

**Gertrude.**

This is the very coinage of your brain.  
This bodiless creation ecstasy  
Is very cunning in.

**Hamlet.**

Ecstasy?

My pulse as yours doth temperately keep time  
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness  
That I have utt'red. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;  
And do not spread the compost on the weeds  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;  
For in the fatness of these pursy times  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg-

**Gertrude.**

O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

**Hamlet.**

O, throw away the worser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half,  
Good night- but go not to my uncle's bed.  
Refrain to-night,  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence; the next more easy;  
Once more, good night;  
And when you are desirous to be blest,  
I'll blessing beg of you.- For this same lord,  
I do repent; but heaven hath pleas'd it so,  
To punish me with this,  
I will bestow him, and will answer well  
The death I gave him. So again, good night.  
I must be cruel, only to be kind;  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.  
One word more, good lady.

**Gertrude.**

What shall I do?

**Hamlet.**

Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:  
Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;  
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses,  
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,  
Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;  
For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
Such dear concernings hide? Who would do so?

**Gertrude.**

Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,  
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me.

**Hamlet.**

I must to England; you know that?

**Gertrude.**

Alack,  
I had forgot! 'Tis so concluded on.