

HAMLET
Nay, come – again!
[The Queen falls.]
OSRIC Look to the queen there, ho!
HORATIO
They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

OSRIC
How is't, Laertes?
LAERTES
Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric.
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

HAMLET
How does the queen?
297 KING She sounds to see them bleed.
QUEEN
No, no, the drink, the drink! O my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink! I am poisoned.
[Dies.]

HAMLET
O villainy! Ho! let the door be locked.
Treachery! Seek it out.
[Laertes falls.]

LAERTES
It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No med'cine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour's life.
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
306 Unbated and envenomed. The foul practice
Hath turned itself on me. Lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poisoned.
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame.

HAMLET
The point envenomed too?
Then venom, to thy work.
[Hurts the King.]

ALL Treason! treason!
KING
O, yet defend me, friends. I am but hurt.

HAMLET
Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damnèd Dane,
Drink off this potion. Is thy union here?
Follow my mother.
[King dies.]

LAERTES He is justly served.
317 It is a poison tempered by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet.
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me!
[Dies.]

HAMLET
Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
324 You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,

295 woodcock a bird reputed to be stupid and easily trapped; springe trap
297 sounds swoons 306 Unbated unblunted; practice stratagem 317
tempered mixed 324 mutes actors in a play who speak no lines 325
sergeant sheriff's officer 342 o'ercrows triumphs over (like a victor in a
cockfight) 344 election i.e. to the throne 345 voice vote 346 occurments
occurrences 347 solicited incited, provoked 353 quarry pile of dead
(literally, of dead deer gathered after the hunt); cries on proclaims loudly;
havoc indiscriminate killing and destruction such as would follow the order
'havoc,' or 'pillage,' given to an army 354 toward forthcoming 364 jump
precisely 367 stage platform 371 judgments retributions; casual not
humanly planned (reinforcing accidental) 372 put on instigated

(Had I but time – as this fell sergeant, Death,
Is strict in his arrest – O, I could tell you –
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.)
325

HORATIO Never believe it.
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane.
Here's yet some liquor left.

HAMLET As th' art a man,
Give me the cup. Let go. By heaven, I'll ha't!
O God, Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.
A march afar off.
What warlike noise is this?

OSRIC
Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

HAMLET O, I die, Horatio!
The potent poison quite o'ercrows my spirit.
I cannot live to hear the news from England,
But I do prophesy th' election lights
On Fortinbras. He has my dying voice.
So tell him, with th' occurrences, more and less,
Which have solicited – the rest is silence.
Dies.

HORATIO
Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!
[March within.]

Why does the drum come hither?
Enter Fortinbras, with the Ambassadors [and with
his train of Drum, Colors, and Attendants].

FORTINBRAS
Where is this sight?

HORATIO What is it you would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

FORTINBRAS
This quarry cries on havoc. O proud Death,
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?

AMBASSADOR The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late.
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.
Where should we have our thanks?

HORATIO Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you.
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placèd to the view,
And let me speak to th' 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,
364
367
371
372

gment?
piece goes off.
hine.
you?
eath. 276
ows. 277
st. 278
288
both are
censed.
is taking a side in a
235 terms of honor
ive statement 239
wel advantageously
ery off show in bril-
64 kettle kettledrum
handkerchief 278

FERDINAND

This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

PROSPERO Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines called to enact
My present fancies.

FERDINAND Let me live here ever!
So rare a wond' red father and a wise
Makes this place Paradise.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

PROSPERO Sweet now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously.
There's something else to do. Hush and be mute,
Or else our spell is marred.

IRIS

You nymphs, called Naiades, of the windring brooks,
With your sedged crowns and ever-harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sunburned sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry.
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited. They join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

PROSPERO *[aside]*

I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come.

[To the Spirits] Well done! Avoid! No more!

FERDINAND

This is strange. Your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

MIRANDA Never till this day
Saw I him touched with anger so distempered.

PROSPERO

You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismayed: be cheerful, sir.

