

УИЛЬЯМ ШЕКСПИР

THE TRAGICALL
HISTORIE OF HAMLET,
PRINCE OF DENMARKE

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**The Tragicall Historie of
Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke**

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The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke / The First ('Bad')

Quarto:

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William Shakespeare

The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke / The First ('Bad') Quarto

The Tragicall Historie of HAMLET Prince of Denmarke

Enter two Centinels.

1. Stand: who is that? 2. T'is I. 1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch, 2. And if you meet *Marcellus* and *Horatio*, The partners of my watch, bid them make haste. 1. I will: See who goes there. *Enter Horatio and Marcellus.* *Hor.* Friends to this ground. *Mar.* And leegemen to the Dane, O farewell honest souldier, who hath releued you? 1. *Barnardo* hath my place, giue you goodnight. *Mar.* Holla, *Barnardo*. 2. Say, is *Horatio* there? *Hor.* A peece of him. 2. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.* *Mar.* What hath this thing appear'd againe to night. 2. I haue seene nothing. *Mar.* *Horatio* says tis but our fantasie, And wil not let beliefe take hold of him, Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs, Therefore I haue intreated him a long with

vs [B1v] To watch the minutes of this night, That if againe this apparition come, He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it. *Hor.* Tut, t'will not appeare. 2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe Assaile your eares that are so fortified, What we haue two nights seene. *Hor.* Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare *Bernardo* speake of this. 2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's westward from the pole, had made his course to Illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes, The bell then towling one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe. 2. In the same figure like the King that's dead, *Mar.* Thou art a scholler, speake to it *H_oratio_*. 2. Lookes it not like the king? *Hor.* Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder. 2. It would be spoke to. *Mar.* Question it *H_oratio_*. *Hor.* What art thou that thus vsurps the state, in Which the Maiestie of buried *Denmarke* did sometimes Walke? By heauen I charge thee speake. *Mar.* It is offended. *exit Ghost.* 2. See, it stalkes away. *Hor.* Stay, speake, speake, by heauen I charge thee speake. *Mar.* Tis gone and makes no answer. 2. How now *H_oratio_*, you tremble and looke pale, Is not this something more than fantasie? What thinke you on't? *Hor.* Afore my God, I might not this beleue, without the sensible and true auouch of my owne eyes. *Mar.* Is it not like the King? [B2] *Hor.* As thou art to thy selfe, Such was the very armor he had on, When he the ambitious *Norway* combated. So frownd he once, when in an angry parle He smot the sleaded pollax on the yce, Tis strange. *Mar.* Thus twice before, and iump at this

dead hower, With Marshall stalke he passed through our watch.
Hor. In what particular to worke, I know not, But in the thought
and scope of my opinion, This bodes some strange eruption to
the state. *Mar.* Good, now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch, So nightly toyles
the subiect of the land, And why such dayly cost of brazen
Cannon And forraine marte, for implements of warre, Why such
impresse of ship-writes, whose sore taske Does not diuide the
sunday from the weeke: What might be toward that this sweaty
march Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day, Who is't
that can informe me? *Hor.* Mary that can I, at least the whisper
goes so, Our late King, who as you know was by Forten-
Brasse of *Norway*, Thereto prickt on by a most emulous cause, dared
to The combate, in which our valiant H_amlet_, For so this side
of our knowne world esteemed him, Did slay this Fortenbrasse,
Who by a seale compact well ratified, by law And heraldrie, did
forfeit with his life all those His lands which he stode seized
of by the conqueror, Against the which a moiety competent, Was
gaged by our King: Now sir, yong Fortenbrasse, Of inapproued
mettle hot and full, Hath in the skirts of *Norway* here and there,
[B2v] Sharkt vp a sight of lawlesse Resolutes For food and diet
to some enterprise, That hath a stomacke in't: and this (I take it)
is the Chiefe head and ground of this our watch. *Enter the Ghost.*
But loe, behold, see where it comes againe, Ile crosse it, though it
blast me: stay illusion, If there be any good thing to be done, That
may doe ease to thee, and grace to mee. Speake to mee. If thou

