

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your fathers funerall.

Ham. I pre thee doe not mocke me fellowe student,
I thinke it was to my mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeede my Lord it followed hard vppon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't meates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,
Would I had met my dearest foe in heauen
Or euer I had seene that day *Horatio*,
My father, me thinkes I see my father.

Hor. Where my Lord?

Ham. In my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, a was a goodly King.

Ham. A was a man take him for all in all
I shall not looke vppon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord I thinke I saw him yesternight.

Ham. saw, who?

Hor. My Lord the King your father.

Ham. The King my father?

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
With an attent care till I may deliuer
Vppon the witnes of these gentlemen
This maruile to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare?

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen
Marcellus, and *Barnardo*, on their watch
In the dead wast and middle of the night
Beene thus incountred, a figure like your father
Armed at poynt, exactly *Capapea*
Appeares before them, and with solemne march,
Goes slowe and stately by them; thrice he walkt
By their opprest and feare surpris'd eyes
Within his tronchions length, whilst they distil'd
Almost to gelly, with the act of feare
Stand dumbe and speake not to him; this to me
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch,
Whereas they had deliuered both in time
Forme of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparision comes: I knewe your father,