

## Prince of Denmarke.

Each small annexment petty consequence  
Attends the boystrous raine, neuer alone  
Did the King sigh, but a generall grone.

*King.* Arme you I pray you to this speedy viage,  
For we will fetters put about this feare  
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ref.* We will hast vs.      *Exeunt Gent.*

*Enter Polonius.*

*Pol.* My Lord, hee's going to his mothers closet,  
Behind the Arras I'le conuay my selfe.  
To heare the processe, I'le warrant shee' letax him home,  
And as you sayd, and wisely was it sayd,  
Tis meete that some more audience then a mother,  
Since nature makes them parciall, should ore-heare  
The speech of vantage; farre you well my Leige,  
I'le call vpon you ere you goe to bed.  
And tell you what I knowe.      *Exit.*

*King.* Thankes deere my Lord.  
O my offence is ranck, it smels to heauen,  
It hath the primall eideft curse vppont,  
A brothers murther, pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will,  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong entent,  
And like a man to double busines bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first beginne,  
And both neglect, what if this cursed hand  
Were thicker then it selfe with brothers blood,  
Is there not raine enough in the sweete Heauens  
To wash it white as snowe, whereto serues mercy  
But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer but this two fold force,  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,  
Or pardon being downe, then I'le looke vp.  
My fault is past, but oh what forme of prayer  
Can serue my turne, forgive me my soule murther,  
That cannot be since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murther;  
My Crowne, mine owne ambition, and my Queene;

I.

Mav

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