

KING

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
 To give these mourning duties to your father.
 But you must know your father lost a father,
 That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
 In filial obligation for some term 92
 To do obsequious sorrow. But to persever 93
 In obstinate condolement is a course
 Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief.
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven, 96
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschooled. 97
For what we know must be and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie, 'tis a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd, whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried, 104
 From the first corpse till he that died today, 105
 "This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
 This unprevailing woe and think of us 107
 As of a father; for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne, 109
 And with no less nobility of love
 Than that which dearest father bears his son
 Do I impart toward you. For your intent 112
 In going back to school in Wittenberg, 113
 It is most retrograde to our desire, 114
 And we beseech you bend you to remain 115
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN

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

- 92 **obsequious** suited to obsequies or funerals. **persever** persevere
 93 **condolement** sorrowing 96 **unfortified** i.e., against adversity
 97 **simple** ignorant 99 **As . . . sense** as the most ordinary experience
 104 **still** always 105 **the first corpse** (Abel's) 107 **unprevailing** unavail-
 ing 109 **most immediate** next in succession 112 **impart toward** i.e.,
 bestow my affection on. **For** as for 113 **to school** i.e., to your stud-
 ies. **Wittenberg** famous German university founded in 1502
 114 **retrograde** contrary 115 **bend you** incline yourself

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

KING

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.

Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come.

This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart, in grace whereof

No jocund health that Denmark drinks today

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,

And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again,

Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.

HAMLET

O, that this too too sullied 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 betwixt 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 ere those shoes were old

With which she followed my poor father's body,

120 in all my best to the best of my ability **124** to i.e., at. **grace** thanks giving **125** jocund merry **127** rouse drinking of a draft of liquor. **bruit** again loudly echo **128** thunder i.e., of trumpet and kettledrum, sounded when the King drinks; see 1.4.8-12 **129** sullied defiled. (The early quartos read *sallied*, the Folio *solid*.) **132** canon law **134** all the uses the whole routine **137** merely completely **139** to in comparison to **140** Hyperion Titan sun-god, father of Helios. **satyr** a lecherous creature of classical mythology, half-human but with a goat's legs, tail, ears, and horns **141** betwixt allow **147** or ere even before

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, Marcellus, and Bernardo.

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. 163
 And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?— 164
 Marcellus.

MARCELLUS My good lord.

HAMLET

I am very glad to see you. [*To Bernardo.*] Good even, sir.—
 But what in faith make you from Wittenberg?

HORATIO

A truant disposition, good my lord.

HAMLET

I would not hear your enemy say so,
 Nor shall you do my ear that violence
 To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself. I know you are no truant.

149 **Niobe** Tantalus' daughter, Queen of Thebes, who boasted that she had more sons and daughters than Leto; for this, Apollo and Artemis, children of Leto, slew her fourteen children. She was turned by Zeus into a stone that continually dropped tears. 150 **wants . . . reason** lacks the faculty of reason 155 **galled** irritated, inflamed 157 **incestuous** (In Shakespeare's day, the marriage of a man like Claudius to his deceased brother's wife was considered incestuous.) 163 **change** exchange (i.e., the name of friend) 164 **make** do

But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

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

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

HORATIO
Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

HAMLET
Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father!—Methinks I see my father.

HORATIO
Where, my lord?

HAMLET
In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO
I saw him once. 'A was a goodly king.

HAMLET
'A was a man. Take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

HORATIO
My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

HAMLET
Saw? Who?

HORATIO
My lord, the King your father.

HAMLET
The King my father?

HORATIO
Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

HAMLET
For God's love, let me hear!

HORATIO
Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,

179 hard close 180 baked meats meat pies 181 coldly i.e., as cold
leftovers 182 dearest closest (and therefore deadliest) 183 Or ever
before 186 'A he 193 Season your admiration restrain your astonishment
ment 194 attent attentive

Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
Armèd at point exactly, *cap-à-pie*,

201

Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprised eyes
Within his truncheon's length, whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

205
206

Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

HAMLET

But where was this?

MARCELLUS

My lord, upon the platform where we watch.

HAMLET

Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO

My lord, I did,

But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head and did address

217

Itself to motion, like as it would speak;

218

But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanished from our sight.

219

HAMLET

'Tis very strange.

HORATIO

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

HAMLET

Indeed, indeed, sirs. But this troubles me.
Hold you the watch tonight?

ALL

We do, my lord.

HAMLET Armed, say you?

ALL Armed, my lord.

HAMLET From top to toe?

201 at point correctly in every detail. *cap-à-pie* from head to foot
205 truncheon officer's staff. *distilled* dissolved **206** act action,
operation **217-218** did . . . speak began to move as though it were
about to speak **219** even then at that very instant

ALL My lord, from head to foot.

HAMLET Then saw you not his face?

HORATIO

O, yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.

HAMLET What looked he, frowningly?

HORATIO

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET Pale or red?

HORATIO Nay, very pale.

HAMLET And fixed his eyes upon you?

HORATIO Most constantly.

HAMLET I would I had been there.

HORATIO It would have amazed you.

HAMLET Very like, very like. Stayed it long?

HORATIO

While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

MARCELLUS, BERNARDO Longer, longer.

HORATIO Not when I saw 't.

HAMLET His beard was grizzled—no?

HORATIO

It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silvered.

HAMLET I will watch tonight.

Perchance 'twill walk again.

HORATIO

I warrant it will.

HAMLET

If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto concealed this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still,

And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,

Give it an understanding but no tongue.

I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.

Upon the platform twixt eleven and twelve

I'll visit you.

ALL

Our duty to your honor.

232 beaver visor on the helmet 233 What how 242 tell count

245 grizzled gray 247 sable silvered black mixed with white

253 tenable held tightly

HAMLET

Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

Exeunt [all but Hamlet].

My father's spirit in arms! All is not well.

I doubt 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 men's eyes.

Exit.**1.3** *Enter Laertes and Ophelia, his sister.*

LAERTES

My necessaries are embarked. Farewell.

And, sister, as the winds give benefit

And convoy is assistant, do not sleep

But let me hear from you.

3

OPHELIA

Do you doubt that?

LAERTES

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,

A violet in the youth of primy nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute—

No more.

9

OPHELIA No more but so?

LAERTES

Think it no more.

For nature crescent does not grow alone

In thews and bulk, but as this temple waxes

The inward service of the mind and soul

Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,

And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch

The virtue of his will; but you must fear,

14

261 doubt suspect

1.3 Location: Polonius's chambers.

3 **convoy** is assistant means of conveyance are available 6 **toy in blood**passing amorous fancy 7 **primy** in its prime, springtime 8 **Forward**precocious 9 **suppliance** supply, filler 11 **crescent** growing, waxing12 **thews** bodily strength. **temple** i.e., body 14 **Grows wide withal**grows along with it 15 **soil** blemish. **cautel** deceit 16 **will** desire*Hamlet is only playing w/ her**this will ruin her life if she has sex w/ Hamlet*