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoSleeps.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto* 250

PLAYER QUEEN      *Sleep rock thy brain,*

*And never come mischance between us twain.*

*editorial emendationPlayer Queen exits.editorial emendation*

HAMLET     Madam, how like you this play?

QUEEN     The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

HAMLET     O, but she’ll keep her word. 255

KING     Have you heard the argument? Is there no

offense in ’t?

HAMLET     No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest. No

offense i’ th’ world.

KING     What do you call the play? 260

HAMLET     “The Mousetrap.” Marry, how? Tropically.

This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna.

Gonzago is the duke’s name, his wife Baptista. You

shall see anon. ’Tis a knavish piece of work, but

what of that? Your Majesty and we that have free 265

souls, it touches us not. Let the galled jade wince;

our withers are unwrung.

*Enter Lucianus.*

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

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

HAMLET     I could interpret between you and your love, 270

if I could see the puppets dallying.

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

HAMLET     It would cost you a groaning to take off mine

edge.

OPHELIA     Still better and worse. 275

HAMLET     So you mis-take your husbands.—Begin,

murderer. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoPox,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto leave thy damnable faces and

begin. Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for

revenge.

LUCIANUS

*Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time* 280

*agreeing,*

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoConfederatetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto season, else no creature seeing,*

*Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,*

*With Hecate’s ban thrice blasted, thrice text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoinfected,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

*Thy natural magic and dire property* 285

*On wholesome life text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartousurptext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto immediately.*

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoPours the poison in his ears.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

HAMLET     He poisons him i’ th’ garden for his estate. His

name’s Gonzago. The story is extant and written in

very choice Italian. You shall see anon how the

murderer gets the love of Gonzago’s wife. 290

*editorial emendationClaudius rises.editorial emendation*

OPHELIA     The King rises.

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHAMLET     What, frighted with false fire?text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

QUEEN     How fares my lord?

POLONIUS     Give o’er the play.

KING     Give me some light. Away! 295

POLONIUS     Lights, lights, lights!

*All but Hamlet and Horatio exit.*

HAMLET

*Why, let the strucken deer go weep,*

*The hart ungallèd play.*

*For some must watch, while some must sleep:*

*Thus runs the world away.* 300

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers (if the

rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me) with text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartotwotext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a

fellowship in a cry of players?

HORATIO     Half a share. 305

HAMLET     A whole one, I.

*For thou dost know, O Damon dear,*

*This realm dismantled was*

*Of Jove himself, and now reigns here*

*A very very—pajock.* 310

HORATIO     You might have rhymed.

HAMLET     O good Horatio, I’ll take the ghost’s word for

a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

HORATIO     Very well, my lord.

HAMLET     Upon the talk of the poisoning? 315

HORATIO     I did very well note him.

HAMLET     Ah ha! Come, some music! Come, the

recorders!

*For if the King like not the comedy,*

*Why, then, belike he likes it not, perdy.* 320

Come, some music!

*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

GUILDENSTERN     Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word

with you.

HAMLET     Sir, a whole history.

GUILDENSTERN     The King, sir— 325

HAMLET     Ay, sir, what of him?

GUILDENSTERN     Is in his retirement marvelous

distempered.

HAMLET     With drink, sir?

GUILDENSTERN     No, my lord, with choler. 330

HAMLET     Your wisdom should show itself more richer

to signify this to the doctor, for for me to put him to

his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more

choler.

GUILDENSTERN     Good my lord, put your discourse into 335

some frame and text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartostarttext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto not so wildly from my

affair.

HAMLET     I am tame, sir. Pronounce.

GUILDENSTERN     The Queen your mother, in most great

affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you. 340

HAMLET     You are welcome.

GUILDENSTERN     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 345

shall be the end of text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartomytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto business.

HAMLET     Sir, I cannot.

ROSENCRANTZ     What, my lord?

HAMLET     Make you a wholesome answer. My wit’s

diseased. But, sir, such answer as I can make, you 350

shall command—or, rather, as you say, my mother.

Therefore no more but to the matter. My mother,

you say—

ROSENCRANTZ     Then thus she says: your behavior hath

struck her into amazement and admiration. 355

HAMLET     O wonderful son that can so ’stonish a mother!

But is there no sequel at the heels of this

mother’s admiration? Impart.

ROSENCRANTZ     She desires to speak with you in her

closet ere you go to bed. 360

HAMLET     We shall obey, were she ten times our mother.

Have you any further trade with us?

ROSENCRANTZ     My lord, you once did love me.

HAMLET     And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

ROSENCRANTZ     Good my lord, what is your cause of 365

distemper? You do surely bar the door upon your

own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAMLET     Sir, I lack advancement.

ROSENCRANTZ     How can that be, when you have the

voice of the King himself for your succession in

Denmark? 370

HAMLET     Ay, sir, but “While the grass grows”—the

proverb is something musty.

*Enter the Players with recorders.*

O, the recorders! Let me see one.*editorial emendationHe takes a*

*recorder and turns to Guildenstern.editorial emendation*To withdraw 375

with you: why do you go about to recover the wind

of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUILDENSTERN     O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my

love is too unmannerly.

HAMLET     I do not well understand that. Will you play 380

upon this pipe?

GUILDENSTERN     My lord, I cannot.

HAMLET     I pray you.

GUILDENSTERN     Believe me, I cannot.

HAMLET     I do beseech you. 385

GUILDENSTERN     I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAMLET     It is as easy as lying. Govern these ventages

with your fingers and text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothumb,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto give it breath with

your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent

music. Look you, these are the stops. 390

GUILDENSTERN     But these cannot I command to any

utt’rance of harmony. I have not the skill.

HAMLET     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 395

out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me

from my lowest note to text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothe top oftext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto my compass;

and there is much music, excellent voice, in this

little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. ’Sblood,

do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? 400

Call me what instrument you will, though you text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartocantext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

fret me, you cannot play upon me.

*Enter Polonius.*

God bless you, sir.

POLONIUS     My lord, the Queen would speak with you,

and presently. 405

HAMLET     Do you see yonder cloud that’s almost in

shape of a camel?

POLONIUS     By th’ Mass, and ’tis like a camel indeed.

HAMLET     Methinks it is like a weasel.

POLONIUS     It is backed like a weasel. 410

HAMLET     Or like a whale.

POLONIUS     Very like a whale.

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHAMLETtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto Then I will come to my mother by and by.

*editorial emendationAside.editorial emendation*They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will

come by and by. 415

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoPOLONIUStext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto I will say so.

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHAMLETtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto “By and by” is easily said. Leave me,

friends.

*editorial emendationAll but Hamlet exit.editorial emendation*

’Tis now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn and hell itself text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartobreathestext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 420

out

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot

blood

And do such text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartobittertext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto business as the day

Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother. 425

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 text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartodaggerstext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto to her, but use none.

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites: 430

How in my words somever she be shent,

To give them seals never, my soul, consent.

*He exits.*

Act 3 Scene 3

*Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.*

KING

I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you.

I your commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he to England shall along with you.

The terms of our estate may not endure 5

Hazard so near ’s as doth hourly grow

Out of his brows.

GUILDENSTERN     We will ourselves provide.

Most holy and religious fear it is

To keep those many many bodies safe 10

That live and feed upon your Majesty.

ROSENCRANTZ

The single and peculiar life is bound

With all the strength and armor of the mind

To keep itself from noyance, but much more

That spirit upon whose weal depends and rests 15

The lives of many. The cess of majesty

Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw

What’s near it with it; or it is a massy wheel

Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,

To whose text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartohugetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto spokes ten thousand lesser things 20

Are mortised and adjoined, which, when it falls,

Each small annexment, petty consequence,

Attends the boist’rous text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoruin.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto Never alone

Did the king sigh, but text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartowithtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto a general groan.

KING

Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage, 25

For we will fetters put about this fear,

Which now goes too free-footed.

ROSENCRANTZ      We will haste us.

*editorial emendationRosencrantz and Guildensterneditorial emendation exit.*

*Enter Polonius.*

POLONIUS

My lord, he’s going to his mother’s closet.

Behind the arras I’ll convey myself 30

To hear 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 35

The speech of vantage. Fare you well, my liege.

I’ll call upon you ere you go to bed

And tell you what I know.

KING      Thanks, dear my lord.

*editorial emendationPoloniuseditorial emendation exits.*

O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven; 40

It hath the primal eldest curse upon ’t,

A brother’s murder. Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will.

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,

And, like a man to double business bound, 45

I stand in pause where I shall first begin

And both neglect. What if this cursèd hand

Were thicker than itself with brother’s blood?

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy 50

But to confront the visage of offense?

And what’s in prayer but this twofold force,

To be forestallèd ere we come to fall,

Or text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartopardonedtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto being down? Then I’ll look up.

My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer 55

Can serve my turn? “Forgive me my foul murder”?

That cannot be, since I am still possessed

Of those effects for which I did the murder:

My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.

