

She should have died hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word.
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, Creeps in this petty pace from day to
day To the last syllable of recorded time, And all our yesterdays have lighted
fools The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player That struts and frets his hour upon
the stage And then is heard no more: it is a tale Told by an idiot, full of sound
and fury, Signifying nothing.