

**УИЛЬЯМ
ШЕКСПИР**

HAMLET

Уильям Шекспир
Hamlet

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William Shakespeare

Hamlet

Act I, Scene 1.

Elsinore. A platform before the Castle.

Enter two Sentinels-[first,] Francisco, [who paces up and down at his post; then] Bernardo, [who approaches him].

Bernardo. Who's there?

Francisco. Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

Bernardo. Long live the King!

Francisco. Bernardo? 5

Bernardo. He.

Francisco. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bernardo. 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

Francisco. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart. 10

Bernardo. Have you had quiet guard?

Francisco. Not a mouse stirring.

Bernardo. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste. 15

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Francisco. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

Horatio. Friends to this ground.

Marcellus. And liegemen to the Dane.

Francisco. Give you good night. 20

Marcellus. O, farewell, honest soldier.

Who hath reliev'd you?

Francisco. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night. Exit.

Marcellus. Holla, Bernardo! 25

Bernardo. Say-

What, is Horatio there ?

Horatio. A piece of him.

Bernardo. Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

Marcellus. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night? 30

Bernardo. I have seen nothing.

Marcellus. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him

Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us.

Therefore I have entreated him along, 35

With us to watch the minutes of this night,

That, if again this apparition come,

He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Horatio. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Bernardo. Sit down awhile, 40

And let us once again assail your ears,

That are so fortified against our story,

What we two nights have seen.

Horatio. Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this. 45

Bernardo. Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole

Had made his course t' illumine that part of heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one- 50

Enter Ghost.

Marcellus. Peace! break thee off! Look where it comes again!

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

Marcellus. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Bernardo. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio. 55

Horatio. Most like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.

Bernardo. It would be spoke to.

Marcellus. Question it, Horatio.

Horatio. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night

Together with that fair and warlike form 60

In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee speak!

Marcellus. It is offended.

Bernardo. See, it stalks away!

Horatio. Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee speak! 65

Exit Ghost.

Marcellus. 'Tis gone and will not answer.

Bernardo. How now, Horatio? You tremble and look pale.

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't? 70

Horatio. Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

Marcellus. Is it not like the King?

Horatio. As thou art to thyself. 75

Such was the very armour he had on

When he th' ambitious Norway combated.

So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle,

He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.

'Tis strange. 80

Marcellus. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

Horatio. In what particular thought to work I know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,

This bodes some strange eruption to our state. 85

Marcellus. Good now, sit down, and tell me he that knows,

Why this same strict and most observant watch

So nightly toils the subject of the land,

And why such daily cast of brazen cannon

And foreign mart for implements of war; 90

Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week.

What might be toward, that this sweaty haste

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?

Who is't that can inform me? 95

Horatio. That can I.

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,

Whose image even but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,

Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride, 100
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands 105
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;
Against the which a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same cov'nant 110
And carriage of the article design'd,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,

Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute, 115
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't; which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our state,
But to recover of us, by strong hand
And terms compulsory, those foresaid lands 120
So by his father lost; and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.
Bernardo. I think it be no other but e'en so. 125

Well may it sort that this portentous figure

Comes armed through our watch, so like the King

That was and is the question of these wars.

Horatio. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome, 130

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,

The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;

As stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,

Disasters in the sun; and the moist star 135

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands

Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

And even the like precursor of fierce events,

As harbingers preceding still the fates

And prologue to the omen coming on, 140

Have heaven and earth together demonstrated

Unto our climature and countrymen.

[Enter Ghost again.]

But soft! behold! Lo, where it comes again!

I'll cross it, though it blast me. – Stay illusion! 145

[Spreads his arms.]

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,

Speak to me.

If there be any good thing to be done,

That may to thee do ease, and, grace to me, 150

Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,

Which happily foreknowing may avoid,

O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life 155

Extorted treasure in the womb of earth

(For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death),

[The cock crows.]

Speak of it! Stay, and speak! – Stop it, Marcellus!

Marcellus. Shall I strike at it with my partisan? 160

Horatio. Do, if it will not stand.

Bernardo. 'Tis here!

Horatio. 'Tis here!

Marcellus. 'Tis gone!

[Exit Ghost.] 165

We do it wrong, being so majestical,

To offer it the show of violence;

For it is as the air, invulnerable,

And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Bernardo. It was about to speak, when the cock crew. 170

Horatio. And then it started, like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day; and at his warning, 175

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine; and of the truth herein

This present object made probation.

