

OPHELIA

Textes Shakespeare

Texte A

(Ophélie fait ses adieux à son frère)

Do you doubt that ?

No more but so ?

I shall th'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 step 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.

'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Texte B

(Elle parle d'Hamlet avec son père)

So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

My lord, he hath importun'd me with love
In honourable fashion.

And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven

I shall obey, my lord.

Texte C

(Elle dit à son père son effroi face à l'attitude d'Hamlet)

Alas ! my lord, I have been so affrighted

My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd ;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle ;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosed out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.

My lord, I do not know ;
But truly I do fear it.

He took me by the wrist and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.

No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.

Texte D

(Elle s'engage à sonder Hamlet)

Madam, I wish it may.

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(Conversation avec Hamlet)

Good my lord,

How does your honour for this many a day ?

My lord, I have remembrances of yours,

That I have longed long to re-deliever ;

I pray you, now receive them.

My honour'd lord, you know right well you did ;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath compos'd

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.

My lord !

What means your lordship ?

Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty ?

Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

I was the more deceived

At home, my lord.

O ! help him, you sweet heavens !

O heavenly powers, restore him !

Texte E

(Désespoir après la scène violente avec Hamlet)

O ! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown :
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword ;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down !
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy : O ! woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Texte F

(Elle répond à Hamlet lors de la pièce jouée par les comédiens ; à la fin, le roi excédé se lève)

No, my lord.

Ay, my lord.

I think nothing, my lord.

What is, my lord ?

You are merry, my lord.

Ay, my lord.

Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

What means this, my lord ?

Belike this show imports the argument of the play.

Will he tell us what this show meant ?

You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

'Tis brief, my lord.

You are a good chorus, my lord.

You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Still better, and worse.

The king rises !

Texte G (*Elle a perdu la raison et commente ses chansons*)
Avec chansons (1)

Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark ?

Say you ? nay, pray you, mark.

O, ho !
Pray you, mark.

Well, God 'ild you ! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord ! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table !

Pray you, let's have no words of this ; but when they ask you what it means, say you this ...

Indeed, la ! Without an oath, I'll make an end on't ...

I hope all will be well. We must be patient : but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it : and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good-night, ladies ; good-night, sweet ladies ; good-night, good-night.

Texte H (*idem*)
Avec chansons (2)

Fare you well, my dove !

O how the weel becomes it ! It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance ; pray, love, remember : and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

There's fennel for you, and columbines ; there's rue for you ; and here's some for me : we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays. O! You must wear you rue with a difference. There's a daisy ; I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died. They say he made a good end.

And all of Christian souls ! I pray God. God be wi' ye !

Texte I

(la reine raconte la noyade d'Ophélie)

There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream ;
There with fantastics garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them :
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up ;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element ; but long it could not be
Till that her garments heavy with their drink
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Texte J *(lettre d'Hamlet)*

Chuchoté, sans aucun timbre de voix, bien articulé

Doubt thou the stars are fire ;
Doubt that the sun doth move ;
Doubt truth to be a liar ;
But never doubt I love.
O dear Ophelia ! I am ill at these numbers : I have no art to reckon my groans ;
but that I love thee best, O most best ! believe it. Adieu.

CHANSONS (1)

*How should I your true love know
From another one ?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.*

*He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone ;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.*

*White is shroud as the mountain snow,
Larded with sweet flowers ;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.*

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine :
Then up the rose, and donn'd his clothes,
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.*

*By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame !
Young men will do't, if they come to't ;
By Cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed ;
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.*

CHANSONS (2)

*They bore him barefac'd on the bier ;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny ;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear ;*

*You must sing, a-down a-down,
And you call him a-down-a.*

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

*And will he not come again ?
And will he not come again ?
No, no, he is dead ;
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again,
His beard was as white as snow
All flaxen was his poll,
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan :
God ha' mercy on his soul !*