

*Prince of Denmarke*

Lend thy listning care, but that I am forbid  
To tell the secrets of my prison house  
I would a tale vnfold, whose lightest word  
Would harrow vp thy soule, freeze thy yong blood,  
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,  
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular haire to stand on end  
Like quills vpon the fretfull Porpentine;  
But this same blazon must not be, to eares of flesh and blood  
Hamlet, if euer thou didst thy deere father loue.

*Ham.* O God.

*Gho.* Reuenge his foule, and most vnnaturall murder :

*Ham.* Murder.

*Ghoft* Yea, murder in the highest degree,  
As in the least tis bad,  
But mine most foule, beastly, and vnnaturall.

*Ham.* Haste me to knowe it, that with wings as swift as  
meditation, or the thought of it, may sweepe to my reuenge.

*Ghoft* O I finde thee apt, and duller shouldst thou be  
Then the fat weede which rootes it selfe in case  
On *Lethe* wharffe : brieft let me be.

Tis giuen out, that sleeping in my orchard,  
A Serpent stung me; so the whole care of *Denmarke*  
Is with a forged Proffes of my death rankely abused:  
But know thou noble Youth : he that did sting  
Thy fathers heart, now weares his Crowne.

*Ham.* O my prophetike soule, my vncler! my vncler!

*Ghoft* Yea he, that incestuous wretch, wonne to his will  
O wicked will, and gifts! that haue the power (with gifts,  
So to seduce my most seeming vertuous Queene,  
But vertue, as it neuer will be moued,  
Though Lewdnesse court it in a shape of heauen,  
So Lust, though to a radiant angle linckt,  
Would fate it selfe from a celestiall bedde,  
And prey on garbage : but soft, me thinkes  
I sent the mornings ayre, brieft let me be,