

## Ghost-Hamlet

**HAMLET**

Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

**Ghost**

Mark me.

**HAMLET**

I will.

**Ghost**

My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

**HAMLET**

Speak; I am bound to hear.

**Ghost**

So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

**Ghost**

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--

**HAMLET**

O God!

**Ghost**

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

**HAMLET**

Murder!

**Ghost**

Murder most foul, strange and unnatural.

**HAMLET**

Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift  
As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.

**Ghost**

I find thee apt; 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.

**HAMLET**

O my prophetic soul! My uncle!

**Ghost**

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts,--  
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce!--won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:  
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;  
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,  
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; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man  
That swift as quicksilver it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body,  
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:  
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
With all my imperfections on my head:

**HAMLET**

O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!

**GHOST**

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  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.