

Hamlet: Quips, Phrases, Lines, Speeches

1.1

- Who's there? (1)
- Nay, answer me. Stand and unfold yourself. (2)
- 'Tis bitter cold, / And I am sick at heart. (8-9)
- 'tis but our fanstasy (28)
- It harrows me with fear and wonder. (51)
- warlike form (55)
- With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch. (77)
- This bodes some strange eruption to our state. (80)
- Fortinbras of Norway, / Thereto pricked on by
a most emulate pride, / Dared to the combat;
in which our valiant Hamlet /... Did slay this Fortinbras (94-98)
- Well ratified by law and heraldry (99)
- young Fortinbras, / of unimproved mettle hot and full...
Sharked up a list of lawless resolute (107-110)
- portentous figure (121)
- A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye. (124)
- In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets; (125-128)
- sick almost to doomsday with eclipse (132)
- prologue to the omen (135)
- We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence,
For it is as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery. (158-161)
- like a guilty thing / Upon a fearful summons. (163-164)
- So have I heard and do in part believe it. (180)

1.2

- our sometime sister, now our queen (8)
- With an auspicious and a dropping eye (11)
- our most valiant brother – so much for him. (25)
- impotent and bedrid (29)
- You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltemand (34)
- A little more than kin and less than kind. (67)
- I am too much in the sun. (69)
- Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity. (74-75)
- I know not "seems." (79)

- they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passes show,
These but the trappings and the suits of woe. (87-89)
- 'Tis unmanly grief. (98)
- retrograde to our desire (118)
- O... that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! (135-136)
- 'Tis an unweeded garden / That grows to seed.
Things rank and gross in nature / Possess it merely. (139-141)
- Must I remember? (147)
- As if increase in appetite had grown / By what it fed on. (148-149)
- frailty, thy name is woman! (150)
- Ere yet the alst of most unrighteous tears
had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue. (159-164)
- The funeral baked meats / Did coldly furnish
the marriage tables. (187-188)
- methinks I see my father. / ... In my mind's eye, Horatio. (191,193)
- He was a man. Take him for all in all, / I shall not look on his like again. (195-196)
- For God's love, let me hear! (205)
- Dead waste (208)
- Distilled almost to jelly with the act of fear (214-215)
- A countenance more in sorrow than in anger. (247)
- I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. (266-267)
- All is not well / I doubt some foul play.
Foul deeds will rise, though all the earth o'erwhelm them,
to men's eyes. (277-281)

1.3

- His greatness weighed, his will is not his own (20)
- His unmastered importunity (36)
- Out of the shot and danger of desire (39)
- The chariest maid is prodigal enough / If she unmask her beauty to the moon. (40-41)
- Be wary then; best safety lies in fear (47)
- Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice. / Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment. (74-75)
- Neither a borrower nor a lender be, / For loan oft loses both itself and friend (81-82)
- This above all: to thine own self be true (84)
- You speak like a green girl (110)
- I do know / When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul / Lends the tongue vows (124-126)

1.4

- The air bites shrewdly (1)
- Nature cannot choose his origin (29)
- Breaking down the pales and forts of reason (31)
- A spirit of health or goblin damned (44)
- Thou com'st in such a questionable shape / That I will speak to thee (48-49)
- Let me not burst in ignorance (51)
- The sepulcher, / Wherein we saw thee quietly interred / Hath oped his marble and ponderous jaws / To cast thee up again (53-56)
- Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do? (62)
- He waxes desperate with imagination. (97)
- Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Heaven will direct it.
Nay, let's follow him. (100-102)

1.5

- Alas, poor ghost! (8)
- Speak. I am bound to hear. (11)
- I am forbid / To tell the secrets of my prison house (18-19)
- Like quills upon the fearful porpentine (26)
- Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder (31)
- But this most foul, strange, and unnatural. (34)
- Rankly abused (45)
- The serpent that did sting thy father's life / Now wears his crown. (46-47)
- O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power / So to seduce! (51-52)
- But virtue, as it never will be moved / Though lewdness court it in the shape of heaven, / So lust, though to a radiant angel linked, / Will sate itself in a celestial bed / And prey on garbage (60-64)
- But soft, methinks I scent the morning air. (65)
- Leprous distilment (71)
- Sent to my account / With all my imperfections on my head (85-86)
- O horrible, O horrible, most horrible! (87)
- Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me. (98)
- And shall I couple hell? (100)
- Remember thee? / Ay, thou poor ghost, whiles memory holds a seat / In this distracted globe. (104)
- One may smile and smile and be a villain. (115)
- Now to my word. (117)
- Arrant knave (138)
- These are but wild and whirling words (148)
- It is an honest ghost (154)
- This is wondrous strange (185)
- There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio/ Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. (187-188)
- I perchance hereafter shall think meet / To put an antic disposition on (191-192)
- The time is out of joint (210)

