

Prince of Denmarke.

And euery part that should assist reuenge,  
Forgoe their proper powers, and fall to pittie.

*Ghost* Hamlet, I once againe appeare to thee,  
To put thee in remembrance of my death:  
Doe not neglect, nor long time put it off.  
But I perceiue by thy distracted lookes,  
Thy mother's fearefull, and she stands amazde:  
Speake to her Hamlet, for her sex is weake,  
Comfort thy mother, Hamlet, thinke on me.

*Ham.* How i'st with you Lady?

*Queene* Nay, how i'st with you  
That thus you bend your eyes on vacancie,  
And holde discourse with nothing but with ayre?

*Ham.* Why doe you nothing heare?

*Queene* Not I.

*Ham.* Nor doe you nothing see?

*Queene* No neither.

*Ham.* No, why see the king my father, my father, in the  
As he liued, looke you how pale he lookes,  
See how he steales away out of the Portall,  
Looke, there he goes. *exit ghost.*

*Queene* Alas, it is the weakenesse of thy braine,  
Which makes thy tongue to blazon thy hearts grieffe:  
But as I haue a soule, I swear by heauen,  
I neuer knew of this most horride murder:  
But Hamlet, this is onely fantasie,  
And for my loue forget these idle fits.

*Ham.* Idle, no mother, my pulse doth beate like yours,  
It is not madnesse that possesseth Hamlet.  
O mother, if euer you did my deare father loue,  
Forbeare the adulterous bed to night,  
And win your selfe by little as you may,  
In time it may be you wil lothe him quites:  
And mother, but assist mee in reuenge,  
And in his death your infamy shall die.

*Queene* Hamlet, I vow by that maicesty,