

Player King.

Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbed ground,
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite comutual in most sacred bands.

Player Queen.

So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state.
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

Player King.

Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;
My operant powers their functions leave to do.
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou-

Player Queen.

O, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast.
When second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second but who killed the first.

Hamlet.

[aside] Wormwood, wormwood!

Player Queen.

A second time I kill my husband dead
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Player King.

I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

Player Queen.

Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light,
Sport and repose lock from me day and night,
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Hamlet.

If she should break it now!

Player King.

'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile.
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep.

Player Queen.

Sleep rock thy brain,
[He sleeps.]
And never come mischance between us twain!