

Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two Sentinels

BARNARDO

Who's there?

FRANCISCO

Nay, answer me: Stand & 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

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, 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 ho,
who's there?

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HORATIO

Friends to this ground

MARCELLUS

And Liege-men to the Dane

FRANCISCO

Give you good night.

MARCELLUS

O farewell honest Soldier: who
hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO

Barnardo has 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, has this thing appeared
again tonight?

BARNARDO

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

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MARCELLUS (cont'd)
 minutes of this Night--that if
 again this Apparition come, he
 may approve our eyes and speak
 to it.

HORATIO
 Tush, tush, t'will not appear.

BARNARDO
 Sit down a while 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'illumine that part of Heaven
 where it now burns, Marcellus
 and myself, the Bell then
 beating one.

Enter ghost.

MARCELLUS
 Peace, break thee off--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.

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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 usurps 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 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 it?

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?

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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 smot the sledded
 Pollack on the Ice. Tis strange.

MARCELLUS

Thus twice before, and swift at
 this dead hour, With martial
 stake, 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 boads 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 brazen cannon and
 foriegn mart for implements of
 war: why such impress of
 Shipwrights, whose sore tasks
 does not divide the Sunday from
 the week, what might be toward,
 that this sweaty haste doth make
 the night joint-laborer with the
 day: Who is't that can inform me?

HORATIO

That can I; at least the whisper
 goes so: Our last King, whose
 Image even but now appear'd to
 us was--as you know--by
 Fortinbras of Norway--Thereto
 picked on by a most emulate
 Pride--Dar'd to the Combat; in
 which, our Valiant Hamlet--For
 (MORE)

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HORATIO (cont'd)

so this side of our known world
 esteem'd him--did slay this
 Fortinbras: who by a Seal'd
 Compact, well ratified by Law,
 and Heraldry, did forfeit--with
 his life--all those his Lands
 which he stood seiz'd on, to the
 Conqueror; against the which, a
 moiety competent was gaged by our
 King: which had return'd to the
 Inheritance of Fortinbras, Had
 he been Vanquisher, as by the
 same Cov'nant and carriage of
 the Article design His fell to
 Hamlet. Now, sir, young
 Fortinbras, of unimproved
 Mettle, hot and full, hath in
 the skirts of Norway, here and
 there, shark'd up a list of
 Landless Resolutes, for food and
 diet to some enterprise that
 hath a stomach in't: which is no
 other--and it doth well appear
 unto our State--but to recover
 of us by strong hand and terms
 compulsory, those foresaid lands
 so by his father lost; and this--
 I take it--is the main Notice of
 our Preparations, the Source of
 this our Watch, and the chief
 head of this post-haste, and
 Romage in the Land.

BARNARDO

I think it be no other but e'en
 so: well may it sort that this
 portentous figure comes armed
 through our watch; so like the
 king that was and is the
 question of these wars.

HORATIO

A mote it is to trouble the
 mind's eye in the most high and
 palmy state of Rome, a little

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HORATIO (cont'd)

ere the mightiest Julius fell,
 the graves stood tenantless and
 the sheeted dead did squeak and
 gibber in the Roman streets: as
 stars with trains of fire and
 dews of blood, disasters in the
 sun; and the moist star upon
 whose influence Neptune's empire
 stands was sick almost to
 doomsday with eclipse: and even
 the like precursor of fierce
 events, as harbingers preceding
 still the fates and prologue to
 the omen coming on, have heaven
 and earth together demonstrated
 unto our climatures and
 countrymen--but soft, behold!
 lo, where it comes again!

ENTER GHOST AGAIN

HORATIO

I'll cross it, though it blast
 me. Stay Illusion: If thou hast
 any sound or use of voice, speak
 to me. If there be any good
 thing to be done, that may to
 thee do ease, and grace to me,
 speak to me.

Cock crows

If thou art privy to thy
 Country's Fate--which happily
 foreshadowing may avoid--oh
 speak, or if thou hast uphorded
 in thy life extorted treasure in
 the wombs of earth--for which,
 they say, you Spirits oft walk
 in death--speak of it. Stay and
 speak. Stop it Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

Shall I strike at it with my
 Partisan?

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HORATIO

Do, if it will not stand.

BARNARDO

Tis here.

HORATIO

Tis here.

MARCELLUS

Tis gone. WE do it wrong, being so Majestical to offer it the show of violence, for it is as the Air, invulnerable, and our vain blows malicious Mockery.

BARNARDO

It was about to speak, when the Cock crew.

HORATIO

And then it started, like a guilty thing upon a fearful summons. I have heard the cock that is the trumpet to the day, 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 Air, th'extravagant, and erring Spirit, hyes to his Confine. And of the truth herein, this present object made probation.

MARCELLUS

It faded on the crowing of the Cock. Some says that ever 'gaint that Season comes wherein our Savior's Birth is celebrated, the Bird of Dawning singeth all night long: And then--they say--no spirit can walk abroad, the nights are wholesome, then no Planets strike, no Fairies talk, nor Witch has power to Charm: So

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MARCELLUS (cont'd)
 hollow'd and so gracious is the
 time.

HORATIO
 So have I heard, and do in part
 believe it. But look, the Morn
 in Russet mantle clad, Walks
 o're the dew of yon high
 Eastborne Hill, Break we our
 Watch up, and by my advice let
 us impart what we have seen
 tonight unto young Hamlet. For,
 upon my life, this spirit dumb
 to us will speak to him: Do you
 consent we shall acquaint him
 with it, as needful to our
 Loves, fitting our Duty?

MARCELLUS
 Let do't I pray, and I this
 morning know where we shall find
 him most conveniently.

EXEUNT

Ghost enters.

GHOST
 I am thy father's spirit, doom'd
 for a certain term to walk the
 night, and for the day confined
 to fast in fires, till the foul
 crimes done in my days of nature
 are burnt and purged away. But
 that I am forbid to tell the
 secrets of my prison-house, I
 could a tale unfold whose
 lightest word would harrow up
 thy soul, freeze thy young
 blood, make thy two eyes, like
 stars, start from their spheres,
 thy knotted and combined locks
 to part and each particular hair
 to stand on end, like quills
 upon the fretful porpentine: but
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GHOST (cont'd)

this eternal blazon must not be
to ears of flesh and blood.
List, list, o, list! If thou
didst ever thy dear father love--
revenge his foul and most
unnatural murder.

Ghost fades. Blackout.