May one be pardoned and retain th’ offense? 60

In the corrupted currents of this world,

Offense’s gilded hand may text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoshovetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto by justice,

And oft ’tis seen the wicked prize itself

Buys out the law. But ’tis not so above:

There is no shuffling; there the action lies 65

In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,

Even 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? 70

O wretched state! O bosom black as death!

O limèd soul, that, struggling to be free,

Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay.

Bow, stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel

Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe. 75

All may be well. *editorial emendationHe kneels.editorial emendation*

*Enter Hamlet.*

HAMLET

Now might I do it text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartopat,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto now he is a-praying,

And now I’ll do ’t. *editorial emendationHe draws his sword.editorial emendation*

And so he goes to heaven,

And so am I text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartorevenged.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto That would be scanned: 80

A villain kills my father, and for that,

I, his sole son, do this same villain send

To heaven.

Why, this is text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartohiretext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartosalary,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto not revenge.

He took my father grossly, full of bread, 85

With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;

And how his audit stands who knows save heaven.

But in our circumstance and course of thought

’Tis heavy with him. And am I then revenged

To take him in the purging of his soul, 90

When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?

No.

Up sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.

*editorial emendationHe sheathes his sword.editorial emendation*

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,

Or in th’ incestuous pleasure of his bed, 95

At game, a-swearing, or about some act

That has no relish of salvation in ’t—

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,

And that his soul may be as damned and black

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays. 100

This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

*editorial emendationHamleteditorial emendation exits.*

KING*, editorial emendationrisingeditorial emendation*

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

*He exits.*

**Act 3 Scene 4**

*Enter text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoQueentext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and Polonius.*

POLONIUS

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 screened and stood

between 5

Much heat and him. I’ll silence me even here.

Pray you, be round text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartowith him.

HAMLET *, within* Mother, mother, mother!text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

QUEEN     I’ll text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartowarranttext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto you. Fear me not. Withdraw,

I hear him coming. 10

*editorial emendationPolonius hides behind the arras.editorial emendation*

*Enter Hamlet.*

HAMLET     Now, mother, what’s the matter?

QUEEN

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET

Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET

Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue. 15

QUEEN

Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAMLET      What’s the matter now?

QUEEN

Have you forgot me?

HAMLET      No, by the rood, not so.

You are the Queen, your husband’s brother’s wife, 20

And (would it were not so) you are my mother.

QUEEN

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

HAMLET

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 text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoinmosttext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto part of you. 25

QUEEN

What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me?

Help, ho!

POLONIUS*, editorial emendationbehind the arraseditorial emendation* What ho! Help!

HAMLET

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

*editorial emendationHe text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartokills Poloniustext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto by thrusting a rapier*

*through the arras.editorial emendation*

POLONIUS *, editorial emendationbehind the arraseditorial emendation*

O, I am slain! 30

QUEEN      O me, what hast thou done?

HAMLET     Nay, I know not. Is it the King?

QUEEN

O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAMLET

A bloody deed—almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king and marry with his brother. 35

QUEEN

As kill a king?

HAMLET      Ay, lady, it was my word.

*editorial emendationHe pulls Polonius’ body from behind the arras.editorial emendation*

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.

I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune.

Thou find’st to be too busy is some danger. 40

*editorial emendationTo Queen.editorial emendation*Leave wringing of your hands. Peace, sit

you down,

And let me wring your heart; for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable stuff,

If damnèd custom have not brazed it so 45

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

QUEEN

What have I done, that thou dar’st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

HAMLET      Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty, 50

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love

And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows

As false as dicers’ oaths—O, such a deed

As from the body of contraction plucks 55

The very soul, and sweet religion makes

A rhapsody of words! Heaven’s face does glow

O’er this solidity and compound mass

With heated visage, as against the doom,

Is thought-sick at the act. 60

QUEEN      Ay me, what act

That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

HAMLET

Look here upon this picture and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.

See what a grace was seated on this brow, 65

Hyperion’s curls, the front of Jove himself,

An eye like Mars’ to threaten and command,

A station like the herald Mercury

New-lighted on a text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoheaventext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto-kissing hill,

A combination and a form indeed 70

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 mildewed ear

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes? 75

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 heyday in the blood is tame, it’s humble

And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment 80

Would step from this to this? lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioSense sure you have,

Else could you not have motion; but sure that sense

Is apoplexed; for madness would not err,

Nor sense to ecstasy was ne’er so thralled,

But it reserved some quantity of choice 85

To serve in such a difference.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio What devil was ’t

That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioEyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sense 90

Could not so mope.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio O shame, where is thy blush?

Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a matron’s bones,

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax

And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no shame 95

When the compulsive ardor gives the charge,

Since frost itself as actively doth burn,

And reason text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartopanderstext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto will.

QUEEN     O Hamlet, speak no more!

Thou turn’st my eyes into my text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoverytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto soul, 100

And there I see such black and text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartograinèdtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto spots

As will text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartonottext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto leave their tinct.

HAMLET      Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamèd bed,

Stewed in corruption, honeying and making love 105

Over the nasty sty!

QUEEN     O, speak to me no more!

These words like daggers enter in my ears.

No more, sweet Hamlet!

HAMLET      A murderer and a villain, 110

A slave that is not twentieth part the text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartotithetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings,

A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole

And put it in his pocket— 115

QUEEN     No more!

HAMLET     A king of shreds and patches—

*Enter Ghost.*

Save me and hover o’er me with your wings,

You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious

figure? 120

QUEEN     Alas, he’s mad.

HAMLET

Do you not come your tardy son to chide,

That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by

Th’ important acting of your dread command?

O, say! 125

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. 130

Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAMLET      How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN     Alas, how is ’t with you,

That you do bend your eye on vacancy

And with th’ incorporal air do hold discourse? 135

Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep,

And, as the sleeping soldiers in th’ alarm,

Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,

Start up and stand an end. O gentle son,

Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper 140

Sprinkle cool patience! Whereon do you look?

HAMLET

On him, on him! Look you how pale he glares.

His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,

Would make them capable.*editorial emendationTo the Ghost.editorial emendation* Do not

look upon me, 145

Lest with this piteous action you convert

My stern effects. Then what I have to do

Will want true color—tears perchance for blood.

QUEEN     To whom do you speak this?

HAMLET     Do you see nothing there? 150

QUEEN

Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

HAMLET     Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN     No, nothing but ourselves.

HAMLET

Why, look you there, look how it steals away!

My father, in his habit as he lived! 155

Look where he goes even now out at the portal!

*Ghost exits.*

QUEEN

This is the very coinage of your brain.

This bodiless creation ecstasy

Is very cunning in.

HAMLET      text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoEcstasy?text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 160

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time

And makes as healthful music. It is not madness

That I have uttered. Bring me to the test,

And text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoItext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto the matter will reword, which madness

Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace, 165

Lay not that flattering unction to your soul

That not your trespass but my madness speaks.

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,

Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,

Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven, 170

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 pursy times,

Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg, 175

Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

QUEEN

O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain!

HAMLET

O, throw away the worser part of it,

And text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartolivetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto the purer with the other half!

Good night. But go not to my uncle’s bed. 180

Assume a virtue if you have it not.

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioThat monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,

Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,

That to the use of actions fair and good

He likewise gives a frock or livery 185

That aptly is put on.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio Refrain text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartotonight,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

And that shall lend a kind of easiness

To the next abstinence, lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Foliothe next more easy;

For use almost can change the stamp of nature

And either editorial emendation…editorial emendation the devil or throw him out 190

With wondrous potency.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio Once more, good night,

And, when you are desirous to be blest,

I’ll blessing beg of you. For this same lord

*editorial emendationPointing to Polonius.editorial emendation*

I do repent; but heaven hath pleased it so

To punish me with this and this with me, 195

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.

This bad begins, and worse remains behind. 200

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioOne word more, good lady.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio

QUEEN      What shall I do?

HAMLET

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, 205

And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses

Or paddling in your neck with his damned 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, 210

For who that’s but a queen, fair, sober, wise,

Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,

Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?

No, in despite of sense and secrecy,

Unpeg the basket on the house’s top, 215

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 assured, if words be made of breathe 220

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe

What thou hast said to me.

HAMLET

I must to England, you know that.

QUEEN      Alack,

I had forgot! ’Tis so concluded on.

HAMLET

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioThere’s letters sealed; and my two schoolfellows, 225

Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged,

They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work,

For ’tis the sport to have the enginer

Hoist with his own petard; and ’t shall go hard 230

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.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio

This man shall set me packing.

I’ll lug the guts into the neighbor room. 235

Mother, good night indeed. This counselor

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. 240

*editorial emendationTheyeditorial emendation exit, text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHamlet tugging in Polonius.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

ACT 4

Act 4 Scene 1

*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

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioBestow this place on us a little while.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio

*editorial emendationRosencrantz and Guildenstern exit.editorial emendation*

Ah, mine own lord, what have I seen tonight! 5

KING     What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN

Mad as the sea and wind when both contend

Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,

Behind the arras hearing something stir,

Whips out his rapier, cries “A rat, a rat,” 10

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— 15

To you yourself, to us, to everyone.

Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answered?

It will be laid to us, whose providence

Should have kept short, restrained, and out of haunt

This mad young man. But so much was our love, 20

We would not understand what was most fit,

But, like the owner of a foul disease,

To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

QUEEN

To draw apart the body he hath killed, 25

O’er whom his very madness, like some ore

Among a mineral of metals base,

Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.

KING     O Gertrude, come away!

The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch 30

But we will ship him hence; and this vile deed

We must with all our majesty and skill

Both countenance and excuse.—Ho, Guildenstern!

*Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain, 35

And from his mother’s closet hath he dragged him.

Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the body

Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoRosencrantz and Guildenstern exit.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

Come, Gertrude, we’ll call up our wisest friends

And let them know both what we mean to do 40

And what’s untimely done. editorial emendation…editorial emendation

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioWhose whisper o’er the world’s diameter,

As level as the cannon to his blank

Transports his poisoned shot, may miss our name

And hit the woundless air.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio O, come away! 45

My soul is full of discord and dismay.

*They exit.*

Act 4 Scene 2

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoEnter Hamlet.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

HAMLET     Safely stowed.

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoGENTLEMEN*, within* Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

HAMLET     But soft, what noise? Who calls on Hamlet?

O, here they come.

*Enter Rosencrantz, text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoGuildenstern,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and others.*

ROSENCRANTZ

What have you done, my lord, with the dead body? 5

HAMLET

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoCompoundedtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto it with dust, whereto ’tis kin.

ROSENCRANTZ

Tell us where ’tis, that we may take it thence

And bear it to the chapel.

HAMLET     Do not believe it.

ROSENCRANTZ     Believe what? 10

HAMLET     That I can keep your counsel and not mine

own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what

replication should be made by the son of a king?

ROSENCRANTZ     Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

HAMLET     Ay, sir, that soaks up the King’s countenance, 15

his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the

King best service in the end. He keeps them like text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoan

apetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto an apple in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed,

to be last swallowed. When he needs what you have

gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you 20

shall be dry again.

ROSENCRANTZ     I understand you not, my lord.

HAMLET     I am glad of it. A knavish speech sleeps in a

foolish ear.

ROSENCRANTZ     My lord, you must tell us where the 25

body is and go with us to the King.

HAMLET     The body is with the King, but the King is not

with the body. The King is a thing—

GUILDENSTERN     A “thing,” my lord?

HAMLET     Of nothing. Bring me to him. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHide fox, and 30

all after!text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

*They exit.*

Act 4 Scene 3

*Enter King and two or three.*

KING

I have sent to seek him and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose!

Yet must not we put the strong law on him.

He’s loved of the distracted multitude,

Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes; 5

And, where ’tis so, th’ offender’s scourge is weighed,

But never the offense. To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem

Deliberate pause. Diseases desperate grown

By desperate appliance are relieved 10

Or not at all.

*Enter Rosencrantz.*

How now, what hath befallen?

ROSENCRANTZ

Where the dead body is bestowed, my lord,

We cannot get from him.

KING      But where is he? 15

ROSENCRANTZ

Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

KING

Bring him before us.

ROSENCRANTZ      Ho! Bring in the lord.

*They enter editorial emendationwith Hamlet.editorial emendation*

KING     Now, Hamlet, where’s Polonius?

HAMLET     At supper. 20

KING     At supper where?

HAMLET     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 25

for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is

but variable service—two dishes but to one table.

That’s the end.

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioKING     Alas, alas!

HAMLET     A man may fish with the worm that hath eat 30

of a king and eat of the fish that hath fed of that

worm.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio

KING     What dost thou mean by this?

HAMLET     Nothing but to show you how a king may go a

progress through the guts of a beggar. 35

KING     Where is Polonius?

HAMLET     In heaven. Send thither to see. If your messenger

find him not there, seek him i’ th’ other

place yourself. But if, indeed, you find him not

within this month, you shall nose him as you go up 40

the stairs into the lobby.

KING*, editorial emendationto Attendants.editorial emendation* Go, seek him there.

HAMLET     He will stay till you come. *editorial emendationAttendants exit.editorial emendation*

KING

Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety

(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve 45

For that which thou hast done) must send thee

hence

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoWith fiery quickness.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto Therefore prepare thyself.

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,

Th’ associates tend, and everything is bent 50

For England.

HAMLET     For England?

KING     Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET     Good.

KING

So is it, if thou knew’st our purposes. 55

HAMLET

I see a cherub that sees them. But come, for

England.

Farewell, dear mother.

KING      Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET

My mother. Father and mother is man and wife, 60

Man and wife is one flesh, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoandtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto so, my mother.—

Come, for England. *He exits.*

KING

Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard.

Delay it not. I’ll have him hence tonight.

Away, for everything is sealed and done 65

That else leans on th’ affair. Pray you, make haste.

*editorial emendationAll but the King exit.editorial emendation*

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 70

Pays homage to us), thou mayst not coldly set

Our sovereign process, which imports at full,

By letters congruing to that effect,

The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England,

For like the hectic in my blood he rages, 75

And thou must cure me. Till I know ’tis done,

Howe’er my haps, my joys will ne’er begin.

*He exits.*

Act 4 Scene 4

*Enter Fortinbras with his army over the stage.*

FORTINBRAS

Go, Captain, from me greet the Danish king.

Tell him that by his license Fortinbras

Craves the conveyance of a promised march

Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.

If that his Majesty would aught with us, 5

We shall express our duty in his eye;

And let him know so.

CAPTAIN     I will do ’t, my lord.

FORTINBRAS     Go softly on. *editorial emendationAll but the Captain exit.editorial emendation*

*lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioEnter Hamlet, Rosencrantz, editorial emendationGuildenstern,editorial emendation and others.*

HAMLET     Good sir, whose powers are these? 10

CAPTAIN     They are of Norway, sir.

HAMLET     How purposed, sir, I pray you?

CAPTAIN     Against some part of Poland.

HAMLET     Who commands them, sir?

CAPTAIN

The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras. 15

HAMLET

Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,

Or for some frontier?

CAPTAIN

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; 20

Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole

A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

HAMLET

Why, then, the Polack never will defend it.

CAPTAIN

Yes, it is already garrisoned. 25

HAMLET

Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw.

This is th’ impostume of much wealth and peace,

That inward breaks and shows no cause without

Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir. 30

CAPTAIN     God be wi’ you, sir. *editorial emendationHe exits.editorial emendation*

ROSENCRANTZ     Will ’t please you go, my lord?

HAMLET

I’ll be with you straight. Go a little before.

*editorial emendationAll but Hamlet exit.editorial emendation*

How all occasions do inform against me

And spur my dull revenge. What is a man 35

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 godlike reason 40

To fust in us unused. Now whether it be

Bestial oblivion or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on th’ event

(A thought which, quartered, hath but one part

wisdom 45

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 mass and charge, 50

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed

Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death, and danger dare, 55

Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great

Is not to stir without great argument,

But greatly to find quarrel in a straw

When honor’s at the stake. How stand I, then,

That have a father killed, a mother stained, 60

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 65

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!

*He exits.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio*

Act 4 Scene 5

*Enter Horatio, text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoQueen,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and a Gentleman.*

QUEEN     I will not speak with her.

GENTLEMAN     She is importunate,

Indeed distract; her mood will needs be pitied.

QUEEN     What would she have?

GENTLEMAN

She speaks much of her father, says she hears 5

There’s tricks i’ th’ world, and hems, and beats her

heart,

Spurns enviously at straws, speaks things in doubt

That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,

Yet the unshapèd use of it doth move 10

The hearers to collection. They text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoaimtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 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 15

thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

HORATIO

’Twere good she were spoken with, for she may

strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds. 20

editorial emendationQUEEN    editorial emendation Let her come in. *editorial emendationGentleman exits.editorial emendation*

*editorial emendationAside.editorial emendation*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. 25

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoEnter Ophelia distracted.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

OPHELIA

Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN     How now, Ophelia?

OPHELIA    *editorial emendationsingseditorial emendation*

*How should I your true love know*

*From another one?*

*By his cockle hat and staff* 30

*And his sandal shoon.*

QUEEN

Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA     Say you? Nay, pray you, mark.

*editorial emendationSings.editorial emendation He is dead and gone, lady,*

*He is dead and gone;* 35

*At his head a grass-green turf,*

*At his heels a stone.*

Oh, ho!

