The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

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## Dramatis Personae

CLAUDIUS, king of Denmark.

HAMLET, son to the late, and nephew to the present king. POLONIUS, lord chamberlain.

HORATIO, friend to Hamlet. LAERTES, son to Polonius. LUCIANUS, nephew to the king.

VOLTIMAND CORNELIUS ROSENCRANTZ GUILDENSTERN OSRIC

courtiers. A Gentleman A Priest.

MARCELLUS BERNARDO

officers.

FRANCISCO, a soldier. REYNALDO, servant to Polonius. Players.

Two Clowns, grave-diggers. FORTINBRAS, prince of Norway. A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet. OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants. Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE Denmark.

# Act I

## Scene 1

### Elsinore. A platform before the castle.

Who's there?

*FRANCISCO at his post. Enter to him BERNARDO*

BERNARDO

FRANCISCO

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO

Long live the king! Bernardo?

He.

FRANCISCO

BERNARDO

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.

Have you had quiet guard? Not a mouse stirring.

Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,

BERNARDO

FRANCISCO

BERNARDO

The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

FRANCISCO

I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Friends to this ground. And liegemen to the Dane. Give you good night.

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

Bernardo has my place. Give you good night.

Holla! Bernardo! Say,

What, is Horatio there? A piece of him.

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS*

HORATIO

MARCELLUS

FRANCISCO

MARCELLUS

FRANCISCO

*Exit*

MARCELLUS

BERNARDO

HORATIO

BERNARDO

Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS

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

BERNARDO

I have seen nothing.

Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him

MARCELLUS

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.

Sit down awhile;

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

Well, sit we down,

And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

Last night of all,

BERNARDO

HORATIO

BERNARDO

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!

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. Question it, Horatio.

MARCELLUS

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.