



ECHOES BETWEEN *HAMLET* AND MARLOWE

By heaven, thou echo'st me.

—*Othello*

(3.3.106)



Marlowe has a tendency to repeat himself, both within his own poems and plays and among his different works. Words, images, and entire lines frequently reappear, or scenes from one play are lightly rewritten and used in another. For example, one of Ophelia's most dramatic scenes in *Hamlet* parallels Zabina's in *Tamburlaine*. The actual wording is brief ("Come my coach" and "Make ready my coach"), but the intent is similar. Zabina calls for her coach to join her slain husband, while Ophelia intends to join her father (in the celestial carriage of Hecate, the queen of Night and goddess of the dead). Both are written in prose, a dramatic convention that Marlowe introduced for mad scenes and comic interludes. Altogether there are over one hundred parallels and echoes between *Hamlet* and Marlowe's early works. The material that follows includes strikingly similar lines such as "the undiscovered country from whose bourn / No traveler returns" in Prince Hamlet's "To be or not to be" soliloquy and Mortimer's lament in *Edward II* "as a traveller / Goes to discover countries yet unknown." But not all or even most of the passages rate five stars; many resonant words and phrases are Elizabethan commonplaces. Scores of echoes and allusions are included in the Annotations and nearly two hundred are listed by keyword in the Index in vol. 2. Whether reflecting his salad days, the lines, passages, and parallel constructions that follow show the master scholar, dramatist, and poet at the peak of his form. Playing freely with his stylistic palette of words, ideas, images, and metrical forms, he has created a "Poem unlimited" (2.2.374) that has endured the test of time—and achieved timelessness.

HAMLET

1. *Bar.* Who's there?
Fran. Nay, answer me. Stand and
 unfold yourself.
 (1.1.1–2)
2. He smote the sledded Polacks on
 the ice.
 (1.1.72)
3. As stars with trains of fire, and dews
 of blood
 (1.1.127)
4. Disasters in the sun; and the moist
 star
 (1.1.128)
5. Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth
 For which they say your spirits oft walk
 in death.
 Speak of it, stay, and speak, stop it
Marcellus.
 (1.1.145–148)
6. *Ham.* Seems Madam, nay it is, I
 know not seems,
 (1.2.78)

MARLOWE

1. Cried out. 'O gods! I tremble to
 unfold
 What you intend
 (*Lucan's First Book* 630–631)
- Yet more can happen than I can unfold
 (*Lucan's First Book* 634)
2. [U]pon an ivory sled
 Thou shalt be drawn amidst the frozen
 pools
 (*Tamburlaine* 1.2.98–99)
3. Next underneath the element of fire
 Were full of comets and of blazing stars,
 Whose flaming trains should reach
 down to the earth
 (*Tamburlaine* II 5.1.88–90)
4. Nor that night-wand'ring, pale and
 watery star
 (*Hero and Leander* 107)
- But now the winter's wrath, and wat'ry
 moon
 (*Lucan's First Book* 219)
5. And speak of spirits and ghosts that
 glide by night
 About the place where treasure hath
 been hid:
 And now methinks that I am one of
 those;
 For whilst I live, here lives my soul's
 sole hope,
 And when I die, here shall my spirit
 walk.
 (*Jew of Malta* 2.1.24–30)
6. Well said, Theridimas, speak in that
 mood,
 For "will" and "shall" best fitteth
 Tamburlaine
 (*Tamburlaine* 3.3.40–41)
- "Must!" 'Tis somewhat hard when
 kings "must" go.
 (*Edward II* 4.7.83)

HAMLET

7. 'Tis not alone my inky cloak good
mother
Nor customary suits of solemn black
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath
.....
For they are actions that a man might
play
But I have that within which passeth
show.

