

Possess it merely.<sup>2</sup> That it should come to this,  
 But two months dead, nay, not so much, not two.  
 So excellent a king, that was to this  
 Hyperion to a satyr,<sup>3</sup> so loving to my mother,  
 That he might not beteem<sup>4</sup> the winds of heaven 140  
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth,  
 Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him  
 As if increase of appetite had grown  
 By what it fed on, and yet, within a month—  
 Let me not think on't. Frailty, thy name is woman— 145  
 A little month, or ere those shoes were old  
 With which she followed my poor father's body  
 Like Niobe,<sup>5</sup> all tears, why she, even she—  
 O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason 150  
 Would have mourned longer—married with my uncle,  
 My father's brother, but no more like my father  
 Than I to Hercules.<sup>6</sup> Within a month,  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes, 155  
 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post  
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!  
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.  
 But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

[*Enter* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.]

HORATIO: Hail to your lordship!  
 HAMLET: I am glad to see you well. 160  
 Horatio—or I do forget myself.  
 HORATIO: The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.  
 HAMLET: Sir, my good friend, I'll change that name with you.  
 And what make you from<sup>7</sup> Wittenberg, Horatio? 165  
 Marcellus?  
 MARCELLUS: My good lord!  
 HAMLET: I am very glad to see you. [*To* BERNARDO.] Good even, sir.—  
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

2. Entirely. 3. Hyperion, a Greek god, stands here for beauty in contrast to the monstrous satyr, a lecherous creature, half man and half goat. 4. Permit.  
 5. In Greek mythology, Niobe was turned to stone after a tremendous fit of weeping over the death of her fourteen children, a misfortune brought about by her boasting over her fertility.  
 6. The demigod Hercules was noted for his strength and the series of spectacular labors that he accomplished. 7. What are you doing away from? *Change*: exchange.

ut HAMLET.]

HORATIO: A truant disposition, good my lord.

170 HAMLET: I would not hear your enemy say so,  
Nor shall you do my ear that violence  
To make it truster of your own report  
Against yourself. I know you are no truant.  
But what is your affair in Elsinore?

175 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

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.

180 HAMLET: Thrift, thrift, Horatio. The funeral-baked meats  
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
Would I had met my dearest<sup>8</sup> foe in heaven  
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!  
My father—methinks I see my father.

HORATIO: Where, my lord?

185 HAMLET: In my mind's eye, Horatio.

HORATIO: I saw him once, 'a was a goodly king.

HAMLET: 'A was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

HORATIO: My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

190 HAMLET: Saw who?

HORATIO: My lord, the king your father.

HAMLET: The king my father?

HORATIO: Season your admiration<sup>9</sup> for a while

With an attent ear till I may deliver<sup>1</sup>

Upon the witness of these gentlemen

This marvel to you.

195 HAMLET: For God's love, let me hear!

HORATIO: Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch

In the dead waste and middle of the night

Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,

200 Armèd at point exactly, cap-a-pe,<sup>2</sup>

Appears before them, and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walked

By their oppressed and fear-surprisèd eyes

Within his truncheon's<sup>3</sup> length, whilst they, distilled

205 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,

8. Bitterest. 9. Moderate your wonder.

2. From head to toe. *Exactly*: completely.

1. Relate. *Attent*: attentive.

3. Baton of office.

Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me  
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did,  
 And I with them the third night kept the watch,  
 Where, as they had delivered, both in time,  
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,  
 The apparition comes. I knew your father. 210  
 These hands are not more like.

HAMLET: But where was this?  
 MARCELLUS: My lord, upon the platform where we watch.  
 HAMLET: Did you not speak to it?

HORATIO: My lord, I did,  
 But answer made it none. Yet once methought 215  
 It lifted up its head and did address  
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak;  
 But even then the morning cock crew loud,  
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away  
 And vanished from our sight.

HAMLET: 'Tis very strange. 220  
 HORATIO: As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true,  
 And we did think it writ down in our duty  
 To let you know of it.

HAMLET: Indeed, sirs, but  
 This troubles me. Hold you the watch tonight?  
 ALL: We do, my lord.

HAMLET: Armed, say you? 225  
 ALL: Armed, my lord.

HAMLET: From top to toe?  
 ALL: My lord, from head to foot.

HAMLET: Then saw you not his face.  
 HORATIO: O yes, my lord, he wore his beaver<sup>4</sup> up. 230

HAMLET: What, looked he frowningly?  
 HORATIO: A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

HAMLET: Pale or red?  
 HORATIO: Nay, very pale.  
 HAMLET: And fixed his eyes upon you?

HORATIO: Most constantly.  
 HAMLET: I would I had been there.

HORATIO: It would have much amazed you. 235  
 HAMLET: Very like.

