

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Hamlet, Act IV.7

TO MUDDY DEATH

One woe doth tread upon another's heel, so fast they follow--
Your sister's drown'd, Laertes...

There is a willow grows aslant a brook, that shows his leaves in
the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come!
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples.

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds, clambering
to hang, an envious sliver broke;

When down she fell in the weeping brook.
Her clothes spread wide; and, mermaid-like, awhile they bore
her up: Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes, as one
incapable of her own distress.

But long it could not be till that her garments, heavy with their
drink, pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay...

To muddy death.