



SHAKESPEARIENCE!

WILL POWER II

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PART ONE

Romeo & Juliet

ENSEMBLE

Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phoebus' lodging:
such a wagoner As Phaethon would whip you
to the west, And bring in cloudy night
immediately.

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites By
their own beauties;
or, if love be blind, It best agrees with night.
Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in
night;

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back.
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night
And pay no worship to the garish sun.

Prologue

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents'
strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd
love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could
remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to
mend.

***Act One, Scene 3:**

LADY CAPULET, NURSE, JULIET

LADY CAPULET

Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

NURSE

Now, at twelve year old, I bade her come.

What, lamb! what, ladybird!

God forbid! Where's this girl? What, Juliet

(Enter JULIET)

JULIET

How now! who calls?

NURSE

Your mother.

JULIET

Madam, I am here. What is your will?

LADY CAPULET

This is the matter:--Nurse, give leave awhile,

We must talk in secret:--nurse, come back again;

I have remember'd me, thou's hear our counsel.

Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.

NURSE

Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

LADY CAPULET

She's not fourteen.

NURSE

She is not fourteen.

LADY CAPULET

Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

NURSE

Yes, madam: yet I cannot choose but laugh.

JULIET

And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

NURSE

Peace, I have done. Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:

An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

LADY CAPULET

Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme I came to talk of.

Tell me, daughter Juliet, how stands your disposition to be married?

JULIET

It is an honour that I dream not of.

NURSE

An honour!

LADY CAPULET

Well, think of marriage now; younger than you, here in Verona, ladies of esteem, are made already mothers:

by my count, I was your mother much upon these years that you are now a maid. Thus then in brief: The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE

A man, young lady! lady, such a man as all the world.

LADY CAPULET

Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE

Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

LADY CAPULET

What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast;
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face, and
(*continue next page...*)

find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament, and see
how one another lends content

And what obscured in this fair volume lies
find written in the margent of his eyes.

This precious book of love, this unbound
lover, to beautify him, only lacks a cover:
So shall you share all that he doth possess, by
having him, making yourself no less.

NURSE

No less! (Exit).

LADY CAPULET

Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JULIET

I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye
Than your consent gives strength to make it
fly.

(Re-enter Nurse)

NURSE

Madam, the guests are come, supper served
up, you called, my young lady asked for. I
must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow
straight.

LADY CAPULET

We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE

Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

***Act One, Scene 4:**

Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio

ROMEO

Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MERCUTIO

Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROMEO

Not I, I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move.

BENVOLIO

You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings, and
soar with them above a common bound.

ROMEO

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

MERCUTIO

And, to sink in it?
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROMEO

Is love a tender thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, and it pricks like thorn.

MERCUTIO

If love be rough with you, be rough with love!

BENVOLIO

Prick for pricking and you beat love down.

ROMEO

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

BENVOLIO

Come, we burn daylight ho!

ROMEO

Nay, that's not so.

BENVOLIO

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.

MERCUTIO

And we mean well in going to this mask...

ROMEO

I dream'd a dream to-night.

MERCUTIO

And so did I.

ROMEO

Well, what was yours?

MERCUTIO

That dreamers often lie.

ROMEO

In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

MERCUTIO

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife and she comes in shape

no bigger than an agate stone...

Her wagon-spokes made of long spiders' legs,
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream
of love;

This is she—

ROMEO

Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.

MERCUTIO

True, I talk of dreams, which are the children
of an idle brain,

Begot of nothing but vain fantasy which is as
thin of substance as the air

BENVOLIO

This wind you talk of, blows us from
ourselves...

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

ROMEO

I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels...But, on, lusty
gentleman.

BENVOLIO

Strike, drum!

(exit together)

***Act 2, Scene 2:**

Romeo, Juliet [Nurse]

Enter ROMEO

ROMEO

JULIET appears above at a window

But, soft! What light through yonder window
breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
It is my lady, O, it is my love!
O, that she knew she were!
See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks:

O, speak again, bright angel!

JULIET

O Romeo, Romeo! Wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROMEO

[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at
this?

JULIET

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,

ROMEO

I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JULIET

What man art thou

that thus bescreen'd in night
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO

By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

JULIET

Art thou not Romeo and a Montague?

