

Hamlet

Q ₁ 1589	F (1602, 1623) Written 1600	Q ₂ 1604
<p><i>Ham.</i> An excellent fellow by the Lord <i>Horatio</i>, this seauen yeares haue I noted it: the toe of the pesant, comes so neere the heele of the courtier, that hee gawles his kibe, I prethee tell mee one thing,</p>	<p><i>Ham.</i> How absolute the knaue is? wee must speake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord <i>Horatio</i>, 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? <i>Clo.</i> Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our last King Hamlet o'recame Fortinbras. <i>Ham.</i> How long is that since? <i>Clo.</i> Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young Hamlet was borne [3329-38]</p>	<p><i>Ham.</i> How absolute the knaue is, we must speake by the card, or equiuocation will vndoo vs. By the Lord <i>Horatio</i>, 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 hee galls his kybe. How long hast thou been Graue-maker? <i>Clo.</i> Of the dayes i'th yere I came too't that day that our last king Hamlet ouercame Fortenbrasse. <i>Ham.</i> How long is that since? <i>Clo.</i> Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that, it was that very day that young Hamlet was borne: [3177-86]</p>
<p>How long will a man lie in the ground before hee rots? <i>Clowne</i> I faith sir, if hee be not rotten before he be laide in, as we haue many pocky corses, he will last you, eight yeares, a tanner will last you eight yeares...</p> <p>[Sig. H₄]</p>	<p><i>Clo.</i> Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin sixteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares. <i>Ham.</i> How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot? <i>Clo.</i> Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarses now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you some eight yeare, or nine yeare. [3351-7]</p>	<p><i>Clo.</i> Why heere in Denmarke: I haue been Sexten heere man and boy thirty yeeres. <i>Ham.</i> How long will a man lie i'th earth ere he rot? <i>Clo.</i> Fayth if a be not rotten before a die, as we haue many pockie corses, that will scarce hold the laying in, a will last you som eyght yeere, or nine yeere. [3198-203]</p>
<p>Looke you, heres a scull hath bin here this dozen yeare, let me see, I euer since our last king <i>Hamlet</i> slew <i>Fortenbrasse</i> in combat, yong <i>Hamlets</i> father, hee that's mad. ... <i>Ham.</i> Whose scull was this? <i>Clowne</i> This, a plague on him, a madde rogues it was, he powred once a whole flagon of Rhenish of my head, why <i>do not you know him?</i> this was one Yorickes scull...</p>	<p><i>Clo.</i> ... Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty yeares. <i>Ham.</i> Whose was it? <i>Clo.</i> A whorson mad Fellowes it was; whose doe you thinke it was? <i>Ham.</i> Nay, I know not. <i>Clo.</i> A pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, a pour'd a Flaggon of Renish on my head once. This same Scull. Sir, this same Scull sir, was <i>Yoricks</i> Scull, the Kings Iester. [3361-9]</p>	<p><i>Clo.</i> ... heer's a scull now hath lyen you i'th earth 23. yeeres. <i>Ham.</i> Whose was it? <i>Clo.</i> A whorson mad fellowes it was, whose do you think it was? <i>Ham.</i> Nay I know not. <i>Clo.</i> A pestilence on him for a madde rogue, a pourd a flagon of Renish on my head once; this same skull sir, was sir <i>Yoricks</i> skull, the Kings Iester. [3207-13]</p>
<p><i>Ham.</i> ... Wheres your iests now <i>Yoricke?</i> your flashes of meriment: now go to my Ladies chamber, and bid her paint her selfe an inch thicke, to this she must come <i>Yoricke.</i></p> <p>[Sig. I]</p>	<p><i>Ham.</i> Where be your libes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flashes of Merriment that were wont to set the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come. Make her laugh at that [3377-82]</p>	<p><i>Ham.</i> ... where be your gibes now? your gamboles, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roare, not one now to mocke your owne grinning, quite chopfalne. Now get you to my Ladies table, & tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour she must come, make her laugh at that. [3220-4]</p>