**Hamlet**

**Act IV**

* So, haply, slander —
Whose whisper o’er the world’s diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Transports his poisoned shot — may miss our name
And hit the woundless air. — O, come away!
My soul is full of discord and dismay.
	+ **Claudius,** scene i

* **Hamlet:** The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing —
**Guildenstern:** A *thing,* my lord?
**Hamlet:** Of nothing.
	+ scene ii

* **Hamlet:** A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
**Claudius:** What dost thou mean by this?
**Hamlet:** Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.
	+ scene iii

* How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge!
	+ **Hamlet,** scene iv

* O! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
	+ **Hamlet,** scene iv

* Good-night, ladies; good-night, sweet ladies; good-night, good-night.
	+ **Ophelia,** scene v

* When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.
	+ **Claudius,** scene v
* I’m lost in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very sickness in my heart,
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
‘Thus didest thou.’
	+ **Laertes,** scene vii

* Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears.
	+ **Laertes,** scene vii