**HAMLET:**

O, that this too too sullied flesh would melt,   
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew,   
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd   
His [canon](http://www.enotes.com/hamlet-text/act-i-scene-ii#prestwick-gloss-ham-1-2-74) 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!(135)   
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   
Possess it merely. That it should come to this!(140)   
But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not two;   
So excellent a king, that was, to this,   
[Hyperion](http://www.enotes.com/hamlet-text/act-i-scene-ii#prestwick-gloss-ham-1-2-75) to a [satyr](http://www.enotes.com/hamlet-text/act-i-scene-ii#prestwick-gloss-ham-1-2-76); so loving to my mother   
That he might not [beteem](http://www.enotes.com/hamlet-text/act-i-scene-ii#prestwick-gloss-ham-1-2-77) the winds of heaven   
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!(145)   
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—   
Let me not think on't! Frailty, thy name is woman—   
A little month, or ere those shoes were old(150)   
With which she follow'd my poor father's body   
Like [Niobe](http://www.enotes.com/hamlet-text/act-i-scene-ii#prestwick-vocab-ham-1-2-4), all tears—why she, even she—   
O God! a beast that [wants](http://www.enotes.com/hamlet-text/act-i-scene-ii#prestwick-gloss-ham-1-2-78) discourse of reason   
Would have mourn'd longer—married with my uncle,   
My father's brother, but no more like my father(155)   
Than I to [Hercules](http://www.enotes.com/hamlet-text/act-i-scene-ii#prestwick-gloss-ham-1-2-79). Within a month,   
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears   
Had left the flushing in her [galled](http://www.enotes.com/hamlet-text/act-i-scene-ii#prestwick-gloss-ham-1-2-80) eyes,   
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post   
With such [dexterity](http://www.enotes.com/hamlet-text/act-i-scene-ii#prestwick-gloss-ham-1-2-81) to incestuous sheets!(160)   
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good.   
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!