QUEEN     Nay, but Ophelia—

OPHELIA     Pray you, mark. 40

*editorial emendationSings.editorial emendation White his shroud as the mountain snow—*

*Enter King.*

QUEEN     Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA    *editorial emendationsingseditorial emendation*

*Larded all with sweet flowers;*

*Which bewept to the ground did not go*

*With true-love showers.* 45

KING     How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA     Well, God dild 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. 50

OPHELIA     Pray let’s have no words of this, but when

they ask you what it means, say you this:

*editorial emendationSings.editorial emendation Tomorrow is Saint Valentine’s day,*

*All in the morning betime,*

*And I a maid at your window,*

*To be your Valentine.* 55

*Then up he rose and donned his clothes*

*And dupped the chamber door,*

*Let in the maid, that out a maid*

*Never departed more.* 60

KING     Pretty Ophelia—

OPHELIA

Indeed, without an oath, I’ll make an end on ’t:

*editorial emendationSings.editorial emendation By Gis and by Saint Charity,*

*Alack and fie for shame,*

*Young men will do ’t, if they come to ’t;* 65

*By Cock, they are to blame.*

*Quoth she “Before you tumbled me,*

*You promised me to wed.”*

He answers:

*“So would I ’a done, by yonder sun,* 70

*An thou hadst not come to my bed.”*

KING     How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA     I hope all will be well. We must be patient,

but I cannot choose but weep to think they would

lay him i’ th’ cold ground. My brother shall know of 75

it. And so I thank you for your good counsel. Come,

my coach! Good night, ladies, good night, sweet

ladies, good night, good night. *text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoShe exits.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

KING

Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you.

*editorial emendationHoratio exits.editorial emendation*

O, this is the poison of deep grief. It springs 80

All from her father’s death, and now behold!

O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,

But in battalions: first, her father slain;

Next, your son gone, and he most violent author 85

Of his own just remove; the people muddied,

Thick, and unwholesome in text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartotheirtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto thoughts and

whispers

For good Polonius’ death, and we have done but

greenly 90

In hugger-mugger to inter him; poor Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair judgment,

Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts;

Last, and as much containing as all these,

Her brother is in secret come from France, 95

Feeds on text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartohistext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 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 beggared,

Will nothing stick our person to arraign 100

In ear and ear. O, my dear Gertrude, this,

Like to a murd’ring piece, in many places

Gives me superfluous death.

*A noise within.*

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoQUEEN     Alack, what noise is this?text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

KING     Attend! 105

Where is my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

*Enter a Messenger.*

What is the matter?

MESSENGER      Save yourself, my lord.

The ocean, overpeering of his list,

Eats not the flats with more impiteous haste 110

Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,

O’erbears 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, 115

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoTheytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto cry “Choose we, Laertes shall be king!”

Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the clouds,

“Laertes shall be king! Laertes king!”

*A noise within.*

QUEEN

How cheerfully on the false trail they cry.

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs! 120

KING     The doors are broke.

*Enter Laertes with others.*

LAERTES

Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

ALL     No, let’s come in!

LAERTES     I pray you, give me leave.

ALL     We will, we will. 125

LAERTES

I thank you. Keep the door.*editorial emendationFollowers exit.editorial emendation* O, thou

vile king,

Give me my father!

QUEEN      Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES

That drop of blood that’s calm proclaims me 130

bastard,

Cries “cuckold” to my father, brands the harlot

Even here between the chaste unsmirchèd brow

Of my true mother.

KING      What is the cause, Laertes, 135

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—

Let him go, Gertrude. Do not fear our person.

There’s such divinity doth hedge a king

That treason can but peep to what it would,

Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes, 140

Why thou art thus incensed.—Let him go,

Gertrude.—

Speak, man.

LAERTES     Where is my father?

KING     Dead. 145

QUEEN

But not by him.

KING      Let him demand his fill.

LAERTES

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! 150

I dare damnation. To this point I stand,

That both the worlds I give to negligence,

Let come what comes, only I’ll be revenged

Most throughly for my father.

KING     Who shall stay you? 155

LAERTES     My will, not all the text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoworld.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

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 160

Of your dear father, is ’t writ in your revenge

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and

foe,

Winner and loser?

LAERTES     None but his enemies.

KING     Will you know them, then? 165

LAERTES

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 170

Like a good child and a true gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your father’s death

And am most sensibly in grief for it,

It shall as level to your judgment ’pear

As day does to your eye. 175

*A noise within:*text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto“Let her come in!”

LAERTES    text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto How now, what noise is that?

*Enter Ophelia.*

O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!

By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight 180

Till our scale turn the beam! O rose of May,

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

O heavens, is ’t possible a young maid’s wits

Should be as mortal as text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoan oldtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto man’s life?

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoNature is fine in love, and, where ’tis fine, 185

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

OPHELIA    *editorial emendationsingseditorial emendation*

*They bore him barefaced on the bier,*

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

*And in his grave rained many a tear.* 190

Fare you well, my dove.

LAERTES

Hadst thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge,

It could not move thus.

OPHELIA     You must sing “A-down a-down”—and you

“Call him a-down-a.”—O, how the wheel becomes 195

it! It is the false steward that stole his master’s

daughter.

LAERTES     This nothing’s more than matter.

OPHELIA     There’s rosemary, that’s for remembrance.

Pray you, love, remember. And there is pansies, 200

that’s for thoughts.

LAERTES     A document in madness: thoughts and remembrance

fitted.

OPHELIA     There’s fennel for you, and columbines.

There’s rue for you, and here’s some for me; we 205

may call it herb of grace o’ Sundays. You text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartomusttext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 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.

*editorial emendationSings.editorial emendation For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.* 210

LAERTES

Thought and afflictions, passion, hell itself

She turns to favor and to prettiness.

OPHELIA    *editorial emendationsingseditorial emendation*

*And will he not come again?*

*And will he not come again?*

*No, no, he is dead.* 215

*Go to thy deathbed.*

*He never will come again.*

*His beard was as white as snow,*

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoAlltext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto flaxen was his poll.*

*He is gone, he is gone,* 220

*And we cast away moan.*

*God ’a mercy on his soul.*

And of all Christians’ souls, text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoI pray God.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto God be wi’

you. *text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoShe exits.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

LAERTES     Do you text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoseetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto this, O God? 225

KING

Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,

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 230

They find us touched, 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 labor with your soul 235

To give it due content.

LAERTES      Let this be so.

His means of death, his obscure funeral

(No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o’er his bones,

No noble rite nor formal ostentation) 240

Cry to be heard, as ’twere from heaven to earth,

That I must call ’t in question.

KING      So you shall,

And where th’ offense is, let the great ax fall.

I pray you, go with me. 245

*They exit.*

Act 4 Scene 6

*Enter Horatio and others.*

HORATIO     What are they that would speak with me?

GENTLEMAN     Seafaring men, sir. They say they have

letters for you.

HORATIO     Let them come in.*editorial emendationGentleman exits.editorial emendation* I do not

know from what part of the world I should be 5

greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.*

SAILOR     God bless you, sir.

HORATIO     Let Him bless thee too.

SAILOR     He shall, sir, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoan ’ttext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto please Him. There’s a letter

for you, sir. It came from th’ ambassador that was 10

bound for England—if your name be Horatio, as I

am let to know it is. *editorial emendationHe hands Horatio a letter.editorial emendation*

HORATIO    *text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoreads the lettertext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto* *Horatio, when thou shalt have*

*overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the*

*King. They have letters for him. Ere we were two days* 15

*old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave*

*us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on*

*a compelled valor, 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* 20

*thieves of mercy, but they knew what they did: I am to*

*do a text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartogoodtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto turn for them. Let the King have the letters*

*I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much speed*

*as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in*

*thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too* 25

*light for the text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoboretext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto of the matter. These good fellows*

*will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*

*hold their course for England; of them I have*

*much to tell thee. Farewell.*

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto that thou knowest thine,* 30

*Hamlet.*

Come, I will text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartogivetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto you way for these your letters

And do ’t the speedier that you may direct me

To him from whom you brought them.

*They exit.*

Act 4 Scene 7

*Enter King and Laertes.*

KING

Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend,

Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,

That he which hath your noble father slain

Pursued my life. 5

LAERTES      It well appears. But tell me

Why you text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoproceededtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto not against these feats,

So criminal and so capital in nature,

As by your safety, greatness, wisdom, all things else,

You mainly were stirred up. 10

KING     O, for two special reasons,

Which may to you perhaps seem much unsinewed,

But yet to me they’re strong. The Queen his mother

Lives almost by his looks, and for myself

(My virtue or my plague, be it either which), 15

She is so text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoconjunctivetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto to my life and soul

That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,

I could not but by her. The other motive

Why to a public count I might not go

Is the great love the general gender bear him, 20

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,

Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,

Convert his gyves to graces, so that my arrows,

Too slightly timbered for so text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoloud a wind,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

Would have reverted to my bow again, 25

But not where I have aimed them.

