

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

H A M L E T

Ophelia, Act II scene 1

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, ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;) 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 all his bulk 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.