

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

Why mai't not be the scull of some Lawyer?  
Me thinks he should indite that fellow  
Of an action of Batterie, for knocking  
Him about the pate with's shouel: now where is your  
Quirkes and quilletts now, your vouchers and  
Double vouchers, your leases and free-holde,  
And tenements? why that same boxe there will scarce  
Holde the conueiance of his land, and must  
The honor lie there? O pittifull transformance!  
I prethee tell me *Horatio*,  
Is parchuient made of sheep-skinnes?

*Hor.* I my Lorde, and of calues-skinnes too.

*Ham.* Ifaith they prooue themselues sheepe and calues  
That deale with them, or put their trust in them.  
There's another, why may not that be such a ones  
Scull, that praised my Lord such a ones horse,  
When he meant to beg him? *Horatio*, I prethee  
Lets question yonder fellow.  
Now my friend, whose graue is this?

*Clowne* Mine sir.

*Ham.* But who must lie in it? (sir.

*Clowne* If I should say, I should, I should lie in my throat

*Ham.* What man must be buried here?

*Clowne* No man sir.

*Ham.* What woman?

*Clowne.* No woman neither sir, but indeede  
One that was a woman.

*Ham.* An excellent fellow by the Lord *Horatio*,  
This seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pefant,  
Comes so neere the heele of the courtier,  
That hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,  
How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots?

*Clowne* I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before  
He be laide in, as we haue many pocky corfes,  
He will last you, eight yeares, a tanner  
Will last you eight yeares full out, or nine.

*Ham.*