

The Tragedie of Hamlet

His greatnes wayd, his will is not his owne,  
He may not as vnualed persons doe,  
Carue for himselfe, for on his choise depends  
The safty and health of this whole stare,  
And therefore must his choise be circumscribd  
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that body  
Whereof he is the head, then if he saies he loues you,  
It fits your wisdome so farre to belieue it  
As he in his particuler act and place  
May giue his saying deede, which is no further  
Then the maine voyce of Denmarke goes withall.  
Then way what losse your honor may sustaine  
If with too credent care you list his songs  
Or loose your hart, or your chaste treasure open  
To his vnmastr'd importunity.

Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare syster,  
And keepe you in the reare of your affection  
Out of the shot and danger of desire,  
"The chariest maide is prodigall inough  
If she vnmaske her butie to the Moone  
"Vertue it selfe scapes not calumnious strokes  
"The canker gaules the infants of the spring  
Too oft before their buttons be disclof'd,  
And in the morne and liquid dewe of youth  
Contagious blastments are most imminent,  
Be wary then, best safety lies in feare,  
Youth to it selfe rebels, though non eis neare.

*Oph.* I shall the effect of this good lesson keepe  
As watchman to my hart, but good my brother  
Doe not as some vngracious pastors doe,  
Showe me the step and thorny way to heauen  
Whiles a pufte, and reckles libertine  
Himselfe the primrose path of dalliance treads.  
And reakes not his owne reed.

*Enter Polonius.*

*Lar.* O feare me not,  
I stay too long, but heere my father comes  
A double bleising, is a double grace,  
Occasion smiles vpon a second leaue.

*Pol.* Yet heere *Laertes*: a bord a bord for shame,