

HORATIO

She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection;
'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

HORATIO

Two nights together had these gentlemen, Marcellus and
Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: a figure like your father.
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.