

Side 7: Hamlet & Ghost

Exit stage right; HAMLET and GHOST enter stage left. GHOST sits on the throne.		
	GHOST	My hour is almost come, When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames Must render up myself.
	HAMLET	Alas, poor ghost!
	GHOST	Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing To what I shall unfold.
	HAMLET	Speak; I am bound to hear.
	GHOST	So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
	HAMLET	What?
	GHOST	I am thy father's spirit, Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, And for the day confined to fast in fires, Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid To tell the secrets of my prison-house, I could a tale unfold whose lightest word Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, But this eternal blazon must not be To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list! If thou didst ever thy dear father love--
	HAMLET	O God!
	GHOST	Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
	HAMLET	Murder!
	GHOST	Murder most foul, as in the best it is; But this most foul, strange and unnatural.
	HAMLET	Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift As meditation or the thoughts of love, May sweep to my revenge.
	GHOST	I find thee apt; Now, Hamlet, hear: 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard, A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark Is by a forged process of my death Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth, The serpent that did sting thy father's life Now wears his crown.
	HAMLET	O my prophetic soul! My uncle!

	GHOST	<p>Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast, With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,-- O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power So to seduce!--won to his shameful lust The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen: So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd, Will sate itself in a celestial bed, And prey on garbage. But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air; Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard, My custom always of the afternoon, Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial, And in the porches of my ears did pour The leperous distilment; Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd: Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin, No reckoning made, but sent to my account With all my imperfections on my head: O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not; Let not the royal bed of Denmark be A couch for luxury and damned incest. But, howsoever thou pursuest this act, Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge, To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once! The glow-worm shows the morning to be near, And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire: Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.</p>
--	--------------	---