



The Tragedie of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmarke.

[Act I, Scene I]

Enter Barnardo, and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bar. Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.
Bar. Long live the King,
Fran. Barnardo.
Bar. He. 5
Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour,
Bar. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed, *Francisco.*
Fran. For this relief much thanks, 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.
Bar. Have you had quiet guard? 10
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Bar. Well, good night:
If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.
Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.
Fran. I think I hear them, stand ho, who is there? 15
Hora. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And Liegemen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O, farewell, honest soldiers, who hath relieved you?

Fran. *Barnardo* hath my place, give you good night. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla *Bernardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hora. A piece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*. Welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again tonight? 25

Bar. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us,
Therefore I have entreated him along, 30

With us to watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Hora. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Bar. Sit down awhile, 35
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story
What we have two nights seen.

Hora. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear *Barnardo* speak of this. 40

Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole,
Had made his course t'illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and myself,
The bell then beating one, 45

Enter Ghost.

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

Bar. In the same figure like the King that's dead.

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

Bar. Looks he not like the King? mark it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it harrows me with fear and wonder. 50

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majesty of buried Denmarke 55
Did sometimes march, by heaven I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it stalks away.

Hora. Stay, speak, speak, I charge thee, speak, *Exit Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer. 60

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

Hora. Before my God I might not this believe,
Without the sensible and true avouch 65
Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hora. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very Armor he had on
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated, 70
So frowned he once, when in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch. 75

Hora. 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.

Mar. Good now sit down, and tell me he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant watch 80
So nightly toils the subject of the land,
And why such daily Cast of brazen Cannon
And foreign mart, for implements of war,
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week, 85
What might be toward that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day,
Who is't that can inform me?

Hora. That can I.

At least, the whisper goes so; our last King, 90
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him) 95
Did slay this *Fortinbras*, who by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry
Did forfeit (with his life) all these his lands

Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror,
 Against the which, a moiety competent 100
 Was gagèd by our King, which had return'd
 To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
 Had he been vanquisher; as by the same comart,
 And carriage of the article design'd,
 His fell to *Hamlet*; now Sir young *Fortinbras*, 105
 Of unimproved mettle, hot and full,
 Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there
 Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute
 For food and diet to some enterprise
 That hath a stomach in't, which is no other 110
 As it doth well appear unto our state
 But to recover of us by strong hand
 And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands
 So by his father lost; and this, I take it,
 Is the main motive of our preparations 115
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head
 Of this post-haste and Romage in the land.
Bar. I think it be no other but e'en so;
 Well may it sort that this portentous figure
 Comes armed through our watch so like the King 120
 That was and is the question of these wars.
Hora. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye:
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
 A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead 125
 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,
 Upon whose influence *Neptune's* Empire stands
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse. 130
 And even the like precursor of fearce events
 As harbingers preceding still the fates
 And prologue to the *Omen* coming on
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated
 Unto our Climatures and countrymen. 135
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,
 Speak to me, if there be any good thing to be done
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me, 140
 Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy country's fate
 Which happily foreknowing may avoid
 O speak:
 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life 145
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth
 For which they say your spirits oft walk in death.

The cock crows.

Speak of it, stay, and speak, stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my partisan?

Hora. Do if it will not stand. 150

Bar. 'Tis here.

Hora. 'Tis here.

Mar. 'Tis gone. [Exit Ghost]

We do it wrong being so Majestical,
 To offer it the show of violence, 155
 For it is as the air, invulnerable,
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Bar. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hora. And then it started like a guilty thing,
 Upon a fearful summons; I have heard, 160

The Cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
 Awake the God of day, and at his warning
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air
 Th'extravagant and erring spirit hies 165
 To his confine, and of the truth herein
 This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cock.
 Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes 170
 Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,

This bird of dawning singeth all night long,
 And then they say no spirit dare stir abroad
 The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,
 No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
 So hallowed, and so gracious is that time. 175