ROMEO

Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JULIET

How camest thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore?

If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROMEO

Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords:

JULIET

I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROMEO

I have night's cloak to hide me from their
sight;

JULIET

Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
night

ROMEO

If my heart's dear love—

JULIET

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

NURSE

Madam! Mistress! Lady, Lady!!

JULIET

I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Good night, good night! Parting is such
sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

Exuent

***Act Two, Scene 5:**

Juliet and the Nurse

JULIET

The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promised to return.

O God, she comes!

(Enter Nurse)

O honey nurse, what news?

Hast thou met with him? O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

NURSE

I am a-weary, give me leave awhile:

Fie, how my bones ache!

JULIET

I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE

Jesu, what haste?

Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JULIET

How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath

To say to me that thou art out of breath?

Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

NURSE

Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not

how to choose a man,

but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb....

What, have you dined at home?

JULIET

No, no: What says he of our marriage? What of that?

NURSE

Lord, how my head aches!--O, my back, my back!

JULIET

I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE

Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and
a kind, and a handsome,

--Where is your mother?

JULIET

Where is my mother! Why, she is within;
Where should she be?

NURSE

Are you so hot? Henceforward do your
messages yourself.

JULIET

Come, come, what says Romeo?

NURSE

Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

JULIET

I have!!!

NURSE

Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a **husband** to make you a **wife!**
Hie you to church!

JULIET

Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.
(exit separately)

***Act Three, Scene 1:**

Romeo, Tybalt, Mercutio, Benvolio – FIGHT

BENVOLIO

I Pray thee good Mercutio, let's retire.

The day is hot

The Capulet's abroad, And if we meet, we shall
not scape a brawl;

For now these hot days is the mad blood
stirring.

TYBALT

Good den: a word with you.

MERCUTIO

And but one word? Couple it with something;
make it a word and a blow.

TYBALT

Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,--

MERCUTIO

Consort! ' What, dost thou make us minstrels?

An thou make minstrels of us, look to hear
nothing but discords:

here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make
you dance. Zounds, consort!

BENVOLIO

We talk here in the public haunt of men:

Either withdraw unto some private place,

And reason coldly of your differences,

Or else depart; Here all eyes gaze on us.

[Enter ROMEO]

TYBALT

Well, peace be with you, sir: here comes my
man.

Romeo, the **hate** I bear thee can afford no
better term than this,--thou art a **villain!**

ROMEO

Tybalt, the reason that I have to **love** thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage to
such a greeting:

villain am I none;

Therefore farewell.

TYBALT

Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries that
thou hast done me!

ROMEO

I do protest, I never injured thee,
But LOVE thee better than thou canst devise,
And so, good Capulet,-which name I tender
As dearly as my own,-be satisfied.

MERCUTIO

[to Romeo]

O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!

[to Tybalt]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYBALT

What wouldst thou have with me?

MERCUTIO

Good king of cats, nothing but one of your
nine lives!

Tybalt.

I am for you.

ROMEO

Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MERCUTIO

Come, sir, your passado.

*[Tybalt & Mercutio fight, pushing Romeo out of
the way]*

BENVOLIO

Mercutio, the Prince hath expressly forbidden
bandying in Verona streets

ROMEO

Hold, Tybalt! Good Mercutio!

*[TYBALT under ROMEO's arm stabs
MERCUTIO, and runs out]*

MERCUTIO

I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.

ROMEO

Courage man, the hurt cannot be much...

MERCUTIO

Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a
grave man.

A plague o' both your houses!

'Why the devil came you between us? I was
hurt under your arm! They have made
wormsmeat of me.

ROMEO

I thought all for the best.

[MERCUTIO dies]

BENVOLIO

Oh Romeo, Brave Mercutio's dead.
That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely hear did scorn the earth.

ROMEO

This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, --Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman! O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel!

BENVOLIO

Here comes the furious Tybalt back again!

[Re-enter TYBALT]

ROMEO

Now, Tybalt, for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

TYBALT

Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him
here, shalt with him hence.

ROMEO

This shall determine that.

[They fight; ROMEO stabs TYBALT & he dies]

ROMEO

O, I am fortune's fool!

