

Play: *HAMLET*.

Act: ACT I.

Scen: SCENE I.

Text: [Elsinore. A platform before the castle.]

[FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO.]

BERNARDO.

Who's there? 1/1/1

FRANCISCO.

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself. 1/1/2

BERNARDO.

Long live the King! 1/1/3

FRANCISCO.

Bernardo? 1/1/4

BERNARDO.

He. 1/1/5

FRANCISCO.

You come most carefully upon your hour. 1/1/6

BERNARDO.

'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco. 1/1/7

FRANCISCO.

For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold, 1/1/8

And I am sick at heart. 1/1/9

BERNARDO.

Have you had quiet guard? 1/1/10

FRANCISCO.

Not a mouse stirring.

BERNARDO.

Well, good night. 1/1/11

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus, 1/1/12

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste. 1/1/13

FRANCISCO.

I think I hear them.- Stand, ho! Who is there? 1/1/14

[Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.]

HORATIO.

Friends to this ground. 1/1/15

MARCELLUS.

And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO.

Give you good night. 1/1/16

MARCELLUS.

O, farewell, honest soldier:

Who hath relieved you? 1/1/17

FRANCISCO.

Bernardo has my place.	
Give you good night. [Exit.]	1/1/18
MARCELLUS.	
Holla! Bernardo!	1/1/19
BERNARDO.	
Say,-	
What, is Horatio there?	1/1/20
HORATIO.	
A piece of him.	
BERNARDO.	
Welcome, Horatio:- welcome, good Marcellus.	1/1/20
MARCELLUS.	
What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?	1/1/21
BERNARDO.	
I have seen nothing.	1/1/22
MARCELLUS.	
Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,	1/1/23
And will not let belief take hold of him	1/1/24
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:	1/1/25
Therefore I have entreated him along	1/1/26
With us to watch the minutes of this night;	1/1/27
That, if again this apparition come,	1/1/28
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.	1/1/29
HORATIO.	
Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.	1/1/30
BERNARDO.	
Sit down awhile;	
And let us once again assail your ears,	1/1/31
That are so fortified against our story,	1/1/32
What we two nights have seen.	1/1/33
HORATIO.	
Well, sit we down,	
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.	1/1/34
BERNARDO.	
Last night of all,	1/1/35
When yond same star that's westward from the pole	1/1/36
Had made his course t'illuminate that part of heaven	1/1/37
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,	1/1/38
The bell then beating one,-	1/1/39
MARCELLUS.	
Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!	1/1/40
[Enter GHOST.]	
BERNARDO.	

In the same figure, like the king that's dead. 1/1/41
 MARCELLUS.

Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio. 1/1/42
 BERNARDO.

Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio. 1/1/43
 HORATIO.

Most like:- it harrows me with fear and wonder. 1/1/44
 BERNARDO.

It would be spoke to. 1/1/45
 MARCELLUS.

Question it, Horatio.

HORATIO.

What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night, 1/1/46
 Together with that fair and warlike form 1/1/47
 In which the majesty of buried Denmark 1/1/48
 Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak! 1/1/49
 MARCELLUS.

It is offended. 1/1/50
 BERNARDO.

See, it stalks away!

HORATIO.

Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee speak! [Exit GHOST.] 1/1/51
 MARCELLUS.

'Tis gone, and will not answer. 1/1/52
 BERNARDO.

How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale: 1/1/53
 Is not this something more than fantasy? 1/1/54
 What think you on't? 1/1/55
 HORATIO.

Before my God, I might not this believe 1/1/56
 Without the sensible and true avouch 1/1/57
 Of mine own eyes. 1/1/58
 MARCELLUS.

Is it not like the King?

HORATIO.

As thou art to thyself: 1/1/59
 Such was the very armour he had on 1/1/60
 When he th'ambitious Norway combated; 1/1/61
 So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle, 1/1/62
 He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice. 1/1/63
 'Tis strange. 1/1/64
 MARCELLUS.

Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour, 1/1/65

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.	1/1/66
HORATIO.	
In what particular thought to work I know not;	1/1/67
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,	1/1/68
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.	1/1/69
MARCELLUS.	
Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,	1/1/70
Why this same strict and most observant watch	1/1/71
So nightly toils the subject of the land;	1/1/72
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,	1/1/73
And foreign mart for implements of war;	1/1/74
Why such impress of *shipwrights,* whose sore task	
1/1/75	
Does not divide the Sunday from the week;	1/1/76
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste	1/1/77
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:	1/1/78
Who is't that can inform me?	1/1/79
HORATIO.	
That can I;	
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,	1/1/80
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,	1/1/81
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,	1/1/82
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,	1/1/83
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet-	1/1/84
For so this side of our known world esteem'd him-	1/1/85
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,	1/1/86
Well ratified by law and heraldry,	1/1/87
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands	1/1/88
Which he stood seized of to the conqueror:	1/1/89
Against the which, a moiety competent	1/1/90
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd	1/1/91
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,	1/1/92
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same cov'nant,	1/1/93
And carriage of the article design'd,	1/1/94
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,	1/1/95
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,	1/1/96
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,	1/1/97
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,	1/1/98
For food and diet, to some enterprise	1/1/99
That hath a stomach in't: which is no other-	1/1/100
As it doth well appear unto our state-	1/1/101
But to recover of us, by strong hand	1/1/102
And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands	1/1/103

