



SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet

Act One, Scene Three

Laertes, Ophelia & Lord Polonius

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA

LAERTES

My necessaries are embark'd: farewell:
And 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, No more.

OPHELIA

No more but so?

LAERTES

Think it no more;
Perhaps he loves you now,
but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state;
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart.

LAERTES

I stay too long: but here our father comes.

Enter POLONIUS

LORD POLONIUS

There; my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character.
Those friends thou hast,
and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
This above all: to thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

LAERTES

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

LORD POLONIUS

The time invites you; go; your servants tend.

LAERTES

Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well what I have said to you.

OPHELIA

'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAERTES

Farewell.

Exit

LORD POLONIUS

What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

OPHELIA

So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

LORD POLONIUS

What is between you? give me up the truth.

OPHELIA

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders of his affection to me.

LORD POLONIUS

Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

OPHELIA

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

LORD POLONIUS

Marry, I'll teach you: Tender yourself more dearly;

OPHELIA

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

LORD POLONIUS

Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

OPHELIA

And hath given countenance to his speech,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

LORD POLONIUS

For Lord Hamlet,
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.

OPHELIA

I shall obey, my lord.

Exeunt Ophelia



SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet

Act One, Scene Four

Horatio, Marcellus & Ghost

HORATIO

Hail to your lordship!

HAMLET

I am glad to see you well: Horatio,--
or I do forget myself.

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

Sir, my good friend;
I'll change that name with you:
What make you from Wittenberg?

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

HORATIO

Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

HAMLET

My father!--methinks I see my father.

HORATIO

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

Two nights together had two gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father.
This to me in dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
The apparition came: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

HAMLET

Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO

My lord, I did; But answer made it none:
Then it vanish'd from our sight.

HAMLET

And saw you not his face?

HORATIO

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET

And fix'd his eyes upon you? I would I had been there.

HORATIO

It would have much amazed you.

HAMLET

I will watch to-night; Perchance 'twill walk again.

HORATIO

Look, my lord, it comes!

Enter Ghost

HAMLET

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
I will speak to thee, I'll call the King. Father.
Royal Dane? Oh Answer me!

Ghost beckons HAMLET

HORATIO

It beckons you to go away with it,

HAMLET

It will not speak; then I will follow it.

HORATIO

Do not, my lord.

HAMLET

Why, what should be the fear?

HORATIO

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of
reason and draw you into madness?

HORATIO

Be ruled; you shall not go.

HAMLET

Unhand me, Horatio.
By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
I say, away! Go on; I'll follow thee.

Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET

HORATIO

He waxes desperate with imagination.
Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Heaven will direct it.
I will follow him.

Exeunt

Enter GHOST and HAMLET

HAMLET

Where 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 sulphurous 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

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET

What?

GHOST

I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.
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, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

HAMLET

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

GHOST

Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; 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

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 hebenon in a vial,
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 dispatch'd:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
Fare thee well at once!
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

Exit

HAMLET

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? Remember thee!
Thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, meet it is I set it down, that one may smile,
and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

Writing

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.' I have sworn 't.

Exit Hamlet



SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet

Act Two, Scene Two

Hamlet & Lord Polonius

LORD POLONIUS

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAMLET

Well, God-a-mercy.

LORD POLONIUS

Do you know me, my lord?

HAMLET

Excellent well; you are a *fishmonger*.

LORD POLONIUS

Not I, my lord.

HAMLET

Then I would you were *so* honest a man.

LORD POLONIUS

Honest, my lord!

HAMLET

Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,
is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

LORD POLONIUS

That's very true, my lord.

HAMLET

Have you a daughter?

LORD POLONIUS

I have, my lord.

HAMLET

Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing:
but not as your daughter may conceive.
Friend, look to 't.

LORD POLONIUS

[*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter:
yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger:
he is *far gone, far gone*. [*back to Hamlet*] What do you read, my lord?

HAMLET

Words... words... words.

LORD POLONIUS

What is the matter, my lord?

