

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Hor. A trowant disposition, my good Lord.

Ham. Nor shall you make mee truster

Of your owne report against your selfe:

Sir, I know you are no trowant:

But what is your affaire in *Elfenoure*?

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

Ham. O I pre thee do not mocke mee fellow student,
I thinke it was to see my mothers wedding.

Hor. Indeede my Lord, it followed hard vpon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*, the funerall bak't in eates
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables,

Would I had met my deereft foe in heauen

Ere euer I had seene that day *Horatio*;

O my father, my father, me thinks I see my father,

Hor. Where my Lord?

Ham. Why, in my mindes eye *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a gallant King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not looke vpon his like againe.

Hor. My Lord, I thinke I saw him yesternight,

Ham. Saw, who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

Ham. Ha, ha, the King my father ke you.

Hor. Ceafen your admiration for a while

With an attentiu eare, till I may deliuer,

Vpon the witnessse of these Gentlemen

This wonder to you.

Ham. For Gods loue let me heare it.

Hor. Two nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night.

Beene thus incountered by a figure like your father,

Armed to poynt, exactly *Capapea*

Apperes before them thise, he walkes

Before their weake and feare oppressed cies.

Within his tronchions length,