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,

63 *stover* winter food for stock 64 *poned and twilled* dug under by the current and protected by woven layers of branches (sometimes emended to 'peonied and lilled') 66 *broom groves* clumps of gorse 68 *pole-clipt* pruned; *wineyard* (probably a trisyllable) 69 *sea-marge* shore 70 *queen* i.e. Juno 73 *Here . . . place* (in F a stage direction at this point reads 'Juno descends') 74 *peacocks* (these were sacred to Juno, as doves were to Venus [l. 94], and drew her chariot) 81 *bosky* wooded 85 *estate* bestow 87 *her son* Cupid, often represented as blind or blindfolded 89 *means* i.e. the abduction of Proserpine, Ceres' daughter, by Pluto (Dis), god of the lower (*dusky*) world 90 *scandalled* disgraceful 92 *her Deity* i.e. her Divine Majesty 93 *Paphos* (in Cyprus, center of Venus' cult) 98 *Mars's . . . again* the lustful mistress of Mars (Venus) has gone back to where she came from 99 *waspish-headed* spiteful and inclined to sting (with his arrows) 101 *right out* outright 108 *still* constantly 110 *foison* abundance 123 *wond' red* wonderful 128 *windring* winding and wandering 130 *crisp* rippling 138 *s.d. speaks* (thereby dissolving the scene, which depended on silence) 142 *Avoid* be off 146 *moved sort* troubled state 148 *revels* pageants

As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
151 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
154 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
156 Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
157 As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vexed.
Bear with my weakness: my old brain is troubled.
Be not disturbed with my infirmity.
If you be pleased, retire into my cell
And there repose. A turn or two I'll walk
To still my beating mind.)

FERDINAND, MIRANDA We wish your peace.
Exit [Ferdinand with Miranda].

Enter Ariel.

PROSPERO

Come with a thought! I thank thee, Ariel. Come.

ARIEL

Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy pleasure?

PROSPERO

We must prepare to meet with Caliban. Spirit,

ARIEL

167 Ay, my commander: when I presented Ceres,
I thought to have told thee of it, but I feared
Lest I might anger thee.

PROSPERO

170 Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets?

ARIEL

I told you, sir, they were redhot with drinking;
So full of valor that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces, beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
176 At which like unbacked colts they pricked their ears,
177 Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses
As they smelt music. So I charmed their ears
That calf-like they my lowing followed through
180 Toothed briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,
Which ent' red their frail shins. At last I left them
182 I' th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.)

PROSPERO

This was well done, my bird.

Thy shape invisible retain thou still.

The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither

187 For stale to catch these thieves.

ARIEL

I go, I go. *Exit.*

PROSPERO

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture can never stick: on whom my pains,

151 *baseless* insubstantial, non-material 154 *it inherit* occupy it 156 *rack* wisp of cloud 157 *on of* 167 *presented* acted the part of (?), introduced (?) 170 *varlets* ruffians 176 *unbacked* unbroken 177 *Advanced* lifted up 180 *goss* gorse 182 *mantled* scummed 187 *stale* decoy 192 *cankers* festers 193 *line* lime or linden-tree, or perhaps a clothesline made of hair 197 *Jack* (1) knave, (2) jack-o'-lantern, will-o'-the-wisp 205 *hoodwink* cover over 221 *peer* (referring to the song 'King Stephen was a worthy peer,' quoted in *Othello* II, iii, 84-91) 225 *frippery* old-clothes shop 230 *luggage* junk 234 *ff.* (the jokes are probably obscene, but their point is lost; sailors crossing the line or equator proverbially lost their hair from scurvy) 238 *by line and level* according to rule (with pun on *line*); *an't like* if it please 242-43 *pass of pate* sally of wit

Humanely to
And as with
So his mind
Even to roar.
Enter A

*[Prospe.
Stephan*

CALIBAN
Pray you tre:
Hear a foot f:
STEPHANO M
less fairy, h:
with us.

TRINCULO M
my nose is in
STEPHANO S:
should take:

TRINCULO T
CALIBAN

Good my lor
Be patient, f:
Shall hoodw
All's hushed

TRINCULO A
STEPHANO T

that, monste

TRINCULO T
is your harm

STEPHANO I
ears for my l:

CALIBAN
Prithee, my l

This is the m

Do that goss
Thine own f

For aye thy f

STEPHANO G
thoughts.

TRINCULO O
phano, look

CALIBAN
Let it alone,

TRINCULO O
frippery. O I

STEPHANO P:
I'll have that

TRINCULO T
CALIBAN

The dropsy
To dote thus

And do the r
From toe to

Make us stra

STEPHANO B
this my jerki

the line. No
prove a bald

TRINCULO D
your Grace.

STEPHANO I
for't. Wit st

this country
of pate. The