

Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haste vs.

Exeunt Gent.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Clofset :
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my felfe
To heare the Proceffe. Ile warrant fhee'l tax him home,
And as you faid, and wifely was it faid,
'Tis meete that fome more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, fhould o're-heare
The fpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Lidge,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it fmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeft curfe vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharpe as will:
My stronger guilt, defeats my ftrong intent,
And like a man to double bufinesse bound,
I ftand in pause where I fhall firft begin,
And both neglect; what if this curfed hand
Were thicker then it felfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the fweet Heauens
To wafh it white as Snow? Whereto ferues mercy,
But to confront the vifage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ftalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is pafte. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can ferue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, fince I am ftill poffeff
Of thofe effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may fhoue by Iuftice,
And oft 'tis feene, the wicked prize it felfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not fo aboue,
There is no fhuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our felues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What refts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ftate! Oh bofome, blacke as death!
Oh limed foule, that ftugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make affay:
Bow ftubborne knees, and heart with ftirings of Steele,
Be foft as finewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and fo he goes to Heauen,
And fo am I reueng'd: that would be fcann'd,
A Villaine kills my Father, and for that
I his foule Sonne, do this faine Villaine fend
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father groffely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes blowne, as frefh as May,
And how his Audit ftands, who knowes, faue Heauen:
But in our circumftance and courfe of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and feafon'd for his paffage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent

When he is drunke afleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'inceftuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, fwearing, or about fome acte
That ha's no rellifh of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ftayes,
This Phyficke but prolongs thy fickly dayes. *Exit.*

King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.

Pol. He will come ftraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his pranks haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath fcreend, and ftoode betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile fentence me e'ne heere:
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.

Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?

Qu. Hamlet, thou haft thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.

Qu. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you queftion with an idle tongue.

Qu. Why how now Hamlet?

Ham. Whats the matter now?

Qu. Haue you forgot me?

Ham. No by the Rood, not fo:

You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not fo. You are my Mother.

Qu. Nay, then Ile fet thofe to you that can fpeake.

Ham. Come, come, and fit you downe, you fhall not
boudge:

You go not till I fet you vp a glaffe,
Where you may fee the inmoft part of you?

Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.

Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.

Pol. Oh I am flaine.

Killes Polonius.

Qu. Oh me, what haft thou done?

Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?

Qu. Oh what a rafh, and bloody deed is this?

Ham. A bloody deed, almoft as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.

Qu. As kill a King?

Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.

Thou wretched, rafh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'ft to be too bufie, is fome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, fit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for fo I fhall
If it be made of penetrable ftuffe;
If damned Cufstome haue not braz'd it fo,
That it is prooffe and bulwarke againft Senfe.

Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'ft wag thy tong,
In noife fo rude againft me?

Ham. Such an Act

That blurres the grace and blufh of Modeltie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a blifter there. Makes marriage vowes
As falfe as Dicers Oathes. Oh fuch a deed,

As