

**SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

***Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies***

**HAMLET**

Act I, scene 2: Claudius's Unmanly Grief Soliloquy

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,  
To give these mourning duties to your father:  
But, you must know, your father lost a father; That father lost,  
lost his, and the survivor bound In filial obligation for some  
term  
To do obsequious sorrow:

but to persevere in obstinate condolment is a course  
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief;  
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven, a heart unfortified, a  
mind impatient, an understanding simple and unschool'd:  
Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven, a fault against the dead, a fault to  
nature,  
To reason most absurd:

We pray you, throw to earth this unprevailing woe, and think  
of us  
As of a father: for let the world take note, you are the most  
immediate to our throne;  
And with no less nobility of love than that which dearest father  
bears his son, do I impart toward you.

For your intent in going back to school in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire:  
And we beseech you, bend you to remain here, in the cheer and  
comfort of our eye, our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.