Hora. So have I heard and do in part believe it,
 But look the morn in russet mantle clad
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high Eastward hill
 Break we our watch up and by my advice
 Let us impart what we have seen tonight 180
 Unto young *Hamlet*, for upon my life
 This spirit dumb to us, will speak to him:
 Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty.
Mar. Let's do't I pray, and I this morning know 185
 Where we shall find him most convenient. *Exeunt.*

[Act 1, Scene 2]

*Flourish. Enter Claudius, King of Denmarke, Gertrude the
 Queen, Counsaile: as Polonius, and his Son Laertes,
 Hamlet, Cum Alijs*

Clau. 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 barr'd
 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
 Colleague'd with this dream of his advantage

He hath not fail'd to pester us with message
 Importing the surrender of those lands
 Lost by his father, with all bands of law
 To our most valiant brother, so much for him: 25

[*Enter Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting,
 Thus much the business is, we have here writ
 To *Norway* Uncle of young *Fortinbras*
 Who impotent and bed-rid scarcely hears
 Of this his Nephew's purpose, to suppress 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 *Voltimand*,
 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 delated articles allow:

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vo. In that, and all things will we show our duty. 40

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

And now *Laertes* what's the news with you?
 You told us of some suit, what is't *Laertes*?
 You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
 And lose your voice; what wouldst thou beg *Laertes*? 45
 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 Denmarke to thy father.
 What wouldst thou have *Laertes*? 50

Laer. My dread Lord,

Your leave and favour to return to *France*,
 From whence though willingly I came to *Denmarke*,
 To show my duty in your Coronation;
 Yet now I must confess, that duty done, 55
 My thoughts and wishes bend again toward *France*
 And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave, what says *Polonius*?

Pol. He hath my Lord, wrung from me my slow leave

By laborsome petition, and at last 60
 Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent,
 I do beseech you give him leave to go.
King. Take thy fair hour *Laertes*, time be thine
 And thy best graces spend it at thy will:
 But now my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my son. 65
Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you.
Ham. Not so my Lord, I am too much i' th' sun.
Quee. Good *Hamlet* cast thy nighted colour off
 And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmarke*, 70
 Do not for ever 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.
Ham. Ay Madam, it is common. 75
Quee. If it be,
 Why seems it so particular with thee.
Ham. Seems Madam, nay it is, I know not seems,
 'Tis not alone my inky cloak good mother
 Nor customary suits of solemn black 80
 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, shapes of grief
 That can denote me truly, these indeed seem, 85
 For they are actions that a man might play
 But I have that within which passeth show
 These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature *Hamlet*,
 To give these mourning duties to your father 90
 But you must know your father lost a father,
 That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
 In filial obligation for some term
 To do obsequious sorrow, but to persevere 95
 In obstinate condolement, is a course
 Of impious stubbornness, 'tis unmanly grief,
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
 A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,
 An understanding simple and unschool'd

For what we know must be, and is as common 100
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we in our peevish opposition
 Take it to heart, fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme 105
 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
 This unprevailing woe, and think of us
 As of a father, for let the world take note 110
 You are the most immediate to our throne,
 And with no less nobility of love
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart toward you for your intent
 In going back to school in *Wittenberg*, 115
 It is most retrograde to our desire,
 And we beseech you bend you to remain
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
Quee. Let not thy mother lose her prayers *Hamlet*, 120
 I pray thee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you Madam.
King. Why 'tis a loving and a fair reply,
 Be as ourself in Denmarke, Madam, come,
 This gentle and unforced accord of *Hamlet* 125
 Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that Denmarke drinks today,
 But the great Cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,
 Respeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Flourish. Exeunt all*
but Hamlet.
Ham. O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,
 Or that the everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter, O God, God,
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable 135
 Seem to me all the uses of this world.
 Fie on't, ah fie, 'tis an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature,

Possess it merely that it should come to this
 But two months dead, nay not so much, not two, 140
 So excellent a King, that was to this
 Hyperion to a satyr, so loving to my mother,
 That he might not betem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly, heaven and earth
 Must I remember, why she would hang on him 145
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on, and yet within a month,
 Let me not think on't; frailty thy name is woman
 A little month or ere those shoes were old
 With which she followed my poor father's body 150
 Like *Niobe* all tears, why she
 O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
 Would have mourn'd longer, married with my Uncle,
 My father's brother, but no more like my father
 Than I to *Hercules*, within a month, 155
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears,
 Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes
 She married, O most wicked speed; to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets,
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good, 160
 But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Marcellus, and Barnardo.

