

# The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

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## SCENE V. Another part of the platform.

*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. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:  
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!

**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**

I find thee apt;  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
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 abused: 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

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
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!  
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!  
But virtue, as it never will be moved,  
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.  
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; 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,  
And with a sudden vigour 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,  
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,  
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd,  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head:  
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
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,  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:  
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.

*Exit*

**HAMLET**

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?  
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!  
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  
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,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

*Writing*

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

**MARCELLUS HORATIO**

[Within] My lord, my lord,--

**MARCELLUS**

[Within] Lord Hamlet,--

**HORATIO**

[Within] Heaven secure him!

**HAMLET**

So be it!

**HORATIO**

[Within] Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!

**HAMLET**

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

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS*

**MARCELLUS**

How is't, my noble lord?

**HORATIO**

What news, my lord?

**HAMLET**

O, wonderful!

**HORATIO**

Good my lord, tell it.

**HAMLET**

No; you'll 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?  
But you'll be secret?

**HORATIO MARCELLUS**

Ay, by heaven, my lord.

**HAMLET**

There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark  
But he's an arrant knave.

**HORATIO**

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave  
To tell us this.

**HAMLET**

Why, right; you are i' the right;  
And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:  
You, as your business and desire shall point you;  
For every man has business and desire,  
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,  
Look you, I'll go pray.

**HORATIO**

These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

**HAMLET**

I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;  
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:  
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.

**HAMLET**

Never make known what you have seen to-night.

**HORATIO MARCELLUS**

My lord, we will not.

**HAMLET**

Nay, but swear't.

**HORATIO**

In faith,  
My lord, not I.

**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**

[Beneath] Swear.

**HAMLET**

Ah, ha, 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.

**HAMLET**

Never to speak of this that you have seen,  
Swear by my sword.

**Ghost**

[Beneath] Swear.

**HAMLET**

Hic et ubique? then we'll shift our ground.  
Come hither, gentlemen,  
And lay your hands again upon my sword:  
Never to speak of this that you have heard,  
Swear by my sword.

**Ghost**

[Beneath] Swear.

**HAMLET**

Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?  
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. 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,  
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,  
With arms encumber'd thus, or this headshake,  
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,'  
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note  
That you know aught of me: this not to do,  
So grace and mercy at your most need help you, Swear.

## Ghost

[Beneath] Swear.

## HAMLET

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!

*They swear*

So, gentlemen,  
With all my love I do commend me to you:  
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is  
May do, to express his love and friending to you,  
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.

*Exeunt*