**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!