

Hamlet's Soliloquy, Act I, Scene ii

O, that this too too solid flesh would melt Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!	130
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd His canon* 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!	*law
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable, Seem to me all the uses of this world!	
Fie on't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden, That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature	135
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!	
But two months dead: nay, not so much, not two: So excellent a king; that was, to this,	139
Hyperion* to a satyr; so loving to my mother That he might not beteem* the winds of heaven	*the sun god *allow
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth! Must I remember? why, she would hang on him, As if increase of appetite had grown	
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month--	145
Let me not think on't--Frailty, thy name is woman!-- A little month, or ere* those shoes were old	*before
With which she follow'd my poor father's body, Like Niobe ¹ , all tears:--why she, even she--	
O, God! a beast, that wants* discourse of reason, Would have mourn'd longer--married with my uncle,	*lacks 151
My father's brother, but no more like my father Than I to Hercules ² : within a month: Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears	
Had left the flushing in her galled* eyes, She married. O, most wicked speed, to post	*inflamed 156
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets! It is not nor it cannot come to good: But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.	

¹ A mythological figure who when her children were killed.

² A mythological hero of great strength.