

And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It waves me still: — go on, I'll follow thee.

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hand.

*Hor.* Be rul'd, you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,

And makes each petty artery in this body

As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve. —

Still am I call'd? — unhand me, gentlemen:

[*breaking from them.*]

By heav'n, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:

I say, away: — go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*]

*Hor.* He waxes desp'rate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hor.* Have after. To what issue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of *Denmark*.

*Hor.* Heav'n will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VIII.

*Reenter Ghost, and Hamlet.*

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

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,

When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames

Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing

To what I shall unfold.

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

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

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit;

Doom'd