Hamlet Final Exam Study Guide

Below are quotes from Acts I-V of the play. Fifty-five of these quotes will appear on the exam.

1. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother’s death the memory be green, and that it us befitted to bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom to be contracted in one brow of woe...
2. O God, God, how weary stale, flat, and unprofitable seem to me all the uses of this world.
3. Ay sir, a sponge that soaks up the king’s countenance, his rewards, his authorities...When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you will be dry again.
4. Perhaps he loves you now,/And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch/The virtue of his will; but you must fear,/his greatness being weighted, his will not his own,/For he himself is subject to his birth.
5. Revenge his most foul and unnatural murder.
6. O most pernicious woman! O villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
7. Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced, his stockings fouled...pale as his shirt, is knees knocking each other...he comes before me.
8. But know, thou noble youth, the serpent that did sting thy father’s life now wears is crown.
9. I doubt it is no other but the main: his father’s death and our o’erhasty marriage.
10. Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit...I will be brief. Your noble son is mad.
11. Through this madness, yet there is method in’t.
12. For there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so.
13. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculties, in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god!
14. O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!...What’s Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba? That he should weep for her?
15. But we both obey, and here give up ourselves in full bent to lay our services freely at your feet.
16. Give me your pardon sir, I’ve done you wrong/But pardon’st as you are a gentleman. This presence knows, /And you must needs have heard, how I am punished with sore distraction.
17. How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience? The harlot’s cheek, beautified with plastering art, is not more ugly to the thing that helps it than is my deed to my most painted word. O heavy burden.
18. In the gross of mine opinion this bodes some strange eruption to our state.
19. 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.
20. Oh my offence is rank, it smells to heaven; It hath the primal eldest curse upon’t...
21. What have I done that thou darest wag thy tongue in noise so rude against me?
22. Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell.
23. Sweets to the sweet, farewell! I had hop’d thou shouldst have been my Hamlet’s wife.
24. Good night sweet prince, and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.
25. In the gross of mine opinion this bodes some strange eruption to our state.
26. I will do’t, and for that purpose I’ll anoint my sword. I bought an unction of a mountebank, o mortal that but dip a knife in it... that is but scratched withal...it may be death.
27. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.
28. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.
29. There’s rosemary, that’s for remembrance- pray you, love, remember- and there’s pansies, that’s for thoughts.
30. Now I could drink hot blood, and do such bitter business as the day would quake to look on.
31. How came he dead? To hell allegiance, vows to the blackest devil, conscience and race to the profoundest pit. I dare damnation.
32. I loved Ophelia. Forty thousand brothers /Could not with all their quantity of love/Make up my sum.
33. And thus do we of wisdom reach.../By indirections find directions out.
34. When down her weedy trophies and herself fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide...But long it could not be till that her garments...pulled the poor retch...to muddy death.
35. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him Horatio, a fellow oif infinite jest, of most excellent fancy, he hath bourne me on his back a thousand times...
36. He that hath killed my king, and whored my mother, popped in between th'election my hopes...and with such cozenage- is’t not perfect conscience to quit him with this arm?
37. Love? His affections do not that way tend; /Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little, /Was not like madness.
38. Oh, confound the rest! /Such love must needs be treason in my breast. /In second husband let me be accurst:/None wed the second but who killed the first.
39. Let him go, Gertrude, do not fear our person./ There’s such divinity doth hedge a king/That treason can but peep to what it would,/Acts little of his will.
40. I loved Ophelia; Forty-thousand brothers could not will all their quality of love make up my sum.
41. Do not forget. This visitation is to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
42. I can no more-the king, the king’s to blame.
43. Hold off the earth for awhile/Till I have caught her once more in mine arms. (Leaps into the grave) Now pile your dust upon the quick and the dead...
44. He’s fat and scant of breath. Here, Hamlet, take thy napkin, rub thy brows. The queen arouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
45. It is the poisoned cup. It is too late.
46. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane, / Drink off this portion. Is this thy union here?
47. Neither a borrower or a lender be, for loan oft loses both itself and friend.
48. This quarry cries havoc. O proud death, / What feast is toward in thine eternal cell /That you so many princes at a shot/ So bloodily has struck?
49. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, he will last you some eight or nine year. A tanner will last you nine year.
50. Mad as the sea and wind when both contend/Which is the mightier.
51. It had been so with us had we been there.
52. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath

Of that worm.

1. Strengthen your patience in our last night’s speech, We’ll put the matter to the

Present push.

1. Let four captains/Bear Hamlet like a soldier to the stage.
2. O, Hamlet, speak no more. Thou turn’st my eyes into my very soul, and there I see such black and grained spots as will not leave their tinct.
3. These indeed seem, for they are actions that a man might play, but I have within that passes-showThese but the trappings and suits of woe.
4. I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
5. The single and peculiar life is bound with all the strength and armor of the mind to keep itself from noyance,…
6. My words fly up, my thoughts emain below. Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
7. How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
8. More relative than this-the play’s the thing/Wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the King.
9. Though this be madness, yet there is method in’t.
10. O my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!
11. Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain/And from his mother’s closet hath dragg’d him.
12. O heat, dry up my brains!
13. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric:
14. Give me your pardon, sir. I have done you wrong… But pardon’st as you are a gentleman. This presence knows, /And you must needs have heard, how I am punished with sore distraction.
15. More matter with less art.
16. Adieu, adieu, adieu. Remember me.
17. Perhaps he loves you now,/And now no soil nor cautel doth besmirch/The virtue of his will; but you must fear,/his greatness being weighted, his will not his own,/For he himself is subject to his birth.