

# Soliloquy Colormarking

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Period: \_\_\_\_\_

Colormark this Shakespearean soliloquy into at least **five** categories. Create an organized, neat key in the right-hand margin to assign each category a distinct **color**; clearly list each category's **name** and the **words** and **phrases** you marked in each category. Each category should relate to how specific choices made by the author (e.g. diction, detail, imagery, syntax) impact the speaker's **tone**. Here's a bit of background on the text: *The speaker of the following passage is King Richard II of England. He has just been deposed (removed from his royal office) and imprisoned by Bolingbroke.*

I have been studying how I may compare  
This prison where I live unto the world:  
And for because the world is populous,  
And here is not a creature but myself,  
I cannot do it; yet I'll hammer it out.  
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul:  
My soul the father; and these two beget  
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world,  
In humors like the people of this world,  
For no thought is contented. The better sort,  
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'd  
With scruples, and do set the word itself  
Against the word:  
As thus: 'Come, little ones,' and then again,  
'It is as hard to come as for a camel  
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.'  
Thoughts tending to ambition, they do plot  
Unlikely wonders; how these vain weak nails  
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs  
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls,  
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.  
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars  
Who sitting in the stocks refuge their shame,  
That many have and others must sit there:  
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
Bearing their own misfortunes on the back  
Of such as have before endur'd the like.  
Thus play I in one person many people,  
And none contented: sometimes am I king;  
Then treasons make me wish myself a beggar,  
And so I am: then crushing penury  
Persuades me I was better when a king;  
Then am I king'd again: and by and by  
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,  
And straight am nothing: but whate'er I be,  
Nor I nor any man that but man is  
With nothing shall be pleased, till he be eased  
With being nothing.

#worthyourtime

