

# HAMLET

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Retold by Helen Street

## Language Comparison

In this language comparison, you can see the Real Reads retelling of *Hamlet* with William Shakespeare's original lines highlighted in bold italic.



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# HAMLET

## ACT ONE, SCENE ONE THE CASTLE AT ELSINORE

King

Good friends, though yet of my dear brother's death  
*The memory be green* and it is right *to bear our hearts*  
*In grief*, yet we must bear remembrance of ourselves,  
And so in sorrow and in joy have we our sometime  
sister wed to be our queen.

*But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,  
How is it that the clouds still hang on you?*

Hamlet

*Not so, my lord. I am too much in the sun.*

Queen

Good Hamlet, cast thy gloomy colour off  
*And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.*  
Do not forever with thy downcast eye  
*Seek for thy noble father in the dust.*

King

'Tis unmanly grief to grieve so long.  
Throw down to earth this woe *and think of us*  
*As of a father. For let the world take note,*  
*You are the most immediate to our throne.*  
And as to your desire to go from here –  
We do beseech you to remain at court.

Queen

*I pray thee stay with us. Go not to Wittenberg.*

Hamlet

*I shall in all my best obey you, madam.*

King

*Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.*

*Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come.*

Hamlet

*Oh, that this too, too sullied flesh would melt,*

*Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,*

Or that the great almighty *had not fixed*

*His laws against self-slaughter. O god, god,*

*How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable*

Seems to me all the uses of this world!

'Tis but an unweeded garden grown to seed.

*That it should come to this! But two months dead –*

Before her shoes were old with which she walked

Behind my father's body, my mother

Married with my uncle with wicked speed.

*But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.*

Horatio

*Hail to your lordship.*

Hamlet

Horatio – what brings you here to court?

Horatio

*My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.*

*I saw him once. He was a goodly king.*

Hamlet

*I shall not look upon his like again.*

Horatio

*My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.*

Hamlet

*The king, my father?*

Horatio

Aye, my lord, the king.

His ghost, or else his like, was seen to walk  
Upon the battlements, but would not speak.

Hamlet

Then I will watch with you tonight. Perhaps  
*'Twill walk again.* If so, I'll challenge it.

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO  
A ROOM IN THE CASTLE

Laertes

And now farewell, dear sister, I must leave.  
My studies beckon me. I go to France,  
But let me hear from you without delay.

Ophelia

Indeed you shall.

Laertes

And as for Hamlet's trifling favour –  
*Perhaps he loves you now* but by his birth,  
He is not free to choose the one he wants.  
*So keep you in the rear of your affection*  
And wary that you do not lose your heart.

Polonius

*Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard for shame!*  
*The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,*  
But first, my blessing and advice to you.  
*Those friends thou hast, if they prove true to thee,*  
*Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops*  
*of steel.*  
*Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.*  
*Neither a borrower nor a lender be,*  
*For loan oft loses both itself and friend.*  
*This above all: to thine own self be true,*  
*And it must follow, as the night the day,*  
*Thou canst not then be false to any man.*  
Farewell, my blessings once again to thee.

Laertes

*Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.*

*Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well*

*What I have said to you.*

Polonius

*What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?*

Ophelia

*So please you, something touching the lord Hamlet.*

Polonius

*What is between you? Give me up the truth.*

Ophelia

*He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders*

*Of his affections to me.*

Polonius

*Affection, pooh!*

*Young men say things they do not mean.*

*From this time forth, have no more talk with him.*

Ophelia

*I shall obey, my lord.*

ACT ONE, SCENE THREE  
THE BATTLEMENTS

Hamlet

*The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.*

What is the hour?

Horatio

I think 'tis almost twelve.

But *look, my lord, it comes!*

Hamlet

*Angels and ministers of grace defend us!*

Thou com'st in my father's shape to haunt me,  
Say, why is this? Canst thou not rest in peace?

Horatio

*It beckons you to go away with it.*

Hamlet

*Where wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no  
further.*

Ghost

*If thou didst ever thy dear father love,  
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.*

Hamlet

*Murder!*

Ghost

*'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me and 'tis so I died.  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.*

Hamlet

*O, my prophetic soul!*

*My uncle?*

Ghost

Into my ear, he poured a poisoned juice.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand

*Of life, of crown, of queen at once* deprived.

Revenge me, Hamlet, and *remember me*.

Horatio

Heaven preserve thee, my lord, 'tis gone!

Hamlet

Horatio, swear this upon my sword,

*Never make known what you have seen tonight.*

Horatio

I swear, my lord.

