

En

KEY STAGE

3

LEVELS

4-7**2006**

English test

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 2 Scene 2, lines 8 to 66
Act 5 Scene 5, line 1 to the end

In the first extract, Macbeth is affected by the death of Duncan, and in the second, by the death of Lady Macbeth. In both, he realises that he is in danger.

Explain how Macbeth reacts to death and to danger in these extracts.

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

18 marks

Macbeth

Act 2 Scene 2, lines 8 to 66

In this extract, Macbeth has killed King Duncan and he tells Lady Macbeth his fears.

MACBETH	Who's there? What ho?	
LADY MACBETH	Alack, I am afraid they have awaked, And 'tis not done; th'attempt and not the deed Confounds us – hark – I laid their daggers ready, He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled My father as he slept, I had done't. My husband?	10
MACBETH	I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise?	
LADY MACBETH	I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. Did not you speak?	15
MACBETH	When?	
LADY MACBETH	Now.	
MACBETH	As I descended?	
LADY MACBETH	Ay.	20
MACBETH	Hark, who lies i'th'second chamber?	
LADY MACBETH	Donaldbain.	
MACBETH	This is a sorry sight.	
LADY MACBETH	A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.	
MACBETH	There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, 'Murder!' That they did wake each other; I stood, and heard them, But they did say their prayers and addressed them Again to sleep.	25
LADY MACBETH	There are two lodged together.	
MACBETH	One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other,	

Turn over

	As they had seen me with these hangman's hands. List'ning their fear, I could not say 'Amen' When they did say 'God bless us.'	30
LADY MACBETH	Consider it not so deeply.	
MACBETH	But wherefore could not I pronounce 'Amen'? I had most need of blessing and 'Amen' Stuck in my throat.	35
LADY MACBETH	These deeds must not be thought After these ways; so, it will make us mad.	
MACBETH	Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more: Macbeth does murder sleep', the innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care, The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast.	40
LADY MACBETH	What do you mean?	
MACBETH	Still it cried, 'Sleep no more' to all the house; 'Glamis hath murdered sleep', and therefore Cawdor Shall sleep no more: Macbeth shall sleep no more.	45
LADY MACBETH	Who was it, that thus cried? Why, worthy thane, You do unbend your noble strength to think So brain-sickly of things. Go get some water And wash this filthy witness from your hand. Why did you bring these daggers from the place? They must lie there. Go carry them and smear The sleepy grooms with blood.	50
MACBETH	I'll go no more. I am afraid to think what I have done; Look on't again, I dare not.	
LADY MACBETH	Infirm of purpose! Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal, For it must seem their guilt.	55

Exit

Knock within

MACBETH	Whence is that knocking?	60
	How is't with me, when every noise appals me?	
	What hands are here? Ha: they pluck out mine eyes.	
	Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood	
	Clean from my hand? No: this my hand will rather	
	The multitudinous seas incarnadine,	65
	Making the green one red.	

Act 5 Scene 5, line 1 to the end

In this extract, Macbeth is determined to fight, and he is given the news that Lady Macbeth is dead.

Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and soldiers, with drum and colours

MACBETH	Hang out our banners on the outward walls; The cry is still, 'They come.' Our castle's strength Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie Till famine and the ague eat them up. Were they not forced with those that should be ours,	5
	We might have met them dareful, beard to beard, And beat them backward home.	

A cry within of women

What is that noise?

SEYTON	It is the cry of women, my good lord.	
MACBETH	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?	10 15
SEYTON	The queen, my lord, is dead.	
MACBETH	She should have died hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word. Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow Creeps in this petty pace from day to day To the last syllable of recorded time;	20

Turn over

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. 25

Enter a MESSENGER

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

MESSENGER Gracious my lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do't. 30

MACBETH Well, say, sir.

MESSENGER As I did stand my watch upon the hill
I looked toward Birnam and anon methought
The wood began to move.

MACBETH Liar and slave!

MESSENGER Let me endure your wrath if't be not so;
Within this three mile may you see it coming.
I say, a moving grove. 35

MACBETH If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shall thou hang alive
Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much. 40

I pull in resolution and begin
To doubt th'equivocation of the fiend
That lies like truth. 'Fear not, till Birnam Wood
Do come to Dunsinane', and now a wood
Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out! 45
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
I 'gin to be aweary of the sun
And wish th'estate o'th'world were now undone.
Ring the alarum bell! Blow wind, come wrack;
At least we'll die with harness on our back. 50

Exeunt

END OF TEST

