## THOUGHTAUDIO



| HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY                       |
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| An Excerpt from Hamlet, Act III, Scene I |
|  |
| Written by                               |
| WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE                      |
|  |
| Narrated by                              |
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|  |
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## HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY

|    | O be, or not to be, that is the question:           |
|----|---|
|    | 2 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer         |
|    | The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,        |
| 23 | Or to take arms against a sea of troubles           |
| 24 | And by opposing end them. To die — to sleep,        |
| 25 | No more; and by a sleep to say we end               |
| 26 | The heartache and the thousand natural shocks       |
| 27 | That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation          |
| 28 | Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;            |
| 29 | To sleep, perchance to dream — ay, there's the rub: |
| 30 | For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,    |
| 31 | When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,         |
| 32 | Must give us pause — there's the respect            |
| 33 | That makes calamity of so long life.                |
| 34 | For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,    |
| 35 | Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,   |
| 36 | The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,       |
| 37 | The insolence of office, and the spurns             |
| 38 | That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,           |
| 39 | When he himself might his quietus make              |
| 40 | With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,         |
| 41 | To grunt and sweat under a weary life,              |
| 42 | But that the dread of something after death,        |
| 43 | The undiscovere'd country, from whose bourn         |
| 44 | No traveler returns, puzzles the will,              |
| 45 | And makes us rather bear those ills we have         |
| 46 | Than fly to others that we know not of?             |
| 47 |   |
| 48 |   |
|    |   |

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| 49 | Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all,    |
|----|---|
| 50 | And thus, the native hue of resolution          |
| 51 | Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, |
| 52 | And enterprises of great pith and moment        |
| 53 | With this regard their currents turn awry       |
| 54 | And lose the name of action.                    |
| 55 |   |
| 56 |   |
| 57 | THE END   |
| 58 |   |
| 59 |   |

