

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Enter Hamlet and Floratio.

Ham. Has this fellowe no feeling of his busines? a sings in graue-making

Hora. Custome hath made it in him a proprietie of easines.

Ham. Tis een so, the hand of little imploiment hath the dintier fence

Clow. But age with his stealing steppes *Song.*
hath clawed me in his clutch,

And hath shipped me into the land,
as if I had neuer been such.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once, how the knaue iowles it to the ground, as if twere Caines iawbone, that did the first murder, this might be the pate of a politician, which this asse now ore-reaches; one that would circumuent God, might it not?

Hora. It might my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could say good morrow sweet lord, how doost thou sweet lord? This might be my Lord such a one, that praised my lord such a ones horse when a went to beg it, might it not?

Hora. I my Lord.

Ham. Why een so, & now my Lady wormes Choples, & knockt about the massene with a Sextens spade; heere's fine reuolution and we had the tricke to see't, did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggits with them: mine ake to thinke on't.

Clow. A pickax and a spade a spade, *Song.*
for and a shrowding sheet

O a pit of Clay for to be made
for such a guest is meet.

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the skull of a Lawyer, where be his quiddities now, his quillites, his cafes, his tenurs, and his tricks? why dooes he suffer this madde knaue now to knocke him about the sconce with a durtie shouell, and will not tell him of his action of battery, hum, this fellowe might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statuts, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoueries, to haue his fine pate full of fine durt, will vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases & doubles then the length and breadth of a payre of Indentures? The very conueyances of his Lands will scarcely lye in this box, & must th'inheritor himselfe haue no more, ha.

Hora. Not a iot more my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of sheepe-skinnes?

Hora.