*Ham*. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:

Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer

The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,

Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,

And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe

No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end

The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes

That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation

Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,

To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,

For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,

When we haue shufflel'd off this mortall coile,

Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect

That makes Calamity of so long life:

For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,

The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,

The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,

The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes

That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,

When he himselfe might his *Quietus* make

With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare

To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,

The vndiscouered Countrey, from whose Borne

No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,

And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,

Then flye to others that we know not of.

Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,

And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution

Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,

And enterprizes of great pith and moment,

With this regard their Currants turne away,

¶And loose the name of Action.

Instructions: