

## MEMORABLE LINES



A little more than kin, and less than kind. (HAMLET 1.2.65)

Oh, that this too too sullied flesh would melt . . .  
(HAMLET 1.2.129)

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
(HAMLET 1.2.133-4)

Frailty, thy name is woman! (HAMLET 1.2.146)

'A was a man. Take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again. (HAMLET 1.2.187-8)

Neither a borrower nor a lender be. (POLONIUS 1.3.75)

This above all: to thine own self be true. (POLONIUS 1.3.78)

But to my mind, though I am native here  
And to the manner born, it is a custom  
More honored in the breach than the observance.  
(HAMLET 1.4.14-16)

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.  
(MARCELLUS 1.4.90)

Murder most foul, as in the best it is . . . (GHOST 1.5.28)

Oh, my prophetic soul! (HAMLET 1.5.42)

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.  
(HAMLET 1.5.175-6)

The time is out of joint. Oh, cursèd spite  
That ever I was born to set it right! (HAMLET 1.5.197-8)

Brevity is the soul of wit . . . (POLONIUS 2.2.90)

More matter, with less art. (QUEEN 2.2.95)

That he's mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity,  
And pity 'tis 'tis true. (POLONIUS 2.2.97-8)

Words, words, words. (HAMLET 2.2.193)

Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.  
(POLONIUS 2.2.205-6)

There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.  
(HAMLET 2.2.250-1)

What a piece of work is a man! (HAMLET 2.2.304-5)

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? (HAMLET 2.2.559-60)

The play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.  
(HAMLET 2.2.605-6)

To be, or not to be, that is the question. (HAMLET 3.1.57)

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. (HAMLET 3.1.58-61)

To die, to sleep;  
To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub. . .  
(HAMLET 3.1.65-6)

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.  
(HAMLET 3.1.84)

Get thee to a nunnery. (HAMLET 3.1.122)

The glass of fashion and the mold of form,  
Th'observed of all observers. . . (OPHELIA 3.1.156-7)

I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant.  
It out-Herods Herod. (HAMLET 3.2.12-14)

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this  
special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.  
(HAMLET 3.2.17-19)

... the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now,  
was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature...

(HAMLET 3.2.20-2)

... for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing,  
A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks.

(HAMLET 3.2.64-7)

OPHELIA 'Tis brief, my lord.

HAMLET As woman's love.

(3.2.151-2)

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

(QUEEN 3.2.228)

'Tis now the very witching time of night.

(HAMLET 3.2.387)

The cress of majesty  
Dies not alone, but like a gulf doth draw  
What's near it with it.

(ROSENCRANTZ 3.3.15-17)

For 'tis the sport to have the engineer  
Hoist with his own petard...

(HAMLET 3.4.213-14)

How all occasions do inform against me  
And spur my dull revenge!

(HAMLET 4.4.33-4)

Rightly to be great  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
When honor's at the stake.

(HAMLET 4.4.54-7)

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions.

(KING 4.5.79-80)

There's rosemary, that's for remembrance... And there is pansies;  
that's for thoughts.

(OPHELIA 4.5.179-81)

Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest,  
of most excellent fancy.

(HAMLET 5.1.183-5)

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

(HAMLET 5.1.295)

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

(HAMLET 5.2.10-11)

Not a whit, we defy augury. There is special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come. The readiness is all. (HAMLET 5.2.217-20)

A hit, a very palpable hit. (OSRIC 5.2.282)

Good night, sweet prince,  
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

(HORATIO 5.2.361-2)