

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

HAMLET

Act III, Scene 1: To be or not to be

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 heartache, and the thousand natural shocks

That flesh is heir to.

'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.

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 enterprise of great pitch and moment

With this regard their currents turn awry

And lose the name of action.