(1.2.79–81, 86–87)

8. 'Tis not alone my inky cloak good
mother
Nor customary suits of solemn black
(1.2.80–81)

So long, nay then let the Devil wear
black, for I'll have a suite of sables
(3.2.126–127)

9. As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on
(1.2.146–147)

10. I'll speak to it though hell itself
should gape.
(1.2.260)

11. "The chariest maid is prodigal
enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the
Moon."
. . . Be wary then, best safety lies in fear
(1.3.39–40, 46)

MARLOWE

7. 'Tis not thy bloody tents can make
me yield,
Nor yet thyself, the anger of the
Highest,
For, though thy cannon shook the city
walls,
My heart did never quake, or courage
faint.
(*Tamburlaine II* 5.1.103–106)

8. *Tamburlaine all in black, and very
melancholy*
(*Tamburlaine* s.d. 5.1.63)

Black are his colours, black pavilion
(*Tamburlaine* 4.1.59)

And all his students, clothed in
mourning black
(*Dr. Faustus* 5.3.18 B-text)

9. The heat and moisture, which did
feed each other,
For want of nourishment to feed them
both
(*Tamburlaine* 2.7.46–47)

Quod me nutrit me destruit.
["Consum'd by that which it was
nourish'd by"]
(Inscription on Marlowe's portrait)

10. Ugly hell, gape not
(*Dr. Faustus* 5.2.121)

11. The richest corn dies if it be not
reaped;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept.
(*Hero and Leander* 327–328)

HAMLET

12. “Costly thy habit as thy purse can
buy,
But not express’d in fancy; rich not
gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man”
(1.3.74–76)

13. The King doth wake tonight and
takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail and the swagg’ring up-
spring reels:
And as he drains his draughts of
Rhenish down
(1.4.9–11)

14. Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin
damn’d,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or
blasts from hell
(1.4.43–44)

15. Make thy two eyes like stars start
from their spheres
(1.5.21)

16. Thy knotted and combinèd locks
to part
(1.5.22)

17. Haste me to know’t, that I with
wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love
May sweep to my revenge.
(1.5.33–35)

MARLOWE

12. If outward habit judge the inward
man.
(*Tamburlaine* 1.2.163)

13. He took his rouse with stoups of
Rhenish wine
(*Dr. Faustus* 4.1.19 B-text)

14. What god, or fiend, or spirit of the
earth,
Or monster turned to manly shape,
.....
Whether from earth, or hell, or heaven
he grow.
(*Tamburlaine* 2.6.15–16, 23)

15. And sooner shall the sun fall from
his sphere
Than Tamburlaine be slain or over-
come
(*Tamburlaine* 1.2.175–176)

16. About them hangs a knot of amber
hair
Wrappèd in curls
(*Tamburlaine* 2.1.23–24)

Comes forth her unkembed locks
asunder tearing.
(*Ovid’s Elegies* 3.8.52)

17. That flies with fury swifter than
our thoughts
(*Tamburlaine II* 4.1.5)

These are the wings shall make it fly as
swift
As doth the lightning or the breath of
heaven,
And kill as sure as it swiftly flies.
(*Tamburlaine* 2.3.57–59)

HAMLET

18. *Ghost*. Ay that incestuous, that
adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with
traitorous gifts,
O wicked wit, and gifts that have the
power . . .

(1.5.47–49)

19. Brief let me be; sleeping within my
Orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour, thy Uncle stole
With juice of cursed Hebona 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

(1.5.63–71)

20. O earth, what else,
. . . remember thee

(1.5.96, 99)

21. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

(1.5.121)

22. As I perchance hereafter shall think
meet,

To put an Antic disposition on
(1.5.187–188)

23. The time is out of joint, O cursed
spite

That ever I was born to set it right.
(1.5.204–205)

MARLOWE

18. No gifts given secretly thy crime
bewray

(*Ovid's Elegies* 2.5.6)

But when in gifts the wise adulteror
came

(*Ovid's Elegies* 3.7.33–34)

Sweet father, here unto thy murdered
ghost,

I offer up the wicked traitor's head.

(*Edward II* 5.6.98–99)

19. Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a
quill

And blow a little powder in his ears,
Or open his mouth and pour quick-
silver down.

(*Edward II* 5.4.33–35)

. . . the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
The juice of hebon, and Cocytus'
breath

(*Jew of Malta* 3.4.102–103)

20. Remember thee, fellow? What else!

(*Edward II* 4.7.118)

21. So-ho, ho! So-ho, ho!

(*Dr. Faustus* 4.1.177)

22. . . . dance an antic hay.

