

The Tragedie of Hamlet

He made to you in marriage, and he is dead.
Murdr'd, damnably murdr'd, this was your husband,
Looke you now, here is your husband,
With a facelike *Vulcan*.

A looke fit for a murder and a rape,
A dull dead hanging looke, and a hell-bred cie,
To affright children and amaze the world:
And this same haue you left to change with this.
What Diuell thus hath cofoned you at hob-man blinde?
Al haue you eyes and can you looke on him
That slew my father, and your deere husband,
To liue in the incestuous pleasure of his bed?

Queene O Hamlet, speake no more.

Ham. To leaue him that bare a Monarkes minde,
For a king of clowts, of very shreads.

Queene Sweete Hamlet cease.

Ham. Nay but still to persist and dwell in sinne,
To sweate vnder the yoke of infamie,
To make increase of shame, to scale damnation.

Queene Hamlet, no more.

Ham. Why appetite with you is in the waine,
Your blood runnes backward now from whence it came,
Who'le chide hote blood within a Virgins heart,
When lust shall dwell within a matrons breast?

Queene Hamlet, thou cleaves my heart in twaine.

Ham. O throw away the worser part of it, and keepe the
better.

Enter the ghost in his night gowne.

Saue me, saue me, you gracious
Powers aboue, and houer ouer mee,
With your celestially wings.
Doe you not come your tardy sonne to chide,
That I thus long haue let reuenge slippe by?
O do not glare with lookes so pittifull!
Lest that my heart of stone yeelde to compassion,