

Prince of Denmarke.

they not stoppe a Beare-barrell?
Imperious *Cesar* dead, and turn'd to Clay,
Might stoppe a hole, to keepe the wind away.
O that that earth which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expell the waters flaw.
But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queene, the Courtiers, who is this they follow?
And with such maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The corse they follow, did with desprat hand
Foredoe it owne life, twas of some estate,
Couch we a while and marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Ham. That is *Laertes* a very noble youth, marke.

Laer. What Ceremonie els?

Doct. Her obsequies haue been as farre inlarg'd
As we haue warrantie, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great commaund ore-swayes the order,
She should in ground vn-sanctified been lodg'd
Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers,
Flints and peebles should be throwne on her:
Yet heere she is allow'd her virgin Crants,
Her mayden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and buriall.

Laer. Must there no more be doone?

Doct. No more be doone,
We should prophane the seruice of the dead,
To sing a Requiem and such rest to her
As to peace-parted soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted flesh
May Violets spring: I tell thee churlish Priest,
A ministring Angell shall my sister be
When thou lyest howling.

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*,

Quee. Sweets to the sweet, farewell,
I hop't thou should'st haue been my *Hamlets* wife,
I thought thy bride-bed to haue deckt sweet maide,
And not haue strew'd thy graue.

Laer. O treble woe

Enter K. Q.
Laertes and
the corse.