

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Mar. Holla, *Barnardo*.

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there ?

Hora. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*,

Hora. What, ha's this thing appeard againe to night ?

Bar. I haue seene nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* saies tis but our fantasie,
And will not let beliefe take holde of him,
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along,
With vs to watch the minuts of this night,
That if againe this apparision come,
He may approoue our eyes and speake to it.

Hora. Tush, tush, twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a while,
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we haue two nights seene.

Hora. Well, sit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

Bar. Last night of all,
When yond same starre thats weastward from the pole,
Had made his course rillume that part of heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe
The bell then beating one.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, breake thee of, looke where it comes againe.

Bar. In the same figure like the King thats dead.

Mar. Thou art a scholler, speake to it *Horatio*.

Bar. Lookes a not like the King ? marke it *Horatio*.

Hora. Most like, it horrorwes me with feare and wonder.

Bar. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speake to it *Horatio*.

Hora. What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,
Together with that faire and warlike forme,
In which the Maiestie of buried Denmarke
Did sometimes march, by heauen I charge thee speake.

Mar. It is offended.

Bar. See it staukes away.