PRINCE HAMLET



THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK IS A TRAGEDY BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



The Tragicall Historie of

HAMLET

Prince of Denmarke.

Enter two Centinels.

I. C Tand: who is that?

1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,

2. And if you meete 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 fouldier, who hath releeued you?

I. Barnardo hath my place, giue you good night.

Mar. Holla, Barnando.

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 have seene nothing.

Mar. Horatio sayes tis but our fantasie,

And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,

Touching this dreaded fight twice seene by vs,

There-

Tragicall Historie of HAMLET,

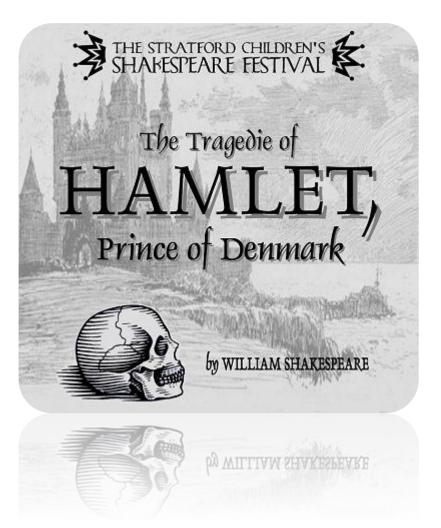
Prince of Denmarke.

By William Shakespeare.

Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie.



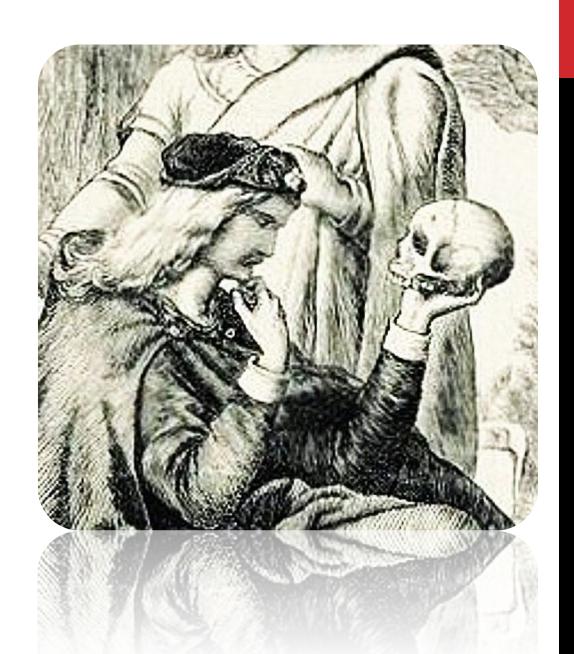
AT LONDON. Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be fold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstons Church in Fleeistreet, 1605.





Sarah Bernhardt as Hamlet, 1880-1885. **Prince Hamlet** is a fictional character, the protagonist in Shakespeare's tragedy

Hamlet. He is the Prince of Denmark, nephew to the usurping Claudius and son of the previous King of Denmark, Old Hamlet.



King Claudius is a character and the antagonist from William Shakespeare's play Hamlet. He is the brother to King Hamlet, second husband to Gertrude and uncle to Hamlet.



A lithograph of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern in the flute scene from Hamlet. They are courtiers who are sent by the king to spy on Hamlet, using their claimed friendship with him to gain his confidence.