So by his father lost: and this, I take it,	1/1/104
Is the main motive of our preparations,	1/1/105
The source of this our watch, and the chief head	1/1/106
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.	1/1/107
BERNARDO.	
I think it be no other but e'en so:	1/1/108
Well may it sort, that this portentous figure	1/1/109
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king	1/1/110
That was and is the question of these wars.	1/1/111
HORATIO.	
A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.	1/1/112
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,	1/1/113
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,	1/1/114
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead	1/1/115
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:	1/1/116
As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,	1/1/117
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,	1/1/118
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,	1/1/119
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:	1/1/120
And even the like precurse of fierce events-	1/1/121
As harbingers preceding still the fates,	1/1/122
And prologue to the omen coming on-	1/1/123
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated	1/1/124
Unto our climatures and countrymen.-	1/1/125
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!	1/1/126
[Enter GHOST again.]	
I'll cross it, though it blast me.- Stay, illusion!	1/1/127
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,	1/1/128
Speak to me:	1/1/129
If there be any good thing to be done,	1/1/130
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,	1/1/131
Speak to me:	1/1/132
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,	1/1/133
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,	1/1/134
O, speak!	1/1/135
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life	1/1/136
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,	1/1/137
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death,	1/1/138
[Cock crows.]	
Speak of it:- stay, and speak!- Stop it, Marcellus.	1/1/139
MARCELLUS.	
Shall I strike at it with my partisan?	1/1/140
HORATIO.	
Do, if it will not stand.	1/1/141
BERNARDO.	
'Tis here!	
HORATIO.	

'Tis here!

MARCELLUS.

'Tis gone! [Exit GHOST.]	1/1/142
We do it wrong, being so majestic,	1/1/143
To offer it the show of violence;	1/1/144
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,	1/1/145
And our vain blows malicious mockery.	1/1/146
BERNARDO.	
It was about to speak when the cock crew.	1/1/147
HORATIO.	
And then it started like a guilty thing	1/1/148
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,	1/1/149
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,	1/1/150
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat	1/1/151
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,	1/1/152
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,	1/1/153
Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies	1/1/154
To his confine: and of the truth herein	1/1/155
This present object made probation.	1/1/156
MARCELLUS.	
It faded on the crowing of the cock.	1/1/157
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes	1/1/158
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,	1/1/159
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:	1/1/160
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;	1/1/161
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,	1/1/162
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;	1/1/163
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.	1/1/164
HORATIO.	
So have I heard, and do in part believe it.	1/1/165
But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,	1/1/166
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:	1/1/167
Break we our watch up: and, by my advice,	1/1/168
Let us impart what we have seen to-night	1/1/169
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,	1/1/170
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:	1/1/171
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,	1/1/172
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?	1/1/173
MARCELLUS.	
Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know	1/1/174
Where we shall find him most convenient. [Exeunt.]	1/1/175

Play: *HAMLET*.

Act: ACT I.

Scen: SCENE II.

Text: [A room of state in the castle.]

[Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES,
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, LORDS, and ATTENDANTS.]

KING.

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death	1/2/1
The memory be green; and that it us befitted	1/2/2
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom	1/2/3
To be contracted in one brow of woe;	1/2/4
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,	1/2/5
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,	1/2/6
Together with remembrance of ourselves.	1/2/7
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,	1/2/8
Th'imperial jointress of this warlike state,	1/2/9
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,-	1/2/10
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,	1/2/11
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,	1/2/12
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,-	1/2/13
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd	1/2/14
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone	1/2/15
With this affair along:- for all, our thanks.	1/2/16
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,	1/2/17
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,	1/2/18
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death	1/2/19
Our state to be *disjoint* and out of frame,	1/2/20
Colleagu'd with the dream of his advantage,-	1/2/21
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,	1/2/22
Importing the surrender of those lands	1/2/23
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,	1/2/24
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.-	1/2/25
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:	1/2/26
Thus much the business is:- we have here writ	1/2/27
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,-	1/2/28
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears	1/2/29
Of this his nephew's purpose,- to suppress	1/2/30
His further gait herein; in that the levies,	1/2/31
The lists, and full proportions, are all made	1/2/32
Out of his subject:- and we here dispatch	1/2/33
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,	1/2/34
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;	1/2/35
Giving to you no further personal power	1/2/36
To business with the king, more than the scope	1/2/37
Of these delated articles allow.	1/2/38
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.	1/2/39
CORNELIUS and VOLTIMAND.	
In that and all things will we show our duty.	1/2/40
KING.	
We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell. [Exeunt	1/2/41

VOLTIMAND and CORNELIUS.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you? 1/2/42
 You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes? 1/2/43
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane, 1/2/44
 And lose your voice: what would'st thou beg, Laertes, 1/2/45
 That shall not be my offer, not thy asking? 1/2/46
 The head is not more native to the heart, 1/2/47
 The hand more instrumental to the mouth, 1/2/48
 Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. 1/2/49
 What wouldst thou have, Laertes? 1/2/50

LAERTES.

