

J/HAMLET Well, God's mercy.

D/POLONIUS Do you know me, my lord?

J/HAMLET Excellent well! You are a fishmonger.

D/POLONIUS What do you read, my lord?

J/HAMLET Word, words, words.

D/POLONIUS *[Aside]* 7 K R X J K W K L V E H P D G Q H V V \ H W W K H U H · V  
P H W K R G L Q · W μ

A/OPHELIA *[Poking her head out from backstage]* Daddy, the  
players are here and they want to do a play—a  
S O D \ D Q G , G R Q · W N Q R Z Z K D W W K D W L V V R \ R X · G E H W W H U  
talk to them right away

*[She disappears.]*

D/POLONIUS ' 0 \ O R U G

*[Polonius follows Ophelia off.]*

J/HAMLET I am but mad north-northwest. When the wind is  
southerly,  
I know a hawk from a handsaw.  
, · O O K D Y H W K H V H S O D \ H U V S O D \ V R P H W K L Q J O L N H  
The murder of my father before mine uncle.



End Scene

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