

SHAKESPEARENCE!

Hamlet, Act I.5

I AM THY FATHER'S SPIRIT

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.

List, list, O, list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love—Revenge his foul and most unnatural
murder.

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;

But this most foul, strange and unnatural.

Now, Hamlet, hear: 'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard, a serpent stung
me; but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life now wears his crown.

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:

O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

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.

But soft, methinks I scent the morning air...

Fare thee well at once Hamlet.

Adieu, adieu...Remember me.