

Bad Quarto	Generally accepted text 3.1
<p>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 vndiscover'd 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 oppressd, 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.</p>	<p>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 cowardes 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. - Soft you now!  The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons  Be all my sins remember'd.</p>

The Tragical Historie of  
HAMLET  
Prince of Denmarke.

\_Enter two Centinels.\_

1. Stand: who is that?

2. T'is I.

1. O you come most carefully vpon your watch,

2. And if you meet \_Marcellus\_ and \_Horatio\_,  
The partners of my watch, bid them make haste.

1. I will: See who goes there.

\_Enter Horatio and Marcellus.\_

\_Hor.\_ Friends to this ground.

\_Mar.\_ And liegemen to the Dane,  
O farewell honest souldier, who hath releued you?

1. \_Bernardo\_ hath my place, giue you goodnight.

\_Mar.\_ Holla, \_Bernardo\_.

2. Say, is \_Horatio\_ there?

\_Hor.\_ A peece of him.

2. Welcome \_Horatio\_, welcome good \_Marcellus\_.

\_Mar.\_ What hath this thing appear'd againe to night.

2. I haue seene nothing.

\_Mar.\_ \_Horatio\_ says tis but our fantasie,  
And wil not let beliefe take hold of him,  
Touching this dreaded sight twice seene by vs,  
Therefore I haue intreated him a long with vs  
[B1v]

To watch the minutes of this night,  
That if againe this apparition come,  
He may approoue our eyes, and speake to it.

\_Hor.\_ Tut, t'will not appeare.

2. Sit downe I pray, and let vs once againe  
Assaile your eares that are so fortified,  
What we haue two nights seene.

\_Hor.\_ Wel, sit we downe, and let vs heare \_Bernardo\_  
speake  
of this.

2. Last night of al, when yonder starre that's west-  
ward from the pole, had made his course to  
illumine that part of heauen. Where now it burnes,  
The bell then towling one.

\_Enter Ghost.\_

\_Mar.\_ Breake off your talke, see where it comes againe.

2. In the same figure like the King that's dead,

\_Mar.\_ Thou art a scholler, speake to it H\_oratio\_.

2. Lookes it not like the king?

\_Hor.\_ Most like, it horrors mee with feare and wonder.

BERNARDO

Who's there?

FRANCISCO

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

BERNARDO

Long live the king!

FRANCISCO

Bernardo?

BERNARDO

He.

FRANCISCO

You come most carefully upon your hour.

BERNARDO

'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRANCISCO

For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,  
And I am sick at heart.

BERNARDO

Have you had quiet guard?

FRANCISCO

Not a mouse stirring.

BERNARDO

Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

FRANCISCO

I think I hear them. Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS

HORATIO

Friends to this ground.

MARCELLUS

And liegemen to the Dane.

FRANCISCO

Give you good night.

MARCELLUS

O, farewell, honest soldier:  
Who hath relieved you?

FRANCISCO  
Bernardo has my place.  
Give you good night.

Exit

MARCELLUS  
Holla! Bernardo!

BERNARDO  
Say,  
What, is Horatio there?

HORATIO  
A piece of him.

BERNARDO  
Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.

MARCELLUS  
What, has this thing appear'd again to-night?

BERNARDO  
I have seen nothing.

MARCELLUS  
Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:  
Therefore I have entreated him along  
With us to watch the minutes of this night;  
That if again this apparition come,  
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

HORATIO  
Tush, tush, 'twill not appear.

BERNARDO  
Sit down awhile;  
And let us once again assail your ears,  
That are so fortified against our story  
What we have two nights seen.

HORATIO  
Well, sit we down,  
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BERNARDO  
Last night of all,  
When yond same star that's westward from the pole  
Had made his course to illume that part of heaven  
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,

The bell then beating one,--

Enter Ghost

MARCELLUS

Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

BERNARDO

In the same figure, like the king that's dead.

MARCELLUS

Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

BERNARDO

Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

HORATIO

Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.