Hora. Hail to your Lordship.

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

Hora. The same my Lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir my good friend; I'll change that name with you, 165
 And what make you from *Wittenberg* *Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Mar. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you (good even sir)
 But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*? 170

Hora. A truant disposition good my Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so,
 Nor shall you do my ear that violence
 To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself, I know you are no truant, 175
 But what is your affair in *Elsinore*?
 We'll teach you for to drink deep ere you depart.

Hora. My Lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I prithee, do not mock me fellow-student,
I think it was to see my mother's wedding. 180

Hora. Indeed my Lord it followed hard upon.

Ham. 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*, 185
My father, methinks I see my father.

Hora. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye *Horatio*.

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

Ham. He was a man take him for all in all 190
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hora. My Lord I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw, who?

Hora. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my father? 195

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

Ham. For God's love let me hear. 200

Hora. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch
In the dead vast and middle of the night
Been thus encountered, a figure like your father
Armed at point exactly *Cap-a-pe* 205

Appears before them, and with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprisèd eyes
Within his truncheon's length, whilst they distill'd
Almost to jelly, with the act of fear 210

Stand dumb and speak not to him; this to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where as they had delivered both in time
Form of the thing, each word made true and good, 215
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

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

Ham. Did you not speak to it? 220

Hora. 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, 225

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away

And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hora. As I do live my honor'd Lord 'tis true
And we did think it writ down in our duty 230

To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch tonight?

All. We do my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you? 235

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beaver up. 240

Ham. What look'd he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you? 245

Hora. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hora. It would have much amazed you.

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

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

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd, no?

Hora. It was, as I have seen it in his life
A sable silver'd. 255

Ham. I will watch tonight,
Perchance 'twill walk again.

Hora. I warr'nt it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape 260
And bid me hold my peace; I pray you all
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight
Let it be tenable in your silence still,
And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,
Give it an understanding but no tongue, 265
I will requite your loves, so fare you well:
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

Both. Our duty to your honor. *Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you, farewell. 270
My father's spirit (in arms) all is not well,
I doubt some foul play, would the night were come,
Till then sit still my soul, foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes. *Exit.*

{Act 1, Scene 3}

Enter Laertes and Ophelia his sister.

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

Ophe. Do you doubt that? 5

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood
A Violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute 10
No more.

Ophe. No more but so.

Laer. Think it no more.
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk, but as this temple waxes 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 weigh'd, his will is not his own, 20
 For he himself is subject to his Birth:
 He may not as unvalued persons do,
 Carve for himself, for on his choice depends
 The safety and health of this whole state,
 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
 May give his saying deed, which is no further 30
 Than the main voice of Denmarke 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
 To his unmaster'd importunity. 35
 Fear it *Ophelia*, fear it my dear sister,
 And keep you in the rear of your affection
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.
 "The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
 If she unmask her beauty to the Moon." 40
 "Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes."
 "The canker galls the infants of the spring
 Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blastments are most imminent." 45
 Be wary then, best safety lies in fear,
 Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
Ophe. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
 As watchman to my heart, but good my brother
 Do not as some ungracious pastors do, 50
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven
 Whiles like a puff'd, and reckless libertine
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.
 And recks not his own rede. *Enter Polonius.*
Laer. O fear me not, 55
 I stay too long, but here my father comes
 A double blessing, is a double grace,

Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here *Laertes*? aboard, aboard for shame.

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail, 60

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,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act,

“Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar, 65

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

Of each new-hatch'd unfledged courage, beware

Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, 70

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.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not express'd in fancy; rich not gaudy, 75

For the apparel oft proclaims the man”

And they in *France* of the best rank and station,

Are of a most select and generous, chief in that:

“Neither a borrower nor a lender be,

For loan oft loses both itself, and friend, 80

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry;

This above all, to thine own self be true

And it must follow as the night the day

Thou canst not then be false to any man.”

