

## Ophelia-Gertrude-Claudius

**OPHELIA**

Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

How now, Ophelia!

**OPHELIA**

[Sings]

How should I your true love know

From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff,

And his sandal shoon.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

**OPHELIA**

Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

*Sings*

He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;

At his head a grass-green turf,

At his heels a stone.

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Nay, but, Ophelia,--

**OPHELIA**

Pray you, mark.

*Sings*

White his shroud as the mountain snow,--

*Enter KING CLAUDIUS*

**QUEEN GERTRUDE**

Alas, look here, my lord.

**OPHELIA**

[Sings]

Larded with sweet flowers

Which bewept to the grave did go

With true-love showers.

**KING CLAUDIUS**

How do you, pretty lady?

**OPHELIA**

Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

**KING CLAUDIUS**

Conceit upon her father.

**OPHELIA**

Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*Sings*

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,  
All in the morning betime,  
And I a maid at your window,  
To be your Valentine.  
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
And dupp'd the chamber-door;  
Let in the maid, that out a maid  
Never departed more.

**KING CLAUDIUS**

Pretty Ophelia!

**KING CLAUDIUS**

How long hath she been thus?

**OPHELIA**

I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night.