art priuy to thy countries fate, Which happily foreknowing may
preuent, O speake to me, Or if thou hast extorted in thy life, Or
hoorded treasure in the wombe of earth, For which they say you
Spirites oft walke in death, speake to me, stay and speake, speake,
stoppe it *Marcellus*. 2. Tis heere. *exit Ghost*. H_or._ Tis heere.
Marc. Tis gone, O we doe it wrong, being so maiesti- call, to offer
it the shew of violence, For it is as the ayre invelmorable, And our
vaine blowes malitious mockery. 2. It was about to speake when
the Cocke crew. H_or._ And then it faded like a guilty thing,
Vpon a fearefull summons: I haue heard The Cocke, that is the
trumpet to the morning, Doth with his earely and shrill crowing
throate, Awake the god of day, and at his sound, Whether in earth
or ayre, in sea or fire, The strauagant and erring spirite hies To
his confines, and of the trueth heereof This present obiect made
probation. *Marc*. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke, Some
say, that euer gainst that season comes, Wherein our Sauours
birth is celebrated, The bird of dawning singeth all night long,
[B3] And then they say, no spirite dare walke abroad, The nights
are wholesome, then no planet frikes, No Fairie takes, nor Witch
hath powre to charme, So gracious, and so hallowed is that time.
H_or._ So haue I heard, and doe in parte beleue it: But see the
Sunne in russet mantle clad, Walkes ore the deaw of yon hie
mountaine top, Breake we our watch vp, and by my aduise, Let
vs impart what wee haue seene to night Vnto yong H_amlet_: for
vpon my life This Spirite dumbe to vs will speake to him: Do you
consent, wee shall acquaint him with it, As needefull in our loue,

fitting our dutie? *Marc.* Lets doo't I pray, and I this morning know, Where we shall finde him most conueniently.

Enter King, Queene, H_amlet, Leartes, Corambis, and the two Ambassadors, with Attendants._

King Lordes, we here haue writ to *Fortenbrasse*, Nephew to olde *Norway*, who impudent And bed-rid, scarcely heares of this his Nephews purpose: and Wee heere dispatch Yong good *Cornelia*, and you *Voltemar* For bearers of these greetings to olde *Norway*, giuing to you no further personall power To businesse with the King, Then those related articles do shew: Farewell, and let your haste commend your dutie. *Gent.* In this and all things will wee shew our dutie. *King.* Wee doubt nothing, hartily farewel: And now *Leartes*; what's the news with you? You said you had a sute what i'st *Leartes*? *Lea.* My gracious Lord, your fauorable licence, Now that the funerall rites are all performed, I may haue leaue to go againe to *France*, [B3v] For though the fauour of your grace might stay mee, Yet something is there whispers in my hart, Which makes my minde and spirits bend all for *France*. *King* Haue you your fathers leaue, *Leartes*? *Cor.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me a forced graunt, And I beseech you grant your Highnesse leaue. *King* With all our heart, *Leartes* fare thee well. *Lear.* I in all loue and dutie take my leaue. *King.* And now princely Sonne *Hamlet*, *Exit.* What meanes these sad and melancholy moods? For your intent going to *Wittenberg*, Wee hold it most vnmeet and vnconuenient, Being the Ioy and halfe heart of your mother. Therefore let mee intreat you stay in

Court, All *Denmarkes* hope our coosin and dearest Sonne. *Ham.* My lord, ti's not the sable sute I weare: No nor the teares that still stand in my eyes, Nor the distracted hauiour in the visage, Nor all together mixt with outward semblance, Is equall to the sorrow of my heart, Him haue I lost I must of force forgoe, These but the ornaments and sutes of woe. *King* This shewes a louing care in you, Sonne *Hamlet*, But you must thinke your father lost a father, That father dead, lost his, and so shalbe vntill the Generall ending. Therefore cease laments, It is a fault gainst heauen, fault gainst the dead, A fault gainst nature, and in reasons Common course most certaine, None liues on earth, but hee is borne to die. *Que.* Let not thy mother loose her praiers H_amlet_, Stay here with vs, go not to *Wittenberg*. *Ham.* I shall in all my best obay you madam. *King* Spoke like a kinde and a most louing Sonne, And there's no health the King shall drinke to day, But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell [B4] The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince H_amlet_ *Exeunt all but H_amlet._* *Ham.* O that this too much grieu'd and sallied flesh Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuersall Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos! O God, within two months; no not two: married, Mine vncler: O let me not thinke of it, My fathers brother: but no more like My father, then I to *Hercules*. Within two months, ere yet the salt of most Vnrightheous teares had left their flushing In her galled eyes: she married, O God, a beast Deuoyd of reason would not haue made Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman, Why she would hang on him, as if increase Of appetite had

