

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH PROJECT
Macbeth Tomorrow Soliloquy, Act 5

Hang out our banners on the outward walls; the cry is still 'They come:'

our castle's strength will laugh a siege to scorn: here let them lie till famine and the ague eat them up:

Were they not forced with those that should be ours, we might have met them dareful, beard to beard, and beat them backward home.

BOTH: 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.

BOTH: 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.

BOTH: 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,

BOTH: Signifying nothing.