**GUILDENSTERN**

My lord, we were sent for.

**HAMLET**

I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation 1  
prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king  
and queen moult no feather. I have of late--but  
wherefore I know not--lost all my mirth, forgone all  
custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily 5  
with my disposition that this goodly frame, the  
earth, seems to me a sterile promontory, this most  
excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave  
o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted  
with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to 10   
me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours.  
What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason!  
how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how  
express and admirable! in action how like an angel!  
in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the 15  
world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me,  
what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not  
me: no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling  
you seem to say so.