

SHAKESPEARENCE!

Hamlet, Act I.5

O ALL YOU HOST OF HEAVEN

O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold, my heart;
Remember thee!

Ay, thou poor ghost, remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory I'll wipe away all trivial fond
records, all saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;

And thy commandment all alone shall live within the book and
volume of my brain, unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by
heaven!

O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables,--meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

So, uncle, there you are.
Now to my word; It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'
I have sworn 't.