

Denmark's a prison.

There is a willow grows

about a brook...  
when

down  
the  
weedy  
trophies  
and herself fell in

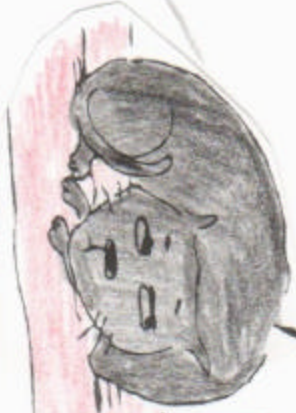
the weeping brook.

The King rises.



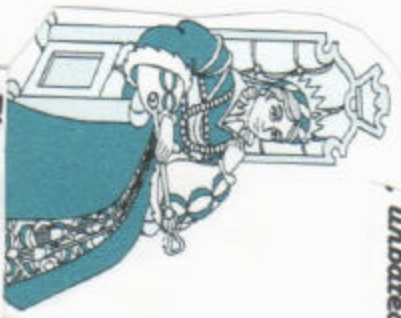
What, feighted with false free!

The play's the thing  
wherein I'll catch  
the conscience of  
the King.



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

not,  
? ?  
That is the question



Therefor our somati...

unbated and

Hamlet, thou art slain.

Adieu, Adieu, Adieu,  
remember me



the treacherous instrument is in thy hand

The King shall drink to Hamlet  
better breath, and in the cup  
an union shall throw,



richer than that which four  
successive kings in Denmark;  
crown have worn.

envenom'd.