LAERTES

And so have I a noble father lost,

A sister driven into desp’rate terms,

Whose worth, if praises may go back again,

Stood challenger on mount of all the age 30

For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

KING

Break not your sleeps for that. You must not think

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull

That we can let our beard be shook with danger

And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more. 35

I loved your father, and we love ourself,

And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

*Enter a Messenger with letters.*

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHow now? What news?

MESSENGER      Letters, my lord, from

Hamlet.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 40

These to your Majesty, this to the Queen.

KING     From Hamlet? Who brought them?

MESSENGER

Sailors, my lord, they say. I saw them not.

They were given me by Claudio. He received them

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioOf him that brought them.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio 45

KING      Laertes, you shall hear

them.—

Leave us. *text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoMessenger exits.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

*editorial emendationReads.editorial emendation High and mighty, you shall know I am set*

*naked on your kingdom. Tomorrow shall I beg leave to* 50

*see your kingly eyes, when I shall (first asking text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoyourtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

*pardon) thereunto recount the occasion of my sudden*

*text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoand more strangetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto return. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHamlet.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse and no such thing? 55

LAERTES     Know you the hand?

KING     ’Tis Hamlet’s character. “Naked”—

And in a postscript here, he says “alone.”

Can you text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoadvisetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto me?

LAERTES

I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come. 60

It warms the very sickness in my heart

That I text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoshalltext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto live and tell him to his teeth

“Thus didst thou.”

KING      If it be so, Laertes

(As how should it be so? how otherwise?), 65

Will you be ruled by me?

LAERTES      Ay, my lord,

So you will not o’errule me to a peace.

KING

To thine own peace. If he be now returned,

As text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartocheckingtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto at his voyage, and that he means 70

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 even his mother shall uncharge the practice 75

And call it accident.

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioLAERTES     My lord, I will be ruled,

The rather if you could devise it so

That I might be the organ.

KING      It falls right. 80

You have been talked of since your travel much,

And that in Hamlet’s hearing, for a quality

Wherein they say you shine. Your sum of parts

Did not together pluck such envy from him

As did that one, and that, in my regard,

Of the unworthiest siege. 85

LAERTES     What part is that, my lord?

KING

A very ribbon in the cap of youth—

Yet needful too, for youth no less becomes

The light and careless livery that it wears 90

Than settled age his sables and his weeds,

Importing health and graveness.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio Two months since

Here was a gentleman of Normandy.

I have seen myself, and served against, the French,

And they can well on horseback, but this gallant 95

Had witchcraft in ’t. He grew unto his seat,

And to such wondrous doing brought his horse

As had he been encorpsed and demi-natured

With the brave beast. So far he topped text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartomytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto thought

That I in forgery of shapes and tricks 100

Come short of what he did.

LAERTES      A Norman was ’t?

KING     A Norman.

LAERTES

Upon my life, Lamord.

KING      The very same. 105

LAERTES

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 defense, 110

And for your rapier most especial,

That he cried out ’twould be a sight indeed

If one could match you. lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioThe ’scrimers of their

nation

He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye, 115

If you opposed them.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio Sir, this report of his

Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy

That he could nothing do but wish and beg

Your sudden coming-o’er, to play with you.

Now out of this—

LAERTES      What out of this, my lord? 120

KING

Laertes, was your father dear to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,

A face without a heart?

LAERTES      Why ask you this? 125

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.

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioThere lives within the very flame of love 130

A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,

And nothing is at a like goodness still;

For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,

Dies in his own too-much. That we would do

We should do when we would; for this “would” 135

changes

And hath abatements and delays as many

As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;

And then this “should” is like a editorial emendationspendthrifteditorial emendation sigh,

That hurts by easing. But to the quick of th’ ulcer:lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio 140

Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake

To show yourself indeed your father’s son

More than in words?

LAERTES      To cut his throat i’ th’ church.

KING

No place indeed should murder sanctuarize; 145

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,

Will you do this? Keep close within your chamber.

Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home.

We’ll put on those shall praise your excellence

And set a double varnish on the fame 150

The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine,

together

And wager text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoontext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto your heads. He, being remiss,

Most generous, and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease, 155

Or with a little shuffling, you may choose

A sword unbated, and in a text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartopasstext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto of practice

Requite him for your father.

LAERTES      I will do ’t,

And for text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothattext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto purpose I’ll anoint my sword. 160

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 165

That is but scratched withal. I’ll touch my point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,

It may be death.

KING      Let’s further think of this,

Weigh what convenience both of time and means 170

May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,

And that our drift look through our bad

performance,

’Twere better not assayed. Therefore this project

Should have a back or second that might hold 175

If this did blast 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) 180

And that he calls for drink, I’ll have prepared

him

A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,

If he by chance escape your venomed stuck,

Our purpose may hold there.—But stay, what 185

noise?

*Enter Queen.*

QUEEN

One woe doth tread upon another’s heel,

So fast they follow. Your sister’s drowned, Laertes.

LAERTES     Drowned? O, where?

QUEEN

There is a willow grows askant the brook 190

That shows his text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartohoartext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto leaves in the glassy stream.

Therewith fantastic garlands did she make

Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,

But our cold maids do “dead men’s fingers” call 195

them.

There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds

Clamb’ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,

When down her weedy trophies and herself

Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide, 200

And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,

Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds,

As one incapable of her own distress

Or like a creature native and endued

Unto that element. But long it could not be 205

Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,

Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay

To muddy death.

LAERTES      Alas, then she is drowned.

QUEEN     Drowned, drowned. 210

LAERTES

Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears. But yet

It is our trick; nature her custom holds,

Let shame say what it will. When these are gone,

The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord. 215

I have a speech o’ fire that fain would blaze,

But that this folly drowns it. *He exits.*

KING     Let’s follow, Gertrude.

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I this will give it start again. 220

Therefore, let’s follow.

*They exit.*

Act 5

Act 5 Scene 1

*Enter editorial emendationGravedigger and Another.editorial emendation*

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Is she to be buried in Christian burial,

when she willfully seeks her own salvation?

OTHER     I tell thee she is. Therefore make her grave

straight. The crowner hath sat on her and finds it

Christian burial. 5

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation How can that be, unless she drowned

herself in her own defense?

OTHER     Why, ’tis found so.

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation It must be *text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartose offendendo*;text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto it cannot be

else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself 10

wittingly, it argues an act, and an act hath three

branches—it is to act, to do, to perform. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoArgal,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto she

drowned herself wittingly.

OTHER     Nay, but hear you, goodman delver—

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Give me leave. Here lies the water; 15

good. Here stands the man; good. If the man go to

this water and drown himself, it is (will he, nill he)

he goes; mark you that. But if the water come to him

and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he

that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his 20

own life.

OTHER     But is this law?

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Ay, marry, is ’t—crowner’s ’quest law.

OTHER     Will you ha’ the truth on ’t? If this had not been

a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o’ 25

Christian burial.

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Why, there thou sayst. And the more

pity that great folk should have count’nance in this

world to drown or hang themselves more than

their even-Christian. Come, my spade. There is no 30

ancient gentlemen but gard’ners, ditchers, and

grave-makers. They hold up Adam’s profession.

OTHER     Was he a gentleman?

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation He was the first that ever bore arms.

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoOTHER     Why, he had none. 35

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation What, art a heathen? How dost thou

understand the scripture? The scripture says Adam

digged. Could he dig without arms?text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto I’ll put another

question to thee. If thou answerest me not to the

purpose, confess thyself— 40

OTHER     Go to!

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation What is he that builds stronger than

either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

OTHER     The gallows-maker; for that text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoframetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto outlives a

thousand tenants. 45

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation I like thy wit well, in good faith. The

gallows does well. But how does it well? It does

well to those that do ill. Now, thou dost ill to say the

gallows is built stronger than the church. Argal, the

gallows may do well to thee. To ’t again, come. 50

OTHER     “Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright,

or a carpenter?”

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

OTHER     Marry, now I can tell.

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation To ’t. 55

OTHER     Mass, I cannot tell.

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoEnter Hamlet and Horatio afar off.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Cudgel thy brains no more about it,

for your dull ass will not mend his pace with

beating. And, when you are asked this question

next, say “a grave-maker.” The houses he makes 60

lasts till doomsday. Go, get thee in, and fetch me a

stoup of liquor.

*editorial emendationThe Other Man exits*

*and the Gravedigger digs and sings.editorial emendation*

*In youth when I did love, did love,*

*Methought it was very sweet*

*To contract—O—the time for—a—my behove,* 65

*O, methought there—a—was nothing—a—meet.*

HAMLET     Has this fellow no feeling of his business? He

sings in grave-making.

HORATIO     Custom hath made it in him a property of

easiness. 70

HAMLET     ’Tis e’en so. The hand of little employment

hath the daintier sense.

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation*text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartosingstext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

*But age with his stealing steps*

*Hath clawed me in his clutch,*

*And hath shipped me into the land,* 75

*As if I had never been such.*

*editorial emendationHe digs up a skull.editorial emendation*

HAMLET     That skull had a tongue in it and could sing

once. How the knave jowls it to the ground as if

’twere Cain’s jawbone, that did the first murder!

