

T H E
Tragical History of
H A M L E T
Prince of Denmark
By William Shakespeare
This version edited and adapted by Paul Stebbings and directed for the stage by Paul Stebbings.

2023/24 short show

Cast:

Actor 1 to play Hamlet
Actor 2 to play Polonius, Barnardo, and Gravedigger
Actor 3 to play Ophelia and Player.
Actor 4 to play Gertrude and Player
Actor 5 to play Horatio, Player King
Actor 6 to play Claudius, Ghost and Player
Actor 7 to play Laertes, Marcellus and Player

Act 1

MUSIC CUE 1 (Ophelia begins) ALL bar Hamlet

Enter Sentinals.

BN. Stand: Ho, who's there?

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Friends to this ground. [20]
And liegemen to the Dane,

BN. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What hath this thing appear'd again to night? [30]

BN. 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 by us,
Therefore I have entreated him along with us
To watch the minutes of this night,
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush tush, t'will not appear.

BN. Then wait a while, and let us once again [40]
Assail your ears that are so fortified,
What we have two nights seen.

Hor. Well, sit we down, and let us hear *Bernardo* speak
of this.

BN. Last night of all, when yonder star that's west-
ward from the pole, had made his course to
illumine that part of heaven where now it burns,
The bell then tolling one. [50]

Enter Ghost.

(MUSIC CUE 2 (first ghost)) – GERT, OPH, HAM

Mar : see where it comes again.

Bernardo: In the same figure like the King that's dead,

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

BN: Looks it not like the king?

Hor. Most like, it harrows me with fear and wonder.

BN: It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that thus usurps the state, in
Which the Majesty of buried *Denmark* did sometimes
Walk? By heaven I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended. *exit Ghost.*

BN. See, it stalks away.

Hor. Stay, speak, speak, by heaven I charge thee
speak.

Mar. 'Tis gone and makes no answer.

BN. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and look pale,
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't? [70]

Hor. Afore my God, I might not this believe, without
the sensible and true avouch of my own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy self,
'Tis strange. [80]

Mar. Thus twice before, and point at this dead hour,
He passed through our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not,
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to the state.

MUSIC CUE 3 (it comes again) – GERT, OPH, HAM

Enter Ghost.

But lo, behold, see where it comes again,
I'll cross it, though it blast me: stay illusion,
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy countries fate,
Which happily foreknowing may prevent, O speak of it,
Speak to me, stay and speak, speak, stop it *Marcellus*.

BN: 'Tis here.
exit Ghost.

Hor. 'Tis here.

Marc. 'Tis gone. O we do it wrong, being so majestic,
to offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the air invulnerable.

BN. It was about to speak when the Cock crew.

Hor. And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Upon a fearful summons

Marc. It faded on the crowing of the Cock,

MUSIC CUE 4 (crowing of the cock) GERT, OPH, HAM

Some say then no spirit dare walk abroad, [160]
No Fairy takes, nor Witch hath power to charm,
So gracious, and so hallowed is that time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But see the Sun in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high mountain top,
Break we our watch up, and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen tonight
Unto young Hamlet, for, upon my life
This Spirit dumb to us will speak to him. [170]

BN: Lets do't I pray.

Enter KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, LAERTES, POLONIUS

KING. Though yet of the King our dear brothers 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,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime Sister, now our Queen,
Th'imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as t'were, with a defeated joy,
With an auspicious and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and grief-
Taken to wife. Nor have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
And now Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit, what is't Laertes?

LAER. My gracious Lord, your favourable licence,
Now that the funeral rites are all performed,
I may have leave to go again to France,
For though the favour of your grace might stay me,
Yet something is there whispers in my heart,

Which makes my mind and spirits bend all for France.

KING. Have you your fathers leave? What says Polonius?

POL. He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced grant,
And I beseech you grant your Highness leave.

KING. With all our heart. Laertes, fare thee well.

LAER. I in all love and duty take my leave.

KING. But now, my Cousin Hamlet, and my son –

HAM. A little more then kin, and less then kind.

KING. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAM. Not so my lord, I am too much in the 'son'.

QUE. 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 knowst 'tis common all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAM. Ay, madam, it is common.

QUE. 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, cold mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, 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 passes show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

KING This shows a loving care in you, Son Hamlet,
But you must think, your father lost a father,
That father dead, lost his, and so shall be
Until the general ending. Therefore cease laments,
'tis unmanly grief'

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschooled
Fie, 'tis a fault 'gainst heaven,
A fault 'gainst the dead, a fault 'gainst nature
And in reasons common course most certain:
None lives on earth, but he is born to die.
Think of us as of a father,

And So we beseech you, bend you, to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye

QUE. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet
Stay here with us, go not to Wittenberg.

HAM. I shall in all my best obey you madam.

KING. Spoke like a kind and a most loving Son,
And there's no health the King shall drink to day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell

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 fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter. O God, God,
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't, ah, fie, 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed, things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely. That it should come to this:
But two months dead – nay not so much, not two –
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr, so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth,
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. And yet, within a month
(Let me not think on't – Frailty, thy name is Woman),
A little month, or e'er those shoes were old
With which she followed my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears. Why, she – even she.
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourned longer – 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.

Enter Horatio and Barnardo.

HOR. Health to your Lordship.

HAM. I am glad to see you well –
Horatio or I do forget my self.

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

HAM. O my good friend, I'll change that name with you.
But what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?

