***Hamlet***

***Act I***

* Our sometime sister, now our Queen.
	+ **Claudius,** scene ii

* **Claudius:** …But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son -
**Hamlet:** A little more than kin, and less than kind.
**Claudius:** How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
**Hamlet:** Not so my lord; I am too much i’ the sun.
	+ scene ii

* Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not “seems.”
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii
	+ Note: “Solid” is the word found in the [First Folio](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/First_Folio) edition of the plays (1623). Earlier versions (the First and Second Quartos), had used the word “sallied.” In some later editions, the word was “sullied.”

* How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* Frailty, thy name is woman!
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The funeral bak’d meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
	+ **Horatio,** scene ii

* I’ll speak to it though Hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favours,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute —
No more.
	+ **Laertes,** scene iii

* Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puff’d and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads.
And recks not his own rede.
	+ **Ophelia,** scene iii

* Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
	+ **Polonius,** scene iii

* Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man’s censure, but reserve thy judgment.
	+ **Polonius,** scene iii

* Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express’d in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
	+ **Polonius,** scene iii

* Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend.
	+ **Polonius,** scene iii

* This above all — to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
	+ **Polonius,** scene iii

* But to my mind, — though I am native here
And to the manner born, — it is a custom
More honour’d in the breach than the observance.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene iv

* Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin’s fee,
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
	+ **Hamlet,** scene iv

* Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
	+ **Marcellus,** scene iv

* My hour is almost come
When I to sulphrous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
	+ **Ghost,** scene v

* The serpent that did sting thy father’s life
Now wears his crown.
	+ **Ghost,** scene v

* Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin.
	+ **Ghost,** scene v

* O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!
	+ **Ghost,** scene v

* And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.
	+ **Ghost,** scene v

* O most pernicious woman!
O, villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, — meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene v

* There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene v

* How strange or odd soe’er I bear myself —
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene v

* The time is out of joint; O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!
	+ **Hamlet,** scene