

That liberal Shepherds give a grosser name,
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
 There on the pendent boughs her Crownet weeds
 Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
 When down her weedy trophies and herself 185
 Fell in the weeping Brook, her clothes spread wide,
 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 indued 190
 Unto that element, but long it could not be
 Till that her garments heavy with their drink,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd? 195
Quee. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. 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, 200
 The woman will be out. Adieu my Lord,
 I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
 But that this folly douts it. *Exit.*

King. Let's follow *Gertrude*,
 How much I had to do to calm his rage, 205
 Now fear I this will give it start again,
 Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt*

[Act 5, Scene 1]

Enter two Clowns.

Clow. Is she to be buried in Christian burial, when she wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Other. I tell thee she is, therefore make her grave straight, the crowner hath sate on her, and finds it Christian burial.

Clow. How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defense. 6

Other. Why 'tis found so.

Clow. It must be *Se offendendo*; it cannot be else, for here lies the

point, if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act, & an act hath three branches, it is to act, to do, to perform; argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Other. Nay, but hear you goodman delver. 12

Clow. Give me leave, here lies the water, good, here stands the man, good, if the man go to this water & drown himself, it is will he, nill he, he goes, mark you that, but if the water come to him, & drown him, he drowns not himself, argal, he that is not guilty of his own death, shortens not his own life.

Other. But is this law? 18

Clow. 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' christian burial.

Clow. Why there thou say'st, 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 ancient gentleman but Gard'ners, Ditchers, and Gravemakers, they hold up Adam's profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman? 27

Clow. He was the first that ever bore Arms.

Other. Why he had none.

Clow. What art a Heathen? how dost thou understand the Scripture? the Scripture says *Adam* digg'd: could he dig without Arms? I'll put another question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself. 33

Other. Go to.

Clow. What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The gallows maker, for that Frame outlives a thousand tenants.

Clow. 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. 42

Other. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clow. Ay, tell me that and unyoke. 45

Other. Marry now I can tell.

Clow. To't.

Other. Mass I cannot tell. [*Enter Hamlet and Horatio afar off.*]

Clow. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask'd this question next, say a grave-maker, the houses he makes last till Doomsday. Go get thee to *Yaughan*: and fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit Second Clown.*]

“In youth, when I did love did love, *Song.*
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract O the time for a my behove, 55
O methought there was nothing meet.”

[*Enter Hamlet and Horatio.*]

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings in grave-making.

Hora. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so, the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense. 61

Clow. “But age, with his stealing steps, *Song.*
hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land,
as if I had never been such.” [*Throws up a skull.*] 65

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knave jowls it to th' ground, as if 'twere Cain's jawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'erreaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord. 70

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how dost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a one's horse when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hora. Ay my Lord. 75

Ham. Why e'en so, & now my Lady worm's Chapless, & knock'd about the Mazard with a Sexton's spade; here's fine revolution, and 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.

Clow. “A pickaxe and a spade, a spade, *Song.* 80

For and a shrouding sheet,
O a pit of Clay for to be made [*Throws up another shovel.*]
For such a guest is meet.”

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the 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 be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt, will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases and double ones too than the length and breadth of a pair of Indentures? The very conveyances of his Lands will scarcely lie in this box, & must th'inheritor himself have no more, ha? 95

Hora. Not a jot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepskins?

Hora. Ay my Lord, and of calves-skins too.

Ham. They are Sheep and Calves which seek out assurance in that, I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this sirrah? 100

Clow. Mine sir, "O a pit of clay for to be made For such a Guest is meet."

Ham. I think it be thine indeed, for thou liest in't.

Clow. You lie out on't sir, and therefore 'tis not yours; for my part I do not lie in't, yet it is mine. 105

Ham. Thou dost lie in't to be in't & say 'tis thine, 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou liest.

