

## OPHELIA

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!  
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,  
sword,  
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,  
The glass of fashion and the mold of form,  
Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down!  
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That sucked the honey of his musicked vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of time and harsh;  
That unmatched form and stature of blown youth  
Blasted with ecstasy. O, woe is me  
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see!