

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.

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

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.

All that glitters is not gold.

Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.

To be or not to be, that is the question.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan oft loses both itself and friend.

Delays have dangerous ends.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.

O brave new world that has such people in't!

This above all: to thine own self be true.

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.

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

To be or not to be, that is the question.

Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.

The better part of valor is discretion.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.

To be or not to be, that is the question.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

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

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Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.

Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.

Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.

The better part of valor is discretion.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan oft loses both itself and friend.

Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice.

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This above all: to thine own self be true.

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

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What's done cannot be undone.

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What's done cannot be undone.
Brevity is the soul of wit.
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
What a piece of work is man!
This above all: to thine own self be true.

Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.
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Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.

Delays have dangerous ends.

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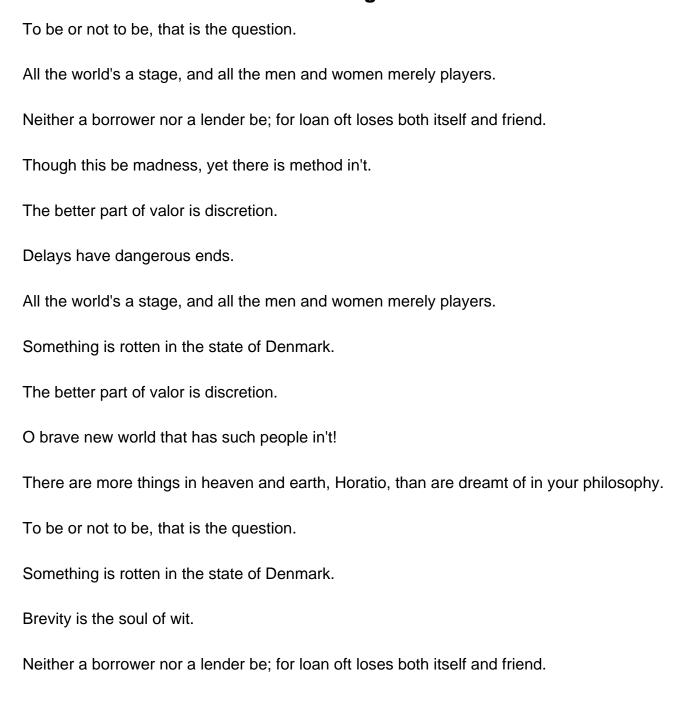
Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.

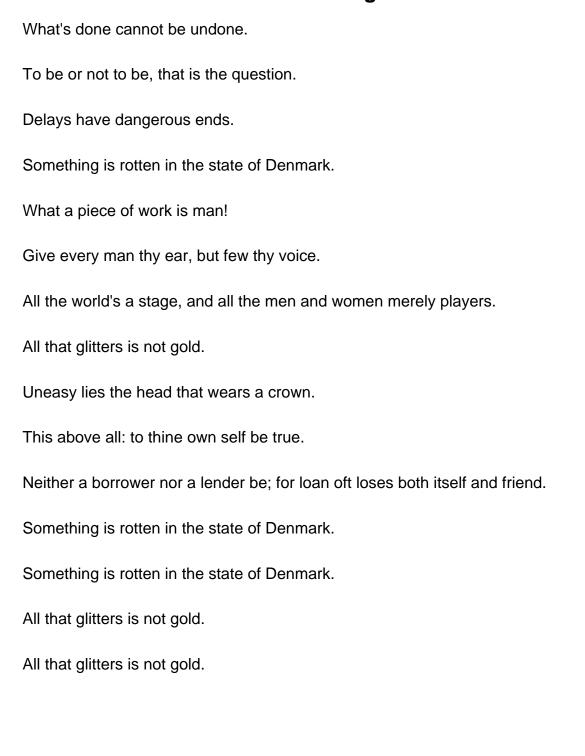
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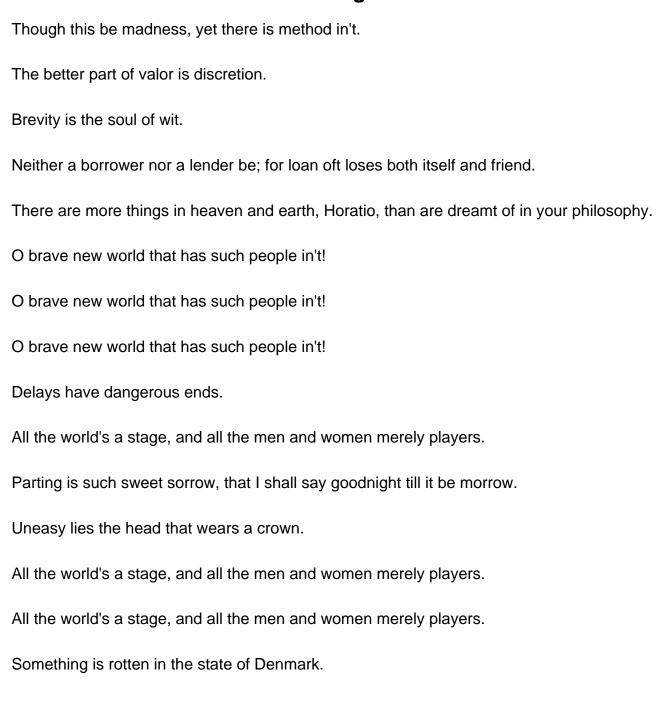
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