

3 Shields 3 spears Balm for Shost

ADELPHI
21.1.92
FRS

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

Curtain
up
medium

FRANCISCO, a sentinel. BERNARDO enters to relieve him.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself. *(Ber. enters. 2-L)*

Ber. Long live the king!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He. *(Looking about for Fran)*

Fran. You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'T is now struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco. *(Crossing to R)*

Fran. For this relief much thanks: 't is bitter cold, *(Crossing back L 2-E)*

And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouse stirring. *(Fran looks back)*

Ber. Well, good night.

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

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane. *(Marcellus enters)*

Fran. Give you good night. *(L 1-E)*

Mar. O, farewell, honest soldier: who hath relieved you? *(L 1-E)*

Fran. Bernardo has my place. Give you good night. *(Exit)* *(L 1-E)*

Mar. Holla! Bernardo!

Salute

Marcellus enters
L 1-E
L 1-E

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Still of interest to be studied

By

Mar

Hor

⊗

marcescus

(30)

Ghor

Ghor look as each as he enters.

* *Benedicta tomasa* *refinita* Ghor Zeller.

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Ber. Say,— *(step forward)*
What! is Horatio there? *(L)*

Hor. A piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

Mar. What, has this thing appeared 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! 't will not appear.

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

Hor. ~~Well, sit we down~~
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Ber. 'T was last night of all,
When yond same star, that's westward from the
pole
Had made his course to illumine that part of
heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself
The bell then beating one,—

Enter Ghost. L. 2. E.

Mar. Peace! break thee off: look, where it
comes again! *(Enter Ghost)*

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,

*strictly silent and
sets to R.C.*

⊗

*Pause in light when
Enter Ghost*

⊗

*(ghost may be
to speak)*

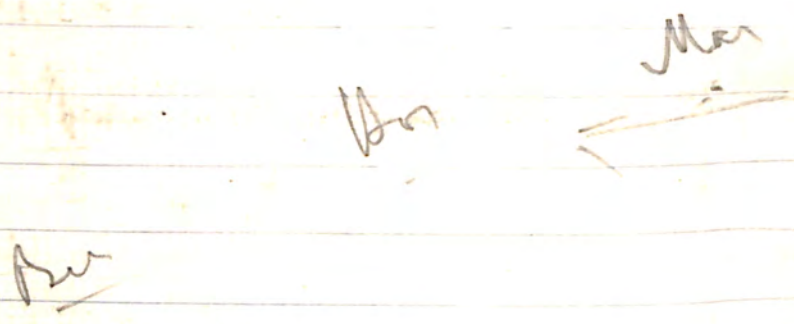
*R.C.
Coming up to
up C.
Marcellus moves
up C.
Marcellus
up to L. 2. E.*

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Ø Horatio moves round from to L.C.

* Bernado with back to audience over R.

* w/p C. L of Horatio
* Marcellus



z. Bern Hor Mar

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. R. 2. E.]

Mar. 'T is gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble and look pale:

copy down

(Stalks away) (Signifies starts to walk) (moves up to R.C.)

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? (step down)

Hor. As thou art to thyself.

Such was the very armour he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated.
So frowned he once when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledged Polacks on the ice.
'T is 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 mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

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,

Re-enter Ghost. R. 2. E.

But, soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!

I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion,

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

[It spreads its arms.]

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

Ber ends moves over Horatio

Ghost makes a move with his arms Ber sets up his arms

Ben x 2 down Crossing to C from A path L towards

Apr

May

• Ber

1/2

○ No 2 (Music)

Speak to me!
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
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. ~~T is here!~~

Hor. ~~T is here!~~ T is here

Mar. T is gone! [Exit Ghost.]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;

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

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. X 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,

The extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine; and of the truth herein

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 can walk abroad;

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 eastern 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. ○

move for ghost

(ghost starts to go)

ghost raises its arms.

They raise spears

(pause then move)

down →

They all love round

X (Ber. moves up to L of Mar.)

Ber. moves
Mar. R

see

(going to R.)

Mar & Ber exchange gl

1 Ber moves over to C, wheel out Mar moves up to show

crossing a foot to Horatio

Mar goes to Ber. R of Ber.

going to R

They move apart

Ber L
Mar R
Hor R

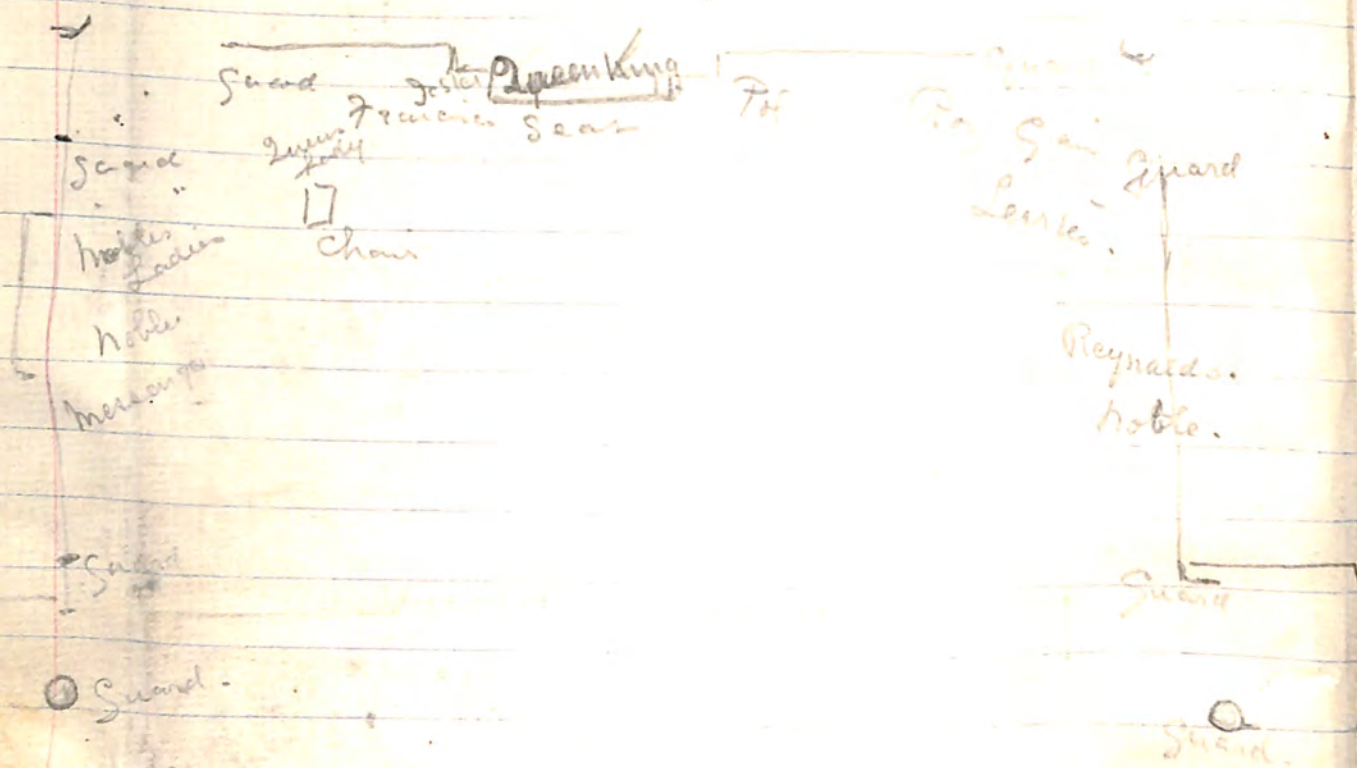
going up

all looking up to a new ghost
They all move off together

all going L

Mar

Note Herald's must not lower trumpets till Hamlet passes.



1. Ladies and Jester discovered over R and L.
2. Guards (Francis, etc.) to place. ♂
3. Herald's.
4. King - Queen (Pol to precede the King)
5. Hamlet. Reynolds. Reynolds.
6. Rosenbergs. Guildenstern. Queen lady. Jester.

All from K.I.E.

♂ Francis carrying banner get C down stage as the others get to fence. then up R of throne

As soon as lights up enter Polonius who waves ladies
& gentlemen to their places.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State.

Flourish. Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET,
POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS,
Lords, and Attendants.

Lower Entrance

King sits first
then rises
at end of the
music

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,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.

bow
bow
bow
all bow

Hamlet rises & goes
R.C. to Laertes
& bows him forward

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, Laertes?

(Sits) all bow
(hears as comes forward)

You cannot speak of reason to the Dane
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg,
Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward
France

look among
nobles

both hands
up bowing
low

And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
King. Have you your father's leave? What
says Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow
leave

By laboursome petition; and, at last,

fast
Laertes
presents

100

New order to come on

1. Francesca
2. Guards (6.)
- ~~3. Polonius~~
4. Nobles. Ladies. Peasants. Nobles & haire
5. 2. Ladies Jester
6. Herald
7. King and Queen
8. Hamlet
9. ~~2. Pass Guards~~

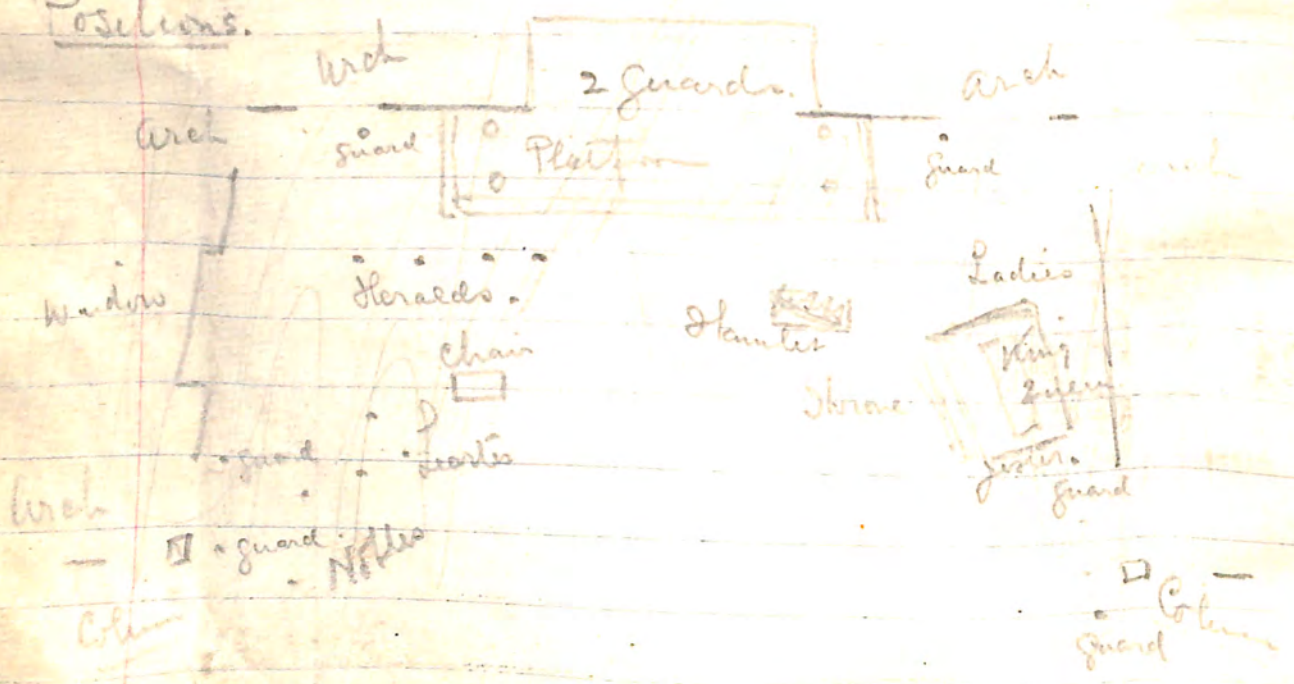


Polonius

- Tran.
- Guards
- Heralds
- Peasants
- King
- Queen

⊗ Not to be dejected 'haviour of the visage.

Positions.



I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [Aside.] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off; And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy vailéd lids

Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

Thou know'st, 't is common; all that lives must die,

Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,

Nor customary suits of solemn black,

Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,

That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,

For they are actions that a man might play:

But I have that within, which passeth show;

These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:

But you must know your father lost a father;

That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound

In filial obligation for some term

To do obsequious sorrow: but to perséve:

In obstinate condolment, is a course

Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief;

~~'This must be so.'~~ We pray you, throw to earth

This unprevailing woe, and think of us

As of a father ~~X~~ for let the world take note,

You are the most immediate to our throne;

Hamlet comes forward Laertes takes hand and kisses

Rises (Laertes)

Bows and joins Nobles

Goes over to Hamlet who is seated R.C.

moves over to Hamlet who is seated R.C. all notes R.C. turn to

Laertes Seated & Queen goes to R.C.

no one pays any attention to the the scene between Hamlet and queen all notes move apart

Queen stops by Hamlet

King comes down step or two & Queen moves up

Queen turns to King

X Hamlet rises

Look at me another

Queen puts hands on Ham. shoulder

Queen X King

should come from all

old order off

1. King & with Queen. — L I E
2. Polonius, Hele. ... Lady, Fool
3. Messenger after ... to Land they
4. Roy, Guic ... off L I E
5. After Switzers Francisco raises spear & exit

Pause for Queen to walk a pace to Hamlet
 Queen comes down C & goes off L I E in front of

⊙ No 3

Note: Herald's not to lower horns until King & Queen pass.

New order off

1. King, Queen
2. Polonius, Hele. ...
3. 2 Ladies
4. Nobles and Ladies with Jester ^{Superior}
5. Herald's (off ...)
6. Guards (off ... entrance)
7. Francisco

x Jester last makes fun of Hamlet with Roy & Guic

Do I impart toward you. For your intent
 In going back to school in Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire ;
 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers,

Hamlet :

I pray thee, stay with us ; go not to Wittenberg.

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

King. Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply :

Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come ;
 This gentle and unforced accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart : in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
 And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit
 again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[Flourish. Exeunt all, but HAMLET.

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would
 melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew ;
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! O God ! O God !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on 't ! Ah fie ! 't is an unweeded garden
 That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in
 nature
 Possess it merely. 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 ; so loving to my mother,
 That he might not betem the winds of heaven
 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 !—

from up
 and go
 off.
 L.I.E.

Queen goes up
 a step

In front of queen

(Sings) (and looks at no other)

(looks at each other)

Rises

X Queen moves and that

Movement of Queen to Hamlet
 of dance

6

Hann Herr

— 0

Ann 1

Ren

A little month ; or e'er those shoes were old
 With which she followed my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears ;—why she, even she—
 O God ! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer—married with my
 uncle ;
 My father's brother, but no more like my father .
 Than I to Hercules ; within a month,
 It is not, nor it cannot come to, good :
 But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue !

⊕
 Hamlet over R
 down stage.

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO. L.I.E.

Hor. Hail to your lordship ! *(Ham moves down)*

(Ham moves up then down)

Ham. I am glad to see you well :
 Horatio,—or I do forget myself. *(going to Ham)*

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant
 ever. *(kissing hand)*

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that
 name with you.

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?—
 Marcellus ?

Mar. My good lord,—*(kneeling kiss in hand)*

Ham. I am very glad to see you.—[To BERNARDO.] Good even, sir.—*(Horatio crosses behind to R. B.)*

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so ; *(going to Horatio)*

Against yourself : I know, you are no truant.
 But what is your affair in Elsinore ?

(Bernardo and Mar go over and get chairs and bring them behind stables)

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

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

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student ;

(They retire up a little)

I think, it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio ! the funeral baked meats

(sets)

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio !—

My father,—methinks I see my father—

(Mar and Bernardo look in the same direction as Hamlet)

Hor. O, where, my lord ?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.—

(R of seats)

Hor ¹⁷ Jan

Mar & Ber look to Hor

Hor. I saw him once : he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

(a low voice
before he speaks)
x

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

Ham. Saw, who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while

With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

(Mar and Ber come down
to show the king approval.)

(looks round)

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. 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,
Arméd at point, exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he
walked

to show to Ber.

By their oppressed and fear-surpriséd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length ; whilst they,
distilled

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
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 .
These hands are not more like.

(puts hands together)

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we
watched.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

(touching Horatio's arm)

Hor. My lord, I did ;
But answer made it none ; yet once, methought,
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.

his

Ham. 'T is very strange.

X. Mon. and Be. ...

(Ham rises & puts his hand up to Hor)

Hor. As I do live, my honoured lord, 't is true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

goes next to D.C.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night ?

(Back to audience down L.C)

Mar., Ber. We do, my lord.

Ham. Armed, say you ?

Back to seat but don't set

Mar., Ber. Armed, my lord.

(1 after the other)

Ham. From top to toe ?

Mar., Ber. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then, saw you not his face ?

Hor. O ! yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

(C) Ham. What, looked he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

(sets)

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like, very like. Staid it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar., Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw 't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled ? no ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silvered.

Ham. I will watch to-night :

Perchance, 't will walk again.

(Indication of exits from all three)

Hor. I warrant it will.

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

(Rises)

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

If you have hitherto concealed this sight,

Let it be tenable in your silence still ;

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an understanding, but no tongue :

I will requite your loves. So, fare you well :

Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,

I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

(They come forward) (They make noise as if to say they have)

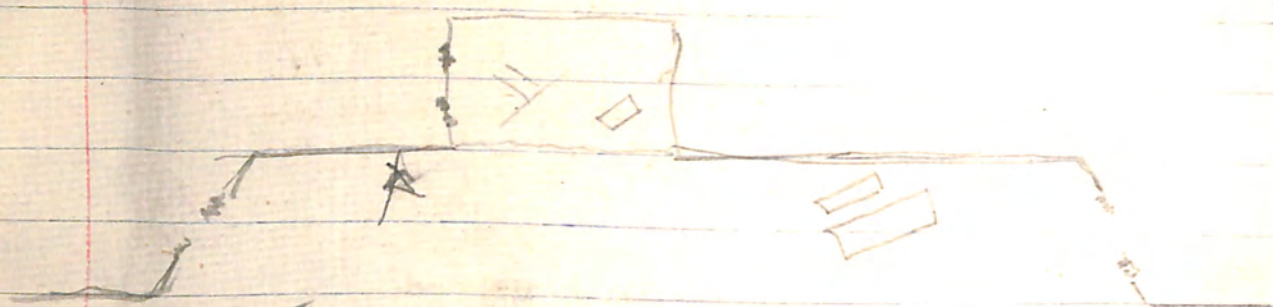
(Hor. crosses to L)

look at each other

Comes down & Back to audience

Horatio gets round back of Hamlet

FOR 3



⊙ No 4

⊗ Gets stool and sits behind of platform - of Shelia sits on platform to L.C.

⊗ Hearty rises and of Shelia with them and then keeps feet on platform.

Raises of Ophelia

Ham. Your loves ; as mine to you : Farewell.

[Exeunt HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

L.I.E.

My father's spirit—in arms ;—all is not well ;
I doubt some foul play : 'would, the night were
come !

Till then, sit still, my soul.—Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's
eyes. Exit.

R.

SCENE III.—A Room in the House of POLONIUS.

Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA. *discovered working*

Laer. My necessaries are embarked : farewell ; *(comes as far as chair)*
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. *(Tearing & chime)* Do you doubt that ? *gone down to sea*

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood ;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,

No more.

Oph. No more but so ? *(Tearing away)*

Laer. *(Gentle &)* Think it no more. *(Tearing heart)*

Perhaps he loves you now ; but you must fear,
His greatness weighed, his will is not his own ;

He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of this whole state ;

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, ~~or~~

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

The chariest maid is prodigal enough, *o both sides*
If she unmask her beauty to the moon ;

Oph. 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,
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede. *(Both sides)*

Laer. O, fear me not. *(kissing her forehead)*

I stay too long,—but here my father comes :

Exit R.

Ophelia +

⊗ ~~Leartes makes a noise to go and touches Polonius.~~

⊗ Learies stands to R of Polonius - Ophelia
standing by her father
Polonius seated R.C.

