

GHOST

O, horrible ! O, horrible ! most horrible !
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not.
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damnèd incest.
But howsoever thou pursues this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The glowworm shows the matin to be near
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me.

(Iv: 80 - 91)

HAMLET

There's never a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.

HORATIO

There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

HAMLET Why, right, you are in the right,
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part :
You, as your business and desires shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire
Such as it is, and for my own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

HORATIO

These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

(Iv: 123 - 133)

GHOST Swear.

HAMLET

Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so ? Art thou there, truepenny ?
Come on. You hear this fellow in the cellarage.
Consent to swear.

HORATIO Propose the oath, my lord.

HAMLET

Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

GHOST [*beneath*] Swear.

HAMLET

Hic et ubique ? Then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword.
Swear by my sword

Never to speak of this that you have heard.

GHOST [*beneath*] Swear by his sword.

HAMLET

Well said, old mole ! Canst work i' th' earth so fast ?
A worthy pioner ! Once more remove, good friends.

HORATIO

O day and night, but this is wondrous strange !

HAMLET

And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

(Iv: 149 - 167)

HAMLET

O all you host of heaven ! O earth ! What else ?
And shall I couple hell ? O fie ! Hold, hold, my heart,
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee ?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee ?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven !
O most pernicious woman !
O villain, villain, smiling, damnèd villain !
My tables - meet it is I set it down
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

(Iv: 92 - 108)

POLONIUS

Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbing. You may go so far.

REYNALDO

My lord, that would dishonor him.

POLONIUS

Faith, no, as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency.
That's not my meaning. But breathe his faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.

(Ii: 25 - 35)

POLONIUS

See you now -
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth,
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out.

(Ii: 62 - 66)