

HORATIO MONOLOGUE

HORATIO

What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placed to the view;
And let me speak to the yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters,
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
All this can I truly deliver.

OPHELIA SIDE

OPHELIA [Sings]

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.
They bore him barefaced on the bier;
And in his grave rain'd many a tear:--

KING CLAUDIUS

How do you, pretty lady?

OPHELIA

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:
There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray,
love, remember: There's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue
for you; and here's some for me: I would give you
some violets, but they withered all when my father
died.