This might be the pate of a politician which this ass 80

now o’erreaches, one that would circumvent God,

might it not?

HORATIO     It might, my lord.

HAMLET     Or of a courtier, which could say “Good

morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet lord?” 85

This might be my Lord Such-a-one that praised my

Lord Such-a-one’s horse when he went to beg it,

might it not?

HORATIO     Ay, my lord.

HAMLET     Why, e’en so. And now my Lady Worm’s, 90

chapless and knocked about the text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartomazardtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto with a

sexton’s spade. Here’s fine revolution, an we had

the trick to see ’t. Did these bones cost no more the

breeding but to play at loggets with them? Mine

ache to think on ’t. 95

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation*text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartosingstext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

*A pickax and a spade, a spade,*

*For and a shrouding sheet,*

*O, a pit of clay for to be made*

*For such a guest is meet.*

*editorial emendationHe digs up more skulls.editorial emendation*

HAMLET     There’s another. Why may not that be the 100

skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his

quillities, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why

does he suffer this mad 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 105

be in ’s time a great buyer of land, with his statutes,

his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers,

his recoveries. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoIs this the fine of his fines and the

recovery of his recoveries,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto to have his fine pate full

of fine dirt? Will text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartohistext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto vouchers vouch him no more 110

of his purchases, and text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartodouble ones too,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto than the

length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very

conveyances of his lands will scarcely lie in this box,

and must th’ inheritor himself have no more, ha?

HORATIO     Not a jot more, my lord. 115

HAMLET     Is not parchment made of sheepskins?

HORATIO     Ay, my lord, and of calves’ skins too.

HAMLET     They are sheep and calves which seek out

assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—

Whose grave’s this, sirrah? 120

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Mine, sir.

*editorial emendationSings.editorial emendationtext from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoO,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto a pit of clay for to be made*

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoFor such a guest is meet.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

HAMLET     I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in ’t.

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation You lie out on ’t, sir, and therefore ’tis 125

not yours. For my part, I do not lie in ’t, yet it is

mine.

HAMLET     Thou dost lie in ’t, to be in ’t and say it is thine.

’Tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou

liest. 130

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation ’Tis a quick lie, sir; ’twill away again

from me to you.

HAMLET     What man dost thou dig it for?

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation For no man, sir.

HAMLET     What woman then? 135

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation For none, neither.

HAMLET     Who is to be buried in ’t?

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation One that was a woman, sir, but, rest

her soul, she’s dead.

HAMLET     How absolute the knave is! We must speak by 140

the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the

Lord, Horatio, this three years I have took note of

it: the age is grown so picked that the toe of the

peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he

galls his kibe.—How long hast thou been 145

grave-maker?

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Of text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoalltext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto the days i’ th’ year, I came to ’t

that day that our last King Hamlet overcame

Fortinbras.

HAMLET     How long is that since? 150

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Cannot you tell that? Every fool can

tell that. It was that very day that young Hamlet

was born—he that is mad, and sent into England.

HAMLET     Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Why, because he was mad. He shall 155

recover his wits there. Or if he do not, ’tis no great

matter there.

HAMLET     Why?

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation ’Twill not be seen in him there. There

the men are as mad as he. 160

HAMLET     How came he mad?

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Very strangely, they say.

HAMLET     How “strangely”?

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Faith, e’en with losing his wits.

HAMLET     Upon what ground? 165

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Why, here in Denmark. I have been

sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAMLET     How long will a man lie i’ th’ earth ere he rot?

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Faith, if he be not rotten before he die

(as we have many pocky corses text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartonowadaystext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto that will 170

scarce hold the laying in), he will last you some

eight year or nine year. A tanner will last you nine

year.

HAMLET     Why he more than another?

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his 175

trade that he will keep out water a great while; and

your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead

body. Here’s a skull now hath lien you i’ th’ earth

three-and-twenty years.

HAMLET     Whose was it? 180

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation A whoreson mad fellow’s it was.

Whose do you think it was?

HAMLET     Nay, I know not.

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation A pestilence on him for a mad rogue!

He poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. 185

This same skull, sir, was, sir, Yorick’s skull, the

King’s jester.

HAMLET     This?

editorial emendationGRAVEDIGGEReditorial emendation E’en that.

HAMLET*, editorial emendationtaking the skulleditorial emendation*  text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoLet me see.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto Alas, poor 190

Yorick! I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite

jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath bore 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 kissed I know not how oft. 195

Where be your gibes now? your gambols? Your

songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to

set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock your

own grinning? Quite chapfallen? Now get you to my

lady’s text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartochamber,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and tell her, let her paint an inch 200

thick, to this favor she must come. Make her laugh

at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HORATIO     What’s that, my lord?

HAMLET     Dost thou think Alexander looked o’ this

fashion i’ th’ earth? 205

HORATIO     E’en so.

HAMLET     And smelt so? Pah! *editorial emendationHe puts the skull down.editorial emendation*

HORATIO     E’en so, my lord.

HAMLET     To what base uses we may return, Horatio!

Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of 210

Alexander till he find it stopping a bunghole?

HORATIO     ’Twere to consider too curiously to consider

so.

HAMLET     No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither,

with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoas 215

thus:text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander

returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth

we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he

was converted might they not stop a beer barrel?

Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, 220

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away.

O, that that earth which kept the world in awe

Should patch a wall t’ expel the text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartowinter’stext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto flaw!

*Enter King, Queen, Laertes, text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoLords attendant,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and the*

*corpse editorial emendationof Ophelia, with a Doctor of Divinity.editorial emendation*

But soft, but soft awhile! Here comes the King,

The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow? 225

And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desp’rate hand

Fordo its own life. ’Twas of some estate.

Couch we awhile and mark. *editorial emendationThey step aside.editorial emendation*

LAERTES     What ceremony else? 230

HAMLET     That is Laertes, a very noble youth. Mark.

LAERTES     What ceremony else?

DOCTOR

Her obsequies have been as far enlarged

As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful,

And, but that great command o’ersways the order, 235

She should in ground unsanctified been lodged

Till the last trumpet. For charitable prayers

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoShards,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto flints, and pebbles should be thrown on

her.

Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants, 240

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and burial.

LAERTES

Must there no more be done?

DOCTOR      No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead 245

To sing a requiem and such rest to her

As to peace-parted souls.

LAERTES      Lay her i’ th’ earth,

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh

May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest, 250

A minist’ring angel shall my sister be

When thou liest howling.

HAMLET*, editorial emendationto Horatioeditorial emendation*  What, the fair Ophelia?

QUEEN     Sweets to the sweet, farewell!

*editorial emendationShe scatters flowers.editorial emendation*

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet’s wife; 255

I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,

And not have strewed thy grave.

LAERTES      O, treble woe

Fall ten times text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartotrebletext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto on that cursèd head

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense 260

Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,

Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoLeaps in the grave.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,

Till of this flat a mountain you have made

T’ o’ertop old Pelion or the skyish head 265

Of blue Olympus.

HAMLET*, editorial emendationadvancingeditorial emendation*

What is he whose grief

Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow

Conjures the wand’ring stars and makes them stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, 270

Hamlet the Dane.

LAERTES*, editorial emendationcoming out of the graveeditorial emendation*

The devil take thy soul!

HAMLET     Thou pray’st not well. *editorial emendationThey grapple.editorial emendation*

I prithee take thy fingers from my throat,

For though I am not splenitive text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoandtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto rash, 275

Yet have I in me something dangerous,

Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

KING     Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN     Hamlet! Hamlet!

ALL     Gentlemen! 280

HORATIO     Good my lord, be quiet.

*editorial emendationHamlet and Laertes are separated.editorial emendation*

HAMLET

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag!

QUEEN     O my son, what theme?

HAMLET

I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers 285

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.

HAMLET     ’Swounds, show me what thou ’t do. 290

Woo’t weep, woo’t fight, woo’t fast, woo’t tear

thyself,

Woo’t drink up eisel, eat a crocodile?

I’ll do ’t. Dost text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothoutext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave? 295

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, 300

I’ll rant as well as thou.

QUEEN      This is mere madness;

And text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothustext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto awhile the fit will work on him.

Anon, as patient as the female dove

When that her golden couplets are disclosed, 305

His silence will sit drooping.

HAMLET      Hear you, sir,

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I loved you ever. But it is no matter.

Let Hercules himself do what he may, 310

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

*Hamlet exits.*

KING

I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

*Horatio exits.*

*editorial emendationTo Laertes.editorial emendation*Strengthen your patience in our last

night’s speech.

We’ll put the matter to the present push.— 315

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.—

This grave shall have a living monument.

An hour of quiet thereby shall we see.

Till then in patience our proceeding be.

