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muddy death. LAERTES Alas, then, she is drown'd? QUEEN GERTRUDE Drown'd, drown'd. LAERTES Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia, And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet it is our trick; nature her custom holds, Let shame say what it will: when these are gone, The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord: I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze, But that folly douts it. Exit KING CLAUDIOUS Let's follow, Gertrude: How much I had to do to calm his rage! Now fear I that will give it start again; Therefore let's follow. Exeunt ACT V SCENE I. A churcheday. Enter two Clowns, with spades, & c First Clown Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully sees her own salvation? Second Clown I tell thee she is, and therefore make her grave straight: the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial. First Clown How can it be, that unless she drowned herself in her own defence? Second Clown Why, 'tis found so. First Clown It must be 'se offendendo': it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself willingly, argues an act; and act hath three branches: it is, to act, to do, to perform: argal, she drowned herself willingly. Second Clown Nay, but hear you, goodman deliverer. First Clown Give me leave. Here lies the water; good; here stands the man; good; if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, goes—mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life. Second Clown But is this law? First Clown Ay, marry, is't; crowner's quest law. Second Clown Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out o' Christian burial. First Clown Why, that ever bore arms. Second Clown Why, that had none. First Clown What art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture say, "Adam digged": could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answer me not, confess thyself. Second Clown Was he a gentleman? First Clown What? Is he that built stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter? Second Clown The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants. First Clown I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but he did well in those that do: now that thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter? First Clown Ay, tell me that, and unyoke. Second Clown Marry, now I can tell. First Clown To't. Second Clown Mass, I cannot tell. Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at a distance First Clown Cladgyl the brains more about it, for you dull ass argues not well, methinks. The reason need, sa' a knave, to house him? when he goes to Vaughall, feare me, the stonie way. Methought it was a knave. To contrarie O, the knave, forsooth, lay by below. O, methinks, there is nothing in him. HAMLET Has this fellow no feeling of his business? that he goes at greneates? HORATIO Customer, hath made him a knave of baseness. HAMLET 'Tis even so, that he is the head of all the knavement hath the defining cause. First Clown [Sings] But a' peacocke, with his steaming, hath alwaies a knave at his backe. And HAMLET my lord, HAMLET Or of a courtier; which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord!" How dost thou such-a-one? that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not? HORATIO Ay, my lord. HAMLET Why, e'en so; and now my Lady Worm's chapless, and knocled about the mazzard with a sexton's spade: here's his revengement, an we had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggetts with 'em? mine ake to be thorow. First Clown [Sings] A pick-axe, and a spade. For and a shroudng sheet. O, a pit of clay for to be made. For such a guest is meet. Throws up another skull HAMLET There's another, why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where he his quittides now, his quittiles, his casees, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, 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 recoveries; is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha? HORATIO Not a jot more, my lord. HAMLET Is not parchment made of sheepskins? HORATIO Ay, my lord, and of calkskins too. HAMLET They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah? First Clown Mine, sir. Sings O, a pit of clay for to be made. For such a guest is meet. HAMLET I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't. First Clown You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, and yet it is mine. HAMLET Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest. First Clown Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twll away gain, from me to you. HAMLET What man dost thou? then? First Clown For none, neither. HAMLET Who is to be buried in it? First Clown One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead. HAMLET How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have tak'en a sort of it; the age is grown so pickt that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, that he is mad, and sent into England. HAMLET Ay, marry, why was he sent into England? First Clown Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there. HAMLET Why? First Clown Is that since? First Clown Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he is that is mad, and sent into England. HAMLET Ay, marry, why was he sent into England? First Clown Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there. HAMLET Why? First Clown Twill, a not be seen in there; there the men are as mad as he. HAMLET How came he mad? First Clown Very strangely, they say. HAMLET How strangely? First Clown Faith, e'en in Denmark: HAMLET Upon what ground? First Clown Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years. HAMLET How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot? First Clown I' faith, if he be not ruked before he die—as we have many poky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in—he will last you some eight year or nine years a tanner will last you nine year: HAMLET Why? HAMLET Why more than? First