Enter POLONIUS. from R.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for shame! (crossing over to table L)

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for. There,—my blessing
with thee; (lays hands on Laertes' head)

⊕ [Laying his hand on LAERTES' head.]

And these few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged ^{courage} ~~courage~~. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear't that the opposéd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
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 blessing season this in thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord. (missing head)

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'T is in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell. (kisses Ophelia) [Exit.]

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

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought: 'T is told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself

Ophelia rises and goes to Laertes.

(Rise)

Laertes kneels.

Rises.

During Ophelia's exit, Polonius goes to L.C.

Setting up his seat etc.

Polonius returns then!

Ophelia dips Laer. (comes over to Laer. PC puts him on shoulder)

Ophelia faint

look out-
for noise down.
SI-

10 Jan 1
Polina's office

© No 5

Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so, (as so 't is put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders

Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? pooh! you speak like a green girl

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby;

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love

In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young;

And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you. This is for all,—

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,

Have you so slander any moment's leisure

As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to't, I charge you: come your ways.

Oph. I shall obey, my lord.

[Exeunt.]

(Song to Polonius)
Polonius

7.c.

1.c.

Yes to R

step to R

song to down R

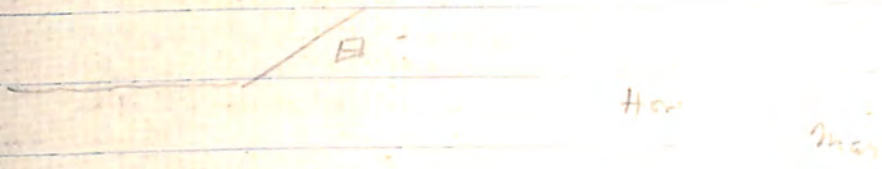
W. a box back

Ophelia goes down
H.C. and down

Ophelia goes up to
Windows and looks off to R.

• noise off.

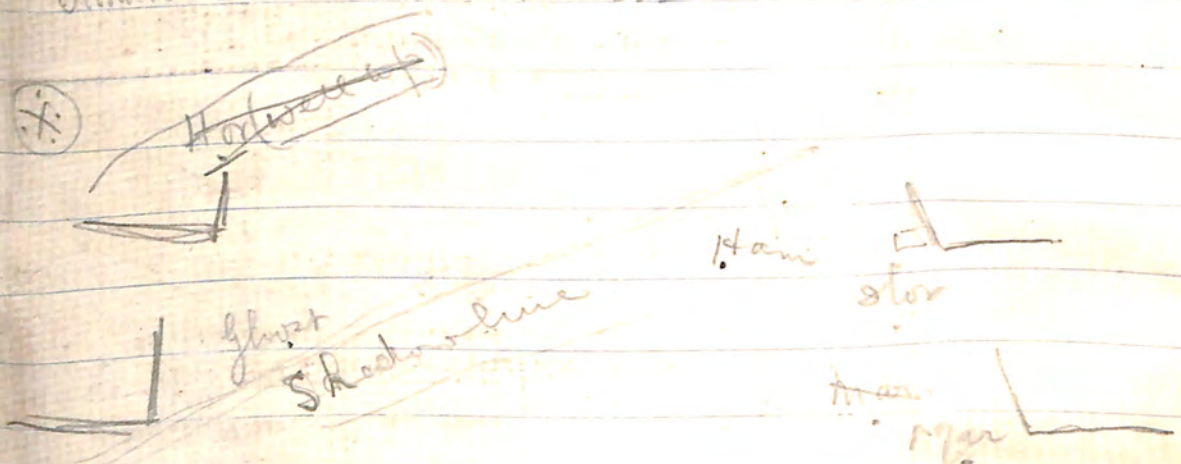
⊗



○ No 6 Ham

4 blasts on all the Brass very piano then on
 the 2nd - a distant shout of "Long live the King"
 Radio crosses over to R. U.E.

⊗



⊗ Pir light on when Ghost is on at cue.
"Look my lord it comes."

SCENE IV.—The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.

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

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.

Ham. What hour now ?

Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed ? I heard it not : it then draws
near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance shot off,
within.]

What does this mean, my lord ?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes
his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom ?

Ham. Ay, marry, is 't :

But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west

Makes us trauced and taxed of other nations :
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase

Soil our addition ;

Hor. Look, my lord ! it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend
us :—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from
hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane : O answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance, but tell,
Why thy canónised bones, hearséd in death,
Have burst their cerements ; why the sepulchre,

Waits for
R. and of.

L O E

(R. gets down to)

(Goes L.C.)

(Hor moves up C
down L)

(X) L.C.

(X) Enter Ghost. R.D.E.

Ghost makes
a move toward
Hamlet.

(Enter ghost) stops about R.C.)

Ghost makes
a move toward R.

Sh. stops C

Hamlet L.C.

Hamlet works down to h.c. followed by Horatio

(*) They clasp hands across Hamlet's body in front.

Hor.
Ham
Merc

Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws
 To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
 So horridly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we
 do?

(Ghost takes a step
to see H.R.)

[The Ghost beckons.]

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
 As if it some impartment did desire
 To you alone.

(Ghost beckons again)

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
 It waves you to a more removed ground:
 But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means.

(Step to Hamlet)

Ham. It will not speak: then will I follow
 it.

(moves towards Ghost)

Hor. Do not, my lord. (Stepping down to steps + awl)

Ham. Why, what should be the
 fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
 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.

(Ghost beckons)

Close up to Hamlet
step

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my
 lord,

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
 And draw you into madness?

Ghost beckons

Ham. It waves me still:—go on, I'll follow
 thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my lord.

(James Lord of Hamlet)

Ham. Hold off your hands.

(Breaks away)

Hor. Be ruled; you shall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
 And makes each petty artery in this body
 As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.—

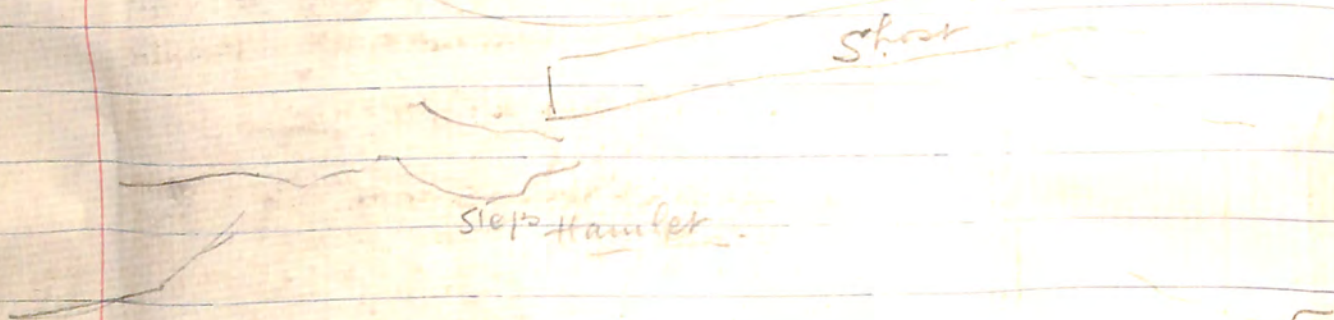
[The Ghost beckons.]

Still am I called.—Unhand me, gentlemen,—

[Breaking from them.]



o No 7.



Coming from R-U.F. to
X ghost discovered ~~at~~ platform o.
Hauler following from R.

Draws sword and comes down L.C.
8/10
Ham
Mar.
By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets
me:— (Horatio makes a move towards Hamlet)
I say, away!—Go on, I'll follow thee.

[Exeunt Ghost and HAMLET.]

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey
him.

Hor. Have after. To what issue will this
come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Den-
mark.

Hor. Heaven will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—A more remote Part of the Platform.

Enter Ghost and HAMLET. R. U. E.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go
no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not; but lend thy serious
hearing

To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt
hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
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
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am
forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
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,

Both next b
next c.

(Put together)
R. I. E.

X

(Point downwards
with
truncheon)

Lights
see below

And these
fat w.
wharf

Ghost.

I find thee apt:
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethè wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now,

in the
leather
in this

"with witchcraft of his wife - with treacherous
gifts."

⊗ Start lights of Borders and Foots
slowly up. (Blue.)

Thy knotted and combinéd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine ;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list !—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O God !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.

Ham. Murder ?

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

Ham. Haste me to know 't, that I, with wings
as swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt :

Now, Hamlet, hear.

'T is given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forgéd process of my death

Rankly abused ; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

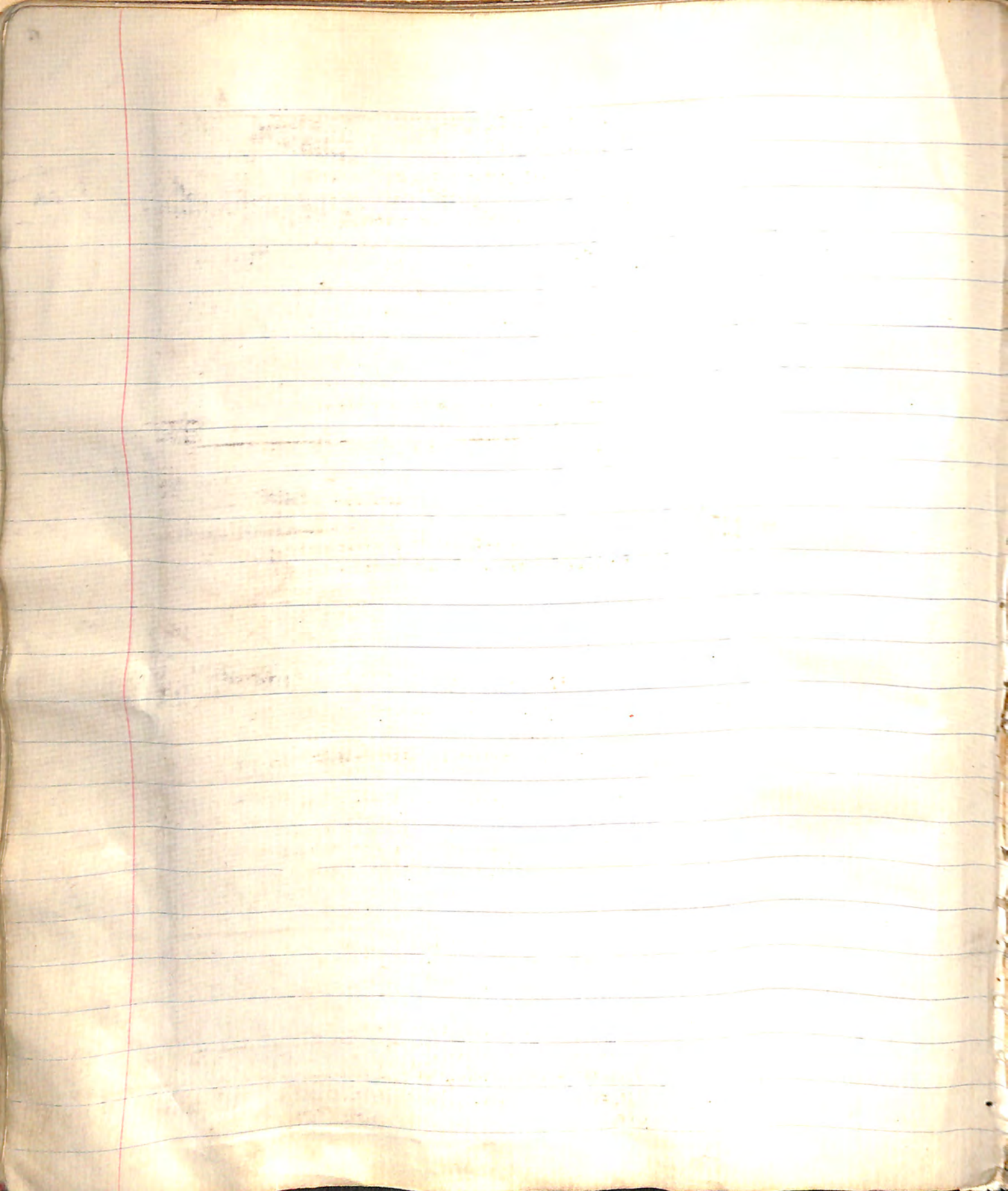
Ham. O my prophetic soul !
My uncle !

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate
beast, 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
I made to her in marriage ; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine !

But, soft ! methinks, I scent the morning air :
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of curséd hebenon in a vial,

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



The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigour it doth possess
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine; — *st. hyper*
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
All my smooth body. *so did it mine*

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, and queen, at once despatched;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:

Ghost Ham. 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 for luxury and damned incest. *(Hamlet rises)*

But, howsoever thou pursuest this act, *(Points to queen with baton)*

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! *(Starts to move)*

The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,

And gins to pale his uneffectual fire: *Hamlet (at queen's step)*

Adieu, adieu, ~~adieu~~ remember me. *[Exit. L. U.E.]*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth!—What else?

And shall I couple hell? O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart,

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee!

Yea, from the table of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past

That youth and observation copied there;

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmixed with baser matter: yes, by Heaven!

O most pernicious woman! *(Looks off R.)*

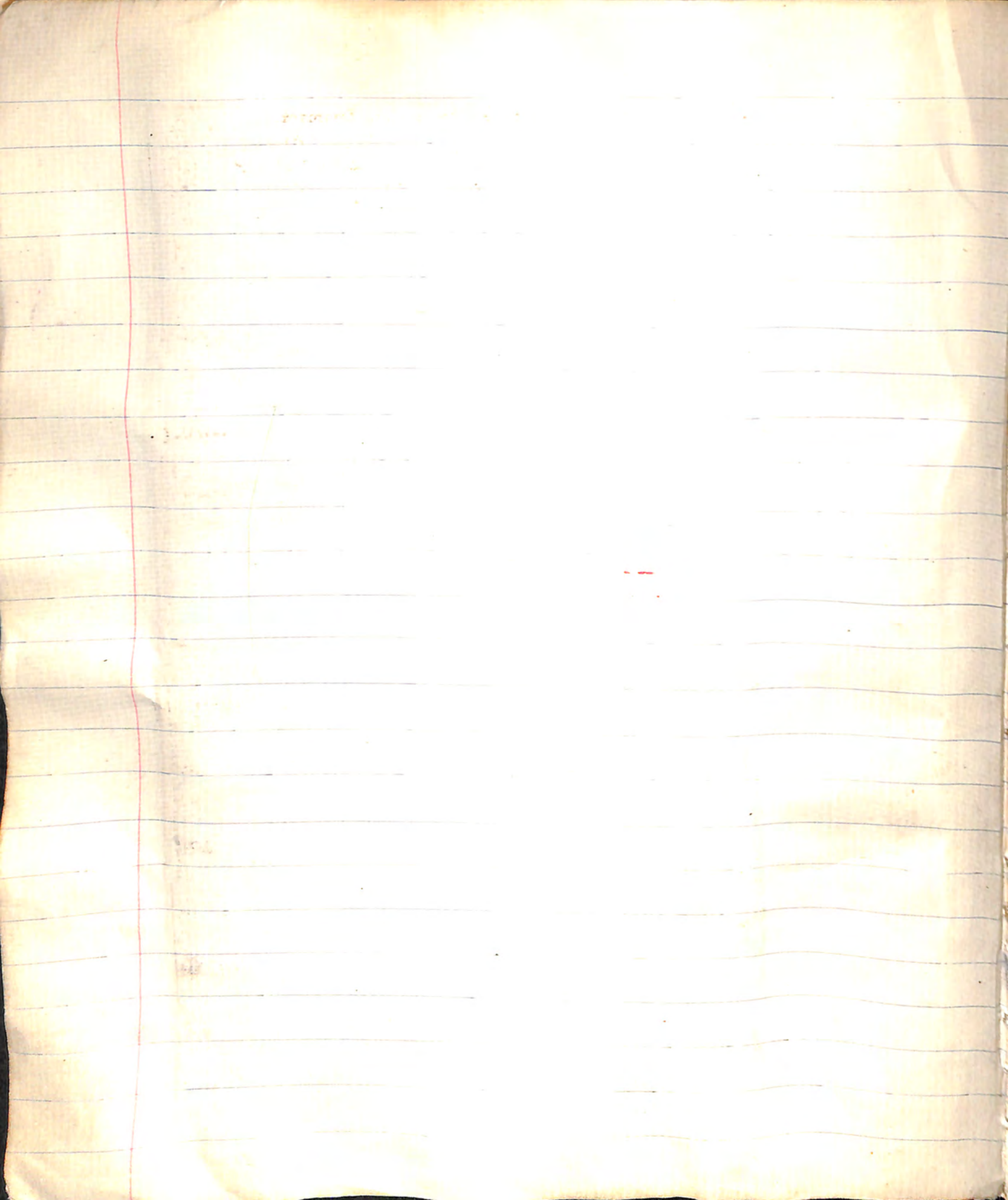
O villain, villain, smiling, damn'd villain!

My tables,—meet it is, I set it down, *(sits on step)*

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;

Hamlet Rises

*go to
knee
other
comes down step*



At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark :

[Writing.

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word ;

It is, 'Adieu, adieu ! remember me.' (Picks up his sword)

I have sworn 't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord ! my lord !

Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet !

Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him !

Ham. So be it ! (Gives)

Hor. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord !

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy ! come, bird, come. (Mar on steps)

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS. R. U. E. in front

Mar. How is 't, my noble lord ?

Hor. What news, my lord ? (passing)

Ham. O wonderful !

Hor. Good my lord, tell it. (Coming down steps)

Ham. Cist. C. No ; you will reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my lord, by Heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then ; would heart of man
once think it ?—

But you'll be secret ?

Hor., Mar. Ay, by Heaven, my lord. (move closer to C)

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Den-
mark,

But he's an arrant knave. (up C)

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
the grave,

To tell us this.

Ham. (up C) Why, right ; you are in the right ; (goes down R
then up C.)

And so, without more circumstance at all,

I hold it fit that we shake hands and part ; (Back to audience C.)

You, as your business and desire shall point
you,

For every man hath business and desire,

Such as it is ; and, for my own poor part,

I will go pray. (goes down R)

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my
lord. (comes down a little) (goes up to R.C.)

Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily ;
Yes, 'faith, heartily. (Coming up to Hamlet
across the C.)

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham goes down R.
Hor goes over to L.C.

(Ham goes to Mar)

(Ham drops to R)

* They all look round. Man takes a step back.

* They go up to h.c. (Man goes first.)

(*) They move down H.L. (Man in H.L. L.)
Man comes in his R.

Man then comes
down

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,
Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this vision
here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you :
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good
friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is 't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen
to-night.

Hor., Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. In deed, upon my sword, in deed.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou
there, true-penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have
seen,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our
ground.—

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword :

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the
earth so fast?

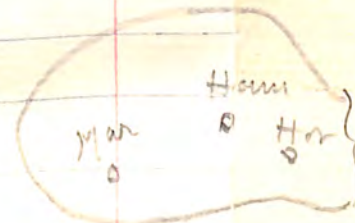
A worthy pioner!—Once more remove, good
friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous
strange!

Mar

yes to C between them

Hor goes round h.



(Hold out sword)

Mar takes a step back

They go down to R.

(They go up to Hamlet)

(Horatio steps back)

(comes down L of Ham)

① *man comes R.H.H.*

glu Ar

Man

① *No 8*

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come ;— ①

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antick disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumbered thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, 'Well, well, we know ;'—or, 'We could, an
if we would ;'—

Or, 'If we list to speak ;'—or, 'There be, an if
they might ;'—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me :—this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

Swear.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! So, gentlemen,
men,

With all my love I do commend me to you :

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together ;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint : O curséd spite,

That ever I was born to set it right ! X

Nay, come, let's go together. ②

[Exeunt.]

① They put their hands on sword and whisper some words to themselves.

