

*The Portable*

# Shakespeare

SEVEN PLAYS

THE SONGS

THE SONNETS

SELECTIONS

FROM THE OTHER PLAYS

*The Viking Portable Library*

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PENGUIN BOOKS



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### *Editor's Note*

EVERYONE has a favorite Shakespeare in his memory: a *Lamb's Tales* that belonged to his childhood; a high-school prompt book with penciled notes in the margin; a pamphlet edition of the Sonnets treasured in a furnished room; a vellum-bound set, each play in its separate cover, that someone sent as a wedding gift; a well-thumbed encyclopedic tome, all the plays in one thick volume, that sits on the library table. There are hundreds of editions in thousands of formats. This volume makes no attempt to improve on their scholarship, their completeness, or their usefulness for study and ornament. It offers itself to the lovers of Shakespeare only for handiness and readability—its attempt to bring into small compass *most* of the things that *most* readers want to have at hand. Aside from its format, it claims novelty in only these respects: the method of choosing the plays to be included, the use of selections from the other plays, the guide to the most memorable lines and phrases from all the plays. It hopes to become, for some readers of this day, that favorite Shakespeare through which their pleasures of reading will have been enriched.

The infinite variety of Shakespeare's characters, the depths of his tragic sense, and the heights of his comedy are represented in these seven plays. His worldly wisdom and the magic of his language, which are part of our living speech and thought, are here not only in the complete plays but also in the selections. And the songs and sonnets fill out the range of his poetry.

The "public opinion poll" which guided the choice of the plays was conducted informally among one thousand readers, widely scattered geographically and in their reading tastes; not students or specialists, but known readers of general books on a fairly high literary level. Each was asked simply to vote for the seven plays he would like to have in such a volume as this. Three tragedies—*Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*, in that order—were far out in front of all the others. The evidence is conclusive enough to say that they are surely the favorites of American readers today. Of the other four reprinted here (*Julius Cæsar*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *The Tempest*), it can only be said that they were chosen, with an eye to a balanced selection, from among the next nine, which ran fairly close together. The others were *Othello*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *King Lear*, and *Twelfth Night*. After these, the votes dropped off rapidly. A play which all "authorities" would have placed high, with one of Shakespeare's best-loved characters in it, ranked twentieth on the list—*King Henry the Fourth, Part I*. Many will be tempted to say, with Falstaff, "Banish plump Jack, and banish all the world!" For their consolation, as well as for those who voted for the runners-up, extended space has been given to these six among the selections from the other plays that follow the seven full texts.

The text of the seven plays and of the Sonnets is that of the authoritative George Lyman Kittredge edition, used here by courtesy of Ginn and Company.

M. A. B.

## *Contents*

HAMLET	3
MACBETH	131
ROMEO AND JULIET	211
JULIUS CÆSAR	313
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM	397
AS YOU LIKE IT	467
THE TEMPEST	553
SELECTIONS FROM THE OTHER PLAYS	
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE	625
OTHELLO	630
TWELFTH NIGHT	636
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW	640
KING LEAR	643
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA	647
MEASURE FOR MEASURE	648
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING	650

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST	652
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL	654
THE WINTER'S TALE	655
KING JOHN	656
RICHARD THE SECOND	658
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR	662
HENRY THE FOURTH PART ONE	663
HENRY THE FOURTH PART TWO	669
HENRY THE FIFTH	671
HENRY THE SIXTH PART ONE	673
HENRY THE SIXTH PART TWO	673
HENRY THE SIXTH PART THREE	674
RICHARD THE THIRD	675
HENRY THE EIGHTH	678
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA	679
CORIOLANUS	681
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA	682
SONGS FROM THE PLAYS	686
SONNETS	696
KEY-WORD INDEX OF QUOTATIONS	774

