**William Shakespeare (1564-1616) *MACBETH***

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| **Act I, Scene 7, 1-82**  ***Macb***. 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'ld 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. ***Enter LADY MACBETH***  ***Macb.***We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.  ***Lady M.*** 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?  ***Macb.*** Prithee, peace: I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none.  ***Lady M.***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:  ***Measure for Measure (1604)***  **Act II Scene 2, 90-123; 162-187**  ANGELO. The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.     Those many had not dar'd to do that evil     If the first that did th' edict infringe     Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake,     Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,     Looks in a glass that shows what future evils-     Either now or by remissness new conceiv'd,     And so in progress to be hatch'd and born-     Are now to have no successive degrees,     But here they live to end.   ISABELLA. Yet show some pity.   ANGELO. I show it most of all when I show justice;     For then I pity those I do not know,     Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall,     And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,     Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;     Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.   ISABELLA. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,     And he that suffers. O, it is excellent     To have a giant's strength! But it is tyrannous     To use it like a giant.   LUCIO. [To ISABELLA] That's well said.   ISABELLA. Could great men thunder     As Jove himself does, Jove would never be quiet,     For every pelting petty officer     Would use his heaven for thunder,     Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven,     Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,     Splits the unwedgeable and gnarled oak     Than the soft myrtle. But man, proud man,     Dress'd in a little brief authority,     Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,     His glassy essence, like an angry ape,     Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven     As makes the angels weep; who, with our speens,     Would all themselves laugh mortal. **/…/ *Exeunt all but Angelo***   ANGELO. From thee; even from thy virtue! **162**     What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?     The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?     Ha!     Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I     That, lying by the violet in the sun,     Do as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,     Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be     That modesty may more betray our sense     Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,     Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,     And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!     What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?     Dost thou desire her foully for those things     That make her good? O, let her brother live!     Thieves for their robbery have authority     When judges steal themselves. What, do I love her,     That I desire to hear her speak again,     And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream on?     O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,     With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous     Is that temptation that doth goad us on     To sin in loving virtue. Never could the strumpet,     With all her double vigour, art and nature,     Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid     Subdues me quite. Ever till now,     When men were fond, I smil'd and wond'red how. ***Exit*** | 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.  ***Macb.*** If we should fail?  ***Lady M.*** We fail! But screw your courage to the sticking-place, And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep-- Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey Soundly invite him--his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassail so convince That memory, the warder of the brain, Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep Their drenched natures lie as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell?  ***Macb.*** Bring forth men-children only; For thy undaunted mettle should compose Nothing but males. Will it not be received, When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two Of his own chamber and used their very daggers, That they have done't?  ***Lady M.*** Who dares receive it other, As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar Upon his death?  ***Macb.*** I am settled, and bend up Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. Away, and mock the time with fairest show: False face must hide what the false heart doth know. *Exeunt*  **Act V, Scene 5, 9-28**  ***Macb.*** I have almost forgot the taste of fears; The time has been, my senses would have cool'd To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir As life were in't: I have supp'd full with horrors; Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts Cannot once start me. ***Re-enter SEYTON***  Wherefore was that cry?  ***Seyton*** The queen, my lord, is dead.  ***Macb.*** She should have died hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word. To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, 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.  ***Measure for Measure (1604)***  **Act II Scene 4, 89-109; 150-188**  ANGELO. Admit no other way to save his life,     As I subscribe not that, nor any other,     But, in the loss of question, that you, his sister,     Finding yourself desir'd of such a person     Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,     Could fetch your brother from the manacles     Of the all-binding law; and that there were     No earthly mean to save him but that either     You must lay down the treasures of your body     To this supposed, or else to let him suffer-     What would you do?   ISABELLA. As much for my poor brother as myself;     That is, were I under the terms of death,     Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,     And strip myself to death as to a bed     That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield     My body up to shame.   ANGELO. Then must your brother die.   ISABELLA. And 'twere the cheaper way:     Better it were a brother died at once     Than that a sister, by redeeming him,     Should die for ever. **/…/**  ISABELLA. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd, **150**     And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seeming!     I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't.     Sign me a present pardon for my brother     Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world aloud     What man thou art.   ANGELO. Who will believe thee, Isabel?     My unsoil'd name, th' austereness of my life,     My vouch against you, and my place i' th' state,     Will so your accusation overweigh     That you shall stifle in your own report,     And smell of calumny. I have begun,     And now I give my sensual race the rein:     Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;     Lay by all nicety and prolixious blushes     That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother     By yielding up thy body to my will;     Or else he must not only die the death,     But thy unkindness shall his death draw out     To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,     Or, by the affection that now guides me most,     I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,     Say what you can: my false o'erweighs your true. Exit   ISABELLA. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,     Who would believe me? O perilous mouths     That bear in them one and the self-same tongue     Either of condemnation or approof,     Bidding the law make curtsy to their will;     Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,     To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother.     Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,     Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour     That, had he twenty heads to tender down     On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up     Before his sister should her body stoop     To such abhorr'd pollution.     Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:     More than our brother is our chastity.     I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,     And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. ***Exit*** |