UCLA

Contemporary Music Score Collection

Title

Hamlet (Act III, Scene 4)

Permalink

https://escholarship.org/uc/item/27b9v6f3

Author

Ramirez, Daniel Aaron

Publication Date



music by Daniel Aaron Ramirez
play by William Shakespeare

For performance information contact: elramirezdani@gmail.com

©2016, Daniel Aaron Ramirez

Incidental music to William Shakespeare's

HAMLET

ACT III SCENE 4

Daniel Aaron Ramirez

Instrumentation

Clarinet in Bb
Piano
Violin
*Actor

^{*} Piece may be performed with or without an actor.

Program Notes

Hamlet

Act III Scene 4

(segment of incidental music to Hamlet)

Act III, Scene 4 is a pivotal scene on which the play hinges, and is in some ways *Hamlet* in a nutshell. It includes a tense confrontation with Hamlet's mother, the impulsive killing of foolish Polonius (a mistake that seals Hamlet's fate), and a visitation from a Ghost.

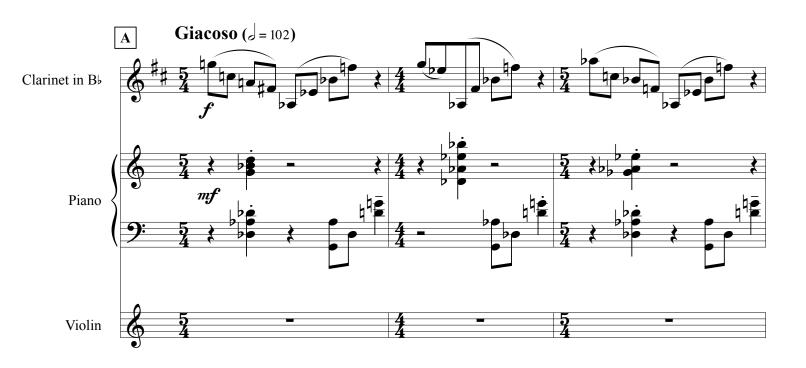
The instrumentation takes it's cue from the suite version of *L'histoire du Soldat* and begins with an introduction that captures Hamlet's frantic energy. We then move from inquisitorial probing to pointed action. It ends with an unsettling sweet melody expressing the affection between Hamlet and Gertrude while Polonius's dead body lay only feet away.

Hamlet is a play about action and thought. In Hamlet, mockery and sarcasm hide sincerity and vulnerability while heroism is mirrored by clumsy absurdity. It seems to me such a perfect analogy for our time and for music, particularly composing – caught in-between thought and action.

Full Score

Hamlet † Act 3 Scene 4 Overture

play by William Shakespeare music by Daniel Aaron Ramirez





†Note to Actor:

During sections where words and music occur simultaneously the only requirement is that they begin together. The alignment of music and words is approximate. The pacing and rhythm of delivery is entirely up to the discretion of the actor.

©2016, Daniel Aaron Ramirez



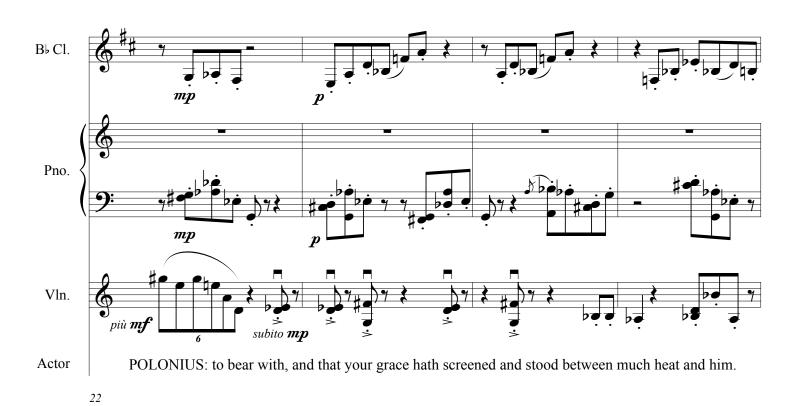




Act 3 Scene 4 **Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS**



POLONIUS: 'A will come straight. Look you lay home to him: Tell him his pranks have been too broad



