

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
Married with my uncle,
My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules
Within a month...

She married, O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue
To be or not to be
That is the question