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Hamlet's Soliloquy

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;

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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,

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No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
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Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
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Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
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Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
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With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

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Hamlet's Soliloquy

To , or , is the question,
 mind suffer
 arrows of fortune,
Or take against troubles,
And end them? die: to sleep;
No more; and sleep we
The heart-ache and the natural
 is to, 'tis
 be ' die, ;
 : perchance : , '
rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
When have this mortal coil,
Must pause: ' respect
That calamity of so long ;
For would the whips and scorns of
time,

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Hamlet's Soliloquy

Hamlet, Act III Scene 1 – 1/4in print

Hamlet's Soliloquy



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,

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.

Hamlet's Soliloquy



T - b , o n - t b , t - i t q ,

W - - - - 't n - - - i t m - t s

T - s - - a a - - o o - - f ,

O - t t - - a a - - a s o t ,

A - b o - - - e t - ? T - d : t s ;

N - m - ; a - b a s - - t s w e

T - h - - - a t t - - n s

T - - f - - i h - t , 't a c

D - - - - t b w - ' . T - d , t s ;

T - s - : p - - - t d - : a , t - ' t

r ;

F - i t - s o d - w d - m

c

W - w h s - o t m c ,

M - g u p : t - ' t r

T - m - c o s l - t ;

F - w w - b t w a s o

t ,

t ,

T o l w , t p m l c ,
T p o d t , t l l d ,
T i o o a t s
T p m o t u t ,
W h h m h q m
W a b b ? w w f b ,
T g a s u a w l ,
B t t d o s a d ,
T u l c f w b
N t r , p t w
A m u r b t i w h
T f t o t w k n o ?
T c d m c o u a ;
A t t n h o r
T s o l w t p c o t ,
A e o g p a m
W t r t c t a ,
A l t n o a .

Hamlet's Soliloquy



Handwriting practice lines for Hamlet's Soliloquy. The page contains multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid red, middle dashed blue, bottom solid red) for tracing. The text is written in a simple, sans-serif font, with some characters being dotted for tracing. The text is as follows:

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. 'Tis a consummation
devotedly to be taken. 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,
what then?—O, that this too, too solid flesh
would melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,
or that the eardrums might not hear this voice,
but even there, I have seen and heard
of good men. O, that the end
of this world's mightiness were the end of
my misery!

Handwriting practice sheet with multiple rows of three-line guides (top solid blue line, middle dashed blue line, bottom solid red line). Each row contains a series of horizontal lines for tracing. The lines are marked with various symbols: a vertical line, a comma, a question mark, a period, and a semicolon. The symbols are placed at the beginning of the lines, and the lines are intended to be traced from left to right.

Hamlet's Soliloquy



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;
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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,
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,
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With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet's Soliloquy



T b, o n t b, t i t q,
W 't n i t m t s
T s a a o o f,
O t t a a a s o t,
A b o e t? T d: t s;
N m; a b a s t s w e
T h- a t t n s
T f i h t, 't a c
D t b w' . T d, t s;
T s: p t d: a, t' t r;
F i t s o d w d m c
W w h s o t m c,
M g u p: t' t r
T m c o s l l;
F w w b t w a s o t,
T o' w, t p m' c,
T p o d l, t l' d,
T i o o a t s
T p m o t u t,
W h h m h q m

W a b b? w w f b,
T g a s u a w l,
B t t d o s a d,
T u' c f w b
N t r, p t w
A m u r b t i w h
T f t o t w k n o?
T c d m c o u a;
A t t n h o r
I s o' w t p c o t,
A e o g p a m
W t r t c t a,
A l t n o a.

Hamlet's Soliloquy



To ____ , or ____ , ____ is the question,
____ mind ____ suffer
____ arrows of ____ fortune,
Or ____ take ____ against ____ troubles,
And ____ end them? ____ die: to sleep;
No more; and ____ sleep ____ we ____
The heart-ache and the ____ natural ____
____ is ____ to, 'tis ____
____ be ____ ' ____ die, ____ ;
____ : perchance ____ : ____ , ____ '
rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may ____

When ____ have ____ this mortal coil,
Must ____ pause: ____ ' ____ respect
That ____ calamity of so long ____ ;
For ____ would ____ the whips and scorns of
time, ____

' , proud man's contumely,
pangs , the ,
insolence office the spurns
merit of the unworthy ,
might quietus
a bare bodkin? would bear,
To a ,
But that of death,
The undiscover'd country from
traveller , the
And makes us we
fly to that know of?
Thus conscience does make cowards us ;
the native hue
Is sicklied o' pale cast ,
enterprises and moment
With regard their ,
And lose of .