

So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.
 O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity,
 That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
 I made to her in marriage; and to decline
 Upon a wretch, whose nat'ral gifts were poor
 To those of mine!
 But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
 Will fate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.
 But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air;
 Brief let me be: sleeping within mine orchard,
 My custom always in the afternoon,
 Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
 With juice of curst hebenon in a vial,
 And in the porches of mine ears did pour
 The leperous distilment; whose effect
 Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
 That swift as quick-silver it courses through
 The nat'ral gates and alleys of the body;
 And, with a sudden vigour it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust
 All my smooth body.
 Thus was I sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen at once despatch'd;
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd;
 No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head.
 O horrible! o horrible! most horrible!

If