Dread my lord,
 Your leave and favour to return to France; 1/2/51
 From whence though willingly I came to Denmark, 1/2/52
 To show my duty in your coronations; 1/2/53
 Yet now, I must confess, that duty done, 1/2/54
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France, 1/2/55
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon. 1/2/56

KING.

Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius? 1/2/57

POLONIUS.

He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave 1/2/58
 By laboursome petition; and, at last, 1/2/59
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: 1/2/60
 I do beseech you, give him leave to go. 1/2/61

KING.

Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will!- 1/2/62
 But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,- 1/2/63
 1/2/64

HAMLET [aside].

A little more than kin, and less than kind. 1/2/65

KING.

How is it that the clouds still hang on you? 1/2/66

HAMLET.

Not so, my lord; I am too much i'th'sun. 1/2/67

QUEEN.

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off, 1/2/68
 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark. 1/2/69
 Do not for ever with thy veiled lids 1/2/70
 Seek for thy noble father in the dust: 1/2/71
 Thou know'st tis common,- all that live must die, 1/2/72
 Passing through nature to eternity. 1/2/73

HAMLET.

Ay, madam, it is common. 1/2/74

QUEEN.

If it be,
 Why seems it so particular with thee? 1/2/75

HAMLET.

Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not "seems."	1/2/76
'Tis not along my inky cloak, good mother,	1/2/77
Nor customary suits of solemn black,	1/2/78
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,	1/2/79
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,	1/2/80
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,	1/2/81
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,	1/2/82
That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,	1/2/83
For they are actions that a man might play:	1/2/84
But I have that within which passeth show;	1/2/85
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.	1/2/86

KING.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,	1/2/87
To give these mourning duties to your father:	1/2/88
But, you must know, your father lost a father;	1/2/89
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound,	1/2/90
In filial obligation, for some term	1/2/91
To do obsequious sorrow: but to persevere	1/2/92
In obstinate condolment, is a course	1/2/93
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:	1/2/94
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;	1/2/95
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient;	1/2/96
An understanding simple and unschool'd:	1/2/97
For what we know must be, and is as common	1/2/98
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,	1/2/99
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,	1/2/100
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,	1/2/101
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,	1/2/102
To reason most absurd; whose common theme	1/2/103
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,	1/2/104
From the first corse till he that died to-day,	1/2/105
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth	1/2/106
This unprevailing woe; and think of us	1/2/107
As of a father: for let the world take note,	1/2/108
You are the most immediate to our throne;	1/2/109
And with no less nobility of love	1/2/110
Than that which dearest father bears his son,	1/2/111
Do I impart toward you. For your intent	1/2/112
In going back to school in Wittenberg,	1/2/113
It is most retrograde to our desire:	1/2/114
And we beseech you, bend you to remain	1/2/115
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,	1/2/116
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.	1/2/117

QUEEN.

Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:	1/2/118
I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.	1/2/119

HAMLET.

I shall in all my best obey you, madam. 1/2/120

KING.

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply: 1/2/121

Be as ourself in Denmark.- Madam, come; 1/2/122

This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet 1/2/123

Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof, 1/2/124

No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day, 1/2/125

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell; 1/2/126

And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruit again, 1/2/127

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. [Exeunt all but 1/2/128

HAMLET.]

HAMLET.

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt, 1/2/129

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew! 1/2/130

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd 1/2/131

His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God! 1/2/132

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable 1/2/133

Seem to me all the uses of this world! 1/2/134

Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden, 1/2/135

That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature 1/2/136

Possess it merely. That it should come to this! 1/2/137

But two months dead!- nay, not so much, not two: 1/2/138

So excellent a king; that was, to this, 1/2/139

Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother, 1/2/140

That he might not beteem the winds of heaven 1/2/141

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth! 1/2/142

Must I remember? why, she would hang on him, 1/2/143

As if increase of appetite had grown 1/2/144

By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,- 1/2/145

Let me not think on't,- Frailty, thy name is woman!- 1/2/146

A little month; or e'er those shoes were old 1/2/147

With which she follow'd my poor father's body, 1/2/148

Like Niobe, all tears;- why she, even she- 1/2/149

O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason, 1/2/150

Would have mourn'd longer- married with my uncle, 1/2/151

My father's brother; but no more like my father 1/2/152

Than I to Hercules: within a month; 1/2/153

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears 1/2/154

Had left the flushing in her galled eyes, 1/2/155

She married:- O, most wicked speed, to post 1/2/156

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets! 1/2/157

It is not nor it cannot come to good: 1/2/158

But break, my heart,- for I must hold my tongue! 1/2/159

[Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.]

