

The Tragedie of Hamlet

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot :

Clow. Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many poc-
kie corfes, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you som eyght
yeere, or nine yeere. A Tanner will last you nine yeere.

Ham. Why he more then another ?

Clow. Why fir, his hide is so tand with his trade, that a will keepe
out water a great while ; & your water is a fore decayer of your whor-
son dead body, heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres.

Ham. Whose was it ?

Clow. A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was ?

Ham. Nay I know not.

Clow. A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a poud a flagon of
Renish on my head once ; this same skull fir, was fir *Yoricks* skull, the
Kings Iester.

Ham. This ?

Clow. Een that.

Ham. Alas poore *Yoricke*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite
iest, of most excellent fancie, hee hath bore me on his backe a thou-
sand times, and now how abhorred in my imagination it is: my gorge
rises at it. Heere hung those lypes that I haue kist I know not howe
oft, where be your gibes now ? your gamboles, your songs, your fla-
shes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one
now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you
to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fa-
uour she must come, make her laugh at that.

Prethee *Horasio* tell me one thing.

Hora. What's that my Lord ?

Ham. Dooft thou thinke *Alexander* lookt a this fashion i'th earth ?

Hora. Een so.

Ham. And smelt so pah.

Hora. Een so my Lord.

Ham. To what base vses wee may returne *Horatio* ? Why may not
imagination trace the noble dust of *Alexander*, till a find it stopping
a bunghole ?

Hor. Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No faith, not a iot, but to follow him thether with modesty
enough, and likelyhood to leade it. *Alexander* dyed, *Alexander* was
buried, *Alexander* returneth to dust, the dust is earth, of earth vvee
make Lome, & why of that Lome whereto he was conuerted, might
they