

Hamlet Final Exam Review Guide

1. What you can use on the Final Exam...

1. A hard copy of Hamlet
2. Notes taken in your composition book
3. Your brain

2. Characters to know...and love?

1. Hamlet
2. Claudius
3. Gertrude
4. Polonius
5. Horatio
6. Laertes
7. Ophelia
8. Rosen. & Guild.
9. Osric
10. Fortinbras
11. Reynaldo

3. Terminology to know...and love?

1. Conceit
2. Personification
3. Alliteration
4. Metaphor
5. Rhetorical Question
6. Soliloquy
7. Histrionic

4. Passages to know...and love? (please note line #'s do not match the line #'s in the play)

Act 2 Scene 2

HAMLET 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 wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect, 5

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 10

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 appall the free,
Confound the ignorant and amaze indeed 15

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 20

A damned 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' th' throat
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? 25

Ha! 'Swounds, I should take it! For it cannot be
But I am pigeon-livered 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! 30

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
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 35

And fall a-cursing like a very drab,
A stallion! Fie upon 't! Foh!
About, my brains!—Hum, I have heard
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene, 40

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 45

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 a devil, and the devil hath power
T' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps, 50

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. 55

Act 4 scene 5

Enter Laertes with others.

KING The doors are broke.
LAERTES Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.
ALL No, let's come in!
LAERTES I pray you, give me leave.
ALL We will, we will. 5
LAERTES I thank you. Keep the door. *Followers exit.*
O, thou vile king,
Give me my father!
QUEEN Calmly, good Laertes.
LAERTES That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard,
Cries "cuckold" to my father, brands the harlot
Even here between the chaste unsmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.
KING What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?— 15
Let him go, Gertrude. Do not fear our person.
There's such divinity doth hedge a king
That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed.—Let him go, Gertrude. 20
Speak, man.
LAERTES Where is my father?
KING Dead.
QUEEN But not by him.
KING Let him demand his fill. 25
LAERTES How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence, 30
Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged
Most thoroughly for my father.
KING Who shall stay you?
LAERTES My will, not all the world.
And for my means, I'll husband them so well 35
They shall go far with little.
KING Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is 't writ in your revenge
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe, 40
Winner and loser?
LAERTES None but his enemies.
KING Will you know them, then?
LAERTES To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican, 45
Repast them with my blood.
KING Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death
And am most sensibly in grief for it, 50
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear
As day does to your eye.
A noise within: "Let her come in!"
LAERTES How now, what noise is that?

Enter Ophelia.

O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt 55
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight
Till our scale turn the beam! O rose of May,
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

O heavens, is 't possible a young maid's wits 60
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love, and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.
OPHELIA *sings*
They bore him barefaced on the bier, 65
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny,
And in his grave rained many a tear.
Fare you well, my dove.
LAERTES Hadst thou thy wits and didst persuade revenge,
70
It could not move thus.
OPHELIA You must sing "A-down a-down"—and you
"Call him a-down-a."—O, how the wheel becomes
it! It is the false steward that stole his master's
daughter. 75
LAERTES This nothing's more than matter.
OPHELIA There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.
Pray you, love, remember. And there is pansies,
that's for thoughts.
LAERTES A document in madness: thoughts and remembrance fitted. 80
OPHELIA [*To Claudius*]There's fennel for you,
and columbines.[*To Gertrude*]There's rue for you, and here's some for me;
we may call it herb of grace
o' Sundays. You must wear your rue with a difference.
There's a daisy. I would 85
give you some violets, but they withered all when
my father died. They say he made a good end.
Sings. For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
LAERTES Thought and afflictions, passion, hell itself
She turns to favor and to prettiness.
OPHELIA *sings And will he not come again?* 90
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead.
Go to thy deathbed.
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow, 95
All flaxen was his poll.
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan.
God 'a mercy on his soul.
And of all Christians' souls, I pray God. God be wi' 100
you. *She exits.*
LAERTES Do you see this, O God?
KING Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me. 105
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us, 110
And we shall jointly labor with your soul
To give it due content.
LAERTES Let this be so.
His means of death, his obscure funeral
(No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones, 115
No noble rite nor formal ostentation)
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call 't in question.
KING So you shall,
And where th' offense is, let the great ax fall. 120
I pray you, go with me.

