

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

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

What a piece of work is man!

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

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

The better part of valor is discretion.

This above all: to thine own self be true.

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

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

This above all: to thine own self be true.

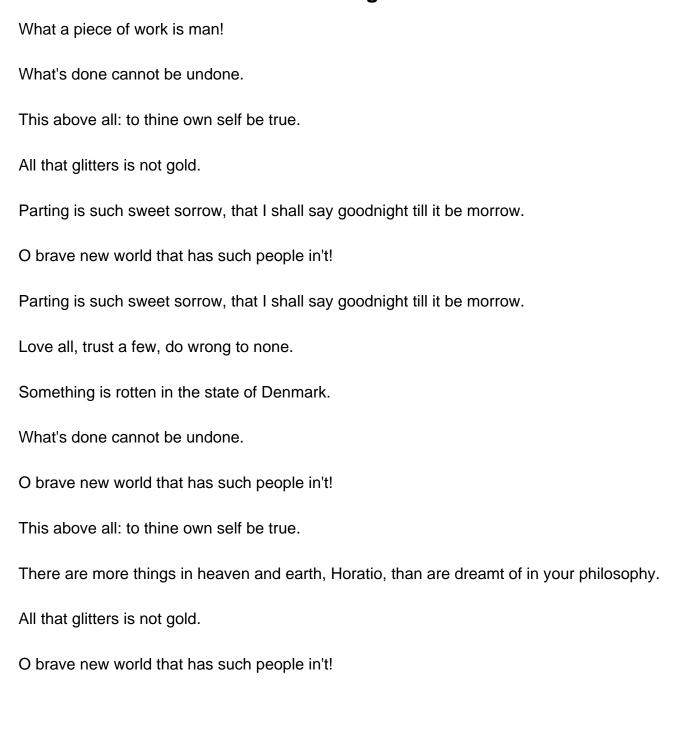
When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions.

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

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

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

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

What's done cannot be undone.

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

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

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The better part of valor is discretion.

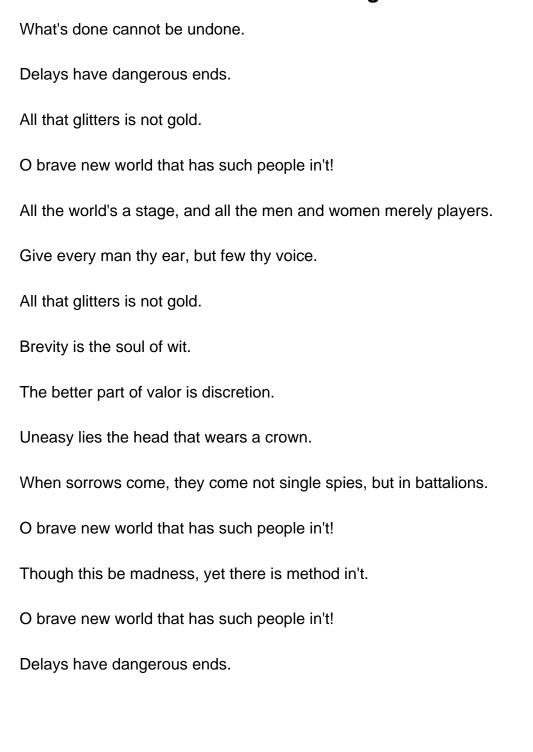
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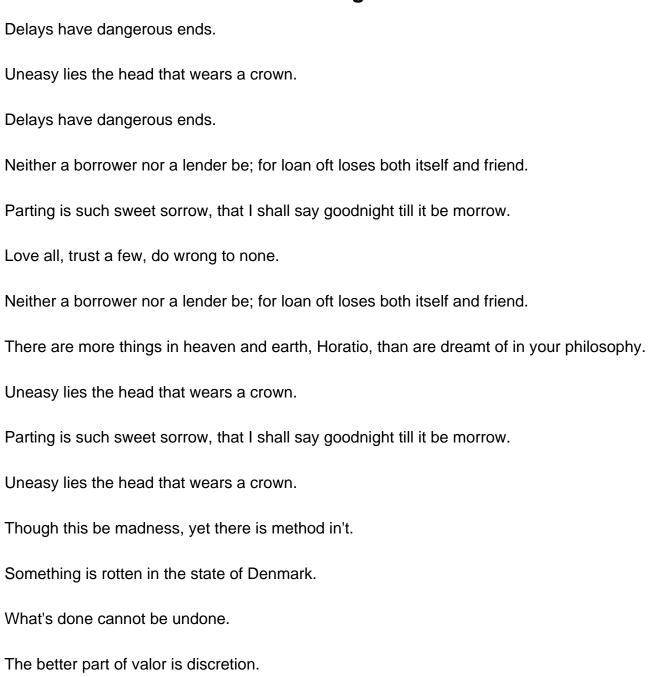
Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.

