

Prince of Denmar...

Mar. How i'st my noble Lord?

Hora. What newes my Lord?

Ham. O, wonderfull.

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,  
But you'le be secret.

Booth. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,  
Dwelling in all Denmarke  
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needes no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue  
To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,  
And so without more circumstance at all  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,  
You, as your busines and desire shall poynt you,  
For euery man hath busines and desire  
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part  
I will goe pray.

Hora. These are but wilde and whunling words my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you hartily,  
Yes faith hartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrick* but there is *Hotatio*,  
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,  
It is an honest Ghost that let me tell you,  
For your desire to knowe what is betweene vs  
Oremastret as you may, and now good friends,  
As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,  
Giue me one poore request.

Hora. What i'st my Lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue scene to night.

Booth. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.