

*The Tragedie of Hamlet*

I will speake daggers, those sharpe wordes being spent,  
To doe her wrong my soule shall ne're consent. *exit.*

*Enter the King.*

*King* O that this wet that falles vpon my face  
Would wash the crime cleere from my conscience!  
When I looke vp to heauen, I see my trespasse,  
The earth doth still crie out vpon my fact,  
Pay me the murder of a brother and a king,  
And the adulterous fault I haue committed:  
O these are sinnes that are vnpardonable:  
Why say thy sinnes were blacker then is ieat,  
Yet may contrition make them as white as snowe:  
I but still to perseuer in a sinne,  
It is an act gainst the vniuersall power,  
Most wretched uian, stoope, bend thee to thy prayer,  
Aske grace of heauen to keepe thee from despaire.

*hee kneeles.          enters Hamlet*

*Ham.* I so, come forth and worke thy last,  
And thus hee dies: and so am I reuenged:  
No, not so: he tooke my father sleeping, his sins brim full,  
And how his soule stooode to the state of heauen  
Who knowes, saue the immortall powres,  
And shall I kill him now,  
When he is purging of his soule?  
Making his way for heauen, this is a benefit,  
And not reuenge: no, get thee vp agen, *(drunke,*  
When hee's at game swaring, taking his carowse, *drinking*  
Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed,  
Or at some act that hath no relish  
Of saluation in't, then trip him  
That his heeles may kicke at heauen,  
And fall as lowe as hel: my mother staves,  
This phisicke but prolongs thy weary dayes. *exit Ham,*

*King* My wordes fly vp, my sinnes remaine below.