EPILOGUE/BENVOLIO

A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head:
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad
things;
Some shall be pardon 'd, and some punished:
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

PART TWO

HAMLET

ENSEMBLE

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 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.

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution Is
sicklified o'er with the pale cast of thought,

And enterprise of great pitch and moment
With this regard, their currents turn awry

And lose the name of action.

***Act 1, Scene 4**

Enter HORATIO, HAMLET

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:
And 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,
Armed at point exactly, 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 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; 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!
One may smile, and smile,
and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.

Exit Hamlet

*** Act One, Scene 3:**

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

***ACT II, Scene 2:**

Hamlet and 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!!!!

***Act Three, Scene 1:**

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

***Act Three, Scene 4:
Hamlet & Gertrude and Polonius**

Gertrude enters

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 darest 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!

Exit

***Act Five, Scene 1:**

**Gravediggers One and Two, Hamlet,
Horatio**

First Gravedigger

Is she to be buried in Christian burial that
wilfully seeks her own salvation?

Second Gravedigger

I tell thee she is: and therefore make her grave
straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and
finds it

Christian burial.

First

How can that be, unless she drowned herself
in her
own defence?

Second

Why, 'tis found so.

First

It must be 'se offendendo;' it cannot be else.

For

here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly,
it argues an act: it is, to act, to do, to perform:
argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

Second

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

First

Why, there thou say'st: There is no ancient
gentleman but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-
makers:
they hold up Adam's profession.

Second

Was he a gentleman?

First

He was the first that ever bore arms.

Second

Why, he had none.

First

What, art a heathen? How dost thou
understand the
Scripture? The Scripture says 'Adam digged:'
could he dig without arms? What is he that
builds stronger than either the
mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

Second

The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

First

I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; To't again, come.

Second

'Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter? Mass, I cannot tell.

[Enter HAMLET and HORATIO]

First Clown

Cudgel thy brains no more about it, when you are asked this question next, say 'a grave-maker: 'the houses that he makes last till doomsday.

[they laugh]

HAMLET

Whose grave's this, sirrah?

GRAVEDIGGER ONE

Mine, sir.

HAMLET

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

GRAVEDIGGER ONE

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

HAMLET

What man dost thou dig it for?

GRAVEDIGGER TWO

For no man, sir.

HAMLET

What woman, then?

GRAVEDIGGER TWO

For none, neither.

HAMLET

Who is to be buried in't?

GRAVEDIGGER ONE

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 ONE

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 TWO

I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die he will
last you some eight year
or nine year

HAMLET

Why he more than another?

GRAVEDIGGER TWO

Here's a skull now;
this skull has lain in the earth
three and twenty years.

HORATIO

Whose was it?

GRAVEDIGGER TWO

A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do
you think it was?

HAMLET

Nay, I know not.

GRAVEDIGGER ONE

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

HAMLET

This?

GRAVEDIGGER'S ONE and TWO

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; and

now, how

abhorred in my imagination it is! 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. There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow...The readiness is all.

Exits with Gravediggers 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.

PART THREE

MACBETH

ENSEMBLE

Is this a dagger which I see before me, The
handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling
as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind,

a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-
oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable As this
which now I draw.
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;

I see thee still, And on thy blade and dudgeon
gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.

There's no such thing: It is the bloody
business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

Now o'er the one halfworld Nature seems
dead, and wicked dreams abuse The curtain'd
sleep;

Thou sure and firm-set earth, Hear not my
steps, which way they walk, for fear Thy very
stones prate of my whereabouts,

And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.

Whiles I threat, he lives: Words to the heat of
deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

*** Act One, Scene 1:**

THREE WITCHES, Macbeth, Banquo, Ross

FIRST WITCH

When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

SECOND WITCH

When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

THIRD WITCH

That will be ere the set of sun.

FIRST WITCH

Where the place?

SECOND WITCH

Upon the heath.

THIRD WITCH

There to meet with Macbeth.

THIRD WITCH

By the pricking of my thumbs, something
wicked this way comes. Open locks, whoever
knocks.

