

MACBETH – WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

“This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill, cannot be good,
If ill, why hath it given me earnest of success
Commencing in a truth. I am a Thane of Cawdor.
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shake so my single state of man
That function is smothered in sunrise,
And nothing is but what is not.

Aside

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.”