

*Prince of Denmark.*

While they distilled almost to gelly,  
With the act of feare stands dumbe,  
And speake not to him: this to mee  
In dreadfull secrecie impart they did.  
And I with them the third night kept the watch,  
Where as they had deliuered forme of the thing.  
Each part made true and good,  
The Apparition comes: I knew your father,  
These handes are not more like.

*Ham.* Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do liue, my honord lord, tis true,  
And wee did thinke it right done,  
In our dutie to let you know it.

*Ham.* Where was this?

*Mar.* My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watched.

*Ham.* Did you not speake to it?

*Hor.* My Lord we did, but answere made it none,  
Yet once me thought it was about to speake,  
And lifted vp his head to motion,  
Like as he would speake, but euen then  
The morning cocke crew lowd, and in all haste,  
It shruncke in haste away, and vanished  
Our sight.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed sirs, but this troubles me:  
Hold you the watch to night?

*All* We do my Lord.

*Ham.* Armed say ye?

*All* Armed my good Lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*All.* My good Lord, from head to foote.

*Ham.* Why then saw you not his face?

*Hor.* O yes my Lord, he wore his beuer vp.

*Ham.* How look't he, frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, verie pal