

Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell  
 Why thy bones hears'd in canonized earth,  
 Have burst their cearments; why the sepulchre,  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,  
 To cast thee up again: what may this mean?  
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous; and us fools of nature,  
 So horribly to shake our disposition  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[ghost beckons Hamlet.

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
 As if it some impartment did desire  
 To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action  
 It waves you to a more removed ground:  
 But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means. [holding Hamlet.

*Ham.* It will not speak; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?  
 I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
 And, for my soul what can it do to that,  
 Being a thing immortal as itself?  
 It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What, if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my lord;  
 Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,  
 That beetles o'er his base into the sea?  
 And there assume some other horrible form,  
 Which might deprave your sov'reignty of reason,  
 And draw you into madness? think of it.  
 The very place puts toys of desperation,  
 Without more motive, into ev'ry brain  
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea,

U u 2

And