

Side 24: Hamlet & Gravedigger

	HAMLET	Whose grave's this, sirrah?
	GRAVEDIGGER	Mine, sir. <u>Sings</u> 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.
	GRAVEDIGGER	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.
	GRAVEDIGGER	'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away gain, from me to you.
	HAMLET	What man dost thou dig it for?
	GRAVEDIGGER	For no man, sir.
	HAMLET	What woman, then?
	GRAVEDIGGER	For none, neither.
	HAMLET	Who is to be buried in't?
	GRAVEDIGGER	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. How long hast thou been a grave-maker?
	GRAVEDIGGER	Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.
	HAMLET	How long is that since?
	GRAVEDIGGER	Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.
	HAMLET	Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?
	GRAVEDIGGER	Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.
	HAMLET	Why?
	GRAVEDIGGER	'Twill, a not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.
	HAMLET	Whose was it?
	GRAVEDIGGER	A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?
	HAMLET	Nay, I know not.
	GRAVEDIGGER	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?
	GRAVEDIGGER	E'en that.
	HAMLET	Let me see. <u>Takes the skull</u> Alas, poor Yorick! 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 rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know 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. But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.