

Oor Hamlet

by Adam MacNaughtan

There was this king sleeping in his gairden a' alane, When his brither in his ear drapped a wee tait o' henbane, Then he stole his brither's crown and his money and his widow – But the deid king walked and got his son and said, hey listen, kiddo! I've been kill't and it's your duty to take revenge on Claudius, Kill him quick and clean and show the nation what a fraud he is. The boy says, Right I'll dae it but I'll have tae play it crafty; So that naeb'dy will suspect me, I'll kid on that I'm a daftie.

So wi' a' except Horatio (and he trusts him as a friend), Hamlet – that's the boy – kids on he's roond the bend, And because he was nae ready for obligatory killing He tried to make the King think he's tuppence off the shilling. Took the mickey oot Polonius, treated poor Ophelia vile, And telt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern that Denmark was a jail, Then a troupe 'o travelling actors, like 7:84, Arrived to dae a special one-night gig in Elsinore.

Hamlet, Hamlet! Loved his mammy. Hamlet, Hamlet! Acting balmy. Hamlet, Hamlet! Hesitating, Wonders if the ghost's a cheat and that is why he's waiting.

Then Hamlet wrote a scene for the players to enact, While Horatio and him would watch to see if Claudius cracked. The play was ca'd ``The Mousetrap" (no' the one that's runnin' noo) And sure enough, the King walked oot afore the scene was through. So Hamlet's got the proof that Claudius gied his da' the dose, The only problem being noo that Claudius knows he knows, So while Hamlet tells his ma that her new husband's no' a fit one, Uncle Claud pits oot a contract wi' the English King as hit-man.

And when Hamlet killed Polonius, the concealed corpus delecti Was the King's excuse to send for an English hempen necktie, Wi' Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to make sure he got there, But Hamlet jumped the boat and put the finger on that pair. Meanwhile Laertes heard his da' had been stabbed through the arras; He came racing back to Elsinore toute-suite, hot-foot frae Paris, And Ophelia, wi' her da' kill't by the man she wished to marry – After saying it wi' floers, she committed hari-kari.

Hamlet, Hamlet! Nae messing! Hamlet, Hamlet! Learnt his lesson. Hamlet, Hamlet! Yorick's crust Convinced him that men, good or bad, at last must come to dust.

Then Laertes lost the place and was demanding retribution, But the King said, keep the heid and I'll provide ye a solution. And he arranged a sword-fight wi' the interested pairties, Wi'a bluntit sword for Hamlet and a sharp sword for Laertes. And to make things double-sure – the auld belt-and-braces line – He fixed a poison't sword-tip and a poison't cup o' wine, And the poison't sword got Hamlet but Laertes went and muffed it, 'Cause he got stabbed hissel and he confessed afore he snuffed it.

Then Hamlet's mammy drank the wine and as her face turn't blue, Hamlet says, I quite believe the King's a baddy noo; Incestuous, treacherous, damnd Dane, he said (to be precise) And made up for hesitating by killing Claudius twice, 'Cause he stabbed him wi' the sword and forced the wine atween his lips, Then he said, The rest is silence, that was Hamlet had his chips. They fire't a volley over him that shook the topmost rafter, And Fortinbras, knee-deep in Danes, lived happy ever after.

Hamlet, Hamlet! Aw the gory! Hamlet, Hamlet! End of story. Hamlet, Hamlet! I'm away! If you think this

song is boring, you should read the bloody play!

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