

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## *Hamlet*

### ***Hamlet/Ophelia, Act III Scene 1***

**OPHELIA**

Good my lord, How does your honour for this many a day?

**HAMLET**

I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

**OPHELIA**

My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
That I have longed long to re-deliver;  
I pray you, now receive them.

**HAMLET**

No, not I; I never gave you aught.

**OPHELIA**

My honour'd 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**

I did love you once.

**OPHELIA**

Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

**HAMLET**

You should not have believed me: 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 offences 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. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

**OPHELIA**

At home, my lord.

**HAMLET**

Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell.

**OPHELIA**

O, help him, you sweet heavens!

**HAMLET**

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  
has given you one face, and you make yourselves  
another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath  
made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages:  
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;  
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!