

HAMLET TO HAMILTON

Season One, Episode Seven
What's My Line (Ending)?

TEXTS

End Stopped Verse: *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, Sir Thomas Hughes (Act I, Scene 4)

MORDRED. A likely thing, your faults must make you friends;
What sets you both at odds must join you both.
Think well, he casts already for revenge,
And how to plague us both. I know his law;
A judge severe to us, mild to himself.
What then avails you to return too late,
When you have passed too far? You feed vain hopes.

End Stopped Verse: *Romeo and Juliet*, William Shakespeare (Act II, Scene 2)

ROMEO. But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun.
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

“Count to Ten” Verse: *Cupid and Psyche “The Bad Quarto (2008-2009),”*
Emily C. A. Snyder (Act I, Scene 1)

CUPID.

A tale there was! A bawdy tale! A tale
Of tails well chased! Women, aye and men, too.
Caught in the May-morning brambles, and the
Red satyrs’ arms, well-wound with climbing nymphs
That seemed at night to women be and now
Were found to be heady herbs and no women
There at all! This was much sport for Midsummer’s
Eve. To make men mad is my delight.
And thou, Adonis, spurned our sport—for fear,
No doubt, of my mother’s rage or else of
Hades’ bride. O be a man, Adonis!
Spurn the love of women, your mistresses
Curse and join us in the hunt for lusty
Swains and wretches and I swear you will be
Well-satisfied for your endeavor.
What say you?

Corrected Verse: *Cupid and Psyche (NYC 2014 Script)*
Emily C. A. Snyder (Act I, Scene 1)

CUPID.

A tale there was! A bawdy tale!
A tale of tails well chased. Women, aye, and men, too—
Caught in the May-morning brambles, and the Satyr’s
Hairy arms, well-wound with climbing nymphs
That seemed at night to women be, and now:
Were found to be herbs and no women there at all!
This was much sport for a Midsummer’s Eve.
To make all mortal men go mad is my delight.
And you, Adonis, spurned our night—for fear,
No doubt, of my mother’s rage or else...
Of Hades’ bride? O, be a man, Adonis!
Spurn the love of women, your mistresses curse
And join us in the hunt for lusty swains
And eager wenches. I swear you’ll be *well-*
Satisfied for your night’s endeavours.
What say you?

Original Soliloquy: *Cupid and Psyche* "The Bad Quarto (2008-2009),"
Emily C. A. Snyder (Act III, Scene 3)

CUPID.

A god of Passions, aye!—No more.
Two or five or twenty-five or fifty-two
Or more I've slain in search of Psyche's heart
Which she, with cunning, hath safe hid away.
My every step Persephone hath shadowed,
And every murder hath been a deal with Death
Who is most hungry for Psyche's soul...
Psyche, whom every day reviles me more.
O, she hath made a monster out of me!
Revealed me for what I truly am—a Beast,
A wretch, a god of lusts unsated.
For never was I a god of Love—O, no!
No god of Love could do what I have done.
Nor will she love, 'til loving I become.
O, let me patient be. But soft. Her sisters.

Emotive Formatting/Emotive Grammatical Verse: *Cupid and Psyche* (NYC 2014 Script), Emily C. A. Snyder (Act III, Scene 3)

CUPID.

Go, fool! Gloat.
 Your god is dead; the globe unhinged;
 Th'unguarded gateways to Olympus' crown
 Exposed. By *Psyche*—O!
 We are weakling gods! To be usurped
 By Reason's proud, unyielding ice-queen *harlot!*
 Virgin. (Nay, she's a virgin sure...)—yet not so chaste;
 There's fire in her yet, 'twill burn me cold.
 I'll have her.
Jade and strumpet! Where do you hide, my sweet?
 I'll have thee, *whore*—know thee, inhabit thee—
 Cleft thee in two and die in the remains—I'll—
 (*To ADONIS.*) But stay!...stay. I will be well.
 Sad confessor, fear me not. Nay, sit. Sit!
 Stay—and sit. I cannot kill thee twice.
 But soft.
 I am...
 ...Remembered of a thing. What was it?
 Of something soft—*remember!* Of something...
 Fragile as a newborn's sigh, as lovely
 As the dawn when sea and sky are one, as...
 Innocent as a window with new linens.
 O, there was Eden-breath once in these lungs,
 Eden-kisses on my lips, Eden-thoughts
 Within my all-too fevered brain. Pity me,
 Confessor. I am more Death's bonds slave—*bitch*—
 Than thee in all thy chains. But see, there's blood
 Upon my hands. It's strange there should be blood;
 Is't thine? O—she is lovely. My mistress,
 And my murderer.
 Nay, friend—take pity, pray, and tell me, too:
 Where the heart of *Psyche* lies? I'll eat it.
 And be made whole at last.

ADDITIONAL READING

Sir Thomas Hughes

- [*The Misfortunes of Arthur*](#)

William Shakespeare

- [*Romeo and Juliet*](#)
- [*The Winter's Tale*](#)

Emily C. A. Snyder

- 2009 “Bad Quarto” and 2014 NYC *Cupid and Psyche* [Patreon](#) | [Amazon](#)
- 2008 *Cupid and Psyche* [Video](#)
- 2014 *Cupid and Psyche* [Videos](#)

The Shakespeare Forum

- [Website](#)

Turn to Flesh Productions

- [Website](#)