

*A door in the wall opens; the GHOST comes forth and HAMLET after, the hilt of his drawn sword held crosswise before him*

*Ghost* [turns]. Mark me.

*Hamlet.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,

*Hamlet.* Alas poor ghost!

*Hamlet.* Speak, I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

*Hamlet.* What?

*Hamlet.* O God!

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

*Hamlet.* Murder!

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is,  
But this 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. 30

*Ghost.* I find thee apt,  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this; now Hamlet hear,

'Tis given out, that sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me, so the whole ear of Denmark  
Is by a forgéd process of my death  
Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
40 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;  
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!