Prince of Denmarke.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee a Nunry, why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners, I am my selfe indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse mee of such things, that it were better my Mother had not borne mee: I am very proude, reuengefull, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, then I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to ast them in: what should such fellowes as I do crauling betweene earth and heaven, wee are arrant knaues, believe none of vs, goe thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Oph. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him, That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house, Farewell.

Oph. O helpe him you fweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dooft marry, lie give thee this plague for thy dowrie, be thou as chast as yee, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny; get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needes marry, marry a foole, for wise men knowe well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry goe, and quickly to, farewell.

Opb. Heauenly powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough, God hath given you one face, and you make your selfes another, you gig & amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnes ignorance; goe to, lle no more on't, it hath made me madde, I say we will have no mo marriage, those that are married alreadie, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are: to a Nurry go. Exis.

Oph. O what a noble mind is heere orethrowne! The Courtiers, souldiers, schollers, eye, tongue, sword, Th'expectation, and Rose of the faire state, The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme, Th'obseru'd of all observers, quite quite downe, And I of Ladies most deiect and wretched, That suck the honny of his musickt vowes; Now see what noble and most sourceasigne reason Like sweet bells langled out of time, and harsh, That vormatcht forme, and stature of blowne youth Blasted with extacle, ô woels mee

Exit,