

Prince of Denmarke.

Hor. Indeed I heard it not, what doth this mean my lord?

Ham. O the king doth wake to night, & takes his rowle,
Keepe wassel, and the swaggering vp-spring reeles,
And as he dreames, his draughts of renish downe,
The kettle, drumme, and trumpet, thus bray out,
The triumphes of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custome here?

Ham. I mary i' ft and though I am
Natiue here, and to the maner borne,
It is a custome, more honourd in the breach,
Then in the obseruance.

Enter the Ghost.

Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of grace defend vs,
Be thou a spirite of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from heanen, or blasts from hell:
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou comest in such questionable shape,
That I will speake to thee,
Ile call thee *Hamlet*, King, Father, Royall Dane,
O answere mee, let mee not burst in ignorance,
But say why thy canonizd bones hearded in death
Haue burst their ceremonies: why thy Sepulcher,
In which wee saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath burst his ponderous and marble Iawes,
To cast thee vp againe: what may this meane,
That thou, dead corse, againe in compleate steele,
Reuissets thus the glimpses of the Moone,
Making night hideous, and we fooles of nature,
So horridely to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our soules?
Say, speake, wherefore, what may this meane?

Hor. It beckons you, as though it had something
To impart to you alone.

Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It waues you to a more remoued ground,