

Prince of Denmarke.

they much too light for the bord of the matter, these good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Rosencraus* and *Guydensterne* hold theyr course for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farewell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hor. Come I will you way for these your letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance scale,
And you must put me in your hart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing care,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life,

Laer. It well appears: but tell mee
Why you proceede not against these feates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnes, wisdome, all things els
You mainely were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinnow'd,
But yet to mee tha'r strong, the Queene his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it cyther which,
She is so conclue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his sphere
I could not but by her, the other motiue,
Why to a publique count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping ail his faults in theyr affection,
Worke like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giuers to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly tymberd for so loued Arm'd,
Would haue reuerted to my bowe againe,
But not where I haue aym'd them.

Laer. And so haue I a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desprat termes,
Whose worth, if prayes may goe backe againe