(*Edward II* 1.1.59)

23. Aeneas, be not moved at what he
says,

For otherwise he will be out of joint.

(*Dido Queen of Carthage*, 3.3.23–24)

Doutless Apollo's axle-tree is cracked,
Or aged Atlas' shoulder is out of joint

(*Dido Queen of Carthage* 4.1.11–12)

HAMLET

MARLOWE

24. 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 stay'd he so
(2.1.93-97)

25. Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward
man
Resembles that it was
(2.2.6-7)

26. To the Celestial and my soul's Idol,
the most beautified
Ophelia
(2.2.115-116)

27. Doubt thou the stars are fire,
Doubt that the Sun doth move,
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt I love.
(2.2.121-224)

28. O God, I could be bounded in a
nutshell, and count myself a King of
infinite space
(2.2.253-254)

29. . . . this majestical roof fretted with
golden fire
(2.2.93)

30. What a piece of work is a man,
how noble in reason, how infinite in
faculties, 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, nor woman neither,
though by your smiling, you seem to

24. And now Leander, fearing to be
missed,
Embraced her suddenly, took leave,
and kissed.
Long was he taking leave
(*Hero and Leander* 575-577)

25. If outward habit judge the inward
man.
(*Tamburlaine* 1.2.163)

26. May never such a change transform
my love,
In whose sweet being I repose my life,
Whose heavenly presence, beautified
with health
(*Tamburlaine II* 2.4.47-49)

27. If these delights thy mind may
move,
Come with me, and be my love.
(*The Passionate Shepherd to
His Love* 23-24)

28. And as their wealth increaseth, so
enclose
Infinite riches in a little room.
(*Jew of Malta* 1.1.36-37)

29. The golden ball of heaven's
eternal fire
(*Tamburlaine II* 2.4.2)

30. Our souls, whose faculties can
comprehend
The wondrous architecture of the
world
And measure every wand'ring planet's
course,
Still climbing after knowledge infinite
And always moving as the restless
spheres,
Wills us to wear ourselves and never
rest

HAMLET

MARLOWE

- say so.
(2.2.295–300)
- With thoughts beyond the reaches of
our souls.
(1.4.59)
31. “. . . nor *Plautus* too light for the
law of writ”
(2.2.374–375)
32. ’The rugged Pyrrhus, like
th’Hyrcanian beast
(2.2.411)
33. With heraldy more dismal head to
foot,
Now is he [Pyrrhus] total Gules
horridly trick’d
With blood of fathers, mothers,
daughters, sons
(2.2.416–418)
34. *Pyrrhus* at *Priam* drives, in rage
strikes wide,
But with the whiff and wind of his fell
sword,
Th’unnervèd father falls
(2.2.431–433)
- Until we reach the ripest fruit of all
(*Tamburlaine* 2.7.21–27)
- The only paragon of *Tamburlaine*,
Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps
of heaven,
And speech more pleasant than sweet
harmony
(*Tamburlaine* 3.3.119–121)
- If all the heavenly quintessence they still
From their immortal flowers of poesy,
Wherein as in a mirror we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit
(*Tamburlaine* 5.1.165–168)
31. . . . and *Plautus* full of wit,
Are both in fame’s eternal legend writ.
(*Ovid’s Elegies* 1.15.19–20)
32. And tigers of *Hyrcania* gave thee
suck.
(*Dido Queen of Carthage* 5.1.159)
- Inhuman creatures, nursed with tiger’s
milk.
(*Edward II* 5.1.71)
- A brood of barbarous tigers . . .
. . . in *Hircania*, evermore
Will rage and prey
(*Lucan’s First Book* 327–330)
33. At last came *Pyrrhus*, fell and full
of ire,
The harness dropping blood, and on
his spear
The mangled head of *Priam*’s youngest
son
(*Dido Queen of Carthage* 2.1.213–215)
34. Forgetting both his want of
strength and hands:
Which he [*Priam*] disdainingly, whisked
his sword about,
And with the wind thereof the King
fell down.
(*Dido Queen of Carthage* 2.1.252–254)

HAMLET

35. Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune,
all you gods,
In general synod take away her power,
Break all the spokes, and fellies from
her wheel

(2.2.452–454)

36. A silence in the heavens, the rack
stand still

(2.2.443)

37. And bowl the round nave down
the hill of heaven

(2.2.455)

38. . . . come to *Hecuba*. . . .

