

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. Vppon my sword.

Mar. We haue sworne my Lord already.

Ham. Indeede vppon my sword, indeed.

Ghost cries vnder the Stage.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy, say'st thou so, art thou there trupenny?
Come on, you heare this fellowe in the Sellerige,
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath my Lord.

Ham. Neuer to speake of this that you haue seene
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. *Hic, & vbique*, then weele shift our ground :
Come hether Gentlemen
And lay your hands againe vpon my sword,
Swear by my sword
Neuer to speake of this that you haue heard.

Ghost. Swear by his sword.

Ham. Well sayd olde Mole, can't worke it'h earth so fast,
A worthy Pioner, once more remooue good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a stranger giue it welcome,
There are more things in heauen and earth *Horatio*
Then are dream't of in your philosophie, but come
Heere as before, neuer so helpe you mercy,
(How strange or odde so mere I beare my selfe,
As I perchance heereafter shall thinke meet,
To put an Anticke disposition on
That you at such times seeing me, neuer shall
With armes incombred thus, or this head shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtfull phrase,
As well, well, we knowe, or we could and if we would,
Or if we list to speake, or there be and if they might,
Or such ambiguous giuing out, to note)
That you knowe ought of me, this doe I swear,
So grace and mercy at your most neede helpe you.

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit : so Gentlemen,
Wi thall my loue I doe commend me to you