

If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heav'n! o earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? — O, hold, my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old;
But bear me stiffly up! — Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heav'n.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
My tables, — meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least, I'm sure, it may be so in *Denmark*.
So, uncle, there you are: now to my word;
It is,
Adieu, adieu, remember me. I've sworn it.

[writing.

SCENE