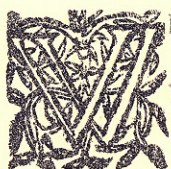


# THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

## *Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.*

*Enter Barnardo and Francisco two Centinels.*

*Barnardo.*



Ho's there?

*Fran.* Nay answer me: Stand & vnfold  
your selfe.

*Bar.* Long liue the King.

*Fran.* Barnardo?

*Bar.* He.

*Fran.* You come most carefully vpon your houre.

*Bar.* 'Tis now strook twelue, get thee to bed *Francisco.*

*Fran.* For this releefe much thanks: 'Tis bitter cold,  
And I am sicke at heart.

*Barn.* Haue you had quiet Guard?

*Fran.* Not a Mouse stirring.

*Barn.* Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and  
*Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make hast.

*Enter Horatio and Marcellus.*

*Fran.* I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

*Hor.* Friends to this ground.

*Mar.* And Leige-men to the Dane.

*Fran.* Giue you good night.

*Mar.* O farwel honest Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

*Fra.* *Barnardo* ha's my place: giue you goodnight.

*Exit Fran.*

*Mar.* Holla *Barnardo.*

*Bar.* Say, what is *Horatio* there?

*Hor.* A peece of him.

*Bar.* Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*

*Mar.* What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

*Bar.* I haue seene nothing.

*Mar.* *Horatio* saies, 'tis but our Fantasie,  
And will not let beleefe take hold of him  
Touching this dreaded fight, twice seene of vs,  
Therefore I haue intreated him along  
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,  
That if againe this Apparition come,  
He may approue our eyes, and speake to it.

*Hor.* Tush, tush, 'twill not appeare.

*Bar.* Sit downe a-while,  
And let vs once againe assaile your eares,  
That are so fortified against our Story,  
What we two Nights haue scene.

*Hor.* Well, sit we downe,  
And let vs heare *Barnardo* speake of this.

*Barn.* Last night of all,  
When yond same Starre that's Westward from the Pole  
Had made his course t'illumine that part of Heauen

Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my selfe,  
The Bell then beating one.

*Mar.* Peace, breake thee of: *Enter the Ghost.*  
Looke where it comes againe.

*Barn.* In the same figure, like the King that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a Scholler; speake to it *Horatio.*

*Barn.* Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*

*Hor.* Most like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

*Barn.* It would be spoke too.

*Mar.* Question it *Horatio.*

*Hor.* What art thou that vsurp'st this time of night,  
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme  
In which the Maiesty of buried Denmarke  
Did sometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee speake.

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Barn.* See, it stalkes away.

*Hor.* Stay: speake; speake: I Charge thee, speake.

*Exit the Ghost.*

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

*Barn.* How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:  
Is not this something more then Fantasie?  
What thinke you on't?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this beleefe  
Without the sensible and true auouch  
Of mine owne eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the King?

*Hor.* As thou art to thy selfe,  
Such was the very Armour he had on,  
When th'Ambitious Norway combatted:  
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle  
He smot the flegged Pollax on the Ice.  
'Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before, and iust at this dead houre,  
With Marciall stalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work, I know not:  
But in the grosse and scope of my Opinion,  
This boades some strange eruption to our State.

*Mar.* Good now sit downe, & tell me he that knowes  
Why this same strict and most obseruant Watch,  
So nightly toyles the subiect of the Land,  
And why such dayly Cast of Brazon Cannon  
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:  
Why such impresse of Ship-wrights, whose fore Taske  
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haft  
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:  
Who is't that can informe me?

*Hor.* That can I,

At