

The Tragedie of Hamlet

May one be pardond and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offences guilded hand may shoue by iustice,
And oft tis seene the wicked prize it selfe
Buyes out the lawe, but tis not so aboue,
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we our selues compeld
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To giue in euidence, what then, what rests,
Try what repentance can, what can it not,
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched state, ô bosome blacke as death,
O limed soule, that struggling to be free,
Art more ingaged; helpe Angels make assay,
Bowe stubborne knees, and hart with strings of steale,
Be soft as sinnewes of the new borne babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I doe it, but now a is a praying,
And now Ile doo t, and so a goes to heauen,
And so am I reuendge, that would be scand
A villaine kills my father, and for that,
I his sole sonne, doe this same villaine send
To heauen.

Why, this is base and silly, not reuendge,
A tooke my father grossly full of bread,
Withall his crimes braod blowne, as flush as May,
And how his audit stands who knowes saue heauen,
But in our circumstance and course of thought,
Tis heauy with him: and am I then reuendged
To take him in the purging of his soule,
When he is fit and seafond for his passage?
No.

Vp sword, and knowe thou a more horrid hent,
When he is drunke, a sleepe, or in his rage,
Or in th'incestious pleasure of his bed,
At game a swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of saluation in't,

Then