X Hor. exchanges look with Ham. Mar.

Why so to part the sword? (Sword.)

They put take a sword over to Horatio watching Hamlet

Hamlet Joseph R.C.

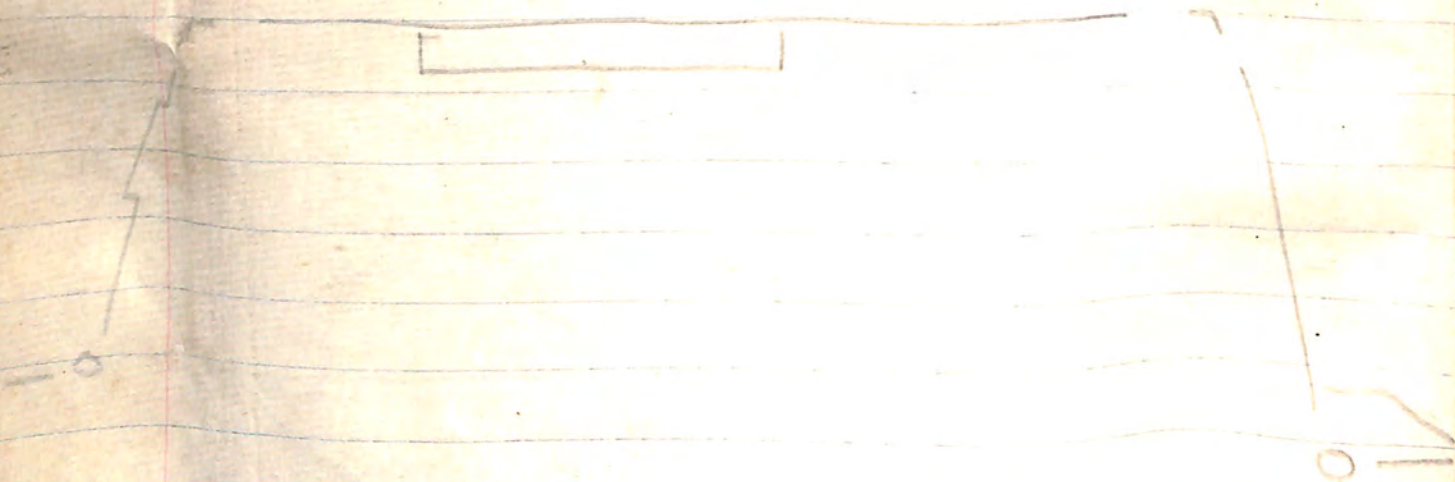
do not Joseph first the three scenes.

Curtain when H. Hor. & Mar. look off L.

Stool above throne

Polonia F^o Reynolds Jolly L.V.E.

Chair (C of windows)
Set towards C according to shape of the room



ACT II.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.

Pol. Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well said: very well said. Look
you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris ;
And finding, That they do know my son,
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge of
him,

As thus,— I know his father, and his friends,
And, in part, him:—do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. '—and, in part, him; but,' you may say,
'not well:

But if 't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please,—marry, none so
rank

As may dishonour him: take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling,

Rey. But, my good lord,—

Pol. Wherefore should you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,

I would know that.

Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;

stet



(Coming down C)

(going coming down behind Pol to R.C.)

L. U. E.

R. I. E.

Polonius goes up and sits

Coming to his

You marked R.C.

⊗ Ophelia Enters L.V.E. pause - looks off
after entering before coming down to Polonius

Mark you,
Your party in converse, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assured,
He closes with you in this consequence :—
'Good sir,' or so; or 'friend,' or 'gentle-
man,'—

According to the phrase, or the addition,
Of man, and country—

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—

What was I about to say!—By the mass, I was
About to say something :—where did I leave?

Rey. At 'closes in the consequence,'
At 'friend or so,' and 'gentleman.'

Pol. At 'closes in the consequence,'—ay, marry :
He closes with you thus ;—' I know the gentle-
man ;

I saw him yesterday, or the other day,
Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you
say,

There was he gaming ; there o'ertook in 's rouse ;

See you now ;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth :
And thus do we

By indirections find directions out :
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not ?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God buy ye ; fare ye well.

Rey. Good my lord !

Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.

Rey. I shall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his music.

Rey.

Well, my lord.

Pol. Farewell !

[Exit REYNALDO.]

Enter OPHELIA. L.U.E.

How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter ?

Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

Pol. With what, i' the name of God ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced ;

No hat upon his head ; his stockings fouled,

Coming down.

Polonius C. (X)

wpc

R.I.E.

(Pol sits)



Qd

Ephelia

*Ophelia kneels
To Polonius*

Ungartered, and down-gyved to his ancle ;
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been looséd out of hell
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

(Rises)

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know ;

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he? *(Rises)*

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me
hard ;

Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stayed he so :
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go :
And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
He seemed to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.

(Song to R.)

Pol. Come, go with me : I will go seek the
king.

This is the very ecstasy of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings

(Song to Ophelia)

I am sorry—

What, have you given him any hard words of
late?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did com-
mand,

I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.—
Come, go we to the king :

This must be known, which, being kept close,
might move

More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.

Come.

[Exeunt.] *R. I. E.*

(Song to R.)

R. 2. E.

~~William~~ Roberson X & other servant / she enters with Queen
Servant opens Armas over R-U.E.
and bows in Roy and Guild. Then
from L.U.E. a noble before King and
Queen followed by ladies 3. (~~Miss Anne, Miss Paul~~
~~Miss Mary~~ ^{Walter})
Servant stops. Crosses to C and waits
Nobles form group up R.
Roy and Guild both bow low. as King enters
Queen crosses behind King and sits in
Chair and ladies stand behind chair.
King to L of Chair C.
Ladies after Queen seated retire and go
to R.U.E. (Servant opens Armas)

X King goes + sits on throne L.C. X

Roy and Guild
O they bow as they pass.
King comes back Queen

2 Nobles go off with Roy etc
Servant opens Armas and lets them out close
it and follows.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,
and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern!

Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. ~~Something~~ ^{slowly} have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
~~Since not the exterior nor the inward man~~
~~Resembles that it was.~~ What it should be,
More than his father's death,

I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,
Whether aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, opened, lies within our remedy.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of
you;

And, sure I am, two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. ~~If~~ ^{if} it will please you
To show us so much gentry and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent
To lay our services freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much chang'd son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

[Exit ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and
some Attendants.

King crown to
Ros and Guild
sits chair R
Ros and Guild
bow and rise

L.U.E.
R.U.E.
L.U.E.

(Seated)

X King appears

(still seated on throne)

Rise sofa
Queen

Must look

L.U.E.

King looks at Queen wearily.

King Queen

32

Enter POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord I think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do—that I have found

The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O! speak of that; that do I long to
hear.

Pol. My Liege, and Madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is
time,

Were nothing but to waste night, day, and
time.

Therefore, since brevity's the soul of wit,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:

Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,

What is 't, but to be nothing else but mad?

But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all.

That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity;

And pity 't is 't is true.—A foolish figure:

But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then; Perpend.

I have a daughter; have, whilst she is mine;

Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,

Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise:

—'To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most
beautified Ophelia,'—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase: 'beautified' is
a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:

'In her excellent-white bosom, these,' &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faith-
ful.—

[Reads.] 'Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt, that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt, I love.

'O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers, I
have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love
thee best, O, most best, believe it. Adieu.

'Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this
machine is to him,

HAMLET.'

This in obedience hath my daughter showed me;

King crosses to chair.

(King rises & goes R.C.)

(Comes C)

(G. Pol.)

(King sighs & sits)

(moves towards chair)

(more for queen)

(my voice)

(Queen)

(Goes to chair)

Queen looks at letter gets ^{up stage} ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~desk~~

~~⊗ But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing,
~~Or perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me, what might you
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had pledged the desk or table book,
Or given my hand a swinking, nute and drum,
Or looked upon this love with idle sighs;
What might you think? - No, I swear~~~~

King Queen
Pot

Polonius goes up after King and Queen
then coming down meets Hamlet face
to face as he is reading.
Hamlet crosses to chair Polonius gets
t.h.c.

⊗ King Comes back for Queen.

King & Queen turn
to look at Ham.

King. But how hath she
Received his love?

*King gives letter
to Queen*

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. If went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak :

'Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy ~~star~~ *sphere*;
This must not be:' and then I precepts gave *x Queen x Strick*
her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice ;
And he, repulséd,—a short tale to make,—
Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for. *(Queen looks at King)*

King. Do you think 't is this ?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know
that,

(Queen goes to Queen)

That I have positively said, 'T is so,'
When it proved otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. [Pointing to his head and body.] Take
this from this, if this be otherwise.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks four hours
together
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to
him :

Be you and I behind an arras then ;
Mark the encounter : if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state
But keep a farm and carters.

*(Queen looks at King
before going off)*

King. We will try it.

Queen. But, look, where sadly the poor wretch
comes reading.

Pol. Away ! I do beseech you, both away :
I'll board him presently :—O ! give me leave.—

Exit KING, QUEEN, and Attendants.

Le

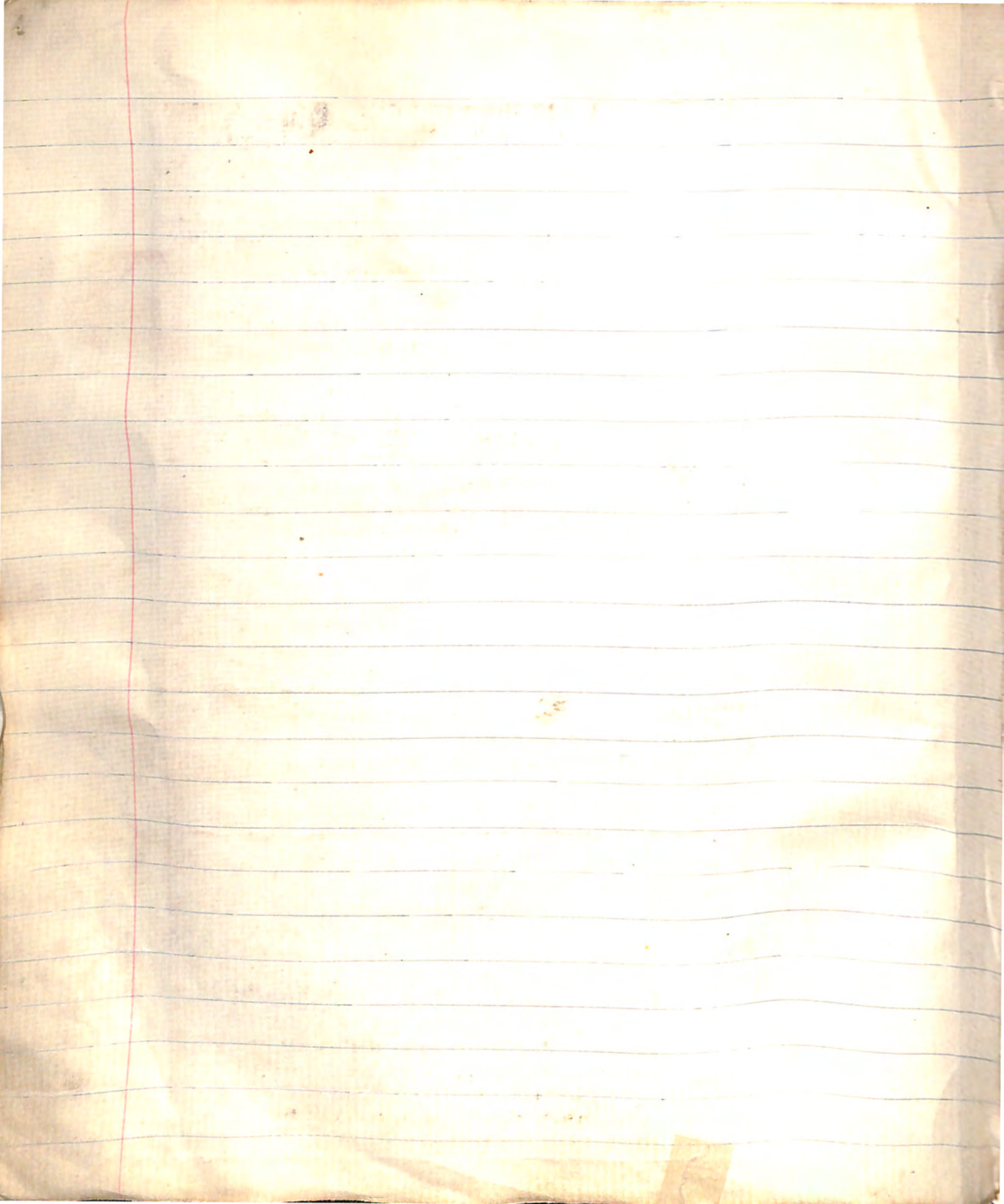
Pol

*R. U. E
L. U. E
Lovers*

*King moves
Hamlet off*

*They all look
at Hamlet*

L. U. E



Hamlet moves down to
Polonius.

Opening

Enter HAMLET, reading R.U.E.)

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Chair
L.C.

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter? Crossing to Pol

Understand

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive.—Friend, look to't. sits - chair

Pol. How say you by that?—Aside. Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord? going up

Secluded

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical slave says here, that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am: if like a crab you could go backward. Turns to table and reads

should be

Pol. Aside. Though this be madness, yet there's method in 't.—Will you walk out o' the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that is out o' the air.—Aside. How pregnant sometimes his replies are!



Ros

□ Guild

Ham

They kneel and kiss his hand and Hamlet sits
between them.

Ros. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

Ham. Then is doomsday near; but your news is not true.
Let me question more in particular: what have
you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of
Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

Guild. Prison, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a prison.

I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you. *(Bow himself up towards h. U. E.)*

Rises Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. These tedious old fools!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

L. U. E.

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. *[To POLONIUS.]* God save you, sir!

[Exit POLONIUS.] *L. U. E.*

Guil. Mine honoured lord!—

Ros. My most dear lord!!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? *X to C.*

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. What news?

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 't is none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 't is too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros., Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like

Ros speaks from Guild behind

Bows to Hamlet

(X)

Ros and Guild to catch other

Back to audience taking their hands song up -

look
out-for
(X)
Miss
on stage
Chair

•
Hane

•
Guild

•
Ros

•
Hauler crosses to chair. Guild joins Ros
over L. Crossing in front. (Back to audience)

□
Hauler

•
Ros
•
Guild
Back to Audience

Turn back on them. (Bow)

(X)

Look at each other

(Sit)

Rises

Turns to Ham

X
Rg. I look at each other

an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, anything, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour; I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you.—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appeareth no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me;—no, nor woman

turn and does the look at each other
movement follows 50

Taking them closer to him

Hold more down to Ros.

(aside to Guil.)

(belong throne L.C.)

they exchange a look

to make up a picture to C

○ No ga

* Guild gets person from L over to R. C

* * Roy X's over R.

Walt comes on with Polonius's epit



Ham Pol

Guilds

Roy:

Ros x 5 c. Bath Jan

neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, man delights not me? (20 pms of Hamlet)

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you; we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have tribute of me: S let

What players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city

Flourish of trumpets within.

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony; let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

Re-enter POLONIUS. L.U.E.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Mark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—~~at each ear a hearer~~: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swathing-clouts.

Ros. Happily he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning: 't was then indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,—

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz!

Music

Comp. J. J. J.

Goes up L.C.

Hamlet sets up to C between them

Take the down to corner R.C.

Jump up and down at back

Work at Pol comes down

Comes down to R. to Hamlet
Ros gets down to

Goes up to Pol.

(*) Polonius crosses over to R. C. to Roy and
guided her up to side of chair

X Noise of curtains heard

o Servant enters opens arras bows i
the players then goes off when players
up!

1st Actor

2nd Actor

Suite P.P. Ham

P Queen

Roy

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited : Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. 'O Jephthah, judge of Israel,' what a treasure hadst thou !

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord ?

Ham. Why,
'One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he lovéd passing well.'

Pol. [*Aside.*] Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah ?

Pol. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows, then, my lord ?

Ham. Why,
'As by lot, God wot,'

and then, you know,

'It came to pass, as most like it was,'—
the first row of the pious chanson will show you more ; for look, where my abridgment comes.

Enter four or five Players. L.U.E.

You are welcome, masters ; welcome all.—I am glad to see thee well :—welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend, why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last : com'st thou to beard me in Denmark !

—What ! my young lady and mistress ! By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see : we'll have a speech straight. Come, give us a taste of your quality ; come, a passionate speech. (Sits.)

1 Play. What speech, my good lord ?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once.—

*Polonius crosses
to front of R
& above table*

*Player comes
forward and kneels
to the hand*

Plot

()*

*By bow
deeply*

(They laugh)

Bows & Hamlet

(They laugh)

(coming down)

1st Player

—

Player

2nd Player

Player 2

King

Rob

John

but it was never acted ; or, if it was, not above
 once ; for the play, I remember, pleased not the
 million ; 't was caviare to the general : One speech
 in it I chiefly loved : 't was Æneas' tale to Dido ;
 and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of
 Priam's slaughter :—if it live in your memory, begin
 at this line :—let me see, let me see :—

(Players)
 They look at
 each others

'The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian
 beast,'

—'t is not so :—it begins with Pyrrhus :—

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms,
 Black as his purpose, did the night resemble
 When he lay couchéd in the ominous horse,
 Hath now this dread and black complexion
 smeared

With heraldry more dismal ; head to foot
 Now is he total gules ; horridly tricked
 With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters,
 sons,
 Baked and impasted with the parching streets,
 That lend a tyrannous and damnéd light
 To their vile murders : roasted in wrath and
 fire,

And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,
 With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus
 Old grandsire Priam seeks.'—

So, proceed you.

R.C. Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken ; with good
 accent, and good discretion.

C 1 Play. 'Anon he finds him
 Striking too short at Greeks ; his antique
 sword,

Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
 Repugnant to command. Unequal matched,

Pyrrhus at Priam drives ; in rage, strikes
 wide ;

But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
 The unnervéd father falls.

Then as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood ;
 And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
 Did nothing.

But, as we often see, against some storm,
 A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
 The bold winds speechless, and the orb below

Roz and Guild standing together over R.

Guild Roz Player 2nd P
P. 2.

x Players stop in their walk across.

As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region : so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
Arouséd vengeance sets him new a-work ;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars his armour, forged for proof eterne,
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding
sword

Now falls on Priam.—

Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you
gods,

In general synod, take away her power ;
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of
heaven,

As low as to the fiends !'

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the barber's, with your beard.—
Pr'ythee say on:—he's for a jig, or a tale of
bawdry, or he sleeps.

Say on : come to Hecuba.

1 Play. 'But who, O, who had seen the mobled
queen'—

Ham. The mobled queen ?

Pol. That's good ; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. 'Run barefoot up and down, a clout upon that head,
Where late the diadem stood ; and, for a robe,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up ;
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamour that she made—
~~Unless things mortal move them not at all—~~

Would have made milch the burning eyes of
heaven,

And passion in the gods.'

Pol. Look, whe'er he has not turned his colour,
and has tears in 's eyes!—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well ; I'll have thee speak out the
rest of this soon.—Good my lord, will you see the
players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be
well used ;

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their
desert.

Ham. God's bodikin, man, much better : use

Player move

Stat

return

(goes up c)

Discol
quest play
Hamlet
Pol
Hamlet

2nd Player and
Queen move
and knock
R.

⊗ Ros and Guild move up towards chair
as Pol gets to Hamlet.

⊗ First player up C.
Hamlet gets over to L.C.

⊗ move of player as if Gromy.

X Confound the ignorant, & amaze the very faculty
of eyes & ears

They stop up back (Players.)

every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. [Exit POLONIUS, with all the Players except the First.] Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

R.I.E.

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in 't, could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [Exit First Player.] My good friends [to ROS. and GUIL.], I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

Ham. Ay, so, God bye to you.—

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit,
That, from her working, all his visage wanned;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he
do
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with
tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property and most dear life

Player comes to Hamlet

Player bows

(drown stage the up)

(me we) (Goes up)

R.I.E.

