

## **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

### *Hamlet*

Ophelia: Act III, scene 1

Oh, 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 tune and harsh;

That unmatched form and feature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy.

Oh, woe is me,  
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!