Player. Run barefoot up and down,
threat'ning the flames
With *Bisson* rheum, a clout upon that
head
Where late the Diadem stood, and for
a robe,
About her lank and all o'erteemed
loins,
A blanket in the alarm of fear caught
up

(2.2.459, 463–467)

39. O what a rogue and peasant slave
am I.

(2.2.501)

40. About, my brains; hum

(2.2.539)

hum, this fellow might be in's time a
great buyer of Land

(5.1.88)

41. . . . the Devil hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape

(2.2.550–551)

42. Wherein I'll catch the conscience
of the King.

(2.2.556)

MARLOWE

35. Base Fortune, now I see that in thy
wheel
There is a point to which, when men
aspire,
They tumble headlong down.

(*Edward II* 5.6.58–60)

36. Stand still, you watches of the
element

(*Edward II* 5.1.66)

37. To cast up hills against the face of
heaven

(*Tamburlaine* 2.6.3)

38. Who then ran to the palace of the
King,

And at Jove's altar finding Priamus,
About whose withered neck hung
Hecuba,
Folding him hand in hers, and jointly
both
Beating their breasts and falling on the
ground

(*Dido Queen of Carthage* 2.1.224–228)

39. What a damned slave was I!

(*Jew of Malta* 5.1.23)

40. Hum, what's here to do?

(*Jew of Malta* 1.2.76–77)

41. I charge thee to return and change
thy shape

(*Dr. Faustus* 1.3.24 B-text)

42. “. . . for my conscience's sake will
kill the King.”

(*Massacre at Paris* 23.24–25)

HAMLET

MARLOWE

43. To be, or not to be, that is the question (3.1.62)
44. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take Arms against a sea of troubles
(3.1.63–65)
45. . . . 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd
(3.1.69–70)
46. The undiscovered country from
whose bourn
No traveler returns
(3.1.85–86)
47. Thus conscience does make
cowards of us all
(3.1.89)
48. *Ham.* That if you be honest &
fair, your honesty should admit no
discourse to your beauty.
Oph. Could beauty my Lord have
better commerce
Than with honesty?
(3.1.114–117)
49. Get thee to a Nunnery
(3.1.126)
50. O wha a noble mind is here
o'erthrown!
(3.1.151)
43. Bid *On kai me on* [being and non-
being] farewell.
(*Dr. Faustus* 1.1.12)
44. For such outrageous passions cloy
my soul
As with the wings of rancour and
disdain
Full often am I soaring up to heaven,
To plain me to the gods against them
both.
(*Edward II* 5.1.19–22)
45. *Consummatum est.* ["It is finished"
Christ's last words]
(*Dr. Faustus* 2.1.74)
46. Weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and as a
traveller
Goes to discover countries yet
unknown.
(*Edward II* 5.6.63–65)
47. I know, sir, what it is to kill a man;
It works remorse of conscience in me.
(*Tamburlaine II* 4.1.27–28)
- His conscience kills it
(*Dr. Faustus* 5.2.13 B-text)
48. *Tamburlaine.* . . . Ah, fair
Zenocrate, divine Zenocrate,
'Fair' is too foul an epithet for thee
.....
Where Beauty, mother to the Muses,
sits
(*Tamburlaine* 5.1.135–136, 144)
49. And thou again got to the
nunnery?
(*Jew of Malta* 3.4.4)
50. In which extreme my mind here
murdered is.
(*Edward II* 5.1.55)

HAMLET

51. . . . there's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on
brood

.....
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his
heart

(3.1.165–66, 172–174)

52. . . . whirlwind of your passion
(3.2.5–6)

53. . . . the purpose of playing, whose
end both at the first, and now, was and
is, to hold, as 'twere the Mirror up to
nature

(3.2.16–18)

54. Cannot you stay till I eat my
porridge?

(3.2.38)

55. *Ham.* Lady shall I lie in your lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I mean my Head upon your
Lap?

