

Side 4 – Laertes & Ophelia – Recks not his own rede

1.3. Outdoor lip. Enter LAERTES, with a suitcase, and OPHELIA		
	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.
	OPHELIA	Do you doubt that?
	LAERTES	For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour, Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood, Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting, The perfume and suppliance of a minute; No more.
Listening with half an ear as she picks a flower from the trellis	OPHELIA	No more but so?
	LAERTES	Think it no more; Perhaps he loves you now, 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 weigh what loss your honour 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. (Ophelia laughs and sticks her flower In his lapel; Laertes takes both her hands In his and tries to persuade her to listen) 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. Be wary then; best safety lies in fear: Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.
Teasing him, sticking her flower in his lapel on 'recks not his own rede'	OPHELIA	I shall the effect of this good lesson keep, As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother, Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven; Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine, Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads, And recks not his own rede.