growne by what it looked on. O wicked wicked speede, to make
such Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes, Ere yet the shooes were
olde, The which she followed my dead fathers corse Like *Nyobe*,
all teares: married, well it is not, Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue. *Enter Horatio
and Marcellus. Hor.* Health to your Lordship. *Ham.* I am very
glad to see you, (Horatio) or I much forget my selfe. *Hor.* The
same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer. *Ham.* O my good
friend, I change that name with you: but what make you from
Wittenberg H_oratio_? Marcellus. Marc. My good Lord. *Ham.*
I am very glad to see you, good euen sirs; But what is your
affaire in *Elsenoure*? Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you
depart. *Hor.* A trowant disposition, my good Lord. [B4v] *Ham.*
Nor shall you make mee truster Of your owne report against your
selfe: Sir, I know you are no trowant: But what is your affaire
in *Elsenoure*? *Hor.* My good Lord, I came to see your fathers
funerall. *Ham.* O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow student, I
thinke it was to see my mothers wedding. *Hor.* Indeede my Lord,
it followed hard vpon. *Ham.* Thrift, thrift, H_oratio_, the funerall
bak't meates Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables, Would
I had met my deerest foe in heauen Ere euer I had seene that
day *Horatio*; O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father.
Hor. Where my Lord? *Ham.* Why, in my mindes eye H_oratio_.
Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King. *Ham.* He was a
man, take him for all in all, I shall not looke vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight, *Ham.* Saw, who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your father. *Ham.* Ha, ha, the King my father ke you. *Hor.* Ceasen your admiration for a while With an attentiu eare, till I may deliuer, Vpon the wisse of these Gentlemen This wonder to you. *Ham.* For Gods loue let me heare it. *Hor.* Two nights together had these Gentlemen, *Marcellus* and *Bernardo*, on their watch In the dead vast and middle of the night. Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father, Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea* Appeeres before them thrise, he walkes Before their weake and feare oppressed eies Within his tronchions length, While they distilled almost to gelly. [C1] With the act of feare stands dumbe, And speake not to him: this to mee In dreadfull secresie impart they did. And I with them the third night kept the watch, Where as they had delivered forme of the thing. Each part made true and good, The Apparition comes: I knew your father, These handes are not more like. *Ham.* Tis very strange. *Hor.* As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true, And wee did thinke it right done, In our dutie to let you know it. *Ham.* Where was this? *Mar.* My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched. *Ham.* Did you not speake to it? *Hor.* My Lord we did, but answere made it none, Yet once me thought it was about to speake, And lifted vp his head to motion, Like as he would speake, but euen then The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haste, It shruncke in haste away, and vanished Our sight. *Ham.* Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me. Hold you the watch to night? *All* We do my Lord. *Ham.* Armed say ye? *All* Armed my good Lord. *Ham.* From top to toe? *All.* My good Lord, from head