HOR. My good Lord, I came to see your fathers' funeral.

HAM. I prithee do not mock me, fellow student,
I think it was to see my mothers wedding.

HOR. 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
Ere ever I had seen that day, Horatio.
My father, methinks I see my father.

HOR. Where my Lord?

HAM. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HOR. I saw him once – he was a gallant king.

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

HOR. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight,

HAM. Saw, who?

HOR. My Lord, the King your father.

HAM. The King my father?

HOR. Season your admiration for a while
With an attentive ear, till I may deliver,
This wonder to you.

HAM. For Gods love let me hear it.

HOR. Two nights together had this Gentlemen,

BN: (Entering as prompted) Ay My Good Lord.

HOR: Barnado on his watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night
Been thus encountered: a figure like your father
Appears before him; thrice, he walks
Before his weak and fear oppressed eyes
Within his full arms length, whilst he, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stands dumb and speaks not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy did he impart,
And I with him the third night kept the watch
Where, as he had delivered each word true,
The apparition comes. I knew your father,
These hands are not more like.

HAM. 'Tis very strange.

HOR. As I do live, my honoured lord, 'tis true,
And we did think it right done, in our duty
To let you know of it.

HAM. Where was this?

BN. My Lord, upon the platform where we watch.

HAM. Did you not speak to it?

HOR. My Lord we did, but answer made it none.

Yet once me thought it was about to speak,
And lifted up his head to motion,
Like as he would speak,
But even then the morning cock crew loud
And at the sound, it shrunk in haste away

And vanished from our sight.

HAM. Indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch tonight?

BN. I do my Lord.

HAM. Saw you then his face?

HOR. O yes, my lord.

HAM. How look't he – frowningly?

HOR. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAM. Pale, or red?

HOR. Nay, very pale.

HAM. And fixed his eyes upon you?

HOR. Most constantly.

HAM. I would I had been there.

HOR. It would have much amazed you.

HAM. I will watch tonight.
Perchance 'twill walk again.

HOR. I warrant it will.

HAM. 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 both,
Conceal this sight. So, fare you well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour. Exeunt

HAM. Your loves, as mine to you, farewell.

My father's spirit. All is not well;
I suspect 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 mens eyes. Exit.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

LAERT. My necessities are embarked; I must aboard,
But ere I part, mark what I say to thee:
I see Prince Hamlet makes a show of love
Beware Ophelia, do not trust his vows,
Perhaps he loves you now, and now his tongue,
Speaks from his heart, but yet take heed my sister,
The Chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the Moon.
Virtue itself escapes not disgraceful thoughts,
Believ't Ophelia, therefore keep aloof
Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame.
And your chaste treasure open
To his unmastered importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it.

OPH. Brother, to this I have lent attentive ear,
And doubt not but to keep my honour firm,
But my dear brother, do not you
Teach me the path and ready way to heaven,
Whilst a puffed and reckless libertine,
Yourself, doth give his heart and appetite at full,
And little thinks how that his honour dies.

LAER. Oh, fear me not. I stay too long.
But here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

POL. Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail
And you are stayed for. There, my blessing with thee,
And these few precepts in thy memory,

**Costly thy apparel, as thy purse can buy.
But not expressed in fashion, rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.**

This above all, to thy 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 with thee.

LAER. I humbly take my leave, farewell Ophelia,
And remember well what I have said to you. exit.

OPH. 'Tis in my memory lock't
And you your self shall keep the key of it.

POL. What is't Ophelia he hath said to you?

OPH. Something touching the prince Hamlet.

POL. Marry well thought on,
'Tis given me to understand, of late,
That you have been too prodigal of your
Maiden presence unto Prince Hamlet.

OPH. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his love to me.

POL. Tenders, Aye, and
Do you believe these "tenders," as you call them.

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

POL. Think yourself a baby,
That you have taken these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling.

OPH. My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honourable fashion.

POL. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks – I do know
When the blood burns how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows. From this time
Be something scanter of your maiden presence,
Or tend'ring thus you'll tender me a fool.

OPH. I shall obey, my lord.

POL. Ophelia, receive none of his letters,
For lovers lines are snares to entrap the heart;
Refuse his tokens, both of them are keys
To unlock Chastity unto Desire;
Come in Ophelia, such men often prove,
Great in their words, but little in their love.

exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus

HAM. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

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

HAM. What hour now?

HOR. think it lacks of twelve.

MAR. No, it is struck.

HOR. Indeed, I heard it not

Enter the Ghost.

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

HOR. It beckons you, as though it had something
To impart to you alone.

MAR. Look - But do not go with it.

HOR. No, by no means.

HAM. It will not speak: then will I follow it.

HOR. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of a cliff,
And there assume some other horrible shape,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And drive you into madness? Think of it.

HAM. Still am I called. Go on, I'll follow thee.

HOR. My Lord, you shall not go.

HAM. Why what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pins fee,
And for my soul, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortal, like it self,
Go on, I'll follow thee.

MAR. My lord be ruled, you shall not go.

HAM. My fate cries out, unhand me gentlemen;
By heaven I'll make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say, away! Go on! I'll follow thee.

HOR. He waxeth desperate with imagination.

MAR. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

exit.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

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

GHOST: Mark me.

HAM. I will.

GHOST : I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a time to walk the night,
And all the day confined in flaming fire,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of Nature
Are purged and burnt away.

HAM. Alas, poor Ghost.

