

The quick brown fox

~~jumped over the lazy dog~~ and went away

To die to sleep;

No more; and by a sleep to say we end The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. 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.....