HAMLET: Stayed it long?  
 HORATIO: While one with moderate haste might tell<sup>5</sup> a hundred.

4. Hinged face protector. 5. Count.

BOTH: Longer, longer.

HORATIO: Not when I saw't.

HAMLET: His beard was grizzled, no?

HORATIO: It was as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silvered.

240 HAMLET: I will watch tonight.

Perchance 'twill walk again.

HORATIO: I warr'nt it will.

HAMLET: If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape

245 And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto concealed this sight,

Let it be tenable<sup>6</sup> in your silence still,

And whatsoever else shall hap tonight,

Give it an understanding but no tongue.

I will requite your loves. So fare you well.

250 Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve

I'll visit you.

ALL: Our duty to your honor.

HAMLET: Your loves, as mine to you. Farewell. [*Exeunt all but HAMLET.*]

My father's spirit in arms? All is not well.

I doubt<sup>7</sup> some foul play. Would the night were come!

255 Till then sit still, my soul. Foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*]

### Scene 3

*The dwelling of POLONIUS. Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

LAERTES: My necessities are embarked. Farewell.

And, sister, as the winds give benefit

And convoy is assistant,<sup>8</sup> do not sleep,

But let me hear from you.

OPHELIA: Do you doubt that?

5 LAERTES: For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,

Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,

A violet in the youth of primy<sup>9</sup> nature,

Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,

The perfume and suppliance of a minute,

No more.

OPHELIA: No more but so?

6. Held. 7. Suspect. 8. Means of transport is available. 9. Of the spring.

LAERTES:

Think it no more.

For nature crescent<sup>1</sup> does not grow alone 10

In thews and bulk, but as this temple<sup>2</sup> waxes

The inward service of the mind and soul

Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,

And now no soil nor cautel<sup>3</sup> doth besmirch 15

The virtue of his will, but you must fear,

His greatness weighted,<sup>4</sup> his will is not his own,

For he himself is subject to his birth.

He may not, as unvalued persons do,

Carve for himself, for on his choice depends 20

The safety and health of this whole state,

And therefore must his choice be circumscribed

Unto the voice<sup>5</sup> and yielding of that body

Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it 25

As he in his particular act and place

May give his saying deed, which is no further

Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.

Then weigh what loss your honor may sustain

If with too credent<sup>6</sup> ear you list his songs, 30

Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open

To his unmastered importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,

And keep you in the rear of your affection, 35

Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest<sup>7</sup> maid is prodigal enough

If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Virtue itself scapes not calumnious strokes.

The canker<sup>8</sup> galls the infants of the spring 40

Too oft before their buttons<sup>9</sup> be disclosed,

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth

Contagious blastments<sup>1</sup> are most imminent.

Be wary then; best safety lies in fear. 45

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPHELIA: I shall the effect of this good lesson keep

As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,

Do not as some ungracious pastors do,

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

1. Growing. 2. Body. *Thews*: muscles. 3. Deceit. 4. Rank considered. 5. Assent.  
6. Credulous. *List*: listen to. 7. Most circumspect. 8. Cankerworm. 9. Buds. 1. Blights.

all but HAMLET.]

[Exit.]

50 Whiles like a puffed and reckless libertine  
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads  
And reck's not his own rede.<sup>2</sup>

LAERTES:

O, fear me not.

[Enter POLONIUS.]

I stay too long. But here my father comes.  
A double blessing is a double grace;  
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

55 POLONIUS: Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame!  
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
And you are stayed for. There—my blessing with thee,  
And these few precepts in thy memory  
Look thou character.<sup>3</sup> Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
60 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull<sup>4</sup> thy palm with entertainment  
65 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear't that th' opposèd<sup>5</sup> may beware of thee.  
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;<sup>6</sup>  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

70 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy; rich not gaudy,  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,  
And they in France of the best rank and station  
Are of a most select and generous chief<sup>7</sup> in that.

75 Neither a borrower nor a lender be,  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls th' edge of husbandry.  
This above all, to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow as the night the day  
80 Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell. My blessing season this in thee!

LAERTES: Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POLONIUS: The time invests you. Go, your servants tend.<sup>8</sup>

LAERTES: Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well  
What I have said to you.

