

Horatio.

Hail to your lordship!

Hamlet.

I am glad to see you well.
Horatio! or I do forget myself.

Horatio.

The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Hamlet.

Sir, my good friend- I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?
Marcellus?

Marcellus.

My good lord!

Hamlet.

I am very glad to see you.- *[To Bernardo]* Good even, sir.-
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

Horatio.

A truant disposition, good my lord.

Hamlet.

I would not hear your enemy say so,
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Horatio.

My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Hamlet

I prithee do not mock me, fellow student.
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Horatio.

Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.

Hamlet.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father- methinks I see my father.

Horatio

O, where, my lord?

Hamlet.

In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Horatio.

My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Hamlet.

Saw? who?

Horatio.

My lord, the King your father.

Hamlet.

The King my father?

Horatio.

Season your admiration for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Hamlet.

For God's love let me hear!

Horatio.

Two nights together had these gentlemen
(Marcellus and Bernardo) on their watch
In the dead vast and middle of the night
Been thus encount'ed. A figure like your father,
Garbed in uniform Cap in hand
Appears before them and with solemn march

Goes slow and stately by them. Thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father.
These hands are not more like.

Hamlet.

But where was this?

Marcellus.

My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Hamlet.

Did you not speak to it?

Horatio.

My lord, I did;
But answer made it none.
It simply lifted up it's head
And vanish'd from our sight.

Hamlet.

'Tis very strange.

Horatio.

As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;

Hamlet:

Hold you the watch to-night?

Marcellus. *[with Bernardo]*

We do, my lord.