

Prince of Denmark

And for my soule, what can it doe to that
Being a thing immortall as it selfe ;
It waues me forth againe, Ile followe it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my
Or to the dreadfull forner of the cleefe
That bettles ore his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrable forme
Which might depriue your soueraigntie of reason,
And draw you into madnes, thinke of it,
The very place puts toyes of desperation
Without more motiue, into euery braine
That lookes so many fadoms to the sea
And heares it rore beneath.

Ham. It waues me still,
Goe on, Ile followe thee.

Mar. You shall not goe my Lord,

Ham. Hold of your hands,

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out
And makes each petty arture in this body
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue ;
Still am I cald, vnhand me Gentlemen
By heauen Ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
I say away, goe on, Ile followe thee.

Exit Ghost and Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes desperate with imagion.

Mar. Lets followe, tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Haue after, to what issue will this come ?

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmarke.

Hor. Heauen will direct it.

Mar. Nay lets follow him.

Exeunt.

Enter Ghost, and Hamlet.

Ham. Whether wilt thou leade me, speake, Ile goe no further,

Ghost. Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My houre is almost come
When I to sulphrus and tormenting flames
Must render vp my selfe.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.