Passage 1 (1.3.128-143)
MACBETH
[Aside] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill, This is good yet hishy organized
Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill, This is good yet Fishy; Oxygororon  Why hath it given me earnest of success, Why did I recieve this
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
Against the use of nature? Present fears Aron of whose of the content of the content fears are the content fears.
Are less than horrible imaginings: Companies
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, Octions of unborneder like thought
Shakes so my single-state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not.
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is  But what is not.  Suppose that same thing without having  Suppose that same thing without having  Chewitches)

Passage 2 (1.4.49-54)

**MACBETH** 

Reolization

[Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;

Let not light see my black and deep desires

The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be

Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

theroic (Ocq) 16

alling into desires

Questioning Apolity

Y WHOM 3

Passage 1 (1.3.128-143)

**MACBETH** 

[Aside] Two truths are told.

As happy prologues to the swelling act

Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,

Why hath it given me earnest of success,

Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:

If good, why do I yield to that suggestion uny does he hesitak

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,

Shakes so my single state of man that function

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is

But what is not.

Passage 2 (1.4.49-54)

**MACBETH** 

[Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;

Let not light see my black and deep desires:

The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,

Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Mary Hall (1807a) Report Couplet Macketha: Thank of Glamis Then of lawdor

antituesis

wring of Scotland

lesser and agreader

not so happy yet napper beath

Lings material be

Cannot be Ill Cannothegoks

Kead sceners on ARNO T

ada macroth

Passage 1 (1.3.128-143)

MACBETH

[Aside] Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act

Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,

Why hath it given me earnest of success,

Commencing in a truth? I am 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,

Shakes so my single state of man that function

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is

But what is not.

medeles madel

is Couture ?

Laurol be il

Passage 2 (1.4.49-54)

MACBETH

[Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap, For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; Let not light see my black and deep desires: The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,

Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Passage 1 (1.3.128-143)

**MACBETH** 

Oxymeros

have

Why does he are precaution

[Aside] Two truths are told,

As happy prologues to the swelling act

Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.

Cannot be ill, cannot be good: if ill,

Why hath it given me earnest of success,

Commencing in a truth? (I am 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:

Shakes so my single state of man that function

Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is

But what is not.

Passage 2 (1.4.49-54)

**MACBETH** 

[Aside] The Prince of Cumberland! that is a step

On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,

For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires;

Let not light see my black and deep desires:

The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,

Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.

Chaos

There is truth in what he is told

. fear is only imagining the most horrible

My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical, - considering murder and how it will benefit his

cannot be ill,

cannot be good

lesser and greater morally

BEGGT = give birth