



HAMLET

PRINCE OF DENMARK

by William Shakespeare

PERSONS REPRESENTED

Claudius, King of Denmark.
Hamlet, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.
Horatio, Friend to Hamlet.
Laertes, Son to Polonius.
Voltimand, Courtier.
Cornelius, Courtier.
Rosencrantz, Courtier.
Guildenstern, Courtier.

Osric, Courtier.
A Gentleman, Courtier.
A Priest.
Marcellus, Officer.
Bernardo, Officer.
Francisco, a Soldier
Reynaldo, Servant to Polonius.
Players.
Two Clowns, Grave-diggers.
Fortinbras, Prince of Norway.
A Captain.
English Ambassadors.
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, and Mother of Hamlet.
Ophelia, Daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE. Elsinore.

ACT I.

Scene I. Elsinore. A platform before the Castle

[Francisco at his post. Enter to him Bernardo.]

Ber.
Who's there?

Fran.
Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber.
Long live the king!

Fran.
Bernardo?

Ber.
He.

Fran.
You come most carefully upon your hour.

Ber.
'Tis now struck twelve. Get thee to bed, Francisco.

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

Ber.
Have you had quiet guard?

Fran.
Not a mouse stirring.

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

Fran.
I think I hear them.--Stand, ho! Who is there?

[Enter Horatio and Marcellus.]

Hor.
Friends to this ground.

Mar.
And liegemen to the Dane.

Fran.
Give you good-night.

Mar.
O, farewell, honest soldier;
Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran.
Bernardo has my place.
Give you good-night.

[Exit.]

Mar.
Holla! Bernardo!

Ber.
Say.
What, is Horatio there?

Hor.
A piece of him.

Ber.
Welcome, Horatio!--Welcome, good Marcellus.

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

Ber.
I have seen nothing.

Mar.
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.

Hor.
Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

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

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

Ber.
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,--

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

[Enter Ghost, armed.]

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

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

Ber.
Looks it not like the King? mark it, Horatio.

Hor.
Most like:--it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber.
It would be spoke to.

Mar.
Question it, Horatio.

Hor.
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!

Mar.
It is offended.

Ber.