2. Heeds not his own advice. 3. Write. 4. Make callous.

5. Conduct it so that the opponent. 6. Approval. 7. Eminence. 8. Await.

- OPHELIA: 'Tis in my memory locked, 85  
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.
- LAERTES: Farewell.
- POLONIUS: What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you? [Exit.]
- OPHELIA: So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.
- POLONIUS: Marry, well bethought. 90  
 'Tis told me he hath very oft of late  
 Given private time to you, and you yourself  
 Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.  
 If it be so—as so 'tis put on me,  
 And that in way of caution—I must tell you, 95  
 You do not understand yourself so clearly  
 As it behooves my daughter and your honor.  
 What is between you? Give me up the truth.
- OPHELIA: He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders  
 Of his affection to me. 100
- POLONIUS: Affection? Pooh! You speak like a green girl,  
 Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.  
 Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
- OPHELIA: I do not know, my lord, what I should think.
- POLONIUS: Marry, I will teach you. Think yourself a baby 105  
 That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay  
 Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,  
 Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,  
 Running it thus) you'll tender me a fool. 110
- OPHELIA: My lord, he hath importuned me with love  
 In honorable fashion.
- POLONIUS: Ay, fashion you may call it. Go to, go to.
- OPHELIA: And hath given countenance<sup>9</sup> to his speech, my lord, 115  
 With almost all the holy vows of heaven.
- POLONIUS: Ay, springes<sup>1</sup> 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 120  
 Even in their promise, as it is a-making,  
 You must not take for fire. From this time  
 Be something scanter of your maiden presence.  
 Set your entreatments<sup>2</sup> at a higher rate  
 Than a command to parle. For Lord Hamlet,  
 Believe so much in him that he is young, 125  
 And with a larger tether may he walk

9. Confirmation. 1. Snares. 2. Negotiations before a surrender.

Than may be given you. In few, Ophelia,  
 Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,<sup>3</sup>  
 Not of that dye which their investments<sup>4</sup> show,  
 But mere implorators<sup>5</sup> of unholy suits,  
 130 Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,  
 The better to beguile. This is for all:  
 I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth  
 Have you so slander any moment leisure  
 As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.  
 135 Look to't, I charge you. Come your ways.  
 OPHELIA: I shall obey, my lord.

[Exeunt.]

## Scene 4

*The guard station. Enter HAMLET, HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

HAMLET: The air bites shrewdly;<sup>6</sup> it is very cold.

HORATIO: It is a nipping and an eager<sup>7</sup> air.

HAMLET: What hour now?

HORATIO: I think it lacks of twelve.

MARCELLUS: No, it is struck.

HORATIO: Indeed? I heard it not.

5 It then draws near the season  
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[*A flourish of trumpets, and two pieces go off.*]

What does this mean, my lord?

HAMLET: The king doth wake tonight and takes his rouse,  
 Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring up-spring reels,  
 10 And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish<sup>8</sup> 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  
 15 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<sup>9</sup> us drunkards, and with swinish phrase

3. Panderers. 4. Garments. 5. Solicitors. 6. Sharply. 7. Keen.  
 8. Rhine wine. *Up-spring*: a German dance. 9. Call.

Soil our addition,<sup>1</sup> and indeed it takes  
 From our achievements, though performed at height, 20  
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.<sup>2</sup>  
 So oft it chanches in particular men,  
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,  
 As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty  
 (Since nature cannot choose his origin), 25  
 By their o'ergrowth of some complexion,  
 Oft breaking down the pales<sup>3</sup> and forts of reason,  
 Or by some habit that too much o'er-leavens  
 The form of plausible<sup>4</sup> manners—that these men, 30  
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,  
 Being nature's livery or fortune's star,  
 His virtues else, be they as pure as grace,  
 As infinite as man may undergo,  
 Shall in the general censure take corruption 35  
 From that particular fault. The dram of evil  
 Doth all the noble substance often doubt<sup>5</sup>  
 To his own scandal.

[Enter GHOST.]

HORATIO: Look, my lord, it comes.  
 HAMLET: Angels and ministers of grace defend us!  
 Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned, 40  
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,  
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
 Thou com'st in such a questionable<sup>6</sup> shape  
 That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,  
 King, father, royal Dane. O, answer me! 45  
 Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell  
 Why thy canonized<sup>7</sup> bones, hearsed in death,  
 Have burst their cerements;<sup>8</sup> why the sepulchre  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned 50  
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws  
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean  
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel<sup>9</sup>  
 Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous, and we fools of nature 55  
 So horridly to shake our disposition  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

1. Reputation. 2. Honor. 3. Barriers. 4. Pleasing. 5. Extinguish. 6. Prompting question.  
 7. Buried in accordance with church canons. 8. Gravecloths. 9. Armor.

[Exeunt.]

US.

Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?

[GHOST *beckons*.]

HORATIO: It beckons you to go away with it,  
As if it some impartment<sup>1</sup> did desire  
To you alone.

60 MARCELLUS: Look with what courteous action  
It waves you to a more removed<sup>2</sup> ground.  
But do not go with it.

HORATIO: No, by no means.

HAMLET: It will not speak; then I will follow it.