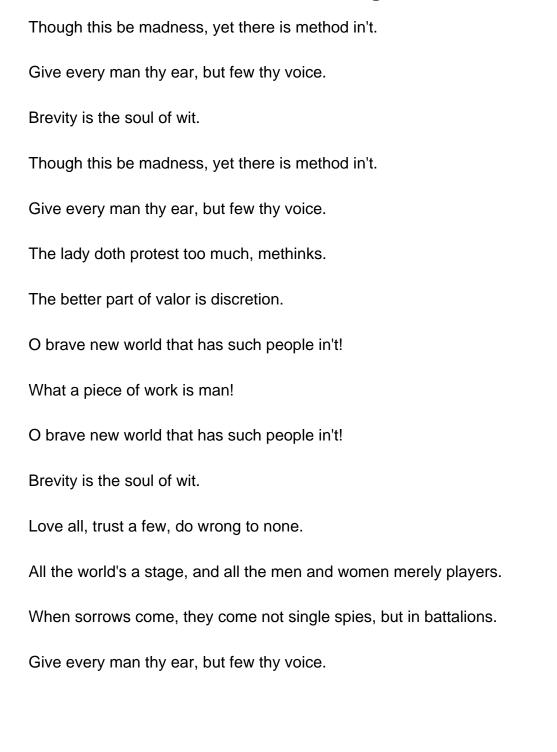
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

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

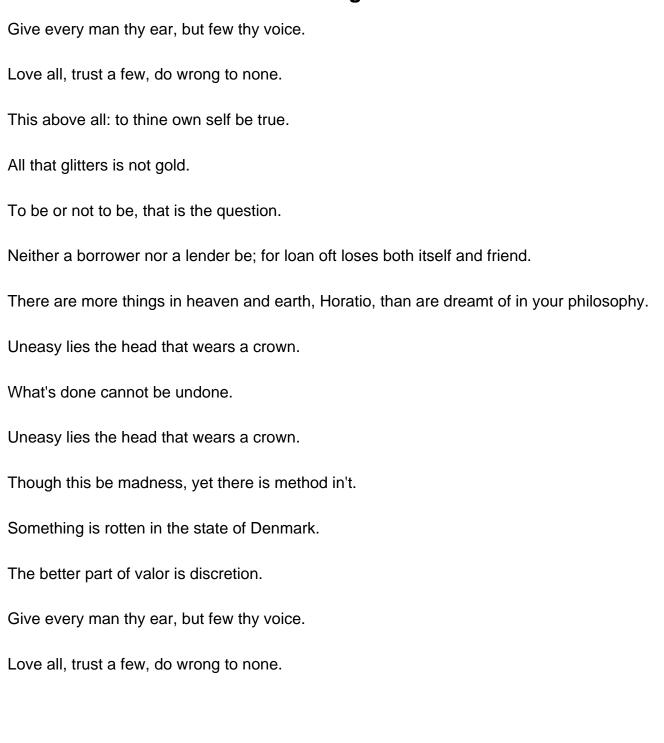
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.



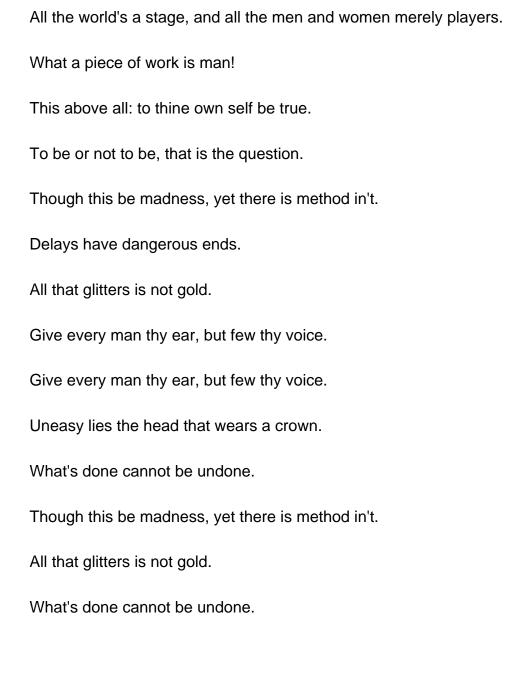




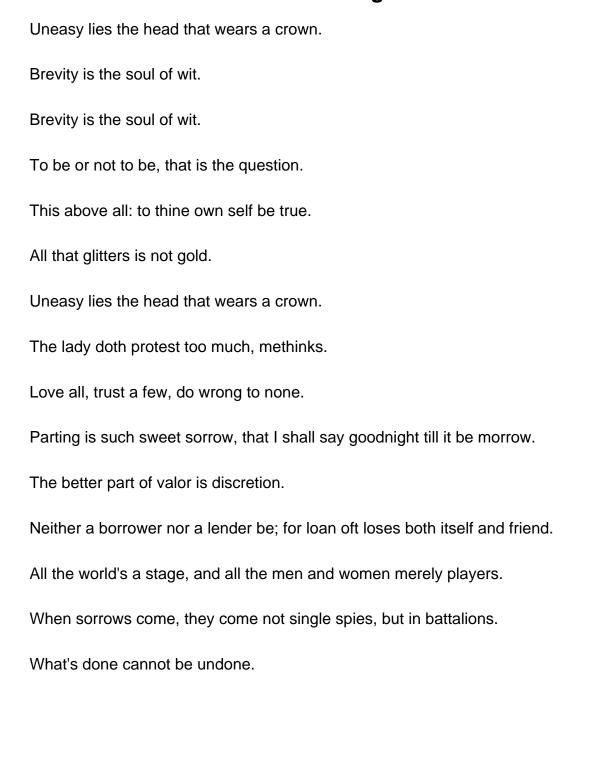
Brevity is the soul of wit.
Though this be madness, yet there is method in't.
The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
The lady doth protest too much, methinks.
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
To be or not to be, that is the question.
Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.
Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.
All that glitters is not gold.
The better part of valor is discretion.
Love all, trust a few, do wrong to none.
Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
This above all: to thine own self be true.
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

