***Hamlet***

***Act II***

* Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief.
	+ **Polonius,** scene ii.

* More matter with less art.
	+ **Gertrude,** scene ii.

* That he is mad, ’tis true; ’tis true ’tis pity;
And pity ’tis ’tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
	+ **Polonius,** scene ii

* Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.
	+ **Hamlet,** from a letter read by Polonius, scene ii

* **Polonius:** Do you know me, my lord?
**Hamlet:** Excellent well; you’re a fishmonger.
* **Polonius:** What do you read, my lord?
**Hamlet:** Words, words, words.
	+ scene ii

* **Polonius:** My honored lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.
**Hamlet:** You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal — except my life — except my life — except my life.
	+ scene ii

* There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises, and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* Use every man after his desert, and who should ‘scape whipping?
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must like a whore unpack my heart with words,
and fall a-cursing like a very drab
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* The play’s the thing,
Wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the king.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii