

WRITING Hamlet in Your Own Words

Paraphrase this speech. Create two-columns in Word Document. Copy and paste original Shakespearean speech in left column. Click your cursor to the right, opposite the line you're paraphrasing. You must account for every line.

HAMLET'S SPEECH, Act I, ii 129-159.

O that this too, too sullied 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, 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 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 mourned longer – married 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 gallèd 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.

Mrs. Roseboro's Version

Oh that this unworthy flesh would melt,
Thaw and like ice turn into dew
Or that God did not have a command
Against suicide. O God, God,
How tiresome, uninspiring, and useless
The world seems to me.
Darn! It's like a untended garden
With no one taking care of it. Yucky, gross things,
Unwanted things fill my life. That my life should come to this
He's not been dead even two months, no, not even two,
So excellent a king, that was to this
Perfection to , so loving to my mother
That he wouldn't even let gentle Zephyr's breeze
Blow on her face! Good God in Heaven!
Why can't I just let it go – forget it. Why, she would hang on him
As if the more time she spent with him the more she
Wanted to be with him, and yet within a month –
Oh I don't want to think about it: Women are just weak!
A little month. Heck, she hasn't even worn out the shoes
She wore to follow my Dad's body
Like Niobe, she Boo-hooed buckets, Why...
O God, a senseless, unfeeling elephants
Mourn longer – married my uncle,
My father's brother, who's no more like my father
Than I am to Athena! Within a month,
Before the salt from her phony tears
Had been flushed from her eyes,
She married. O, so anxious she seemed to be to
Jump in that Oedipal bed!
It's just not right or ever will be.
But, even with a broken heart, I must keep quiet.

