

Hamlet, 3.1

Castle, day. Claudius and Polonius hide behind a curtain as Ophelia awaits Hamlet.

Are you fair? If you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty. 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. Thus was sometime a paradox, but now gives it proof. I did love you once.

You should not have believed me. I loved thee not.

Get thee to a nunnery! Why would 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 all. Believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery.

Where's your father? Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in's own house. Farewell.

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, go, farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool for use men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go, and quickly too. Farewell.

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 lisp, and nickname god's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, ill 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.