HAMLET

Slanders, sir.

LORD POLONIUS

[*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.
[*back to Hamlet*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

HAMLET

Into my grave.

LORD POLONIUS

Indeed, that is out o' the air!
[*Aside*] I will leave him, and suddenly contrive
the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—
[*back to Hamlet*] My honourable lord,
I will most humbly take my leave of you.

HAMLET

You cannot, sir,
take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal:
except my life...except my life... except my life.

LORD POLONIUS

Fare you well, my lord. *[Exit]*

HAMLET

These tedious old fools!!!!



SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet

Act Three, Scene One

Hamlet & Ophelia

OPHELIA

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 composed
As made the things more rich...*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 believed me; *I loved you not.*

OPHELIA

I was the more deceived.

HAMLET

Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?
Where's your father?

OPHELIA

At home, my lord.

HAMLET

LET THE DOORS BE SHUT UPON HIM,
that he may play the fool no where but in's own house!

OPHELIA

O, help him, you sweet heavens!

HAMLET

If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool;
for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them!

OPHELIA

O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET

God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another.
Go to, I'll no more on't; *it hath made me mad.*
I say, we will have no more marriages:
To a nunnery, go.

(Exit)

OPHELIA

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

O, woe is me, To have seen what I have seen, *see what I see!*

Hamlet Exit



SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet

Act Three, Scene Three

Lord Polonius, King Claudius & Hamlet

Enter Polonius/Claudius

LORD POLONIUS

My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process; Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

KING CLAUDIUS

Thanks, dear my lord.

Exit POLONIUS

O, my offence is rank it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
A brother's murder.
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?
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 the offence?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
All may be well.

kneels

Enter HAMLET

HAMLET

Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't. And so he goes to heaven;
And so am I revenged. That would be scann'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send to heaven.
No! Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid hent:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black as hell, whereto it goes.
My mother stays: This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

Exit

KING CLAUDIUS

[Rising] My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

Exit



SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet

Act Three, Scene Four

Hamlet, Gertrude & Polonius

Gertrude enters with Polonius

HAMLET

Mother!! Mother!!

(enters)

Now, mother, what's the matter?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAMLET

Mother, *you* have my father much offended.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAMLET

Go go, you question with a wicked tongue.

What's the matter now?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Have you forgot me?

HAMLET

No, you are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;

And--*would it were not so!--you are my mother.*

QUEEN GERTRUDE

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

HAMLET

Come, come, and sit you down; *you shall not budge.*

QUEEN GERTRUDE

What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

***LORD POLONIUS, (from behind the curtain)**

What, ho! help, help, help!

HAMLET

How now! a rat?

Dead, for a ducat, dead!

(Stabs Polonius through the curtain)

***LORD POLONIUS**

O, I am slain! *(Falls and rolls out, dies)*

QUEEN GERTRUDE

O me, what hast thou done?!!

HAMLET

Nay, I know not: Is it the king? *(THEN sees that it is Polonius, not Claudius)*

QUEEN GERTRUDE

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 GERTRUDE

As kill a king!

HAMLET

Ay, lady, 'twas my word. Peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart;

QUEEN GERTRUDE

What have I done, that thou darrest wag thy
tongue in noise so rude against me?

HAMLET

Look here, upon *this* picture, and on *this*,
the counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, *this was* your husband.
Here is your husband;
Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love!

QUEEN GERTRUDE

O Hamlet, speak no more: Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul!

HAMLET

Nay, but to live, stew'd in corruption...

QUEEN GERTRUDE

O, speak to me no more; these words,
like daggers, enter in mine ears;

HAMLET

A murderer and a villain...

QUEEN GERTRUDE

No more!

HAMLET

A king of shreds and patches,--

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Hamlet, *thou hast cleft my heart in twain!*

Hamlet Exit. Enter Claudius

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

KING CLAUDIUS

What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, 'A rat, a rat!'
And, in this brainish apprehension,
kills The unseen good old man.