ACT TWO, SCENE ONE  
THE CASTLE

Polonius

*How now, Ophelia. What's the matter?*

Ophelia

*Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted!*

Polonius

*With what, in the name of god?*

Ophelia

*My lord, as I was sewing in my room,  
Lord Hamlet, with his clothes in disarray,  
Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,  
And with a look so piteous to behold  
Appeared before me.*

Polonius

*Mad for thy love?*

Ophelia

*My lord, I do not know,  
But truly I do fear it.*

Polonius

*This is the very ecstasy of love  
That cannot lead to anything of good.  
This must be known. I will go seek the king.*

ACT TWO, SCENE TWO  
THE CASTLE

King

*Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!*

You answer swift my hasty summons here.

As you are friends from our dear Hamlet's youth,

Perhaps he will reveal to you the cause

Of his most recent transformation –

His strange behaviour, more than grief should show.

Guildenstern

*We lay our service freely at your feet.*

Queen

*And I beseech you instantly to visit*

*My too much changèd son.* Go, find him out.

Polonius

My lord, I do believe *that I have found*

*The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.*

King

*O speak of that: that do I long to hear.*

Queen

*I doubt it is no other but* two things:

*His father's death and our o'er hasty marriage.*

Polonius

I will be brief. *Your noble son is mad* –

Is mad with love for fair Ophelia.

King

How shall we know if this is true?

Polonius

I'll bid my daughter wait for him sometime  
When he goes pacing up and down this hall,  
As is his custom. We will watch concealed  
And mark his countenance when they do meet.

Queen

*But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.*

Polonius

*Away, I do beseech you both, away!*

Guildenstern

*My honoured lord!*

Rosencrantz

*My most dear lord!*

Hamlet

*My excellent good friends!*

*Good lads, how do you both?*

Guildenstern

*Happy, in that we are not over-happy,*

*On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.*

Hamlet

What brings you here to Elsinore?

Rosencrantz

*To visit you, my lord, no other reason.*

Hamlet

Your looks betray you. I know that *you were sent for*,  
and I will tell you why.

*I have of late, but know not why, lost all my mirth*

and indeed, so heavy are my spirits that even  
this good earth seems but a barren land.  
This sky, *this majestic roof fretted with golden fire*,  
appears to me but foul and polluted gas.

Rosencrantz

My lord, we passed a band of players on our way,  
And here they come to offer service to the court.

Hamlet

*Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore.*

We'll hear a play tomorrow. Can you play *The  
Murder of Gonzago?*

Player

*Aye, my lord.*

Hamlet

We'll have that, and I will write some extra lines  
for you to say.

Now, see these players well-provided for. Take them in.  
*I'll have these players play something* resembling  
*The murder of my father*, before the king.

I'll watch my uncle's face to see if he  
Betrays his guilt. Then will I know my task,  
When I have proof. Oh yes, *the play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.*

ACT TWO, SCENE THREE  
THE CASTLE

King

And did you get from him the very cause  
Of his confusion?

Rosencrantz

Answer will he not,  
*But with a crafty madness keeps aloof.*

Guildenstern

Yet with a kind of joy he did receive  
The news that certain players were in court.

Polonius

'Tis true. And he beseeched me to request  
Your majesties' attendance at the play.

King

*With all my heart.*

Go stay with him a while.

*Sweet Gertrude, leave us, too.* Hamlet is sent for

That he may meet, as if by accident,

The fair Ophelia.

Polonius and I will watch unseen and judge

*If't be the affliction of his love or no*

*That thus he suffers for.*

Polonius

*Ophelia, walk you here. Read on this book.*

*I hear him coming; let's withdraw my lord.*

Hamlet

*To be, or not to be; that is the question:*

Whether 'tis better to suffer the pain  
That life may bring, or else to end it all.

*To die, to sleep, perchance to dream, ah me.*

But *in that sleep of death, what dreams may come*

*When we have shuffled off this mortal coil?*

But soft, *the fair Ophelia!*

Ophelia

My lord.

I have some gifts of yours I would return.

Hamlet

*I did love you once.*

Ophelia

*Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.*

Hamlet

*You should not have believed me. I loved you not.*

I am a man, and all of us are knaves.

*Get thee to a nunnery!* Why bring into this world

more sinners?

*To a nunnery go, and quickly, too. Farewell.*

Ophelia

*O, heavenly powers, restore him.* Woe is me,

He is so changed.

King

Love? I do not think that there is love

Behind his madness, good Polonius.

And yet *there's something in his soul* could prove  
Some danger to us all, therefore, shall I  
Decree that Hamlet soon be sent away.

Polonius

*My lord, do as you please*, but if you will,  
Allow his mother all alone to talk  
To him about his grief.

