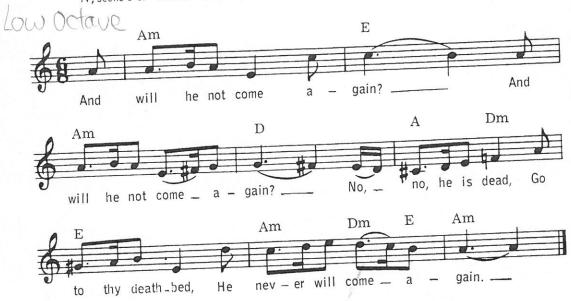


And will he not come again?

Claimed by Hullah to have been preserved by the traditions of the stage, this beautifully plaintive little melody to which Ophelia sings the last of her "mad songs" in Act IV, Scene 5 of "Hamlet" is worthy of a much longer song.



His beard was as white as snow, All flaxen was his poll; He is gone, he is gone, And we cast away moan: God'a' mercy on his soul.

