

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister,  
I will bestowe him and will answere well  
The death I gaue him; so againe good night  
I must be cruell only to be kinde,  
This bad beginnes, and worse remaines behind.  
One word more good Lady.

*Ger.* What shall I doe?

*Ham.* Not this by no meanes that I bid you doe,  
Let the blowt King temp't you againe to bed,  
Pinch wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouse,  
And let him for a paire of reechie kisses,  
Or paddling in your necke with his damn'd fingers.  
Make you to rouell all this matter out  
That I essentially am not in madnesse,  
But mad in craft, t'were good you let him knowe,  
For who that's but a Queene, faire, sober, wise,  
Would from a paddack, from a bat, a gib,  
Such deare concernings hide, who would doe so,  
No, in dispight of fence and secrecy,  
Vnpeg the basket on the houses top,  
Let the birds fly, and like the famous Ape,  
To try conclusions in the basket creepe,  
And breake your owne necke downe.

*Ger.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath  
And breath of life, I haue no life to breath  
What thou hast sayd to me.

*Ham.* I must to *England*, you knowe that.

*Ger.* Alack I had forgot.  
Tis so concluded on.

*Ham.* Ther's letters seald, and my two Schoolefellowes,  
Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,  
They beare the mandat, they must sweep my way  
And marshall me to knauery: let it worke,  
For tis the sport to haue the enginer  
Hoist with his owne petar, an't shall goe hard  
But I will delue one yard belowe their mines,  
And blowe them at the Moone: ô tis most sweete  
When in one line two crafts directly meete,