

# *Hamlet*

## Act III, sc. 2 (line 395)

### Hamlet

'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood  
And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother!  
O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever  
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom.  
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;  
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.  
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites-  
How in my words somever she be shent,  
To give them seals never, my soul, consent!