

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. Stay, speake, speake, I charge thee speake. *Exit Ghost.*

Mar. Tis gone and will not answere.

Bar. How now *Horatio*, you tremble and looke pale,
Is not this somthing more then phantasie?
What thinke you-ont?

Hor. Before my God I might not this belieue,
Without the sencible and true auouch
Of mine owne eies.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy selfe.

Such was the very Armor he had on,
When he the ambitious *Norway* combated,
So frownd he once, when in an angry parle
He smot the sleaded pollax on the ice.
Tis strange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iump at this dead houre,
With martiall stauke hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what perticular thought, to worke I know not,
But in the grosse and scope of mine opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now sit downe, and tell me he that knowes,
Why this same strikt and most obseruant watch
So nightly toiles the subiect of the land,
And with such dayly cost of brazon Cannon
And forraine marte, for implements of warre,
Why such impresse of ship-writes, whose fore taske
Does not deuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward that this sweaty hast
Doth make the night ioynt labourer with the day,
Who ist that can informe mee?

Hor. That can I.

At least the whisper goes so; our last King,
Whose image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was as you knowe by *Fortinbrasse* of *Norway*,
Thereto prickt on by a most emulate pride
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For so this side of our knowne world esteemd him)
Did slay this *Fortinbrasse*, who by a seald compact
Well ratified by lawe and heraldy