

HAMLET – WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (SCENE 2, ACT 2)

“ Now I am alone, O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit.
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,
That IO, the son of my dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by Heaven and Hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words.
I have heard that guilty creatures, sitting at a play
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.
I'll have these players
Play something like the murder of my father,
Before min uncle: I'll observe his looks;
If he but blench, I know my course.
The play's the thing.
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.”