

HAMLET (Hamlet 1.2):

O that this too too solid flesh would melt
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter: O God: God!
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!
But two months dead: nay not so much not two
So excellent a king that was to this
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly: Heaven and earth!
Must I remember?