to foote. *Ham.* Why then saw you not his face? *Hor.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp. *Ham.* How look't he, frowningly? *Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger. *Ham.* Pale, or red? *Hor.* Nay, verie pal *Ham.* And fixt his eies vpon you. [C1v] *Hor.* Most constantly. *Ham.* I would I had beene there. *Hor.* It would a much amazed you. *Ham.* Yea very like, very like, staid it long? *Hor.* While one with moderate pace Might tell a hundred. *Mar.* O longer, longer. *Ham.* His beard was grisleld, no. *Hor.* It was as I haue seene it in his life, A sable siluer. *Ham.* I wil watch to night, perchance t'wil walke againe. *Hor.* I warrant it will. *Ham.* If it assume my noble fathers person, Ile speake to it, if hell it selfe should gape, And bid me hold my peace, Gentlemen, If you haue hither consealed this sight, Let it be tenible in your silence still, And whatsoeuer else shall chance to night, Giue it an vnderstanding, but no tongue, I will requit your loues, so fare you well, Vpon the platforme, twixt eleuen and twelue, Ile visit you. *All.* Our duties to your honor. *exeunt.* *Ham.* O your loues, your loues, as mine to you. Farewell, my fathers spirit in Armes, Well, all's not well. I doubt some foule play, Would the night were come, Till then, sit still my soule, foule deeds will rise Though all the world orewhelme them to mens eies. *Exit. Enter Leartes and Ofelia.* *Leart.* My necessaries are inbarkt, I must aboard, But ere I part, marke what I say to thee: I see Prince *Hamlet* makes a shew of loue Beware *Ofelia*, do not trust his vowes, Perhaps he loues you now, and now his tongue, Speakes from his heart, but yet take heed my sister, [C2] The Chariest maide is prodigall enough, If

she vnmaske hir beautie to the Moone. Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious thoughts, Belieu't *Ofelia*, therefore keepe a loofe Lest that he trip thy honor and thy fame. *Ofel.* Brother, to this I haue lent attentiu care, And doubt not but to keepe my honour firme, But my deere brother, do not you Like to a cunning Sophister, Teach me the path and ready way to heauen, While you forgetting what is said to me, Your selfe, like to a carelesse libertine Doth giue his heart, his appetite at ful, And little reckes how that his honour dies. *Lear.* No, feare it not my deere *Ofelia*, Here comes my father, occasion smiles vpon a second leaue. *Enter Corambis.* *Cor.* Yet here *Leartes*? aboard, aboard, for shame, The winde sits in the shoulder of your saile, And you are staid for, there my blessing with thee And these few precepts in thy memory. "Be thou familiar, but by no meanes vulgare; "Those friends thou hast, and their adoptions tried, "Grapple them to thee with a hoope of steele, "But do not dull the palme with entertaine, "Of euery new vnfleg'd courage, "Beware of entrance into a quarrell; but being in, "Beare it that the opposed may beware of thee, "Costly thy apparrell, as thy purse can buy. "But not exprest in fashion, "For the apparell oft proclaimes the man. And they of *France* of the chiefe rancke and station Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that: "This aboue all, to thy owne selfe be true, And it must follow as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any one, [C2v] Farewel, my blessing with thee. *Lear.* I humbly take my leaue, farewell *Ofelia*, And remember well what I haue said to you. *exit. Ofel.* It is already lock't within my

hart, And you your selfe shall keepe the key of it. *Cor.* What i'st *Ofelia* he hath saide to you? *Ofel.* Somthing touching the prince *Hamlet.* *Cor.* Mary wel thought on, t'is giuen me to vnderstand, That you haue bin too prodigall of your maiden presence Vnto Prince Hamlet, if it be so, As so tis giuen to mee, and that in waie of caution I must tell you; you do not vnderstand your selfe So well as befits my honor, and your credite. *Ofel.* My lord, he hath made many tenders of his loue to me. *Cor.* Tenders, I, I, tenders you may call them. *Ofel.* And withall, such earnest vowes. *Cor.* Springes to catch woodcocks, What, do not I know when the blood doth burne, How prodigall the tongue lends the heart vowes, In briefe, be more scanter of your maiden presence, Or tendring thus you'l tender mee a foole. *Ofel.* I shall obey my lord in all I may. *Cor.* *Ofelia*, receiue none of his letters, "For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart; "Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes To vnlocke Chastitie vnto Desire; Come in *Ofelia*, such men often proue, "Great in their wordes, but little in their loue. *Ofel.* I will my lord. *exeunt. Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.* *Ham.* The ayre bites shrewd; it is an eager and An nipping winde, what houre i'st? *Hor.* I think it lacks of twelue, *Sound Trumpets.* *Mar.* No, t'is strucke. *Hor.* Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord? [C3] *Ham.* O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowse, Keepe wassel, and the swaggering vp-spring reeles, And as he dreames, big draughts of renish downe, The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out, The triumphes of his pledge. *Hor.* Is it a custome here?

