

## **BERNARDO & MARCELLUS | Hamlet Act 1, Scene 1 | Side 1**

**MARCELLUS:** Holla, Bernardo!

**BERNARDO:** Say- What, is Horatio there ?

**HORATIO:** A piece of him.

**BERNARDO:** Welcome, Horatio. Welcome, good Marcellus.

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

**BERNARDO:** 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.

**BERNARDO:** 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 Bernardo speak of this.

**BERNARDO:** Last night of all,  
When yond same star that's westward from the pole  
Had made his course t' 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.

**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.

**BERNARDO:** See, it stalks away!

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

*[Exit Ghost.]*

**MARCELLUS:** 'Tis gone and will not answer.

**BERNARDO:** How now, Horatio? You tremble and look pale.  
Is not this something more than fantasy?  
What think you on't?

**HORATIO:** Before my God, I might not this believe  
Without the sensible and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

**MARCELLUS:** Is it not like the King?

**HORATIO:** As thou art to thyself.  
Such was the very armour he had on  
When he th' ambitious Norway combated.  
So frown'd he once when, in an angry parle,  
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.  
'Tis strange.

**MARCELLUS:** Thus twice before, and jump at this dead hour,  
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

**HORATIO:** In what particular thought to work I know not;  
But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

**MARCELLUS:** Good now, sit down, and tell me he that knows,  
Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land,  
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon  
And foreign mart for implements of war;  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task  
Does not divide the Sunday from the week.  
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?  
Who is't that can inform me?