HORATIO: Do not, my lord.

HAMLET: Why, what should be the fear?

65 I do not set my life at a pin's fee,<sup>3</sup>  
And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?  
It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

HORATIO: What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,  
70 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff  
That beetles<sup>4</sup> o'er his base into the sea,  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason<sup>5</sup>  
And draw you into madness? Think of it.  
75 The very place puts toys of desperation,<sup>6</sup>  
Without more motive, into every brain  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea  
And hears it roar beneath.

HAMLET: It wafts me still.  
Go on. I'll follow thee.

MARCELLUS: You shall not go, my lord.

80 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.<sup>7</sup>  
Still am I called. Unhand me, gentlemen.  
85 By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets<sup>8</sup> me.  
I say, away! Go on. I'll follow thee. [Exeunt GHOST and HAMLET.]

1. Communication. 2. Beckons you to a more distant. 3. Price. 4. Juts out.

5. Rational power. *Deprive*: take away. 6. Desperate fancies.

7. The Nemean lion was a mythological monster slain by Hercules as one of his twelve labors.  
*Artere*: artery. 8. Hinders.

HORATIO: He waxes desperate with imagination.

MARCELLUS: Let's follow. 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.

HORATIO: Have after. To what issue will this come?

MARCELLUS: Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. 90

HORATIO: Heaven will direct it.

MARCELLUS: Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 5

Near the guard station. Enter GHOST and HAMLET.

HAMLET: Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak. I'll go no further.

GHOST: Mark me.

HAMLET: I will.

GHOST: My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

HAMLET: Alas, poor ghost! 5

GHOST: Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing  
To what I shall unfold.

HAMLET: Speak. I am bound to hear.

GHOST: So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAMLET: What?

GHOST: I am thy father's spirit, 10

Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confined to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature<sup>9</sup>  
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison house, 15  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,  
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combinèd<sup>1</sup> locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand an end, 20  
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine.<sup>2</sup>  
But this eternal blazon<sup>3</sup> must not be  
To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love— 25

HAMLET: O God!

GHOST: Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

HAMLET: Murder!

9. That is, while I was alive. 1. Tangled. 2. Porcupine. 3. Description of eternity.

GHOST: Murder most foul, as in the best it is,  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

HAMLET: Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift  
30 As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

GHOST: I find thee apt.  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That rots itself in ease on Lethe<sup>4</sup> wharf,—  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear.  
35 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me. So the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forgèd process<sup>5</sup> of my death  
Rankly abused. But know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

40 HAMLET: O my prophetic soul!  
My uncle!

GHOST: Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wits, with traitorous gifts—  
O wicked wit and gifts that have the power  
45 So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.  
O Hamlet, what a falling off was there,  
From me, whose love was of that dignity  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
50 I made to her in marriage, and to decline<sup>6</sup>  
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of mine!  
But virtue, as it never will be moved,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,  
55 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,  
60 My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebona<sup>7</sup> in a vial,

4. When drunk, the waters of the Lethe, one of the rivers of the classical underworld, induced forgetfulness. The "fat weed" is the asphodel that grew there; some texts have "roots" for "rots."  
5. False report. 6. Sink. 7. A poison.

8. Coagulation.  
3. The ghost receiving.  
5. Morn...

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 65  
 The natural gates and alleys of the body,  
 And with a sudden vigor it doth posset<sup>8</sup>  
 And curd, like eager<sup>9</sup> droppings into milk,  
 The thin and wholesome blood. So did it mine,  
 And a most instant tetter barked about<sup>1</sup> 70  
 Most lazar-like<sup>2</sup> with vile and loathsome crust  
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I sleeping by a brother's hand  
 Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatched, 75  
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
 Unhoused, disappointed, unaneled,<sup>3</sup>  
 No reck'ning made, but sent to my account  
 With all my imperfections on my head. 80  
 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 of luxury<sup>4</sup> and damnèd incest.  
 But howsomever thou pursues this act, 85  
 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<sup>5</sup> to be near, 90  
 And gins to pale his uneffectual fire. [Exit.]

HAMLET: O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?  
 And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart, 95  
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,  
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?  
 Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat  
 In this distracted globe.<sup>6</sup> Remember thee?  
 Yea, from the table<sup>7</sup> of my memory 100  
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond<sup>8</sup> records,  
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past

8. Coagulate. 9. Acid. *Curd*: curdle. 1. Covered like bark. *Tetter*: a skin disease. 2. Leperlike.  
 3. The ghost means that he died without the customary rites of the church, that is, without  
 receiving the Sacrament, without confession, and without Extreme Unction. 4. Lust.  
 5. Morning. 6. Skull. 7. Writing tablet. 8. Foolish.