GHOST : Nay, pity me not, but to my unfolding
Lend thy listening ear. 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,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fearful Porcupine.
Hamlet, if ever thou didst thy dear father love –

HAM. O God!

GHOST: - Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder!

HAM. Murder!

GHOST. Murder most foul, strange and unnatural.

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

GHOST : I find thee apt
'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 abused. But know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's heart,
Now wears his crown.

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 - my most seeming-virtuous Queen.
In Lewdness, Lust and Garbage:
But soft, me thinks I scent the mornings air.
Brief let me be.
As I lay sleeping in my Orchard,
Thy uncle came, with juice most poisonous (in a glass)
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment.
Thus was I sleeping by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatched,
No reckoning made but sent to my dark tomb
With all my imperfections on my head.
O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!

GERT, OPH, POL

HAM. O God!

GHOST : If thou hast nature in thee bear it not,
But howsoever thou pursues this act, REVENGE
Taint not thy mind nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven
And to the those thorns that in her bosom lodge

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once;

Hamlet, 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, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
And thy commandment all alone shall sit/(live)
Within the book and volume of my brain
Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven
O most pernicious woman,
O villain, villain, smiling damned villain,
That one may smile and smile and be a villain –
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word.
It is 'Adieu, adieu, remember me.'
I have sworn't.

Enter. Horatio and Marcellus

HOR. My lord, my lord.

MAR. Lord Hamlet.

HAM. Come boy, come.

HOR. Heavens secure him.

MAR. How i'st my noble lord?

HOR. What news my lord?

HAM. There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

HOR. There needs no ghost, 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 –
You as your business and desire shall point you
(For every man hath business, and desire
Such as it is) and for my own poor part
I will go pray.

HOR. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

HAM. I am sorry they offend you – heartily,
Yes, faith heartily.

HOR. There's no offence my Lord.

HAM. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is Horatio,
And much offence too, touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desire to know what is between us,
Oermaster't it as you may:
And now good friends, as you are friends,
Scholars and soldiers,
Grant me one poor request.

HOR. What i'st my lord?

HAM. Never make known what you have seen tonight.

Both. My lord, we will not.

HAM. Nay, but swear't.

HOR. Propose the oath, my Lord.

HAM. Never to speak what you have seen tonight,
Swear.

HOR & BAR: We swear.

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

HAM. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come,
Here as before: never – so help you mercy,
How strange or odd so'ere 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 encumbered thus, or this headshake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase
As 'Well, well, we know', or 'We could an if we
would',
Or such ambiguous giving out to note
That you know aught of me. This do swear

HOR & BAR: We swear.

HAM. So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray.
The time is out of joint; O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right!
Exeunt.

Hamlet enters, circles the ramp then leaps over to Ophelia. Exits

Enter Polonius

OPH. O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted.

POL. Why, what's the matter my Ophelia?

OPH. My lord as I was walking in the gallery
Lord Hamlet, 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.

POL. Mad for thy love?

OPH. My Lord I do not know
But truly I do fear it.

POL. What said he?

OPH. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stayed he so.

POL. Mad for thy love!

What have you given him any hard words of late?

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

POL. That hath made him mad;
Well, I am sorry that I was so rash:
But what remedy? Come, I go seek the King.
This is the very ecstasy of love
That leads the will to desperate undertakings.

Enter Polonius.

POL. My Lord, my Lord, I assure your grace,
I hold my duty as I hold my soul,
Both to my God, and to my sovereign King:
And I believe that I have found
The very depth of Hamlet's lunacy.

KING: O, speak of that, that do I long to hear.

POL. First let me attend, My lord, first let me attend/(acquire?).
My news shall be fruit to that great feast (exits).

KING. He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

QUE. I doubt it is no other but the main –
His fathers death, and our hasty marriage.

KING. Well, we shall sift him.
Welcome, my good friends,

POL. (re-enters with Ophelia)
Now my Lord, touching the young Prince Hamlet,
I will be brief: your noble son is mad for love

I did bespeak my daughter
Lord Hamlet is a Prince out of thy star,
And one that is unequal for your love:
Therefore I did command her refuse his letters,
Deny his tokens, and to absent her self.
She as my child obediently obey'd.
Now since which time, he, repelled from his love,
Which I took to be idle, and but sport,
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness, and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves

KING. How should we test this?

POL. You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby?
At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him.
Be you and I hidden nearby,
Mark the encounter: if he love her not

And be not into madness fallen
Let me be no assistant for a state

KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us two, so that
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
If't be th'affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

QUE. I shall obey you.
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
Of Hamlet's wildness. So shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again.

OPH. Madam, I wish it may.

POL. Ophelia walk you here, in prayerful contemplation.
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this –
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. (Exit)

KING. O, 'tis too true.
How smart a lash that speech doth give my
conscience!
The harlot's cheek beautied with plast'ring art
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden! (exit)

HAM. 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 consumation
Devoutly to be wished – to die: to sleep –
To sleep, perchance to dream – ay, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th'oppressors wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the laws delay,

The insolence of office When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare dagger. Who would burdens bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life
But that the dread of something after death
(The undiscover'd country, from whose born
No traveller returns) puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pitch and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons/ prayers
Be all my sins remembered.

OPH. My lord, I have remembrances of yours
That I have longed long to redeliver.
I pray you now receive them.

