

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.