

"Hamlet" at Brookfield Theatre

Sides: Older Woman

GERTRUDE

There is a willow grows askant the brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old songs,
As one incapable of her own distress.
But long it could not be till that her garments,
heavy with their drink, pulled the poor wretch
from her melodious lay to muddy death.