

Wally  
rev. 2006

Subtotal =

75 +

EXTRA CREDIT

Grand total =

75

New

2 blue sheets inside pac.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Hr. \_\_\_\_\_

Date due \_\_\_\_\_

**SUMMARIES OF HAMLET'S SOLILOQUIES**

10

(7 pts for the 7 boxes  
3 pts. for the vocab)

You are to summarize using only the defined space. You must include all relevant ideas presented in the soliloquy.

sol. #1 "O that this too, too sullied flesh" (p. 14)

[Empty box for summarizing soliloquy #1]

You are required to write a few →

sol. #1 troublesome/ambiguous vocabulary/definitions:

- 
- 
- 

and to write definitions for any you list!

sol. #2 "O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?" (p. 31)

[Empty box for summarizing soliloquy #2]

sol. #2 troublesome/ambiguous vocabulary/definitions:

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- 
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sol. #3 "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I" (p. 58)

[Empty box for summarizing soliloquy #3]

sol. #3 troublesome/ambiguous vocabulary/definitions:

- 
- 
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sol. #4 "To be or not to be: that is the question" (p. 63)

sol. #4 troublesome/ambiguous vocabulary/definitions:

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- 
- 

mini sol. "'Tis now the very witching time of night," (p. 82)

mini sol. troublesome/ambiguous vocabulary/definitions:

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sol. #5 "Now might I do it pat, now 'a is a-praying" (p. 85)

sol. #5 troublesome/ambiguous vocabulary/definitions:

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sol. #6 "How all occasions do inform against me . . ." (p. 101)

sol. #6 troublesome/ambiguous vocabulary/definitions:

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Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Hr. \_\_\_\_\_ Due date: \_\_\_\_\_

Soliloquy #1 PARAPHRASE (p. 14 new)

- do this in 1st person
- do not combine lines!

10  
+5 per side

Hamlet. O that this too too sullied<sup>o</sup> flesh would melt,

Your translation →

130 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,

Or that the Everlasting had not fixed

His canon<sup>o</sup> 'gainst self-slaughter. O God, God,

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable

Seem to me all the uses of this world!

135 Fie on't, ah, fie, 'tis an unweeded garden

That grows to seed. Things rank and gross in nature

Possess it merely.<sup>o</sup> That it should come to this:

But two months dead, nay, not so much, not two,

So excellent a king, that was to this

140 Hyperion<sup>o</sup> to a satyr, so loving to my mother

That he might not beteem<sup>o</sup> the winds of heaven

Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth,

Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him

As if increase of appetite had grown

145 By what it fed on; and yet within a month--

Let me not think on't; frailty, thy name is woman--

A little month, or ere those shoes were old

With which she followed my poor father's body

Like Niobe,<sup>o</sup> all tears, why, she--

150 O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason<sup>o</sup>

Would have mourned longer--married with my uncle

My father's brother, but no more like my father

Than I to Hercules. Within a month,

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

155 Had left the flushing<sup>o</sup> in her galled eyes,

She married. O, most wicked speed, to post<sup>o</sup>

With such dexterity to incestuous<sup>o</sup> sheets!

It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

Soliloquy #2 (p. 31 new)

1/5

*Hamlet.* O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?

And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart,

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

95 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee?

Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat

In this distracted globe.° Remember thee!

Yea, from the table° of my memory

I'll wipe away all trivial fond° records,

100 All saws° of books, all forms, all pressures° past

That youth and observation copied there,

And thy commandment all alone shall live

Within the book and volume of my brain,

Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven!

105 O most pernicious woman!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!

My tables--meet it is I set it down

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

At least I am sure it may be so in Denmark. [*Writes.*]

110 So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word:

It is "Adieu, adieu, remember me."

I have sworn't.

Soliloquy #3 - continued

575 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed

The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled° rascal, peak

Like John-a-dreams°, unpregnant of° my cause,

580 And can say nothing. No, not for a king,

Upon whose property and most dear life

A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?

Who calls me villain? Breaks my pate across?

Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face?

585 Tweaks me by the nose? Give me the lie i' th' throat

As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?

Ha, 'swounds°, I should take it, for it cannot be

But I am pigeon-livered° and lack gall

To make oppression bitter, or ere this

590 I should ha' fatted all the region kites°

With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Hr. \_\_\_\_\_ Due date: \_\_\_\_\_

Soliloquy #3 (p. 58 new)

+5 per side

20

Hamlet. Ay so, God bye to you...Now I am alone.

560

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this player here,

But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,

Could force his soul so to his own conceit°

That from her working all his visage wanned,

565

Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,

A broken voice, and his whole function° suttling

With forms° to his conceit? And all for nothing!

For Hecuba!

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,

570 That he should weep for her? What would he do

I had he the motive and the cue for passion

That I have? He would drown the stage with tears

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,

Make mad the guilty and appall the free.°

20

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless° villain!

O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,°

595 That I, the son of a dear father murdered,

Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words

And fall a-cursing like a very drab,°

A scullion!° Fie upon't, fo! About,° my brains.

600 Hum-----

I have heard that guilty creatures sitting at a play

Have by the very cunning of the scene

Been struck so to the soul that presently°

They have proclaimed their malefactions.

605 For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players

Play something like the murder of my father

Before mine uncle. I'll observe his looks,

I'll tent° him to the quick. If 'a do blench,°

610 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen

May be a devil, and the devil hath power

T' assume a pleasing shape, yea, and perhaps

Out of my weakness and my melancholy,

As he is very potent with such spirits,

615 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds

More relative° than this. The play's the thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.



Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Hr. \_\_\_\_\_ Due date: \_\_\_\_\_

"Vicious Mole" Speech

EXTRA CREDIT

5ec

Hamlet. Marry, is't,

But to my mind, though I am native here

15 And to the manner born, it is a custom

More honored in the breach than the observance.