Player takes Hamlet's sword

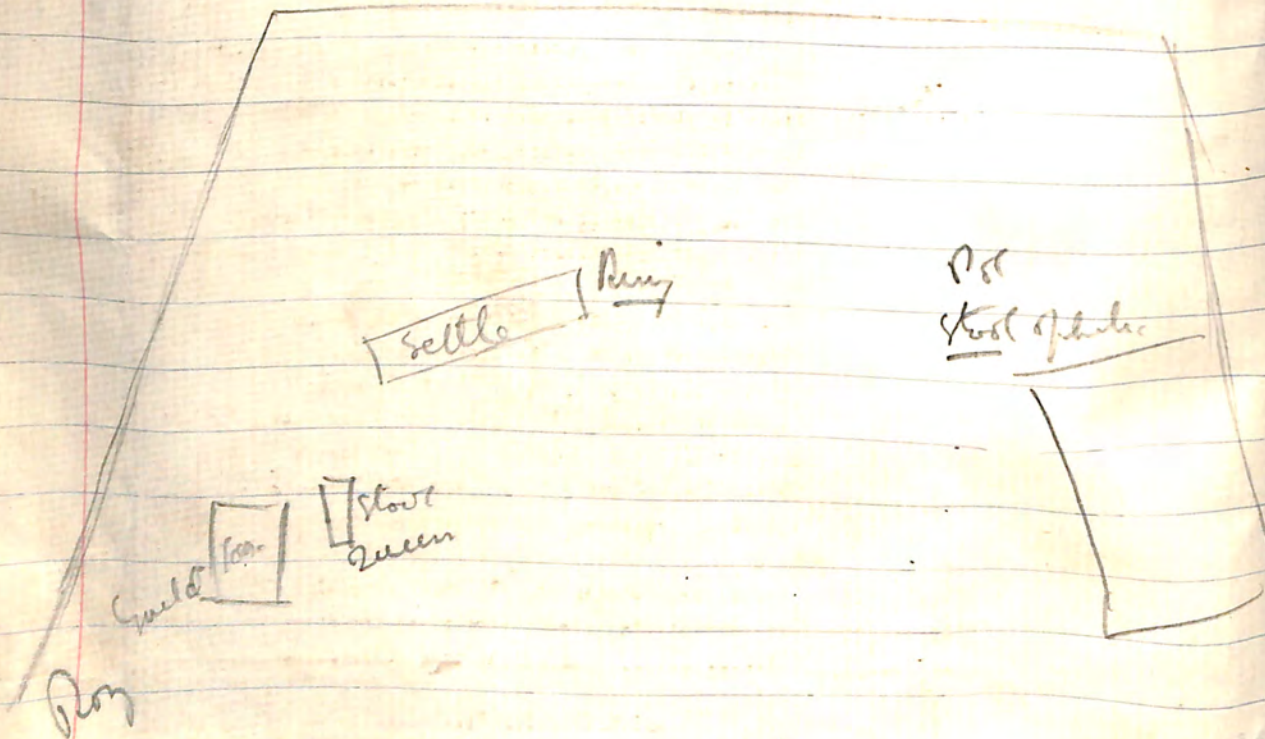
(X)

Intro

Act 3

Was stem on throne & one in front settle

Act 3



A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the
throat,

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

Ha!

'Swounds! I should take it: for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall

To make oppression bitter, or, ere this,

I should have fatted all the region kites

With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless vil-
lain!

O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave;

That I, the son of a dear father murdered,

Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,

A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain!—I have heard

That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,

Have by the very cunning of the scene

Been struck so to the soul, that presently

'They have proclaimed their malefactions;

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these

players

Play something like the murder of my father

Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;

I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench

I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

May be the devil: and the devil hath power

To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,

Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,

As he is very potent with such spirits

Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds

More relative than this:—the play's the thing,

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.]

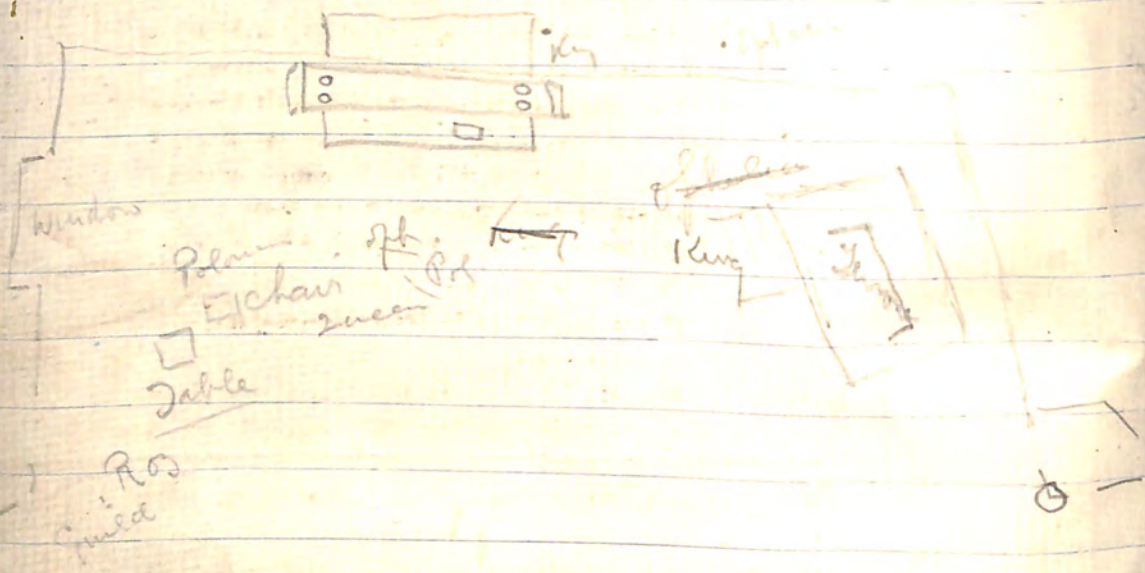
sitting

*(over to seat P.C.)
(Leans over back of seat)*

Servant (He went to open Curtains)
 (at first entrance)

Guid Ros Pol
 zuei

(X)



(X) Book ~~and~~ ~~Conceal~~ on Table

and gather by him as he is behaved

(X)

Nov 19-09.
Discovered

King
Queen
Ophelia
Ros. Guild -
Pol.

Steph Rus
Head of Stage

King seated
Queen & chair
Slowly acts

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in the Castle.

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

R. U E

King. And can you, by no drift of conference,
Get from him why he puts on this confusion.

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted ;
But from what cause he will by no means speak.

R. Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded
But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof.
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

Polonius
behind
table

Stand by Tree
Speaking
Beckons Ros
to come down

Queen. Did you assay him
To any pastime ?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way : of these we told
him ;

And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it. They are about the court ;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Ophelia wanders
up to bed and
Ros off L.

Pol. 'Tis most true :
And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties,
To hear and see the matter.

Coming down
behind table

King. With all my heart ; and it doth much con-
tent me

To hear him so inclined.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

Ros. We shall, my lord.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too ;

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 't were by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.

Her father, and myself,—lawful espials,—

Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge ;

If 't be the affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.

R. U E

which shows some
reluctance at
beginning

Pol. signals
to King

(aside.)

London Ophelia

↳ Pol signs to King about their hiding places.

↳ Ophelia gets to window during speech.

(Look to Pol. then to King)

Queen.

I shall obey you.—

And, for your part, Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause

Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your
virtues

Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

Oph.

Madam, I wish it may.

Pol *confronts table* [Exit QUEEN.]

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, so please
you,

We will bestow ourselves.—[To OPHELIA.] Read
on this book, *(to Ophelia)*

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness.—

Pol. I hear him coming. Let's withdraw, my
lord.

[Exit KING and POLONIUS.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question :—

Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer *(by throne chair)*
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—To die,—to sleep,
No more :—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'t is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep :—
To sleep! perchance to dream :—ay, there's the
rub; — *(over to seat R.C.)*

For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life :
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

*Walking out
Ophelia to R
Ophelia goes down
to R.I.E. with Queen
Pol signs her toward
to about.*

*Rises gets
to Ophelia
Queen kisses Oph
Duns to go off
R.I.E.
(from back of table
going aft toward L.V.E.
R.U.E.)*

~~0~~

✕ Taking Ephelia by hand - looking in her face.

But that the dread of something after death,—
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns,—puzzles the will,

X's to dais t. c.

And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of resolution

(sits on step of dais)

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,

Ophelia mays
lans of
winds

With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.—Soft you, now!

The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.

(looking at her)

Oph. Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

(moving away)

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,

That I have longéd long to re-deliver;

(going to window for presents)

I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;

I never gave you aught.

(crosses to R.C.)

(C.)

Oph. My honoured lord, you know right well you
did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume
lost,

(going to L of Hamlet)

(turning away)

Take these again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

(Ham crosses over R.C.)

There, my lord.

(offering presents)

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

(putting them on table)

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

(saying her own)

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your
honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better com-
merce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will
sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd,
than the force of honesty can translate beauty into
his likeness: this was sometime a paradox, but now
the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

(turning away)

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

(sitting down by chair)

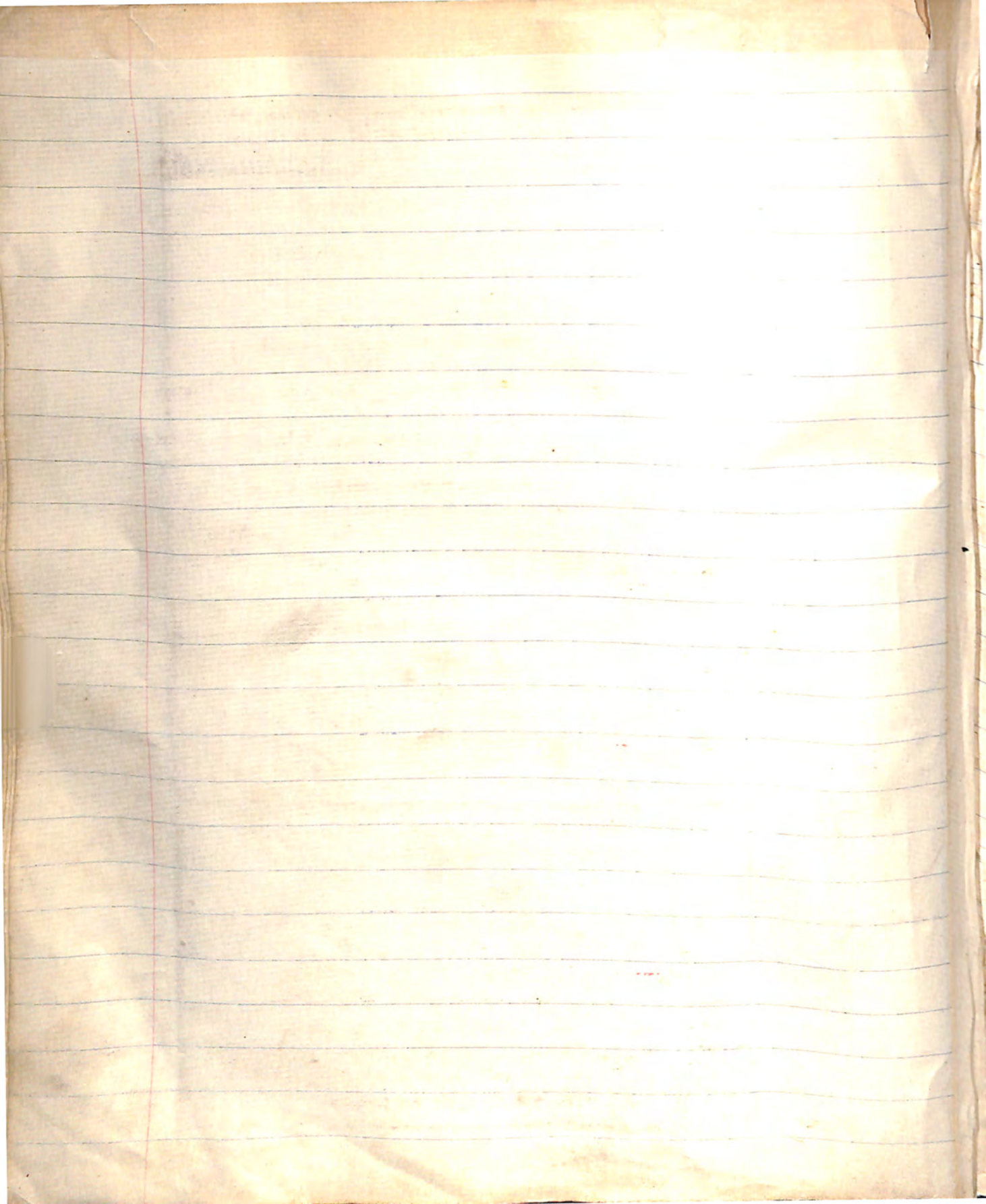
Ham on step
of dais

Ophelia by C.

Ham puts book on
settle

(taking presents)

by side of table
to present chair



Ham. You should not have believed me ; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it : I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery, why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things ; that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious ; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven ? We are arrant knaves, all ; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.—Where's your father ?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens !

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry : be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery. Go, farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go ; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him !

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough : God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't : it hath made me mad. I say we will have no more marriages : those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit.]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword ;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,

(around to c)

Rises
Sits down

goes to Ophelia
sits down
for school

up at back

coming from
centre + back

Ophelia moves
up c

X crossing to throne
steps

(moves)

(moves)

(Sits on the steps)

(to chair)

going up c

Ophelia moves

R.U.E.

6

Wardro

□ Table
□ Chair
King

Pol with Ophelia

(X)

Ophelia comes back for presents

2nd

han

jan

☒ 2nd Player comes from L. of C opening to open
Curtain for Hamlet and 1st Player to Enter.

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy : O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

(on these steps)

Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.

King. Love! his affections do not that way
tend ;

Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a
little,

Was not like madness. There's something in his
soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;

And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclose

Will be some danger : He shall with speed to
England

For the demand of our neglected tribute :

Haply, the seas, and countries different,

With variable objects, shall expel

This something-settled matter in his heart,

What think you on 't? (Sets R.C.)

Pol. It shall do well ; but yet do I believe

The origin and commencement of his grief

Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said ;

We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please,

But, if you hold it fit, after the play,

Let his queen mother all alone entreat him

To show his griefs : let her be round with him ;

And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear

Of all their conference. If she find him not,

To England send him ; or confine him where

Your wisdom best shall think.

King. (Rises.)

It shall be so :

Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.

[Exeunt.

Enter HAMLET and three of the Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pro-
nounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue ; but
if you mouth it as many of your players do, I had
as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not
saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but
use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest,

(Comes down
gets to chair R
and sits)

Turns to Ophelia
(Ophelia, in her
at distance
Ophelia looks off
after Hamlet
(Saw her a while to King)

Get them
R.I.E.

L.U.E.

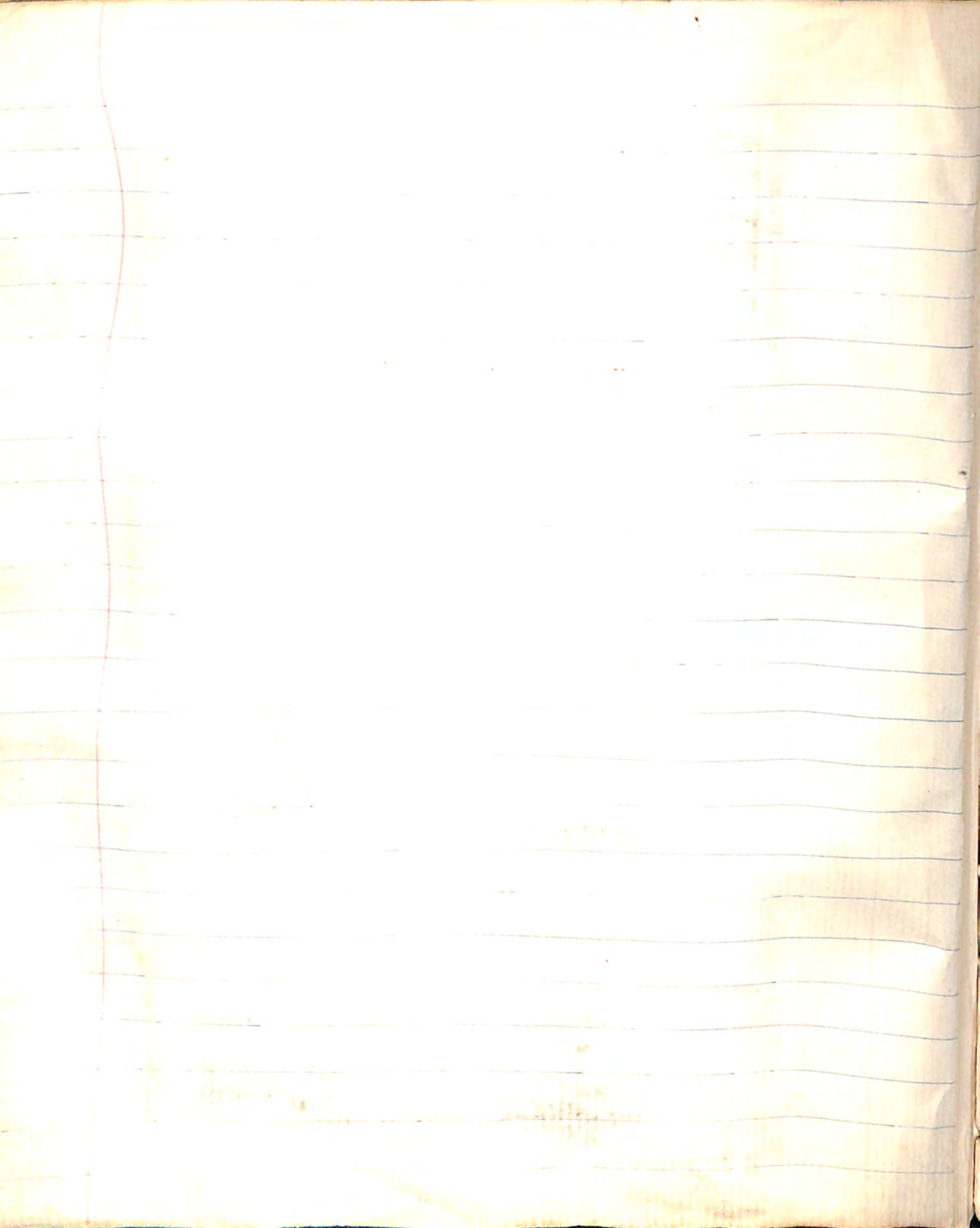
L.U.E.
Loves off
after Hamlet

Pol goes down
King

Then
sits on table

(X)

(X)



Hamlet says
down to chain
P. 200
The mess
move down

and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honour

(Seated)

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man; have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

2 no
Player
get below!

1 Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the meantime, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[Exeunt Players.—

Disjo
Soc. h. p. 11

(Ham sits on seat P.C.)

6
Roy and Guild stroll on as if from char
they get slowly up behind chair to C.

(X)
Hamples with back to audience up C. Roy and Guild
coming above Ham and and go off L.U.E. Horatio comes
from R.U.E.

□ Ham
□ Horatio

~~Pol going up to C. behind table.~~

~~Horatio's just after this.~~

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste.—

[Exit POLONIUS. L.U.E.]

Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros., Guil. We will, my lord. (X)

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. Guil. L.U.E.

Ham. What, ho, Horatio!

Enter HORATIO. R.U.E.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter; For what advancement may I hope from thee, That no revenue hast but thy good spirits To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?

~~Get Horatio to wear the crown~~

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp, And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee; Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear? Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice, And could of men distinguish, her election Hath sealed thee for herself: for thou hast been As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing; A man that fortune's buffets and rewards Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger To sound what stop she please. Give me that man That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart, As I do thee.—Something too much of this.

