

Prince of Denmarke.

Hora. I my Lord, and of Calues-skinnes to

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues which seeke out assurance in that, I will speak to this fellow. Whose graue's this sirra?

Clow. Mine sir, or a pit of clay for to be made.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeede, for thou lyest in't.

Clow. You lie out ont sir, and therefore tis not yours; for my part I doe not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doost lie in't to be in't & say it is thine, tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyest.

Clow. Tis a quicke lye sir, twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doost thou digge it for?

Clow. For no man sir

Ham. What woman then?

Clow. For none neither

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clow. One that was a woman sir, but rest her soule shee's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord *Horatio*, this three yeeres I haue tooke note of it, the age is growne so picked, that the toe of the pesant coms so neere the heele of the Courtier he galls his kybe. How long hast thou been Graue-maker?

Clow. Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our last king *Hamlet* ouercame *Fortenbrasse*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Clow. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was horne: hee that is mad and sent into *England*.

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

Clow. Why because a was mad: a shall recouer his wits there, or if a doo not, tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clow. T will not be seene in him there, there the men are as mad

Ham. How came he mad? (as hee.

Clow. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clow. Fayth eene with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clow. Why heere in *Denmarke*: I haue been Sixten heere man and boy thirty yeeres.