

## SCENE IV.

*Reenter Polonius, with Voltimand, and Cornelius.*

*King.* Well, we shall sift him. — Welcome, my good friends!  
Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

*Volt.* Most fair return of greetings, and desires.  
Upon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the *Polack*:  
But, better look'd into, he truly found,  
It was against your highness. Whereat griev'd,  
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,  
Was falsely born in hand, sends out arrests  
On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys,  
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and in fine,  
Makes vow before his uncle, never more  
To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.  
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,  
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,  
And his commission to employ those soldiers,  
So levied as before, against the *Polack*:  
With an entreaty, herein further shown,  
That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enterprise  
On such regards of safety and allowance,  
As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well;  
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,  
And think upon an answer to this business.  
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.  
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together.  
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt Ambaf.*]

*Pol.* This business is well ended.  
My liege, and madam, to expostulate  
What majesty should be, what duty is,

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Why