

Hamlet

Act IV, sc. 5 (line 148 – intercut Verse/Prose)

OPHELIA

They bore him barefaced on the bier;

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;

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

Sings

You must sing a-down a-down,

An 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, 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-grace o' Sundays: O you must wear your 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,--

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 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!

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