***Hamlet* Memory Lines Extra Credit- P1/P4**

PICK UP TO FOUR OF THE OPTIONS to memorize and say to Mrs. Livingston on or before \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_.

\*\*If you present it for the class, I will add it to a TEST grade. If you say it to me, I will add it to a QUIZ grade. You will get one prompt, but anything more will result in a point deduction. You must present the passage with fluidity to receive full credit.

1. **Polonius (7points)**

Neither a borrower nor a lender be;

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all- to thine own self be true,

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell. My blessing season this in thee!

1. **Ophelia (10 points)**

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,

Oh, woe is me,

T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

1. **Hamlet (10 points)**

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 wish'd. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, 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:

1. **Old King Hamlet-Ghost (15 points)**

I am thy father’s spirit,

Doomed 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 fearful 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.

1. **Hamlet (20 points)**

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| O vengeance!  Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave, That I, the son of a dear father murdered, 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.—Hum, 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 proclaimed 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 do blench,  I know my course. The spirit that I have seen  May be the devil, and the devil hath power  T' 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. |