Clow. 'Tis a quick lie sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

Clow. For no man sir. 110

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't? 113

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soul she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is, we must speak by 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 Grave-maker? 119

Clow. Of all the days i' th' year I came to't that day that our last king *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that, it was the very day that young *Hamlet* was born: he that is mad and sent into *England*. 125

Ham. Ay marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Clow. Why because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there, or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why? 129

Clow. 'Twill not be seen in him there, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Faith e'en with losing his wits. 135

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clow. Why here in Denmarke: I have been Sexton here man and boy thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

Clow. Faith if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many pocky corses nowadays, that will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you some eight year, or nine year. A Tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another? 143

Clow. Why sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; & your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body, here's a skull now hath lain i' th'earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clow. A whoreson mad fellow's it was, whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay I know not. 150

Clow. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir, *Yorick's* skull, the King's Jester.

Ham. This?

Clow. E'en that. 155

Ham. Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas poor *Yorick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft, where be your gibes now? your gambols, your songs, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar, not one now to mock your own grinning, quite chap-fall'n. Now get you to my Lady's Chamber, & tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come, make her laugh at that. Prithee *Horatio* tell me one thing. 165

Hora. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* look'd o' this fashion i' th' earth?

Hora. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so pah. [Puts down the skull.]

Hora. E'en so my Lord. 170

Ham. To what base uses we may return *Horatio*! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hora. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a jot, but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust; the dust is earth, of earth we make Loam, & why of that Loam whereto he was converted, might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperious *Caesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay, 180

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 winter's flaw.

But soft, but soft a while, here comes the King, *Enter K. Q.*

The Queen, the Courtiers, who is this they follow? *Laertes*

And with such maimèd rites this doth betoken, *and the corse.*

The corse they follow, did with desp'rate hand [with Priest and

Fordo its own life, 'twas of some estate. *Lords attendant.]*

Couch we awhile and mark. [Retiring with Hamlet.]

Laer. What ceremony else? 190

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Doct. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged

As we have warranty, her death was doubtful,

And but that great command o'ersways the order, 195

She should in ground unsanctified been lodg'd

Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,

Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her:

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin Crants,

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home 200

Of bell and burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Doct. No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead,

To sing sage Requiem and such rest to her 205

As to peace-parted souls.

Laer. Lay her i' th' earth,
 And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
 May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,
 A minist'ring Angel shall my sister be, 210
 When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia*.

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell, [*Scatters flowers.*]
 I hoped thou shouldst have been my *Hamlet's* wife,
 I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd sweet maid, 215
 And not t'have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head,
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Deprived thee of, hold off the earth awhile, 220
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms; [*Leaps in the grave.*]
 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
 [*Hamlet leaps in after Laertes.*]

Of blue *Olympus*. 225

Ham. [*Advancing.*] 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,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Laertes climbs out of the grave.*] 230

Laer. The devil take thy soul. [*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well, I prithee take thy fingers from my
 For though I am not splenitive and rash, (throat,
 Yet have I something in me dangerous,
 Which let thy wisdom fear; hold off thy hand. 235

King. Pluck them asunder.

Quee. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hora. Good my Lord be quiet. [*The Attendants part them.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme 240
 Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Quee. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved *Ophelia*, forty thousand brothers
 Could not with all their quantity of love
 Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her. 245

King. O he is mad *Laertes*.

Quee. For love of God forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds show me what thou't do:

Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't tear thyself,
Woo't drink up Eisel, eat a Crocodile? 250

I'll do't, dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave,
Be buried quick with her, and so will I.
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of Acres on us, till our ground, 255

Singeing his pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a wart, nay an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Quee. This is mere madness,
And thus awhile the fit will work on him. 260

Anon as patient as the female Dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed
His silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you sir.

What is the reason that you use me thus? 265

I loved you ever, but it is no matter,
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may

The Cat will mew, and Dog will have his day. *Exit Hamlet*

King. I pray thee good *Horatio* wait upon him. *and Horatio.*

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech,
We'll put the matter to the present push:

Good *Gertrude* set some watch over your son,

This grave shall have a living monument,

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see

Till then in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.* 275

[Act 5, Scene 2]

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this sir, now shall you see the other,
You do remember all the circumstance.

