

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.  
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.  
Two Clowns.  
Grave-diggers.  
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet.  
Ophelia, Daughter to Polonius.  
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Sailors, Messengers and Attendants.

Scene, — Elsinore.



## ACT I



### SCENE I

Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle.

Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.

Bernardo

Who's there?

Francisco

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold Yourself.

Bernardo

Long live the king!

Francisco

Bernardo?

Bernardo

He.

Francisco

You come most carefully upon your hour.

Bernardo

'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

Francisco

For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.

Bernardo

Have you had quiet guard?

Francisco

Not a mouse stirring.

Bernardo

Well, good night.  
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Francisco

I think I hear them. — Stand! Who is there?

Horatio

Friends to this ground.

Marcellus

And liegemen to the Dane.

Francisco

Give you good-night.

Marcellus

O! farewell, honest soldier:  
Who hath relieve'd you?

Francisco

Bernardo has my place.

Give you goodnight.

(Exit.)

Marcellus

Holla! Bernardo!

Bernardo

Say.

What, is Horatio there?

Horatio

A piece of him.

Bernardo

Welcome, Horatio: — Welcome, good Marcellus.

Marcellus

What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

Bernardo

I have seen nothing.

Marcellus

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:  
Therefore I have entreated him along  
With us to watch the minutes of this night;  
That, if again this apparition come,  
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

Horatio

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Bernardo

Sit down awhile;  
And let us once again assail your ears,  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we two nights have seen.

Horatio

Well, sit we down,  
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Bernardo

Last night of all,  
When yon same star, that's westward from the pole  
Had made his course to illumine that part of heaven  
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,  
The bell then beating one, —

Marcellus

Peace! break thee off; look where it comes again!

Enter Ghost.

Bernardo

In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

Marcellus

Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Bernardo

Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Horatio

Most like: — it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Bernardo

It would be spoke to.

Marcellus

Question it, Horatio.

Horatio

What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that fair and war-like form,  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march? by heaven, I charge thee,  
speak!

Marcellus

It is offended.

Bernardo

See, it stalks away!

Horatio

Stay! speak, speak!  
I charge thee speak!

Exit Ghost.

Marcellus

'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Bernardo

How now, Horatio! You tremble and look pale:  
Is not this something more than fantasy?  
What think you on't?

Horatio

Before my God, I might not this believe,  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.