

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet, Act II.1

I HAVE BEEN SO AFFRIGHTED

O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet, with his
doublet all unbraced, no hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,
pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other,

And with a look so piteous in purport as if he had been loosed
out of hell
to speak of horrors--he comes before me.

He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
then goes he to the length of all his arm; and, with his other
hand thus o'er his brow, he falls to such perusal of my face as
he would draw it.

Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm and thrice his head thus
waving up and down, he raised a sigh so piteous and profound
as it did seem to shatter and end his being:

That done, he lets me go: and, with his head over his shoulder
turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help, and, to the last,
bended their light on me.