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

OPH. My honoured lord, you know right well you did,
And with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As would have moved the stoniest breast alive.
Their perfume lost,
Take these again, for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

HAM. Ha! Ha! Are you honest?

OPH. My lord?

HAM. Are you fair?

OPH. What means your lordship?

HAM. That if you be honest and fair,
You should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPH. My Lord, can beauty have better privilege than
with honesty?

HAM. Yea, marry may it.
For the power of Beauty will sooner transform
Honesty from what it is to a whore than the force of
Honesty can transform beauty into his likeness.
This was sometime a paradox,

But now the time gives it proof.
I did love you once.
OPH. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAM. You should not have believed me. I loved you not.

OPH. I was the more deceived.

HAM. Get thee to a nunnery! Why shouldst thou be a
breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest but
yet I could accuse myself of such things that it were better
my mother had not borne me. I am very proud,
revengeful, ambitious, with more sins at my beck
than I have thoughts to put them in. What should such
fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth? We
are arrant knaves all – believe none of us. To a Nunnery go.

OPH. O heavens secure him!

HAM. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my lord.

HAM. For Gods sake Let the doors be shut upon him that he may play the fool
nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

OPH. (aside) O help him you sweet heavens!

HAM. 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 scape calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery.

OPH. Alas, what change is this?

HAM. 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

OPH. Pray God restore him.

HAM. I have heard of your paintings well enough. (seizing her lipstick and or smearing
hers)
God hath given you one face and you make yourselves another.
You jig and amble and you nickname God's creatures and
make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't.
It hath made me mad. 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!
exit.

OPH. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword
quite quite down.
And I,
That sucked the honey of his musicked vows
Now see his unmatched form
Blasted with insanity.. exit.

Enter KING and Polonius

KING: Love? No, no, that's not the cause,
Some deeper thing it is that troubles him. exit King.

POL. Well, something it is: my Lord, content you a while,
How now Ophelia?
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said –
We heard it all.

OPH: Woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see
POL: I will myself go feel him: let me work,
I'll try him every way: see where he comes,
Let me alone to find the depth of this,
Away, be gone. (Exit OPh)

Enter Hamlet.

POL: What do you read, my lord?

HAM. Words, words, words. [

POL. (aside) Though this be madness, yet there is
method in't. – Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAM. Into my grave.

POL. (aside) Indeed, that's out of the air. How
pregnant sometimes his replies are – a happiness that
often madness hits on. I will leave him – My lord, I will take my
leave of you.

HAM. You cannot take from me anything that I will not more
willingly part withal – except my life, except my life, except my

life.

POL. My lord, I have news to tell you.

HAM. My lord, I have news to tell you.

POL. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

HAM. Buzz, buzz.

POL. The best Actors in the world, either for comedy, tragedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, comical-historical, pastoral-tragical-historical. Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plato too light:

HAM. O Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou?

POL. What a treasure had he my lord?

HAM. Why,
One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well.

POL. (aside) Still harping on my daughter!
Well my Lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

HAM. Nay, that follows not.

HAM. Look you where my abridgement comes:

Enter Players

Welcome master, welcome!
What my old friend, - come, a taste of your
Quality, a speech, a passionate speech.

PLAYERS. What speech my good lord?

HAM. I heard thee speak me a speech once – but it was never acted, or, if it were, never above twice, for as I remember, it pleased not the vulgar.
One speech in it I chiefly loved – twas Aeneas tale to Dido,
and then especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory begin at this line – let me see –
The rugged Pyrrus,horridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,
Baked and imparched in coagulate gore
With eyes like carbuncles,
The old king Priam seeks:
So go on

POL. Afore God, my Lord, well spoke!

PLAYER. Pyrrus at Pryam drives, and all in rage,
with his fell sword, the gentle father kills.

HAM. T'is well, t'is very well, I pray my lord, will you see the Players well bestowed,

POL. My lord, I will use them according to their deserts.

HAM. Good God Man, much better! Use every man after his deserts,
Then who should escape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity,
the less they deserve, the greater credit's yours.

POL. Welcome my good fellows. (All exit except Hamlet)

HAM: The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.

(Enter a player)

HAM. Come hither master, can you not play the murder of Gonzago?

Player; Yes my Lord.

HAM. You could for a need study me
Some dozen or sixteen lines,
Which I would set down and insert, could you not?

Players Yes very easily my good Lord.

HAM. T'is well, I thank you.

Hark, they come.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, and Ophelia

KING. How now son Hamlet, how fare you, shall we have a play?

HAM. Excellent in faith! Of the Chameleon's dish – I eat the air.
Ay father. My lord, you played in the University?

POL. That I did my Lord, and I was counted a good actor.

HAM. And what did you enact?

POL. I did enact Julius Caesar. I was killed
in the Capitol, Brutus killed me.

HAM. It was a brute part of him,
To kill so capital a calf there.
Be the Players ready?

OPH. What means this play my Lord?

HAM You shall hear anon, this fellow will tell you all.

OPH. Is't short my Lord?

HAM. As woman's love.

OPH. You are merry my lord.

HAM. Who, I? What should a man do but be merry, for look you
how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours!

OPH. Nay, t'is twice two months, my lord.

HAM. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black,
Jesus, two months dead, and not forgotten yet?
Nay, then, there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year!
Or else he must follow the old epitaph
With ho, with ho, the hobby-horse is forgot!

OPH. Your jests are keen my Lord.

HAM. It would cost you a groning to take them off.

OPH. Still better and worse.