Ophe. Ay my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant country
matters?

Ophe. I think nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie
between maids' legs.

(3.2.110–116)

56. O God your only Jig-maker, what
should a man do but be merry

(3.2.122–123)

MARLOWE

51. Come, let us think upon some
pleasing sport
To rid me from these melancholy
thoughts.

(*Dido Queen of Carthage* 2.1.302–303)

52. I know not whither my mind's
whirlwind drives me

(*Ovid's Elegies* 2.9.28)

53. View but his picture in this tragic
glass

(*Tamburlaine*, Prologue 7)

Wherein as in a mirror we perceive
The highest reaches of a human wit

(*Tamburlaine* 5.1.167–168)

54. Let the maids look well to their
porridge pots

(*Dr. Faustus* 3.3.51–52 B-text)

But first go fetch me in the pot of rice
That for our supper stands upon the
fire.

(*Jew of Malta* 3.4.49–50)

55. *Bellamira.* Come, gentle

Ithamore, lie in my lap.

Ithamore. Love me little, love me
long, let music rumble,

Whilst I in thy inconvy lap do tumble.

(*Jew of Malta* 4.4.31–33)

Lay down thy forehead in thy lap

(*Ovid's Elegies* 2.2.24)

56. From jiggling veins of rhyming
mother-wits

(*Tamburlaine* Prologue 1)

MARLOWE

HAMLET

57. And thirty dozen Moons with
borrowed sheen
(3.2.149)
58. Our wills and fates do so contrary
run,
That our devices still are overthrown.
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none
of our own
(3.2.204–206)
59. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs
fit, and time agreeing,
Confederate season else no creature s
eeing,
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.
(3.2.244–249)
60. What, frightened with false fire.
(3.2.254)
61. you would pluck out the heart of
my mystery
(3.2.339–340)
62. Hazard so near's as doth hourly
grow
Out of his brows.
(3.3.6–7)

MARLOWE

57. Before the moon remove her
borrowed light
(*Tamburlaine* 1.1.69)
58. The chiefest God, first mover of
that sphere
Enclosed with thousands ever-shining
lamps,
Will sooner burn the glorious frame of
heaven
Than it should so conspire my over-
throw.
(*Tamburlaine* 4.2.8–11)
- It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by fate.
(*Hero and Leander* 167–168)
59. Whilst on thy head I lay my hand
And charm thee with this magic wand.
First wear this girdle; then appear
Invisible to all are here.
The planets seven, the gloomy air,
Hell and the Furies' forkèd hair,
Pluto's blue fire, and Hecate's tree
With magic spells so compass thee
That no eye may thy body see.
(*Dr. Faustus* 3.2.15–23 B-text)
60. Frighted the melancholy earth,
which deemed
Eternal heaven to burn
(*Hero and Leander* 99–100)
61. Pluck up your hearts
(*Dido Queen of Carthage* 1.1.149)
- Both loves to whom my heart long
time did yield,
Your golden ensigns pluck out of my
field.
(*Ovid's Elegies* 3.14.15–16)
62. I see my tragedy written in thy
brows.
(*Edward II* 5.5.73)

HAMLET

63. . . . it is a massy wheel
 Fix'd on the summit of the highest
 mount,
 To whose huge spokes, ten thousand
 lesser things
 Are mortised and adjoin'd
 (3.3.18–21)

64. When Churchyards yawn, and hell
 itself breathes out
 Contagion to this world: now could I
 drink hot blood,

 Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe
 (3.2.358–59, 3.3.74)

65. Look here upon this Picture, and
 on this,
 The counterfeit presentment of two
 brothers
 (3.4.60–61)

66. To flaming youth let virtue be as
 wax
 And melt in her own fire
 (3.4.91–92)

67. Save me and hover o'er me with
 your wings
 You heavenly guards
 (3.4.115–116)

MARLOWE

Upon his brows was portrayed ugly
 death
 (*Tamburlaine* 3.2.72)

