

Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Rosincrosse*, and gentle *Guildenstern*.

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenstern*, and gentle *Rosincrosse*;
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son. — Go, some of ye,
And bring these gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our presence and our practices,
Pleasant, and helpful to him! [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

Queen. Amen!

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambassadors from *Norway*, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou still hast been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my god, and to my gracious king;
And, I do think, (or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cause of *Hamlet's* lunacy.

King. O, speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors:
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.

King. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit Polonius.*

He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-hasty marriage.

SCENE