

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

No trauiler returnes, puzzels the will,  
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,  
Then flie to others that we know not of,  
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,  
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution  
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,  
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,  
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,  
The faire *Ophelia*, Nymph in thy orizons  
Be all my sinnes remembred.

*Oph.* Good my Lord,

How dooes your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thanke you well.

*Oph.* My Lord, I haue remembrances of yours  
That I haue longed long to redeliuer,  
I pray you now receiue them.

*Ham.* No, not I, I neuer gaue you ought.

*Oph.* My honor'd Lord, you know right well you did,  
And with them words of so sweet breath composd  
As made these things more rich, their perfume lost,  
Take these againe, for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poore when giuers prooue vnkind,  
There my Lord,

*Ham.* Ha, ha, are you honest.

*Oph.* My Lord.

*Ham.* Are you faire?

*Oph.* What meanes your Lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest & faire, you should admit  
no discourse to your beautie.

*Oph.* Could beautie my Lord haue better comerse  
Then with honestie?

*Ham.* I truly, for the power of beautie will sooner transforme honestie from what it is to a bawde, then the force of honestie can translate beautie into his likenes, this was sometime a paradox, but now the time giues it proofe, I did loue you once.

*Oph.* Indeed my Lord you made me belieue so.

*Ham.* You should not haue beleeu'd me, for vertue cannot so enoculat our old stock, but we shall relish of it, I loued you not.