

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

*Ger.* O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

*Ham.* A bloody deede, almost as bad, good mother  
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

*Ger.* As kill a King.

*Ham.* I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farwell,  
I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,  
Thou find'st to be too busie is some danger,  
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace fit you downe,  
And let me wring your hart, for so I shall  
If it be made of penetrable stuffe,  
If damned custome haue not braisd it so,  
That it be prooffe and bulwark against sence.

*Ger.* What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue  
In noife so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,  
Cals vertue hippocrit, takes of the Rose  
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,  
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes  
As false as dicers oathes, ô such a deede,  
As from the body of contraction plucks  
The very soule, and sweet religion makes  
A rapsedy of words; heauens face dooes glowe  
Ore this solidity and compound masse  
With heated visage, as against the doome  
Is thought sick at the act

*Quee.* Ay me, what act?

*Ham.* That roares so low'd, and thunders in the Index,  
Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,  
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,  
See what a grace was seated on this browe,  
*Hiperions* curls, the front of *Ioue* himselfe,  
An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,  
A station like the herald *Mercury*,  
New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,  
A combination, and a forme indeede,  
Where euey God did seeme to set his seale  
To giue the world assurance of a man,