

## Prince of Denmarke.

But soft, behold, loe where it comes againe  
He crosse it though it blast mee : stay illusion,  
If thou hast any sound or vse of voyce,  
Speake to me, if there be any good thing to be done  
That may to thee doe ease, and grace to mee,  
Speake to me.

*It spreads  
his armes.*

If thou art priuie to thy countries fate  
Which happily foreknowing may auoyd  
O speake :  
Or if thou hast vphoorded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the wombe of earth  
For which they say your spirits oft walke in death.  
Speake of it, stay and speake, stop it *Marcellus*.

*The cocke  
crows.*

*Mar.* Shall I strike it with my partizan?

*Hor.* Doe if it will not stand.

*Bar.* Tis heere.

*Hor.* Tis heere.

*Mar.* Tis gone.

We doe it wrong being so Maiesticall  
To offer it the shoue of violence,  
For it is as the ayre, invulnerable,  
And our vaine blowes malicious mockery.

*Bar.* It was about to speake when the cock crewe.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing,  
Vpon a fearefull summons ; I haue heard,  
The Cock that is the trumpeter to the morne,  
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding throat  
Awake the God of day, and at his warning  
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or ayre  
Th'extrauagant and erring spirit hies  
To his confine, and of the truth heerein  
This present obiekt made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the Cock.  
Some say that euer gainst that season comes  
Wherein our Sauours birth is celebrated  
This bird of dawning singeth all night long,  
And then they say no spirit dare sturre abraode  
The nights are wholesome, then no plannets strike,  
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charme

R<sub>2</sub>