

Laertes.

My necessaries are embark'd. Farewell.
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Ophelia.

Do you doubt that?

Laertes.

For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, a toy, not permanent-
not lasting; the suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Ophelia.

No more but so?

Laertes.

Think it no more.
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.
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Choose for himself, for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state,
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he loves you,,
Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain
If with too credent ear you list his songs,
Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
To his unmast'ed importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire
Best safety lies in fear,
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Ophelia.

I shall th' 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.

Laertes.

O, fear me not!

[Enter Polonius.]

I stay too long. But here my father comes.

Polonius.

Yet here, Laertes? Aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There- my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
This above all- to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell. My blessing season this in thee!

Laertes.

Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Polonius.

The time invites you. Go, your servants tend.

Laertes.

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.

Laertes.

Farewell.

Exit.

Polonius.

What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Ophelia.

So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

Polonius.

Marry, well bethought!

'Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you, and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous. .
What is between you? Give me up the truth.

Ophelia.

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Polonius.

Affection? Pooh! You speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Ophelia.

I do not know, my lord, what I should think,

Polonius.

Marry, I will teach you! Think yourself a baby
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly,
Or you'll tender me a fool.

Ophelia.

My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

Polonius.

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.

Polonius.

Ay, springes to catch woodcocks I do know!
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.
Look to't, I charge you. Come your ways.

Ophelia.

I shall obey, my lord.