

Hamlet

Act 1, scene 1, lines 15–62
(cut & without stage directions)

BARNARDO: Stand ho! Who is there?

HORATIO: Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS: And liegemen to the Dane.

BARNARDO: Say, what, is Horatio there?

HORATIO: A piece of him.

BARNARDO: Welcome, Horatio.—Welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS: What, has this thing appeared 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 have two nights 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 to 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.

BARNARDO: In the same figure like the King that's dead.

MARCELLUS: Thou art a scholar. Speak to it, Horatio.

BARNARDO: Looks he not like the King? Mark it, Horatio.

HORATIO: Most like. It harrows me with fear and wonder.

BARNARDO: It would be spoke to.

MARCELLUS: Speak to 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!

HORATIO: Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

MARCELLUS: 'Tis gone and will not answer.