

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH

Macbeth, Act III scene 1

To be thus is nothing; But to be safely thus.

--Our fears in Banquo Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd:

'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind, He hath a wisdom that doth guide
his valour
To act in safety.

There is none but he Whose being I do fear: and, under him, My Genius is
rebuked;

as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Caesar.

He chid the sisters When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him:

then prophet-like They hail'd him father to a line of kings:
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown, And put a barren sceptre in my
gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.

If 't be so, For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace Only for them; and mine eternal
jewel
Given to the common enemy of man, To make them kings, the seed of
Banquo kings!

Rather than so, come fate into the list.