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The tragedy of the village, Prince of Denmark Francisco to his post. Enter Him Bernardo Bernardo Who is there? Francisco Nay, answer me: being and explains yourself. Bernardo Long Live The King! Francisco Bernardo? Bernardo him. Francisco carefully come your time. Bernardo 'now hit twelve; You take you to bed, Francisco. Francisco for this relief Thank you very much: 'Tis Bitter cold, and I'm sick in the heart. Bernardo did you have a quiet guard? Francisco is not a shaking mouse. Bernardo well, good night. If you meet Horatio and Marcello, the rivals of my watch, offer them in a hurry. Francisco I think I hear them. Stand, I have! Who is there? Enter Horatio and Marcellus Horatio friends in this land. Marcello and Liegemen to Dane. Francisco gives you good night. Marcellus or, goodbye, honest soldier: who He raised you? Francisco Bernardo has my place. Give me good night Exit Marcellus Holla! Bernardo! Bernardo dA-, what, is Horatio there? Horatio a piece of him. Bernardo Welcome, Horatio: Welcome, good Marcello. Marcellus thing, Do you have this thing again tonight? Bernardo I haven't seen anything. Marcellus Horatio says' Tis but our imagination, and won't let the belief take from him touching this feared sight, seen twice about us: so I have Imprisoned with us to watch And the minutes of this night; That if this appearance ever comes, can approve the eyes and talk about it. Horatio Tush, Tush, 'Twill does not appear. Bernardo sits a little; And let's get your ears once again, which are so fortified against our story what we saw two nights. Horatioo well, sit down, and let Bernardo talk about this. Bernardo last night of all, when you are the same star that is west by the pole he had made his course for Illume That part of the paradise where now burns, Marcello and myself, the bell then beating one, - the peace of the peace enters Ghost Marcello, breaked; Look, where it comes again! Bernardo in the same figure, as the king died. Marcello you are a scholar; Talk to it, Horatio. Bernardo doesn't look like the king? Report, Horatio. Horatio of more like: pushes me with fear and wonder. Bernard would be spoken. Marcello Donato, Horatio, Horatio Which art that usurped this time of the night, along with that right and war form in which Denmark's Maesta buried sometimes did march? From the sky you charge you, you speak! Marcello is offended. Bernardo sees, he is away! Horatio living room! Speak speak! Taking you, talk! Exit Ghost Marcello 'Tis gone, and won't answer. Bernardo like now, Horatio! Treble and seem pale: isn't something more than fantasy? What do you think? Horatio in front of my God, I could not believe without the breast and the real avouch of my eyes. Marcello is not like the king? Horatio as you are in Thyself: this was the armor that he had on him when he fought ambitious Norway; So frowning once, when, in an angry paggio, he hit the poultry sled on the ice. "It's strange. Marcello then twice before, and jumps at this time dead, with a martial stem it went to our watch. Horatio in what particular thought to work I don't know; but gross and in the field of application of mine Opinion, this body a strange eruption of our state. Marcellus good now, sit, and tell me, he knows, because the same severe appearance and more observed in a tiring evening the subject of the earth, and because this daily cast of brazing cannon, and the foreign mart for war tools; because such an impression of shipwright, whose sore task does not divide Sunday from the week; what could be towards, that this sweaty riddle does the night joint with the day: who is that you can inform myself? more emulated pride, he dared to combat; in which our valiant village-- so this side of our well-known world esteem esteem Killed this Fortinbras; Who with a compact seal, well ratified by law and heraldic, has renounced, with the lives of him, all those lands that remained there were, to the conqueror: against which, a competent fraction was kept by our king; Which he had returned to Fortinbras's heritage, had been Vanquisher; As, from the same alliance, and the transport of the design article, the of him fell to Hamlet. Now, Lord, young Fortinbras, of Unimproved Mette and full, has in the skirts of Norway here and there is a list of solutions without law, for food and diet, to some companies that has a stomach inside; That is not more- as it is good to appear in our state ... but to recover from us, with a strong hand and compulsion terms, those lands thus included by his lost father; and this, I take it, is the The main reason for our preparations, the source of our watch and head of this post-hurry and renovation in the earth. Bernardo I think it's nothing but it is so: Well it can order that this lighthouse figure arrives armed through our watch; As well as the king it was and is the question of these wars. Horatio in Mote is to disturb the eye of the mind. In the highest and palmous state of Rome, a little more powerful, the most powerful Julius fell, the tombs were without tenant and the lamierate deaths made squeak and Gibber in the Roman roads; as stars with fire trains and blood dew, disasters in the sun, And the moist star on whose influence the stands of the Neptune empire was almost sick in Doomsday with Eclipse: and even the pre-fierce of ferocious events, since the raws that still precede the destinies