HAM. So you must take your husband,

QUE. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

HAM. No good mother, here's metal more attractive.
Lady will you give me leave, and so forth:
To lay my head in your lap? Shall I lie in your lap?

Oph. No, my Lord

HAM. My head upon your lap. Do you think I meant country matters? (slap – action
here better than words)

OPH. I think nothing, my lord.

HAM. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

OPH. What is my lord?

HAM. Nothing.

Enter the Prologue.

PROL. For us, and for our Tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Enter in a Dumb Show the Duke and Duchess.

DUKE. Full forty years are past, their date is gone,
Since happy time joined both our hearts as one:
And now the blood that fill'd my youthful veins,
Runs weakly in their pipes, and all the strains
Of music, which formerly pleased mine ear,
Is now a burden that Age cannot bear:
And therefore sweet Nature must pay his due,
To heaven must I, and leave the earth with you.

DUCH O say not so, lest that you kill my heart,
When death takes you, let life from me depart.

DUKE Content thy self, when ended is my date,
Thou mayest (perchance) have a more noble mate,
More wise, more youthful, and a one.

DUCH O speak no more for then I am accurst,
None weds the second, but she kills the first:
A second time I kill my Lord that's dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

HAM. O bitter, bitter

DUKE I do believe you sweet, what now you speak,
So think you will no second husband wed,
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

DUCH. Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife
If once I be a widow ever I be a wife.

HAM. If she should break it now!

DUKE. My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile the tedious time with sleep.

DUCH. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come mischance between us twaine.

exit Duchess

HAM. Madam, how like you this play?

QUE. The Lady doth protest too much, methinks.

KING Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in it?

HAM. No no, they do but jest, Poison in jest. No offence in the world.

KING What do you call the play?

HAM. The Mousetrap:
This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna,
Your majesty and we that have free souls it toucheth us not,
This is one Lucianus, brother to the King.
Begin. Murderer
Begin!
Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Murd. Thoughts black, hands apt, and drugs fit,
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
blasted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magic, and dire property,
One royal life murders immediately.

HAM. He poisons him for his Kingdom.

KING Lights! Give me some lights! (exits with Gertrude)

HAM: The King is moved!
What, frightened with false fires?
Then let the stricken deer go weep,
The heart ungalled play,
For some must laugh, while some must weep,
Thus runs the world away. (Exit)

exit HAM.

Enter Queen and Polonius.

POL. Madam, Hamlet will come straight
I pray you question him the cause of all his grief,
Betimes I'll shroud myself behind the Arras.

QUE. Do so, my lord.

HAM. Mother Mother!
O, are you here? How is't with you, mother?

QUE. Nay, how i'st with you?

HAM. I'll tell you, but first we'll make all safe.
Now, mother, what's the matter?

QUE. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAM. Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUE. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

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

QUE. Why, how now, Hamlet!

HAM. What's the matter now?

QUE. Have you forgot me?

HAM.No -
You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
And, would it were not so, you are my mother.

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

HAM. Come, come, and sit you down. You shall not budge.
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUE. What wilt thou do, thou wilt not murder me –
Help, ho!

POL. Help for the Queen.

HAM. Ay a Rat!
Dead for a ducat, dead!
(kills Polonius)

QUE. Hamlet,
What hast thou done?

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

QUE. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAM. A bloody deed – Almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king and marry with his brother.

QUE. As kill a king?

HAM. Ay, lady, twas my word.
(Uncovers 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.
Peace, sit you down.
If you be made of penetrable stuff,
I'll make your eyes look down into your heart,
And see how horrid there and black it shows.

QUE. Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing words?
(What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?)

HAM: Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

QUE: Ay me, what act
That roars so loud and thunders in the index

HAM. Why this I mean, see here, behold this picture,
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,
See here a face, to outface Mars himself,
Whose heart went hand in hand even with that vow,
He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murdered, damnably murdered, this was your husband,
Look you now, here is your husband,
With a face fit for a murder and rape,

A dull dead hanging look, and a hell-bred eye,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this same have you left to change with this.
What Devil thus hath cozened you at hood-man blind?
Have you eyes and can you look on him
That slew my father, and your dear husband,
To live in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?
Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers:
See what a grace was seated on this brow,
An eye like Mars to threaten and command,
This was your husband. Look you now what follows:
Here is your husband like a mildewed 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 judgement, and what judgement
Would step from this to this?
What devil was't
That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
O shame where is thy blush?

QUE. O Hamlet, speak no more.
Thou turnst my eyes into my very soul.
And there I see such black and grained spots.

HAM. To leave him that bare a Monarch's mind,
For a King of clouts, of very shreds.

HAM: Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed
Stewed in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty(piggish) sty-

QUE. Sweet Hamlet cease.
These words like daggers enter in mine ears.

HAM. Nay but still to persist and dwell in sin,
To sweat under the yoke of infamy,
To make increase of sHAME, to seal damnation.

Que. HAMlet, no more.

HAM. Why appetite with you is in the wain,
Your blood runs backward now from whence it came,
Who'll chide hot blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?

Enter the ghost

HAM: Save me and hover over me, with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?

QUE: Alas, he's mad!

HAM: Do you not come your tardy son to chide
That I thus long have let revenge slip by?
O do not glare with looks so pitiful!
Lest that my heart of stone yield to compassion,
And every part that should assist revenge
Forgo their proper powers and fall to pity.