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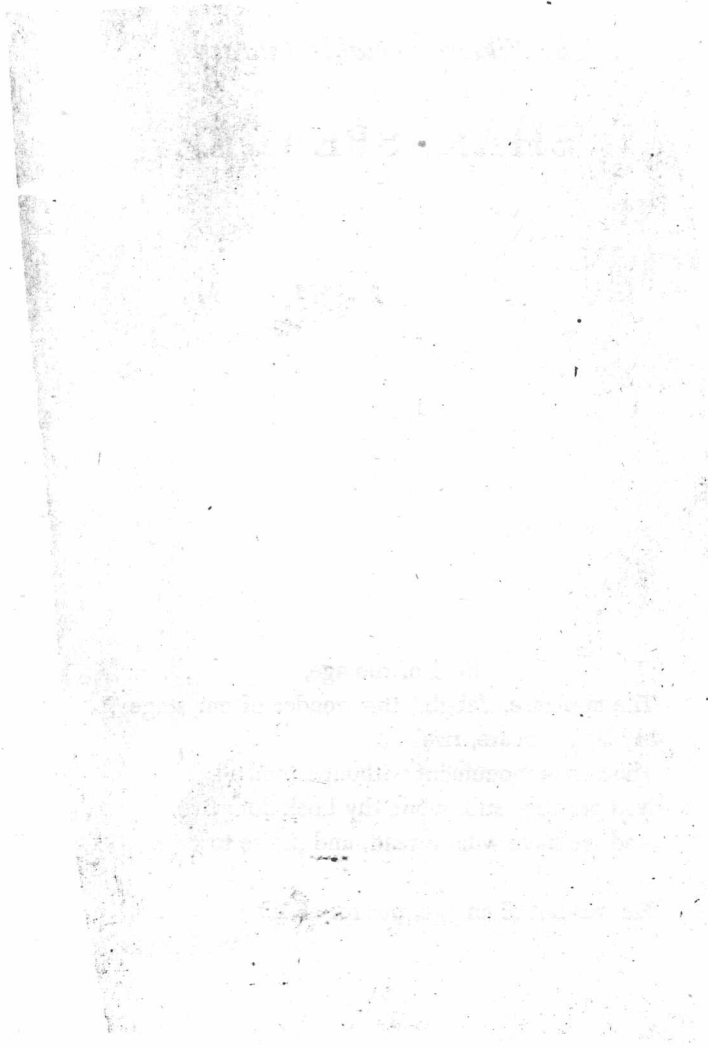
## SHAKESPEARE

Soul of the age,  
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,  
My Shakespeare, risel . . .  
Thou art a monument without a tomb,  
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,  
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.

He was not of an age, but for all time.

—BEN JONSON





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# *The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*

## NAMES OF THE ACTORS

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

HAMLET, son to the former, and nephew to the present King.

POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain.

HORATIO, friend to HAMLET.

LAERTES, son to POLONIUS.

VOLTEMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRIC,

A GENTLEMAN,

} courtiers.

A PRIEST.

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO,

FRANCISCO, a soldier.

} officers.

REYNALDO, servant to POLONIUS.

PLAYERS.

TWO CLOWNS, gravediggers.

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.

A NORWEGIAN CAPTAIN.

ENGLISH AMBASSADORS.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, mother to HAMLET.

OPHELIA, daughter to POLONIUS.

GHOST of HAMLET's Father.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers,  
Attendants.

Act I: Scene I: Elsinore. A platform before the  
Castle.

*Enter two SENTINELS—first, FRANCISCO, who paces up  
and down at his post; then BERNARDO, who approaches  
him.*

BER. Who's there?

FRAN. Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself.

BER. Long live the King!

FRAN. Bernardo?

BER. He.

FRA. You come most carefully upon your hour.

BER. 'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Fran-  
cisco.

FRAN. For this relief much thanks. 'Tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.

BER. Have you had quiet guard?

FRAN. Not a mouse stirring.

BER. Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.*

FRAN. I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who is there?

HOR. Friends to this ground.

MAR. And liegemen to the Dane.

FRAN. Give you good night.

MAR. O, farewell, honest soldier.

Who hath reliev'd you?

FRAN. Bernardo hath my place.

Give you good night.

*Exit.*

MAR. Holla, Bernardo!

BER. Say—

What, is Horatio there?

HOR. A piece of him.

BER. Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus

MAR. What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BER. I have seen nothing.

MAR. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us.  
Therefore I have entreated him along,  
With us to watch the minutes of this night,  
That, if again this apparition come,  
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

HOR. Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BER.

