

ACT I.

SCENE I.—EL SINORE. A PLATFORM BEFORE THE CASTLE. NIGHT.

FRANCISCO *on his post. Enter to him* BERNARDO, L.H.

Ber. Who's there?

Fran. (R.) Nay, answer me: ¹ stand, and unfold ² yourself.

Ber. Long live the king! ³

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: [*Crosses to L.*] '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, ⁴ bid them make haste.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

8

Mar. And liegemen to the Dane. ⁵

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS L.H.

Fran. Give you good night.

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

Fran. Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night.

[*Exit* FRANCISCO, L.H.]

Mar. Holloa! Bernardo!

Ber. Say,
What, is Horatio there?

Hor. (*Crosses to C.*) A piece of him. ⁶

Ber. (R.) Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

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

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. (L.) Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,