*They exit.*

Act 5 Scene 2

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

HAMLET

So much for this, sir. Now shall you see the other.

You do remember all the circumstance?

HORATIO     Remember it, my lord!

HAMLET

Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting

That would not let me sleep. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoMethoughttext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto I lay 5

Worse than the mutines in the text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartobilboes.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto Rashly—

And praised be rashness for it: let us know,

Our indiscretion sometime serves us well

When our deep plots do pall; and that should learn

us 10

There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will—

HORATIO      That is most

certain.

HAMLET     Up from my cabin, 15

My sea-gown scarfed about me, in the dark

Groped I to find out them; had my desire,

Fingered their packet, and in fine withdrew

To mine own room again, making so bold

(My fears forgetting manners) to unfold 20

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, 25

That on the supervise, no leisure bated,

No, not to stay the grinding of the ax,

My head should be struck off.

HORATIO      Is ’t possible?

HAMLET

Here’s the commission. Read it at more leisure. 30

*editorial emendationHanding him a paper.editorial emendation*

But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

HORATIO     I beseech you.

HAMLET

Being thus benetted round with editorial emendationvillainies,editorial emendation

Or I could make a prologue to my brains,

They had begun the play. I sat me down, 35

Devised a new commission, wrote it fair—

I once did hold it, as our statists do,

A baseness to write fair, and labored much

How to forget that learning; but, sir, now

It did me yeoman’s service. Wilt thou know 40

Th’ effect of what I wrote?

HORATIO      Ay, good my lord.

HAMLET

An earnest conjuration from the King,

As England was his faithful tributary,

As love between them like the palm might flourish, 45

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear

And stand a comma ’tween their amities,

And many suchlike editorial emendation*as*eseditorial emendation of great charge,

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,

Without debatement further, more or less, 50

He should those bearers put to sudden death,

Not shriving time allowed.

HORATIO      How was this sealed?

HAMLET

Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.

I had my father’s signet in my purse, 55

Which was the model of that Danish seal;

Folded the writ up in the form of th’ other,

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoSubscribedtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto it, gave ’t th’ impression, placed it

safely,

The changeling never known. Now, the next day 60

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent

Thou knowest already.

HORATIO

So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to ’t.

HAMLET

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoWhy, man, they did make love to this employment.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

They are not near my conscience. Their defeat 65

Does by their own insinuation grow.

’Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes

Between the pass and fell incensèd points

Of mighty opposites.

HORATIO     Why, what a king is this! 70

HAMLET

Does it not, think thee, stand me now upon—

He that hath killed my king and whored my mother,

Popped in between th’ election and my hopes,

Thrown out his angle for my proper life,

And with such cozenage—is ’t not perfect 75

conscience

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoTo quit him with this arm? And is ’t not to be

damned

To let this canker of our nature come

In further evil? 80

HORATIO

It must be shortly known to him from England

What is the issue of the business there.

HAMLET

It will be short. The interim’s mine,

And a man’s life’s no more than to say “one.”

But I am very sorry, good Horatio, 85

That to Laertes I forgot myself,

For by the image of my cause I see

The portraiture of his. I’ll editorial emendationcourteditorial emendation his favors.

But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me

Into a tow’ring passion. 90

HORATIO      Peace, who comes here?text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

*Enter text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoOsric,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto a courtier.*

OSRIC     Your lordship is right welcome back to

Denmark.

HAMLET     I text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartohumblytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto thank you, sir.*editorial emendationAside to Horatio.editorial emendation*

Dost know this waterfly? 95

HORATIO*, editorial emendationaside to Hamleteditorial emendation* No, my good lord.

HAMLET*, editorial emendationaside to Horatioeditorial emendation* 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, 100

but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

OSRIC     Sweet lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I

should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

HAMLET     I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of

spirit. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoPuttext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto your bonnet to his right use: ’tis for the 105

head.

OSRIC     I thank your Lordship; it is very hot.

HAMLET     No, believe me, ’tis very cold; the wind is

northerly.

OSRIC     It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed. 110

HAMLET     But yet methinks it is very text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartosultrytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and hot text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartofortext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

my complexion.

OSRIC     Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as

’twere—I cannot tell how. My lord, his Majesty

bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager 115

on your head. Sir, this is the matter—

HAMLET     I beseech you, remember.*editorial emendationHe motions to*

*Osric to put on his hat.editorial emendation*

OSRIC     Nay, good my lord, for my ease, in good faith.

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioSir, here is newly come to court Laertes—believe

me, an absolute editorial emendationgentleman,editorial emendation full of most excellent 120

differences, of very soft society and great showing.

Indeed, to speak editorial emendationfeelinglyeditorial emendation 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.

HAMLET     Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in 125

you, though I know to divide him inventorially

would dozy th’ arithmetic of memory, and yet but

yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the

verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great

article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness 130

as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his

mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage,

nothing more.

OSRIC     Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAMLET     The concernancy, sir? Why do we wrap the 135

gentleman in our more rawer breath?

OSRIC     Sir?

HORATIO     Is ’t not possible to understand in another

tongue? You will to ’t, sir, really.

HAMLET*, editorial emendationto Osriceditorial emendation* What imports the nomination of 140

this gentleman?

OSRIC     Of Laertes?

HORATIO     His purse is empty already; all ’s golden words

are spent.

HAMLET     Of him, sir. 145

OSRIC     I know you are not ignorant—

HAMLET     I would you did, sir. Yet, in faith, if you did, it

would not much approve me. Well, sir?lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio

OSRIC     You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes

is— 150

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioHAMLET     I dare not confess that, lest I should compare

with him in excellence. But to know a man well

were to know himself.

OSRIC     I mean, sir, for editorial emendationhiseditorial emendation weapon. But in the imputation

laid on him by them, in his meed he’s 155

unfellowed.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio

HAMLET     What’s his weapon?

OSRIC     Rapier and dagger.

HAMLET     That’s two of his weapons. But, well—

OSRIC     The King, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary 160

horses, against the which he has impawned, as I

take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their

assigns, as girdle, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartohangers,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and so. Three of the

carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very

responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and 165

of very liberal conceit.

HAMLET     What call you the “carriages”?

lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioHORATIO     I knew you must be edified by the margent

ere you had done.lines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio

OSRIC     The text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartocarriages,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto sir, are the hangers. 170

HAMLET     The phrase would be more germane to the

matter if we could carry a cannon by our sides. I

would it text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartomighttext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto be “hangers” till then. But on. Six

Barbary horses against six French swords, their

assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages— 175

that’s the French bet against the Danish. Why is this

all editorial emendation“impawned,”editorial emendation text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoastext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto you call it?

OSRIC     The King, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen

passes between yourself and him, he shall not

exceed you three hits. He hath laid on twelve for 180

nine, and it would come to immediate trial if your

Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

HAMLET     How if I answer no?

OSRIC     I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person

in trial. 185

HAMLET     Sir, I will walk here in the hall. If it please his

Majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me. Let

the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the

King hold his purpose, I will win for him, an I can.

If not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd 190

hits.

OSRIC     Shall I deliver you text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoe’entext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto so?

HAMLET     To this effect, sir, after what flourish your

nature will.

OSRIC     I commend my duty to your Lordship. 195

HAMLET     Yours.*editorial emendationOsric exits.editorial emendation* text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto does well to commend

it himself. There are no tongues else for ’s

turn.

HORATIO     This lapwing runs away with the shell on his

head. 200

HAMLET     He did text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartocomply,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto sir, with his dug before he

sucked it. Thus has he (and many more of the same

breed that I know the drossy age dotes on) only got

the tune of the time, and, out of an habit of

encounter, a kind of text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoyeastytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto collection, which carries 205

them through and through the most editorial emendationfannededitorial emendation

and text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartowinnowedtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto opinions; and do but blow them to

their trial, the bubbles are out.

*lines from the Second Quarto not found in the FolioEnter a Lord.*

LORD     My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by

young Osric, who brings back to him that you 210

attend him in the hall. He sends to know if your

pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will

take longer time.

HAMLET     I am constant to my purposes. They follow

the King’s pleasure. If his fitness speaks, mine is 215

ready now or whensoever, provided I be so able as

now.

LORD     The King and Queen and all are coming down.

HAMLET     In happy time.

LORD     The Queen desires you to use some gentle 220

entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

HAMLET     She well instructs me. *editorial emendationLord exits.editorial emendationlines from the Second Quarto not found in the Folio*

HORATIO     You will lose, my lord.

HAMLET     I do not think so. Since he went into France, I

have been in continual practice. I shall win at the 225

odds; text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartobuttext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto thou wouldst not think how ill all’s here

about my heart. But it is no matter.

HORATIO     Nay, good my lord—

HAMLET     It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of

text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartogaingivingtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto as would perhaps trouble a woman. 230

HORATIO     If your mind dislike anything, obey it. I will

forestall their repair hither and say you are not fit.