~~Get Horatio to wear the crown~~

There is a play to-night before the king; One scene of it comes near the circumstance Which I have told thee of my father's death: I prythee, when thou seest that act afoot, Even with the very comment of thy soul Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt Do not itself unkennel in one speech, It is a damn'd ghost that we have seen,

Takes Hor. up C.

~~2 wing~~

Learn head on Horatio shoulder for a second before operation.

over R.C. at table

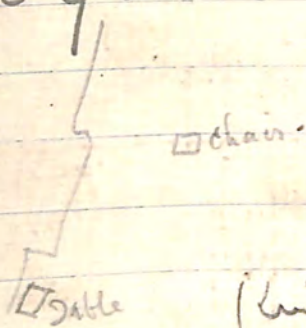
Below table R.C.

~~Get Horatio~~

Learn head on shoulder of Horatio

Ø Mr. H. and Servants. They put table below window
and chair facing throne above window.

○ No 9 b



8 Guards first (2 each side of throne
2 Herald to get ^{down} each side
Entrance and glass as the
2 Trumpets up to guard
My passage.

(King on wall Guild who falls L)

Ladies with little fire from R.I.E. (meets Hamlet in C ^{up} stage)

Polonius from R.I.E.

King and Queen from L.I.E.

Polonius comes on from L.I.E. gets people in
place. She gets to place above throne.

King and Guild and Osric from L.I.E. and
they pass the King and Queen get above Pol

First gets on steps of throne

✗ Noble and Servant shift chair. Servant moves ^(recorder)
back table to flat. Puts rug back - Lady bring Child

2. Servants to bring on couch and place on play
stage (during General Entrance) ---

X Oph No my lord
I am I mean, my head upon your lap

recorder also takes down rug & puts it beside
table

And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:

Ham. They are coming to the play; I must be
idle:

Get you a place.

Hamlet gets down C.

Danish march. A flourish. Enter, with his guard
carrying torches, KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS,
OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and
other Lords attendant.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's
dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot
feed capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet;
these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [To POLONIUS.]—My
lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a
good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Caesar; I was killed i'
the Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so
capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by
me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attrac-
tive.

Pol. [To the KING.] O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[Lying down at OPHELIA'S feet.]

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker! What
should a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how
cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died
within's two hours.

Oph. Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

3 1/2 to 4 1/2

Hamlet takes

Child and

puts her on

Dear then

Lady takes

her to table

above chair

*Pol goes back
to side of throne*

*Business between
Queen and King*

L.I.E.

Ros. Enter L.I.E.

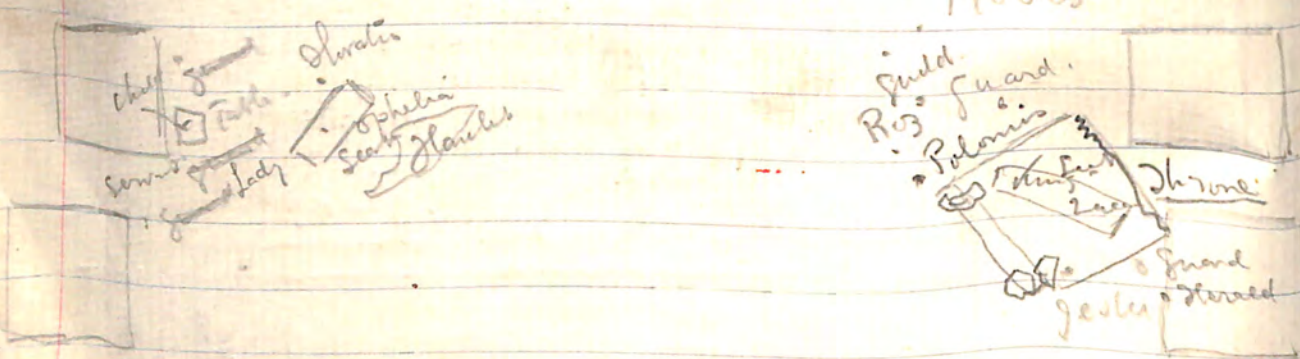
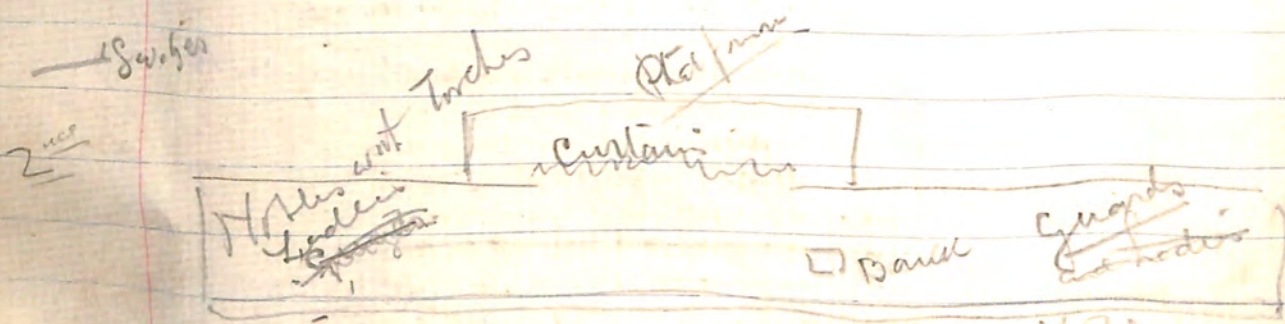
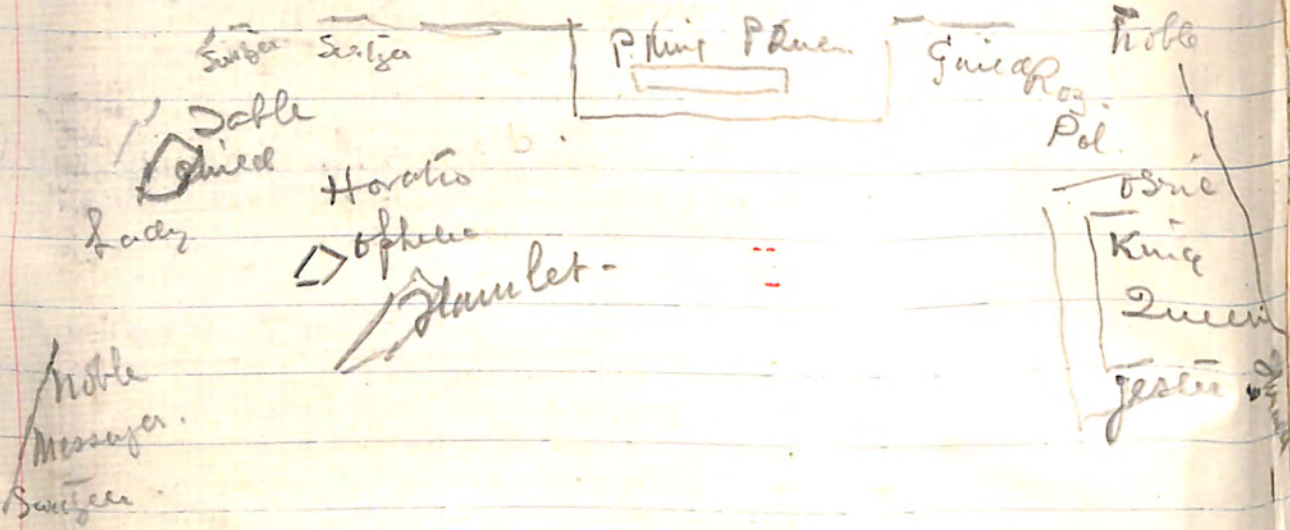
Gets down C.

Shod

Oph

Recorders to play on stage before Prologue

o Music cue No 10



Nobles enter from here
Torches cross over to R.W.

(Enter 2 Recorders who take up place by columns on stage)

Ham. So long? Nay then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. ~~O heavens, die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year; but, by a lady, he must build churches then,~~

(Music)

Enter Prologue. & C.

Pro. For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

(Pro then holds aside curtains for entrance of P. King + P. Queen then exits at back)

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'T is brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King and a Queen. *(Thru curtains C)*

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orbéd ground; Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon Make us again count o'er ere love be done. But, woe is me, you are so sick of late, So far from cheer and from your former state, That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust, Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must, For women fear too much, even as they love, And women's fear and love hold quantity, In neither aught, or in extremity. Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know; And as my love is sized, my fear is so. Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear; Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

(P. King puts hand to brow)

P. King. Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too; My operant powers their functions leave to do; And thou shalt live in this fair world behind, Honoured, beloved; and, haply, one as kind For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest! Such love must needs be treason in my breast: In second husband let me be accurst! None wed the second, but who killed the first.

(hands up) (crossing hands) (hands down) (the a. v. p.)

King says

X P. Queen lays head on P. King's shoulder

Ham. [Aside.] Wormwood, wormwood. X

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak ;

But what we do determine oft we break.

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose :

So think thou wilt no second husband wed ;

But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light ;

Sport and repose lock from me day and night ;

Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,—

If, once a widow, ever I be wife !

Ham. If she should break it now ?

P. King. 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile :

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

The tedious day with sleep.

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain ;

And never come mischance between us twain. [Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you this play ?

Queen. The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she 'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument ? Is there no offence in 't ?

Ham. No, no ; they do but jest, poison in jest ; no offence i' the world.

King. What do you call the play ?

Ham. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how ? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna : Gonzago is the duke's name ; his wife, Baptista. You shall see anon ; 't is a knavish piece of work : but what of that ? your majesty, and we, that have free souls, it touches us not : let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter LUCIANUS. C

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

Oph. You are a good chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

King looks all round

Down Queen hand

Queen hand on shoulder

on knees arms raised

lowering arms and head

lifting Queen up slowly

Reclines on bench

Rise comes down

hand up L.U.E

faces up

Movement from Couriers

all smile laugh

comes down a little

comes down

kneels just above seat

Look of surprise for all.

Mr. R. Mr. Cook. Mr. Wellesly.

(X) Herald.

~~Servant~~ takes torch from below throne and goes off first before King.

King takes torch above throne and takes off Noble L. U. E.

Noble (George) takes torch up stage R and takes off Noble R. U. E.

Servant (Howard) takes torch and takes off George R. I. E.

Polonius follows. Queen.

Queen follows King followed by Jester.

4 Heralds follow also shouting.

Guards go off their own arch R. & L.

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worse.

Ham. So you must take your husbands.—
Begin, murderer, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;

Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magic and dire property
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[Pours the poison into the Sleeper's ears.]

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for 's estate.
His name's Gonzago: the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king rises. (Rises)

Ham. What, frighted with false fire?

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me some light!—away!

All. Lights, lights, lights!

[Exeunt all but HAMLET and HORATIO.]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

Thus runs the world away.

Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?

Hor. Half a share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock.

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

Handwritten: Ophelia rises + returns down Bed.
Rising on slope
TR.

Handwritten: goes up to 2nd Player



Handwritten: Slope
up to slope

Handwritten: Society

Handwritten: over to King

Handwritten: King rises

Handwritten: 1800 over to ...

Handwritten: Ad

Handwritten: Frighted with false fire

Handwritten: (on stage) (to Ham)

ould

o. Crossing quickly over to R.

Roz keeps well up L.C.

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, some music! come, the recorders! — (Hor goes off by stage)

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—

~~Ham. Come, some music!~~ *Stet*

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN. *L.U.E.*

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole history. *(Low throne)*

Guil. The king, sir,—

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him? *(Sits on throne)*

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous dis-tempered.

Ham. With drink, sir?

Guil. No, my lord, rather with choler.

Ham. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler. *(X)*

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, sir;—pronounce. *(V.R.C)*

Guil. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

(10) Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

Sealed Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—

Ros. Then, thus she says. Your behaviour hath struck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. w

152

*(X) Crosses to Chair R.C.
presents up R.C.
sets up
above Ham.*

(Guil looks helplessly to Rosen)

*from above
above*

*by stage)
walking across
R.H.*

Har

Ø Roy moves up towards Hamlet as he goes
to stage

Quill also makes a move up behind chair

George and others (1 or 2) with papers -

(X) Hamlet takes Roy and Quill down to
L.C.

Horatio up behind chair R.C.

*Rosie goes up and sits on
front of stage platform*

Ham. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother!—But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still, by these pickers and stealers.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ham. Ay, sir, but 'While the grass grows'—the proverb is something musty.

Enter Players with recorders.

[Recorder returns off party stage]



O, the recorders: let me see one.—To withdraw with you:—Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would

*sits on stage
having up
Rosie*

*Enter Recorder
comes down a
little*

Ros over L of Hamlet.

④ ~~at Tech~~

④ Roz and Guild move slowly up above
Pol and Plane.

④ ~~Xo II~~

sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. Why do you think that I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—

S' blood
(goes up & meets Pol)
Enter POLONIUS. L.U.E.

God bless you, sir!

L.C. Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

C. Ham. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pourty to window over R
Pol. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by-and-by.

to Horatio
—They fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by-and-by.

Pol. I will say so.

[Exit.

Ham. By-and-by is easily said.—Leave me, friends. [Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN.

HORATIO, &c.

Horatio gets out
'T is now the very witching time of night
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft now, to my
Mother:—

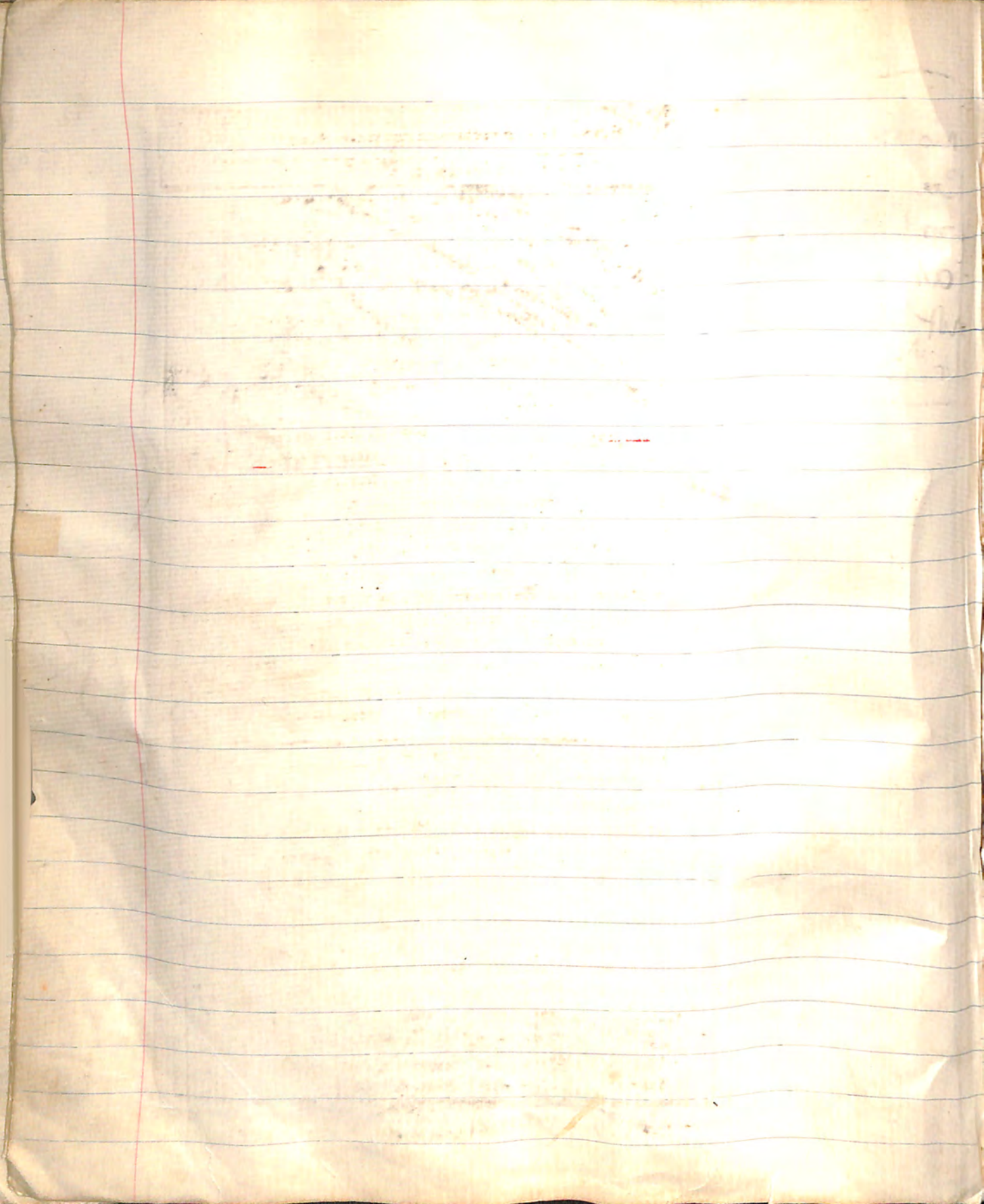
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural,
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:

How in my words soever she be shent,

To give them seals never, my soul, consent! [Exit.

Enter King L.U.E.



his scene
cut after
production
at Dublin
not played
at Bristol

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter KING, and POLONIUS.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet :
Behind the arras I'll convey myself,
To hear the process : I'll warrant, she'll tax him
home ;

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'T is meet that some more audience than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege :
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King.

Thanks, dear my lord.

[Exit POLONIUS.]

O ! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven :
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder !—Pray can I not ;
Though inclination be as sharp as will,
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves
mercy,

But to confront the visage of offence ?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be forestall'd, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down ? Then, I'll look up :
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul
murder ?—

That cannot be ; since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?

~~In the corrupted currents of this world~~
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law : but 't is not so above ;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,

King first

R.I.E.

King

up by throne

down P.C.

X

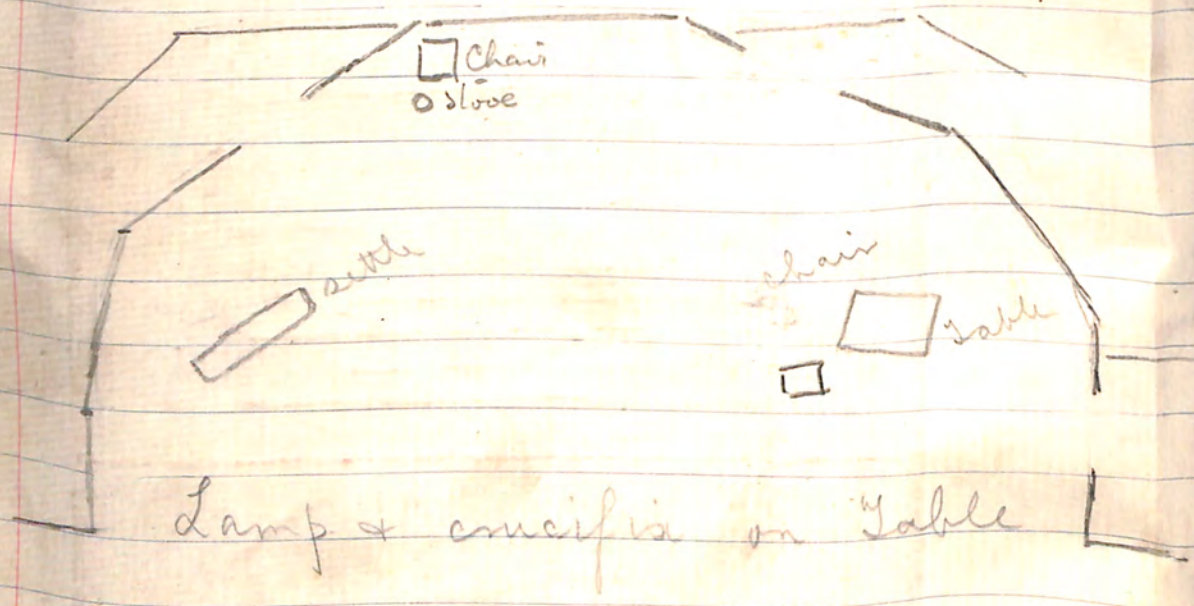
~~Insert Hamlet's speech~~

How could I do it pal

but Hamlet

How could

o No 11



Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. ~~What then? what rests?~~

Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?

