

*Other.* Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, shee should haue beene buried out of Christian Buriall.

*Clo.* Why there thou say'st. And the more pittie that great folke should haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themselves, more then their euen Christian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams Profession*.

*Other.* Was he a Gentleman?

*Clo.* He was the first that euer bore Armes.

*Other.* Why he had none.

*Clo.* What, art a Heathen? how dost thou vnderstand the Scripture? the Scripture sayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confesse thy selfe—

*Other.* Go too.

*Clo.* What is he that builds stronger then either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

*Other.* The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a thousand Tenants.

*Clo.* I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that doe ill: now, thou dost ill to say the Gallowes is built stronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

*Other.* Who builds stronger then a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

*Clo.* I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

*Other.* Marry, now I can tell.

*Clo.* Too't.

*Other.* Masse, I cannot tell.

*Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.*

*Clo.* Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Assie will not mend his pace with beating, and when you are ask't this question next, say a Graue-maker: the Houses that he makes, lasts till Doomesday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a stoupe of Liquor.

*Sings.*

*In youth when I did loue, did loue,  
me thought it was very sweete:*

*To contract O the time for a my behoue,  
O me thought there was nothing meete.*

*Ham.* Ha's this fellow no feeling of his businesse, that he sings at Graue-making?

*Hor.* Custome hath made it in him a property of easinesse.

*Ham.* 'Tis ee'n so; the hand of little Employment hath the daintier sence.

*Clowne sings.*

*But Age with his stealing steps  
hath caught me in his clutch:*

*And hath shipped me intill the Land,  
as if I had neuer beene such.*

*Ham.* That Scull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* law-bone, that did the first murder: It might be the Pate of a Politician which this Assie o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my Lord.

*Ham.* Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good Morrow sweet Lord: how dost thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord such a one, that prais'd my Lord such a ones Horse, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

*Hor.* I, my Lord.

*Ham.* Why ee'n so: and now my Lady Wormes, Chaplesse, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Revolution, if wee had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

*Clowne sings.*

*A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade,*

*for and a shrowding-Sheete:*

*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,*

*for such a Guest is meete.*

*Ham.* There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Cases? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he suffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchases, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and must the Inheritor himselfe haue no more? ha?

*Hor.* Not a iot more, my Lord.

*Ham.* Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

*Hor.* I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

*Ham.* They are Sheepe and Calues that seek out assurance in that. I will speake to this fellow: whose Graue's this Sir?

*Clo.* Mine Sir:

*O a Pit of Clay for to be made,  
for such a Guest is meete.*

*Ham.* I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou liest in't.

*Clo.* You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

*Clo.* 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

*Ham.* What man dost thou digge it for?

*Clo.* For no man Sir.

*Ham.* What woman then?

*Clo.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

*Clo.* One that was a woman Sir; but rest her Soule, shee's dead.

*Ham.* How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equivocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio*, these three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne so picked, that the toe of the Pesant comes so neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Graue-maker?

*Clo.* Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our last King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

*Ham.* How long is that since?

*Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* I marry, why was he sent into England?

*Clo.* Why, because he was mad; hee shall recouer his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

*Ham.*