HAMLET     Not a whit. We defy augury. There is text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoatext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be

text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartonow,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto ’tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be 235

now; if it be not now, yet it text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartowilltext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto come. The

readiness is all. Since no man of aught he leaves

knows, what is ’t to leave betimes? Let be.

*A table prepared. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoEntertext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto Trumpets, Drums, and Officers*

*with cushions, King, Queen, editorial emendationOsric,editorial emendation and all the state,*

*foils, daggers, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoflagons of wine,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and Laertes.*

KING

Come, Hamlet, come and take this hand from me.

*editorial emendationHe puts Laertes’ hand into Hamlet’s.editorial emendation*

HAMLET*, editorial emendationto Laerteseditorial emendation*

Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong; 240

But pardon ’t as you are a gentleman. This presence

knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punished

With a sore distraction. What I have done

That might your nature, honor, and exception 245

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was ’t Hamlet wronged 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. 250

Who does it, then? His madness. If ’t be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;

His madness is poor Hamlet’s enemy.

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoSir, in this audiencetext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil 255

Free me so far in your most generous thoughts

That I have shot my arrow o’er the house

And hurt my brother.

LAERTES     I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive in this case should stir me most 260

To my revenge; but in my terms of honor

I stand aloof and will no reconcilement

Till by some elder masters of known honor

I have a voice and precedent of peace

To text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartokeeptext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto my name ungored. But text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartotilltext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto that time 265

I do receive your offered love like love

And will not wrong it.

HAMLET      I embrace it freely

And will this brothers’ wager frankly play.—

Give us the foils. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoCome on.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 270

LAERTES      Come, one for me.

HAMLET

I’ll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i’ th’ darkest night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

LAERTES      You mock me, sir. 275

HAMLET     No, by this hand.

KING

Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

HAMLET      Very well, my lord.

Your Grace has laid the odds o’ th’ weaker side. 280

KING

I do not fear it; I have seen you both.

But, since he is better, we have therefore odds.

LAERTES

This is too heavy. Let me see another.

HAMLET

This likes me well. These foils have all a length?

OSRIC     Ay, my good lord. 285

*text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoPrepare to play.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

KING

Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordnance fire.

The King shall drink to Hamlet’s better breath, 290

And in the cup an text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartouniontext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto shall he throw,

Richer than that which four successive kings

In Denmark’s crown have worn. Give me the cups,

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the cannoneer without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth, 295

“Now the King drinks to Hamlet.” Come, begin.

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

*Trumpets the while.*

HAMLET     Come on, sir.

LAERTES     Come, my lord. *text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoThey play.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 300*

HAMLET     One.

LAERTES     No.

HAMLET     Judgment!

OSRIC     A hit, a very palpable hit.

LAERTES     Well, again. 305

KING

Stay, give me drink.—Hamlet, this pearl is thine.

Here’s to thy health.

*editorial emendationHe drinks and then drops the pearl in the cup.editorial emendation*

*Drum, trumpets, and shot.*

Give him the cup.

HAMLET

I’ll play this bout first. Set it by awhile.

Come.*editorial emendationThey play.editorial emendation* Another hit. What say you? 310

LAERTES

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoA touch, a touch.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto I do confess ’t.

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. 315

*editorial emendationShe lifts the cup.editorial emendation*

HAMLET     Good madam.

KING     Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN

I will, my lord; I pray you pardon me. *editorial emendationShe drinks.editorial emendation*

KING    *, editorial emendationasideeditorial emendation*

It is the poisoned cup. It is too late.

HAMLET

I dare not drink yet, madam—by and by. 320

QUEEN     Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAERTES*, editorial emendationto Claudiuseditorial emendation*

My lord, I’ll hit him now.

KING      I do not think ’t.

LAERTES*, editorial emendationasideeditorial emendation*

And yet it is almost against my conscience.

HAMLET

Come, for the third, Laertes. You do but dally. 325

I pray you pass with your best violence.

I am text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoafeardtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto you make a wanton of me.

LAERTES     Say you so? Come on. *text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoPlay.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

OSRIC     Nothing neither way.

LAERTES     Have at you now! 330

*Laertes wounds Hamlet. Then text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoin scuffling they change*

*rapiers,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto and Hamlet wounds Laertes.editorial emendation*

KING     Part them. They are incensed.

HAMLET     Nay, come again.

*editorial emendationThe Queen falls.editorial emendation*

OSRIC     Look to the Queen there, ho!

HORATIO

They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

OSRIC     How is ’t, Laertes? 335

LAERTES

Why as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric.

*editorial emendationHe falls.editorial emendation*

I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

HAMLET

How does the Queen?

KING     She swoons to see them bleed.

QUEEN

No, no, the drink, the drink! O, my dear Hamlet! 340

The drink, the drink! I am poisoned. *editorial emendationShe dies.editorial emendation*

HAMLET

O villainy! Ho! Let the door be locked. *editorial emendationOsric exits.editorial emendation*

Treachery! Seek it out.

LAERTES

It is here, Hamlet. text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHamlet,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto thou art slain.

No med’cine in the world can do thee good. 345

In thee there is not half an hour’s life.

The treacherous instrument is in text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothytext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto hand,

Unbated and envenomed. The foul practice

Hath turned itself on me. Lo, here I lie,

Never to rise again. Thy mother’s poisoned. 350

I can no more. The King, the King’s to blame.

HAMLET

The point envenomed too! Then, venom, to thy

work. *text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoHurts the King.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

ALL     Treason, treason!

KING

O, yet defend me, friends! I am but hurt. 355

HAMLET

Here, thou incestuous, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartomurd’rous,text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto damnèd Dane,

Drink off this potion. Is text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartothy uniontext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto here?

*editorial emendationForcing him to drink the poison.editorial emendation*

Follow my mother. *text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoKing dies.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

LAERTES     He is justly served.

It is a poison tempered by himself. 360

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.

Mine and my father’s death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me. *text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoDies.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

HAMLET

Heaven make thee free of it. I follow thee.—

I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu.— 365

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time (as this fell sergeant, Death,

Is strict in his arrest), O, I could tell you—

But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead. 370

Thou livest; report me and my cause aright

To the unsatisfied.

HORATIO      Never believe it.

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.

Here’s yet some liquor left. *editorial emendationHe picks up the cup.editorial emendation* 375

HAMLET     As thou ’rt a man,

Give me the cup. Let go! By heaven, I’ll ha ’t.

O God, Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall I leave behind

me! 380

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain

To tell my story.

*A march afar off text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoand editorial emendationshoteditorial emendation within.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

What warlike noise is this? 385

*Enter Osric.*

OSRIC

Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,

To th’ ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

HAMLET      O, I die, Horatio!

The potent poison quite o’ercrows my spirit. 390

I cannot live to hear the news from England.

But I do prophesy th’ election lights

On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice.

So tell him, with th’ occurrents, more and less,

Which have solicited—the rest is silence. 395

text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoO, O, O, O!text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto *text from the Folio not found in the Second QuartoDies.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

HORATIO

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.

*editorial emendationMarch within.editorial emendation*

Why does the drum come hither?

*Enter Fortinbras with the editorial emendationEnglisheditorial emendation Ambassadors text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartowith*

*Drum, Colors, and Attendants.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*

FORTINBRAS     Where is this sight? 400

HORATIO     What is it you would see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

FORTINBRAS

This quarry cries on havoc. O proud Death,

What feast is toward in thine eternal cell

That thou so many princes at a shot 405

So bloodily hast struck?

AMBASSADOR      The sight is dismal,

And our affairs from England come too late.

The ears are senseless that should give us hearing

To tell him his commandment is fulfilled, 410

That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.

Where should we have our thanks?

HORATIO      Not from his

mouth,

Had it th’ ability of life to thank you. 415

He never gave commandment for their death.

But since, so jump upon this bloody question,

You from the Polack wars, and you from England,

Are here arrived, give order that these bodies

High on a stage be placed to the view, 420

And let me speak to text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoth’text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto yet unknowing world

How these things came about. So shall you hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,

Of deaths put on by cunning and text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoforcedtext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto cause, 425

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook

Fall’n on th’ inventors’ heads. All this can I

Truly deliver.

FORTINBRAS      Let us haste to hear it

And call the noblest to the audience. 430

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.

HORATIO

Of that I shall have also cause to speak,

And from his mouth whose voice will draw text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartoontext from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto 435

more.

But let this same be presently performed

Even while men’s minds are wild, lest more

mischance

On plots and errors happen. 440

FORTINBRAS      Let four captains

Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage,

For he was likely, had he been put on,

To have proved most royal; and for his passage,

The soldier’s music and the rite of war 445

Speak loudly for him.

Take up the bodies. Such a sight as this

Becomes the field but here shows much amiss.

Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

*They exit, text from the Folio not found in the Second Quartomarching, after the which, a peal of*

*ordnance are shot off.text from the Folio not found in the Second Quarto*