"Hamlet and His Mother"

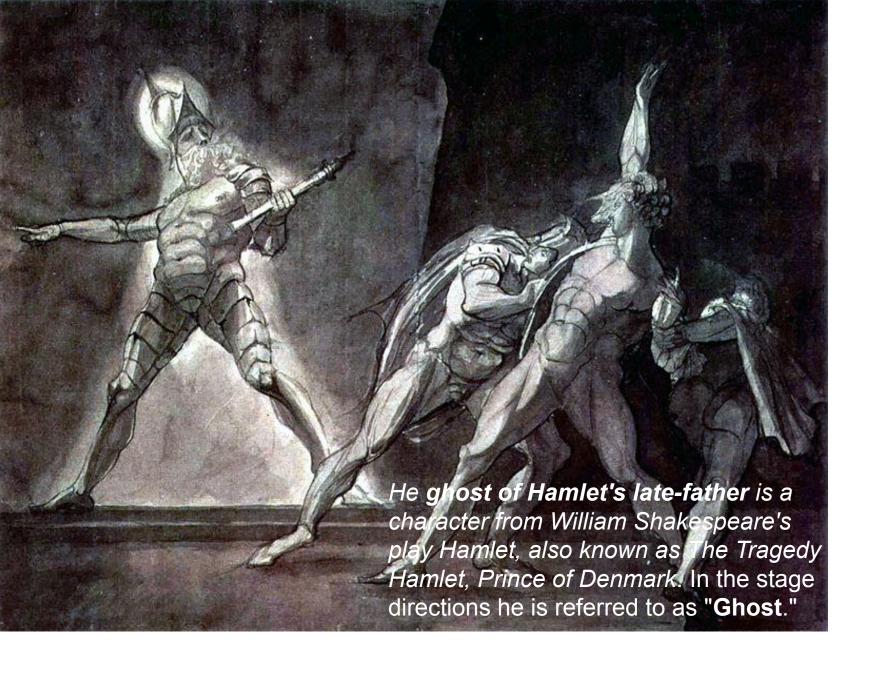


Polonius is a character in William Shakespeare's Hamlet. He is King Claudius's chief counsellor, and the father of Ophelia and Laertes. Polonius connives with Claudius to spy on Hamlet. Hamlet unknowingly kills Polonius, provoking Ophelia's fit of madness and death and the climax of the play: a duel between Laertes and Hamlet.



Laertes and Ophelia

His name is taken from the father of Odysseus in Homer's Odyssey. Laertes is the son of Polonius and the brother of Ophelia. In the final scene, he kills Hamlet with a poisoned sword to avenge the deaths of his father and sister, for which he blamed Hamlet. While dying of the same poison, he implicates King Claudius. The Laertes character is thought to be originally from Shakespeare, as there is no equivalent character in any of the known sources for the play.



Henry Fuseli rendering of Hamlet and his father's Ghost



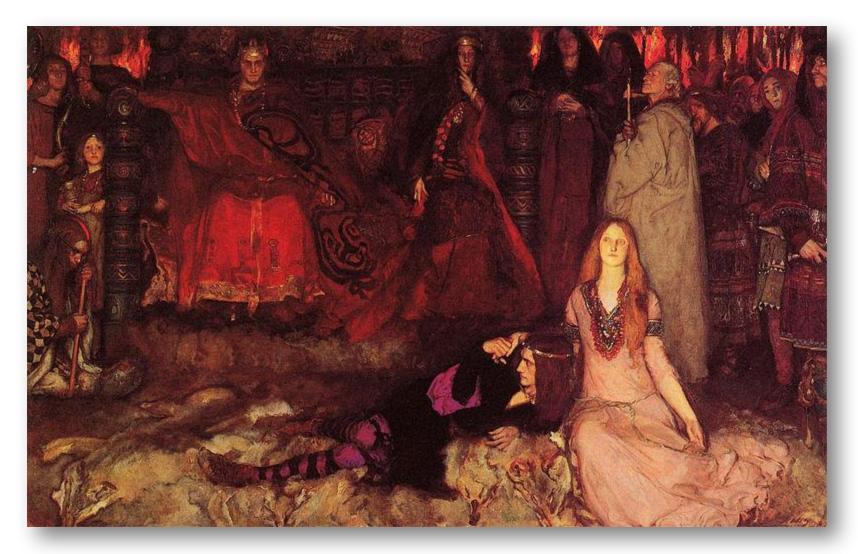
Hamlet tries to show his mother Gertrude his father's ghost.



