**HAMLET**

**By William Shakespeare**

**ACT IV, SCENE V**

**Elsinore. A room in the castle.**

*Enter QUEEN GERTRUDE, HORATIO, and a Gentleman*

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

I will not speak with her.

**Gentleman**

She is importunate, indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

What would she have?

**Gentleman**

She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures
yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

**HORATIO**

'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Let her come in.

*Exit HORATIO*

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA*

**OPHELIA**

Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

How now, Ophelia!

**OPHELIA**

[Sings]
How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

**OPHELIA**

Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

*Sings*

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Nay, but, Ophelia,--

**OPHELIA**

Pray you, mark.

*Sings*

White his shroud as the mountain snow,--

*Enter KING CLAUDIUS*

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Alas, look here, my lord.

**OPHELIA**

[Sings]
Larded with sweet flowers
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

**KING CLAUDIUS**

How do you, pretty lady?

**OPHELIA**

Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's
daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not
what we may be. God be at your table!

**KING CLAUDIUS**

Conceit upon her father.

**OPHELIA**

Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they
ask you what it means, say you this:

*Sings*

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

**KING CLAUDIUS**

Pretty Ophelia!

**OPHELIA**

Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

*Sings*

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed.
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

**KING CLAUDIUS**

How long hath she been thus?

**OPHELIA**

I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I
cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him
i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it:
and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my
coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies;
good night, good night.

*Exit*