Hora. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir in my heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep, methought I lay 5

Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes, rashly,
 And prais'd be rashness for it: let us know,
 Our indiscretion sometime serves us well
 When our deep plots do pall, & that should learn us
 There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10
 Rough-hew them how we will.

Hora. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabin,
 My sea-gown scarf'd about me in the dark
 Grop'd I to find out them, had my desire, 15
 Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
 To mine own room again, making so bold
 My fears forgetting manners to unseal
 Their grand commission; where I found *Horatio*
 O royal knavery, an exact command 20
 Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
 Importing *Denmarke's* health and *England's* too,
 With ho such bugs and goblins in my life,
 That on the supervise no leisure bated,
 No not to stay the grinding of the Axe, 25
 My head should be struck off.

Hora. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure.
 But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

Hora. I beseech you. 30

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,
 Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
 They had begun the play, I sat me down,
 Devised a new commission, wrote it fair,
 I once did hold it as our statists do, 35
 A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
 How to forget that learning, but sir now
 It did me Yeoman's service, wilt thou know
 Th'effect of what I wrote?

Hora. Ay good my Lord. 40

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the King,
 As *England* was his faithful tributary,
 As love between them like the palm might flourish,
 As peace should still her wheaten garland wear
 And stand a Comma 'tween their amities, 45

And many such like as-es of great charge,
 That on the view, and knowing of these contents,
 Without debatement further more or less,
 He should the bearers put to sudden death,
 Not shriving time allow'd. 50

Hora. How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why even in that was heaven ordinant,
 I had my father's signet in my purse
 Which was the model of that Danish seal,
 Folded the writ up in form of th'other, 55
 Subscrib'd it, gave't th'impression, plac'd it safely,
 The changeling never known: now the next day
 Was our Sea fight, and what to this was sequent
 Thou know'st already.

Hora. So *Guildestern* and *Rosencrantz* go to't. 60

Ham. Why man, they did make love to this employment.
 They are not near my conscience, their defeat
 Does by their own insinuation grow,
 'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
 Between the pass and fell incensèd points 65
 Of mighty opposites.

Hora. Why what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not think thee stand me now upon?
 He that hath kill'd my King and whor'd my mother,
 Popp'd in between th'election and my hopes, 70
 Thrown out his Angle for my proper life,
 And with such coz'nage, is't not perfect conscience,
 To quit him with this arm? And is't not to be damn'd,
 To let this Canker of our nature come
 In further evil. 75

Hora. It must be shortly known to him from England
 What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short
 The interim is mine, and a man's life's no more
 Than to say one:
 But I am very sorry, good *Horatio*, 80
 That to *Laertes* I forgot myself;
 For by the image of my Cause, I see
 The Portraiture of his; I'll count his favours:
 But sure the bravery of his grief did put me

Into a Tow'ring passion.

85

Hora. Peace, who comes here?

Enter a Courtier [young Osric].

Osr. Your Lordship is right welcome back to Denmarke.

Ham. I humbly thank you sir.

Dost know this water fly?

Hora. No my good Lord.

90

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious, for 'tis a vice to know him, He hath much land and fertile: let a beast be Lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the King's mess, 'tis a chough, but as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

Osr. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it sir with all diligence of spirit, put your bonnet to his right use, 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your Lordship, it is very hot.

99

Ham. No believe me, 'tis very cold, the wind is Northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot, for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord his Majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head, sir this is the matter.

Ham. I beseech you remember.

107

Osr. Nay good my Lord, for my ease in good faith, sir here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, believe me an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry: for you shall find in him the continent of what part a Gentleman would see.

113

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in 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, & his infusion of such dearth and rareness, as to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, & who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

120

Osr. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy sir, why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir.

Hora. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue, you will to't sir really.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of *Laertes*?

Hora. His purse is empty already, all's golden words are spent.

