

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.