

*Prince of Denmarke.*

No King on earth is safe, if Gods his foe. *exit King.*

*Enter Queene and Corambis.*

*Cor.* Madame, I heare yong Hamlet comming,  
I'll shrowde my selfe behinde the Arras. *exit Cor.*

*Queene* Do so my Lord.

*Ham.* Mother, mother, O are you here?

How i'st with you mother?

*Queene* How i'st with you?

*Ham,* I'll tellyou, but first weele make all safe.

*Queene* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

*Ham.* Mother, you haue my father much offended.

*Queene* How now boy?

*Ham.* How now mother! come here, sit downe, for you  
shall heare me speake.

*Queene* What wilt thou doe? thou wilt not murder me :  
Helpe hoc.

*Cor.* Helpe for the Queene.

*Ham.* I a Rat, dead for a Duckat.

Rash intruding foole, farewell,

I tooke thee for thy better.

*Queene* Hamlet, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Not so much harme, good mother,  
As to kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queene* How! kill a king!

*Ham.* I a King: nay sit you downe, and ere you part,  
If you be made of penetrable stuffe,  
I'll make your eyes looke downe into your heart,  
And see how horride there and blacke it shews. *(words?*

*Queene* Hamlet, what mean'st thou by these killing

*Ham.* Why this I meane, see here, behold this picture,  
It is the portraiture, of your deceased husband,  
See here a face, to outface *Mars* himselve,  
An eye, at which his foes did tremble at,  
A front wherin all vertues are set downe  
For to adorne a king, and guild his crowne,  
Whose heart went hand in hand euen with that vow,