[Enter Macbeth, Banquo]

MACBETH:

So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

BANQUO:

What are these, so wither'd and so wild in
their attire, that look not like the inhabitants
o' the earth, and yet are on't?

MACBETH:

Speak, if you can, what are you?

FIRST WITCH:

All hail, Macbeth, hail to thee thane of Glamis!

SECOND WITCH:

All hail Macbeth, hail to thee thane of Cawdor!

THIRD WITCH:

All hail Macbeth, thou shalt be king hereafter!

BANQUO:

If you can look into the seeds of time, speak
then to me.

FIRST WITCH:

Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

SECOND WITCH:

Not so happy, yet much happier.

THIRD WITCH:

Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.

ALL WITCHES:

All hail Banquo and Macbeth...

[witches fade back to exit]

MACBETH:

I know I am thane of Glamis, but how of Cawdor?

Say from whence you owe this strange intelligence?

BANQUO:

Whither are they vanish'd?

MACBETH:

Into the air and what seem'd corporal melted as breath into the wind.

Your children shall be kings!

BANQUO:

You shall be king!

MACBETH:

And thane of Cawdor too, went it not so?

[Enter Ross]

ROSS:

The king hath happily received Macbeth, the news of thy success; as thick as hail came post with post; and every one did bear thy praises in his kingdom's great defence, and pour'd them down before him.

I am sent to give thee from our royal master thanks; and for an earnest of a greater honour, he bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor; In which addition, hail, most worthy thane for it is thine!

BANQUO:

What, can the devil speak true?

MACBETH:

The thane of Cawdor lives, why do you dress me in borrow'd robes?

ROSS:

Who was the thane lives yet, but under heavy judgment bears that life which he deserves to lose. Treasons capital, confess'd and proved, have overthrown him.

MACBETH:

Glamis, and thane of Cawdor. The greatest is behind. Thanks for you pains.

Do you not hope your children shall be kings when those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me promised no less to them?

BANQUO:

That trusted home might yet inkindle you unto the crown, besides the thane of Cawdor. But tis strange; and oftentimes, to win us to our harm, the instruments of darkness tell us truths, win us with honest trifles, to betray's in deepest consequence.

[EXIT]

***Act One, Scene 7:**

Lady Macbeth, Macbeth

MACBETH

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: that but this blow
might be the be-all and end-all here, but here,
upon this bank and shoal of time, we'd jump
the life to come.

I have no spur to prick the sides of my intent,
but only vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps
itself and falls on the other.

[Enter LADY MACBETH]

How now! what news?

LADY MACBETH

He has almost supp'd: why have you left the
chamber?

MACBETH

Hath he ask'd for me?

LADY MACBETH

Know you not he has?

MACBETH

We will proceed no further in this business:
He hath honour'd me of late; and I have
bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
which would be worn now in their newest
gloss,
not cast aside so soon.

LADY MACBETH

Was the hope drunk wherein you dress 'd
yourself? Hath it slept since?

Art thou afeard to be the same in thine own
act and valour as thou art in desire?

MACBETH

Prithee, peace: I dare do all that may become
a man.

Who dares do more is none.

LADY MACBETH

What beast was't, then, that made you break
this enterprise to me?

When you durst do it, then you were a man.
And, to be more than what you were, you
would be so much more the man.

MACBETH

If we should fail?

LADY MACBETH

We fail! But screw your courage to the
sticking-place, and we'll not fail.

What cannot you and I perform upon Th'
unguarded Duncan?

MACBETH

Bring forth men-children only;
For thy undaunted mettle should compose
nothing but males.

LADY MACBETH

We shall make our griefs and clamour roar
upon his death!

MACBETH

I am settled.

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth
know.

[EXIT]

***Act Two, Scene 2:**

Macbeth, Lady Macbeth

LADY MACBETH

Hark, Peace... Alack I am afraid they have awaked and tis not done.

The attempt and not the deed confounds us.

Hark, I laid their daggers ready, He could not miss em.

Had he not resembled my father as he slept, I had done it...

My Husband!

MACBETH

I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?

LADY MACBETH

I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.

Did not you speak?

MACBETH

When?

LADY MACBETH

Now.

MACBETH

As I descended?

LADY MACBETH

Ay.

MACBETH

This is a sorry sight.

