

Act 1 - Scene II.

CLAUDIUS, HAMLET, LAERTES, POLONIUS, GERTRUDE

King

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,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

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

King Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

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

King Take thy fair hour, Laertes. Time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will!
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son-

Hamlet [*aside*] A little more than kin, and less than kind!

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

Hamlet Not so, my lord. I am too much i' th' sun.

Queen Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.
Thou know'st 'tis common. All that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Hamlet Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Hamlet Seems, madam, Nay, it is. I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
'That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
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;
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
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief;
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers. We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father; for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire;
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.
I pray thee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Hamlet I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

King Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come.
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; Come, come away.

Act 1 - Scene II.

HAMLET

Hamlet O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable Seem to me all the uses of this
world!
But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not two.
So excellent a king, so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Frailty, thy name is woman!-
One month a widow, married with my uncle!
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. Within a month
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

Act 3 – Scene 1

HAMLET

Hamlet To be, or not to be that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die- to sleep-
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die- to sleep.
To sleep- perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub!
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
When he can take himself to his own rest
With his own bodkin? Who would these burdens bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death-
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns- puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Act I - Scene II

HAMLET & HORATIO

Horatio Hail to your lordship!

Hamlet Horatio! I am glad to see you well.

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

Hamlet Marcellus?

Marcellus My good lord!

Hamlet I am very glad to see you.-

[To Bernardo] Good even, sir.-

My friends, what brings you all to Elsinore?

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

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

Hamlet I prithee do not mock me, fellow student.

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Horatio Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Hamlet Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak'd 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!

My father- methinks I see my father.

Horatio O, where, my lord?

Hamlet In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Horatio I saw him once. He was a goodly King

Hamlet He was a man, take him for all in All

I shall not look upon his like again.

Horatio My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Hamlet Saw? who?

Horatio My lord, the King your father.

Hamlet The King my father?

Horatio Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear, till I may deliver

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,

This marvel to you.

Hamlet For God's love let me hear!

Horatio Two nights together had these gentlemen
(Marcellus and Bernardo) on their watch
In the dead vast and middle of the night
Been thus encount'ed. A figure like your father,
Armed at point exActly,
Appears before them and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they distill'd
Almost to jelly with the Act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
I saw your father's Ghost

Hamlet But where was this?

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

Hamlet Did you not speak to it?

Horatio My lord, I did;
But answer made it none.

Hamlet 'Tis very strange.

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

Hamlet Indeed, indeed, sirs. But this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Both [Marcellus and Bernado] We do, my lord.

Hamlet I'll watch to-night. Perchance 'twill walk again.

Horatio I warr'nt it will.

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

ACT 1 - Scene III.

LAERTES & OPHELIA

Laertes My necessaries are embark'd. Farewell.
And, sister, let me hear from you.

Ophelia Do you doubt that?

Laertes For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
Perhaps he loves you now,
But 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.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmast'ed importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

Ophelia I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
not heeding his own advice!

Laertes O, fear me not!

ACT 1 - Scene V.

HAMLET & GHOST

Hamlet Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no further.

Ghost Mark me.

Hamlet I will.

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

Hamlet Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Hamlet Speak. I am bound to hear.

Ghost I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand an end
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.
List, list, O, list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love-

Hamlet O God!

Ghost Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Hamlet Murder?

Ghost Murder most foul!

Hamlet Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost Now, Hamlet, hear.
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd. But know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

Hamlet O my prophetic soul!
My uncle?

Ghost Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts-
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!- won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous Queen
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there,
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage.
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,
With juice of cursed hemlock 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
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth curd
The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine!
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,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.

Hamlet O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

Ghost If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursuest this deed,
Act not against thy mother. Leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glowworm shows the morning to be near
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu! Remember me.

ACT 2 - Scene I.

OPHELIA & POLONIUS

Ophelia Father! Father! *Enter Polonius.*

Polonius How now, Ophelia? What's the matter?

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

Polonius With what, i' th' name of God?

Ophelia My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors- he comes before me.

Polonius Mad for thy love?

Ophelia My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Polonius What said he?

Ophelia He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so.
Then rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out o' doors he went without their help
And to the last bended their light on me.

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

Ophelia No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

Polonius That hath made him mad.

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not noted him. I fear'd he did but trifle
With thee; by heaven. Come, go we to the King
This must be known; which, if it were kept hid,
Might bring more grief upon us. Come, Ophelia.

Act 2 – Scene II

POLONIUS & HAMLET

Polonius How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Hamlet Well, God-a-mercy.

Polonius Do you know me, my lord?

Hamlet Excellent well. You are a fishmonger.

