

Laertes.

How now? What noise is that?

[Enter Ophelia.]

O heat, dry up my brains! Tears seven times salt
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
O 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?

Ophelia. *[sings]*

They bore him barefac'd on the bier
(Hey non nony, nony, hey nony)
And in his grave rain'd many a tear.
Fare you well, my dove!

Laertes.

Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophelia.

You must sing 'A-down a-down, and you call him a-down-a.' O,
how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his
master's daughter.

Laertes.

This nothing's more than matter.

Ophelia.

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance. Pray you, love,
remember. And there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laertes.

A document in madness! Thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Ophelia.

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 your rue with a difference! There's a daisy. I
would give you some violets, but they wither'd all when my father

died. They say he made a good end.
[Sings] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laertes.

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Ophelia. *[sings]*

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy deathbed;
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 'a'mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God b' wi' you.