Ham. Of him sir. 130

Osr. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did sir, yet in faith if you did, it would not much approve me, well sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence, but to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean sir for his weapon, but in the imputation laid on him, by them in his meed, he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and Dagger. 140

Ham. That's two of his weapons, but well.

Osr. The King sir hath wager'd with him six Barb'ry horses, against the which he has impawn'd as I take it six French Rapiers and Poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hora. I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.

Osr. The Carriages sir are the hangers. 150

Ham. The phrase would be more Germane to the matter if we could carry cannon by our sides, I would it might be hangers till then, but on, six Barb'ry horses against six French swords their assigns, and three liberal conceited carriages, that's the French bet against the Danish, why is this impawn'd as you call it? 155

Osr. 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 nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer no? 160

Osr. I mean my Lord the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir I will walk here in the hall, if it please his Majesty, 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 and I can, if not, I will gain nothing but my shame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

Ham. To this effect sir, after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your Lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit Osr.*] He does well to commend it himself, there are no tongues else for's turn. 170

Hora. This Lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did Comply with his dug before he suck'd 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 outward habit of encounter, a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions, and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out. 177

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Osr.*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the hall, he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time? 181

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure, if his fitness speaks, mine is ready: now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queen, and all are coming down. 185

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

Hora. You will lose this wager my Lord. 190

Ham. I do not think so, since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice, I shall win at the odds; but thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart, but it is no matter.

Hora. Nay good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery, but it is such a kind of gain-giving, as would perhaps trouble a woman. 196

Hora. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury, there's a special providence in the fall of a Sparrow, if it be now, 'tis not to come, if it be not to come, it will be now, if it be not now, yet it will come, the readiness

is all, since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave
betimes, let be. 203

*A table prepared [with flagons of wine on it], Trumpets, Drums,
and officers with Cushions, King, Queen, and all the
State, Foiles, daggers, and Laertes.*

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon sir, I've done you wrong, 205
But pardon't as you are a gentleman, this presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With a sore distraction, what I have done
That might your nature, honor, and exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness, 210
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,
Who does it then? his madness. If't be so, 215
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged,
His madness is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy,
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts 220
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive in this case should stir me most
To my revenge, but in my terms of honor 225
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilment,
Till by some elder Masters of known honor,
I have a voice and precedent of peace
To keep my name ungor'd: but till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love, like love, 230
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely, and will this brother's wager frankly
play.

Give us the foils: Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me. 235

Ham. I'll be your foil *Laertes*, in mine ignorance

Your skill shall like a star i' th' darkest night
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me sir.

Ham. No by this hand. 240

King. Give them the foils young *Osrice*, cousin *Hamlet*,
You know the wager.

Ham. Very well my Lord

Your grace has laid the odds o' th' weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both, 245
But since he is better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy: let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well, these foils have all a length
[*Prepare to play.*]

Osr. Ay my good Lord. 250

King. Set me the stoops 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, 255

And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive Kings
In Denmarke's Crown have worn: give me the cups,
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,

The trumpet to the Cannoneer without, 260

The Cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,

Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*, come begin. *Trumpets*

And you the Judges bear a wary eye. *the while.*

Ham. Come on sir.

Laer. Come my Lord. [*They play.*] 265

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit. *Drum, trumpets and shot.*

Laer. Well, again. *Flourish, a piece goes off.*

King. Stay, give me drink, *Hamlet* this pearl is thine.
Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

[*Trumpets sound, and shot goes off.*]

Ham. I'll play this bout first, set it by awhile
Come, another hit. What say you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess't. 275

