

This text is from <http://www.bbc.co.uk/education/guides/zwx3wmn/revision/2>

Rory Kinnear portraying Hamlet

Hamlet: 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 is 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? 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
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears: - why she -
 O, God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer - married with my uncle,
 My father's brother, but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules: within a month:
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not nor it cannot come to good:
 But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue.