

Prince of Denmarke.

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare,
Blasting his wholsome brother, haue you eyes,
Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,
And batten on this Moore ; ha, haue you eyes ?
You cannot call it loue, for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits vppon the iudgement, and what iudgement
Would step from this to this, sence sure youe haue
Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence
Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre
Nor sence to extacie was nere so thral'd
But it referu'd some quantity of choise
To serue in such a difference, what deuill wast
That thus hath cofund you at hodman blind ;
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling lince all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sence
Could not so mope : ô shame where is thy blush ?
Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth let vertue be as wax
And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,
Since frost it selfe as actiuelly doth burne,
And reason pardons will.

Ger. O *Hamlet* speake no more,
Thou turnst my very eyes into my soule,
And there I see such blacke and greued spots
As will leaue there their tin'ct.

Ham. Nay but to liue
In the ranck sweat of an inseemed bed
Stewed in corruption, honying, and making loue
Ouer the nasty stie.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
These words like daggers enter in my eares,
No more sweete *Hamlet*.

Ham. A murtherer and a villaine,
A slaue that is not twentith part the kyth