

OSRIC

Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes – believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing. Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry; for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

HAMLET Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you, though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dozy th' arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion of such dearth and rareness as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

OSRIC Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAMLET The concernancy, sir? Why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

(Vii: 106-122)

OSRIC Shall I redeliver you e'en so?

HAMLET To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

OSRIC I commend my duty to your lordship.

HAMLET Yours, yours. [*Exit Osric.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

HORATIO This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

HAMLET 'A did comply, sir, with his dug before 'a sucked it. Thus has he, and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time and, out of an habit of encounter, a kind of yeasty collection, which carries them through and through the most fanned and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

(Vii: 172-185)

HAMLET

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.

(Vii: 325-329)

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,  
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.*]

(Vii: 302-316)

HORATIO

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

(Vii: 348-349)