

# Hamlet

1. Adjective Ends In Est \_\_\_\_\_
2. Noun \_\_\_\_\_
3. Verb Present Ends In S \_\_\_\_\_
4. Proper Noun Plural \_\_\_\_\_
5. Verb Present Ends In S \_\_\_\_\_
6. Noun \_\_\_\_\_
7. Adjective Ends In Est \_\_\_\_\_

# Hamlet

To be, or not to be, that is the [noun]:

Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer

The Slings \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective Ends in EST \_\_\_\_\_ [plural noun] of outragious Fortune,

Or to take [body part plural] against a Sea of troubles,

And by \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ end them: to dye, to [verb]

No more; and by a [same verb], to say we end

The \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Present ends in S \_\_\_\_\_, and the thousand Naturall shockes

That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation

Deuoutly to be wish'd \_\_\_\_\_ Proper Noun Plural \_\_\_\_\_ To dye to [same verb],

To [same] \_\_\_\_\_ Verb Present ends in S \_\_\_\_\_, \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ to [verb]; I, there's the rub,

For in that [same verb] of death, what dreames may come,

When we haue shuffel'd off this [adjective] [noun],

Must give vs pawse. There's the respect

That makes \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective Ends in EST \_\_\_\_\_ of so long life:

For who would beare the [plural noun] and [plural noun] of time,

The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,

The pangs of [adjective] Loue, the Lawes delay,

The insolence of [noun], and the Spurnes

That

patient merit of the vnworthy takes,

When he himselfe might his Quietus make

With a bare [weapon]? Who would these Fardles beare

To grunt and [verb] vnder a [adjective] life,

But that the dread of something after death,

The vndiscouered [type of place], from whose Borne

No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,

And makes vs rather beare those illes we have,

Then flye to others that we know not of.

Thus Conscience does make [plural noun] of vs all,

And thus the Native hew of Resolution

Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,

And enterprizes of great pith and moment,

With this regard their Currants turne away,

And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,

The faire Ophelia? Nymph, in thy Orizons

Be all my sinnes remembred.