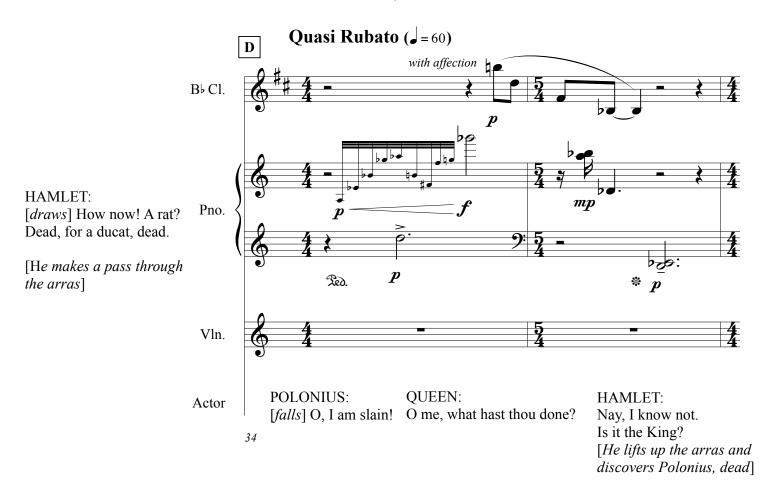




Hamlet

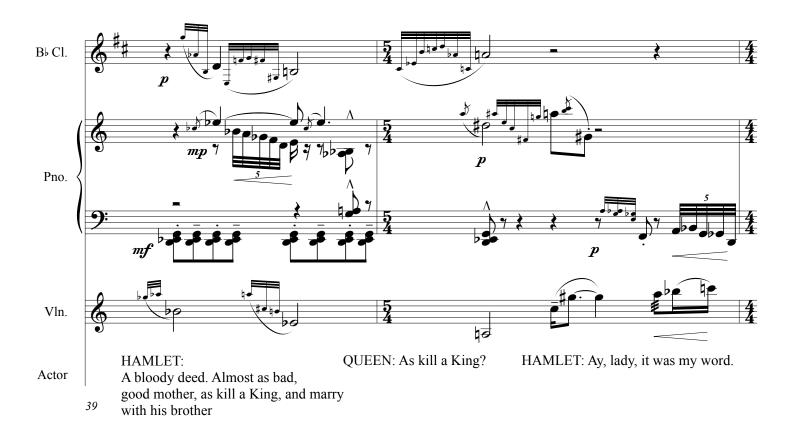
Enter HAMLET

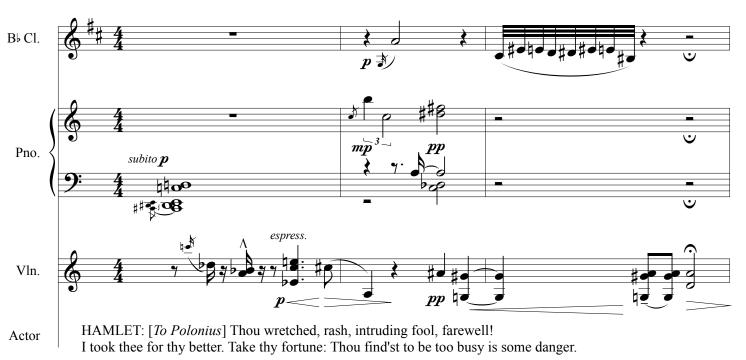
HAMLET	Now, mother, what's the matter?
QUEEN	Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.
HAMLET	Mother, you have my father much offended.
QUEEN	Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.
HAMLET	Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.
QUEEN	Why, how now, Hamlet?
HAMLET	What's the matter now?
QUEEN	Have you forgot me?
HAMLET	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.
HAMLET	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?
	Help, help, ho!
POLONIUS	[behind the arras] What, ho! Help, help!





Hamlet Act 3, Scene 4





HAMLET [To Queen] 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 damned custom have not brassed it so That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

QUEEN What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

HAMLET Look here, upon this picture, and on this;

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers. See what a grace was seated on this brow.

