

The Tragedie of Hamlet

These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord vpon the platforme where we watch

Ham. Did you not speake to it?

Hora. My Lord I did,

But answere made it none, yet once me thought

It lifted vp it head, and did addresse

It selfe to motion like as it would speake:

But euen then the morning Cock crewe loude,

And at the sound it shrunk in hast away

And vanisht from our sight.

Ham. Tis very strange.

Hora. As I doe liue my honor'd Lord tis true

And we did thinke it writ downe in our dutie

To let you knowe of it.

Ham. Indeede Sirs but this troubles me,

Hold you the watch to night?

All. We doe my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd say you?

All. Arm'd my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My Lord from head to foote.

Ham. Then sawe you not his face

Hora. O yes my Lord, he wore his beauer vp.

Ham. What look't he frowningly?

Hora. A countenance more in sorrow then in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hora. Nay very paie.

Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?

Hora. Most constanly.

Ham. I would I had beene there.

Hora. It would haue much a maz'd you.

Ham. Very like, stayd it long?

Hora. While one with moderate hast might tell a hundreth.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hora. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was griss'd, no.

Hora. It was as I haue seene it in his life

A sable siluer'd.