***Hamlet,* Act 1, scene 1**

ENTER BARNARDO AND FRANCISCO, TWO CENTINELS.

Barnardo:
Who's there?

Francisco:
Nay answer me: Stand and unfold yourself.

Barnardo:
Long live the King.

Francisco:
Barnardo?

Barnardo:
He.

Francisco:
You come most carefully upon your hour.

Barnardo:
'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to bed *Francisco*.

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

Barnardo:
Have you had quiet Guard?

Francisco:
Not a Mouse stirring.

Barnardo:
Well, goodnight.
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's there?

Horatio:
Friends to this ground.

Marcellus:
And Liegemen to the Dane.

Francisco:
Give you good night.

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Barnardo:
Who's there?

Francisco:
Nay answer me: Stand and unfold yourself.

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Long live the King.

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ENTER HORATIO AND MARCELLUS.

Francisco:
I think I hear them. Stand: who's there?

Horatio:
Friends to this ground.

Marcellus:
And Liegemen to the Dane.

Marcellus:
O farewell honest Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?

Francisco:
Barnardo ha's my place: give you goodnight.

EXIT FRANCISCO.

Barnardo:
Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Marcellus:
What, ha's this thing appear'd again tonight.

Barnardo:
I have seen nothing.

Marcellus:
Horatio says, 'tis but our Fantasy.

Horatio:
Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

Marcellus:
ENTER THE GHOST.

Look where it comes again.

Barnardo:
In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Marcellus:
Thou art a Scholar; speak to it *Horatio*.

Barnardo:
Looks it not like the King? Mark it *Horatio*.

Horatio:
Most like: It harrows me with fear and wonder.

Horatio:
What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that Fair and Warlike form
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march: By Heaven I charge thee speak.

Francisco:
Give you good night.

Marcellus:
O farewell honest Soldier, who hath reliev'd you?

Francisco:
Barnardo ha's my place: give you goodnight.

EXIT FRANCISCO.

~~**Marcellus:**~~
~~Holla *Barnardo*.~~

~~**Barnardo:**~~
~~Say, what is *Horatio* there?~~

~~**Horatio:**~~
~~A piece of him.~~

Barnardo:
Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus*.

Marcellus:
What, ha's this thing appear'd again tonight.

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.

~~**Barnardo:**~~
~~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 *Barnardo* speak of this.~~

~~**Barnardo:**~~
~~Last night of all,~~
~~When yond same Star that's Westward from the Pole~~
~~Had made his course t'illume that part of Heaven~~
~~Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and myself,~~
~~The Bell then beating one.~~

Marcellus:
~~Peace, break thee off:~~

ENTER THE GHOST.

Look where it comes again.

Barnardo:
In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

Marcellus:
Thou art a Scholar; speak to it *Horatio*.

Barnardo:
Looks it not like the King? Mark it *Horatio*.

Horatio:
Most like: It harrows me with fear and wonder.

~~**Barnardo:**~~
~~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 Warlike form
In which the Majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march: By Heaven I charge thee speak.

Marcellus:
It is offended.

Barnardo:
See, it stalks away.

Horatio:
Stay: speak; speak: I Charge thee, speak.

EXIT THE GHOST.

Marcellus:
'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barnardo:
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.

Marcellus:
Is it not like the King?

Horatio:
As thou art to thyself

Marcellus:
Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With Martial stalk, hath he gone by our Watch.

Horatio:
In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the gross and scope of my Opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

Marcellus:
It is offended.

Barnardo:
See, it stalks away.

Horatio:
Stay: speak; speak: I Charge thee, speak.

EXIT THE GHOST.

Marcellus:
'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Barnardo:
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.

Marcellus:
Is it not like the King?

Horatio:
As thou art to thyself,
~~Such was the very Armour he had on,~~
~~When th'Ambitious Norway combated:~~
~~So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle~~
~~He smote the sledded Polacks on the Ice.~~
~~'Tis strange.~~

Marcellus:
Thus twice before, and just at this dead hour,
With Martial stalk, hath he gone by our Watch.

Horatio:
In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the gross and scope of my Opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our State.

~~**Marcellus:**~~
~~Good now sit down, and tell me he that knows~~
~~Why this same strict and most observant Watch,~~
~~So nightly toils the subject of the Land,~~
~~And why such daily Cast of Brazon Cannon~~
~~And Foreign Mart for Implements of war:~~
~~Why such impress of Shipwrights, whose sore Task~~
~~Does not divide the Sunday from the week,~~
~~What might be toward, that this sweaty haste~~
~~Doth make the Night joint Labourer with the day:~~
~~Who is't that can inform me?~~

~~**Horatio:**~~
~~That can I,~~
~~At least the whisper goes so.~~

~~*END.*~~