

	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.
5	HAMLET	Let me see.
	<i>Takes the skull</i>	
10		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. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.
15	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? pah!
	<i>Puts down the skull</i>	
	HORATIO	E'en so, my lord.
20	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 bung-hole?
	HORATIO	'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.
25	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 loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?
30		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! <i>aside</i> : Here comes the king.
	Enter Priest, & c. in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING CLAUDIUS, QUEEN GERTRUDE, their trains, &c	
35		The queen, the courtiers: who is this they follow? And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken The corse they follow did with desperate hand Fordo its own life: 'twas of some estate.

Prepare a structured commentary on this passage, placing it in context. Create your own response, but please include the following:

- What side(s) of Hamlet do we see in this passage?
- How does this scene advance the themes of the play?