Enter Barnardo and Francisco, two sentinels

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. 5

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. 10

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.

MARCELLUS
O, farewell, honest soldier: Who hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO
Barnardo has my place. Give you good night.

Exit

MARCELLUS
Holla, Barnardo. 15

BARNARDO
Say, what, is Horatio there?

HORATIO
A piece of him.

BARNARDO
Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

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

BARNARDO
I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS
Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy, And will not let belief take hold of him 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. 20

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 have two nights seen.

HORATIO
Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Barnardo speak of this.  30

BARNARDO
Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven
Where now it 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.

HORATIO
Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.          40

BARNARDO
It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS
Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

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

HORATIO
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 he the 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 jump 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.          65

MARCELLUS
Good now, sit down, and tell me, he that knows,
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Cue Script: *Hamlet, 1.1* (with cuts)

Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day:
Who is’t that can inform me?

HORATIO
That can I;
But soft, behold: lo, where it comes again.

Re-enter Ghost

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, foreknowing may avoid, O, speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Exorted treasure in the womb 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?

HORATIO
Do, if it will not stand.

BARNARDO
’Tis here.

HORATIO
’Tis here.

MARCELLUS
’Tis gone.

Exit Ghost

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 morn;
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;
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.

MARCELLUS
It faded on the crowing of the cock.

HORATIO
Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
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 in our loves, fitting our duty?

MARCELLUS
Let’s do’t, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently.

*Exeunt*
Hamlet, 1.1 (with cuts)

BARNARDO

Enter

Who's there?

..........................................................unfold yourself.

Long live the king.

..........................................................Barnardo?

He.

..........................................................upon your hour.

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

..........................................................am sick at heart.

Have you had quiet guard?

..........................................................a mouse stirring.

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

..........................................................Holla, Barnardo.

Say, What, is Horatio there?

..........................................................A piece of him.

Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

..........................................................again to-night?

I have seen nothing.

..........................................................'twill not appear.

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

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

..........................................................it comes again.

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

..........................................................it, Horatio.

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

..........................................................with fear and wonder.

It would be spoke to.

..........................................................It is offended.

See, it stalks away.

..........................................................and will not answer.

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

..........................................................it will not stand.

'Tis here!

..........................................................'Tis gone!

It was about to speak, when the cock crew.

..........................................................most conveniently.

Exeunt
FRANCISCO

Enter

........................................................................... Who's there?

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

........................................................................... Long live the king.

Barnardo?

.................................................................................... He

You come most carefully upon your hour.

........................................................................... to bed, Francisco.

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

........................................................................... had quiet guard?

Not a mouse stirring.

........................................................................... bid them make haste.

I think I hear them. Stand: Who's there?

........................................................................... liegemen to the Dane.

Give you good night.

........................................................................... Who hath relieved you?

Barnardo has my place.
Give you good night.

Exit
Cue Script: *Hamlet, 1.1 (with cuts)*

HORATIO

bid them make haste.

Enter

Stand: Who's there?

Friends to this ground.

is Horatio there?

A piece of him.

and speak to it.

Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

have two nights seen.

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

mark it, Horatio.

Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

it, 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.

it stalks away.

Stay: speak, speak; I charge thee, speak.

What think you on't?

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

not like the king?

As thou art to thyself:

'Tis strange.

gone by our watch.

This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
But soft, behold: lo, where it comes again.
I'll cross it, though it blast me. Stay, illusion.
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me: stay, and speak. Stop it, Marcellus.

my partisan?

Do, if it will not stand.

'Tis here.

'Tis here.

when the cock crew.

Break we our watch up; and by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
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 in our loves, fitting our duty?

most conveniently.

Exeunt
Cue Script: *Hamlet*, 1.1 (with cuts)

**MARCELLUS**

--- bid them make haste. 

--- Enter 

--- Friends to this ground. 

And liegemen to the Dane. 

--- Give you good night. 

O, farewell, honest soldier: 
Who hath relieved you? 

--- Give you good night. 

Holla, Barnardo. 

--- welcome, good Marcellus. 

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

--- have seen nothing. 

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy, 
Therefore I have entreated him along 
That if again this apparition come, 
He may approve our eyes and speak to it. 

--- then beating one,-- 

Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again. 

--- the king that's dead. 

Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio. 

--- would be spoke to. 

Question it, Horatio. 

--- heaven I charge thee, speak. 

It is offended. 

--- speak; I charge thee, speak. 

'Tis gone, and will not answer. 

--- Of mine own eyes. 

Is it not like the king? 

--- to thyself: 'Tis strange. 

Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour, 
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch. 

--- Stop it, Marcellus. 

Shall I strike at it with my partisan? 

--- 'Tis here. 

'Tis gone. 

--- fitting our duty? 

Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know 
Where we shall find him most conveniently. 

**Exeunt**
Cue Script: *Hamlet*, 1.1 (with cuts)

GHOST

........................................................then beating one,-- .

Enter

..................................................................................speak; I charge thee, speak.

Exit

........................................................................where it comes again.

Re-enter

....................................................................................'Tis gone.

Exit