This was your husband. Look you now what follows.

Here is your husband, like a mildewed ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?

Would you step from this to this?

What devil was't

That thus hat cozened you at hoodman-blind?

O shame, where is thy blush?

QUEEN O Hamlet, speak no more.

Thou turn'st my eyes into my very soul,

And there I see such black and grained spots

As will not leave their tinct.

HAMLET Nay, but to live

In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,

Stewed in corruption, honeying and making love

Over the nasty sty –

QUEEN O speak to me no more.

These words like daggers enter in mine ears.

No more, sweet Hamlet.

HAMLET 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,

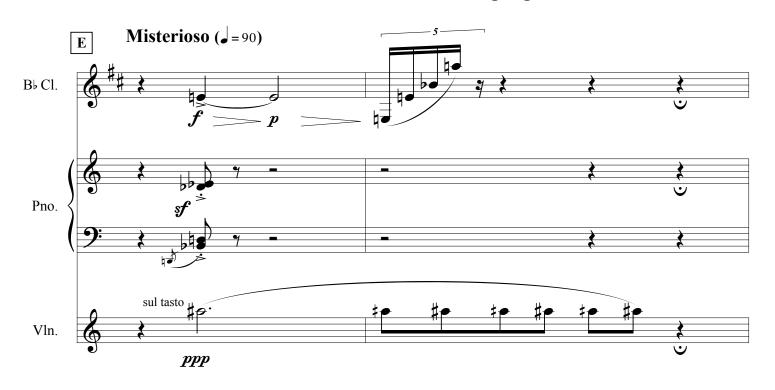
That from a shelf the precioius diadem stole

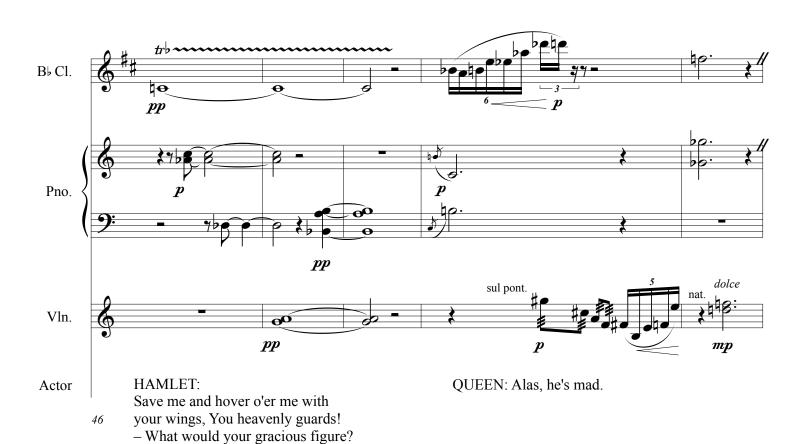
And put in his pocket –

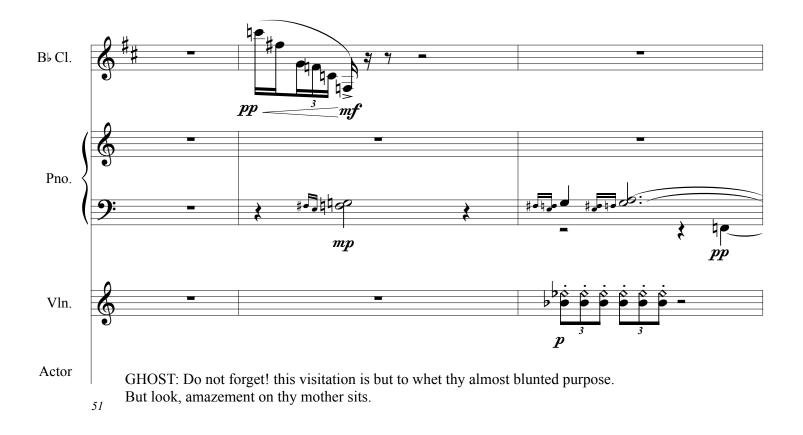
QUEEN No more.