GHOST: Hamlet, I once again appear to thee
To put thee in remembrance of my death.
Do not neglect, nor long time put it off.
But I perceive by thy distracted looks
Thy mother's fearful, and she stands amazed:
Speak to her, Hamlet, for her sex is weak.
Comfort thy mother. Hamlet, think on me.

HAM. How is't with you Lady?

QUE. Nay, how is't with you
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancy,
And hold discourse with nothing but with air?

HAM. Do you see nothing there?

QUE. Nothing at all. Yet all that is I see.

HAM. Nor did you nothing hear?

QUE. No nothing but ourselves.

HAM. No, why see the KING my father, my father,
As he lived, look you how pale he looks,
See how he steals away
Look, there he goes.

exit ghost.

QUE. Alas, it is the weakness of thy brain,

Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy heart's grief.
But, as I have a soul, I swear by heaven
I never knew of this most horrid murder:
But, Hamlet, this is only fantasy
And, for my love forget these idle fits.

HAM. Idle, no mother
My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time
And makes healthful music.
Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beat like yours,
It is not madness that possesseth Hamlet.
O mother, if ever you did my dear father love,
Forbear the adulterous bed tonight
And win yourself by little, as you may,
In time it may be you will loathe him quite:
Assume a virtue if you have it not.
And mother, but assist me in revenge,
And in his death your infamy shall die.

QUE. Oh Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAM. O throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.

QUE. Hamlet, I vow by that Majesty,
That knows our thoughts, and looks into our hearts,
I will conceal, consent, and do my best,
What stratagem so e'er thou shalt devise.

HAM. It is enough. This man shall set me packing.

HAM. Come sir, I'll provide for you a grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Goodnight mother.

Exit Hamlet with the dead body.

Enter the KING.

KING Now Gertrude, what says our son, how do you
find him?

QUE. Alas, my lord, as raging as the sea.
As mad as the sea and wind when both contend which is the mightier
When as he came, I first bespake him fair,
But then he throws and tosses me about,

As one forgetting that I was his mother -
At last I call'd for help and, as I cried
Polonius called. Which Hamlet no sooner heard
But cries, a Rat, a Rat, and in his rage
The good old man he kills.

KING Why, this his madness will undo our state.
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourself, to us, to everyone.
Gertrude, your son shall presently to England.
His shipping is already furnished

Our letters to our dear brother of England,
For Hamlet's welfare and his happiness.
Happily the air and climate of that Country
May please him better than his native home.
See where he comes. Gertrude, leave us.

Exit Gertrude

Enter Hamlet

KING Now son Hamlet, where is this body?

HAM. Polonius is - At supper. Not where he eats, but
Where he is eaten. A certain company of politic worms
are even now at him. Father, your fat King, and your lean Beggar
Are but variable services - two dishes but to one table.
Look you, a man may fish with that worm that hath eaten of a King,
And a Beggar eat that fish, which that worm hath caught.

KING What of this?

HAM. Nothing, father, but to tell you how a King may
go a progress through the guts of a Beggar.

KING But, son Hamlet, where is this body?

HAM. In heaven, send thither to see.
If your messenger find him not there,
Seek him in the other place yourself.
But if indeed you find him not within this month,
You shall nose him as you go up the stairs

KING. Make haste and find the body out.

HAM. Nay, do you hear? Do not make too much haste:
I'll warrant you he'll stay till you come!

KING Well son Hamlet,
We in care of you – but specially
In tender preservation of your health,
The which we prize even as ourself,
It is our mind you forthwith go for England.
The wind sits fair, you shall aboard tonight,

HAM. O, with all my heart.

Farewell, mother.

KING. Your loving father, Hamlet!

HAM. My mother. Father and mother is man and wife.
Man and wife is one flesh,
And so, my mother! Farewell. For England, ho!

exeunt all but the KING.

KING. To England is he gone, never to return:
Our Letters are unto the King of England –
That on the sight of them, on his alliegance,
He presently, without demanding why –
That Hamlet lose his head; for he must die.
There's more in him than shallow eyes can see;
He once being dead, why then our state is free.

Enter KING and Queen.

KING. Hamlet is shipped for England. Fare him well,
I hope to hear good news from thence ere long
If everything fall out to our content.

QUE. God grant it may, heavens keep my Hamlet safe!
But this mischance of old Polonius' death,
Hath pierced so the young Ophelia's heart,
That she, poor maid, is quite bereft her wits.

KING Alas dear heart! And on the other side,
We understand her brother's come from France,
And he hath half the heart of all our land,
And hardly he'll forget his fathers death,
Unless by some means he be pacified.

A noise within enter Laertes.

LAER. O thou vile KING, give me my father:
Speak, say, where's my father?

KING Dead.

LAER. Who hath murdered him?
Speak, for he is murdered.

QUE. True, but not by him.

LAER. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest devil,
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit.
I dare damnation.
Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

KING Let him go Gertrude. Away! I fear him not:
There's such divinity doth wall a King,
That treason dare not look on.
Let him go, Gertrude. That your father is murdered
'Tis true, and we most sorry for it,
Being the chiefest pillar of our state.
Therefore will you like a most desperate gamester,
Sweep-stake-like, draw at friend, and foe, and all?

LAER. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope mine arms,
And lock them in my heart. But to his foes,
I will no reconciliation but by blood.

KING Why now you speak like a most loving son,
And that in soul we sorrow for his death,
Your self ere long shall be a witness,
Meanwhile be patient, and content your self.

