

**LAERTES (Hamlet 4.5):**

How now?

What noise is that?

O heat dry up my brains: tears seven times salt

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!

By heaven thy madness shall be paid by weight

Till our scale turn the beam: oh rose of May!

Dear maid kind sister sweet Ophelia!

O heavens: is't possible a young maid's wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life?

Nature is fine in love and where 'tis fine

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.