Farewell, my blessing season this in thee. 85

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

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

Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well

What I have said to you.

Ophe. 'Tis in my memory lock'd 90

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Exit Laertes.

Pol. What is't *Ophelia* be hath said to you?

Ophe. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry well bethought 95

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you, and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous,
 If it be so, as so 'tis put on me,
 And that in way of caution, I must tell you, 100
 You do not understand yourself so clearly
 As it behooves my daughter, and your honor,
 What is between you give me up the truth.
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late made many tenders
 Of his affection to me. 105
Pol. Affection, pooh, you speak like a green girl
 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Ophe. I do not know my Lord what I should think.
Pol. Marry I will teach you, think yourself a baby 110
 That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay
 Which are not sterling, tender yourself more dearly
 Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase
 Tend'ring it thus) you'll tender me a fool.
Ophe. My Lord he hath importun'd me with love 115
 In honorable fashion.
Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it, go to, go to.
Ophe. And hath given countenance to his speech
 My Lord, with almost all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks, I do know 120
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows, these blazes daughter
 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
 Even in their promise, as it is a-making
 You must not take for fire, from this time 125
 Be something scanter of your maiden presence
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate
 Than a command to parley; for Lord *Hamlet*,
 Believe so much in him that he is young,
 And with a larger tether may he walk 130
 Than may be given you: in few *Ophelia*,
 Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers
 Not of that dye which their investments show
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds 135
 The better to beguile: this is for all,
 I would not in plain terms from this time forth,

Have you so slander any moment leisure
 As to give words or talk with the Lord *Hamlet*,
 Look to't I charge you, come your ways. 140
Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

[Act 1, Scene 4]

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

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

Hora. It is a nipping, and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now?

Hora. I think it lacks of twelve.

Ham. No, it is struck. 5

Hora. Indeed? I heard it not, it then draws near the season,
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk *A flourish of trumpets,*
 What does this mean my Lord? *and 2 pieces go off.*

Ham. The King doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,
 Keeps wassail and the swagg'ring up-spring reels: 10
 And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettle-drum, and trumpet, thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

Hora. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay marry is't, 15
 But to my mind, though I am native here
 And to the manner born, it is a custom
 More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west
 Makes us traduced, and tax'd of other nations, 20

They clepe us drunkards and with Swinish phrase
 Soil our addition, and indeed it takes

From our achievements, though perform'd at height
 The pith and marrow of our attribute,

So oft it chanches in particular men, 25

That for some vicious mole of nature in them
 As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,

(Since nature cannot choose his origin)
 By their o'ergrowth of some complexion
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason, 30

Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens
 The form of plausible manners, that these men,
 Carrying I say the stamp of one defect
 Being Nature's livery, or Fortune's star,
 His virtues else be they as pure as grace, 35
 As infinite as man may undergo,
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault: the dram of eale
 Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
 To his own scandal. 40

Enter Ghost.

Hora. Look, my Lord it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend us:
 Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
 Be thy intents wicked, or charitable, 45
 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,
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsèd in death 50
 Have burst their cerements; why the Sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? what may this mean
 That thou dead corse again in complete steel 55
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the Moon,
 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 So horridly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls,
 Say why is this, wherefore, what should we do? *Beckons.* 60

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

Mar. Look with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removèd ground, 65
 But do not go with it.

Hora. No, by no means.

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

Hora. Do not my Lord.

Ham. Why what should be the fear, 70
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee,
 And for my soul, what can it do to that
 Being a thing immortal as itself;
 It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

Hora. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord, 75
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
 And draw you into madness, think of it, 80
 The very place puts toys of desperation
 Without more motive, into every brain
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea
 And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me still, 85
 Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

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

Ham. My fate cries out 90
 And makes each petty arture in this body
 As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve;
 Still am I call'd, unhand me Gentlemen
 By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me,
 I say away, go on, I'll follow thee. *Exit Ghost and Hamlet.*

Hora. He waxes desperate with imagination.

