

Prince of Denmarke.

But the great Canon to the clowdes shall tell
The rowse the King shall drinke vnto Prince Hamlet.

Exeunt all but Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too much grieu'd and fallied flesh
Would melt to nothing, or that the vniuerfall
Globe of heauen would turne al to a Chaos!
O God within two moneths; no not two : married,
Mine vncl: O let me not thinke of it,
My fathers brother : but no more like
My father, then I to *Hercules*.

Within two months, ere yet the salt of most
Vnrighteous teares had left their flushing
In her galled eyes : she married, O God, a beast
Deuoyd of reason would not haue made
Such speede: Frailtie, thy name is Woman,
Why she would hang on him, as if increase
Of appetite had growne by what it looked on.
O wicked wicked speede, to make such
Dexteritie to incestuous sheetes,
Ere yet the shooes were olde,
The which she followed my dead fathers corse
Like *Nyobe*, all teares : married, well it is not,
Nor it cannot come to good:
But breake my heart, for I must holde my tongue.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Hor. Health to your Lordship.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, (*Horatio*) or I much
forget my selfe.

Hor. The same my Lord, and your poore seruant euer.

Ham. O my good friend, I change that name with you:
but what make you from *Wittenberg Horatio*?

Marcellus.

Marc. My good Lord.

Ham. I am very glad to see you, good euen sirs:
But what is your affaure in *Elfenoure*?
Weele teach you to drinke deepe ere you depart.

Hor.