

## Prince of Denmarke.

*Ham.* Why looke you there, looke how it steales away,  
My father in his habit as he liued,  
Looke where he goes, euen now out at the portali. *Exit Ghost.*

*Ger.* This is the very coynage of your braine,  
This bodiless creation extacie is very cunning in.

*Ham.* My pulse as yours doth temperatly keepe time,  
And makes as healthfull musicke, it is not madnesse  
That I haue vtred, bring me to the test,  
And the matter will reword, which madnesse  
Would gambole from, mother for loue of grace,  
Lay not that flattering vnction to your soule  
That not your trespassse but my madnesse speakes,  
It will but skin and filme the vlceros place  
Whiles ranck corruption mining all within  
Infects vnseene, confesse your selfe to heauen,  
Repent what's past, auoyd what is to come,  
And doe not spread the compost on the weedes  
To make them rancker, forgiue me this my vertue.  
For in the fatnesse of these pursie times  
Vertue it selfe of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea curbe and woofor leaue to doe him good.

*Ger.* O *Hamlet* thou hast cleft my hart in twaine.

*Ham.* O throwe away the worfer part of it,  
And leaue the purer with the other halfe,  
Good night, but goe not to my Vncles bed,  
Assune a vertue if you haue it not,  
That monster custome, who all sence doth eate  
Of habits deuill, is angell yet in this  
That to the vse of actions faire and good,  
He likewise giues a frock or Liuary  
That aptly is put on to refraine night,  
And that shall lend a kind of easines  
To the next abstinence, the next more easie:  
For vse almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And either the deuill, or throwe him out  
With wonderous poteny: once more good night,  
And when you are desirous to be blest,  
Ile blessing beg of you, for this same Lord  
I doe repent; but heauen hath pleasd it so