

The Tragedy of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark

by William Shakespeare

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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 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 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin? who would fardels
bear, To grunt and sweat under a weary life, But that the dread of something
after death, The undiscover'd 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 Ophelia! Nymph, in thy
orisons Be all my sins remember'd.

Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am
myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were
better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious,
with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination
to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do
crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of
us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?