



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Hamlet



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THE TRAGEDY OF HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

by William Shakespeare

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Dramatis Personæ

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark, Hamlet's uncle

The GHOST of the late king, Hamlet's father

GERTRUDE, the Queen, Hamlet's mother, now wife of Claudius

POLONIUS, Lord Chamberlain

LAERTES, Son to Polonius

OPHELIA, Daughter to Polonius

HORATIO, Friend to Hamlet

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway

VOLTEMAND, Courtier

CORNELIUS, Courtier

ROSENCRANTZ, Courtier

GUILDENSTERN, Courtier

MARCELLUS, Officer

BARNARDO, Officer

FRANCISCO, a Soldier

OSRIC, Courtier

REYNALDO, Servant to Polonius

Players

A Gentleman, Courtier

A Priest

Two Clowns, Grave-diggers

A Captain

English Ambassadors.

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

SCENE. Elsinore.

ACT I

SCENE I. Elsinore. A platform before the Castle.

Enter FRANCISCO and BARNARDO, 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.

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 is there?

HORATIO.

Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS.

And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO.

Give you good night.

MARCELLUS.

O, farewell, honest soldier, who hath reliev'd you?

FRANCISCO.

Barnardo has my place. Give you good-night.

[Exit.]

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 appear'd 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 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.

BARNARDO.

Sit down awhile,
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 now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one—

MARCELLUS.

Peace, break thee off. Look where it comes again.

Enter GHOST.

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.

BARNARDO

It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS.

Question it, Horatio.

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.

BARNARDO.

See, it stalks away.