O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay:
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of
steel,

Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below:

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in the Same.

~~Enter~~ QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay home
to him:

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear
with,

And that your grace hath screened and stood be-
tween

Much heat and him. I'll silence me e'en
here. (goes into arras)

Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [Within.] Mother, mother, mother!

Queen. I'll warrant you;

Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.

[POLONIUS hides himself behind the arras.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much of-
fended. (below table)

Ham. Mother, you have my father much of-
fended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle
tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked
tongue. (goes up to back of table)

turns up L. c.
Just over to chair

down on one knee
Out

⊗

○

Enters L. U. E.

Queen seated
R. C. Pol. rising
arras

looking out

Crosses over to
settle steps at
top end

Stit.
Rises & Cross R. C.

L. U. E. with torch

(goes up to back of table
a scene)

⊗ I took thee for thy better take thy fortune

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak. *(Crosses R.C.)*

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me? *gets up*

Help, help, ho! *sets down to R. then up to L.*

Pol. [Behind.] What, ho! help, help, help! *up to Pol. through C.*

Ham. How now! a rat? [Draws.] Dead for a ducat, dead! *then shrinks (2)*

[Makes a pass through the arras.]

Pol. [Behind.] O! I am slain. [Falls, and dies.]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done? *covering eyes / facing audience*

Ham. Nay, I know not:

Is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed: almost as bad, good mother,

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 't was my word.

[Lifts up the arras, and sees POLONIUS.]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

Thou find'st, to be too busy is some danger.—

Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damnéd custom have not braz'd it so,

That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

sits Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;

Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the rose

Hamlet
sits on
his chair up
stage

Queen gets
round back of
table gets up
stage to L

Ham comes
down to Queen

movement of Ham
down to R

Takes her hand
Richard

then up to L
up to Pol through C

Crosses
for Camp

(focus C.)

comes down C

(4)

Handwritten notes:
Handwritten Handwritten 
Handwritten Success (Seated)

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And sets a blister there; ~~makes marriage vows~~
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words:

(Queen sits)

Standing above
the Queen

Queen. Ay me, what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

(turning to Hamlet)

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on
this,

(Queen turn away)

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on his brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband. Look you now, what
follows.

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? Ha, have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment

Queen makes a
move as wandering
off Hamlet's words

Would step from this to this? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire:

Queen covers face

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;

(on table)
(take a gam)

Queen. No more, sweet Hamlet!

(Rises) a step to L.

Ham. A murderer, and a villain;
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket,

(comes down to C)

light death

X Queen turns

X Queen goes down left knee.

⊗ Oh step between her & her fighting
soul

Queen

No more

Ham. A king of shreds and patches,—

and up to Hamlet
points up.
1st shadow to
be seen R.

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious
figure?

Queen. Alas! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your cary son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget. This visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.

⊗ But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you

That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

~~2nd shadow to
be seen over L.~~

Ham. On him, on him!—Look you, how pale he
glares!

His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon
me;

Queen looks at Hamlet.

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then, what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals
away!

~~2nd shadow
away~~

~~3rd shadow
to be seen~~

My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[Exit Ghost.]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

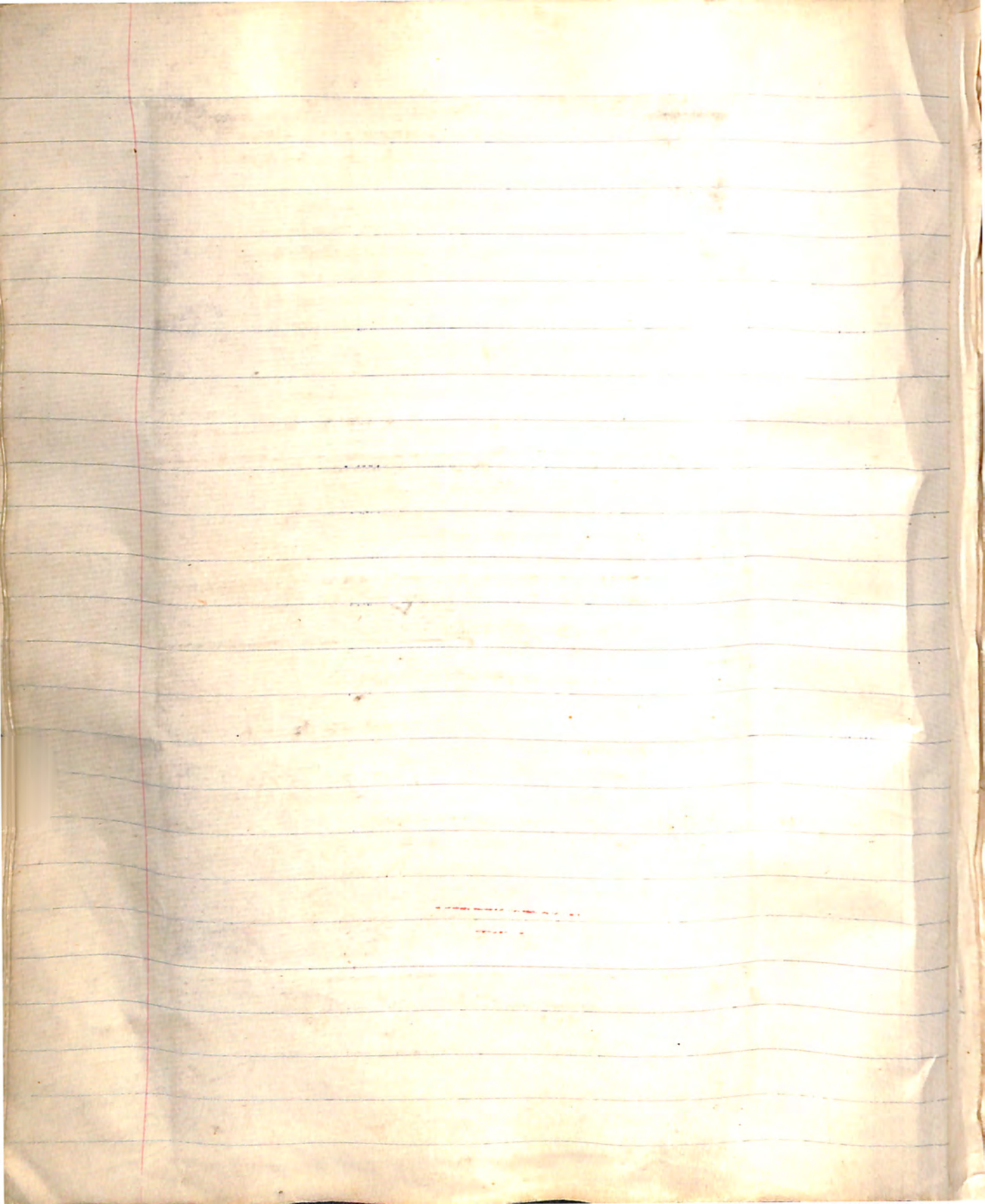
~~3rd shadow
away~~

Queen looks
where Hamlet
looks then slowly
back to Hamlet
for speaking (points)

Looking round

Queen rises

Queen gives a
cry of fear



Ham. Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not mad-
ness

That I have uttered : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in
twain!

Ham. O, throw away the worsor part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night : but go not to mine uncle's bed ;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits-devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on.

Once more, good night :
And when you are desirous to be blessed,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,

I do repent :

I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.

I must be cruel, only to be kind :

Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind. (C.)

Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—
Good night, mother.

[Exeunt severally : HAMLET dragging in
POLONIUS.

Coming down
to Queen and
putting hand
of Queen on
pulse

out of
Hamlet
Queen's head
to King by table

(Kneeling)

Queen looks at
Hamlet

Hamlet turns
the Queen up

Gets tired

Queen
prepares
to get up

Queen puts out
hand to Hamlet

turning up

goes up to R.U.E

Queen puts out hand
to Queen.

Queen moves towards
Hamlet

Then sinks down with
on to Seat. L.C.

⊗ 1. Servant with Torch from L.U.E

M. Herald (as servant) comes down to Pro. and Guild.
and goes off with them murmuring which is kept
up till a cue. (Till the King re-enters.)
from L.U.E. They Exit R.U.E.

⊙
Servant.
To come
before the
King.

Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN. L.V.C.

King. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?—

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while. x to R, C.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN. x my R.]

—Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night! x my R.

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, 'A rat! a rat!'

And, in this brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man. (Sings up and down during this)

King. O heavy deed! (Sinks on settle R.)
It had been so with us had we been there.

Queen. O heavy deed! (x to arch)
It had been so with us had we been there.
Where has he gone?

Queen. To draw up part the body
he hath killed. (Crosses to table)

(Crosses to L round front.)

(Walks up down L of table then down
C to R of table by end of King's
speech.)



Servant with torch crosses at
back to R.U.E and Soci's with
Rogencrantz and Guildenstern -
Innumers start at once and
keep up - rising at times till
the King enters from L. I.E. and
the Servant with 1. noble. Herald
1. Switzer enters from R.U.E.

X By. Switzer go L.C.

SCENE IV. — A Room in the Same.

~~Enter KING, QUEEN,~~

L.U.E.

King. Ho, Guildenstern!

Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragged
him:

Go, seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.]

Come, Gertrude,

[Exeunt KING, QUEEN,

Enter HAMLET.]

Ham. Safely stowed.

Ros., Guil. [Within.] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

Ham. What noise? who calls on Hamlet? O,
here they come.

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the
dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is
kin.

Ros. Tell us where 't is, that we may take it
thence
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel and not
mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge!
What replication should be made by the son of a
king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's
countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But
such officers do the king best service in the end:
he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his
jaw; first mouthed to be last swallowed: when he
needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing
you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

with servant
with torch
L.U.E.

(Have from all of
surprise)

They start to go (why stop?)

R.O.E. and Servant
L.I.E.

Coming down

I E
R.O.E.

howling L.I.E

comes down C

807 at 20

was ksecter X

Ham

Roy

Guied

Roy and Guied

move Towards L.I.E.

1. Switzer. } from R.U.Arch.
1. Herald. }

1. Servant.

1. Noble.

Gets over to L up stage

These Come from

R.U.E as to

King Enters L.I.E.

(X)

Enter Servant from R.U.E. & stands
just inside door

Enter Herald from R.I.E. & stands
just inside door

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing:—bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.

Enter KING, attended.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven: send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. [To some Attendants.] Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

[Exeunt Attendants.]

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,—must send thee hence

For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

how
Send Ros going

Rises.

L.I.E

L.C.

Royal face
up L!

up L.C.

merge from others

(looters)
Song up to
throne chair
Silly of
Throne
No RC

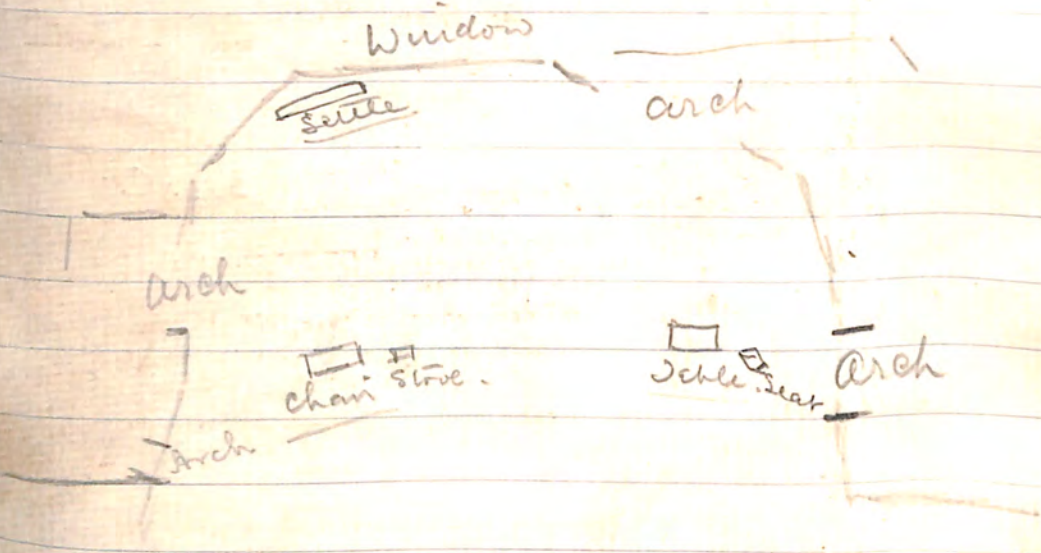
Roy. Send

X
R.C.
R.U.E

X R.

coming in

⊗ Murmurs very distant to rise at end of speech. to bring curtain down



At rise Murmurs off V.E. stop when Horatio begins on Ophelia

⊗ As Ophelia enters Horatio goes to Ophelia
 trips her down then retires up.
 Murmurs rise as Oph. enters

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them.—But, come ; for England !—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother : father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh ; and so, my mother. Come, for England ! [Exit. L.V.E.]

King. Follow him at foot ; tempt him with speed aboard :

Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.

[Exeunt ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.] L.V.E.

And. England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,—

Thou may'st not coldly set
Our sovereign process ; which imports at full,
By letters conjuring to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England ;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me.

Copy c. (X)

No table to write.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter QUEEN and Horatio L.V.E.

R.C.
Mph
L. Strac

Queen. I will not speak with her.

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

Queen. What would she have ?

Hor. She speaks much of her father : says, she hears

There's tricks i' the world ;

'T were good she were spoken with, for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [Exit Horatio (Bows) L.V.E.]

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss : (Queen R.C.)

Back into the
Horatio to R of door.

Re-enter Horatio with OPHELIA L.V.E.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark ?

Queen. How now, Ophelia ?

Oph. [Sings.] *How should I your true love know
From another one ?*

*By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.*

(Alex) 2 lines from S. and S. 11.

X be with

Ø King Signals to Horatio to Take Ophelia away
(Business with Horatio)

Going to seat and sets

Kneels Queen

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. 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.

O, oh! (as Queen kneels)

Queen. Nay, but, Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark, [Sings.

White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter KING R.U.E. (Comes down to R of Queen)

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord: [Sings.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers;

Which bewept to the grave did go,
With true-love showers.

X as to Ophelia

King. How do ye, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God bless 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!

(Remains her up, hands out to Ophelia)

(To the Queen) Turns in

King. Conceit upon her father.

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

(Her comes down to above table)

Coming between them King sets R.U.E.

[Sings.

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine;

Queen buries head in hands

Then up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

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

By Gis, and by Saint Charity, [Sings.

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. How long hath she been thus?

(Do Horatio)

X Under gets R of Phelia

2 Summer ...
T...

⊗ Horatio comes down^c and touches Ophelia. After
Ophelia beckons to him who comes forward

* noise.

Big Creek.

Meeting Queen

Woman
Comes forward

Queen Comes on
King

Oph. 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.

on the knees of
Queen
(X as King)

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit HORATIO.

L.V.E. Queen rises and watches
L.V.E.

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father's death. And now, behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude!

X is over to Queen
Queen moves up to C they meet.
up to C.

When sorrows come, they come not single spies, But in battalions. [A noise within.

Queen. Alack, what noise is this?

King. Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door. [Loud shout].

Enter Marcellus. L.V.E. dies down

What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourself, my lord:

The young Laertes, in a riotous head, O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him lord; They cry, 'Choose we; Laertes shall be king!' Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,

Slender pause then begin

'Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!'

(Loud again)

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trail they cry! [Quieter].

Comes up to doors.

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

Queen goes down King

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within].

Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Danes. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Danes. We will, we will.

[They retire without the door].

Laer. I thank you: keep the door.—O thou vile king, Give me my father.

Laertes enters L.V.E.

Queen Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;

Queen enters from on bushes by back

#

step

X

Shelia sounds like her come in with
fading

Another noise when Shelia in. To get
louder and then die away. (~~the same~~
~~as then die down~~) (Sudden off.)

φ ~~Shelia takes off Helmer~~

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
 That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?
 Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:
 There's such divinity doth hedge a king
 That treason can but peep to what it would,
 Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
 Why thou art thus incensed.—Let him go, Ger-
 trude.—
 Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King.

Dead. But not by him.

Queen.

King. Let him demand his fill.

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

To hell, allegiance!
 Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
 Most thoroughly for my father.

King.

Good Laertes,

That I am guiltless of your father's death,
 And am most sensibly in grief for it,
 It shall as level to your judgment pierce
 As day does to your eye.

Danes. [Within.]

Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA.

O heat, dry up my brains! O rose of May!
 Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
 O heavens! is't possible, a young maid's wits
 Should be as mortal as an old man's life!

Oph. 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!
Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade
 revenge,

It could not move thus.
Oph. You must sing, Down a-down, an you call
 him a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it! It
 is the false steward, that stole his master's
 daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance;
 pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies,
 that's for thoughts.

Queen says to Laertes
Laertes
Queen sits on Laer

Laertes moves sword over
Queen interposes
Laertes moves sword
Queen steps back up &
Laertes moves towards King
(to Laertes)

Queen faint down to the
Laer step up to C.

Frederick buries his head

(goes forward)
put down sword over
Queen slowly as to
then to change

Crossed chair
Spinning wheel
business

comes down
(step a two down)
Down a-down
slowly down
(to Laertes)

Star

Cherie

King



Leah

oble

Lucy



Lucy

Laer. A document in madness,—thoughts and remembrance fitted. ~~(Kneels)~~

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines;— there's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays:—O, you must wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy: I would give you some violets; but they withered all when my father died.—They say, he made a good end,— ~~(Swears his head - his hands)~~

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,—

Laer. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead:
Go to thy death-bed:
He never will come again.*

*His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:*

(Spoken) God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God. ~~God~~ ^{be with} you!

[Exit. ~~but~~ L.U.E.]

Laer. Do you see this? O God!

King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,

Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.

Hamlet, which hath your noble father slain,

Pursued my life. You shortly shall hear

more: ~~(goes down to c.c.)~~

I loved your father, and we love ourself;

And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—

Enter a Messenger. L.U.E.]

How now! what news?

Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet.

This to your majesty; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say;

King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—

Leave us. [Exit Messenger.]

[Reads.] 'High and mighty,—you shall know, I

*Says to King
Rue and
Crosses
Queen
Rue*

*(Kneels)
Takes the rue away
Kneels. c.*

*Kneeling c.
and arranging
flowers on stage*

*Laertes goes and kneels to
Ophelia
and kneels forward*

Sings up to Laertes

Queen follows off

Laertes' Prayer

(quick look at King)

*(Laertes comes down
L.U.E.)*



~~Xing~~ 27 Lentis



e.

am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I
beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall,
first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the
occasions of my sudden and more strange return.

HAMLET.'

What should this mean?

Laer. Know you the hand?

R.C. King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. 'Naked,'—

And, in a postscript here, he says, 'alone.'

Can you advise me?

L.C. Laer. I'm lost in it, 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 diddest thou.'

King. If it be so, Laertes,—
~~As how should it be so? how otherwise?~~
Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace.

You have been talked of since your travel much, (into)
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they say, you shine:

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. Two months since,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—

Who gave you such a masterly report,
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed
If one could match you: Sir, this report of his (sets)
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.

