**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