How weary, stale, flat, and vnprofitable

Seemes to me all the vses of this world?

Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden

That growes to Seed: Things rank, and grosse in Nature

Possesse it meerely. That it should come to this:

But two months dead: Nay, not so much; not two,

So excellent a King, that was to this

Hiperion to a Satyre: so louing to my Mother,

That he might not beteene the windes of heauen

Visit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth

Must I remember: why she would hang on him,

As if encrease of Appetite had growne

By what it fed on; and yet within a month?

Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.

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