

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH PROJECT

Macbeth Full of Scorpions Soliloquy, Act 3

BOTH: We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it:

She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice remains in danger of her former tooth.

Duncan is in his grave; After life's fitful fever he sleeps well; treason has done his worst:

nor steel, nor poison, malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, can touch him further.

BOTH: O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!

Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;

Ere the bat hath flown his cloister'd flight, there shall be done a deed of dreadful note.

Come, seeling night, scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;

Light thickens; and the crow makes wing to the rooky wood: Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;

While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.

Things bad begun make strong themselves

BOTH: by ill.