Ophelia

They bore him barefaced on the bier;

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;

And in his grave rained 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 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 ⎯

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

Laertes

Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,

She turns to favor and to prettiness.

Ophelia

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.