

**SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

Hamlet, Act III.3

O MY OFFENCE IS RANK

O, my offence is rank it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't, a brother's murder.

Pray can I not, my stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;  
What if this cursed hand were thicker than itself with brother's  
blood,  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens to wash it white as  
snow?

O, what form of prayer can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul  
murder'?  
That cannot be since I am still possess'd of those effects for which  
I did the murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition and my queen.

Try what repentance can: what can it not?  
Yet what can it when one can not repent?

O wretched state! O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,  
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!  
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings of steel,  
Be soft as sinews of the newborn babe!  
All may be well.