Marcellus. It faded on the crowing of the cock. 180

Some say that ever, 'gainst that season comes

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

The bird of dawning singeth all night long;

And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,

The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike, 185

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,

So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

Horatio. So have I heard and do in part believe it.

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill. 190

Break we our watch up; and by my advice

Let us impart what we have seen to-night

Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,

This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it, 195

As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know

Where we shall find him most conveniently.

Exeunt.

Act I, Scene 2.

Elsinore. A room of state in the Castle.

Flourish. [Enter Claudius, King of Denmark, Gertrude the Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes and his sister Ophelia, Voltmand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants].

Claudius. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's 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 205

That we with wisest sorrow think on him

Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,

Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state,

Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy, 210

With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone 215
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 220
Colleagu'd with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message
Importing the surrender of those lands

Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him. 225
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress 230
His further gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions are all made
Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway, 235
Giving to you no further personal power

To business with the King, more than the scope

Of these dilated articles allow. [*Gives a paper.*]

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

Cornelius. [*with Voltemand*] In that, and all things, will we show our duty. 240

Claudius. We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell.

[*Exeunt Voltemand and Cornelius.*]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?

You told us of some suit. What is't, Laertes?

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane 245

And lose your voice. What wouldst thou beg, Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?

The head is not more native to the heart,

The hand more instrumental to the mouth,

Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father. 250

What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laertes. My dread lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France;

From whence though willingly I came to Denmark

To show my duty in your coronation, 255

Yet now I must confess, that duty done,

My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

Claudius. Have you your father's leave? What says Polonius?

Polonius. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave

260

By laboursome petition, and at last

Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent.

I do beseech you give him leave to go.

Claudius. Take thy fair hour, Laertes. Time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will! 265

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son-

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

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

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

Gertrude. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off, 270

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy veiled lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

Thou know'st 'tis common. All that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity. 275

Hamlet. Ay, madam, it is common.

Gertrude. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Hamlet. Seems, madam, Nay, it is. I know not 'seems.'

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, 280

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,

No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

Nor the dejected havior of the visage,

Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief, 285

'That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,

For they are actions that a man might play;

But I have that within which passeth show-

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Claudius. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature,
Hamlet, 290

To give these mourning duties to your father;

But you must know, your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound

In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow. But to persever 295

In obstinate condolment is a course

Of impious stubbornness. 'Tis unmanly grief;

It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,

A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,

An understanding simple and unschool'd; 300

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, 305

To reason most absurd, whose common theme

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died to-day,
'This must be so.' We pray you throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us 310
As of a father; for let the world take note
You are the most immediate to our throne,
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent 315
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire;
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,

Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son. 320

Gertrude. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet.

I pray thee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

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

Claudius. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.

Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come. 325

This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet

Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,

No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,

And the King's rouse the heaven shall bruit again, 330

Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

Flourish. Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Hamlet. O that this too too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd 335

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 340

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 345

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! – 350

A little month, or ere 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 mourn'd longer) married with my uncle; 355

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 360

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! 365

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? 370

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. 375

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.

But what is your affair in Elsinore? 380

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. 385

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

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father- methinks I see my father. 390

Horatio. O, where, my lord?

Hamlet. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Horatio. I saw him once. He was a goodly king.

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

I shall not look upon his like again. 395

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 400

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 405

(Marcellus and Bernardo) on their watch

In the dead vast and middle of the night

Been thus encount'red. A figure like your father,

Armed at point exactly, cap-a-pe,

Appears before them and with solemn march 410

Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walk'd

By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,

Within his truncheon's length; whilst they distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me 415

In dreadful secrecy impart they did,

And I with them the third night kept the watch;

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,

The apparition comes. I knew your father. 420

These hands are not more like.

Hamlet. But where was this?

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

Hamlet. Did you not speak to it?

Horatio. My lord, I did; 425

But answer made it none. Yet once methought

It lifted up it head and did address

Itself to motion, like as it would speak;

But even then the morning cock crew loud,

And at the sound it shrunk in haste away 430

And vanish'd from our sight.

Hamlet. 'Tis very strange.

Horatio. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it writ down in our duty

To let you know of it. 435

Hamlet. Indeed, indeed, sirs. But this troubles me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

Marcellus. [*with Bernardo*] We do, my lord.

Hamlet. Arm'd, say you?

Marcellus. [*with Bernardo*] Arm'd, my lord. 440

Hamlet. From top to toe?