63. As when the massy substance of
 the earth
 Quiver about the axletree of heaven?
 (*Tamburlaine II* 1.1.89–90)

And fetch the treasure of all foreign
 wrecks—
 Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers
 hid
 Within the massy entrails of the earth.
 (*Dr. Faustus* 1.1.147–149)

64. To him I'll build an altar and a
 church,
 And offer lukewarm blood of new-
 born babes.
 (*Dr. Faustus* 2.1.12–13 B-text)

65. Here, take my picture and let me
 wear thine. [*They exchange miniature
 portraits*]
 (*Edward II* 1.4.127, s.d.)

66. I'll frame me the wings of wax like
 Icarus,
 And o'er his ships will soar unto the
 sun,
 That they may melt and I fall in his
 arms
 (*Dido Queen of Carthage* 5.1.243–245)

His waxen wings did mount above his
 reach,
 And melting heavens conspired his
 overthrow. (*Dr. Faustus*, Prologue
 21–22)

67. And, mounted then upon a
 dragon's back,
 That with his wings did part the subtle air
 (*Dr. Faustus* 3.Chorus 17–18 B-text)

HAMLET

MARLOWE

68. That you do bend your eye on
vacancy,
And with th'incorporal air do hold
discourse
(3.4.129–130)
69. O *Hamlet*, thou hast cleft my heart
in twain.
(3.4.170)
70. That I must be their scourge and
minister
(3.4.189)
71. Two thousand souls, & twenty
thousand ducats
Will not debate the question of this
straw
(4.4.26–27)
- . . . I see
The imminent death of twenty
thousand men
(4.4.61–62)
- Now wish I those wings noble Perseus had
(*Ovid's Elegies* 3.5.13)
- O that these tardy arms of mine were
wings
(*Hero and Leander* 689)
68. Wherin an incorporeal spirit moves,
Made of the mould whereof thyself
consists
(*Tamburlaine II* 4.1.116–117)
- . . . for incorporeal Fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but
her name,
Is swifter than the wind
(*Hero and Leander* 597–599)
69. . . . draw thy sword,
And wound the earth, that it may
cleave in twain.
(*Tamburlaine II* 2.4.96–97)
70. I that am termed the scourge and
wrath of God
(*Tamburlaine* 3.3.44)
71. And now we will to fair Persepolis
With twenty thousand expert soldiers.
(*Tamburlaine* 2.5.24–25)
- A 'jest,' to charge on twenty-thousand
men?
I judge the purchase more important
far.
(*Tamburlaine* 2.5.91–92)
- Twice twenty thousand valiant men-at-arms
All of which have sworn to sack Natolia
(*Tamburlaine II* 1.3.120–121)
- And thou, Aeneas, Dido's treasury,
In whose fair bosom I will lock more
wealth
Than twenty thousand Indias can
afford.
(*Dido Queen of Carthage* 3.1.90–92)

HAMLET

MARLOWE

72. *Hora.* 'Twere good she were
spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding
minds, . . .
*Enter Ophelia [playing on a Lute,
and her haire down singing].*
(4.5.15–16, 22, s.d.)

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin
Crants,
Her maiden strewments
(5.1.199–200)

73. Come my Coach.
(4.5.64)

74. "They bore him barefaced on the
Bier, *Song.*
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony
(4.5.165–166)

75. There's Fennel for you, and
Columbines, there's Rue for you, &
here's some for me, we may call it herb
of Grace o' Sundays, Oh you must
wear your Rue with a difference,
there's a Daisy, I would give you some
Violets
(4.5.178–181)

76. That as the star moves not but in
his sphere
(4.7.17)

77. Is the great love the general gender
bear him
(4.7.20)

72. I'll follow thee with outcries ne'er
the less,
And strew thy walks with my
dishevelled hair.
(*Dido Queen of Carthage* 4.2.55–56)

