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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  
  
 - / - / - - / / - /  
 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.