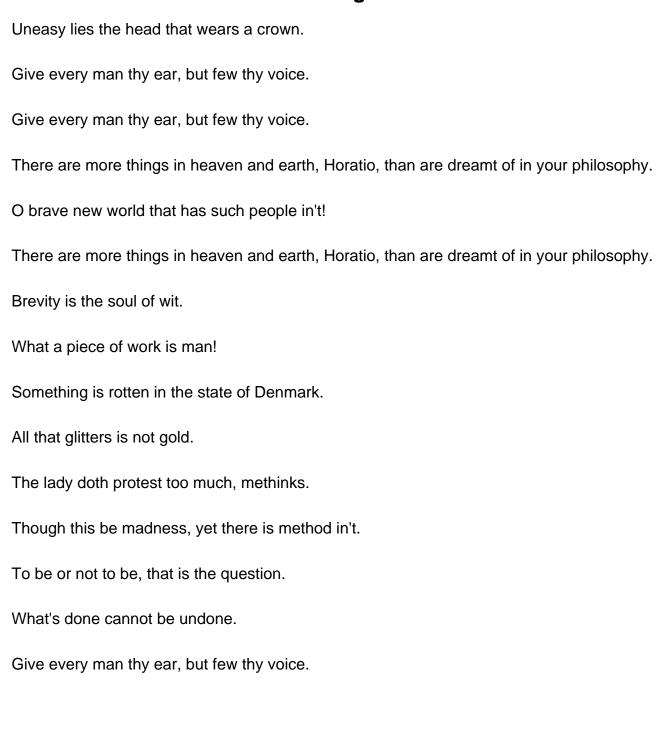


Delays have dangerous ends. Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow. The better part of valor is discretion. What's done cannot be undone. When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. What a piece of work is man! This above all: to thine own self be true. Brevity is the soul of wit. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. Brevity is the soul of wit. This above all: to thine own self be true. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark. Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow. Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow.



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

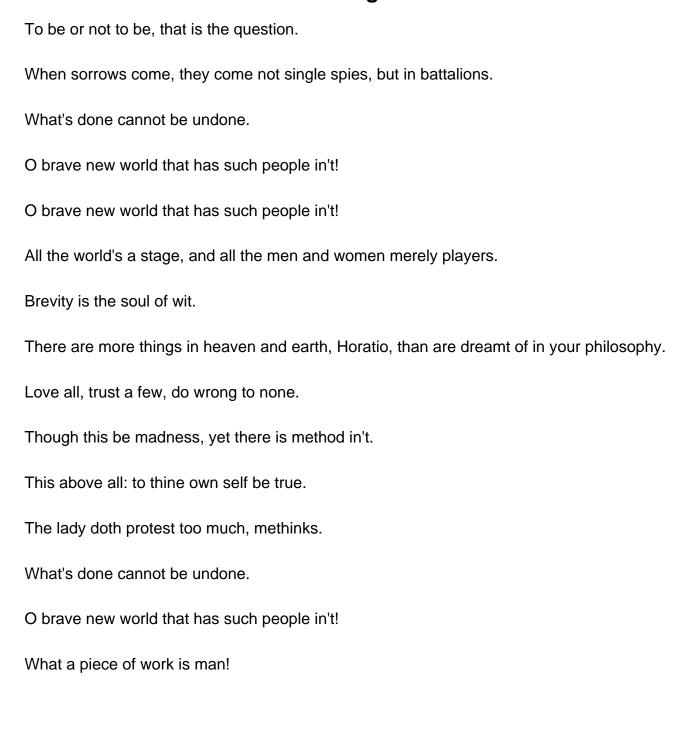




The lady doth protest too much, methinks. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. Brevity is the soul of wit. All that glitters is not gold. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. The better part of valor is discretion. Delays have dangerous ends. Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. Brevity is the soul of wit. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan oft loses both itself and friend. What a piece of work is man!

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

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



Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. Though this be madness, yet there is method in't. The better part of valor is discretion. All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players. The better part of valor is discretion. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. This above all: to thine own self be true. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. O brave new world that has such people in't! Parting is such sweet sorrow, that I shall say goodnight till it be morrow. This above all: to thine own self be true. There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy. When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions. Delays have dangerous ends.

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