ACT THREE, SCENE ONE  
THE CASTLE

Hamlet

There is a play tonight before the king:  
*One scene of it comes near the circumstance,  
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.*  
I pray you, when you see that act, observe  
My uncle. If he does not show his guilt,  
The ghost we saw did not speak fair and true.

Horatio

If he betray the slightest down-cast eye  
I'll find him out.

Hamlet

*They are coming to the play. Get you a place.*

Ophelia

*The king rises.*

Polonius

Stop the play!

King

*Give me some light.* Enough!

Polonius

*Lights, lights, lights!*

Hamlet

O good Horatio, saw you that?

Horatio

Indeed.

Hamlet

The ghost spoke true. There was the proof.

Polonius

The king, my lord, is out of sorts!

Hamlet

With drink?

Polonius

No, sir, in anger. I am sent to say  
The queen desires to speak to you at once.

Hamlet

Then I will come to my mother by and by.

ACT THREE, SCENE TWO  
THE CASTLE

King

*I like him not, nor stands it safe with us  
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you,  
And he to England shall along with you.*

GuilDENstERN

We shall do as you say, your majesty.

King

My crime cannot be pardoned, this I know.  
As Cain was cursed by heaven, so shall I be.  
Perhaps a prayer? *'Forgive me my foul murder'*?  
*That cannot be, since I am still possessed  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.*

Hamlet

I'll kill him now while he does say his prayers –Yet if I do then  
he will go to heaven.

'Tis not revenge to send this villain there.

King

*My words fly up, my thoughts remain below.  
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.*

ACT THREE, SCENE THREE  
THE QUEEN'S BEDROOM

Hamlet

*Mother, mother, mother!*

Polonius

Mind well you tell him he has gone too far.  
I'll hide behind this curtain and hear all.

Hamlet

*Now, mother, what's the matter?*

Queen

*Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.*

Hamlet

*Mother, you have my father much offended.*

Queen

Have you forgotten who I am?

Hamlet

*You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife,  
And – would it were not so – you are my mother.*

Queen

*Help, help!*

Polonius

*Help, help!*

Hamlet

What have we here? A rat?

Queen

*O what a rash and bloody deed is this!*

Hamlet

*A bloody deed! Almost as bad, good mother,  
As kill a king and marry with his brother.*

Queen

*As kill a king?*

Hamlet

*Ay, lady, 'twas my word.*

Your husband is *a murderer and a villain.*

Queen

O Hamlet, speak no more.

*These words like daggers enter in my ears.*

Hamlet

You must not tell the king I told you this.

As for this lord, I do repent my deed.

*I will answer well the death I gave him –*

*I must to England, you know that?*

Queen

*Alack, I had forgot.*

Hamlet

*There's letters sealed, and my two school-fellows –*

*Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged –*

Will carry them – and me – across the sea.

*Mother, good night.*

Queen

Ah, mine own lord, *what have I seen tonight!*

King

*What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?*

Queen

*Mad as the sea and wind when both contend  
Which is the mightier.* He heard a sound  
And drawing out his sword he killed unseen  
The good Polonius.

King

*Oh, heavy deed!*  
Had I been there in place of that old man,  
It would be me who lies now cold and dead.  
*The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
But we will ship him hence. Ho! Guildenstern!*

King

*Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain.  
Go seek him out. I pray you haste in this.  
Come, Gertrude. O come away  
My soul is full of discord and dismay.*

ACT THREE, SCENE FOUR  
A HALL IN THE CASTLE

Rosencrantz

Where he has hidden the dead body, lord,  
*We cannot get from him.*

King

*But where is he?*

Rosencrantz

*Ho, Guildenstern! Bring in my lord.*

King

*Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?*

Hamlet

*At supper.*

King

*At supper? Where?*

Hamlet

*Not where he eats, but where he is eaten –  
by the worm.*

King

*Where is Polonius?*

Hamlet

If you find him not within a month, you will  
smell him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King

*Go seek him there.*

Hamlet

He will stay till you come.

King

We dearly grieve for that which thou hast done  
And therefore, we must send thee hence with speed  
To England. You must take your leave tonight.  
The letters that they take demand in short  
The certain death of Hamlet. *Do it, England,*  
*For till I know 'tis done,* I'll have no peace.

ACT FOUR, SCENE ONE  
A ROOM IN THE CASTLE

Queen

*I will not speak with her.*

Horatio

Madam, her mood requires your pity now.

