

The Tragedie of Hamlet

But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no meanes my Lord.

Ham. It will not speake, then will I follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you toward the flood my Lord,
That beckles ore his bace, into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible shape,
Which might deprive your soueraigntie of reason,
And driue you into madnesse : thinke of it.

Ham. Still am I called, go on, ile follow thee.

Hor. My Lord, you shall not go.

Ham. Why what should be the feare?
I do not set my life at a pinnes fee,
And for my soule, what can it do to that?
Being a thing immortall, like it selfe,
Go on, ile follow thee.

Mar. My Lord be rulde, you shall not goe.

Ham. My fate cries out, and makes each pety Artieue
As hardy as the Nemeon Lyons nerue,
Still am I cald, vnhand me gentlemen;
By heauen ile make a ghost of him that lets me,
Away I say, go on, ile follow thee.

Hor. He waxeth desperate with imagination.

Mar. Something is rotten in the state of *Denmarke*.

Hor. Haue after; to what issue will this sort?

Mar. Lets follow, tis not fit thus to obey him. *exit.*

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Ile go no farther, whither wilt thou leade me?

Ghost Marke me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost I am thy fathers spirit, doomed for a time
To walke the night, and all the day
Confinde in flaming fire,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are purged and burnt away.

Ham. Alas poore Ghost.

Ghost Nay pittie me not, but to my vnfolding