

Prince of Denmarke.

Haue you so slaunder any moment leasure  
As to giue words or talke with the Lord Hamlet,  
Looke too't I charge you, come your wayes.

Ophe. I shall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, Horatio and Marcellus.*

Ham. The ayre bites shroudly, it is very colde.

Hor. It is nipping, and an eager ayre.

Ham. What houre now?

Hor. I thinke it lackes of twelue.

Mar. No, it is strooke.

Hor. Indeede; I heard it not, it then drawes neere the season,  
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walke *A florish of trumpets*  
What does this meane my Lord? *and 2. peeces goes of.*

Ham. The King doth wake to night and takes his rowse.  
Keepes wassell and the swaggring vp-spring reeles:  
And as he draines his drafts of Rennish downe,  
The kettle drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome?

Ham. I marry ist,  
But to my minde, though I am natiue heere  
And to the manner borne, it is a custome  
More honourd in the breach, then the obseruance  
This heauy headed reueale east and west  
Makes vs tradust, and taxed of other nations,  
They clip vs drunkards, and with Swinish phrase  
Soyle our addition, and indeede it takes  
From our atchieuements, though perform'd at height  
The pith and marrow of our attribute,  
So oft it chaunces in particuler men,  
That for some vicious mole of nature in them  
As in their birth wherein they are not guilty,  
(Since nature cannot choose his origin)  
By their ore-grow'th of some complexion  
Oft breaking downe the pales and forts of reason,  
Or by some habit, that too much ore-leauens  
The forme of plausiue manners, that these men  
Carrying I say the stamp of one defect