

KING

Take thy fair hour, Laertes. Time be thine,  
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son –

HAMLET [*aside*]

A little more than kin, and less than kind!

KING

How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

HAMLET

Not so, my lord. I am too much in the sun.

QUEEN

Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.  
Do not for ever with thy vailèd lids  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.  
Thou know'st 'tis common. All that lives must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

HAMLET

Ay, madam, it is common.

QUEEN

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,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,  
Nor the dejected havior of the visage,  
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,  
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.

KING

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,  
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  
In obstinate condolement 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 unschooled.  
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,

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  
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  
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.

QUEEN

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.

KING

Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.  
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come.  
This gentle and unforced 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,  
Respeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

(I ii: 62-128)

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.

HAMLET

Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

(I ii: 175-181)