Ophelia

O my lord. O my lord!

Polonius

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?

Ophelia

O my lord, my lord! I have been so affrighted.

Polonius

With what, i' the name of God?

Ophelia

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced;

No hat upon his head; his stockings fouled

Ungartered, and down-gyved to his ankle;

Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

Polonius

[Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;

For the apparel oft proclaims the man...]

Ophelia

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.

Polonius

Mad for thy love?

Ophelia

My lord, I do not know;

But truly I do fear it.

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 ‘a would draw it. Long...

Polonius

[Brevity is the soul of wit,

And tediousness the limbs

and outward flourishes...]

This is the very ecstasy of love,

Whose violent property fordoes itself

And leads the will to desperate undertakings,

As oft as any passion under heaven,

That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.

Ophelia

Long stayed he so...

Polonius

I am sorry that with better heed and judgment

I had not coted him; I feared he did but trifle,

And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!

Ophelia

As I was sewing in my closet,

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced. . .

Polonius

[But brief! Daughter, but brief!]

Ophelia

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...

Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;

And with a look 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 turned,

He seemed to find his way without his eyes;

For out o' doors he went without their help,

And to the last bended their light on me.