***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