King. Our son shall win.
Quee. He's fat and scant of breath.
 Here *Hamlet* take my napkin rub thy brows,
 The Queen carouses to thy fortune *Hamlet*. [*She drinks.*]
Ham. Good Madam. 280
King. *Gertrude* do not drink.
Quee. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poison'd cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drink yet Madam, by and by,
Quee. Come, let me wipe thy face. 285
Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almost against my conscience.
Ham. Come for the third *Laertes*, you do but dally.
 I pray you pass with your best violence 290
 I am afear'd you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so, come on. [*Play.*]
Osr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now. [*Wounds Hamlet.*]
 [*In scuffling they change Rapiers.*]
King. Part them, they are incens'd. 295
Ham. Nay come again. [*Wounds Laertes.*] [*Gertrude falls.*]
Osr. Look to the Queen there ho.
Hora. They bleed on both sides, how is it my Lord?
Osr. How is't *Laertes*?
Laer. Why as a woodcock to mine own springe *Osrice*, 300
 I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She sounds to see them bleed.
Quee. No, no, the drink, the drink, O my dear *Hamlet*,
 The drink, the drink, I am poison'd. 305
 [*The Queen falls down and dies.*]
Ham. O villainy, ho let the door be lock'd,
 Treachery, seek it out.
Laer. It is here *Hamlet*, *Hamlet* thou art slain,
 No med'cine in the world can do thee good,
 In thee there is not half an hour of life, 310
 The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
 Unbated and evenom'd, the foul practice
 Hath turn'd itself on me, lo here I lie

Never to rise again, thy mother's poisoned,
I can no more, the King, the King's to blame. 315

Ham. The point evenom'd too, then venom to thy work.
[Hurts the King.]

All. Treason, treason.

King. O yet defend me friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here thou incestuous, murd'rous, damnèd Dane,
Drink off this potion, is thy Union here? 320

Follow my mother. [King dies.]

Laer. He is justly served, it is a poison temper'd by himself,
Exchange forgiveness with me noble *Hamlet*,
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me. [Laertes dies.] 325

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it, I follow thee;
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queen adieu.
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes, or audience to this act,
Had I but time, as this fell sergeant Death 330
Is strict in his arrest, O I could tell you,
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou livest, report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hora. Never believe it; 335
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let go, by heaven I'll ha't,
O God *Horatio*, what a wounded name 340
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain *A march*
To tell my story: what warlike noise is this? *afar off.*

Enter Osric.

Osr. Young *Fortinbras* with conquest come from *Poland*,
To th'ambassadors of *England* gives this warlike volley.

Ham. O I die *Horatio*,
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit,
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*, 350

But I do prophesy th'election lights
 On *Fortinbras*, he has my dying voice,
 So tell him, with th'occurents more and less
 Which have solicited, the rest is silence. [Hamlet dies.]

Hora. Now cracks a noble heart, good night sweet Prince, 355
 And flights of Angels sing thee to thy rest.
 Why does the drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, with the Ambassadors
 [with Drum, Colours, and Attendants.]

For. Where is this sight?

Hora. What is it you would see?

If aught of woe, or wonder, cease your search. 360

For. This quarry cries on havoc, O proud Death
 What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
 That thou so many Princes at a shot
 So bloodily hast struck?

Ambas. The sight is dismal 365

And our affairs from *England* come too late,
 The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
 To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,
 That *Rosencrantz* and *Guildestern* are dead,
 Where should we have our thanks? 370

Hora. Not from his mouth
 Had it th'ability of life to thank you;
 He never gave commandment for their death;
 But since to jump upon this bloody question
 You from the *Polack* wars, and you from *England*
 Are here arrived, give order that these bodies 375

High on a stage be placed to the view,
 And let me speak, to th'yet unknowing world
 How these things came about; so shall you hear
 Of carnal, bloody and unnatural acts,
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters, 380
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and forced cause
 And in this upshot, purposes mistook,
 Fall'n on th'inventors' heads: all this can I
 Truly deliver.

For. Let us haste to hear it, 385
 And call the noblest to the audience,

For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune,
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hora. Of that I shall have also cause to speak, 390
 And from his mouth, whose voice will draw on more,
 But let this same be presently perform'd
 Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
 On plots and errors happen.

For. Let four Captains 395
 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 soldiers' music and the rite of war
 Speak loudly for him: 400

Take up the bodies, such a sight as this,
 Becomes the field, but here shows much amiss.
 Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

Exeunt [*Marching: after the which, a Peale
 of Ordnance are shot off.*]

FINIS.