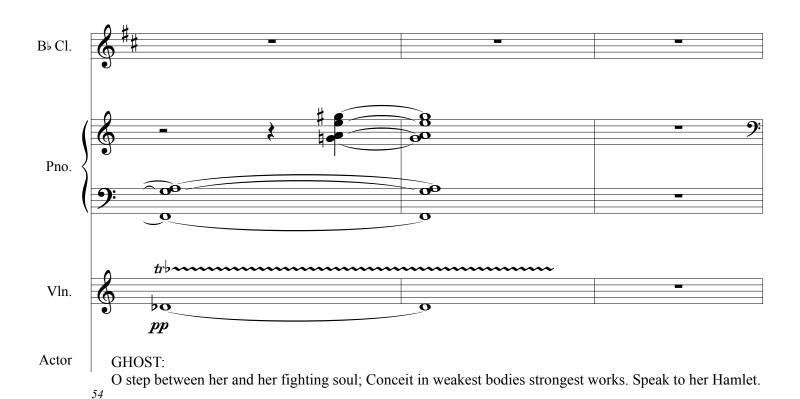
HAMLET A king of shreds and patches –

'Enter the GHOST in his night-gown'









HAMLET

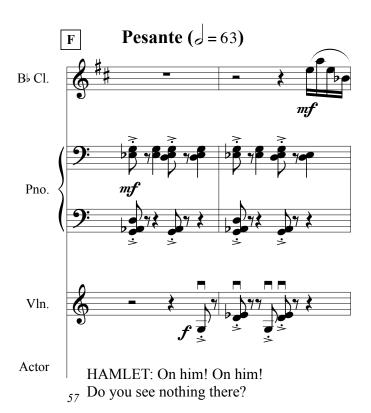
How is it with you, lady?

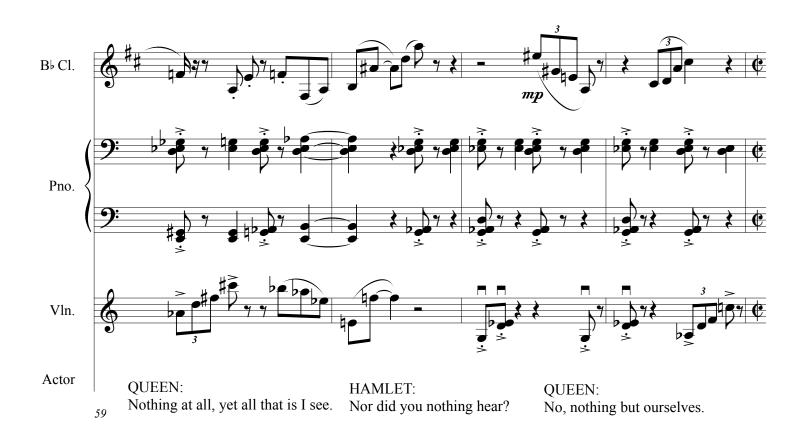
QUEEN

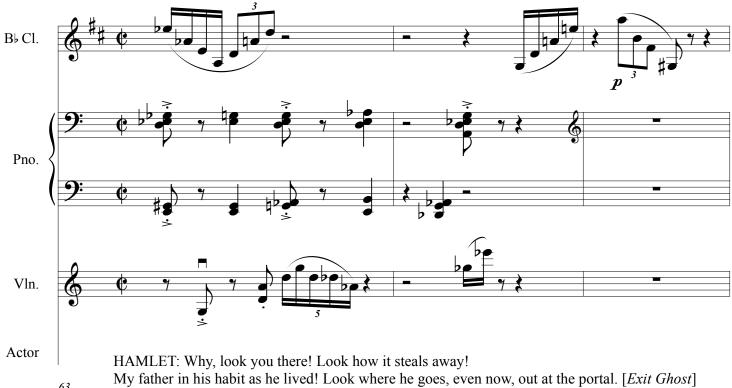
Alas, how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th'incorporal air do hold discourse?

