

Hamlet Sillioqy

In ENGLISH

Act One Scene Two: O that this too too solid flesh would melt - Hamlet

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! Oh 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 even two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this, Hyperion to a satyr;

so loving to my mother

that he might not between 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 follow'd my poor father's body,

Like Niobe, all tears:

--why she, even she--

O, God! a beast, that lacks discourse of reason, would have mourn'd 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 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.

GLOSSED:

MY NAME HAWKE

MY NAME SIGN H-----H

THIS PLAY NAME “H-A-M-L-E-T”

AUTHOR NAME “W-I-L-L-I-A-M” SHAKE-SPEAR.

MY PLAY NAME “HAMLET”

Act One Scene Two: O that this too too solid flesh would melt – Hamlet

GLOSS: O MY FLESH(MEAT) TOO SOLID, I WISH WOULD (THE FUTURE) MELT, THAW OUT, AND BECOME DEW!

ENGLISH: O, that this too too solid flesh would melt Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!

O-R GOD NOT MAKE SUICIDE WRONG!

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!

“O” GOD! “O” GOD!

O God! Oh God!

ME THINK WORLD SEEM TOO MUCH WEARY(TIRED), STALE, FLAT, AND NOT-PROFIT!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, seem to me all the uses of this world!

CURSE-1 ON IT! O CURSE-2!

Fie on't! ah fie!

G-A-R-D-E-N FULL WITH W-E-E-D-S GROW MORE MORE MORE!

'tis an unweeded garden, that grows to seed;

ONLY STINKY AND GROSS, UGLY THINGS OWN IT

things rank and gross in nature possess it merely.

HOW BECOME THINGS LIKE THIS!? ONLY TWO-MONTHS-AGO DEAD:

That it should come to this! But two months dead:

NO, NOT THAT LONG (BEFORE time indicator), NOT TWO MONTHS:

nay, not so much, not even two:

HE (left side), MY FATHER HE, WAS GREAT KING: THAT COMPARE WITH HE (right side),
MY UNCLE HE, WAS HE (left side) H-Y-P-E-R-I-O-N COMPARED-TO (right side) S-A-T-Y-
R;

So excellent a king; that was, to this, Hyperion to a satyr;

HE LOVE MUCH SHE (in front) MY MOTHER SHE.

so loving to my mother

THAT HE BETWEEN WINDS O-F HEAVEN, VISIT NOT TOO ROUGH SHE (front).

that he might not between the winds of heaven visit her face too roughly.

HEAVEN AND EARTH! MUST I REMEMBER?

Heaven and earth! Must I remember?

WHY, SHE (front) WOULD HANG ON HIM,

Why, she would hang on him,

LIKE SHE BECOME MORE HUNGRY WITH MORE SHE EAT.

As if increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on:

AND YET(LATE), IN 1 MONTH - ME NOT WANT THINK ABOUT IT – WEAK YOUR
NAME IS WOMAN!

and yet, within a month-- let me not think on't-- Frailty, thy name is woman!

-- A little month,

1 LITTLE MONTH.

or ere those shoes were old with which she follow'd my poor father's body,

HER SHOES SHE BEFORE (time indicator) WEAR WHEN SHE FOLLOW HIS (left side) DEAD
BODY, BEFORE HER SHOES BECAME OLD,

Like Niobe, all tears:

SHE (WAS) LIKE N-I-O-B-E, SHE WAS ALL TEARS.

--why she, even she--

WHY SHE, SHE....

O, God! a beast, that lacks discourse of reason, would have mourn'd longer

O GOD! BEAST NOT HAVE INTELLECT, WOULD MOURN MORE

--married with my uncle,
SHE MARRIED MY UNCLE, HE!

My father's brother,
MY FATHER'S BROTHER

but no more like my father than I to Hercules:
BUT HE NOT LIKE MY FATHER, ANY MORE I LIKE H-E-R-C-U-L-E-S!

within a month: ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
IN 1 MONTH, BEFORE SALT FROM HER WRONG TEARS/CRYING HAVE LEAVE HER
SWOLLEN RED EYES,

She married.
SHE MARRIED.

O, most wicked speed,
-O-, VERY WICKED SPEED,

to post with such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
O NOT GO FAST TO ?INCENSTUOUS? BEDSHEET!

It is not
THIS NOW NOT GOOD

nor it cannot
AND THIS NOT

come to good:
BECOME GOOD.

But break, my heart;
BUT BREAK, MY HEART.

for I must hold my tongue.
FOR I MUST HOLD MY TONGUE.