HORATIO.

Hail to your lordship! 1/2/160

HAMLET.
 I am glad to see you well:
 Horatio,- or I do forget myself. 1/2/161
 HORATIO.
 The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever. 1/2/162
 HAMLET.
 Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you: 1/2/163
 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?- 1/2/164
 Marcellus? 1/2/165
 MARCELLUS.
 My good lord,- 1/2/166
 HAMLET.
 I am very glad to see you.- Good even, sir.- 1/2/167
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg? 1/2/168
 HORATIO.
 A truant disposition, good my lord. 1/2/169
 HAMLET.
 I would not hear your enemy say so; 1/2/170
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence 1/2/171
 To make it truster of your own report 1/2/172
 Against yourself: I know you are no truant. 1/2/173
 But what is your affair in Elsinore? 1/2/174
 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart. 1/2/175
 HORATIO.
 My lord, I came to see your father's funeral. 1/2/176
 HAMLET.
 I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student; 1/2/177
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding. 1/2/178
 HORATIO.
 Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon. 1/2/179
 HAMLET.
 Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats 1/2/180
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables. 1/2/181
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven 1/2/182
 Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!- 1/2/183
 My father,- methinks I see my father. 1/2/184
 HORATIO.
 O, where, my lord? 1/2/185
 HAMLET.
 In my mind's eye, Horatio.
 HORATIO.
 I saw him once; he was a goodly king. 1/2/186
 HAMLET.
 He was a man, take him for all in all, 1/2/187
 I shall not look upon his like again. 1/2/188
 HORATIO.
 My lord, I think I saw him yesternight. 1/2/189

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HAMLET.
Saw? who? 1/2/190
HORATIO.
My lord, the king your father. 1/2/191
HAMLET.
The king my father!
HORATIO.
Season your admiration for a while 1/2/192
With an attent ear; till I may deliver, 1/2/193
Upon the witness of these gentlemen, 1/2/194
This marvel to you. 1/2/195
HAMLET.
For God's love, let me hear.
HORATIO.
Two nights together had these gentlemen, 1/2/196
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch, 1/2/197
In the dead vast and middle of the night, 1/2/198
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father, 1/2/199
Armed at point, exactly, cap-a-pie, 1/2/200
Appears before them, and with solemn march 1/2/201
Goes slowly and stately by them: thrice he walk'd 1/2/202
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes, 1/2/203
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd 1/2/204
Almost to jelly with the act of fear, 1/2/205
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me 1/2/206
In dreadful secrecy impart they did; 1/2/207
And I with them the third night kept the watch: 1/2/208
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time, 1/2/209
Form of the thing, each word made true and good, 1/2/210
The apparition comes: I knew your father; 1/2/211
These hands are not more like. 1/2/212
HAMLET.
But where was this?
MARCELLUS.
My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd. 1/2/213
HAMLET.
Did you not speak to it? 1/2/214
HORATIO.
My lord, I did;
But answer made it none: yet once methought 1/2/215
It lifted up its head, and did address 1/2/216
Itself to motion, like as it would speak: 1/2/217
But even then the morning cock crew loud; 1/2/218
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away, 1/2/219
And vanish'd from our sight. 1/2/220
HAMLET.
'Tis very strange.

HORATIO.	
As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;	1/2/221
And we did think it writ down in our duty	1/2/222
To let you know of it.	1/2/223
HAMLET.	
Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.	1/2/224
Hold you the watch to-night?	1/2/225
MARCELLUS AND BERNARDO.	
We do, my lord.	
HAMLET.	
Arm'd, say you?	1/2/226
MARCELLUS AND BERNARDO.	
Arm'd, my lord.	1/2/227
HAMLET.	
From top to toe?	1/2/228
MARCELLUS AND BERNARDO.	
My lord, from head to foot.	
HAMLET.	
Then saw you not his face?	1/2/229
HORATIO.	
O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.	1/2/230
HAMLET.	
What, look'd he frowningly?	1/2/231
HORATIO.	
A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.	1/2/232
HAMLET.	
Pale or red?	1/2/233
HORATIO.	
Nay, very pale.	1/2/234
HAMLET.	
And fix'd his eyes upon you?	
HORATIO.	
Most constantly.	1/2/235
HAMLET.	
I would I had been there.	
HORATIO.	
It would have much amazed you.	1/2/236
HAMLET.	
Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?	1/2/237
HORATIO.	
While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.	1/2/238
MARCELLUS AND BERNARDO.	
Longer, longer.	1/2/239
HORATIO.	
Not when I saw't.	1/2/240
HAMLET.	
His beard was grizzled,- no?	

14

HORATIO.

It was, as I have seen it in his life, 1/2/241
A sable silver'd. 1/2/242

HAMLET.

I will watch to-night;
Perchance 'twill walk again. 1/2/243

HORATIO.

I warrant it will.

HAMLET.