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

Hora. Have after, to what issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hora. Heaven will direct it. 100

Mar. Nay let's follow him. *Exeunt.*

[Act 1, Scene 5]

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

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

Ghost. Mark me.

Rankly abused: but know, thou noble Youth,
 The Serpent that did sting thy father's life
 Now wears his Crown. 45

Ham. O my prophetic soul! my Uncle?
Ghost. Ay that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wits, with traitorous gifts,
 O wicked wit, and gifts that have the power
 So to seduce; won to his shameful lust 50
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen;
 O *Hamlet*, what a falling-off was there
 From me whose love was of that dignity
 That it went hand in hand, even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline 55
 Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor,
 To those of mine; but virtue as it never will be moved,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven
 So lust though to a radiant Angel link'd,
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed 60
 And prey on garbage.
 But soft, methinks I scent the morning air,
 Brief let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
 My custom always of the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour, thy Uncle stole 65
 With juice of cursed Hebona in a vial,
 And in the porches of my ears did pour
 The leperous distilment, whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quicksilver it courses through 70
 The natural gates and alleys of the body,
 And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
 And curd like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about 75
 Most Lazarlike with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I sleeping by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of Crown, of Queen at once dispatch'd,
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin, 80
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,
 No reck'ning made, but sent to my account,

With all my imperfections on my head,
 O horrible, O horrible, most horrible.
 If thou hast nature in thee bear it not, 85
 Let not the royal bed of Denmarke be
 A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.
 But howsoever thou pursues this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught, leave her to heaven, 90
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
 To prick and sting her, fare thee well at once,
 The Glowworm shows the matin to be near
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire,
 Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me. [Exit.]

Ham. O all you host of heaven, O earth, what else,
 And shall I couple hell, O fie, hold, hold my heart,
 And you my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me swiftly up; remember thee,
 Ay thou poor Ghost while memory holds a seat 100
 In this distracted globe, remember thee,
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
 That youth and observation copied there, 105
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain
 Unmix'd with baser matter, yes by heaven,
 O most pernicious woman.
 O villain, villain, smiling damned villain, 110
 My tables, meet it is I set it down
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain,
 At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmarke.
 So, Uncle, there you are, now to my word,
 It is adieu, adieu, remember me. 115
 I have sworn 't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.

Hora. Heavens secure him.

Ham. So be it. 120

Hora. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, bird come.

Mar. How is't my noble Lord?

Hora. What news my Lord?

Ham. O, wonderful!

125

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reveal it.

Hora. Not I my Lord by heaven.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would heart of man once think it,
But you'll be secret.

Both. Ay by heaven my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain

Dwelling in all Denmarke

But he's an arrant knave.

135

Hora. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,

140

You, as your business and desire shall point you,

For every man hath business and desire

Such as it is, and for mine own poor part

Look you I'll go pray.

Hora. These are but wild and whirling words my Lord.

145

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

Hora. There's no offense my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offense too, touching this vision here,

150

It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you,

For your desire to know what is between us

O'ermaster 't as you may, and now good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

155

Hora. What is't my Lord, we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen tonight.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

160

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn my Lord already.

Ham. Indeed upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the Stage.

Ghost. Swear. 165

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there truepenny?

Come on, you hear this fellow in the Cellarage,

Consent to swear.

Hora. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen 170

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic, & ubique*, then we'll shift our ground:

Come hither Gentlemen

And lay your hands again upon my sword, 175

Swear by my sword

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well said old Mole, canst work i' th'earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner, once more remove good friends. 180

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

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome,
There are more things in heaven and earth *Horatio*,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy, but come

Here as before, never so help you mercy, 185

(How strange or odd some'er I bear myself,

As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,

To put an Antic disposition on

That you at such times seeing me, never shall

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head shake, 190

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As well, well, we know, or we could and if we would,

Or if we list to speak, or there be and if they might,

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)

That you know aught of me, this do swear, 195

So grace and mercy at your most need help you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit: so Gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you.

And what so poor a man as *Hamlet* is 200