Skidmore 2015 Training Texts

Please learn the following texts in this order prior to your arrival in Saratoga Springs. You will be expected to memorize additional material for classes and for your compositional work after the program begins.

Please learn these texts in English unless otherwise indicated. While our ensemble is an international one, all classes will be taught in English, since it is our common language.

In the first two texts, * denotes a breath. For the scene, you should breathe on your scene partner’s line.

1. Act 1 Scene 3

MACBETH
Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more *
By Sinel’s death I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? * the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. * Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? (*) or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? * Speak, I charge you.

2. Act 5, Scene 5

MACBETH
Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
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.

3. MacBeth Act II scene ii

We encourage you to learn both roles. However, if necessary, you may choose to learn just Macbeth or just Lady Macbeth, regardless of your gender.
Before coming to Skidmore, please memorize through “These deeds must not be thought after these ways; so, it will make us mad.” You will eventually be asked to memorize the whole scene.

If you speak more than one language, please memorize the scene in English. Once you know it in English, you may choose to memorize it in your first language as well.

LADY MACBETH
My husband!

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?

MACBETH
When?

LADY MACBETH
Now.

MACBETH
As I descended?

LADY MACBETH
Ay.

MACBETH
Hark! Who lies i’ the second chamber?

LADY MACBETH
Donalbain.

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 address’d them
Again to sleep.

**LADY MACBETH**
There are two lodged together.

**MACBETH**
One cried 'God bless us!' and 'Amen' the other;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'
When they did say 'God bless us!'

**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.

**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 ravell'd 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,--

**LADY MACBETH**
What do you mean?

**MACBETH**
Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'

**LADY MACBETH**
Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly 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.

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.

MACBETH
Whence is that knocking?
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 in incarnadine,
Making the green one red.

LADY MACBETH
My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.
I hear a knocking
At the south entry: retire we to our chamber;
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it, then! Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.
Hark! more knocking.
Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

MACBETH
To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!