If it assume my noble father's person, 1/2/244
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape, 1/2/245
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, 1/2/246
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight, 1/2/247
Let it be tenable in your silence still; 1/2/248
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night, 1/2/249
Give it an understanding, but no tongue: 1/2/250
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well: 1/2/251
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve, 1/2/252
I'll visit you. 1/2/253

ALL.

Our duty to your honour.

HAMLET.

Your loves, as mine to you: farewell. [Exeunt all but 1/2/254
HAMLET.]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well; 1/2/255
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come! 1/2/256
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise, 1/2/257
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. 1/2/258
[Exit.]

Play: *HAMLET*.

Act: ACT I.

Scen: SCENE III.

Text: [A room in Polonius' house.]

[Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.]

LAERTES.

My *necessaries* are embark'd: farewell:
1/3/1

And, sister, as the winds give benefit, 1/3/2
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep, 1/3/3
But let me hear from you. 1/3/4

OPHELIA.

Do you doubt that?

LAERTES.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour, 1/3/5
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood; 1/3/6

A violet in the youth of primy nature, 1/3/7
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, 1/3/8
 The perfume and suppliance of a minute; 1/3/9
 No more. 1/3/10
 OPHELIA.
 No more but so?
 LAERTES.
 Think it no more:
 For nature, crescent, does not grow alone 1/3/11
 In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes, 1/3/12
 The inward service of the mind and soul 1/3/13
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now; 1/3/14
 And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch 1/3/15
 The virtue of his will: but you must fear, 1/3/16
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own; 1/3/17
 For he himself is subject to his birth: 1/3/18
 He may not, as unvalued persons do, 1/3/19
 Carve for himself; for on his choice depends 1/3/20
 The safety and health of this whole state; 1/3/21
 And therefore must his choice be circumscribed 1/3/22
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body, 1/3/23
 Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you, 1/3/24
 It fits your wisdom so far to believe it, 1/3/25
 As he in his particular act and place 1/3/26
 May give his saying deed; which is no further 1/3/27
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal. 1/3/28
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain, 1/3/29
 If with too credent ear you list his songs; 1/3/30
 Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open 1/3/31
 To his unmaster'd importunity. 1/3/32
 Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister; 1/3/33
 And keep you in the rear of your affection, 1/3/34
 Out of the shot and danger of desire. 1/3/35
 The chariest maid is prodigal enough, 1/3/36
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon: 1/3/37
 Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes: 1/3/38
 The canker galls the infants of the spring, 1/3/39
 Too oft before their buttons be disclosed; 1/3/40
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth 1/3/41
 Contagious blastments are most imminent. 1/3/42
 Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear: 1/3/43
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near. 1/3/44
 OPHELIA.
 I shall th'effect of this good lesson keep, 1/3/45
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother, 1/3/46
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, 1/3/47
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven; 1/3/48

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,	1/3/49
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,	1/3/50
And recks not his own rede.	1/3/51
LAERTES.	
O, fear me not.	
I stay too long;- but here my father comes.	1/3/52
[Enter POLONIUS.]	
A double blessing is a double grace;	1/3/53
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.	1/3/54
POLONIUS.	
Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!	1/3/55
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,	1/3/56
And you are stay'd for. There,- my blessing with thee!	1/3/57
[Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.]	
And these few precepts in thy memory	1/3/58
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,	1/3/59
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.	1/3/60
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.	1/3/61
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,	1/3/62
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;	1/3/63
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment	1/3/64
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware	1/3/65
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,	1/3/66
Bear't, that th'opposed may beware of thee.	1/3/67
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:	1/3/68
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.	1/3/69
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,	1/3/70
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:	1/3/71
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;	1/3/72
And they in France of the best rank and station	1/3/73
Are most select and generous, chief in that.	1/3/74
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:	1/3/75
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;	1/3/76
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.	1/3/77
This above all,- to thine own self be true;	1/3/78
And it must follow, as the night the day,	1/3/79
Thou canst not then be false to any man.	1/3/80
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!	1/3/81
LAERTES.	
Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.	1/3/82
POLONIUS.	
The time invites you; go, your servants tend.	1/3/83
LAERTES.	
Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well	1/3/84
What I have said to you.	1/3/85
OPHELIA.	
'Tis in my memory lock'd,	

