

**Hamlet's First Soliloquy: (Act 1, Scene 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! O 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 beteem 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 followed 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 mine 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!

**Hamlet's 2nd Soliloquy: (Act 1, Scene 5)**

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?  
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! — 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 am sure, it may be so in Denmark

### **Hamlet's 3rd Soliloquy: (Act 2, Scene 2)**

Ay, so, God b' wi' ye!  
Now I am alone.  
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 wan'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!  
For Hecuba?  
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would he do,  
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 appal the free;  
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,  
And can say nothing; no, not for a king  
Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damn'd 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?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the 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-liver'd, and lack gall

To make oppression bitter; or ere this  
I should have fatted all the region kites  
With this slave's offal: 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, like a whore, unpack my heart with words  
And fall a-cursing like a very drab,  
A scullion!  
Fie upon't! foh! — About, my brain! 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;  
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 he but blench,  
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  
May be the devil: and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy, —  
As he is very potent with such spirits, —  
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.