

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Sleeping within my Orchard, my custome alwayes
In the after noone, vpon my secure houre
Thy vncke came, with iuyce of Hebona
In a viall, and through the porches of my cares
Did powre the leaprous distilment, whose effect
Hold such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quickesilner, it posteth through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And turnes the thinne and wholesome blood
Like eager dropings into milke.
And all my smoothe body, barked, and tetterd ouer.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie
At once depriued, no reckoning made of,
But sent vnto my graue,
With all my accompts and sinnes vpon my head,
O horrible, most horrible!

Ham. O God!

ghost If thou hast nature in thee, beare it not,
But howsoeuer, let not thy heart
Conspire against thy mother aught,
Leaue her to heauen,
And to the burthen that her conscience beares.
I must be gone, the Glo-worme shewes the Martin
To be neere, and gin's to pale his vneffectuall fire:
Hamlet adue, adue, adue: remember me. *Exit*

Ham. O all you hoste of heauen! O earth, what else?
And shall I couple hell; remember thee?
Yes thou poore Ghost; from the tables
Of my memorie, ile wipe away all sawes of Bookes,
All triuiall fond conceites
That euer youth, or else obseruance noted,
And thy remembrance, all alone shall sit.
Yes, yes, by heauen, a damnd pernicious villaine,
Murderons, bawdy, smiling damned villaine,
(My tables) meet it is I set it downe,