Hamlet and Ophelia, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Hamlet avenged his father by killing his uncle





Hamlet reclines next to Ophelia in Edwin Austin Abbey's The Play Scene in Hamlet



Ophelia depicts lady Ophelia's mysterious death by drowning. In the play, the clowns discuss whether Ophelia's death was a suicide and whether or not she merits a Christian burial.

Bad Quarto (1603)

Good Quarto (1604-1605)

First Folio (1623)

How. To be, or not to be, I there's the point,
To Die, to fleepe, is that all? I all:
No, to fleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,
And borne before an evertaffing I udge,
From whence no paffenger ever retur nd,
The vndifcovered country, at whole fight
The happy fmile, and the accurfed damn'd.
But for this, the loyfull hope of this,
Whol'd beare the fcorner and flattery of the world,
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curffed of the poore?

The widow being oppreffed, the orphan wrong d,
The tafte of hunger, or a tirants raigne,
And thousand more calamities besides,
To grunt and sweate under this weary life,
When that he may his full **District make,
With a bare bookin, who would this indure,
But for a hope of something after death?
Which puffes the braine, and doth confound the sence
Which makes vs rather beare those cuilles we have,
Than flie to others that we know not of.
I that, O this conforme makes cowardes of vs all,
Lady in thy orizons, be all my finnes remembred.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the quellion, Whether tis nobler in the minde to fuffer The flings and arrowes of outragious fortune. Or to take Armes against a sea of troubles, And by opposing, end them, to die to fleepe No more, and by a fleepe, to fay we end The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks That flesh is beire to; tis a confumation Denoutly to be wisht to die to fleepe. To fleepe, perchance to dreame, I there's the rub, For in that fleepe of death what dreames may come When we have shuffled off this mortall coyle Must give vs pause, there's the respect That makes calamirie of fo long life: For who would beare the whips and scornes of time. Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely, The pangs of despiz'd love, the lawes delay, The infolence of office, and the fournes That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes, When he himfelfe might his quietas make With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare, To grunt and fweat under a wearie life. But that the dread of something after death, The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will. And makes vs rather beare those ills we have. Then flie to others that we know not of, Thus confeience dooes make cowards. And thus the natine hiew of refolation Is fickled ore with the pale cast of thought, And enterprises of great pitch and moment, With this regard theyr currents turne away, And loofe the name of action. Soft you now, The faire Opheda, Nimph in thy orizons Be all my finnes remembred.

Hem. To be, or not to be, that is the Question : Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to fuffer The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune. Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles, And by opposing end them : to dye, to sleepe No more; and by a fleepe, to fay we end The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a confummation Desoutly to be wifh'd, To dye to fleepe, To feepe, perchance to Dreame ; I, there's the rob. For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come, When we have shufflel'd off this mortall coile, Most give vs pawfe. There's the respect That makes Calamiry of fo long life : For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time, The Oppreffors wrong, the poore mans Contumely, The pange of difpriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay. The infolence of Office, and the Spurnes That patient merit of the voworthy takes, When he hanfelfe might his Danner make With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare To grunt and fweat under a weary life, But that the dread of fomething after death. The vadilcouered Countrey, from whose Borne No Traveller returnes, Panels the will, And makes vs rather beare those illes we have, Then flye to others that we know not of. Thus Confeience does make Cowards of veall, And thus the Native hew of Refolution Is ficklied o're, with the pale caft of Thought, And enterprizes of great pith and moment, With this regard their Currents turne away, And loofe the name of Action. Soft you now, The faire Ophelia! Nimph, in thy Orizons Be all my finnes remembred.

Comparison of the 'To be, or not to be' soliloquy in the first three editions of Hamlet, showing the varying quality of the text in the <u>Bad Quarto</u>, the Good Quarto and the <u>First Folio</u>



Actors before Hamlet