Polonius Not I, my lord. *[aside]* He knows me not.

Hamlet Hmmph. Have you a daughter?

Polonius I have, my lord.

Hamlet Let her not walk i' th' sun.
Conception is a blessing,
but not as your daughter may conceive.
Friend, look to't.

Polonius *[aside]* How say you by that?
Still harping on my daughter.
He is far gone, far gone!
And truly in my youth
I suffered much extremity for love- very near this.
I'll speak to him again.-
What do you read, my lord?

Hamlet Words, words, words.

Polonius What is the matter, my lord?

Hamlet Between who?

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

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

Polonius *[aside]* Though this be madness,
yet there is a method in't.-I will leave him and suddenly contrive
the means of meeting between him and my daughter.-
My honourable lord,

I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Hamlet You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal- except my life, except my life, except my life.

Polonius Fare you well, my lord.

Hamlet These tedious old fools!

Act 2 – Scene II

ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN & HAMLET

Guildenstern My honour'd lord!

Rosencrantz My most dear lord!

Hamlet My excellent good friends!
How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah,
Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Rosencrantz As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guildenstern Happy in that we are not over-happy.
On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Hamlet Well, what news bring you?

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

Hamlet Then is doomsday near!
But your news is not true.
Let me question more in particular.
What have you, my good friends,
deserved at the hands of Fortune that she
sends you to prison hither?

Guildenstern Prison, my lord?

Hamlet Denmark's a prison.

Rosencrantz Then is the world one.

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

Rosencrantz We think not so, my lord.

Hamlet To me it is a prison.

Rosencrantz Why, then your ambition makes it one.
'Tis too narrow for your mind.

Hamlet O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell and
count myself a king of infinite space,
were it not that I have bad dreams.
But tell me, in the beaten way of friendship,
what make you at Elsinore?

Rosencrantz To visit you, my lord;

no other occasion.

Hamlet Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks;
but I thank you. But: out with it,
were you not sent for?
Is it your own inclining?
Is it a free visitation?
Come, deal justly with me.
Come, come! Nay, speak.

Guildestern What should we say, my lord?

Hamlet You were sent for;
and there is a kind of confession in your looks,
which your modesties have not craft enough to colour.
I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Rosencrantz [*aside*] What say you?

Hamlet [*aside*] Nay then, I have an eye of you.-
If you love me, hold not off.

Guildestern My lord, we were sent for.

Hamlet Hamlet I will tell you why.
So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery,
and your secrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather.

Rosencrantz My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Hamlet Why did you laugh then,
when I said 'Man delights not me'?

Rosencrantz To think, my lord,
if you delight not in man,
what humble compensation the players shall receive from you.

Hamlet Players? What players?

Rosencrantz Even those you used to take such delight in,
the traveling tragedians.

Guildestern Here they come now.

ACT 3 - Scene I

HAMLET & OPHELIA

Hamlet

The fair Ophelia!- Nymph, in thy
orisons Be all my sins rememb'red.

Ophelia Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Hamlet I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

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

I pray you, now receive them.

Hamlet No, not I!

I never gave you aught.

Ophelia My honour'd lord, you know right well you did,
And with them words of so sweet breath
compos'd As made the things more rich.

Their perfume lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind Rich
gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Hamlet Ha, ha! Are you honest?

Ophelia My lord?

Hamlet Are you fair?

Ophelia What means your lordship?

Hamlet I did love you once.

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

Hamlet You should not have believ'd me;
for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock
but we shall relish of it.

I loved you not.

Ophelia I was the more deceived.

Hamlet Get thee to a nunnery!

Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?

I am myself indifferent honest,

but yet I could accuse me of such things

that it were better my mother had not borne me.
I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious;
with more offences at my beck than
I have thoughts to put them in, imagination
to give them shape, or time to Act them in.
What should such fellows as I do?
We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us.
Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Ophelia At home, my lord.

Hamlet Let the doors be shut upon him,
that he may play the fool nowhere
but in's own house. Farewell.

Ophelia O, help him, you sweet heavens!

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

Ophelia O heavenly powers, restore him!

Hamlet I say, we will have no more marriages.
Those that are married already- all but one- shall live;
the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

Act 3 – Scene III

KING

King

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will.
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent.
What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Then I'll look up;
My fault is past. (*tries to pray*) But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder'?
That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder-
My crown, mine own ambition, and my Queen
May one be pardon'd and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above.
There is no shuffling; there the Action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give confession. O bosom black as death!
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. Help me, angels!

ACT 3 - Scene IV.

HAMLET & GERTRUDE

Queen O me, what hast thou done?