Sit down awhile,

And let us once again assail your ears,  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we two nights have seen.

HOR.

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BER. Last night of all,

When yond same star that's westward from the pole  
Had made his course t' illumine that part of heaven  
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,  
The bell then beating one—

*Enter GHOST.*

MAR. Peace! break thee off! Look where it comes  
again!

BER. In the same figure, like the King that's dead

MAR. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

BER. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

HOR. Most like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.

BER. It would be spoke to.

MAR.

Question it, Horatio.

HOR. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night  
Together with that fair and warlike form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? By heaven I charge thee speak!

MAR. It is offended.

BER.                               See, it stalks away!

HOR. Stay! Speak, speak! I charge thee speak!

*Exit GHOST.*

MAR. 'Tis gone and will not answer.

BER. How now, Horatio? You tremble and look pale.  
Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

HOR. Before my God, I might not this believe  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

MAR.                               Is it not like the King?

HOR. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armour he had on  
When he th' ambitious Norway combated.  
So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle,  
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.  
'Tis strange.

MAR. Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,  
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

HOR. In what particular thought to work I know not;  
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

MAR. Good now, sit down, and tell me he that knows,  
Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land,  
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon  
And foreign mart for implements of war;  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week.  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?  
Who is't that can inform me?

HOR.

That can I.

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,  
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet  
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)  
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd compact,  
Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands  
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;  
Against the which a moiety competent  
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher, as, by the same comart  
And carriage of the article design'd,  
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,  
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,  
Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,  
Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,  
For food and diet, to some enterprise  
That hath a stomach in't; which is no other,  
As it doth well appear unto our state,  
But to recover of us, by strong hand  
And terms compulsatory, those foresaid lands  
So by his father lost; and this, I take it,  
Is the main motive of our preparations,  
The source of this our watch, and the chief head  
Of this post-haste and romage in the land.

BER. I think it be no other but e'en so.

Well may it sort that this portentous figure  
Comes armed through our watch, so like the King  
That was and is the question of these wars.

HOR. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;  
 As stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,  
 Disasters in the sun; and the moist star  
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands  
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.  
 And even the like precursor of fierce events,  
 As harbingers preceding still the fates  
 And prologue to the omen coming on,  
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
 Unto our climature and countrymen.

[Enter GHOST again.]

But soft! behold! Lo, where it comes again!  
 I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!

[Spreads his arms.]

If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
 Speak to me.

If there be any good thing to be done,  
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,  
 Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
 Which happily foreknowing may avoid,  
 O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth  
 (For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death),

[The cock crows.]

Speak of it! Stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus!

MAR. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

HOR. Do, if it will not stand.

BER. 'Tis here!

HOR. 'Tis here!

MAR. 'Tis gone! [Exit GHOST.]  
We do it wrong, being so majestical,  
To offer it the show of violence;  
For it is as the air, invulnerable,  
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

BER. It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

HOR. And then it started, like a guilty thing  
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard  
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine; and of the truth herein  
This present object made probation.

MAR. It faded on the crowing of the cock.  
Some say that ever, 'gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad,  
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,  
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

HOR. So have I heard and do in part believe it.  
But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill.  
Break we our watch up; and by my advice  
Let us impart what we have seen to-night  
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,  
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.  
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

MAR. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know  
Where we shall find him most conveniently. *Exeunt.*



**Scene II: Elsinore. A room of state in the Castle.**

*Flourish. Enter* CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark*, GERTRUDE *the Queen*, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES *and his sister* OPHELIA, VOLTEMAND, CORNELIUS, LORDS ATTENDANT.

KING. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death  
The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom  
To be contracted in one brow of woe,  
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature  
That we with wisest sorrow think on him  
Together with remembrance of ourselves.  
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,  
Th' imperial jointress to this warlike state,  
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,  
With an auspicious, and a dropping eye,  
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,  
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,  
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barr'd  
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.  
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,  
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,  
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death  
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,  
Collegued with this dream of his advantage,  
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message  
Importing the surrender of those lands  
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,  
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.  
Now for ourself and for this time of meeting.  
Thus much the business is: we have here writ  
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,  
Who, impotent and bedrid, scarcely hears