Now, out of this,—

Laer. What out of this, my lord? (sets, King)

King. Hamlet, returned, shall know you are come home: (King rises &
goes to Laertes)

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine,
together,

And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,

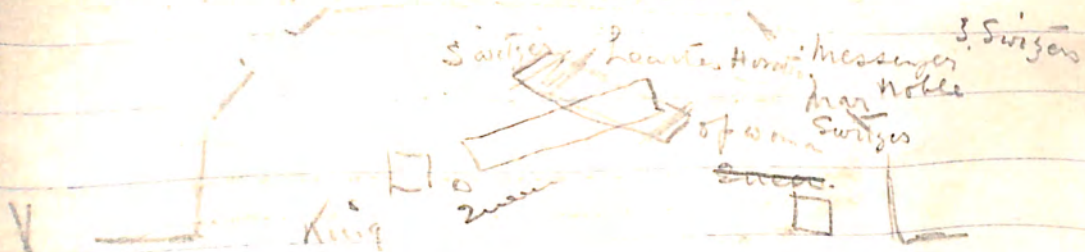
King - who
to hear
and sets

at setting

15
Means off L.U.E.

Through Queen's reach
up and down Tree
Section

Body brought out by 2 Scotties
to the king's room. Jaws and knees at head
Queen below chair and pier.



get his own luck nature her custom holds
Let chance say what it will

Will not peruse the foils ; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated, and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

(Paces)

C. Laer. I will do't ;
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
That if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

Chances
L.C.

King. Let's further think of this ;
~~Soft, let me see:—~~

We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't :
When in your motion you are hot and dry,—
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce ; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck
Our purpose may hold there. But stay ! what
noise ?

Crosses here
FR.

Enter QUEEN. L.U.E.

How now, sweet queen ?

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

Laer. Drowned !—O, where ?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
There with fantastic garlands, did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
There, on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds ;
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread
wide,

a step back

(by chair & tier) to R
Crosses over as bits

Laertes
Kneeling by her

And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up ;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element : but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Body of Ophelia
over Laertes

Laer. Alas, then, is she drowned !

Queen. Drowned, drowned

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor
Ophelia,

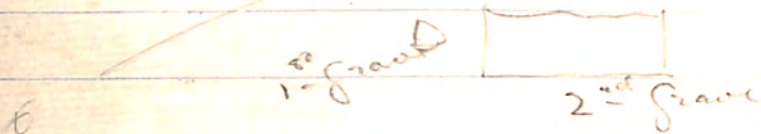
And therefore I forbid my tears : —Adieu, my lord !

o No 14

e.



* Means from Ladies Tree end of Kings words Tree Curtain.



* Spitting on hands and rubbing them together.

Yet it is an such nature her condition
told let shame say what it will. Exit

My lord I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,
But that this folly douts it. [Exit.]

Introduction

Eating Handkerchief
Bottle Basin Jahn dumb
knives Discovered
ACT V.
SCENE I.—A Churchyard

Enter two Clowns, with spades and mattocks. L.U.E

1 Clo. Is she to be buried in Christian burial,
that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 Clo. I tell thee, she is; and therefore make
her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her,
and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned
herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 't is found so.

1 Clo. It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be
else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself
wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three
branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform:
argal, she drowned herself wittingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.—

R.c. 1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water;
good: here stands the man; good: if the man go
to this water and drown himself, it is will he nill
he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water
come to him and drown him, he drowns not him-
self: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death
shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, marry, is't, crowner's quest-law.

2 Clo. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this
had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been
buried out of Christian burial.

1 Clo. Why, there thou say'st; and the more
pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this
world to drown or hang themselves, more than
their even-Christian. Come, my spade. There is
no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and
grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clo. Why, he had none.

1st
by back

Crowner

2nd
Get R

Water to R.
man to L.

Pick's up
Bottle

Jaws
2nd

They with bowl
and piepan
of church
2nd
Graveyard

They had
use

Moses dips to go to water

Talking

2nd
Abi

2nd
Save face

15

0
2/3

0
1/2

—
—
—
—

1 Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 Clo. Go to.

1 Clo. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clo. To't.

2 Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance.

1 Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[Exit 2 Clown.]

1 Clown digs, and sings

In youth, when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet:

To contract, O, the time, for-a my behove,

O, methought, there was nothing-a meet.

Ham. Hath this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'T is e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. But age, with his stealing steps, *[Sings.]*

Hath claw'd me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,

As if I had never been such.

*Keams
space*

*Book 1
2*

*Hamlet
of 2nd*

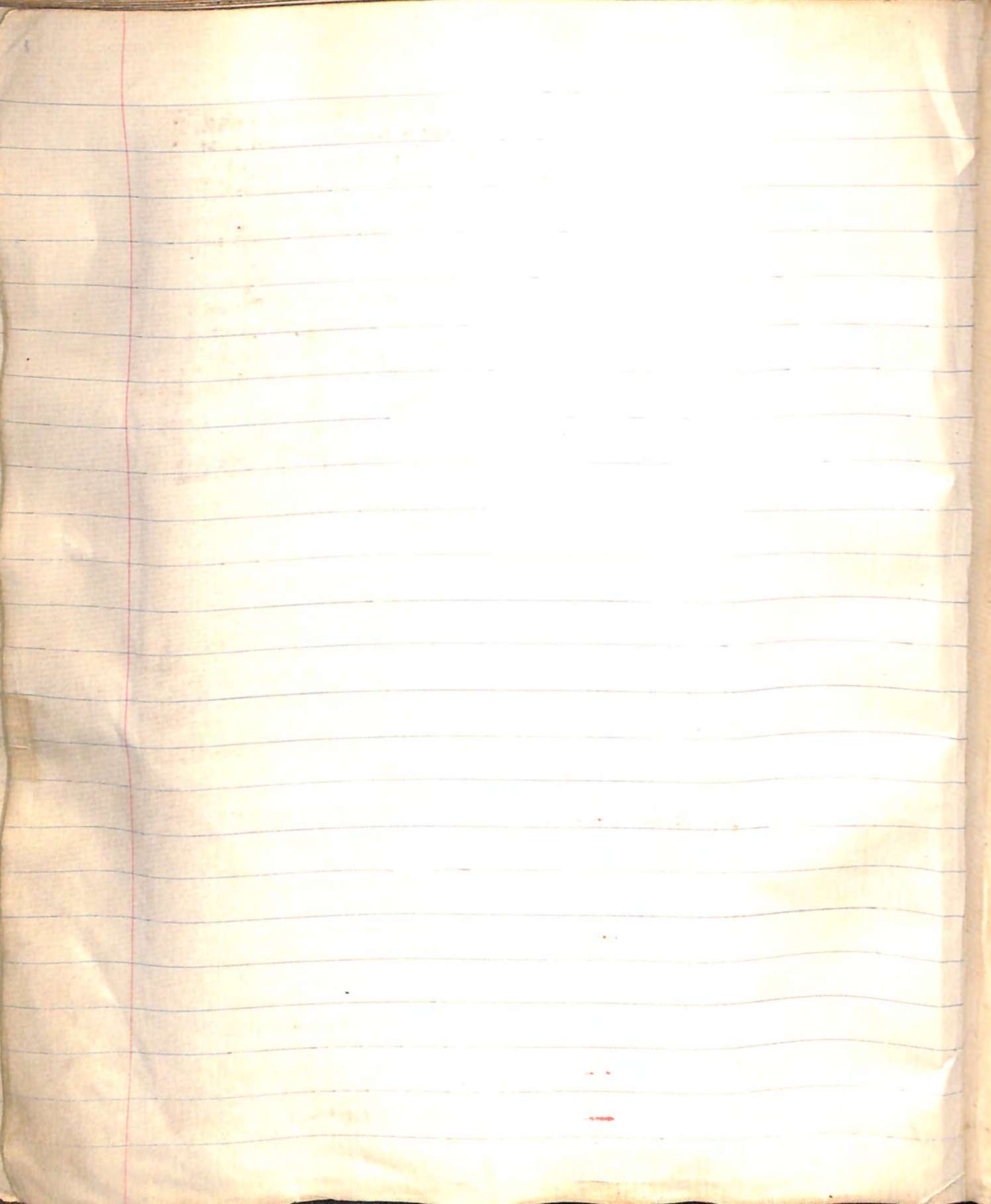
Sols: Grave.

(Rubbish, head)

ju step 1

R. U. E

L. U. E through



Pats skull

[Throws up a skull.]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once; how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-offices, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say, 'Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?' This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade.

1 Clo. *A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings.]*
For and a shrouding sheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[Throws up another skull.]

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! I will speak to this fellow.—

chuckles
chuckles
chuckles
skull

Whose grave's this, sir?

(Looks round first)

1 Clo. Mine, sir.— [Sings.]
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

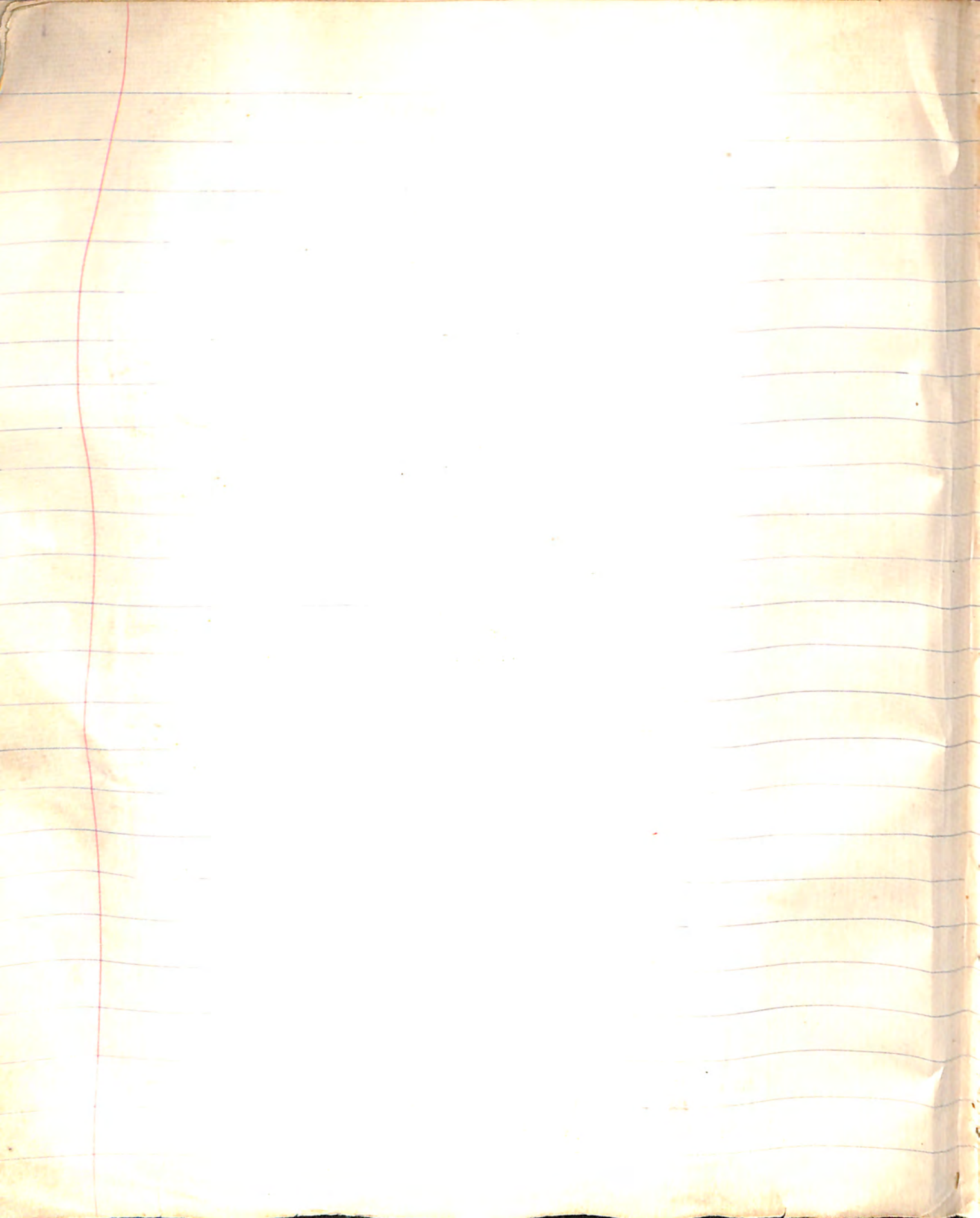
1 Clo. You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 't will away again from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.



(glances at Hor)

Ham. What woman, then?

I Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

I Clo. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead. (resumes work)

Ham. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

How long hast thou been a grave maker?

I Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last King Hamlet o'ercame Fortinbras. (sits on side of grave)

Ham. How long is that since?

I Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

I Clo. Why, because a was mad: a shall recover his wits there; or, if a do not, 't is no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

I Clo. 'T will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he. (returns to work)

Ham. How came he mad?

I Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

I Clo. 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits. (returns to work)

Ham. Upon what ground?

I Clo. Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

I Clo. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die, — as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in — he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

I Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while: and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain you i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

longside of road

X Ham rises

Chart of Monks.

o Moments etiam Domine, famulorum
famularumque tuarum et qui nos
processerunt cum signo fidei, et
dominut in somno pacis.

(This is started quietly off R. I.E.)

~~o~~ Mummer of prayer starts off R.
organ heard off R.

o organ

o Music cue No 14a

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was : whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue ! a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this- same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This ?

1 Clo. E'en that.

Ham. Let me see. [Takes the skull.] Alas, poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio : a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy : he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; Here hung those lips, that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord ?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' th' earth ?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so ? pah ! [Puts down the skull.]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole ?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot ; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it : as thus : Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam ; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away :

O ! that that earth which kept the world in

1st Bell.

2nd Bell.

3rd Bell.

Bell

⊙

⊙ Bell

⊗ Chant.

⊙ Bell

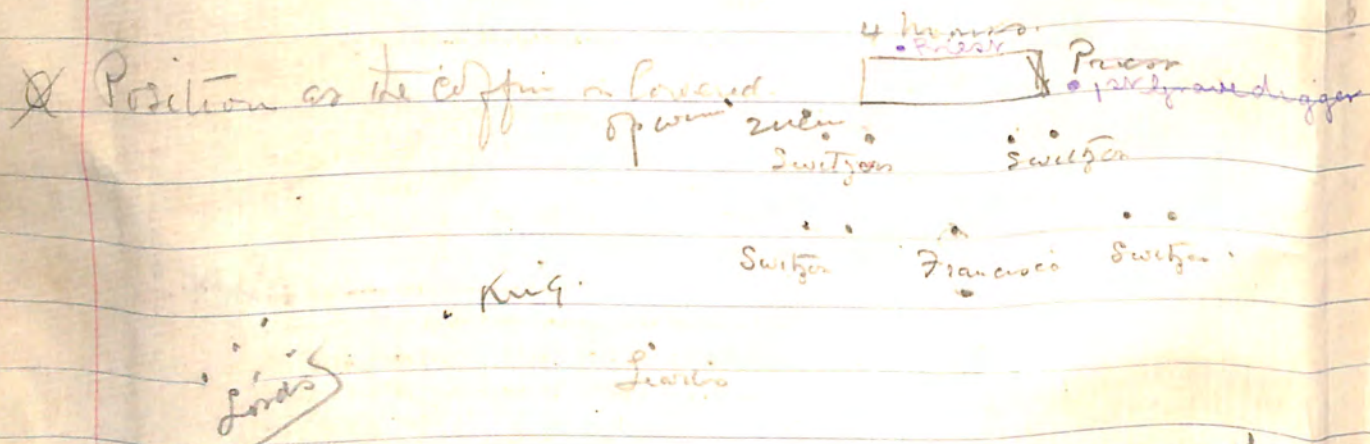
(memo down R. C.)

puts skull behind grave

⊙

(X) 12) So many Switze before up on R before coffin on

1. Priest (Mr. Cooke) Mansfield
2. 4. Monks. (Mr. Herland - M. Doubergh
M. Mando. M. Paraves.
- 3.
4. Switzers (2 with Mr. Cameron.)
5. 4. Switzers to carry coffin &
6. 2. Following Switzers) all Switzer on left
Sander
7. Ladies
8. Queen and Cecilia's women
9. King.
10. Lords - /



Switzers get up to R-C above grave with Francisco

Switzer
Francisco

Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
But soft, but soft! aside:—here comes the king,

Enter Priests, &c., in procession; the Corse of
OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following;
KING, QUEEN, their Trains, &c. R. 2. E.

The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And with such maiméd rites? This doth betoken,
The corse they follow did with desperate hand

For do its own life; 't was of some estate.

Couch we awhile, and mark. (X)

[Retiring with HORATIO.: down L (X)]

Laer. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

Laer. What ceremony else?

Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarged

As we have warrantise: her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet;

~~Laer. Must there no more be done?~~

~~Priest. No more be done:~~

~~We should profane the service of the dead
To sing a requiem, and such rest to her~~

~~As to peace-parted souls.~~

Laer. Lay her i' th' earth;

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!—I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell.

[Scattering flowers.]

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's
wife:

I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet
maid,

And not have strewed thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe

4th Bell.

5th Bell when Coffin enters

Last Bell when Coffin lowered into grave

Back of grave.

(moves up to head of grave)

(throws earth)

(moves to back of grave as back)

grave digger takes earth on spade

* start of all as recognition.

(X) Switzer's move.

An. ~~to~~ ^{com} to grave. & completes

(X) ~~Shirley~~ gets over slowly to R
from all "gentleman gentleman"

X

Fall ten times treble on that curséd head
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms :

[Leaps into the grave.]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made
 To o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
 Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them
 stand,

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
 Hamlet the Dane. [Leaps into the grave.]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
 For though I am not splenitive and rash
 Yet have I something in me dangerous,
 Which let thy wisdom fear. Away thy hand!

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet! Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they come
 out of the grave.]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this
 theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
 Could not, with all their quantity of love,
 Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds,! show me what thou 'lt do:
 Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
 thyself?

Woo't drink up Esill? eat a crocodile?

I'll do 't.—Dost thou come here to whine,

To outface me with leaping in her grave,

Be buried quick with her, and so will I:

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

King moves up
 a little

Setting C.

up to grave
 corner

Breaking his
 way down to R.

Following Laertes
 (Stops Laertes)

Queen comes down
 to lower corner
 of grave
 (all move up
 to cover grave)

Nobles get up
 behind King.

Queen comes
 to Hamlet
 over R.C.

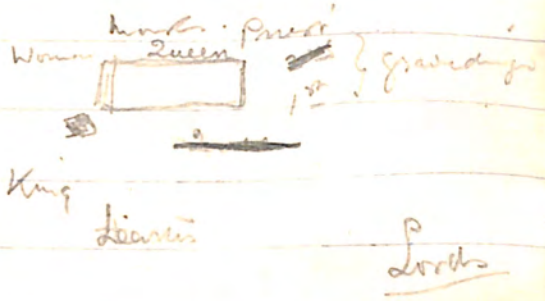
Laertes speaking
 gets him over to L.C.



Ø

Surbyon

Francis



⊗ Roman gives flowers to Queen who goes behind grave

⊙ Music cue 14 a (continued)

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

(Laertes)

Queen. This is mere madness:

X's to King L

And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove
When that her golden couplet are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

(hang up to Hamlet on his L)
Y moves up to Hamlet, & raises him R

Ham. Hear you, sir:

Hamlet wants like I Queen touches for

What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever, but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

Laertes turn to King

[Exit. R.V.E.]

King. I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him.

Coronary over to C.

[Exit HORATIO. R.V.E.]

R.V.E. (X)

[To LAERTES.] Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push.

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

(both C.)

[Exeunt.]

Laertes and Horatio as grave change again
chant common ees again

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter HAMLET and HORATIO.

R.V.E.

Ham. But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself;
But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put
me
Into a towering passion.

Laertes to

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter OSRICK.

R.V.E.

Os. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, sir.—Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy state is the more gracious; for 't is a vice to know him.

Hamlet crown
Laertes
Hamlet

⑩ Introduction

Ham The con^{ar}spiracy sir, why do we
wrap the gentleman in our more
ravenous breath

Isaac
Hor His purse is empty. All his golden
words are spent

stand at the king's mess: 't is a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.

R.C. Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 't is for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 't is very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry, and hot for my complexion.

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry,—as 't were,—I cannot tell how.—But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head:—sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beseech you, remember—

[HAMLET moves him to put on his hat.]

