

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **MACBETH**

Macbeth, Act I scene 3

Two truths are told, As happy prologues to the swelling  
act Of the imperial theme.--I thank you, gentlemen.

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill, Why hath it given me  
earnest of success, Commencing in a truth?

I am thane of Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion Whose horrid  
image doth unfix my hair And make my seated heart  
knock at my ribs,  
Against the use of nature?

Present fears Are less than horrible imaginings:  
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes so my single state of man that function Is  
smother'd in surmise, and nothing is But what is not.

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **MACBETH**

### **Macbeth, Act I scene 7**

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly:  
if the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With his surcease success; that but this blow Might be the be-all and the  
end-all here,  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time, We'd jump the life to come.  
But in these cases We still have judgment here; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague the inventor:  
this even-handed justice Commends the ingredients of our poison'd  
chalice  
To our own lips.

He's here in double trust;  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject, Strong both against the deed;  
then, as his host, Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself.

Besides, this Duncan Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues Will plead like angels,  
trumpet-tongued, against The deep damnation of his taking-off;

And pity, like a naked new-born babe, Striding the blast, or heaven's  
cherubim, horsed Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.

I have no spur To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself And falls on the other.



# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **MACBETH**

### **Macbeth, Act II scene 1**

Is this a dagger which I see before me, The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible To feeling as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation, Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses, Or else worth all the rest; I see thee  
still, And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.

There's no such thing: It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.

Now o'er the one halfworld Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep; witchcraft celebrates Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd  
murder, Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf, Whose howl's his watch, thus with his  
stealthy pace.

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design Moves like a ghost. Thou sure  
and firm-set earth, Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear Thy very stones  
prate of my whereabouts, And take the present horror from the time, Which now  
suits with it.

Whiles I threat, he lives: Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **MACBETH**

### **Macbeth, Act III scene 1**

To be thus is nothing; But to be safely thus.

--Our fears in Banquo Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd:

'tis much he dares;  
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, He hath a wisdom that doth guide  
his valour  
To act in safety.

There is none but he Whose being I do fear: and, under him, My Genius is  
rebuked;

as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Caesar.

He chid the sisters When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him:

then prophet-like They hail'd him father to a line of kings:  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown, And put a barren sceptre in my  
gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding.

If 't be so, For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace Only for them; and mine eternal  
jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man, To make them kings, the seed of  
Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come fate into the list.

## **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

### **MACBETH**

#### Act III Scene 2: Come Seeling Night Soliloquy

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,  
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;  
And with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond  
Which keeps me pale! Light thickens; and the crow  
Makes wing to the rooky wood:  
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;  
While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
Thou marvell'st at my words: but hold thee still;  
Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **MACBETH**

Macbeth, Act V scene 5

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time;

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death.

Out, out, brief candle!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more.

It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and  
fury

Signifying nothing.

# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **MACBETH**

### Lady Macbeth, Act I scene 5

The raven himself is hoarse That croaks the fatal entrance of  
Duncan Under my battlements.

Come, you spirits That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me  
here,

And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full Of direst cruelty.

make thick my blood; Stop up the access and passage to  
remorse, That no compunctious visitings of nature Shake my  
fell purpose, nor keep peace between The effect and it!

Come to my woman's breasts, And take my milk for gall, you  
murdering ministers,

Wherever in your sightless substances You wait on nature's  
mischief!

Come, thick night, And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,

To cry 'Hold, hold!'



# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **MACBETH**

### Lady Macbeth, Act I scene 5

'They met me in the day of success: and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge.

When I burned in desire to question them further, they made themselves air,  
into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed me 'Thane of Cawdor;' by which title,  
before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king that shalt be!'

This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.'

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be What thou art promised: yet do I fear thy nature;

It is too full o' the milk of human kindness To catch the nearest way:

thou wouldst be great; Art not without ambition, but without The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly, That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false, And yet wouldst wrongly win:

thou'ldst have, great Glamis, That which cries 'Thus thou must do, if thou have it;

And that which rather thou dost fear to do Than wishest should be undone.'

Hie thee hither, That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue All that impedes thee from the golden round, Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem To have thee crown'd withal.



# **SHAKESPEARIENCE!**

## **MACBETH**

### **Lady Macbeth, Act I scene 7**

Was the hope drunk Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since?  
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale  
At what it did so freely? From this time  
Such I account thy love.

Art thou afeard To be the same in thine own act and valour  
As thou art in desire?

Wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,  
And live a coward in thine own esteem,  
Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,'  
Like the poor cat i' the adage?

What beast was't, then, That made you break this enterprise to me?  
When you durst do it, then you were a man;  
And, to be more than what you were, you would Be so much more the  
man.

Nor time nor place Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
Does unmake you.

I have given suck, and know How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks  
me:

I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
And dash'd the brains out,

had I so sworn as you Have done to this.