



Lines from Shakespeare

Literature Study Guide Version 3.1

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Tragedies

Line	Character	Play
Get thee to a nunnery	Hamlet to Ophelia	
To be or not to be That is the question (see page 2 for full speech)	Hamlet	
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy	Hamlet to Horatio	Hamlet
Neither a borrower nor a lender be	Polonius to Laertes	
This above all: to thine own self be true	Polonius to Laertes	
Frailty, thy name is woman	Hamlet	
Out, damned spot!	Lady Macbeth	
Screw your courage to the sticking-place	Lady Macbeth to Macbeth	
Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creeps in this petty pace from day to day	Macbeth	
none of woman born shall harm Macbeth	[apparition created by the Weird Sisters]	
[Macbeth won't be defeated until] Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane	[various]	Macbeth
the milk of human kindness	Lady Macbeth	
Out, out, brief candle!	Macbeth	
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player that struts and frets his hour upon the stage	Macbeth	
unsex me here	Lady Macbeth	
a pair of star-cross'd lovers	chorus (opening sonnet)	
What's in a name? That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet	Juliet	
parting is such sweet sorrow	Juliet	Romeo and Juliet
Two households, both alike in dignity in fair Verona, where we lay our scene	chorus (opening sonnet)	
the fairies' midwife [...] Her chariot is an empty hazelnut	Mercutio (Queen Mab Speech)	
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears	Mark Antony	
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars but in ourselves	Cassius to Brutus	Julius Caesar
Cry 'Havoc' and let slip the dogs of war	Mark Antony	
O, beware, my lord, of jealousy! It is the green-eyed monster	Iago to Othello	Othello

Comedies and Tragicomedies

Line	Character	Play
Hath not a Jew eyes?	Shylock	The Merchant of Venice
If you prick us, do we not bleed?	Shylock	
a pound of flesh	[multiple]	
The quality of mercy is not strain'd. It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven	Portia	
O brave new world that has such people in't!	Miranda	The Tempest
We are such stuff as dreams are made on	Prospero	
Full fathom five thy father lies	Ariel	Twelfth Night
If music be the food of love, play on	Duke Orsino	

Histories

Line	Character	Play
Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this son of York	Richard III	Richard III
A horse! My kingdom for a horse!	Richard III	

From Hamlet:

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 heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. 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 dispriz'd 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 undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller 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.