Enter Ophelia

OPH. They bore him barefaced on the bier.
Hey nonny nonny no, hey nonny nonny.

LAER. O heat, dry up my brains, tears seven times salt (Q2)
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye,
By heaven thy madness shall be paid with weight

Til our scale turn the beam. O Rose of May,
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia,
O heavens, is't possible a young maids wits
Should be as mortal as an old mans life.
.... how now Ophelia?

OPH. Well God a mercy, I a been gathering of flowers:
Here, here is rew for you,
You may call it herb a grace a Sundays,
Here's some for me too: you must wear your rew
With a difference, there's a daisy.
Here Love, there's rosemary for you
For remembrance: I pray Love remember,
And there's pansy for thoughts.

LAER. A document in madness, thoughts and remembrances. [2930]
O God, O God!

OPH. There is fennel for you, and columbines. I would a given you
Some violets, but they all withered, when
My father died: They say he made a good end.
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

LAER. Thoughts and afflictions, torments worse than hell.

OPH. And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he's gone, and we cast away moan,
And he never will come again.
His beard as white as snow:
All flaxen was his pole,
He is dead, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:

LAER. Do you see this O God?

OPH. God a mercy on his soul
And of all christen souls I pray God.
God be with you Ladies, God be with you.
exit Ophelia.

LAER. Grief upon grief, my father murdered,
My sister thus distracted:
Cursed be his soul that wrought this wicked act.

KING Content you, good Laertes, for a time.

Although I know your grief is as a flood
Brim-full of sorrow, but forbear a while,
And think already the revenge is done
On him that makes you such a hapless son.

LAER. You have prevailed my Lord, a while I'll strive,
To bury my grief in a tomb of wrath,
Which once unheard, then the world shall hear
Laertes had a father he held dear.

KING No more of that; ere many days be done,
You shall hear that you do not dream upon. exeunt

Enter Horatio and the Queen.

HOR. Madam, your son is safe arrived in Denmark,
This letter I even now received of him,
Whereas he writes how he escaped the danger,
And subtle treason that the King had plotted.
He found the letters sent to the King of England,
Wherein he saw himself betrayed to death.

QUE. The King!
Then I perceive there's treason in his looks
That seem'd to sugar o'er his villany:
But I will soothe and please him for a time,
For murderous minds are always jealous,
But know not you Horatio where Hamlet is?

HOR. Yes Madam, and he hath appointed me
To meet him on the east side of the City
Tomorrow morning.

QUE. O fail not, good Horatio,
And withal, commend me a mother's care to him –
bid him a while be wary of his presence.

HOR. Madam, never make doubt of that:
Observe the King, and you shall
Quickly find, Hamlet being here,
Things fell not to his mind.

QUE. But what become of Guildenstern and Rosencrantz?

HOR. He being set ashore, they went for England.
But in the Letters was a new command
To perform on them what was made for him.
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.

QUE. Thanks be to heaven for blessing of the Prince,
Horatio once again I take my leave,
With thousand mothers blessings to my son.

HOR. Madam, adieu. (Exeunt)

Enter King and Laertes

KING. Hamlet from England! Is it possible?
What chance is this? They are dead, and he come home!

LAER. Tell me, my lord, why you proceed not
Against Hamlet so criminal and capital in nature.

KING. O, for two special reasons
The Queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks and for myself,
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That I could not but by her. The other motive
Is the great love the general people bear him,

LAER. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms.
What out of this my Lord?

KING. Laertes was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

LAER. Why ask you this?

KING. But to the quick of the ulcer,
Hamlet comes back, what would you undertake
To show yourself indeed your father's son
More than in words?

LAER. To cut his throat i'th Church.

KING: Revenge should have no bounds. But good Laertes,
Will you do this? Keep close within your chamber,
Hamlet returned, shall know you are come home;

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence
With sword and rapier, bring you at last together
And wager on your heads. He being generous,
Will not peruse the foils, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unblunted and in a pace of practise
Revenge you for your Father.

LAER. I will do it,
And for purpose, I'll annoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a poisoner
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, it will be death.

KING This being done will free you from suspicion.
And lest that all should miss,
I'll have a poison that shall ready stand,
When that in all his heat he calls for drink,
Shall be his period and our happiness.

LAER. 'Tis excellent, O would the time were come!

enter the Queen.

QUE. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow. Your Sister's drowned, Laertes.

LAER. Drowned! O, where?

QUE. O my Lord, the young Ophelia
Having made a garland of sundry sorts of flowers,
Sitting upon a willow by a brook,
The envious sprig broke. Into the brook she fell
And for a while her clothes, spread wide abroad,
Bore the young lady up: and there she sat
Smiling, even Mermaid-like, twixt heaven and earth,
Chanting old sundry tunes incapable
As it were, of her distress. But long it could not be,
Till that her clothes, being heavy with their drink,
Dragged the sweet wretch to death.

LAER.
So, she is drowned:
Too much of water hast thou Ophelia,
Therefore I will not drown thee in my tears,
Revenge it is must yield this heart release,

For woe begets woe, and grief hangs on grief.
Exeunt

enter Clown

Clown.

-I say no she ought not to be buried in Christian burial.

-Why sir?

-Marry Sir because she's drowned herself

-Aye, but see she hath Christian burial because she is a great woman.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio

HAM. Hath this fellow any feeling of himself,
That is thus merry in making of a grave?

