Hamlet's Soliloquy, Act III, Scene i – Teacher's Edition

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 heart-ache 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,* *freed ourselves from/the turmoil of life
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,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,*
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin*? // who would 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.