Ham. I mary i'st and though I am Natiue here, and to the maner borne, It is a custome, more honourd in the breach, Then in the obseruance. *Enter the Ghost.* *Hor.* Looke my Lord, it comes. *Ham.* Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs, Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd, Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blasts from hell: Be thy intents wicked or charitable, Thou commest in such questionable shape, That I will speake to thee, Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane, O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance, But say why thy canonizd bones hearsed in death Haue burst their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher, In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd, Hath burst his ponderous and marble Iawes, To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane, That thou, dead corse, againe in compleate steele, Reuissets thus the glimses of the Moone, Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature, So horridely to shake our disposition, With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules? Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane? *Hor.* It beckons you, as though it had something To impart to you alone. *Mar.* Looke with what courteous action It waues you to a more remoued ground, But do not go with it. [C3v] *Hor.* No, by no meanes my Lord. *Ham.* It will not speake, then will I follow it. *Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord. That beckles ore his bace, into the sea, And there assume some other horrible shape, Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason, And driue you into madnesse: thinke of it. *Ham.* Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee. *Hor.* My Lord, you shall not go. *Ham.* Why what should be the feare? I do not set

my life at a pinnes fee, And for my soule, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it selfe, Go on, ile follow thee. *Mar.*
My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe. *Ham.* My fate cries out, and
makes each pety Artieue As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen; By heauen ile make a ghost
of him that lets me, Away I say, go on, ile follow thee. *Hor.* He
waxeth desperate with imagination. *Mar.* Something is rotten in
the state of *Denmarke.* *Hor.* Haue after; to what issue will this
sort? *Mar.* Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. *exit. Enter*
Ghost and Hamlet. *Ham.* Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade
me? *Ghost* Marke me. *Ham.* I will. *Ghost* I am thy fathers spirit,
doomd for a time To walke the night, and all the day Confinde
in flaming fire, Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are purged and burnt away. *Ham.* Alas poore Ghost. *Ghost* Nay
pitty me not, but to my vnfoldng Lend thy listning eare, but
that I am forbid [C4] To tell the secrets of my prison house I
would a tale vnfold, whose lightest word Would harrow vp thy
soule, freeze thy yong blood, Make thy two eyes like stars start
from their spheres, Thy knotted and combined locks to part, And
each particular haire to stand on end Like quilts vpon the fretfull
Porpentine, But this same blazon must not be, to eares of flesh
and blood Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father loue. *Ham.*
O God. *Gho.* Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder:
Ham. Murder. *Ghost* Yea, murder in the highest degree, As in the
least tis bad, But mine most foule, beastly, and vnnaturall. *Ham.*
Haste me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as meditation, or

the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge. *Ghost* O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in ease On *Lethe* wharffe: briefe let me be. Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard, A Serpent stung me; so the whole eare of *Denmarke* Is with a forged Prosses of my death rankely abusde: But know thou noble Youth: he that did sting Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne. *Ham.* O my prophetike soule, my vncler! my vncler! *Ghost* Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power (with gifts, So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene, But vertne, as it neuer will be moued, Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen, So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt, Would fate it selfe from a celestially bedde, And prey on garbage: but soft, me thinkes I sent the mornings ayre, briefe let me be, Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes [C4v] In the after noone, vpon my secure houre Thy vncler came, with iuyce of Hebona In a viall, and through the porches of my eares Did powre the leaproous distilment, whose effect Hold such an enmitie with blood of man, That swift as quickesilner, it posteth through The naturall gates and allies of the body, And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood Like eager dropings into milke. And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer. Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie At once depriued, no reckoning made of, But sent vnto my graue, With all my accompts and sinnes vpon my head, O horrible, most horrible! *Ham.*

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