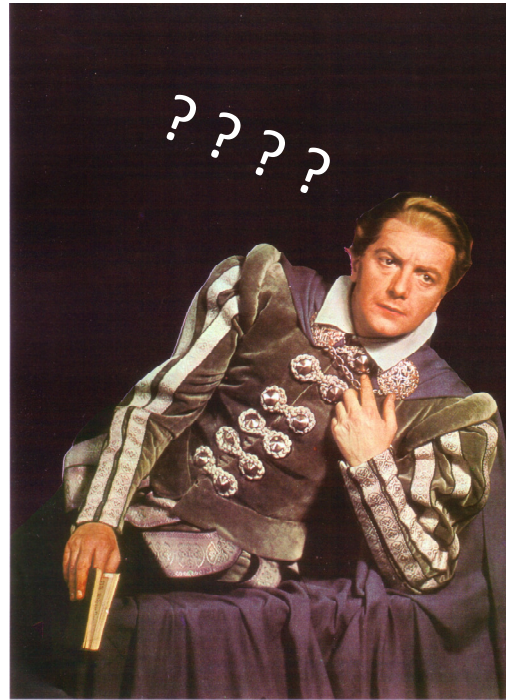


Hamlet Soliloquises



...what lies within
which passeth show?



An introduction to the Shakespearean soliloquy with a particular focus on its role in *Hamlet*. Considers the purpose and various forms of the soliloquy, the types of language employed and the levels of meaning. Closely analyses several of Hamlet's soliloquies.

ACT 1 scene 2

HAMLET O, that this too too solid* flesh would melt.
Thaw, and resolve* itself into a dew!
Or that* the Everlasting had not fixed
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! O, 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 bectem* 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 e'er* those shoes were old
With which she followed* my poor father's body,
Like Nobe,* all tears – why she, even she –
O God! a beast,* that wants discourse of reason,
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
Had left* the flushing in her galléd 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!

SAMPLE SLIDES

ACT 1 scene 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,
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.
Unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by heaven! –
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain; smiling, damnéd 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.

[Writing]