

To be, or not to be, is that the question?  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against an ocean of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep,  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The pain, and the thousand natural shocks  
of mortal fire that hair is flesh: 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. 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,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscovered 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 pith and moment,  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action. Soft you now,  
The fair Jemima! Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remembered