(Looking on his hands)

LADY MACBETH

A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

MACBETH

One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

LADY MACBETH

Consider it not so deeply.

MACBETH

But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'?
I had most need of blessing, and 'Amen' stuck
in my throat.

LADY MACBETH

These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

MACBETH

Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent
sleep...

LADY MACBETH

Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy
thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
so brainsickly of things.
Go get some water, and wash this filthy
witness from your hand.

[Macbeth reveals the daggers]

Why did you bring these daggers from the
place?
They must lie there: go carry them, and smear
the sleepy grooms with blood.

MACBETH

I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

LADY MACBETH

Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers: the sleeping and the
dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
that fears a painted devil.
If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms
withal;
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit].

MACBETH

What hands are here?
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No.

(Re-enter LADY MACBETH)

LADY MACBETH

My hands are of your colour; but I shame to wear a heart so white.

(Knocking within)

I hear a knocking: retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed: How easy is it, then!

(Knocking within)

Hark! more knocking.
Be not lost so poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH

To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

(Knocking within)

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[Exit together]

***Act Two, Scene 3:
the Porter, Macduff, Lennox, Macbeth,
Banquo, Lady Macbeth**

PORTER

Here's a knocking indeed! If a
man were porter of hell-gate,
he should have old turning the key.

[Knocking]

Knock,
knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name
of Beelzebub?

Here's a farmer, that hanged
himself on the expectation of plenty: come in
time; here you'll sweat for't.

[Knocking]

Knock,
knock! Who's there, in the other devil's name?
Faith, here's an equivocator, that could
swear in both the scales against either scale;
who committed treason enough for God's
sake,
yet could not equivocate to heaven: O, come
in, equivocator.

[Knocking]

Knock,
knock, knock! Who's there? Faith, here's an
English tailor come hither, for stealing out of
a French hose: come in, tailor; here you may
roast your goose.

[Knocking]

Knock,
knock; never at quiet! What are you? But
this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter
it no further: I had thought to have let in
some of all professions that go the primrose
way to the everlasting bonfire.

[Knocking]

Anon, anon! I pray you, remember the porter.

[Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX]

MACDUFF

Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,

That you do lie so late?

Porter

'Faith sir, we were carousing till the second bell: and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.

MACDUFF

What three things does drink especially provoke?

Porter

Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; in conclusion, equivocates him in a sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

MACDUFF

I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Porter

That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me.

MACDUFF

Is thy master stirring?

[Enter MACBETH]

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

LENNOX

Good morrow, noble sir.

MACBETH

Good morrow, both.

MACDUFF

Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

MACBETH

Not yet.

MACDUFF

He did command me to call timely on him: I have almost slipp'd the hour.

MACBETH

I'll bring you to him....This is the door.

MACDUFF

I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited service.

[Exit]

LENNOX

Goes the king hence to-day?

MACBETH

He does: he did appoint so.

LENNOX

The night has been unruly: where we lay,
our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,

Lamentings heard i' the air;

strange screams of death,

and prophesying with accents terrible...

Of dire combustion and confused events new
hatch'd to the woeful time:

the obscure bird clamour'd the livelong night:
some say, the earth was feverous and did
shake.

MACBETH

'Twas a rough night.

LENNOX

My young remembrance cannot parallel a
fellow to it.

[Re-enter MACDUFF]

MACDUFF

O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
cannot conceive nor name thee!

MACBETH and LENNOX

What's the matter?

MACDUFF

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke open
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
the life o' the building!

MACBETH

What is 't you say? the life?

LENNOX

Mean you his majesty?

MACDUFF

Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight. See, and then speak yourselves.

[Exeunt MACBETH and LENNOX]

MACDUFF

Awake, awake! Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!

Banquo and Ross, Malcolm! awake! Malcolm! Banquo!

Ring the bell!!!!

[Bell rings, Enter LADY MACBETH]

LADY MACBETH

What's the business? Speak, speak!

MACDUFF

O gentle lady, 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:

[Enter BANQUO]

O Banquo, Banquo, our royal master 's murder'd!

BANQUO

Too cruel any where. Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, and say it is not so.

[Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS]

LADY MACBETH

Woe, alas! What, in our house? O! by whom?

LENNOX

Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't: Their hands and faces were and badged with blood;

So were their daggers, which unwiped we found upon their pillows:

They stared, and were distracted;

no man's life was to be trusted with them.

MACBETH

O, yet I do repent me of my fury, That I did kill them.

MACDUFF

Wherefore did you so?

MACBETH

Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and
furious? No man:
There lay Duncan, his silver skin laced with
his golden blood...

LADY MACBETH

Help me hence, ho!

[She pretends to faint]

MACDUFF

Look to the lady.

BANQUO

Look to the lady:
let us meet, and question this most bloody
piece of work,
To know it further.
In the great hand of God I stand;
and thence against the undivulged pretence
I fight of treasonous malice.

MACDUFF

And so do I.

ALL

So all.

MACBETH

Let's briefly put on manly readiness, and meet
i' the hall together.

ALL

Well contented.

[Exeunt all but BANQUO]

BANQUO

Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,
but that myself should be the root and father
Of many kings.

If there come truth from them--

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine--
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope?
But hush! no more.

[EXIT]

***Act Four, Scene 1:
THREE WITHCHES, Macbeth**

MACBETH

How now, you secret, black, and midnight
hags! What is't you do?

ALL

A deed without a name.

MACBETH

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
answer me to what I ask you.

FIRST WITCH

Speak.

SECOND WITCH

Demand.

THIRD WITCH

We'll answer.

First Witch

Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our
mouths, or from our masters?

MACBETH

Call 'em; let me see 'em.

ALL

Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

FIRST WITCH

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough.

MACBETH

Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution,
thanks; but one
word more,--

FIRST WITCH

I will not be commanded: here's another,
More potent than the first.

SECOND WITCH

Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

MACBETH

Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

SECOND WITCH

Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

MACBETH

Then live, Macduff: what need I fear of thee?

THIRD WITCH

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him.

MACBETH

That will never be
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet
bodements! good!
Yet my heart throbs to know one thing: tell
me, if your art Can tell so much:
shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

ALL

Seek to know no more.

MACBETH

I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let
me know.

FIRST WITCH

Show!

SECOND WITCH

Show!

THIRD WITCH

Show!

ALL

Shown his eyes, and grieved his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart!

MACBETH

Where are they? Gone?
Come in, without there!

Enter LENNOX

LENNOX

What's your grace's will?

MACBETH

Saw you the weird sisters?

LENNOX

No, my lord.

MACBETH

Came they not by you?

LENNOX

No, indeed, my lord.

MACBETH

Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damn'd all those that trust them!
I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

LENNOX

'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

MACBETH

Fled to England!

LENNOX

Ay, my good lord.

MACBETH

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a
fool;
This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
But no more sights!

Exeunt

***Act Five, Scene 7:**

Macbeth, Macduff – FIGHT

MACBETH

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day to
the last syllable of recorded time
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the
way to dusty death.
Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
that struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.
It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and
fury signifying nothing.

[Exit, as Macduff Enters]

MACDUFF

Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'est slain and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me
still.
Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not.

[Exit, as Macbeth Enters]

MACBETH

Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the
gashes do better upon them.

[Enter Macduff]

MACDUFF

Turn, hell-hound, turn!

MACBETH

Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back; my soul is too much
charged with blood of thine already.

MACDUFF

I have no words:
My voice is in my sword:
thou bloodier villain than terms can give thee
out!

(They fight, Macduff is wounded)

MACBETH

Thou lovest labour:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield, to
one of woman born.

MACDUFF

Despair thy charm; and let the angel whom
thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's
womb untimely ripp'd.

MACBETH

Accursed be that tongue that tells me so, for it
hath cow'd my better part of man!
I'll not fight with thee.

MACDUFF

Then yield thee, coward, and live to be the
show and gaze o' the time:
We'll have thee, [as our rarer monsters are],
painted on a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

MACBETH

I will not yield to kiss the ground before
young Malcolm's feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Yet I will try the last.
Before my body, I throw my warlike shield.
Lay on, Macduff, and damn'd be him that first
cries, "Hold, enough!"

(They fight, Macbeth falls)

MACDUFF

The time is free...