1 *Queen*. There is a Willow growes aslant a Brooke,

2 That shewes his hore leaues in the glassie streame:

3 There with fantasticke Garlands did she come,

4 Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Daysies, and long Purples,

5 That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name;

6 But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:

7 There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds

8 Clambring to hang; an enuious sliuer broke,

9 When downe the weedy Trophies, and her selfe,

10 Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes spred wide,

11 And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,

12 Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,

13 As one incapable of her owne distresse,

14 Or like a creature Natiue, and indued

15 Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,

16 Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,

17 Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious lay,

18 To muddy death.

*Laer*. Alas then, is she drown'd?

19 *Queen.* Drowned, drowned.

(*Hamlet* 4.7.165-183; Pelican ed.)