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|   | *Hamlet* Act 3: Hamlet’s soliloquy (123-24; 3.2.57-91) 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,60 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 *consummation = to complete or finalize something* 65 Devoutly to be wished! To die, to sleep. *devoutly = a word heavy with Christian feeling* To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there’s the rub, *perchance = perhaps* For in that sleep of death what dreams may come When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, *coil = something wound* Must give us pause. There’s the respect 70 That makes calamity of so long life. *calamity = disaster*

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| 75808590 | For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,Th' oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely, *contumely = a noun that means insult*The pangs of despised love, the law’s delay,The insolence of office, and the spurns *spurns = rejects*That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,When he himself might his quietus make *quietus = death or cause of death*With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear, *bodkin = sharp instrument/needle for sewing* To grunt and sweat under a weary life, *fardels -- bundles*But that the dread of something after death,The undiscovered country from whose bournNo traveler returns, puzzles the willAnd makes us rather bear those ills we haveThan fly to others that we know not of?Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,And thus the native hue of resolutionIs sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,And enterprises of great pitch and moment *pitch = the height or depth of something*With this regard their currents turn awry, *awry = amiss*And lose the name of action.—Soft you now,The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons *nymph = a beautiful maid orisons = prayers* Be all my sins remembered.*Hamlet* Act 3: Hamlet’s soliloquy (123-24; 3.2.57-91)To be, or not to be, that is the question:Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to sufferThe slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, 60 Or to take arms against a sea of troublesAnd, by opposing, end them. To die, to sleep—No more—and by a sleep to say we endThe heartache and the thousand natural shocksThat flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation65 Devoutly to be wished. 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 respect70 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 despised love, the law's delay,The insolence of office, and the spurns75 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,When he himself might his quietus makeWith a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,To grunt and sweat under a weary life,But that the dread of something after death,80 The undiscovered country from whose bournNo traveler returns, puzzles the willAnd makes us rather bear those ills we haveThan fly to others that we know not of?Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,85 And thus the native hue of resolutionIs sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,And enterprises of great pitch and momentWith this regard their currents turn awryAnd lose the name of action.—Soft you now,90 The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisonsBe all my sins remembered. |

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