Marcellus. [*with Bernardo*] 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, look'd he frowningly. 445

Horatio. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Hamlet. Pale or red?

Horatio. Nay, very pale.

Hamlet. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Horatio. Most constantly. 450

Hamlet. I would I had been there.

Horatio. It would have much amaz'd you.

Hamlet. Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

Horatio. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Marcellus. [*with Bernardo*] Longer, longer. 455

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 silver'd.

Hamlet. I will watch to-night. 460

Perchance 'twill walk again.

Horatio. I warr'nt it will.

Hamlet. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape

And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all, 465

If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding but no tongue.

I will requite your loves. So, fare you well. 470

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Hamlet. Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell.

[Exeunt [all but Hamlet].] 475

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.

Act I, Scene 3.

Elsinore. A room in the house of Polonius.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laertes. My necessaries are embark'd. Farewell.

And, sister, as the winds give benefit

And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,

But let me hear from you. 485

Ophelia. Do you doubt that?

Laertes. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;

A violet in the youth of primy nature,

Forward, not permanent- sweet, not lasting; 490

The perfume and suppliance of a minute;

No more.

Ophelia. No more but so?

Laertes. Think it no more.

For nature crescent does not grow alone 495

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, 500

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, 505

And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd

Unto the voice and yielding of that body

Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place 510
May give his saying deed; which is no further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open 515
To his unmast'ed importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough 520

If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Virtue itself scopes not calumnious strokes.

The canker galls the infants of the spring

Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth 525

Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary then; best safety lies in fear.

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Ophelia. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep

As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother, 530

Do not as some ungracious pastors do,

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads

And recks not his own rede. 535

Laertes. O, fear me not!

[Enter Polonius.]

I stay too long. But here my father comes.

A double blessing is a double grace;

Occasion smiles upon a second leave. 540

Polonius. Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,

And you are stay'd for. There- my blessing with thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory

Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, 545

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:

Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment 550
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. 555
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that. 560

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 thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day, 565

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.

Polonius. The time invites you. Go, your servants tend.

Laertes. Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well 570

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.

Polonius. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you? 575

Ophelia. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Polonius. Marry, well bethought!

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late

Given private time to you, and you yourself

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous. 580

If it be so- as so 'tis put on me,

And that in way of caution- I must tell you

You do not understand yourself so clearly

As it behooves my daughter and your honour.

What is between you? Give me up the truth. 585

Ophelia. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders

Of his affection to me.

Polonius. Affection? Pooh! You speak like a green girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them? 590

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

Polonius. Marry, I will teach you! Think yourself a baby

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,

Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, 595

Running it thus) you'll tender me a fool.

Ophelia. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love

In honourable fashion.

Polonius. Ay, fashion you may call it. Go to, go to!

Ophelia. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,

600

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Polonius. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks! I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul

Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,

Giving more light than heat, extinct in both 605

Even in their promise, as it is a-making,

You must not take for fire. From this time

Be something scatter of your maiden presence.

Set your entreatments at a higher rate

Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet, 610

Believe so much in him, that he is young,

And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,

Not of that dye which their investments show, 615

But mere implorators of unholy suits,

Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,

The better to beguile. This is for all:

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth

Have you so slander any moment leisure 620

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.

Act I, Scene 4.

Elsinore. The platform before the Castle.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

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

Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Hamlet. What hour now?

Horatio. I think it lacks of twelve.

Marcellus. No, it is struck. 630

Horatio. Indeed? I heard it not. It then draws near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces go off.]

What does this mean, my lord?

Hamlet. The King doth wake to-night and takes his rouse, 635

Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring upspring reels,

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,

The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out

The triumph of his pledge.

Horatio. Is it a custom? 640

Hamlet. Ay, marry, is't;

But to my mind, though I am native here

And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west 645

Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations;

They clip us drunkards and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition; and indeed it takes

From our achievements, though perform'd at height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute. 650

So oft it chances in particular men

That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,

As in their birth, – wherein they are not guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin, —
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion, 655
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens
The form of plausible manners, that these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star, 660
Their virtues else- be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo-
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault. The dram of e'il
Doth all the noble substance often dout To his own scandal.

665

Enter Ghost.

Horatio. Look, my lord, it comes!

Hamlet. 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, 670

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, but tell 675

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,

Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,

Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws

To cast thee up again. What may this mean 680

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,

Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,

Making night hideous, and we fools of nature

So horridly to shake our disposition

With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls? 685

Say, why is this? wherefore? What should we do?

Ghost beckons Hamlet.

Horatio. It beckons you to go away with it,

As if it some impartment did desire

To you alone. 690

Marcellus. Look with what courteous action

It waves you to a more removed ground.

But do not go with it!

Horatio. No, by no means!

Hamlet. It will not speak. Then will I follow it. 695

Horatio. Do not, my lord!

Hamlet. Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;

And for my soul, what can it do to that,

Being a thing immortal as itself? 700

It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

Horatio. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff

That beetles o'er his base into the sea,

And there assume some other, horrible form 705

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason

And draw you into madness? Think of it.

The very place puts toys of desperation,

Without more motive, into every brain

That looks so many fadoms to the sea 710

And hears it roar beneath.

Hamlet. It waves me still.

Go on. I'll follow thee.

Marcellus. You shall not go, my lord.

Hamlet. Hold off your hands! 715

Horatio. Be rul'd. You shall not go.

Hamlet. My fate cries out

And makes each petty artire in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[Ghost beckons.] 720

Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen.

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. 725

Marcellus. Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.

Horatio. Have after. To what issue will this come?

Marcellus. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Horatio. Heaven will direct it.

Marcellus. Nay, let's follow him. 730

Exeunt.

Act I, Scene 5.

Elsinore. The Castle. Another part of the fortifications.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

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

Father's Ghost. Mark me.

Hamlet. I will. 735

Father's Ghost. My hour is almost come,

When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

Hamlet. Alas, poor ghost!

Father's Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing 740

To what I shall unfold.

Hamlet. Speak. I am bound to hear.

Father's Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Hamlet. What?

Father's Ghost. I am thy father's spirit, 745

Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,

And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,

Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house, 750

I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

And each particular hair to stand on end 755

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love-

Hamlet. O God! 760

Father's Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.

Hamlet. Murther?

Father's Ghost. Murther 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 765

As meditation or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

Father's Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, 770

Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,

A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abus'd. But know, thou noble youth, 775

The serpent that did sting thy father's life

Now wears his crown.

Hamlet. O my prophetic soul!

My uncle?

Father's Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

780

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts-

O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power

So to seduce! – won to his shameful lust

The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there, 785

From me, whose love was of that dignity

That it went hand in hand even with the vow

I made to her in marriage, and to decline

Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor

To those of mine! 790

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,

Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,

So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,

Will sate itself in a celestial bed

And prey on garbage. 795

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 hebona in a vial, 800

And in the porches of my ears did pour

The leperous distilment; whose effect

Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body, 805
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust 810
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhous'led, disappointed, unanel'd, 815

No reckoning made, but sent to my account

With all my imperfections on my head.

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

Father's Ghost. If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be 820

A couch for luxury and damned incest.

But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive

Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven,

And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge 825

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

The glowworm shows the matin to be near

And gins to pale his uneffectual fire.

Adieu, adieu, adieu! Remember me. Exit.

Hamlet. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else? 830

And shall I couple hell? Hold, hold, my heart!

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee? 835

Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past

That youth and observation copied there,

And thy commandment all alone shall live 840

Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!

O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

My tables! Meet it is I set it down 845

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;

At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark. [*Writes.*]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word:

It is 'Adieu, adieu! Remember me.'

I have sworn't. 850

Horatio. [*within*] My lord, my lord!

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Marcellus. Lord Hamlet!

Horatio. Heaven secure him!

Hamlet. So be it! 855

Marcellus. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

Hamlet. Hillo, ho, ho, boy! Come, bird, come.

Marcellus. How is't, my noble lord?

Horatio. What news, my lord?

Marcellus. O, wonderful! 860

Horatio. Good my lord, tell it.

Hamlet. No, you will reveal it.

Horatio. Not I, my lord, by heaven!

Marcellus. Nor I, my lord.

Hamlet. How say you then? Would heart of man once think it? 865

But you'll be secret?

Marcellus. [*with Horatio*] Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Hamlet. There's neer a villain dwelling in all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

Horatio. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
870

To tell us this.

Hamlet. 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 desires shall point you, 875

For every man hath business and desire,

Such as it is; and for my own poor part,

Look you, I'll go pray.

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

Hamlet. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; 880

Yes, faith, heartily.

Horatio. There's no offence, my lord.

