

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

MACBETH PROJECT

Sergeant Soliloquy, Act 1

BOTH: Doubtful it stood;

As two spent swimmers, that do cling together and choke their art.

The merciless Macdonwald--Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature do swarm upon him—

from the western isles of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;

And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling, show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak:

For brave Macbeth--well he deserves that name-- disdaining fortune,

with his brandish'd steel, which smoked with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carved out his passage till he faced the slave;

Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,

BOTH: And fix'd his head upon our battlements.