

English test

En

KEY STAGE

3

LEVELS

4-7

2005

Shakespeare paper: *Macbeth*

Please read this page, but do not open the booklet until your teacher tells you to start.

Write your name, the name of your school and the title of the play you have studied on the cover of your answer booklet.

This booklet contains one task which assesses your reading and understanding of *Macbeth* and has 18 marks.

You have **45 minutes** to complete this task.

Macbeth

Act 3 Scene 2, line 8 to the end

Act 3 Scene 4, line 83 to the end

In these extracts how does Macbeth's language show that he feels afraid but is determined to keep his power?

Support your ideas by referring to both of the extracts which are printed on the following pages.

18 marks

Macbeth

Act 3 Scene 2, line 8 to the end

In this extract, Lady Macbeth tries to persuade Macbeth to control his fears.

LADY MACBETH	How now, my lord, why do you keep alone Of sorriest fancies your companions making, Using those thoughts which should indeed have died With them they think on? Things without all remedy Should be without regard; what's done, is done.	10
MACBETH	We have scorched the snake, not killed it; She'll close, and be herself, whilst our poor malice Remains in danger of her former tooth. But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer, Ere we will eat our meal in fear and sleep In the affliction of these terrible dreams That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, Than on the torture of the mind to lie In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave. After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well; Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison, Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing Can touch him further.	15 20 25
LADY MACBETH	Come on. Gentle my lord, Sleek o'er your rugged looks, be bright and jovial Among your guests tonight.	
MACBETH	So shall I, love, And so I pray be you. Let your remembrance Apply to Banquo, present him eminence Both with eye and tongue; unsafe the while, that we Must lave our honours in these flattering streams And make our faces vizards to our hearts, Disguising what they are.	30
LADY MACBETH	You must leave this.	35
MACBETH	O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife! Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.	
LADY MACBETH	But in them Nature's copy's not eterne.	
MACBETH	There's comfort yet, they are assailable; Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons	40

Turn over

The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

LADY MACBETH

What's to be done?

MACBETH

Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck, 45
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
Which keeps me pale. Light thickens, 50
And the crow makes wing to th'rooky wood;
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
Thou marvell'st at my words, but hold thee still;
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill. 55
So prithee, go with me.

Exeunt

Act 3 Scene 4, line 83 to the end

In this extract, Macbeth is terrified when Banquo's ghost appears for the second time. He decides to visit the Witches to find out more about his future.

LADY MACBETH

My worthy lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

MACBETH

I do forget –
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends. 85
I have a strange infirmity which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all,
Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full!

Enter GHOST [OF BANQUO]

I drink to th'general joy o'th'whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss. 90
Would he were here! To all, and him we thirst,
And all to all.

LORDS

Our duties and the pledge.

MACBETH

Avaunt and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes 95
Which thou dost glare with.

LADY MACBETH	Think of this, good peers, But as a thing of custom. 'Tis no other, Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.	
MACBETH	What man dare, I dare; Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, The armed rhinoceros, or th'Hyrcean tiger, Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves Shall never tremble. Or be alive again, And dare me to the desert with thy sword; If trembling I inhabit then, protest me The baby of a girl. Hence horrible shadow, Unreal mock'ry hence.	100 105
		[Exit Ghost of Banquo]
	Why so, being gone, I am a man again. – Pray you, sit still.	
LADY MACBETH	You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting With most admired disorder.	
MACBETH	Can such things be, And overcome us like a summer's cloud, Without our special wonder? You make me strange Even to the disposition that I owe, When now I think you can behold such sights And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, When mine is blanched with fear.	110 115
ROSS	What sights, my lord?	
LADY MACBETH	I pray you speak not; he grows worse and worse. Question enrages him. At once, good night. Stand not upon the order of your going, But go at once.	
LENNOX	Good night, and better health Attend his majesty.	120
LADY MACBETH	A kind good night to all.	
		<i>Exeunt Lords and Attendants</i>
MACBETH	It will have blood they say: blood will have blood. Stones have been known to move and trees to speak. Augures, and understood relations, have By maggot-pies, and choughs, and rooks brought forth The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?	125

Turn over

LADY MACBETH Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

MACBETH How sayst thou that Macduff denies his person
 At our great bidding?

LADY MACBETH Did you send to him, sir?

MACBETH I hear it by the way, but I will send. 130
 There's not a one of them but in his house
 I keep a servant feed. I will tomorrow –
 And betimes I will – to the weird sisters.
 More shall they speak. For now I am bent to know
 By the worst means, the worst; for mine own good, 135
 All causes shall give way. I am in blood
 Stepped in so far that should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
 Strange things I have in head that will to hand,
 Which must be acted ere they may be scanned. 140

LADY MACBETH You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

MACBETH Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
 Is the initiate fear that wants hard use;
 We are yet but young in deed.

Exeunt

END OF TEST

