

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.