

SHAKESPEARIENCE!
Hamlet, The Ghost Act I.5

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,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part And each particular hair
to stand on end, Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:
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—
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; 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.