HOR. My lord, custom hath made it in him seem nothing

HAM. Now my friend, whose grave is this?

Clowne. Mine sir.

HAM. But who must lie in it

Clowne. If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat , sir.

HAM. What man must be buried here?

Clowne. No man sir.

HAM. What woman then?

Clowne. No woman neither sir, but
One that was a woman.
Look you, heres a skull hath bin here this dozen year,
Let me see, ever since our last King Hamlet, young Hamlet's father,
He that's mad.

HAM. I, marry, how came he mad?

Clowne. In faith very strangely, by losing of his wits.

HAM. Upon what ground?

Clowne. Why here, in Denmark.

HAM. Where is he now?

Clowne. Why now they sent him to England.

HAM. To England! Wherefore?

Clowne. Why, they say 'tis no great matter there,
It will not be seen there.

HAM. Why not there?

Clowne. Why they say in England the men are all mad.

HAM. Whose skull was this?

Clowne. This? A plague on him! A mad rogue's it was. He poured once, a whole flagon
of Rhenish (wine) on my head. (Why do not you know him? This was one
Yorick's skull. The King's jester.

HAM. This? I prithee let me see. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio. A fellow of
infinite mirth. He hath carried me on his back a thousand times. Here hung
those lips that I have kissed a hundred times. And to see now! They abhor
me! Where be your jests now? Your songs, your flashes of merriment: Quite
chop-fallen? Now get you to my Lady's chamber, and tell her let her paint her
self an inch thick, to this favour she must come. Make her laugh at that. I
prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing, dost thou think that Caesar looked thus?

HOR. Even so my Lord.

HAM. And smelt thus?

HOR. Ay, my lord, no otherwise.

SOLDIER: (enters & hands letter to Horatio) The King, my Lord, hath laid a wager on
your side. (Exit)

HAM. And how's the wager?

HOR. (reads letter) My Lord, that young Laertes in twelve attacks
At Rapier do not get three hits of you,
And on your side the King hath laid,
And desires you to be in readiness.

HAM. Very well, if the King dare venture his wager,
I dare venture my skull: when must this be?

HOR. My Lord, presently.

HAM. I will attend him. But thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my heart.

HOR. My lord, refuse the challenge then.
I will forestall and say you are not fit.

HAM. No Horatio, not a whit.
Theres a divinity which shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we will. 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. Let be. Here
comes the King.

Enter KING, Queen , Laertes,

KING. Now, son Hamlet, we have laid upon your head,
And make no question but to have the best.

HAM. Your majesty hath laid a the weaker side.

KING We doubt it not. Deliver them the swords.

HAM. First, Laertes, here's my hand and love,
Give me your pardon, sir.
Protesting that I never wronged Laertes.
If Hamlet in his madness did amiss,
That was not Hamlet, but his madness did it,
And all the wrong I e're did to Laertes,
I here proclaim was madness, Therefore lets be at peace,
And think I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

LAER. I am satisfied in nature,
But in terms of honour I'll stand aloof,
And will no reconciliation

KING. Give them the foils.

HAM. I'll be your foil, Laertes. Come on sir.

(they fight)

HAM. A hit!

LAER. No none.

HAM. Judgement?

HOR. A hit, a most palpable hit.

LAER. Well, come again.

HAM. Another. What say you?

LAER. Aye, I grant, a touch, a touch.

KING Here, Hamlet, the King doth drink a health to thee!

KING. Our son shall win.

QUE. He's scant of breath.
Here Hamlet take my napkin wipe thy face.

KING. Give him the wine.

HAM. Set it by, I'll have another bout first. I'll drink anon.

QUE. Here Hamlet, thy mother drinks to thee.

KING. Gertrude, do not drink.

QUE. I will my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

KING. It is the poisoned cup, it is too late.

HAM. I dare not drink yet Madam. By and by.

QUE. Come, let me wipe thy face.

LAER. My Lord, I'll hit him now. And yet it is almost against my conscience.

(stabs Hamlet in back)

KING. I do not think't.

HAM. Come for the third Laertes, you do but dally.

HOR. Look to the Queen there, ho!

KING. They bleed on both sides, how is it Laertes?

LAER. Foolishly slain with my own weapon:
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

HAM. How does the Queen?

KING. She swoons to see you bleed.

QUE. No, no, the drink, the drink, o my dear Hamlet,
The drink the drink, I am poisoned.

The Queen dies.

HAM. O villany, ho! Let the door be lock't.
Treachery! Seek it out.

LAER. It is here Hamlet, Hamlet thou art slain,
Thou hast not in thee half an hour of life,
The fatal Instrument is in thy hand.
Unbated and invenomed: thy mother's poisoned,
I can no more. The King, the King's to blame.

HAM. The point invenom'd too, then venom to thy work.

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

HAM. Here thou incestious damned Dane,
Drink of this poison,
Follow my mother.

The KING dies.

LAER. O he is justly served:
Hamlet, before I die, here take my hand,
And withall, my love: I do forgive thee.

Laertes dies.

HAM. And I thee. Horatio, fare thee well.

HOR. Never believe it;
I am more Antique Romaine than a Dane,
Here's yet some poison left.

HAM. As th'art a man
Give me the cup, let go, by heaven I'll have it,
O god Horatio,
O my heart sinks Horatio,
Mine eyes have lost their sight, my tongue his use:
Farewell Horatio, the rest is silence.

Hamlet dies.

The End

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