

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **HAMLET**

Hamlet, Act III scene 1: ENSEMBLE SOLILOQUY

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.