And you yourself shall keep the key of it. 1/3/86
 LAERTES.
 Farewell. [Exit.] 1/3/87
 POLONIUS.
 What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you? 1/3/88
 OPHELIA.
 So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet. 1/3/89
 POLONIUS.
 Marry, well bethought: 1/3/90
 'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late 1/3/91
 Given private time to you; and you yourself 1/3/92
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous: 1/3/93
 If it be so,- as so 'tis put on me, 1/3/94
 And that in way of caution,- I must tell you, 1/3/95
 You do not understand yourself so clearly 1/3/96
 As it behoves my daughter and your honour. 1/3/97
 What is between you? give me up the truth. 1/3/98
 OPHELIA.
 He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders 1/3/99
 Of his affection to me. 1/3/100
 POLONIUS.
 Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl, 1/3/101
 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance. 1/3/102
 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them? 1/3/103
 OPHELIA.
 I do not know, my lord, what I should think. 1/3/104
 POLONIUS.
 Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby; 1/3/105
 That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay, 1/3/106
 Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly; 1/3/107
 Or- not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, 1/3/108
 Running it thus- you'll tender me a fool. 1/3/109
 OPHELIA.
 My lord, he hath importuned me with love 1/3/110
 In honourable fashion. 1/3/111
 POLONIUS.
 Ay, fashion you may call't; go to, go to. 1/3/112
 OPHELIA.
 And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord, 1/3/113
 With almost all the holy vows of heaven. 1/3/114
 POLONIUS.
 Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know, 1/3/115
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul 1/3/116
 Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter, 1/3/117
 Giving more light than heat,- extinct in both, 1/3/118
 Even in their promise, as it is a-making,- 1/3/119
 You must not take for fire. From this time 1/3/120

Be somewhat scanted of your maiden presence;	1/3/121
Set your entreatments at a higher rate	1/3/122
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,	1/3/123
Believe so much in him, that he is young;	1/3/124
And with a larger tether may he walk	1/3/125
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,	1/3/126
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,-	1/3/127
Not of that dye which their investments show,	1/3/128
But mere implorators of unholy suits,	1/3/129
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,	1/3/130
The better to beguile. This is for all,-	1/3/131
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,	1/3/132
Have you so slander any moment leisure	1/3/133
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.	1/3/134
Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.	1/3/135
OPHELIA.	
I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.]	1/3/136

Play: *HAMLET*.

Act: ACT I.

Scen: SCENE IV.

Text: [The platform before the castle.]

[Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.]

HAMLET.

The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold. 1/4/1

HORATIO.

It is a nipping and an eager air. 1/4/2

HAMLET.

What hour now? 1/4/3

HORATIO.

I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS.

No, it is struck. 1/4/4

HORATIO.

Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws near the season 1/4/5

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. [A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off, within.] 1/4/6

What does this mean, my lord? 1/4/7

HAMLET.

The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse, 1/4/8

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels; 1/4/9

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down, 1/4/10

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out 1/4/11

The triumph of his pledge. 1/4/12

HORATIO.

Is it a custom?

HAMLET.

Ay, marry, is't:	1/4/13	
But to my mind,- though I am native here,		1/4/14
And to the manner born,- it is a custom		1/4/15
More honour'd in the breach than the observance.		1/4/16
This heavy-headed revel east and west		1/4/17
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations:		1/4/18
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase		1/4/19
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes	1/4/20	
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,		1/4/21
The pith and marrow of our attribute.		1/4/22
So, oft it chanches in particular men,	1/4/23	
That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,		1/4/24
As, in their birth,- wherein they are not guilty,		1/4/25
Since nature cannot choose his origin,-		1/4/26
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,		1/4/27
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;		1/4/28
Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens		1/4/29
The form of *plausive* manners;- that these men,-		
1/4/30		
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,		1/4/31
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,-	1/4/32	
Their virtues else- be they as pure as grace,		1/4/33
As infinite as man may undergo-	1/4/34	
Shall in the general censure take corruption		1/4/35
From that particular fault: the dram of evil		1/4/36
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt		1/4/37
To his own scandal.	1/4/38	

HORATIO.

Look, my lord, it comes!

[Enter GHOST.]

HAMLET.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!-		1/4/39
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,		1/4/40
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,		1/4/41
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,	1/4/42	
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,		1/4/43
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,		1/4/44
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!		1/4/45
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell	1/4/46	
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,		1/4/47
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,		1/4/48
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd	1/4/49	
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws		1/4/50
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,		1/4/51
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,		1/4/52
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,		1/4/53

Making night hideous; and we fools of nature 1/4/54
 So horridly to shake our disposition 1/4/55
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? 1/4/56
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do? [GHOST 1/4/57
 beckons HAMLET.]
 HORATIO.
 It beckons you to go away with it, 1/4/58
 As if it some impartment did desire 1/4/59
 To you alone. 1/4/60
 MARCELLUS.
 Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground: 1/4/61
 But do not go with it. 1/4/62
 HORATIO.
 No, by no means.
 HAMLET.
 It will not speak; then I will follow it. 1/4/63
 HORATIO.
 Do not, my lord. 1/4/64
 HAMLET.
 Why, what should be the fear?
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee; 1/4/65
 And for my soul, what can it do to that, 1/4/66
 Being a thing immortal as itself? 1/4/67
 It waves me forth again;- I'll follow it. 1/4/68
 HORATIO.
 What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord, 1/4/69
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff 1/4/70
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea, 1/4/71
 And there assume some other horrible form, 1/4/72
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason, 1/4/73
 And draw you into madness? think of it: 1/4/74
 The very place puts toys of desperation, 1/4/75
 Without more motive, into every brain, 1/4/76
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea, 1/4/77
 And hears it roar beneath. 1/4/78
 HAMLET.
 It waves me still.-
 Go on; I'll follow thee. 1/4/79
 MARCELLUS.
 You shall not go, my lord. 1/4/80
 HAMLET.
 Hold off your hands.
 HORATIO.
 Be ruled; you shall not go. 1/4/81
 HAMLET.
 My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body 1/4/82
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.- 1/4/83
 Still am I call'd:- unhand me, gentlemen;- 1/4/84
 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:- 1/4/85
 I say, away!- Go on; I'll follow thee. [Exeunt GHOST and 1/4/86
 HAMLET.]
 HORATIO.
 He waxes desperate with imagination. 1/4/87
 MARCELLUS.
 Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him. 1/4/88
 HORATIO.
 Have after.- To what issue will this come? 1/4/89
 MARCELLUS.
 Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. 1/4/90
 HORATIO.
 Heaven will direct it. 1/4/91
 MARCELLUS.
 Nay, let's follow him. [Exeunt.]