73. Make ready my coach, my chair,
my jewels, I come, I come, I come!
(*Tamburlaine* 5.1.17–18)

74. If he had but the quality of hey,
ding, ding, hey, ding, ding
(*Dr. Faustus* 4.1.132–133)

75. And strew him with sweet-smelling
violets,
Blushing roses, purple hyacinths
(*Dido Queen of Carthage* 2.1.318–19)

76. As are the elements, such are the
spheres,
Mutually folded in each others' orb
(*Dr. Faustus* 2.3.38–39)

Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of
heaven
(*Dr. Faustus* 5.2.146 B-text)

77. I dare not, for the people love him
well.
(*Edward II* 2.2.234)

HAMLET

78. I bought an unction of a
 Mountebank,
 So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
 Where it draws blood, no Cataplasm so
 rare,
 Collected from all simples that have
 virtue
 Under the Moon, can save the thing
 from death
 That is but scratch'd withal, I'll touch
 my point
 With this contagion, that if I gall him
 slightly, it may be death.
 (4.7.152–158)

79. When down her weedy trophies
 and herself
 Fell in the weeping Brook, her clothes
 spread wide,
 And Mermaid like awhile they bore her
 up,
 Which time she chanted snatches of
 old lauds,
 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,
 Pull'd the poor wretch from her
 melodious lay
 To muddy death.
 (4.7.185–194)

80. And Mermaid like awhile they bore
 her up
 (4.7.187)

MARLOWE

78. An ointment which a cunning
 alchemist
 Distillèd from the purest balsamum
 And simplest extracts of all minerals,
 In which the essential form of marble
 stone,
 Tempered by science metaphysical
 And spells of magic from the mouths
 of spirits,
 With which, if you but 'noint your
 tender skin,
 Nor pistol, sword, nor lance, can pierce
 your flesh.
 (*Tamburlaine II* 4.2.59–66)

A poisoned knife! What, shall the
 French King die
 Wounded and poisoned both at once?
 (*Massacre at Paris* 24.75–76)

79. This said, her coat hoodwinked her
 fearful eyes,
 And into water desperately she flies.
 'Tis said the slippery stream held up
 her breast,
 And kindly gave her what she likèd
 best.
 And I believe some wench thou hast
 affected,
 But woods and groves keep your faults
 undetected.
 While thus I speak the waters more
 abounded,
 And from the channel all abroad
 surrounded.
 Mad stream, why dost our mutual joys
 defer?
 (*Ovid's Elegies* 3.5.79–87)

80. That mermaid like unto the floor
 she slid
 (*Hero and Leander* 799)

HAMLET

MARLOWE

81. knock'd about the Mazard with a
Sexton's spade; here's fine revolution,
and we had the trick to see't, did these
bones cost no more the breeding
(5.1.76–79)

82. . . . where be his quiddities now
(5.1.85)

83. *Clown*: . . . For such a Guest is
meet.
(5.1.102)

84. *Clown*. 'Tis a quick lie sir, 'twill
away again from me to you.
(5.1.108)

85. And with such maimèd rites this
doth betoken
(5.1.186)

86. O treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursèd
head,
Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious
sense
Deprived thee of, hold off the earth
awhile
(5.1.217–220)

87. Conjures the wand'ring stars, and
makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded hearers
(5.1.228–229)

81. There I enriched the priests with
burials.
And always kept the sexton's arms in
ure
With digging graves and ringing dead
men's knells.
(*Jew of Malta* 2.3.188–190)

82. And *ipse dixi* with this quiddity
(*Massacre at Paris* 9.33)

We'll canvass every quiddity thereof
(*Dr. Faustus* 1.1.166)

83. Therefore 'tis good and meet to be
wise
(*Tamburlaine* 1.1.34)

84. *Robin* [*Clown*]. Nay, there you lie.
'Tis beyond us both.
(*Dr. Faustus* 3.3.26–27 B-text)

85. By curing of this maimèd empery
(*Tamburlaine* 1.1.126)

Nor stern nor anchor have our maimèd
fleet
(*Dido Queen of Carthage* 3.1.108)

86. I glory in the curses of my foes,
Having the power from th'empyreal
heaven
To turn them all upon their proper
heads.
(*Tamburlaine* 4.4.29–31)