2.1

- Put on him what forgeries you please (21-22)
- See you now / Your bait of falsehood take this carp of truth
- By indirections find directions out (73)
- With a look so piteous in purport / As if he had been loosed out of hell / To speak of horrors. (92-94)
- Mad for thy love? (95)
- This is the very ecstasy of love (114) 2.2
- Hamlet's transformation (5)
- But we both obey / And hereby give up ourselves in the full bent / To lay our service freely at your feet, / To be commanded. (31-34)
- My too much changed son. (38)
- Hamlet's lunacy (52)
- I doubt it is no other than the main - / His father's death and our o'erhasty marriage. (59-60)
- His sickness, age and impotence / Was falsely born in hand (70-71)
- Brevity is the soul of wit (97)
- Your noble son is mad. (99)
- More matter with less art. (103)
- Perpend. (113)
- That's an ill phrase (119)
- I am ill at these numbers. (128)
- Into the madness wherein now he raves. (159)
- But look where sadly the poor wretch comes / reading (183-184)
- You are a fishmonger. (190)
- To be honest, as this world goes, is to / be one man picked out of ten thousand. (194-195)
- Yourself, sir, shall grow old as I am, if, like a crab, / you could go backward. (221-222)
- Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't. (223-224)
- Fortune – She is a strumpet. (253-254)
- There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so. (268-270)
- I could be bounded in a nutshell and count myself king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams. (273-275)
- There is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough to cover. (301-303)
- Be even and direct with me (310-311)
- If you love me, hold not off. (313-314)
- A foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. (326)
- What a piece of work is man. (327)
- Man delights not me, no, nor woman either (332-333)
- S'blood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. (390-391)
- I am but mad north-north-west. (402)
- Masters, you are all welcome. (453)
- Come, a passionate speech! (456)
- An excellent play, well-digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. (463-465)
- Roasted in wrath and fire
- Oversized with coagulate gore, / with eyes like carbuncles. (487-488)
- Repugnant to command (496)
- This is too long. (523)

- He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. (525-526)
- But if the gods themselves did see her then (538)
- When she saw Phyrus make malicious sport / In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs (539-540)
- Use every man after his desert and who shall 'scape whipping? (555-557)
- A dull and muddy-mettled rascal (594)
- Am I a coward? Who calls me villain? (598-599)
- Ha! 'Swounds, I should take it! (603)
- Why, what an ass am I! (611)
- Unpack my heart with words (614)
- About, my brains! (617)
- The devil that power / 'T assume a pleasing shape (628-629)
- The play's the thing / Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King. (633-634)

3.1

- Turbulent and dangerous lunacy (4)
- With a crafty madness keeps aloof (8)
- How smart a lash that speech does give my conscience (57)
- O heavy burden! (62)
- 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 – and by a sleep to say we end / The heartache and the thousand natural shocks / That flesh is heir to – 'tis a consummation / Devoutly to be wished.
- To die, to sleep - / To sleep, perchance to dream. Ay, there's the rub, / For in that sleep of death what dreams may come, / When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, / Must give us pause.
- There's the respect / That makes calamity of so long life. / For who would bear the whips and scorns of time, / Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, / The pangs of despised love, the law's delay, / The insolence of office, and the spurns / That patient merit of th' unworthy takes, / When he himself might his quietus make / With a bare bodkin?
- Who would fardels bear, / To grunt and sweat under a weary life, / But that the dread of something after death, / The undiscovered country from whose bourn / No traveler returns, puzzles the will / And makes us rather bear those ills we have / Than fly to others that we know not of?
- Thus conscience does make cowards of us all, / And thus the native hue of resolution / Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, / And enterprises of great pitch and moment / With this regard their currents turn awry / And lose the name of action.
- Soft you now, / The fair Ophelia. – Nymph, in thy orisons / Be all my sins remembered.
- Words of so sweet breath (107)
- Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind. (111)
- Are you honest? (113)
- The power of beauty will sooner / transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than / the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness. (121-124)
- Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? (131-132)
- I am myself indifferent honest, but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. (132-134)
- We are arrant knaves all; believe none of us. (139-140)

- God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another.
- O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! (164)
- Blasted with ecstasy (174)
- Love? His affections do not that way tend. (176)
- There's something in his soul / O'er which his melancholy sits on brood, / And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose / Will be some danger (178-181)
- Confine him where / Your wisdom best shall think. (200-201)

3.2

- Use all gently (5)
- In the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. (6-8)
- It out-Herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it. (14-15)
- Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature. For anything so o'erdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his forma and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it makes the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve. (18-28)
- They imitated humanity so abominably (37)
- Barren spectators (43)
- That's villainous and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. (46-47)
- Blessed are those / Whose blood and judgement are so well commedled / That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger / To sound what stop she please.
- Give me that man / That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him / In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of hearts, / As I do thee. (76-79)
- My imaginations are as foul / As Vulcan's stithy. (88-89)
- For us and for our tragedy, / Here stopping to your clemency, / We beg your hearing patiently (170-172)
- Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear. (193)
- That's wormwood. (204)
- What to ourselves in passion we propose, / The passion ending, doth the purpose lose. The violence of either grief or joy / Their own enactures with themselves destroy. (217-220)
- This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange / That even our loves should with our fortunes change; / For 'tis a question left us yet to prove / Whether love lead fortune or else fortune lead love. (223-226)
- Hollow friend (231)
- Our wills and fates do so contrary run / That our devices still are overthrown; / Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own. (234-236)
- The lady doth protest too much, methinks. (254)
- 'Tis a knavish piece of work, but what of that? (264-265)
- Let the galled jade wince; / our withers are unwrung.
- I could interpret between you and your love, / if I could see the puppets dallying. (270-271)
- Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge. (278-279)
- Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing (280-281)
- The midnight weed collected (283)
- You might have rhymed. (311)

