

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet, Act V scene 2

HORATIO

And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' reads:

all this can I Truly deliver.

But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; lest more mischance
On plots and errors, happen.

Now cracks a noble heart. Good night sweet prince:
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet, Act V scene 2

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time--as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest--O, I could tell you--
But let it be. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
The rest is silence.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet, Act I.5

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,
But bear me stiffly up.

Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while 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,
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,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!

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'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!
Hamlet, The Ghost Act I.5

I am thy father's spirit, Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away.

But that I am forbid To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part And each particular hair
to stand on end, Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.

List, list, O, list! If thou didst ever thy dear father love—
Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abused:
but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet, Act III.4

Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man:

This was your husband. Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother.

Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor?
Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment: and what judgment
Would step from this to this?

Sense, sure, you have,

Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference.

What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn
And reason panders will.

SHAKESPEARIENCE

Hamlet, Act III scene 1

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
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 No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
the heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
that Flesh is heir to?

'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

To die, to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to Dream; aye, 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:
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of time,
the 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 the unworthy takes,
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
no traveller 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
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.

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet, Act I.2

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!
O God! God!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.

That it should come to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother
That he might not betwixt 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
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 follow'd my poor father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears:--why she, even she--
O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd 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
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes, She married.
O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not nor it cannot come to good:

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

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet

Ophelia: Act III, scene 1

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!—
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye...tongue...sword...

Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;

That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy.

Oh, woe is me,
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

H A M L E T

Ophelia, Act II scene 1

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet, (with his doublet all unbraced; No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd, ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;) Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other; And with a look so piteous in purport As if he had been loosed out of hell to speak of horrors, --he comes before me.

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;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm, and thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound as it did seem to shatter all his bulk and end his being:
That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd, he seem'd to find his way without his eyes;

For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.