

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 believ'd 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 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
nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

Ophelia.

O, help him, you sweet heavens!

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.

Go to, I'll no more on't! it hath made
me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. 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 glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd 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
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!