

OPHELIA

My honored lord, you know right well you did,  
And with them words of so sweet breath composed  
As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost,  
Take these again, for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
There, my lord.

HAMLET Ha, ha! Are you honest?

OPHELIA My lord?

HAMLET Are you fair?

OPHELIA What means your lordship?

HAMLET That if you be honest and fair, your honesty  
should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPHELIA Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce  
than with honesty?

HAMLET Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner  
transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the  
force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness.  
This was sometime a paradox, but now the time gives it  
proof. I did love you once.

OPHELIA Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAMLET You should not have believed me, for virtue  
cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it.  
I loved you not.

OPHELIA I was the more deceived.

HAMLET Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a  
breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest, but  
yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better  
my mother had not borne me: I am very proud,  
revengeful, ambitious, with more offenses at my beck  
than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give  
them shape, or time to act them in. What should such  
fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We  
are arrant knaves all; believe none of us.

(III i: 97-129)

HAMLET If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for  
thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou  
shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery. Go,  
farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool, for  
wise men know well enough what monsters you make  
of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

OPHELIA O heavenly powers, restore him!

HAMLET I have heard of your paintings too, well enough.  
God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves  
another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp; you nickname  
God's creatures and make your wantonness your igno-  
rance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad.  
I say we will have no more marriage. Those that are  
married already - all but one - shall live. The rest shall  
keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. *Exit.*

OPHELIA

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,  
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That sucked the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh,  
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me  
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

(III i: 135-161)