

POLONIUS

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
 When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
 Lends the tongue vows. These blazes, daughter,
 Giving more light than heat, extinct in both
 Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
 You must not take for fire. From this time
 Be something scanted of your maiden presence.
 Set your entreatments at a higher rate
 Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
 Believe so much in him that he is young,
 And with a larger tether may he walk
 Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,
 Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
 Not of that dye which their investments show,
 But mere implorators of unholy suits,
 Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,
 The better to beguile. (I iii: 115-131)

HAMLET

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me!
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell
 Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
 Have burst their cerements, why the sepulchre
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interred
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
 Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

(I iv: 43-56)

GHOST

But virtue, as it never will be moved,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
 So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
 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 hebona 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 vigor it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,
 And a most instant tetter barked about
 Most lazar-like with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.

(I v: 53-73)

HAMLET

The king doth wake to-night and takes his rouse,
 Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels,
 And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down
 The kettledrum and trumpet thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge.

HORATIO Is it a custom?**HAMLET**

Ay, marry, is't,
 But to my mind, though I am native here
 And to the manner born, it is a custom
 More honored in the breach than the observance.
 This heavy-headed revel east and west
 Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations.
 They clepe us drunkards and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition, and indeed it takes
 From our achievements, though performed at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.

(I iv: 8-22)

HORATIO

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
 And draw you into madness? Think of it.
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea
 And hears it roar beneath.

HAMLET It waves me still.

Go on. I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS

You shall not go, my lord.

HAMLET

Hold off your hands.

HORATIO

Be ruled. You shall not go.

HAMLET

My fate cries out

And makes each petty artere in this body

As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

Still am I called. Unhand me, gentlemen.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me!

I say, away! Go on. I'll follow thee.

(I iv: 69-86)

MARCELLUS

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

(I iv: 90)