

# Abney Park, Dear Ophelia

Dear Ophelia, I love you dear,  
I'm sorry that I haven't been here.  
Dear Ophelia, you know I'm hurt,  
It's been two months since he was laid in the dirt.

Dear Ophelia I'm Sorry that I lied,  
I really do mean to make you my bride  
When I get through this all, I'll treat you well,  
I'm sorry I'm making your life a hell.

Dear Ophelia, your father thinks I'm mad,  
If the truth be known, I'm think he'd not be glad,  
If my dear Ophelia we were to wed,  
And I took you to our wedding bed.

Dear Ophelia, I know that he is dead,  
But what he told me last night lays on me like lead  
In orchard he lay sleeping, that's why he didn't hear  
His brother crept up, and Poured poison in his ear