

Ophelia's Sonnet

How now world, hast thou suddenly gone mad?
Lost thy sense and left thy children orphaned;
No king, no father, no Hamlet to be had,
And I forgotten for myself to fend?
Hey nonny nonny, the violets are gone,
Innocence withered when my father died;
Fathers know the faithful hearts daughters don,
Yet not the foolish frailty maid's hearts hide.
A maid in, by St. Valentine, out no more.
Dear, mad Hamlet, honey I sucked from musicked vows,
And now to a nunnery I must for,
That I to newborn sinners never house.
`May God the half mad answer their sad psalms
And cool their heat with water's blessed balms