

MACBETH – ACT 5 SC 5 (FIRST FOLIO)

I have almost forgot the taste of Fears:

The time has been, my senses would have cooled

To hear a Night-shriek, and my Fell of hair

Would at a dismal Treatise rouse, and stir

As life were in't. I have supped full with horrors,

Direness familiar to my slaughterous thoughts

Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that cry?

*Seymour: The Queene (my Lord) is dead.*

She should have died hereafter;

There would have been a time for such a word:

To morrow, and to morrow, and to morrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,

To the last Syllable of Recorded time:

And all our yesterdays, have lighted Fools

The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief Candle,

Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,

That struts and frets his hour upon the Stage,

And then is heard no more. It is a Tale

Told by an Idiot, full of sound and fury

Signifying nothing.