

Prince of Denmarke

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villayne;
At least I am sure, it may be so in *Denmarke*.
So vncke, there you are, there you are.
Now to the words; it is adue adue: remember me,
Soe t'is enough I haue sworne.

Hor. My lord, my lord.

*Enter. Horatio,
and Marcellus.*

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. Ill, lo, lo, ho, ho.

Ham. Ill, lo, lo, so, ho, so, come boy, come.

Hor. Heauens secure him.

Mar. How i'st my noble lord?

Hor. What news my lord?

Ham. O wonderfull, wonderful.

Hor. Good my lord tel it.

Ham. No not I, you'l reueale it.

Hor. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then? would hart of man
Oncethinke it? but you'l be secret.

Both. I by heauen, my lord.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine dwelling in all *Denmarke*,
But hee's an arrant knaue

Hor. There need no Ghost come from the graue to tell
you this.

Ham. Right, you are in the right, and therefore
I holde it meet without more circumstance at all,
Wee shake hands and part; you as your busines
And desiers shall leade you: for looke you,
Euery man hath busines, and desires, such
As it is, and for my owne poore parte, ile go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and wherling words, my Lord.

Ham. I am sory they offend you; hartely, yes faith hartily.

Hor. Ther's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patrike* but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence too, touching this vision,
It is an honest ghost, that let mee tell you,

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