Clown Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sort decaver of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years. HAMLET Whose was it? First Clown A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was? HAMLET Nay, I know not. First Clown A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester. HAMLET This? First Clown E'en that. I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rims at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing. HORATIO What's that, my lord? HAMLET Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth? HORATIO E'en so. HAMLET And smelt so? Puts HAMLET To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a hung-hole? HORATIO Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so. HAMLET No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loan; and why of that loan, whereto he was converted, mighty they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperious Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall to expel the winter flaw! But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king, Enter PRIEST, &c. in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE, their trains, & c The Queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow? And with such maimed rites? This doth batten the curse they follow with desperate hand Fords its own life: twas of some estate. Couch we PRIEST, &c. in procession; with HORATIO LAERTES What ceremony else? HAMLET That is Laertes, A very noble youth: mark. LAERTES What ceremony else? First PRIEST Her obsequies have been as far enlarged as we have warrantisse. As we have warrantisse: her death was doubtful; And, but that great command o'erways the order, She should in ground unsanctified have lodged Till the last trumpet: for charitable prayers, Shards, flints and pebbles should be thrown on her; Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants. Her maiden strewments and the bringing home of Bell and burial. LAERTES Must there no more be done? First PRIEST No more be done: We should profane the service of the dead To sing a requies and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls. LAERTES Lay her i' the earth: And from her fair and unpolluted flesh May violets spring! I tell thee, churchil priest, A ministering angel shall my sister be. When thou liest howling. HAMLET What, the fair Ophelia! QUEEN GERTRUDE Sweets to the sweet: farewell! Scattering flowers I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife; I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid, And not have strew'd thy grave. LAERTES O, treble woe Fall ten times treble on that cursed head. Whose wickedness most ingeniously sense Deprived thee of Hold off the earth awhile, Till I have caught her once more in mine arms: Leaps into the grave Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead, Till of this flat a mountain you have made, To o'er old Pelion, or the skyish head of Blue Olympus. HAMLET [Advancing] What is he who hews brief Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I, Hamlet the Dane. Leaps into the grave LAERTES The devil take thy soul! Grappling with him HAMLET Thou pray'st not well. I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat; For though I am not splenitive and rash, Yet have I something in me dangerous, Which let thy wiseness fear: hold off thy hand. KING CLAUDIUS Pluck them asunder. QUEEN GERTRUDE Hamlet, Hamlet! All Gentlemen... HORATIO Good my lord, be quiet. The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave HAMLET Why I will fight with him upon this myel wyl no longer wag. QUEEN GERTRUDE O my son, what theme? HAMLET I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, Make up my sum. What will thou do for her? KING CLAUDIUS O, he is mad, Laertes. QUEEN GERTRUDE For love of God, forbear him. HAMLET 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do: Woot' weep? woot' fight? woot' fast? woot' tear thyself? Woot' drink up eise? eat a crocodile? I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine? To outface me with leaping in her grave? Be buried quick with her, and so will I: And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw Millions of acres on us, till our ground, Singeing his part against the burning zone, Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth, I'll rant as well as thou. QUEEN GERTRUDE This is mere madness: And thus awhile the fit will work on him; Anot, as patient as the female dove. When that her golden couples are disclosed, His silenc will sit drooping. HAMLET Hear you, sir; What is the reason that you use me thus? I loved you ever: but it is no matter; Let Hercules himself do what he may, The cat will mew and dog will have his day. Exit KING CLAUDIOUS I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon him. Exit HORATIO To LAERTES Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech; We'll put the matter to the present push. Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son. This grasse shall have a living monument: A hour of quiet shortly shall we see; Till then, in patience our proceeding be. Exeunt SCENE II. A hall in the castle. Enter HAMLET and HORATIO HAMLET So much for this, sir; now shall you see the other; You do remember all the circumstance? HORATIO Remember it, my lord? HAMLET Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting: That would not let me sleep: methought I lay Worse than the mutines in the bilboes. Rashly, And praised be rashness for it, let us know, Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well. When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us There's a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will.—HORATIO That is most certain. HAMLET Up from my cabin, My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark Groped I to find out them, had my desire. Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew To mine own room again; making so bold. My fears forgetting manners, to unseal their grand commission; where I found, Horatio, —O royal knavery! an exact command, Larded with many several sorts of reasons Importing Denmark's health and England's too, With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life, That, on the supervise, no leisure bated, No, not to stay the grinding of the axe, My head should be struck off. HORATIO Is't possible? HAMLET Not possible? HAMLET Here's the commission: read it at more leisure. But will the hear me how I did proceed? HORATIO I beseech you. HAMLET Being thus be-netted with villaines, With whom he was confederate, and with whom he was sworne: Ere I could make a prologue to my brains, They had begun the play—I sat me down, Dressed as new a comissioner, wrote it fair: I once did hold it, as our statists do, A baseless to write fair and labour much How to forget that learning, but, sir, now it did me yeoman service: wit thou know The effect of what I wrote? HORATIO Ay, good my lord. HAMLET An earnest conjuration from the king, As England was a veritie tributary. As between them like the pale knight flourish, As peace should still Hamlet wear, And stand a common tewell to their defens. Do you not think this is a knave? The changing never less. Now, the next day was our sea-fight, and what of this was settent? Thou knowest alreadie. HORATIO Who, even in that honest ordnance, I saw my father's signet in my pocket. The arm'd and farrill'd port of right opposites. HORATIO Who, even in that honest ordnance, I saw my father's signet in my pocket. To let me know the knave he was. HAMLET Do you know him? Who is this? HAMLET Do you know him? Stand me now uppon: He that hath kill'd my king and whored my mother, Popp'd in between the election and my hopes. Thrown out his tongue for my proper life. And with such countage—is't not perfect conscience. To let him the conker of our nature come in farrance evill? HORATIO It must be shudly known to me from England what is the issue of the business there. HAMLET It will be short, the interim is mine. And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.' But I am very sorry, good Horatio, That to Laertes I forgot myself. For, by the image of my cause, I see The portraiture of his face, I'll court his favours. But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me into a towering passion. HORATIO Peace, who comes here? Enter OSRIC OSRIC Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark. HAMLET I humbly thank you, sir. Dost know this water-fly? HORATIO No, my good lord. HAMLET Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile, let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt. OSRIC Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty. HAMLET I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use: 'tis for the head. OSRIC I thank your lordship, it is very hot. HAMLET No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly. OSRIC It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed. HAMLET But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion. OSRIC Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me shew to you that he has laid a great wager on your head; sir, this is the matter.— HAMLET I beseech you, remember: HAMLET moves him to put on his hat OSRIC Nay, good my lord, for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the contiment of what part a gentleman would see. HAMLET Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet baw yar neither, in respect of his quick sail. But the verity of extolment I take him to be a soul of great artifice; and his infusion of such death and rarenes, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trame him, his umbrage, nothing more. OSRIC Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him. HAMLET The concerning, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath? OSRIC Sir? HORATIO Isn't he not? OSRIC I know not; but I am shudly known to me from England what is the issue of the business there. HAMLET Do you know him? Stand me now uppon: He that hath kill'd my king and whored my mother, Popp'd in between the election and my hopes. Thrown out his tongue for my proper life. And with such countage—is't not perfect conscience. To let him the conker of our nature come in farrance evill? HORATIO It must be shudly known to me from England what is the issue of the business there. HAMLET It will be short, the interim is mine. And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.' But I am very sorry, good Horatio, That to Laertes I forgot myself. For, by the image of my cause, I see The portraiture of his face, I'll court his favours. But, sure, the bravery of his grief did put me into a towering passion. 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OSRIC Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty. HAMLET I will receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right use: 'tis for the head. OSRIC I thank your lordship, it is very hot. HAMLET No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly. OSRIC It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed. HAMLET But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion. OSRIC Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how. But, my lord, his majesty bade me shew to you that he has laid a great wager on your head; sir, this is the matter.— HAMLET I beseech you, remember: HAMLET moves him to put on his hat OSRIC Nay, good my lord, for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences, of very soft society and great showing: indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the contiment of what part a gentleman would see. HAMLET Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet baw yar neither, in respect of his quick sail. But the verity of extolment I take him to be a soul of great artifice; and his infusion of such death and rarenes, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trame him, his umbrage, nothing more. OSRIC Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him. HAMLET Do you know him? Stand me now uppon: He that hath kill'd my king and whored my mother, Popp'd in between the

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