

## Chanson d'Ophélie

Hamlet IV – v

He is dead, having suffered much, Milady;  
He is gone, that is a fact.  
At his feet a stone and at his head  
A grass-green turf.  
On the snow blanket are plentifully sewn  
A thousand scented flowers,  
Which, before going with him into the earth without return,  
In their bright youth  
Drank, as if fresh rain drops,  
The tears of true love.