Play: *HAMLET*.

Act: ACT I.

Scen: SCENE V.

Text: [Another part of the platform.]

[Enter GHOST and HAMLET.]

HAMLET.

Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further. 1/4/1

GHOST.

Mark me. 1/4/2

HAMLET.

I will.

GHOST.

My hour is almost come,
 When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames 1/4/3
 Must render up myself. 1/4/4

HAMLET.

Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST.

Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing 1/4/5
 To what I shall unfold. 1/4/6

HAMLET.

Speak; I am bound to hear.

GHOST.

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear. 1/4/7

HAMLET.

What? 1/4/8

GHOST.

I am thy father's spirit; 1/4/9
 Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, 1/4/10
 And for the day confined to fast in fires, 1/4/11
 Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature 1/4/12
 Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid 1/4/13
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house, 1/4/14
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word 1/4/15
 Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood; 1/4/16
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres; 1/4/17
 Thy knotted and combined locks to part, 1/4/18
 And each particular hair to stand on end, 1/4/19
 Like quills upon the fretful porpentine: 1/4/20
 But this eternal blazon must not be 1/4/21
 To ears of flesh and blood.- List, list, O, list!- 1/4/22
 If thou didst ever thy dear father love,- 1/4/23
 HAMLET.
 O God! 1/4/24
 GHOST.
 Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder. 1/4/25
 HAMLET.
 Murder! 1/4/26
 GHOST.
 Murder most foul, as in the best it is; 1/4/27
 But this most foul, strange, and unnatural. 1/4/28
 HAMLET.
 Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift 1/4/29
 As meditation or the thoughts of love, 1/4/30
 May sweep to my revenge. 1/4/31
 GHOST.
 I find thee apt;
 And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed 1/4/32
 That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, 1/4/33
 Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear: 1/4/34
 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard, 1/4/35
 A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark 1/4/36
 Is by a forged process of my death 1/4/37
 Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth, 1/4/38
 The serpent that did sting thy father's life 1/4/39
 Now wears his crown. 1/4/40
 HAMLET.
 O my prophetic soul!
 My uncle! 1/4/41
 GHOST.
 Ay, that incestuous, that *adulterate beast,* 1/4/42
 With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,- 1/4/43
 O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power 1/4/44

So to seduce!- won to his shameful lust	1/4/45
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:	1/4/46
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!	1/4/47
From me, whose love was of that dignity,	1/4/48
That it went hand in hand even with the vow	1/4/49
I made to her in marriage; and to decline	1/4/50
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor	1/4/51
To those of mine!	1/4/52
But virtue, as it never will be moved,	1/4/53
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;	1/4/54
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,	1/4/55
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,	1/4/56
And prey on garbage.	1/4/57
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;	1/4/58
Brief let me be.- Sleeping within my orchard,	1/4/59
My custom always in the afternoon,	1/4/60
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,	1/4/61
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,	1/4/62
And in the porches of mine ears did pour	1/4/63
The leperous distilment; whose effect	1/4/64
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,	1/4/65
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through	1/4/66
The natural gates and alleys of the body;	1/4/67
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset	1/4/68
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,	1/4/69
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;	1/4/70
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,	1/4/71
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust	1/4/72
All my smooth body.	1/4/73
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand	1/4/74
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:	1/4/75
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,	1/4/76
Unhousell'd, disappointed, unaneled;	1/4/77
No reckoning made, but sent to my account	1/4/78
With all my imperfections on my head:	1/4/79
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!	1/4/80
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;	1/4/81
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be	1/4/82
A couch for luxury and damned incest.	1/4/83
But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,	1/4/84
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive	1/4/85
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,	1/4/86
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge	1/4/87
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!	1/4/88
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,	1/4/89
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:	1/4/90
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me. [Exit.]	1/4/91

HAMLET.

