

**NAME: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_** **DATE: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_**

World Lit Ms. Ciuperca

Quotations *HamletAct I*

William Shakespeare

1.

**Horatio**: At least the whisper goes so: our last king, 80  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,  
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet  
(For so this side of our known world esteem'd him)] 85  
Did slay this Fortinbras, who, by a seal'd compact  
Well ratified by law and heraldy,  
Did forfeit (with his life) all [those] his lands  
Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror;

2.   
**King**: But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son --

**Hamlet** *[Aside.]* A little more than kin, and less than kind. 65

**King** How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

**Hamlet** Not so, my lord, I am too much in the sun.

**Queen** Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,  
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.  
Do not for ever with thy vailed lids 70  
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.  
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that lives must die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

3. **Hamlet** If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it though hell itself should gape 245  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still,  
And whatsomever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding but no tongue.

4. **Laertes** For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor, 5  
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood,  
A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
The perfume and suppliance of a minute --  
No more.

5**. Polonius:** And these few precepts in thy memory  
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 60  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.:  
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them unto thy soul with hoops of steel,  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd courage. Beware 65  
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,  
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice,  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70  
But not express'd in fancy, rich, not gaudy,  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,  
And they in France of the best rank and station  
[*Are*] of a most select and generous chief in that.  
Neither a borrower nor a lender [*be*], 75  
For [*loan*] oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulleth [*th'*] edge of husbandry.  
This above all: to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

**6. Ophelia** He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders  
Of his affection to me. 100

Polonius Affection, puh! You speak like a green girl,  
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.  
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Ophelia I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

**7. Hamlet** It will not speak, then I will follow it.

**Horatio** Do not, my lord.

**Hamlet** Why, what should be the fear?  
I do not set my life at a pin's fee, 65  
And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
Being a thing immortal as itself?  
It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

**Horatio** What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,   
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff 70  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,  
And there assume some other horrible form  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,  
And draw you into madness? Think of it.

**8. Marcellus** Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

**9. Ghost:** O, horrible, O, horrible, most horrible! 80  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not,  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be  
A couch for luxury and damned incest.  
But howsomever thou pursues this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive 85  
Against thy mother aught. Leave her to heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge  
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!

10. **Hamlet** Never make known what you have seen tonight.

**Both** My lord, we will not. 145

**Hamlet**  Nay, but swear't.

**Horatio**  In faith,  
My lord, not I.

**Marcellus** Nor I, my lord, in faith.

**Hamlet** Upon my sword.

**Marcellus** We have sworn, my lord, already.

**Hamlet** Indeed upon my sword, indeed.

[Ghost cries under the stage.]

**Ghost** Swear.