

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

HAMLET

Act I, scene 3: *Fear it Ophelia*

Ophelia, Laertes

LAERTES

My necessaries are embark'd: farewell: And, sister, let me hear from you?

OPHELIA

Do you doubt that?

LAERTES

For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour, hold it as forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, no more.

OPHELIA

No more but so?

LAERTES

Perhaps he loves you now, but you must fear, his greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own; for he himself is subject to his birth: Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister, best safety lies in fear...

OPHELIA

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders of his affection to me, and importuned me with love in honourable fashion.

LAERTES

Ay, fashion you may call it? go to, go to.

OPHELIA

And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

LAERTES

For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young
And with a larger tether may he walk than may be given you: in few,
Ophelia, do not believe his vows;

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

OPHELIA

I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

LAERTES

O, fear me not! Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well what I have said
to you.

OPHELIA

'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.