

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Swords, Scenes & Soliloquies

HAMLET

Act 2, scene 1 : Ophelia's Sewing in My Closet Soliloquy

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet, Lord Hamlet,
with his doublet all unbraced; No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

and with a look so piteous in purport as if he had been loosed out of hell to
speak of horrors, --he comes before me.

He took me by the wrist and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm; And, with his other hand thus o'er his
brow, he falls to such perusal of my face as he would draw it.

Long stay'd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm, and thrice his head thus waving up and
down, he raised a sigh so piteous and profound as it did seem to shatter all his
bulk and end his being:

That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd, he seem'd to find his way without
his eyes; For out o' doors he went without their help,

And, to the last, bended their light on me.