**Discuss the following passage from Act 3, scene 1, exploring Shakespeare’s use of language and dramatic effect.**

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| HAMLET | The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons |
|  | Be all my sins remember'd. |
| OPHELIA | Good my lord, |
|  | How does your honour for this many a day? |
| HAMLET | I humbly thank you, well. |
| OPHELIA | My lord, I have remembrances of yours, |
|  | That I have longed long to re-deliver; |
|  | I pray you, now receive them. |
| HAMLET | No, not I. I never gave you aught. |
| OPHELIA | My honoured lord, you know right well you did, |
|  | And with them words of so sweet breath composed |
|  | As made the things more rich. Their perfume lost, |
|  | Take these again, for to the noble mind |
|  | Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. |
|  | There, my lord. |
| HAMLET | Ha, ha! Are you honest? |
| OPHELIA | My lord? |
| HAMLET | Are you fair? |
| OPHELIA | What means your lordship? |
| 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 proof. I did love you once. |
| OPHELIA | Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so. |
| HAMLET | You should not have believed me. For virtue cannot 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 – believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where’s thy father? |
| OPHELIA | At home, my lord. |
| HAMLET | Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own house. Farewell. |
| OPHELIA | (aside) 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. 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 | (aside) O heavenly powers, restore him! |
| HAMLET | I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. 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) |
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