87. Now are those spheres where
Cupid used to sit,
Wounding the world with wonder and
with love
(*Tamburlaine II* 2.4.81–82)

HAMLET

MARLOWE

88. For though I am not splenitive and
rash,
Yet have I something in me dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear; hold off thy
hand

.....
the readiness is all

(5.1.233–35, 5.2.201–202)

89. As peace should still her wheaten
garland wear

(5.2.44)

90. there's a special providence in the
fall of a Sparrow

(5.2.199–200)

91. Your skill shall like a star i' th'
darkest night
Stick fiery off indeed.

(5.2.237–238)

92. Stay, give me drink, *Hamlet* this
pearl is thine.
Here's to thy health: give him the cup.

(5.2.271–272)

93. *Quee.* The Queen carouses to thy
fortune *Hamlet.*

.....
King. It is the poison'd cup, it is
too late.

(5.2.279, 283)

94. Had I but time, as this fell sergeant
Death

Is strict in his arrest, O I could tell you

(5.2.330–331)

88. I cannot choose but like thy
readiness.

Yet be not rash, but do it cunningly.

(*Jew of Malta* 5.3.382–383)

89. The grain-rich goddess in high
woods did stray,
Her long hair's ear-wrought garland
fell away.

(*Ovid's Elegies* 3.9.35–36)

90. Where sparrows perched

.....
Even as a bird, which in our hands we
wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with
her wing

(*Hero and Leander* 33, 773–774)

Thy tunes let this rare bird's
[sparrow's] sad funeral borrow

(*Ovid's Elegies* 2.6.9)

91. And with his flaring beams mocked
ugly Night

(*Hero and Leander* 816)

92. And in your hands bring hellish
poison up
And squeeze it in the cup of Tamberlaine!

(*Tamburlaine* 4.4.19–20)

93. Would Lancaster and he had both
caroused

A bowl of poison to each other's health!

(*Edward II* 2.2.236–237)

94. And Death arrests the organs of
my voice

(*Tamburlaine* 2.7.8)

Ah, that the deadly pangs I suffer now
Would lend an hour's licence to my tongue.

(*Tamburlaine* 5.1.423–424)

HAMLET

95. . . . O I could tell you,
But let it be; *Horatio* I am dead,
Thou livest, report me and my cause
aright
To the unsatisfied.
(5.2.331–334)

96. O God *Horatio*, what a wounded
name
Things standing thus unknown, shall
live behind me?
(5.2.340–341)

97. But I do prophesy th'election
lights
On *Fortinbrasse*, he has my dying voice,
So tell him, with th'occurents more
and less
(5.2.351–353)

98. good night sweet Prince
(5.2.355)

99. And flights of Angels sing thee to
thy rest.
(5.2.356)

100. Fall'n on th'inventors' heads: all
this can I
Truly deliver.
(5.2.382–384)

101. Take up the bodies, such a sight
as this,
Becomes the field, but here shows
much amiss.
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.
*Exeunt Marching: after the which, a
Peale of Ordnance are shot off.*
(5.2.401–403 and s.d.)

MARLOWE

95. Make much of them, gentle
Theridamas,
And they will never have thee tell the
death.
(*Tamburlaine* 1.2.246–247)

96. Will you make shipwrack of
your honest name,
And let the world be witness of the
same?
(*Ovid's Elegies* 3.13.11–12)

97. Now let the house of Bourbon
wear the crown;
And may it never end in blood as mine
hath done!
(*Massacre at Paris* 24.93–94)

98. Farewell, sweet wife, sweet son,
farewell, I die
(*Tamburlaine II* 3.4.10)

Sweet prince, I come
(*Edward II* 1.1.6)

99. And both our souls aspire celestial
thrones.
(*Tamburlaine* 1.2.236)

100. To turn them all upon their
proper heads
(*Tamburlaine* 4.4.31)

For he that did by treason work
our fall,
By treason hath delivered thee to us.
(*Jew of Malta* 5.5.108–09)

101. *They march out, with the body of
the King lying on four men's shoulders,
with a dead march, drawing weapons
upon the ground.*
(*Massacre at Paris* s.d. 24.111)