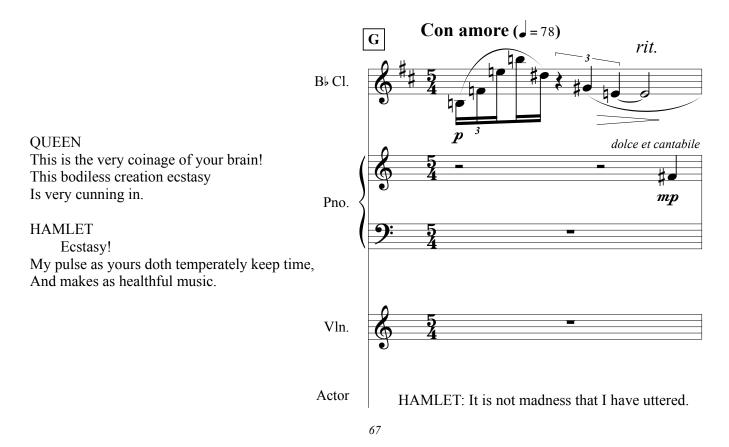
O gentle son,

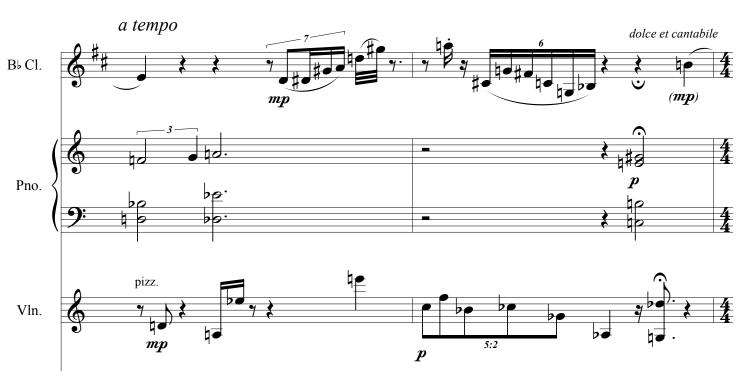
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper Sprinkle cool patience. Wereon do you look?





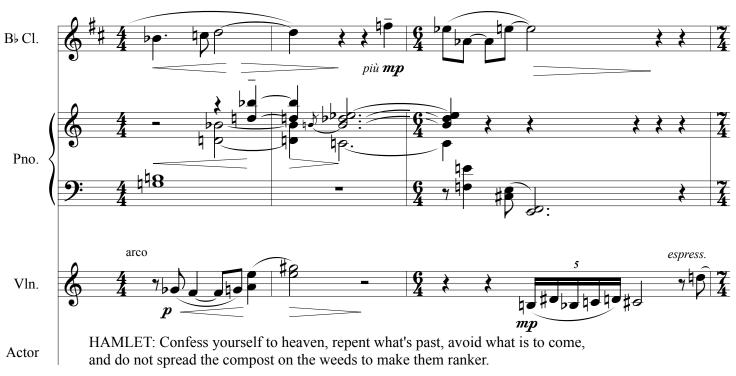






HAMLET: Bring me to the test and I the matter will re-word, which madness would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace, lay not that flattering unction to your soul, that not your trespass but my madness speaks.

