

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.
For Hamlet and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more. Think it no more;
For nature crescent does not grow alone
In thews and bulk but as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you
now,
And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch
The virtue of his will: 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,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state;
And therefore must his choice be
circumscribed
Unto the voice and yielding of that body
Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he
loves you,
It fits your wisdom so far to believe it
As he in his particular act and place
May give his saying deed; which is no
further
Than the main voice of Denmark goes
withal.
Then weigh what loss your honor may
sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs,

Or lose your heart, or your chaste treasure
open
To his unmaster'd 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.
The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes:
The canker galls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclos'd,
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else
near.