

Prince of Denmarke.

Ham. And why a tanner?

Clowne Why his hide is so tanned with his trade,
That it will holde out water, that's a parlous
Deuourer of your dead body, a great soaker.
Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare,
Let me see, I cuer since our last king *Hamlet*
Slew *Fortenbrasse* in combat, yong *Hamlets* father,
Hce that's mad.

Ham. I mary, how came he madde?

Clowne Ifaith very strangely, by loosing of his wittes.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clowne A this ground, in *Denmarke*.

Ham. Where is he now?

Clowne Why now they sent him to *England*.

Ham. To *England!* wherefore?

Clowne Why they say he shall haue his wittes there,
Or if he haue not, 't is no great matter there,
It will not be seene there.

Ham. Why not there?

Clowne Why there they say the men are as mad as he.

Ham. Whose scull was this?

Clowne This a plague on him, a madde rogues it was,
He powred once a whole flagon of *Rhenish* of my head,
Why do not you know him? this was one *Torickes* scull.

Ham. Was this? I prethee let me see it, alas poore *Toricke*
I knew him *Horatio*,
A fellow of infinite mirth, he hath caried mee twenty times
vpon his backe, here hung those lippes that I haue Kissed a
hundred times, and to see, now they abhorre me : Wheres
your iests now *Toricke*? your flashes of meriment : now go
to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch
thicke, to this she must come *Toricke*. *Horatio*, I prethee
tell me one thing, doost thou thinke that *Alexander* looked
thus?

Hor. Euen so my Lord.

Ham. And smelt thus?