

## S C E N E IX.

*Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.*

*Hor.* My lord, my lord!

*Mar.* Lord *Hamlet*!

*Hor.* Heav'n secure him!

*Mar.* So be it.

*Hor.* Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird,\* come.

*Mar.* How is't, my noble lord?

*Hor.* What news, my lord?

*Ham.* O, wonderful!

*Hor.* Good my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No; you'll reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by heav'n.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.

*Ham.* How say you then, would heart of man once think it? —  
But you'll be secret?

*Both.* Ay, by heav'n, my lord.

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all *Denmark*,  
But he is an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave  
To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right; you are i'th'right:  
And so without more circumstance at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands, and part:  
You as your business and desires shall point you;  
(For every man has business and desire,  
Such as it is) and, for my own poor part,  
I will go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and hurling words, my lord.

*Ham.* I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;  
Yes, heartily.

\* This is the call which falconers use to their hawk in the air, when they would have him come down to them.

*Hor.*