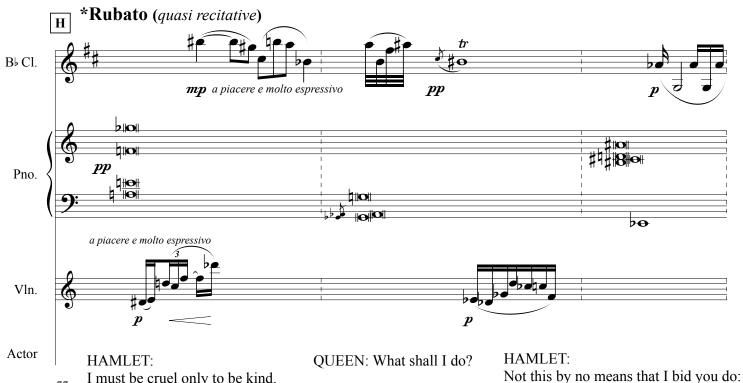
Actor





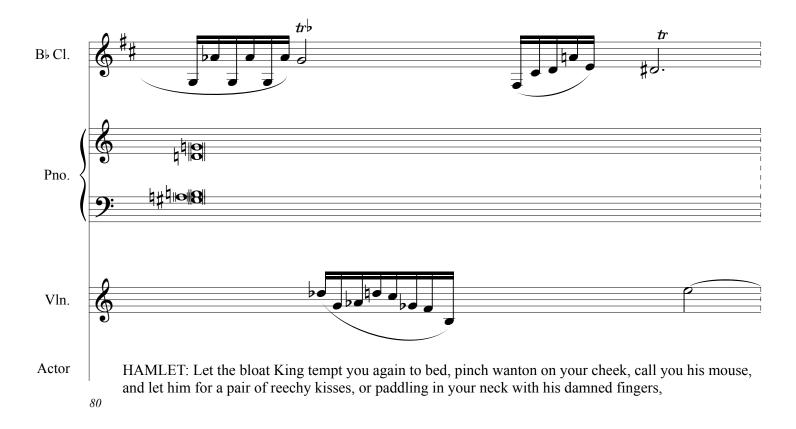


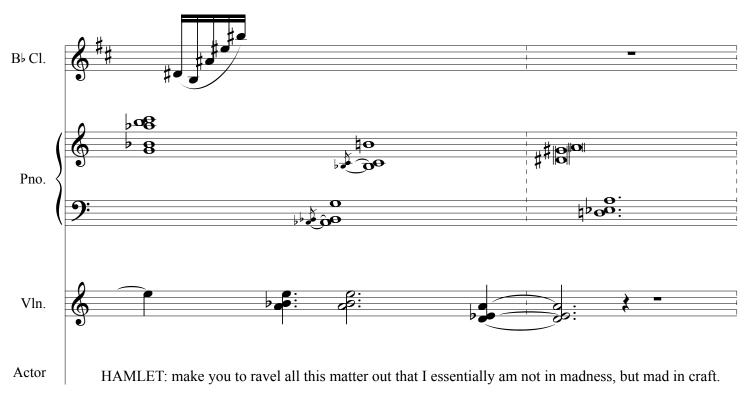
Actor HAMLET: Assume a virtue if you have it not. For use almost can change the stamp of nature, and either serve the devil, or throw him out with wondrous potency. Once more, good night.

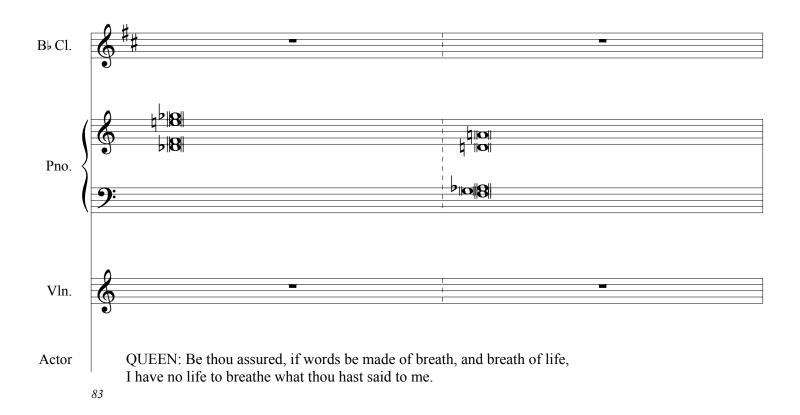


I must be cruel only to be kind.
This bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One more word, good lady.

*Rhythms are approximate. Musicians are suggested to roughly follow the actors pace, responding to the text. The order of the musical phrases are suggestions but not mandatory. It is possible for the musicians to finish before the actors and vice versa. (In the case of no actor the musicians will respond intuitively and freely to one another).







HAMLET I must to England, you know that?

QUEEN Alack,
I had forgot, 'tis so concluded on.

HAMLET There's letters sealed, and my two school-fellows – Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged – They bear the mandate. They must sweep my way And marshal me to knavery: let it work, For 'tis the sport to have the engineer Hoist with his own petar, and't shall go hard But I will delve one yard below their mines, And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet When in one line two crafts directly meet. This man shall send me packing.

