

**FIRST QUARTO (1603): [1699 – 1747]**

*King.* see where hee comes poring vpon a booke.

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Cor.* Madame, will it please your grace  
To leaue vs here?

*Que.* With all my hart.

*Exit.*

*Cor.* And here Ofelia, reade you on this booke,  
And walke aloofe, the King shal be vnseene.

*Ham.*

To be, or not to be, I there's the point,  
To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all:  
No, to sleepe, to dreame, I mary there it goes,  
For in that dreame of death, when wee awake,  
And borne before an euerlasting Iudge,  
From whence no passenger euer retur'nd,  
The vndiscovered country, at whose sight  
The happy smile, and the accursed damn'd.  
But for this, the ioyfull hope of this,  
Whol'd beare the scornes and flattery of the world,  
Scorned by the right rich, the rich curssed of the poore?  
The widow being oppressed, the orphan wrong'd,  
The taste of hunger, or a tirants raigne,  
And thousand more calamities besides,  
To grunt and sweate vnder this weary life,  
When that he may his full Quietus make,  
With a bare bodkin, who would this indure,  
But for a hope of something after death?  
Which pusles the braine, and doth confound the sence,  
Which makes vs rather beare those euilles we haue,  
Than flie to others that we know not of.  
I that, O this conscience makes cowardes of vs all,  
Lady in thy orizons, be all my sinnes remembred.

*Ofel.*

My Lord, I haue sought opportunitie, which now  
I haue, to redeliuer to your worthy handes, a small remem-  
brance, such tokens which I haue receiued of you.

**SECOND QUARTO (1604-5): 3.1.54 – 3.1.89**

*Pol.* I hear him coming--withdraw, my lord.

*King and Polonius hide behind an arras.*

*Enter Hamlet.*

*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 die to sleepe  
No more, and by a sleepe, to say we end  
The hart-ake, and the thousand naturall shocks  
That flesh is heire to; tis a consumation  
Deuoutly to be wisht to die 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 shuffled off this mortall coyle  
Must giue vs pause, there's the respect  
That makes calamitie of so long life:  
For who would beare the whips and scornes of time,  
Th'oppressors wrong, the proude mans contumely,  
The pangs of despiz'd loue, the lawes delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurnes  
That patient merrit of th'vnworthy takes,  
When he himselfe might his quietas make  
With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,  
To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The vndiscover'd country, from whose borne  
No traailer returns, puzzels the will,  
And makes vs rather beare those ills we haue,  
Then flie to others that we know not of.  
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,  
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution  
Is sickled ore with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,  
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,  
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,  
The faire Ophelia, Nimph in thy orizons  
Be all my sinnes remembred.

**SECOND QUARTO (1604-5): 3.1.54 – 3.1.89**

*Pol.* I hear him coming--withdraw, my lord.

*King and Polonius hide behind an arras.*

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.*

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Whether tis nobler in the minde to suffer  
The slings and arrowes of outrageous fortune,  
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With a bare bodkin; who would fardels beare,  
To grunt and sweat vnder a wearie life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The vndiscouer'd country, from whose borne  
No trauieler returnes, puzzels the will,  
And makes vs rather beare those illis we haue,  
Then flie to others that we know not of.  
Thus conscience dooes make cowards,  
And thus the natiue hiew of resolution  
Is sicklied ore with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,  
With this regard theyr currents turne awry,  
And loose the name of action. Soft you now,  
The faire Ophelia, Nimph in thy orizons  
Be all my sinnes remembred.

**FIRST FOLIO (1623): 1709 - 1744**

*Pol.* I heare him comming, let's withdraw, my Lord.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet.*

*Ham.*

1710: To be, or not to be, that is the Question:  
1711: Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer  
1712: The Slings and Arrowes of outrageous Fortune,  
1713: Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,  
1714: And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe  
1715: No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end  
1716: The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shockes  
1717: That Flesh is heyre too? 'Tis a consummation  
1718: Deuoutly to be wish'd. To dye to sleepe,  
1719: To sleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,  
1720: For in that sleepe of death, what dreames may come,  
1721: When we haue shuffel'd off this mortall coile,  
1722: Must giue vs pawse. There's the respect  
1723: That makes Calamity of so long life:  
1724: For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,  
1725: The Oppressors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,  
1726: The pangs of dispriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,  
1727: The insolence of Office, and the Spurnes  
1728: That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,  
1729: When he himselfe might his Quietus make  
1730: With a bare Bodkin? Who would these Fardles beare  
1731: To grunt and sweat vnder a weary life,  
1732: But that the dread of something after death,  
1733: The vndiscovered Countrey, from whose Borne  
1734: No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,  
1735: And makes vs rather beare those illes we haue,  
1736: Then flye to others that we know not of.  
1737: Thus Conscience does make Cowards of vs all,  
1738: And thus the Natiue hew of Resolution  
1739: Is sicklied o're, with the pale cast of Thought,  
1740: And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
1741: With this regard their Currants turne away,  
1742: And loose the name of Action. Soft you now,  
1743: The faire Ophelia? Nimph, in thy Orizons  
1744: Be all my sinnes remembred.