Osr. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court, Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society, and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you: though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article;

⊗ Osr. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Ham. Of him, sir.

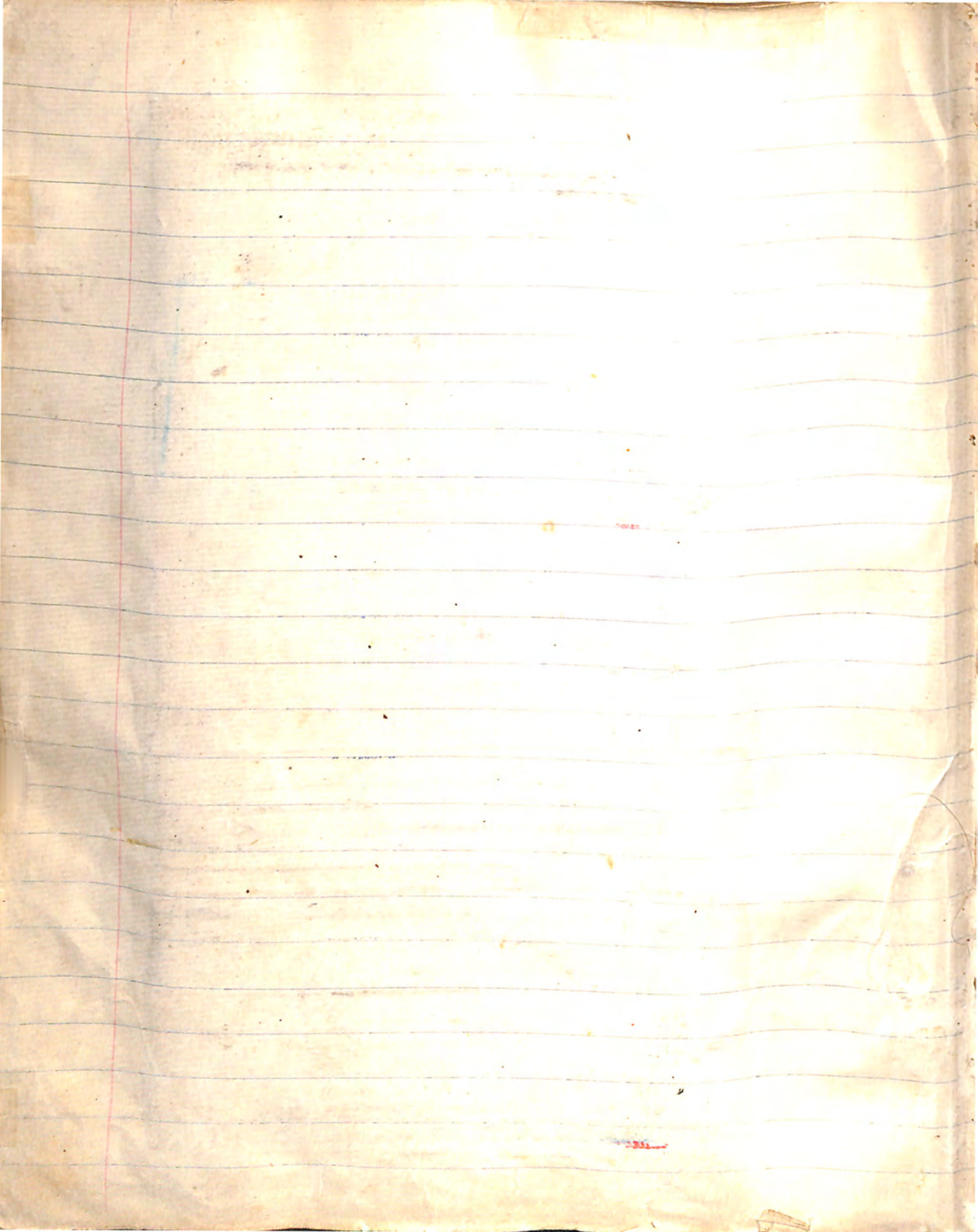
Osr. I know you are not ignorant—

Ham. I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, sir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should

Osr. - Sir
[Duns company]



compare with him in excellence;

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger. (X)

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath waged with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imponed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, sir, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and that would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can: if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you e'en so? (step down)

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will. (step off)

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship. (back out)

Ham. Yours, yours. [Exit OSRICK.—He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn. (going)]

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so: since he went into France I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. Thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.—

They both
hang
This

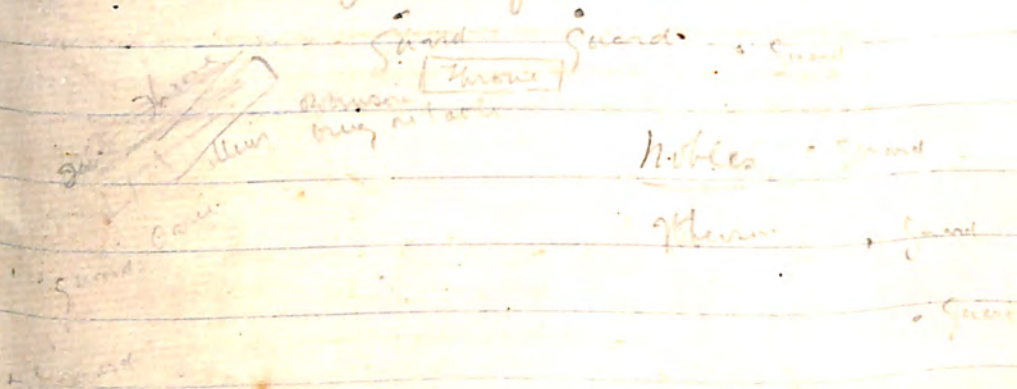
guy

for
read

Francisco gets to R of C opening. After placing guards
Sewant retire off after placing throne.

○ Music.

- ⊗ 1. Throne brought on from C. doors (McNay)
8 Switzers from C opening to places.



King, Nobles. (over on L.C.)

Queen, Ladies: / over R above and below
the Queen.

Sewant with fagon and Tray above throne (Hewlance)

○ Ladies move up when King goes to throne & Queen goes
to throne (Sewant makes way)

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would perhaps trouble a woman.

L.C.

Hor. If your mind dislike anything, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be. (Exit L)

Enter Ham + Hor L. 1. E

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, and Attendants with foils, &c. (discour'd)

King. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[The KING puts the hand of LAERTES into that of HAMLET.]

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I do receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils.—Come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll lose your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance

Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

Laer. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—
Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

Notes
on foils

Notes
over L

~~Laertes~~

Osrick gets
the foils from
Laertes

Osrick
to Hamlet

Hamlet's
loss
Hor. keeps Hamlet
off

(standing)

Osrick's program to Laertes

1. All the papers

of the rule

W.L.S.

20th

⊗ Sending crosses - four of three table

R.C. / up down

20th - 23rd

•

⊗

Sending crosses - four of three table

•

Trumpet

⊗

Sending crosses - four of three table

⊗

Sending crosses - four of three table

Trumpet

King. I do not fear it : I have seen you both ;
But since he 's bettered, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy ; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all
a length ? [They prepare to play.]

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoups of wine upon that
table— [Servant does so.] Bowing

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire :
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath ;
And in the cup an union shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the
cups ; [Servant kneels a fourth and offers a

And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The canons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,
'Now the king drinks to Hamlet !'— Come,
begin ;—

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [They play.]

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well :—again.

King. Stay ; give me drink. [Rises] Hamlet, this pearl
is thine ;

Here 's to thy health. Give him the cup.

[Trumpets sound, and cannon shot off within.]

Ham. I'll play this bout first : set it by awhile.

Come.—[They play.] Another hit ; what say you ?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

King. Our son shall win.

Queen. Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows :

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet. [Drinks]

Ham. Good madam !

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord : I pray you, pardon me. [Drinks]

King. [Aside.] It is the poisoned cup : it is too
late.

R.
L.
gettes up
to hold

Stops over

From cup to
cup

Servant kneels a fourth and offers a

from
cup
watching

Some
Tea
over

King comes down
a step
up to King

Stops
over



○ Queen Come let me wipe thy face.

(Wipes Hamlet's brow - then returns to throne)
feeling for the first time the effects of the poison

○ King do keenly watching, and when she says
(...)

□ Hamlet crosses round behind to R.C. when she
seizes Hamlet's blade.

△ Switzer bars the entrance R. with spears.

* See King & Switzer.

○ Queen by Queen as King is killed rise and
shout and return to R.
Sawyer watching.

□ Switzer a switzer R. ^{1.5.1.1.E} then 2 bangs off.

Queen comes down to Hamlet with cup, then hands it to servant

4

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam ; by-and-by.

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. [*Aside.*] And yet it is almost against my conscience.

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally :

I pray you, pass with your best violence.

I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*]

Osr. Nothing, neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[LAERTES wounds HAMLET ; then, in scuffling they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds

LAERTES.

King. Part them ! they are incensed.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The QUEEN falls.*]

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho !

Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is 't, Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrick ;

I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen ?

King. She swoonds to see them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet !

The drink, the drink ! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*]

Ham. O villainy !—Ho, let the door be lock'd ! Treachery ! seek it out. [*LAERTES falls.*]

Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain ;

No medicine in the world can do thee good :

In thee there is not half an hour of life ;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenomed.

The king, the king's to blame. *

Ham. The point envenomed too !

Then, venom, to thy work ! [*Stabs the KING.*]

All. Treason ! treason !

King. O, yet defend me, friends ; I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,

King rises when Hamlet is touched



Queen rises and comes down

some (say) to (say)

up stairs
points to drink

Hamlet goes to Laertes

Hamlet takes cup

found of home from all
Died
Stabs the King

X Switzer ^{returns} ~~goes off~~ R.I.F.

Ø Nobles shout "Treason, Treason" (Move forward)

Ladies make a sound of horror:

Francis moves with other Switzers to defend

King (very slightly)

Switzers shout "Treason" & start forward

⊗ Another move for all

⊗ All watching in horror.

As Hamlet goes up to Queen Nobles get down
a little lower.

○ No 18.

Takes King by throat and pours poison down throat.

Keep possee
back
Horatio
Gloria
Supp
makes up
Queen
up c
of 2

Drink off this potion :—is thy union here ?

Follow my mother. X [KING dies.]

Laer. (Pier) He is justly served ;
It is a poison tempered by himself.— (X)

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet ;
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me ! ~~down~~ [Dies.]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it ! I follow
thee.—

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu !—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time,—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest,—O ! I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead ;
Thou liv'st : report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it :
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane ;
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. (Pier) As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup : let go ; by Heaven I'll have
it.— (gets cup gives to servants)

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind
me !

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in
pain

To tell my story. O, I die, Horatio ;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit :
The rest is silence. [Dies.]

Hor takes
cup
Table
Daisy
Faces look a
up Queen
comes forward
Cup

akes cup off table R.C. + moves
down a little to drink
putting arms and
Horatio's head
sinking
down



1st Bont.

2

114

6

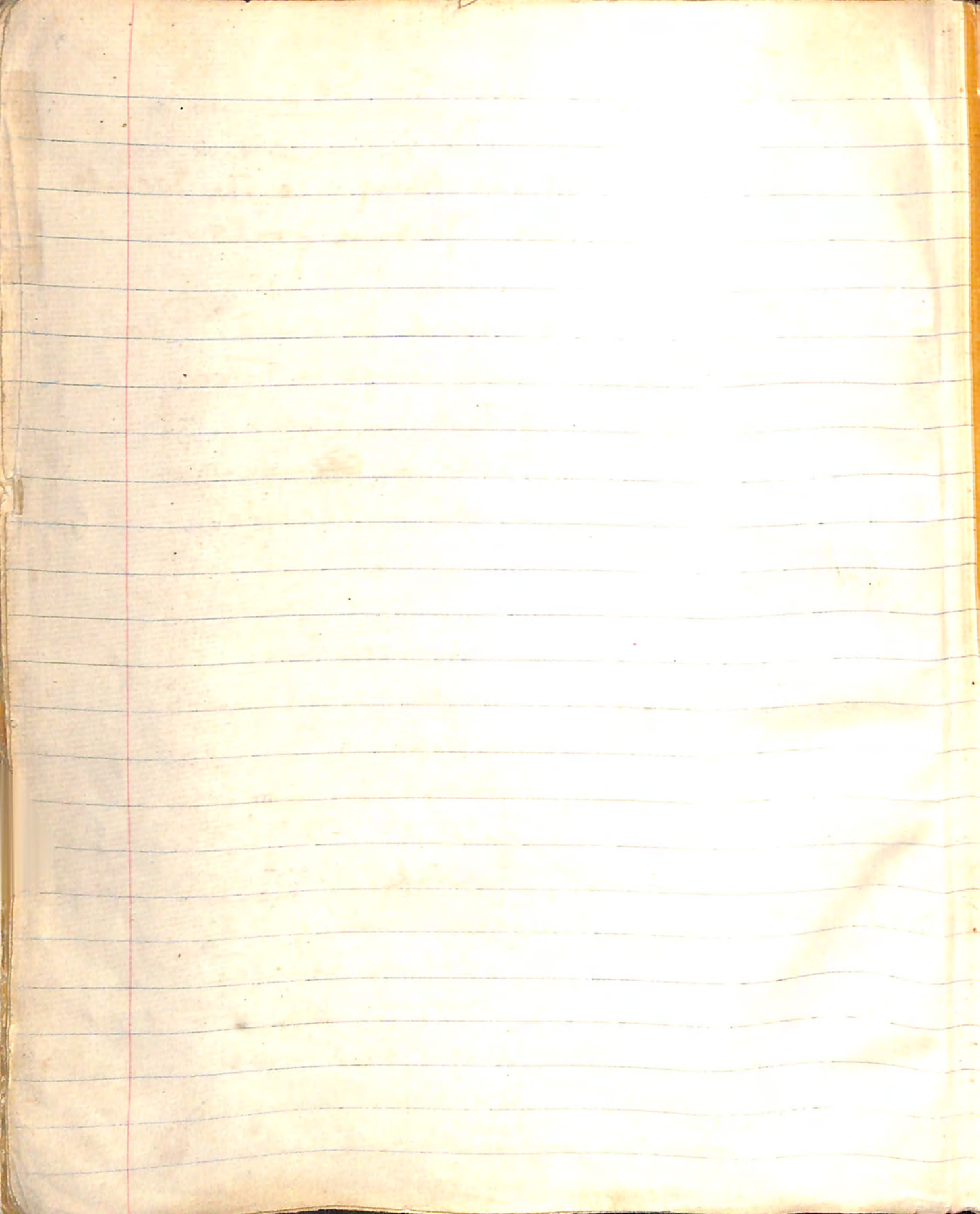
Fight in Act 5. Sc 2.

(1.) Salute. To the King. To the Seconds.
To each other Measure foils.

(2.) 1st Bout. To guard in Corté. Play.
Hamlet. Beat lunge in tierce.
Leartes. Returns in tierce.
Leartes. Attack in seconde.
Hamlet. Touch in seconde.

(3.) 2nd Bout.
Hamlet. 2 advances. beat lunge.
Leartes. Guards. 2 advances. beat lunge.
Hamlet. Guard.
Leartes. Guard. lunge seconde.
Hamlet. Guard. lunge. long lunge.
Leartes. Bent arm guard.
Hamlet. Touches Leartes.

(4.) Leartes. lunges at Hamlet in corté.
Hamlet. parries lunge but doesn't touch.



(5.)

4th Bout.

Learies attacks with a cut over.

Hamlet. attacks in seconde.

Learies. Guards seconde and cuts over and wounds Hamlet and steps back

(6.)

5th Bout.

Hamlet to guard in carté. They play Learies. Beat lunge. Back to guard.

Hamlet. Changes guard

Learies. Disengages - then the disarm - (a bind up stage.)

(7.)

6th Bout.

Learies attacks with a cut over.

Hamlet guards then attacks in seconde.

Learies. catches foil for an instant they work round to front and

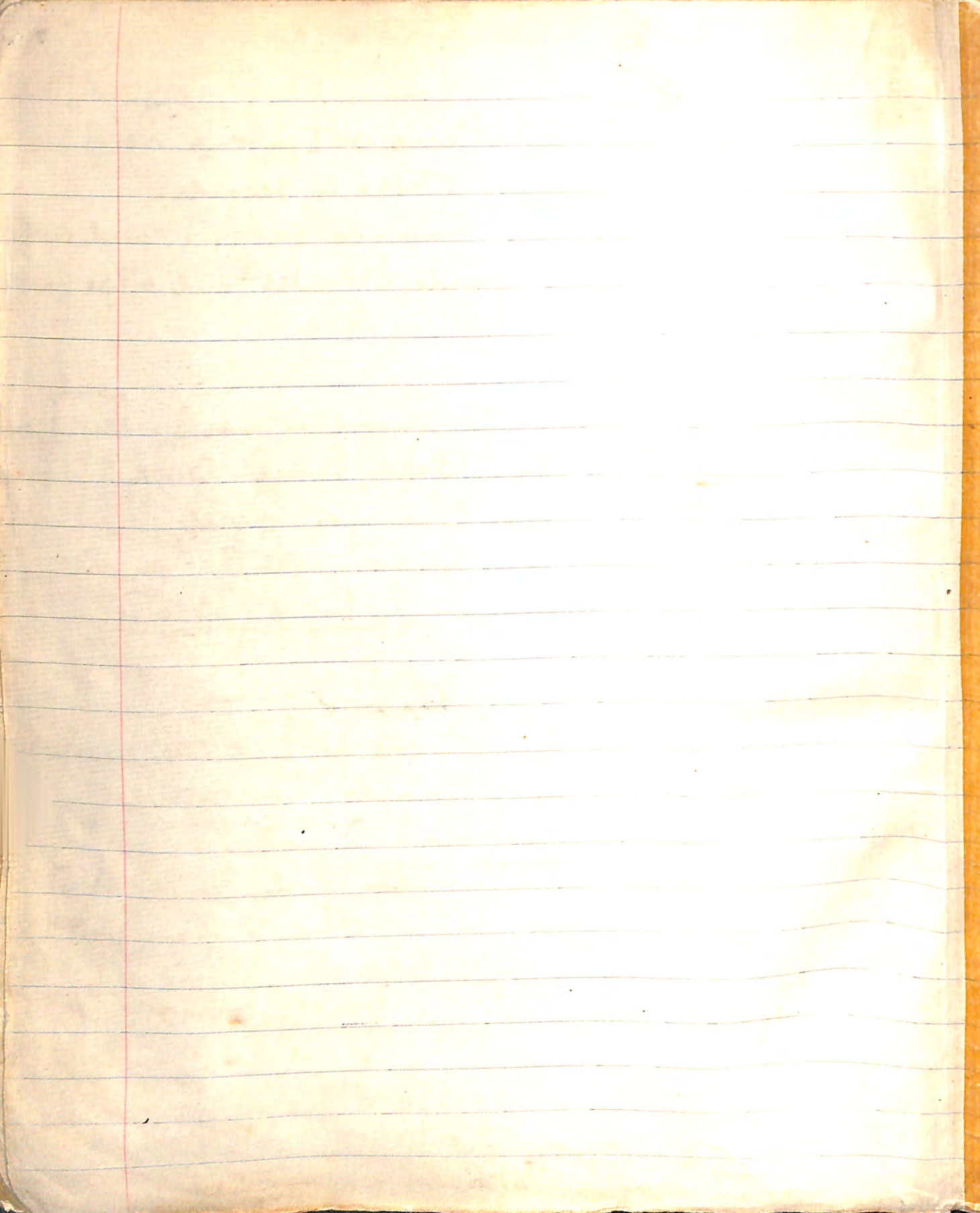
Learies let go of foil.

Learies over L. Hamlet to R.

(8.)

7th Bout. to guard = Tierce.

Hamlet 2 advances.



Learies. 1 advance. Feet. lunge.

Hamlet. Returns very low.

Learies. Cuts over.

Hamlet. Guards in pream. Cuts over
and wounds Learies.