This heavy-headed revel east and west

Makes us traduced and taxed of ° other nations.

They clepe° us drunkards and with swinish phrase

20 Soil our addition,° and indeed it takes

From our achievements, though performed at height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.°

So oft it chances in particular men

That for some vicious mole° of nature in them,

25 As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,

(Since nature cannot choose his origin)

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,°

Oft breaking down the pales° and forts of reason,

Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens°

30 The form of plausible° manners, that (these men,

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,

Being nature's livery, or fortune's star°)

Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,

As infinite as man may undergo,

35 Shall in the general censure° take corruption

From that particular fault. The dram of evil

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,

To his own scandal.°

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Hr. \_\_\_\_\_ Due date: \_\_\_\_\_

Soliloquy #4 (p. 63 new)

Hamlet.. To be or not to be: that is the question:

10

+5 per side

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles  
And by opposing end them. To die, to sleep—

60

No more—and by a sleep to say we end

The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to! 'Tis a consummation

Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep—

65

To sleep—perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub,°

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,°

Must give us pause. There's the respect°

That makes calamity of so long life:°

70

For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,

Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,

The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,

75       When he himself might his quietus° make

With a bare bodkin?° Who would fardels° bear,

To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,

The undiscovered country, from whose bourn°

80       No traveler returns, puzzles the will,

And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience° does make cowards of us all,

And thus the native hue of resolution

85       Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast° of thought,

And enterprises of great pitch° and moment,

With this regard° their currents turn awry,

And lose the name of action.—Soft you now,

The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons°

Be all my sins remembered.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Hr. \_\_\_\_\_ Due date: \_\_\_\_\_

Mini-Soliloquy (p. 82 new)

EXTRA CREDIT

500

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out

Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood

And do such bitter business as the day

400 Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother.

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero<sup>o</sup> enter this firm bosom.

Let me be cruel, not unnatural;

I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

405 My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:

How in my words somever she be shent,<sup>o</sup>

To give them seals<sup>o</sup> never, my soul, consent!



Do this **ONLY** if assigned. One partner will do this King's soliloquy #1 and one partner will do Hamlet's soliloquy #5.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Hr. \_\_\_\_\_ Due date: \_\_\_\_\_

King's Soliloquy #1 - continued

page 2

"King's Soliloquy #1 (p. 84 new)" 10

O, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven;

It hath the primal eldest curse<sup>o</sup> upon't,

A brother's murder. Pray can I not,

Though inclination be as sharp as will.

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,

And like a man to double business bound

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect. What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy

But to confront<sup>o</sup> the visage of offense?

And what's in prayer but this twofold force,

To be forestalled ere we come to fail,

Or pardoned being down? Then I'll look up.

My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer

Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder"?

That cannot be, since I am still possessed

Of those effects<sup>o</sup> for which I did the murder,

My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.

May one be pardoned and retain th' offense?

In the corrupted currents of this world

Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice,

And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself

Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above.

There is no shuffling; there the action lies

In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled,

Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,

To give in evidence. What then? What rests?

Try what repentance can. What can it not?

Yet what can it when one cannot repent?

O wretched state! O bosom black as death!

Only Partner #1 does this one!

O lined° soul, that struggling to be free

Art more engaged!° I!elp, angels! Make assay.°

70 Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of steel,

Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe.

All may be well.



Do THIS **ONLY** if Assigned. One partner will do King's Soliloquy #1 and one PARTNER will

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Hr. \_\_\_\_\_ Due date: \_\_\_\_\_ DO

Hamlet's Soliloquy #5 (p. 85 new)

10

HAMLET SOL. #5

ONLY PARTNER #2 does this one!

Now might I do it pat, now 'a is a-praying

And now I'll do't. And so 'a goes to heaven,

75 And so am I revenged. That would be scanned.°

A villain kills my father, and for that

I, his sole son, do this same villain send

To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.

9 'A took my father grossly, full of bread,°

With all his crimes broad blown,° as flush° as May;

And how his audit° stands, who knows save heaven?

But in our circumstance and course of thought,

'Tis heavy with him; and am I then revenged,

85 To take him in the purging of his soul,

When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?

No.

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent.°

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,

90

Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,

At game a-swearing, or about some act

That has no relish<sup>o</sup> of salvation in't—

Than trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,

And that his soul may be as damned and black

95

As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.

This physic<sup>o</sup> but prolongs thy sickly days.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Hr. \_\_\_\_\_ Due date: \_\_\_\_\_

10

+5  
per side

Hamlet's Soliloquy #6 - continued

Witness this army of such mass and charge,°

Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puffed,

Makes mouths at the invisible event,°

Exposing what is mortal and unsure

To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,

Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great

Is not° to stir without great argument,°

But greatly° to find quarrel in a straw

When honor's at the stake. How stand I then,

That have a father killed, a mother stained,

Excitements° of my reason and my blood,

And let all sleep, while to my shame I see

The imminent death of twenty thousand men

That for a fantasy and trick of fame°

Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot

Hamlet's Soliloquy #6 (p. 101-102 new)

How all occasions do inform against me

And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,

If his chief good and market° of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.

Sure he that made us with such large discourse,°

Looking before and after, gave us not

That capability and godlike reason

To fust° in us unused. Now, whether it be

Bestial oblivion,° or some craven scruple

Of thinking too precisely on th' event°--

A thought which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom

And ever three parts coward--I do not know

Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do,"

With I have cause, and will, and strength, and means

To do't. Examples gross° as earth exhort me.

50

55

60

35

40

45

Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,

Which is not tomb enough and continent<sup>o</sup>

65 To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,

My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!