

That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
 Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
 The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
 And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
 Which, as her winks, and nods, and gestures
 yield them,
 Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
 Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

HORATIO

'Twere good she were spoken with; for she may strew
 Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Let her come in.

Exit HORATIO

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA

OPHELIA

Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN GERTRUDE

How now, Ophelia!

OPHELIA

[Sings]
 How should I your true love know
 From another one?
 By his cockle hat and staff,
 And his sandal shoon.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

OPHELIA

Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

Sings

He is dead and gone, lady,
 He is dead and gone;
 At his head a grass-green turf,
 At his heels a stone.

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Nay, but, Ophelia,--

OPHELIA

Pray you, mark.

Sings

White his shroud as the mountain snow,--

Enter KING CLAUDIUS

QUEEN GERTRUDE

Alas, look here, my lord.

OPHELIA

[Sings]

Larded with sweet flowers

Which bewept to the grave did go

With true-love showers.

KING CLAUDIUS

How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA

Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

KING CLAUDIUS

Conceit upon her father.

OPHELIA

Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

Sings

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,

All in the morning betime,

And I a maid at your window,

To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,

And dupp'd the chamber-door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid

Never departed more.

KING CLAUDIUS

Pretty Ophelia!

OPHELIA

Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

Sings

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
 Alack, and fie for shame!
 Young men will do't, if they come to't;
 By cock, they are to blame.
 Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
 You promised me to wed.
 So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
 An thou hadst not come to my bed.

KING CLAUDIUS

How long hath she been thus?

OPHELIA

I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I
 cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him
 i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it:
 and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my
 coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies;
 good night, good night.

Exit

KING CLAUDIUS

Follow her close; give her good watch,
 I pray you.

Exit HORATIO

O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
 All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,
 When sorrows come, they come not single spies
 But in battalions. First, her father slain:
 Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
 Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
 Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
 For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,
 In hugger-mugger to inter him: poor Ophelia
 Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts:
 Last, and as much containing as all these,
 Her brother is in secret come from France;
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
 Will nothing stick our person to arraign
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,