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What a piece of work is man!

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Delays have dangerous ends.

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Brevity is the soul of wit.

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

The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

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

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.

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

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All that glitters is not gold.

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What's done cannot be undone.

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

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