

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet, Act II.2

“ROGUE AND PEASANT SLAVE”

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 wann'd,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, a broken voice,
and his whole function suiting with forms to his
conceit?
And all for nothing!

Yet I, A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak, and can
say nothing; no, not for a king, upon whose most dear
life
A damn'd defeat was made.

Am I a coward?
Bloody, bawdy villain!

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O, vengeance!

Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave, that I, the
son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell, must
unpack my heart with words, and fall a-cursing...Fie

upon't!

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 proclaim'd their
malefactions!

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 he but blench, I know my
course.

The play 's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.