**Hamlet**

**Act III**

* We are oft to blame in this, —
‘Tis too much prov’d, — that with devotion’s visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o’er
The devil himself.
	+ **Polonius,** scene i

* **To be, or not to be, — that is the question**: —
Whether ’tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? — To die, to sleep, —
No more;
	+ **Hamlet,** scene i

* Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia! — Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember’d.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene i

* Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?
	+ **Hamlet,** scene i

* Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
	+ **Ophelia,** scene i

* I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, — all but one, — shall live; the rest shall keep as they are.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene i

* O! what a noble mind is here o’erthrown!
	+ **Ophelia,** scene i

* O, woe is me
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!
	+ **Ophelia,** scene i

* **Gertrude:** Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.
**Hamlet:** No, good mother, here’s metal more attractive. *[Hamlet takes a place near Ophelia.]*
	+ scene ii

* The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
	+ **Gertrude,** scene ii

* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business, as the day
Would quake to look on.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene ii

* O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven.
	+ **Claudius,** scene iii

* What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother’s blood, —
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow?
	+ **Claudius,** scene iii

* Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I’ll do ‘t: and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I reveng’d.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene iii

* My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
	+ **Claudius,** scene iii

* **Hamlet:** How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead!
**Polonius:** Oh, I am slain!
	+ scene iv

* Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene iv

* Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew’d in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene iv

* I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins and worse remains behind.
	+ **Hamlet,** scene iv

* 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.
	+ **Gertrude,** scene iv