- Didst perceive? (313)
- Put your discourse into some frame (335-336)
- My wit's diseased (349-350)
- You do surely bar the door upon your own liberty if you deny your griefs to your friend. (366-367)
- It is as easy as lying. (387)
- There is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ (398-399)
- Now could I drink hot blood (422-423)
- Let me be cruel, not unnatural. / I will speak daggers to her, but use none. (428-429)

3.3

- I like him not, nor stands it safe with us / To let his madness range. (1-2)
- Never alone / Did the kings sigh, but with a general groan. (23-24)
- O my offense is rank, it smells to heaven. (40)
- A man to double business bound (45)
- May one be pardoned and retain th' offense? (60)
- O bosom black as death! (72)
- That would be scanned. (80)
- No relish of salvation in 't (97)
- Trip him, that his heel may kick at heaven (98)
- My words fly up, my thoughts remain below; / Words without thoughts never to heaven go. (102-103)

3.4

- You go not till I set you up a glass / Where you may see the inmost part of you. (24-25)
- A rhapsody of words! (57)
- Ay me, what act / That roars so loud and thunders in the index? (61-62)
- Have you eyes? (75)
- The nasty sty (106)
- These words like daggers enter in my ears. (108)
- Do not forget. (126)
- Thy almost blunted purpose (127)
- This is the very coinage of your brain. (157)
- O, throw away the worser part of it, / And live the purer with the other half! (178-179)
- That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat (182)
- I must be cruel only to be kind. (199)
- I essentially am not in madness, / But mad in craft (209-210)
- Adders fanged (226)
- O, 'tis most sweet / When in one line two crafts directly meet. (232-233)
- A foolish prating knave. (238)

4.1

- Mad as the sea and wind when both contend / Which is the mightier. (7-8)
- His liberty is full of threats to all (15)
- My soul is full of discord and dismay (46)

4.2

- A knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear (23-24)

4.3

- The distracted multitude (4)
- Diseases desperate grown / By desperate appliance are relieved / Or not at all. (8-10)
- A certain convocation of politic worms (23)
- A man may fish with the worm that hath eat / of a king and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. (30-32)
- My dull revenge (35)
- Thinking too precisely on th' event (43)
- Examples gross as earth exhort me (49)
- Rightly to be great / Is not to stir without great argument, / But greatly to find quarrel in a straw / When honor's at stake. (56-59)
- I see / The immanent death of twenty thousand men / That for a fantasy and a trick of fame / Go to their graves like beds (62-65)
- O, from this time forth / My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth! (68-69)

4.5

- There's tricks I' th' world (6)
- So full of artless jealousy is guilt, / It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. (24-25)
- Lord, we know what we are but know not what we may be. (48-49)
- The poison of deep grief (80)
- The people muddled, / Thick, and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers (86-88)
- Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit! / I dare damnation. (149-150)
- Let come what comes, only I'll be revenged (153)
- I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died (207-209)
- And where th' offense is, let the great ax fall. (244)

4.6

- A pirate of very warlike appointment (16)

4.7

- Or are you like the painting of a sorrow, / A face without a heart? (123-124)
- Revenge should have no bounds (146)
- I bought an unction of a monteback (161)
- One woe doth tread upon another's heel (187)
- Too much of water hast thou, Ophelia. / And therefore I forbid my tears. (211-212)

5.1

- Cudgel thy brains no more about it (57)

- That skull had a tongue in it and could sing once (77-78)
- How absolute the knave is! (140)
- Alas, poor Yorrick! I knew him, Horatio – a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now?
- To what base use we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole? (209-211)
- Imperious Caesar, dead and turned to clay, / Might stop a hole to keep the wind away. (220-221)
- From her fair and unpolluted flesh may violets spring! (249-250)
- I prithee take thy fingers from my throat. (274)
- Let Hercules do himself what he may / The cat will mew, and dog will have his day (310-311)

5.2

- There's a divinity that shapes our ends (12)
- Such cozenage
- This canker of our nature
- We defy augury. There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.
- The readiness is all
- Give us the foils.
- Gertrude, do not drink
- They bleed on both sides
- I am justly killed with mine own treachery
- Hamlet, thou art slain.
- The rest is silence
- Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet prince.
- Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest
- Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts, / Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters, / Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause, / And in this upshot, purposes mistook / Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I / Truly deliver.
- The soldier's music and the rite of war / Speak loudly for him.
- Go, bid the soldier's shoot.