

# #Shakespeareshare

## **Macbeth Act V, Sc5 – from line 2376**

**Short and sweet – we all know it, but how will you interpret it?**

### **MACBETH:**

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.

## **Cymbeline – Act I, Sc5 – lines 565 - 590**

**Here is the Queen at her most Machiavellian, convincing the doctor she is an angel! A great character piece.**

### **QUEEN:**

I wonder, doctor,  
Thou ask'st me such a question. Have I not been  
Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so  
That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,—  
Unless thou think'st me devilish—is't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgment in  
Other conclusions? I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,

# #Shakespeareshare

To try the vigour of them and apply  
Allayments to their act, and by them gather  
Their several virtues and effects.

O, content thee.

*[Enter PISANIO]*

*[Aside]*

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him  
Will I first work: he's for his master,  
An enemy to my son. How now, Pisanio!  
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;  
Take your own way.

**We uploaded the following speech of the Queen's in error on Sunday, so if you have already worked on it not a problem!**

## **QUEEN:**

*[The QUEEN drops the box: PISANIO takes it up] 565*

Thou takest up  
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
What is more cordial. Nay, I prethee, take it;  
It is an earnest of a further good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her; do't as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou changest on, but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still, to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king  
To any shape of thy preferment such  
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,

# #Shakespeareshare

That set thee on to this desert, am bound

To load thy merit richly. Call my women:

Think on my words.

*[Exit PISANIO]*

A sly and constant knave,

Not to be shaken; the agent for his master

And the remembrancer of her to hold

The hand-fast to her lord. I have given him that

Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her

Of liegers for her sweet, and which she after,

Except she bend her humour, shall be assured

To taste of too.