Hamlet Act III scene 1

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 wished. To die, to sleep,  
To sleep, perchance to Dream; Aye, 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 these Fardels bear,  
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 *pitch* 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 remembered.[[4]](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/To_be,_or_not_to_be#cite_note-4)

**Polonius:**  
This above all: to thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man.  
Farewell, my blessing season this in thee!

**Laertes:**  
Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

[*Hamlet Act 1, scene 3, 78–82*](http://www.enotes.com/hamlet-text/act-i-scene-iii#ham-1-3-82)

## Seven Ages Of Man

### by William Shakespeare

All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players,  
They have their exits and entrances,  
And one man in his time plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.  
Then, the whining schoolboy with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honour, sudden, and quick in quarrel,  
Seeking the bubble reputation  
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice  
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws, and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part.