

Prince of Denmarke.

Ghost. I that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trayterous gifts,
O wicked wit, and giftes that haue the power
So to seduce; wonne to his shamefull lust
The will of my most seeming vertuous Queene;
O *Hamlet*, what falling off was there
From me whose loue was of that dignitie
That it went hand in hand, euen with the vowe
I made to her in marriage, and to decline
Vppon a wretch whose naturall gifts were poore,
To those of mine; but vertue as it neuer will be mooued,
Though lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen
So but though to a radiant Angle luckt,
Will sort it selfe in a celestiall bed
And pray on garbage.
But soft, me thinkes I sent the morning ayre,
Brieft let me be; sleeping within my Orchard,
My custome alwayes of the afternoone,
Vpon my secure houre, thy Vncle stole
With iuyce of cursed Hebona in a viall,
And in the porches of my eares did poure
The leaprous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmitie with blood of man,
That swift as quicksiluer it courses through
The naturall gates and allies of the body,
And with a sodaine vigour it doth possesse
And curde like eager droppings into milke,
The thin and wholesome blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter barckt about
Most Lazerlike with vile and lothsome crust
All my smooth body.
Thus was I sleeping by a brothers hand,
Of life, of Crowne, of Queene at once dispatcht,
Cut off euen in the blossomes of my sinne,
Vnhuzled, disappointed, vnanueld,
No reckning made, but sent to my account
Withall my imperfections on my head,
O horrible, ô horrible, most horrible.
If thou hast nature in thee beare it not,