They exit.

Act 5 Scene 1

HAMLET, *taking the skull* Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio—a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. He hath bore me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! My gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now to mock you own grinning? Quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come. Make her laugh at that.—Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing. 5

HORATIO What's that, my lord? 10

HAMLET Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' th' earth? 15

HORATIO E'en so.

HAMLET And smelt so? Pah! *He puts the skull down.*

HORATIO E'en so, my lord. 20

HAMLET To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole? 25

HORATIO 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so. 30

HAMLET No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither, with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it, as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer barrel? Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. O, that that earth which kept the world in awe Should patch a wall t' expel the winter's flaw! 35

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords attendant, and the corpse of Ophelia, with a Doctor of Divinity.

But soft, but soft awhile! Here comes the King, The Queen, the courtiers. Who is this they follow? And with such maimèd rites? This doth betoken The corpse they follow did with desp'rate hand Fordo its own life. 'Twas of some estate. 40

Couch we awhile and mark. *They step aside.*

LAERTES What ceremony else?

HAMLET That is Laertes, a very noble youth. Mark.

LAERTES What ceremony else?

DOCTOR Her obsequies have been as far enlarged As we have warranty. Her death was doubtful, 45

And, but that great command o'ersways the order, She should in ground un sanctified been lodged Till the last trumpet. For charitable prayers Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.

Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants, 50

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

LAERTES

Must there no more be done?

DOCTOR No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead 55

To sing a requiem and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls.

LAERTES Lay her i' th' earth, And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest, 60

A minist'ring angel shall my sister be When thou liest howling.

HAMLET, *to Horatio* What, the fair Ophelia?

QUEEN Sweets to the sweet, farewell!
She scatters flowers.

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife; 65

I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid, And not have strewed thy grave

LAERTES O, treble woe

Fall ten times treble on that cursèd head

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense 70

Deprived thee of!—Hold off the earth awhile, Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.

Leaps in the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead, Till of this flat a mountain you have made

T' o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head 75

Of blue Olympus.

HAMLET, *advancing*

What is he whose grief Bears such an emphasis, whose phrase of sorrow Conjures the wand'ring stars and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, 80

Hamlet the Dane.

LAERTES, *coming out of the grave*

The devil take thy soul!

HAMLET Thou pray'st not well. *They grapple.*

I prithee take thy fingers from my throat, For though I am not splenitive and rash, Yet have I in me something dangerous, 85

Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

KING Pluck them asunder.

QUEEN Hamlet! Hamlet!

ALL Gentlemen!

HORATIO Good my lord, be quiet. 90

Hamlet and Laertes are separated.

HAMLET

Why, I will fight with him upon this theme Until my eyelids will no longer wag!

QUEEN O my son, what theme?

HAMLET I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers Could not with all their quantity of love 95

Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

KING O, he is mad, Laertes!

QUEEN For love of God, forbear him.

HAMLET 'Swords, show me what thou 't do.

Woo't weep, woo't fight, woo't fast, woo't tear 100

thyself, Woo't drink up eisel, eat a crocodile? I'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine? To outface me with leaping in her grave? 105

Be buried quick with her, and so will I. And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw Millions of acres on us, till our ground, Singeing his pate against the burning zone, Make Ossa like a wart. Nay, an thou 'lt mouth, 110

I'll rant as well as thou.

QUEEN This is mere madness; And thus awhile the fit will work on him. Anon, as patient as the female dove When that her golden couplets are disclosed, 115

His silence will sit drooping.

HAMLET Hear you, sir, What is the reason that you use me thus? I loved you ever. But it is no matter. Let Hercules himself do what he may, 120

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

Hamlet exits.

