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To be, or not to be: that is the question:

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Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

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The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

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Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

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And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;

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No more; and by a sleep to say we end

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The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks

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That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation

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Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;

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To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;

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**For in that sleep of death what dreams may come**

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**When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,**

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Must give us pause: there's the respect

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That makes calamity of so long life;

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**For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,**

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The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

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The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,

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The insolence of office and the spurns

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That patient merit of the unworthy takes,

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When he himself might his quietus make

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With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,

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To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

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**But that the dread of something after death,**

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The undiscover'd country from whose bourn

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No traveller returns, puzzles the will

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**And makes us rather bear those ills we have**

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**Than fly to others that we know not of?**

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Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;

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And thus the native hue of resolution

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Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

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And enterprises of great pith and moment

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**With this regard their currents turn awry,**

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And lose the name of action.