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else? 1/4/92
 And shall I couple hell?- O, fie!- Hold, hold, my heart; 1/4/93
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old, 1/4/94
 But bear me stiffly up.- Remember thee! 1/4/95
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat 1/4/96
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee! 1/4/97
 Yea, from the table of my memory 1/4/98
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records, 1/4/99
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past, 1/4/100
 That youth and observation copied there; 1/4/101
 And thy commandment all alone shall live 1/4/102
 Within the book and volume of my brain, 1/4/103
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!- 1/4/104
 O most pernicious woman! 1/4/105
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain! 1/4/106
 My tables,- meet it is I set it down, 1/4/107
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain; 1/4/108
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: [Writing.] 1/4/109
 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word; 1/4/110
 It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me:"- 1/4/111
 I have sworn't. 1/4/112
 HORATIO [within].
 My lord, my lord,- 1/4/113
 MARCELLUS [within].
 Lord Hamlet,-
 HORATIO [within].
 Heaven secure him!

HAMLET.
 So be it! 1/4/114
 HORATIO [within].
 Illo, ho, ho, my lord! 1/4/115
 HAMLET.
 Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come. 1/4/116
 [Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.]
 MARCELLUS.
 How is't, my noble lord? 1/4/117
 HORATIO.
 What news, my lord?

HAMLET.
 O, wonderful! 1/4/118
 HORATIO.
 Good my lord, tell it. 1/4/119
 HAMLET.
 No; you will reveal it.

HORATIO.
 Not I, my lord, by heaven. 1/4/120

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MARCELLUS.

Nor I, my lord.

HAMLET.

How say you, then; would heart of man once think it?- 1/4/121
But you'll be secret? 1/4/122

HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Ay, by heaven, my lord.

HAMLET.

There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark 1/4/123
But he's an arrant knave. 1/4/124

HORATIO.

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave 1/4/125
To tell us this. 1/4/126

HAMLET.

Why, right; you are i' th'right;
And so, without more circumstance at all, 1/4/127
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part: 1/4/128
You, as your business and desire shall point you,- 1/4/129
For every man hath business and desire, 1/4/130
Such as it is;- and for mine own poor part, 1/4/131
Look you, I'll go pray. 1/4/132

HORATIO.

These are but wild and whirling words, my lord. 1/4/133

HAMLET.

I'm sorry they offend you, heartily; 1/4/134
Yes, faith, heartily. 1/4/135

HORATIO.

There's no offence, my lord.

HAMLET.

Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio, 1/4/136
And much offence too. Touching this vision here,- 1/4/137
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you: 1/4/138
For your desire to know what is between us, 1/4/139
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends, 1/4/140
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers, 1/4/141
Give me one poor request. 1/4/142

HORATIO.

What is't, my lord? we will. 1/4/143

HAMLET.

Never make known what you have seen to-night. 1/4/144

HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

My lord, we will not. 1/4/145

HAMLET.

Nay, but swear't.

HORATIO.

In faith,

My lord, not I. 1/4/146

MARCELLUS.

Nor I, my lord, in faith.

HAMLET.

Upon my sword. 1/4/147

MARCELLUS.

We have sworn, my lord, already.

HAMLET.

Indeed, upon my sword, indeed. 1/4/148

GHOST [cries under the stage].

Swear. 1/4/149

HAMLET.

Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, truepenny? - 1/4/150

Come on, - you hear this fellow in the cellarage, - 1/4/151

Consent to swear. 1/4/152

HORATIO.

Propose the oath, my lord.

HAMLET.

Never to speak of this that you have seen, 1/4/153

Swear by my sword. 1/4/154

GHOST [beneath].

Swear. 1/4/155

HAMLET.

`Hic et ubique'? then we'll shift our ground. - 1/4/156

Come hither, gentlemen, 1/4/157

And lay your hands again upon my sword: 1/4/158

Never to speak of this that you have heard, 1/4/159

Swear by my sword. 1/4/160

GHOST [beneath].

Swear. 1/4/161

HAMLET.

Well said, old mole! canst work i' th'earth so fast? 1/4/162

A worthy pioneer! - Once more remove, good friends. 1/4/163

HORATIO.

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange! 1/4/164

HAMLET.

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. 1/4/165

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, 1/4/166

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. 1/4/167

But come; - 1/4/168

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy, 1/4/169

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself, - 1/4/170

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet 1/4/171

To put an antic disposition on, - 1/4/172

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall, 1/4/173

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake, 1/4/174

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase, 1/4/175

As "Well, well, we know," or "We could, an if we would," 1/4/176

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Or "If we list to speak,' or "There be, an if they might,'	1/4/177
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note	1/4/178
That you know aught of me:- this not to do,	1/4/179
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,	1/4/180
Swear.	1/4/181
GHOST [beneath].	
Swear.	1/4/182
HAMLET.	
Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!- So, gentlemen,	1/4/183
With all my love I do commend me to you:	1/4/184
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is	1/4/185
May do t'express his love and friending to you,	1/4/186
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;	1/4/187
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.	1/4/188
The time is out of joint:- O cursed spite,	1/4/189
That ever I was born to set it right!-	1/4/190
Nay, come, let's go together. [Exeunt.]	1/4/191
END.	1/4/192