**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