and the prologue for the incoming omen, have the Paradise and the earth together have demonstrated to our climates and compatriots -- But soft, here! Lo, where it comes again! Reinsert the ghost would pass through it, even if he makes me explode. Living room, illusion! If you have a sound or use of the voice, talk to me: if there is a good thing to do, which can do it to you to facilitate and grace for me, talk to me: crows of cock if you art to the privy to yours Fate of your country, which, happily, first degree can avoid, or speak! Or if you have uphoarding in your life life treasure in the womb of the earth, for which they say, you spirits of zero walking in death, speak of it: to stay, and speaks! Stop it, Marcello. Will Marcello have to hit with my partisan? Horatio do, if you won't be. Bernardo is here! Horatio here! Marcellus' is gone! Going out Ghost We must wrong, being so majestic, offer it to the spectacle of violence; Because it is, like the air, invulnerable, and our compartment blows around mischievous. Bernardo was about to talk, when the cock crew. Horatio and then started as a guilty thing in a fear convocation. I heard, the cock, ie the morning trumpet, makes her high and acute throat wake up the god of the day; And, to the warning of him, both at sea or in a fire, on earth or on the air, the extravagant spirit and wandering lies à Á Á to his border: and of the truth here this present object has made the freedom supervised. Marcello is faded on the cock sung. Some say I never à € œThe rising that season in which the birth of our Savior is celebrated, the dawning bird sings all night: and then they say, no spirit dares to mix abroad; The nights are healthy; Then no planet strikes, no fairy takes, nor the witch has power to enchant, so Hallow'd and so pretty is the moment. Horatio, so I felt and done partly believe it. But, look, in the morning, in Russet Coated mantle, walks the Yon High Hill dew: Break We our Watch Up; And from my advice, we implore what we saw tonight for the young village; For, on my life, this spirit, stupid for us, will speak with him. I consent, we'll know it, how necessary in our loves, adapting to our duty? Let's do it, please; And this morning they know where we will find it more conveniently. Exaunt II scenes. A state room in the castle. Join King Claudio, Queen Gertrude, Hamlet, Polonio, Laertes, Voltimando, Cornelio, Ladies and Assistants King King Although the death of our dear brother is still a hassle, and that he suited him to endure our heart in pain and all our kingdom to be contracted in an eyebrow of pain, yet so far hath discretion fought with The nature we have with more essay pain think about him, together with the memory of ourselves. Therefore our sister sometimes, now our queen, the imperial jointress at this bellicose state, we have no, as' twere with a defeated joy, - with a good omen and an eye that falls, with funeral party and with the Nenia in marriage, on the same scale pleasure weighing and dole, - taken to his wife: nor here Barr'd your best wisdoms, who have freely gone with this story together. For everyone, our thanks. Now follows, that you know, the young Fortebraccio, in possession of a weak supposition of our value, or to think with death our state of our dear brother late to be disjointed and out of the frame, colleague with the dream of his advantage, he has not doing the bothering with the message, import the surrender of those land lost by the Father, with all the law constraints, for our brother more valiant. So much for him. Now, for ourselves and for this time of meeting: so much the business is: we have written here in Norway, Uncle of the young Fortebraccio, - who, impotent and read-rid, barely hears his grandson purpose barely, - to suppress its gait further into this document; As the withdrawals, the complete lists and proportions are all realized outside the subject of him: and we send here, good Cornelio, and you, Voltimand, for bearers of this greeting to old Norway; Give you no further personal power for business with the king, more than the scope of these delated articles allow. Goodbye, and let your hurry praise your duty. Cornelius Voltimand in that and all the things we have to show our duty. Re: we doubt anything; goodbye heart. Voltimand and Cornelio come out and now, Lather, what's the news with you? You told us some seed; Or what ve fo, laerts? You can't talk about the Danish reasons, and dissolved your voice: what do you want you Beg, Laerte, who will not be my offer; not your asking? The head of him is no longer a native of the heart, the most instrumental hand to him, who is the throne of Denmark to your father: What do you want to have, Lather? LAIRS: my terror Lord, your permission and favor to return to France; From where even if you are good to me in Denmark, to show my duty in your coronation, but now, I have to confess, that the duty made, my thoughts and desires bend back to France and bow them to Gentle leave and forgiveness. Re: Do you have your father's permission? What does polonio say? POLONIO He has, my à á Á Lord, torn from me my slow leave by Labughsome Petition, and at the end of him's will me myself my disk consensus: I pray, give him permission to go. Re: Take your fair now, Laerte; Time is yours, and your best thank you spend them in your mail! But now, my à €

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