KING CLAUDIUS

O heavy deed!
It had been so with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Where is he gone?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madness,
like some ore Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

LAERTES

Where is this King?!

Enter Laertes

O thou vile king, Give me my father!

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Calmly, good Laertes.

LAERTES

That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,

KING CLAUDIUS

What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
Let him go, Gertrude; Speak, man.

LAERTES

Where is my father?

KING CLAUDIUS

Dead.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

But not by him.

KING CLAUDIUS

Let him demand his fill.

EXIT Gertrude

LAERTES

How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.

KING CLAUDIUS

Why, now you speak Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

Enter QUEEN GERTRUDE

How now, sweet queen!

QUEEN GERTRUDE

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow; your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

LAERTES

Drown'd! O, where?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
There with fantastic garlands did she come
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples.
There, on the pendent boughs,
her coronet weeds clambering to hang,
an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide;
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up:
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.

LAERTES

Alas, then, she is drown'd?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Drown'd, drown'd.

LAERTES

Oh heat, dry up my brains!

Tears seven times salt burn out the sense And virtue of mine eye.

Oh rose of May Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia.

Oh heavens! Is't possible a young maids wits should be as mortal as a young mans life?

Do you see this oh God? Adieu, my lord:

I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,

But that this folly douts it.

Exit

KING CLAUDIUS

Let's follow, Gertrude:

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I this will give it start again;

Therefore let's follow.

Exit Claudius/Gertrude

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet

Hamlet/Claudius, Act IV Scene 3

KING CLAUDIUS

Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

HAMLET

At supper.

KING CLAUDIUS

At supper! where?

HAMLET

Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

KING CLAUDIUS

Alas, alas!

HAMLET

A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and cat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

KING CLAUDIUS

What dost you mean by this?

HAMLET

Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

KING CLAUDIUS

Where is Polonius?

HAMLET

In heaven; send hither to see: if your messenger
find him not there, seek him i' the other place
yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within
this month, you shall nose him as you go up the
stairs into the lobby.

KING CLAUDIUS

Go seek him there.

To some Attendants

HAMLET

He will stay till ye come.

Exeunt Attendants

KING CLAUDIUS

Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,--
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,--must send thee hence
With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
The associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

HAMLET

For England!

KING CLAUDIUS

Ay, Hamlet.

HAMLET

Good.

KING CLAUDIUS

So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAMLET

I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for
England! Farewell, dear mother.

KING CLAUDIUS

Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAMLET

My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man
and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother. Come, for England!

Exit

KING CLAUDIUS

I'll have him hence to-night: for every thing is seal'd and done.
And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught--
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us--thou mayst not coldly set
Our sovereign process; which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.



SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet

Act Five, Scene One

Gravedigger, Hamlet & Horatio

Enter one gravedigger, with spades,

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO

HAMLET

Whose grave's this, sirrah?

GRAVEDIGGER

Mine, sir.

HAMLET

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

GRAVEDIGGER

I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine.

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!
We must speak by the card,
or equivocation will undo us.

HAMLET

How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

GRAVEDIGGER

Cannot you tell that? Every fool can tell that:
it was the very day that young Hamlet was born;

HORATIO

How long will a man lie I' the earth ere he rot?

GRAVEDIGGER

I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die he will
last you some eight year or nine year
Here's a skull now;
this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

HORATIO

Whose was it?

GRAVEDIGGER

A whoreson mad fellow's it was:
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 times;

Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HORATIO

What's that, my lord?

HAMLET

Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

HORATIO

E'en so.

HAMLET

And smelt so? Pah!

Alexander died, Alexander was buried,

Alexander returneth into dust;

Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay,

Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:

O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,

Should patch a wall to expel the winter flaw!

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.

Exits with Gravedigger leaving Horatio alone

HORATIO

Let me speak to the yet unknowing world

How these things came about:

so shall you hear of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,

Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,

Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,

And, in this upshot, purposes mistook fall'n on the inventors' heads:

all this can I truly deliver. Now cracks a noble heart.

Goodnight sweet prince

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.