

## 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. 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*

*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.*