*She speaks much of her father* though her words  
Make little sense. She sighs and beats her heart.  
*'Twere good that she were spoken with.*

Ophelia

*Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?*

Queen

*How now, Ophelia?*

Ophelia

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

King

*How do you, pretty lady?*

Ophelia

*They say the owl was a baker's daughter.  
Lord, we know what we are,  
but know not what we may be.*

King

*How long has she been thus?*

Ophelia

*I hope all will be well. Come, my coach.*

*Good night, ladies, good night.*

King

Follow her, Horatio, and keep good watch.

*O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
All from her father's death – and now behold!*

*O Gertrude, Gertrude,*

*When sorrows come, they come not all alone*

*But in battalions.*

Laertes

*O thou vile king. Where is my father?*

King

*Dead.*

Queen

*But not by him.*

Laertes

*How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.*

*I'll be revenged for what has happened here.*

King

*That I am guiltless of your father's death,*

*I do assure you.*

Laertes

*Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!*

*O heavens, isn't possible a young maid's wits*

*Should be as mortal as an old man's life?*

Ophelia

*They bore him barefaced on the bier,  
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,  
And in his grave rained many a tear –  
Fare you well, my dove!*

Laertes

By heaven, thy madness shall be paid in full!

King

I pray thee, calm thyself, good Laertes,  
And I will answer all that you would know.

## ACT FOUR, SCENE TWO THE CASTLE

Horatio

‘Horatio, we were two days at sea when a pirate ship gave chase. We, being slow of sail, did the best we could when they came alongside. In the fighting I jumped onto their ship, and as soon as they drew clear of our boat, I found myself their only prisoner. But they have treated me well and brought me back to Denmark’s shores in return for favours that I may give. Come *to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb.* The sailors that brought this letter will bring thee where I am. *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England; of them I have much to tell thee.* Farewell, thine own Hamlet.’

ACT FOUR, SCENE THREE  
THE CASTLE

King

Now you have heard how blameless I have been,  
How Hamlet hath your noble father slain,  
So you must put me in your heart for friend.

Laertes

Indeed. Yet still he is at liberty.  
Why have you not brought judgement on this man?

King

The queen, his mother, loves her son so much,  
That it would break her heart, and so break mine  
To see her in distress. And you must know:  
So deeply does he hold the people's love,  
That they would turn against me if I did.

Laertes

*And so I have a noble father lost,  
And sister driven mad by loss and grief.  
But my revenge will come.*

King

It will be so.

Messenger

*Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.*

King

*From Hamlet? Who brought them?*

Messenger

*Sailors, my lord.*

King

'High and mighty, you should know that I am in your kingdom. Tomorrow I shall come before you and recount the reason for my sudden return. Hamlet.'

*What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?*

Laertes

I do not know, my lord, *but let him come!*

*It warms the very sickness in my heart*

*That I shall live and tell him to his teeth*

'Thus diest thou'.

King

*If it be so, will you be ruled by me?*

Laertes

*Ay, my lord.*

King

I have a plan. 'Twill make his death appear  
An accident and you shall be its source.

Laertes

How shall this be?

King

Your reputation as a skilful swordsman  
Has in the past made Hamlet envious  
And beg some day to play a match with you.  
We'll organise a wager on your skills  
And in his great excitement, he will not  
Observe that you will use an untipped sword.  
So may you stab him for your father's sake.

Laertes

*And for the purpose, I'll anoint my sword  
With deadly poison to bring certain death.*

King

But if you fail to strike him, there must be  
Another plan. I'll have prepared for him  
A poisoned draught that I will offer him  
When he is hot and dry and calls for drink.

Queen

*One woe doth tread upon another's heel,  
So fast they follow. Your sister's drowned, Laertes.*

Laertes

*Drowned? O where?*

Queen

*There is a willow grows aslant a brook  
And there Ophelia did fantastic garlands make  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long-purples.  
But clamb'ring on the bough to hang them there,  
It broke, and she fell in the weeping brook.  
Her clothes spread wide and bore her up awhile  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink  
Pulled down the poor wretch to a muddy death.*

Laertes

*Alas, then she is drowned?  
Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,  
And therefore I forbid my tears.*

king

Let's follow, Gertrude.

*How much I had to do to calm his rage!*

Now fear I this will start it all again.

ACT FIVE, SCENE ONE  
THE GRAVEYARD

Hamlet

*Has this fellow no feeling of his business,  
that he sings at grave-making?*

Horatio

He is used to it, my lord.

Hamlet

*How long hast thou been a gravemaker?*

Gravedigger

I came to it that *very day that young Hamlet was  
born, he that is mad and sent into England.*

Hamlet

*Why was he sent into England?*

Gravedigger

*Why, because he was mad. He shall recover  
his wits there, and if he do not, it's no great  
matter there.*

Hamlet

*Why?*

Gravedigger

No one will notice it, for there *the men are as mad  
as he!*

Hamlet

Whose skull is that?