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

Queen O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

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

Queen As kill a king?

Hamlet Ay, lady, it was my word.

Lifts up the arras and sees Polonius.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better. Take thy fortune.
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.
Leave wringing of your hinds. Peace! sit you down
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff.

Queen What have I done that thou dar'st
wag thy tongue In noise so rude against me?

Hamlet Such an Act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty.

Queen Ay me, what Act?

Hamlet shows his mother a book or locket

Hamlet Look here upon th's picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband. Look you now what follows.
Here is your husband, like a mildew'd ear
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment

Would step from this to this? What devil was't
Hath robbed you of your judgment?
O shame! where is thy blush?
Queen O Hamlet, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul-

Hamlet Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty!

Queen O, speak to me no more!
These words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Hamlet A murderer and a villain!
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket!
Queen No more!

Enter the Ghost

Hamlet A king of shreds and patches!-
Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!
What would your gracious figure?

Queen Alas, he's mad!

Hamlet Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important Acting of your dread command?

Ghost Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Hamlet How is it with you, lady?

Queen Alas, how is't with you,
That stare at vacancy. O gentle son,
Upon the beat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience! Whereon do you look?

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

Queen Of whom do you speak?

Hamlet Do you see nothing there?

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

Hamlet Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen No, nothing but ourselves.

Hamlet Why, look you there! Look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd!
Look where he goes even now out at the portal!

ACT 4 - Scene V.

OPHELIA & LAERTES

Laertes How now? What noise is that?

Enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains!
Tears seven times salt Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Ophelia (*sings*)

They bore him barefac'd on the bier
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
Fare you well, my dove!

Laertes Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophelia There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.
Pray you, love, remember
And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laertes A document in madness!
Thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophelia There's fennel for you, and columbines.
There's rue for you, and here's some for
me. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets,
but they wither'd all when my father
died. They say he made a good end.
[Sings] And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy deathbed;
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.
God 'a'mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls,
I pray God. God b' wi', you.

ACT 5 - Scene I.

GRAVEDIGGERS

Gravedigger. Is she to be buried in Christian burial when she wilfully takes her own life?

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

Gravedigger. How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own defence?

Other. Why, 'tis found so.

Gravedigger. It must be self defense; it cannot be else. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good. Here stands the man; good. If the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he nill he, he goes- mark you that. But if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself. Argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Other. Will you ha' the truth an't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial.

Gravedigger. 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 the likes of us. Come, my spade! We hold up Adam's profession.

Other. Was he a gentleman?

Gravedigger. He was the first that ever bore arms.

Other. Why, he had none.

Gravedigger. 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-

Other. Go to!

Gravedigger. Who builds stronger than a mason,
a shipwright, or a carpenter?

Other. I cannot tell.

Gravedigger. Cudgel thy brains no more about it.
When you are ask'd this question next, say 'a
grave-maker.' The houses he makes lasts till doomsday.
Go, fetch me a stoup of liquor.

GRAVEDIGGERS & HAMLET

Gravedigger. *(Sings) Throws up another skull.*

Hamlet There's another.
Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer?
I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

Gravedigger Mine, sir.

Hamlet What man dost thou dig it for?

Gravedigger. For no man, sir.

Hamlet What woman then?

Gravedigger. For none neither.

Hamlet Who is to be buried in't?

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

Horatio How absolute the knave is!
How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

Gravedigger. Of all the days i' th' year,
I came to't the very day that young Hamlet was born-
he that is mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

Gravedigger. Why, because 'a was mad.
'A shall recover his wits there; or, if 'a do not,
'tis no great matter there.

Hamlet Why?

Gravedigger. 'Twill not be seen in him there.
There the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet How came he mad?

Gravedigger. Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet How strangely?

Gravedigger. By losing his wits.

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

Gravedigger. Faith, if 'a be not rotten before 'a die
(as we have many pocky corses now-a-days t
hat will scarce hold the laying in,

I will last you some eight year or nine year.
A tanner will last you nine year.

Hamlet Why he more than another?

Gravedigger. Why, sir, his hide is so tann'd with his trade that 'a will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your dead body. Here's a skull now. This skull hath lien you i' th' earth three-and-twenty years.

Hamlet Whose was it?

Gravedigger. Whose do you think it was?

Hamlet Nay, I know not.

Gravedigger. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

Hamlet This?

Gravedigger. E'en that.

Hamlet 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 tunes. Where be your gibes now? your songs?
your flashes of merriment that
were wont to set the table on a roar?
Not one now, to mock your own grinning?
But soft! but soft! aside! Here comes the King-