Hamlet. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you. 885

For your desire to know what is between us,

O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good friends,

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,

Give me one poor request.

Horatio. What is't, my lord? We will. 890

Hamlet. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Marcellus. [*with Horatio*] My lord, we will not.

Hamlet. Nay, but swear't.

Horatio. In faith,

My lord, not I. 895

Marcellus. Nor I, my lord- in faith.

Hamlet. Upon my sword.

Marcellus. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Hamlet. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries under the stage.

Father's Ghost. Swear.

Hamlet. Aha boy, say'st thou so? Art thou there, truepenny?

Come on! You hear this fellow in the cellarage.

Consent to swear.

Horatio. Propose the oath, my lord. 905

Hamlet. Never to speak of this that you have seen.

Swear by my sword.

Father's Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear.

Hamlet. Hic et ubique? Then we'll shift our ground.

Come hither, gentlemen, 910

And lay your hands again upon my sword.

Never to speak of this that you have heard:

Swear by my sword.

Father's Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear by his sword.

Hamlet. Well said, old mole! Canst work i' th' earth so fast?
915

A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends."

Horatio. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

Hamlet. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. 920

But come!

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself

(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on), 925

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumb'ed thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As 'Well, well, we know,' or 'We could, an if we would,'

Or 'If we list to speak,' or 'There be, an if they might,' 930

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me- this is not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

Swear.

Father's Ghost. [*beneath*] Swear. 935

[They swear.]

Hamlet. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you;

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do t' express his love and friending to you, 940

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

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!

Nay, come, let's go together. 945

Exeunt.

Act II, Scene 1.

Elsinore. A room in the house of Polonius.

Enter Polonius and Reynaldo.

Polonius. Give him this money and these notes, Reynaldo.

Reynaldo. I will, my lord.

Polonius. You shall do marvell's wisely, good Reynaldo, 950

Before You visit him, to make inquire

Of his behaviour.

Reynaldo. My lord, I did intend it.

Polonius. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,

Enquire me first what Danskers are in Paris; 955

And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding

By this encompassment and drift of question

That they do know my son, come you more nearer

Than your particular demands will touch it. 960

Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowledge of him;

As thus, 'I know his father and his friends,

And in part him.' Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Reynaldo. Ay, very well, my lord.

Polonius. 'And in part him, but,' you may say, 'not well. 965

But if't be he I mean, he's very wild

Addicted so and so'; and there put on him

What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank

As may dishonour him- take heed of that;

But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips 970

As are companions noted and most known

To youth and liberty.

Reynaldo. As gaming, my lord.

Polonius. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,

Drabbing. You may go so far. 975

Reynaldo. My lord, that would dishonour him.

Polonius. Faith, no, as you may season it in the charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,

That he is open to incontinency.

That's not my meaning. But breathe his faults so quaintly 980

That they may seem the taints of liberty,

The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,

A savageness in unreclaimed blood,

Of general assault.

Reynaldo. But, my good lord- 985

Polonius. Wherefore should you do this?

Reynaldo. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Polonius. Marry, sir, here's my drift,

And I believe it is a fetch of warrant. 990

You laying these slight sullies on my son

As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' th' working,

Mark you,

Your party in converse, him you would sound,

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes 995

The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd

He closes with you in this consequence:

'Good sir,' or so, or 'friend,' or 'gentleman'-

According to the phrase or the addition

Of man and country- 1000

Reynaldo. Very good, my lord.

Polonius. And then, sir, does 'a this- 'a does- What was I about to say?

By the mass, I was about to say something! Where did I leave?

Reynaldo. At 'closes in the consequence,' at 'friend or so,' and

gentleman.' 1005

Polonius. At 'closes in the consequence'— Ay, marry!

He closes thus: 'I know the gentleman.

I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,

Or then, or then, with such or such; and, as you say,

There was 'a gaming; there o'ertook in's rouse; 1010

There falling out at tennis'; or perchance,

'I saw him enter such a house of sale,'

Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.

See you now-

Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth; 1015

And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,

With windlasses and with assays of bias,

By indirections find directions out.

So, by my former lecture and advice,

Shall you my son. You have me, have you not? 1020

Reynaldo. My lord, I have.

Polonius. God b' wi' ye, fare ye well!

Reynaldo. Good my lord! [*Going.*]

Polonius. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Reynaldo. I shall, my lord. 1025

Polonius. And let him ply his music.

Reynaldo. Well, my lord.

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