Gravedigger

He was a mad rogue. He poured a flagon of wine

over my head once. *This same skull, sir, was  
Yorick's skull, the king's jester.*

Hamlet

*Alas, poor Yorick. I knew him, Horatio,  
a fellow of infinite jest.*

*He hath borne me on his back a thousand times. Here hung those  
lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.*

Yet here is all that's left of man – some bones and dust.

*But soft! Let's step aside. Here comes the king,  
The queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow?*

Laertes

*Oh, lay her in the earth and from this place  
May violets spring.*

A heavenly angel shall my sister be.

Queen

*Sweets to the sweet. Farewell.*

*I hoped thou shouldst have been my  
Hamlet's wife.*

Hamlet

*What, the fair Ophelia?*

Laertes

And cursed be he that was the cause of this.

Hamlet

Now shall I, Hamlet the Dane, show my grief.

Laertes

*The devil take thy soul!*

Hamlet

*I prithee take thy fingers from my throat.  
I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers  
Could not with all their quantity of love  
Make up my sum!*

King

*Pluck them asunder.*

Queen

*Hamlet, Hamlet!*

King

*Oh, he is mad, Laertes.*

Hamlet

I know not why you treat me as you do.

King

I pray thee, good Horatio, attend your lord.

King

Patience, my friend. Our plan will soon succeed.

ACT FIVE, SCENE TWO  
THE GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE

Hamlet

As I did tell you, good Horatio,  
I had misgivings of young Rosencrantz  
And of young Guildenstern, my one-time friends.  
So, on the voyage, while they were fast asleep  
I read the letters from the king. In short,  
They ordered that *my head should be struck off*.

Horatio

'Tis hard to believe it, my lord.

Courtier

My lord, his Majesty has bid me tell you that he has  
laid a wager on your head. He has bet six horses  
against six French swords that you will beat  
Laertes at fencing by at least three hits.

Hamlet

I am sorry I behaved so badly to Laertes. But I shall  
put that right and join him in this friendly match. *Let the foils  
be brought.*

Horatio

*You will lose this wager, my lord.*

Hamlet

*I do not think so. Since he went to France, I have  
been in continual practice.*

And yet there is an ill feeling in my heart.

Horatio

*If thy mind dislike anything, obey it.*

I will stall them and say you are not fit.

Hamlet

No, I will defy these warnings.

If it is my time to die, then let it be.

Who can tell what future waits for us?

*The readiness is all.*

Hamlet

*Give me your pardon, sir. I've done you wrong.*

*What I have done, I here proclaim was madness.*

Laertes

I cannot offer pardon at this time

Yet will I be a gentleman in this.

Hamlet

Thanks be for that. Now come, *give us the foils.*

King

*You know the wager?*

Hamlet

*Very well, my lord.*

King

Set me the cups of wine upon that table.

*If Hamlet give the first or second hit,*

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better skill.

Come, sirs, begin!

King

*Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this pearl is thine.*

*Here's to thy health!*

*Give him the cup!*

Hamlet

*I'll play this bout first; set it by a while.*

Queen

The queen shall drink to thy fortune, Hamlet.

King

*Gertrude, do not drink.*

Queen

*I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.*

King

*It is the poisoned cup – it is too late!*

Hamlet

*I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.*

*Come, for the third, Laertes. You do but dally.*

Attendant

*Look to the queen there, ho!*

Horatio

*They bleed on both sides! How is it, my lord?*

Laertes

*I am justly killed with mine own treachery.*

Hamlet

*How does the queen?*

King

*She swoons to see them bleed.*

Queen

*No, no, the drink, the drink! O my dear Hamlet!*

*The drink, the drink! I am poisoned!*

Hamlet

*O villainy! Ho! Let the door be locked.*

*Treachery! Seek it out.*

Laertes

*It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain.*

*No med'cine in the world can do you good.*

*In thee there is not half an hour's life.*

*The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,*

*Untipped and laced with venom.*

*'Tis the king –*

*The king's to blame.*

Hamlet

*The point envenomed too!*

*Then, venom, do thy work.*

King

*O, yet defend me, friends: I am but hurt.*

Hamlet

*Then drink this potion, murderous Dane!*

Laertes

*Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:*

*Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,*

*Nor thine on me.*

Hamlet

*Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.*

*I am dead, Horatio.*

*If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,*

Live after me that you, with painful breath,  
May tell my story.

Horatio

*Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.*