Ham. 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 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, Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely, The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay, The insolence of office, and the spurns That patient merit of th' 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 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 rememb'red.

Oph. Good my lord.

How does your honour for this many a day? Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well. Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours That I have longed long to re-deliver. I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I!

I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you did, And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd As made the things more rich.

er that is the question. in the mind to suffer TOWS OF OUTRAGEOUS TOUTH dend the the to. Tis a consummation by and to. Tis a consummation he's heir to. To perchance of death what dreams may come in that sleep of death what dreams have come in that sleep of death what dreams have come en we have shuffled off this mortal coil. en we have shuffled off this the Tife corns of time I the have shuffled off this the Tife orns contume I the have us pause. To fan whips proud man's contume I that makes ould bear rong, the proud man's contume I that makes ould bear rong, the proud man's contume I that makes ould bear rong, the proud man's contume I that makes ould bear rong, the proud man's contume I that makes ould bear rong, the proud man's contume I that makes ould bear rong, the proud man's contume I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's contume I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's contume I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's contume I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's contume I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's contume I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's contume I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's contume I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's contume I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes ould be a more than the proud man's continue I that makes While brond usure delawely, For who would bear the while proud have spurns de lay the proud law strakes.

The pangs lence of rit of this quietus make the pangs lence merit might his quietus make the patient merit might his quietus make the patient merit might his quietus make the patient merit might his quietus make the himself might his quietus make the patient merit might his quietus make the himself might his quietus make the patient merit might his quietus make the patient might his quietus might h when he himself might who would these life, wheat under a weary life, with a bare and sweat under a weary life. That patient merit night who would these far To grunt and sweat under a weary life, death, and sweat under something after bourn whose bourn and the dread country, from whose bourn and the dread country, from whose bourn and the lindiscover death. With a bare bookin? Who would these life, after under a weary life, after and sweat under a mething after are and of something after and sweat and sweat of something after and sweat and swea But that the dread of something after death the will, and scover returns puzzles the will, no traveller returns puzzles the will. And makes to others that we know not of? The undiscover d country hear those ills we Than fly to others that we know not of us all.

Thus thus the native nue of resolution

And thus the And makes us rather bear that we know not of us thus the native hue of resolution of thought, and moment are pith and moment sicklied of er with great pith and moment sicklied of er of great pith and moment and enterprises of great pith and moment Is sicklized o'er with the pale cast noment awry And enterprises of great pith and moment you no with this the name of action. Soft you have and their action. With this regard their currents soft or isons

With the tree rame of hymph, in thy or isons

And lose the helia! - hymph, in the fair ophelia! h. Good my Jord honour for this many a day?
How does your thank you, well, well, well.
Ham. I humbly does your honour for this many a day?

thank your ment in re-deliver.

I humbly I have remembrances deliver.

My Iord, I named Inna to re-deliver.

My I have Innaed Inna to re-deliver. Be all my sins remembered. I hever honour d lords of so rich.

I hever honour them things more rich.

As made the Tord, I have remembrances of yours That I l'you' I'

