

## HAMLET – WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (SCENE 1, ACT 2)

**Lord Polonius**      How now, Ophelia! What's the matter?

**Ophelia**              O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

**Lord Polonius**      With what, i' the name of God?

**Ophelia**              My lords, as I was swing 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 ancle;  
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

**Lord Polonius**      Mad for thy love?

**Ophelia**              My lord, I do not know;  
But truly, I do fear it.

**Lord Polonius**      What said he?

**Ophelia**              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 helps,  
And, to the last, bended their light on me