

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, Bernardo.
Bar. Say, what is Hamlet there?
Ham. A pece of him.
Bar. Welcome Hamlet, welcom god Marcellus,
Ham. What ha this thing apperd againe to night?
Bar. I haue seene nothing.
Mar. Horatio faires tis but our fantasie,
And will not let belefe take hold,
Touching this dreaded sight
Therefore I haue introynd him along,
With vs to watch the mutts of this mighty
That if againte this surffition come,
Hemay approuede your eares,
And let vs once a gaine affluite your eares,
That are so fortiffed againt our story,
Ham. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.
Bar. Sit downe a while,
Bar. Laughting of all,
When yond fame flarie thers weafaway
Had made his course tllume that pere of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus an selfe.
The bell then beating one.

Enter Bernardo.

Mar. Peace, breake thee
Bar. In the fame figur
the King that's dead
Mar. Thou art a scold
Bar. Looks an selfe
Ham. Mofk lik norowes me with teare and wonder,
Bar. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Speake to it Horatio.
Hor. What art thou that usurpst this time of night,
In which the Maiesie of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake,
Mar. It is offendit:
Bar. See it staukes away.

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So hallowed,

and so gratiuous

is that time.

Hor. So haue I heard and doe in part belieue it,
But looke the monre in ruffe mantle clad
Walkes ore the dewe of yon high Eastward hill
Breake we our watch y^ep and by ny aduise
Let vs impart what we haue seene to night
Vnto young Hamlet, for ypon my life
This spirit dumb to vs, will speake to us
Doe you consent we shall acquaunt vs with it
As needfull in our loues, fitting and conuenient.

Mar. Let doo't I pray, as morrowe knowe
Where we shall find him convenient.

Exeunt.

Florib. Enter King of Denmarke, Gertrude Queen, & others, and his Sonne Laertes, & Cam. Alijs.

Hamlet our deare brothe

r, and that it vs befit

to bear our ha

to be contrarie

Yet so faire ha

tht we with w

Together with

Therefore our fe

This imperiall royn

Hauwe as twere w

With an auspicious

With mirth in funerall,

Taken to wife: nor haue we heire in bard

Your better wildeones, which haue freely gone

With this affaire alone (for all our thankes)

Now followes that you knowe young Fortinbras,

Holding a weake supposal of our worth

Or thinking by our late deare brothers death

Our state to be disoynt, and out of frame

Colegaud with this dreame of his advantage

He hath not faid to pestle vs with message

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake.

Exit Ghost.

Mar. Tis gone and will not answer.

Bar. How now Horatio, y^eout tremble and looke pale,

Is not this somthing more then phantasma?

What thinke you out?

Hor. Before my God I might not this believe,

Without the sensible.

Of mine owne eies haue I seene him,

Mar. Is it not he the King?

Hor. As I haue heard.

Such was very Axmor he had on,

When he the ambitious Norwaye co-

Soffowd he once, when in an ar-

He finfowd he fledde pollax on

Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before I haue seene him,

With martiall stampe, and circuar thought,

Hor. In w^earmes I knowe nor,

But in the gro^e and scope of mine

This bodes some strange eruption to come.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me,

Why this same strickt and most obfuer-

So night toiles the subiect of the land

And with such dayly couft of brazen C

And foraine marte, for implements o

Why such imprefle of ship-writes, w^ere task

Does not deuide the Sunday from the halff

What meane we toward that haft

Doth he not m^eight toyl lass, with the day,

Who is he informe?

Hor. At least the whiper goes so; our last King,

Whole image even bin now appeare to vs,

Was as you knowe by Fortinbras of Norwaye,

Therto prick on by a most emula pride

Dard to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet,

(For so this side of our knowne world escend him)

Did slay this Fortinbras, who by a feald compa

Well ranfied by lawe and hera